

Jagged 937

"He is Balk. Last week his factory started to cooperate with the Germans and started producing military boots for the Germans."

"I really didn't expect him to be that kind of person. Has he forgotten how many French people died tragically at the hands of the Germans? He actually cooperated with the Germans, what a traitor!"

When Balck was walking home, many people pointed at him. Although the war is over, most of the French people's unforgettable hatred for the Germans has not eased. Although, these French people can't even eat, and they are often hungry. However, this does not prevent them from carrying forward their patriotic sentiments.

Balke lowered his head and strode towards his home. His face was very ugly. As a Frenchman, he didn't want to cooperate with the Germans. However, he has no choice. He couldn't just watch his son being tortured to death by the Germans. Therefore, he can only go against his conscience and cooperate with the Germans.

Balk also chose to ignore other people's accusations. He knew that if he refuted it, it would definitely cause conflict. Even, those people will beat him. However, the army and police patrolling nearby will definitely stand by his side. After all, he has already started to cooperate with Germany, and that is undoubtedly a good citizen in the eyes of the Germans. It is completely different from other French people and can be treated differently.

However, Balck didn't want to make trouble. Although he cooperated with the Germans, he was forced to do so. He is unwilling to use this identity to bully other compatriots. Even those compatriots now speak ill of him.

Ten minutes later, Balk returned to his home. Balk raised his head when he opened the door and saw his wife who was busy preparing dinner. Back home, Balk felt that he was alive again, a person, not a walking dead.

"Darling, you're back, sit down and rest, dinner will be ready soon. Today, the Germans sent us a sack of flour, and some butter, and even a steak. My dear Sally hasn't eaten for a long time Too much meat!" There was a hint of joy in his wife's words.

The French who cooperate with the Germans will receive special treatment. When other French people can't even eat, they can eat bread with butter and even steak. This is undoubtedly a very luxurious life.

"Perhaps, this is the benefit of cooperating with the Germans!" Balck said secretly.

Although, cooperating with the Germans made him infamous. However, it is undoubtedly worthwhile to bring some benefits to the family. It's just that I don't know if the son in the German prisoner-of-war camp has been saved.

A pot of bread, a cup of butter, plus a small steak and a thick soup for each person, this is already a very rich dinner for the current Balk family.

The youngest daughter, Sally, stared at the steak and kept licking her lips. She didn't know how long it had been since she had eaten meat.

"Honey, eat it! From now on, our family will be able to eat meat often!" Balk expressed regret.

"Yeah!" Little Sally nodded, and began to gnaw on the steak.

"Honey, God will forgive us, won't he?" asked the wife.

She knew how much pressure her husband was under to cooperate with the Germans.

"It's okay, dear. God will understand us!" Balk forced a smile on his face.

The wife nodded. In fact, she knew that the neighbors around had already started pointing fingers at them after they learned that they were cooperating with the Germans. However, for the sake of their son, they have nothing to do.

"I don't know what's going on with Bedokko now, have the Germans made things difficult for him again! It would be great if they could come back!" The wife burst into tears as she spoke.

"My dear, don't worry. We have now started to cooperate with the Germans. Bedokko will be fine, and he will return to us soon!" Balck said. In order for his son to return safely, Balck once again strengthened his determination to cooperate with Germany.

"The French Republic no longer exists, we are no longer France. From now on, we must start a new life!" Balck told himself in his heart.

Remote Ukraine, in a prisoner-of-war camp. A group of ragged, thin monkey-like French prisoners of war were gnawing on fist-sized black bread. This is what they eat for a meal.

In this prisoner-of-war camp, tens of thousands of French prisoners of war were held. Now, their job is to build a highway to Kyiv.

After the Kingdom of Ukraine became independent and the king was concurrently held by Qin Tianlai, Germany is working hard to build Ukraine into a bridgehead for future attacks on Bu Russia. This makes the backward traffic in Ukraine must be improved. Otherwise, the German army and combat supplies would not be able to arrive here quickly.

A large number of prisoners of war from France and the United Kingdom were sent here to start building railways and roads. Of course, the life of these prisoners of war is undoubtedly very difficult. Almost every day, some people are exhausted to death on the construction site.

A young prisoner of war with sunken eyes, as thin as ribs, was huddling in a corner, gnawing on bread. The hard-to-eat black bread seems to have become a supreme delicacy for these prisoners of war.

"Bedokko, the director is looking for you!" A German soldier shouted expressionlessly.

"Ah!" The young French prisoner of war was frightened immediately, and the bread in his hand fell to the ground.

The other prisoners of war all looked sympathetically.

The director of this prisoner-of-war camp is named Colonel Essen. In the eyes of these French prisoners of war, he is a murderous maniac. I don't know how many prisoners of war died in his hands.

Bedoko obviously thought that he would be killed, so he was almost incontinent in fright.

Finally came to Colonel Essen's office, but Bedokko unexpectedly found that Colonel Essen's face was full of smiles.

"Bedoko, you don't have to work from now on. You have been promoted to overseer. Your father has already started to cooperate with the empire and joined the nationality of the empire. Therefore, you are also one of us now." Colonel Essen Said with an affectionate face.

"Come here, get a new uniform." Colonel Essen ordered.

Bedokko was stunned, he was very surprised. However, he knew that he was lucky. At least, he doesn't have to do coolies anymore, and he doesn't have to worry about being exhausted to death again.

After putting on a new uniform, Colonel Essen kindly began to teach him how to be a good supervisor and how to deal with those lazy guys. And Bedokko also seems to have forgotten his original identity.