

(CHAPTER 3)



LA BELLE ÎLE EN MÈRE

FICTION

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La Belle Île en Mer Ch. 3

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Chapter 3

Um ... Thank You, Georgie

Anna's Diary August 14, 2197

It's morning, and my sweet Ernest still hasn't returned. He promised to be gone only a few hours, but we spent the night apart. There has been no sign of him or Ms. El Rashidi. The computer will not speak English, the elevators do not work, and the comm net is down. I had George check on things from the concierge desk first thing this morning. I suppose all we can do is wait for my husband and Ms. El Rashidi to return. With any luck, they're taking so long because they've found a transport for all of us. Or maybe they met other survivors.

My children are not getting along at all right now. It seems the stress of our current predicament has incited their enmity. This is where I take a loooooong sigh, Diary. We all need to work together. Now more than ever! We are the Zaal family. We should have each other's backs. I took George and Lillian out individually for supper last night to the café next to the lobby. Lillian barely touched her food, and spoke mostly about what a disaster this trip has been. Like I don't know! She didn't say it directly, but I think she blames me. George seemed to have recovered well from his fainting spell following the conflict with the Havershams. He was his usual charming self. George was so kind at supper and hopeful about his father's mission down the tower. George also spoke at some length about Ms. Pemberton. I'm happy that he's developing a crush, even if the woman is nearly old enough to be his mother. Honestly, we need all the positive distractions we can get. I only hope that Ms. Pemberton doesn't notice that a teenager is smitten by her. Or, if she does, I hope she's enough of a lady to be kind to George about it. I pray she lets him down easy. With any luck, I will very soon be navigating my son's new crush on a lifeboat speeding for civilization. Wish me that luck, Diary.



Ernest's Diary August 14, 2197

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Lillian's Diary August 14, 2197

Dad has been gone for too long. Mom says everything is fine, but I can tell she's worried. That makes me worried. George continues to get under my skin. And to make matters worse, I caught that horrible man Albert leering at me. I've started stacking abandoned luggage in front of the door whenever I'm in my room. This place, and these people, give me the creeps. I really hope Dad gets back soon. I want out of here. When I return to Earth, I can't wait for Francis to treat me like a princess. I've been fantasizing about how he'll propose. I imagine myself at a castle, wearing a gorgeous dress, and a glittering crown. Francis isn't likely to give me that! But a girl can dream. Being stuck in the hellhole that is the Belle Île en Mer, all I have are dreams.

George's Diary August 14, 2197

I am so confused right now. On the one hand, I'm living through what will surely be the worst days of my life. On the other, I'm head over heels for Edith. There's something wonderful about being with an older woman. She's so self-assured, confident, and skilled! At least, that's how she is when we're alone in my room together. But when I see her in our group meetings, or even passing in the hallway, she pretends I don't exist. That's fine. I understand. When the gloves come off, she's a different woman. I suppose that's true of all women. I wonder who Mom is when her gloves come off?



We brought our luggage down to our new rooms. I know Mom and Lillian are using abandoned suitcases to barricade their doors, but I can't do that. I need to give Edith every chance to visit me. I know we're going home soon. There have to be some lifeboats or other transport attached to the hotel, and I'm sure Dad will find them. And with our hours numbered here, I want to give Edith every opportunity to visit me. It's actually a good thing Mom has more or less grounded me in my room. I'm here, ready for Edith, whenever she's ready.

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"Edith!" George grinned as the older woman quietly entered his room. She wore her gloves, along with matching green, floral embroidered bodice and skirts. Her hair was pinned up perfectly with a sensible hat. George drank in the sight of her. "I hardly slept last night. I thought you might ... visit again."

"I don't think I can stay. Your mother is talking with Mr. and Mrs. Haversham in their room. She might come this way next." She smiled warmly. "I can't have her discovering that an upstanding lady like me is visiting such a handsome and charming eighteen-year-old. What would the neighbors say?"

"Oh ... that's okay. You can stay. We can keep our clothes on. How about we just talk?" He tried not to let his disappointment show.

"Or, we could go somewhere interesting?" Edith's smile widened. "We have this whole, grand hotel to ourselves. What if I gave you another reward in the arboretum, or in one of the spas, or an observation lounge?" She practically skipped across the room, took his hand, and pulled him to his feet. She fussed over his suit, smoothing out the wrinkles and straightening his tie.

"I'm supposed to stay in my room. I mean, my mom asked me to stay." Who was George kidding? This woman was beyond sexy and captivating. The way she caught his eye and raised her eyebrow made him shiver. Without any words, he clearly understood her meaning.

Let's be bad. George nodded and took her gloved hand. "Let's go to the fanciest restaurant you know of. You're the concierge, what would you suggest?"

"I have just the place." She led the way, carefully making sure the hallway was clear before venturing out. They raced past the mirrored walls as fast as her long skirts would allow, giggling together. They turned at the wide, dramatic stairway, went up two levels, and arrived on floor one hundred seven. The wallpaper on this floor depicted woven vines, plentiful leaves, and bright flowers. The warmly lit sconces had an organic shape, and the carpet was a deep green. The mural on the ceiling depicted a rolling scene of forests and wood sprites. Edith led the way to the restaurant, Aubergine. They were, of course, the only guests there. With Océane in charge, the robot staff only spoke French.



"Vous allez dîner pour deux ce soir?" the maître d' said.

"Oui, s'il vous plait." Edith smiled at the robot.

George stared at her. "You speak French?"

"Oh, no, silly." Edith laughed. "But I know how to be polite in many languages."

They were shown to a table. The robot waiter stiffly ambled up and left menus for them. "Nous n'avons pas d'offres spéciales aujourd'hui, faites-moi savoir si vous avez des questions." The waiter wandered back into the kitchen.

"I see." George made a silly face at the waiter's back and smiled. "Oui, s'il vous plait."

"You're a quick learner." Edith laughed. The high, happy sound rang across the empty tables around them. "Now, do you think you can order for me?"

"I guess." He looked at his menu. He was not surprised to see that it was mostly in French. *Well, it is a fancy restaurant.* He smiled and nodded. "I'll figure it out. Why can't you order for yourself? I would guess that you'd be good at this sort of thing."

“Oh, I know this restaurant well. I’ve eaten here many times. I’m a social creature, remember?” Her grin turned mischievous. Slowly, she slumped in her chair, going lower and lower, until her eyes were just above the tablecloth. “But I’m good at other things, too.” Carefully, she unpinned her hat and put it beside her plate. “Want to see?”



“Yes ... please.” George nodded slowly. Her face shone with joy and life. She looked so much prettier when they had private time together than when he saw her at group meetings or passed her in the hall.

“Never let it be said that I didn’t reward the man who saved my life.” Edith winked and slid under the table.

The tablecloths at the restaurant hung almost to the floor. When the hidden woman lifted up the tablecloth on his side and moved it above his waist, George felt butterflies flutter in his stomach. He trembled with delight when she maneuvered his trousers and underwear down to his ankles. “It’s really strange how the best and worst moments of my life are happening ... aaahhhhhhhhhh ... at the same ... time.” He knew the food was going to be good. The hotel put the best replicators in the most expensive kitchens. But he knew none of that culinary pleasure would hold a candle to the ecstasy of her warm, wet suction on his dick. He looked down and could see the tablecloth dimple rhythmically as it brushed against Edith’s bobbing head. He was enjoying the blowjob so much that he didn’t notice when the Havershams entered the restaurant.

“Oh ... no.” Constance stopped in front of the maître d’s table, her cheeks turning crimson.

Roy followed her gaze and spotted George sitting by himself. “His mother said he was confined to his room. Is he stalking us?” He waived off the maître d’ when the robot greeted them in French. “Are you stalking us, peeper?” He said it loudly enough that his voice echoed in the large room.

When he heard the caustic voice, George jumped in his seat. “Oh ... hello ... Mr. and Mrs. Haversham.” He tried to sit up, but Edith held his thighs where they were. She continued her avid, oral assault on his dick. “Edith ... Edith ... we have company,” he said the words softly enough that the Havershams wouldn’t hear

across the room. Distance wasn't a luxury he would have much longer. Roy walked straight toward him, brushing away the maître d' when the robot tried to steer him to a table.

"Mmmpppphhhhhhh," Edith hummed around George's cock.

"My wife and I are looking to have a quiet, romantic lunch." Roy stabbed a finger in George's direction. "Go eat someplace else."

"I ... um ..." George wanted to leave. He tried to sit up again, but Edith would not slacken the amazing blowjob. Even if she did, George couldn't very well pull up his trousers without the Havershams noticing. "I ... can't." At that moment, Edith rolled her tongue, perfectly caressing the sensitive ring just below his cockhead. George's eyes lost focus. He slumped further in his chair.



"You are stalking us." Anger made spittle fly from Roy's mouth.

"I ... was here ... first. How could I ... be stalking you?" George feebly shrugged.

"Let's go, dear." Constance put her hand on her husband's shoulder. She looked directly at George for the first time. The teenager looked like he was enraptured. *Is he ... making fun of me?* She took several deep breaths, as she would before a tennis match. She slowed her mind and released anxiety. "Come on, Roy, darling."

"You really won't leave?" Roy stepped closer. "Will I have to become pugilistic?" He cocked his head and listened. There was a faint, rhythmic humming sound. He looked toward the kitchen and saw the waiter approaching. It was an odd sound for a robot to make.

"I really ... can't ... help you." George practically crossed his eyes when Edith took him deeper than she had before. He could feel the tightness of her throat. He clearly heard her gag, and he could tell the Havershams did, too. But they looked confused. They didn't know he was getting blown right under their noses. George had never done anything remotely like this in his life. It seemed horror and ecstasy were now so close in his

life that they were literally overlapping. He needed the Havershams to leave, or they were going to see him cum. "I'm ... waiting for someone ... to come. You should go."

"Roy ... let's go." Constance could clearly see the pleasure on the teenager's face. It seemed to be a joy greater than any mockery could provide. He wasn't making fun of them. He was truly chasing some ecstatic dragon. She didn't know if he was at the mercy of a drug, or pleasuring himself under the table. It was hard to tell with the way he was slouched and the length of the tablecloth. She didn't want to find out. "I don't want to eat here." Constance forcefully took hold of Roy's elbow and pulled her husband toward the exit. She was much taller and more athletic than him, so it was easily done.

"We ... we ... are leaving ... but you are a shabaroon, Mr. Zaal." Roy tried to maintain his rage and dignity as his wife removed him from the restaurant. "The sooner we leave, the sooner ... we can be rid of an unlicked cub ... like you!"

As Roy's shouts faded, Edith released the teenager's cock from her mouth with a plop. "Are they gone?" She pumped him with both hands in the darkness under the table. From the way his thighs were quaking, she assumed he was close to his release.

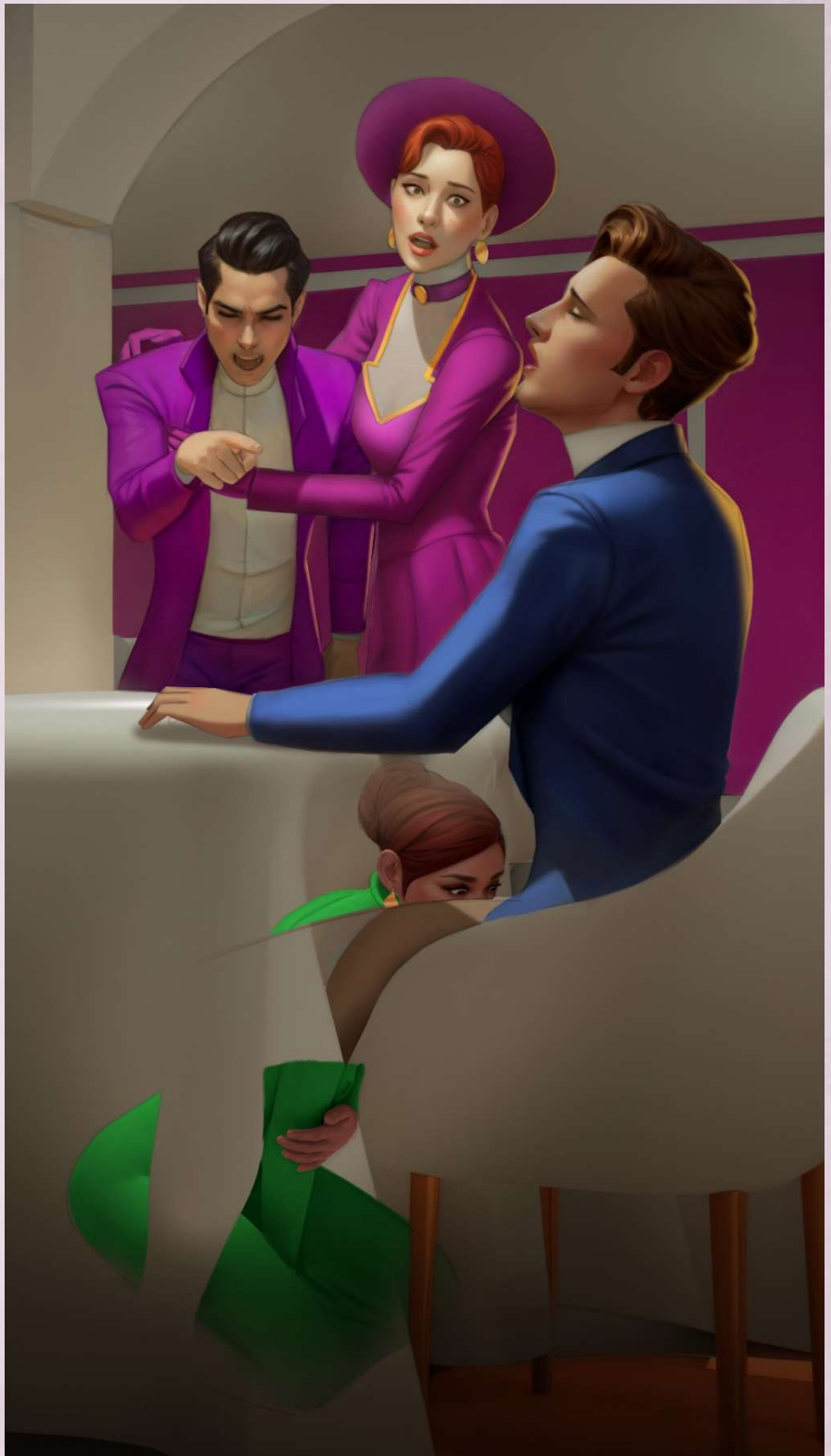
"They're ... gone." George gripped the edge of the table with both hands. "But the ... waiter ... is here."

"You have to order for me, remember?" Edith slipped his cock back into her mouth, and bobbed with fervor.

"Je suis prêt à prendre votre commande," the waiter said.

"What do you like ... uuuggghhhhh ... to eat ... Edith?" George's hips bucked.

"Mmmmmpppphhhhhhhhhhhh," Edith said.



George looked up at the stern robot in its immaculate tuxedo. "The lady will ... have ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." He came, releasing a torrent down Edith's accommodating throat. "So ... good ... aaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." With each massive spurt, his body convulsed. When his climax quieted, he slumped further in his chair, staring at the mostly purple décor of the restaurant but seeing nothing. He made no comment as she tenderly cleaned him with her tongue and pulled up his trousers.



Edith slipped back into her seat and smiled at the waiter. "Has my date not ordered yet?"

"J'attends toujours." The robot seemed to have only one expression: contempt. At most restaurants, waiters were programmed to be friendly and accommodating. Not at Aubergine.

"Well, in that case, the gentleman will have ..." Edith ordered for them both, often sounding like she understood the French words that flowed from her pretty, dark lips. When the waiter left, she turned her grin on George. "I'm not exactly sure what I just ordered. Hopefully, you'll like it. You need to replenish yourself. As for me, after that flood of sperm, I'm not all that hungry anymore." She rubbed her bodice over her belly and laughed. The restaurant filled with her mirthful ringing voice.

"You're ... amazing ... Edith." George sat up and grabbed his glass of water. He chugged the whole thing. He did need to replenish. "What if ... the Havershams ... had caught us?"

"Well then ... my reputation would certainly have taken a hit. But yours can hardly go lower. After what happened with that 'accident' where you caught them seeking their marital thrills, you can behave any way you like. Nowhere to go but up." She rolled her eyes at him playfully, and nudged his foot with hers under the table.

"My mom would disagree." George pressed his lips together, thinking. "It was an accident. And she expects me to be a gentleman."

"Regardless, I'm glad you stayed to watch them. It shows that you're interested in beauty. And you don't mind ... some games." Edith sipped her water, exploring his face with her lively, brown eyes. "Would you have thought that the tennis star, Constance Haversham, likes to play Mommy?"



“How did you know ...?” George’s forehead wrinkled. “Did you lure me out of my room to see them?” He didn’t need her to answer, it was plain that she had. “Why?”

“You’re very handsome and quite charming, Mr. Zaal.” Edith’s cheeks dimpled with her grin. “But I won’t tell you why. We all have secrets. Perhaps if you continue to please me, you shall learn more of mine.”

“You are ... a mystery.” George moved his hands off the table when the soup arrived. When the waiter departed, he lifted his spoon and sipped at the first course. It was almost as delicious as real food. They worked at their soup together, their faint slurping sounds making a harmony.

“I’m curious, George. Of the women in our small party, who do you find most enthralling?” Edith looked up at him, her spoon delicately balanced just in front of her lips. “You can exclude me from the equation if that makes you more comfortable.”

“I ... um ... I ...” George had never met a woman like Edith before. Everyone he’d known had been covered, proper, and prim. He’d never even seen his ex-girlfriend’s bare hands. No woman had ever discussed other women.

“Oh, come on. You can tell me. We’re as close as can be. I have your sperm in my belly *right now*.” Edith winked at him, put down her spoon, and slowly removed her right glove. “If you tell me, I’ll let you watch me eat without a glove. There’s an offer you won’t get every day.” She placed the glove on the tablecloth and picked up her spoon. She sipped the soup, well aware that he was staring at her bare digits.



“Um ... Ms. El Rashidi is very pretty ...” He glanced at the door. “What if someone else comes in?”

“We’re two floors up from everyone else. What are the odds that we have *more* visitors? It was unlikely enough that the Havershams came by.” Edith gave him a sly look.

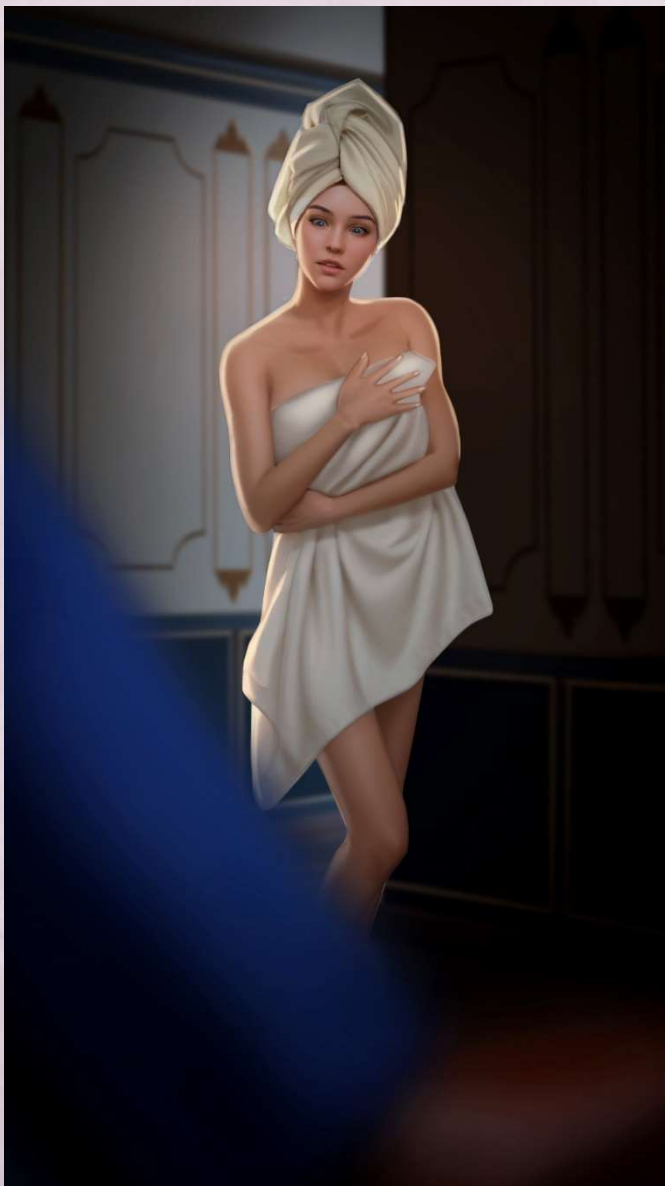
George found himself wondering if this strange woman had somehow managed to have the Havershams arrive in the middle of the blowjob. Was she that perverted? She had bared her hand for him again, so he felt obliged to answer her. "Ms. El Rashidi is pretty. Mrs. Haversham is magnetic. Mrs. Salazar has a dynamic body. I'm a teenager, Edith. I like them all."

"Mrs. Salazar's body, eh?" Edith raised an eyebrow. "You like curvaceous women?" She pushed out her own, modest bust.

George's cheeks grew hot. "Can we talk about something else?" He wanted to look away, but couldn't take his eyes off her hand.

"The only other woman at the hotel built like Mrs. Salazar is your mother." Edith watched him closely. "They are both short and shapely." He was so cute when flustered. His cheeks turned bright crimson. His eyes darted about the room, but came back to rest on her hand. Edith was enjoying herself immensely. "You ... like your mother, don't you?" Her expression was light and friendly, but her voice shifted to a more serious tone.

"I *love* my mother, Edith." George felt himself breathing faster. This was not a secret he would share, no matter how amazing Edith seemed. "She's a fantastic person, who raised me to be an outstanding man."



"She certainly succeeded." Edith nodded. "So, tell me what Roy Haversham's face looked like when he was yelling at you. Do you think he suspected anything? What a delightful moment." Her sweet laugh cut the tension between them.

The waiter took their bowls away and brought the second course.

They spent a delightful lunch together, laughing and buffeting each other's spirits. Neither of them thought of the darkness that had befallen the hotel. Both were in a chipper mood as they walked separately back to their rooms after their meal.

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Lillian stepped out of her bathroom with a towel wrapped around her body and another around her hair. She froze when she saw her brother sitting on her bed, gazing thoughtfully out the window at the stars. "George! How did you get in here?" Her bare hands shot behind her. She backed into the bathroom, quickly sliding on her gloves. When she walked back into the main room, she glanced around. The suitcases were still stacked against the door. He must have barged in, knocked them over, and then meticulously piled them again. *What an asshole.* "Tell me you didn't see my hands."

"I didn't see them. I was looking out the window." He turned his gaze toward her. "We have to talk, Lil." George's smile was warm and full of confidence. His body language was relaxed, and he made steady eye contact with his sister.

"Lil? When did you start calling me Lil?" She took a deep breath and sat on the far side of the bed, keeping some distance between them. She folded her arms and crossed her legs.

"I like it. It makes you sound smart, swift, and beautiful." He made sure his smile didn't waver in sincerity. He needed her to know he wasn't being sarcastic. "You are all those ... an amazing woman. Have I ever told you how much I look up to you?" George slid a little closer to her along the edge of the bed.

"No ... you haven't." Lillian found herself returning his smile. She couldn't help herself. The way he was behaving quelled the usual angst she felt in his presence.

"You look more like Mom every day."

"You mean that ... as a compliment?" She unwrapped her hair and tossed the towel onto the bed.

"Well, yes ... you have to admit she's gorgeous. And you look so much like her." George scooted a little closer. There were only a few feet separating them. "Francis is a lucky man. He better propose the second we get back, or you could get swept off your feet by another man."

"Pffft." Lillian rolled her eyes. But her face became serious when she saw her brother's expression. "You mean it. You really ... mean it. Um ... thank you, Georgie." It was beyond strange to have such a nice moment with her brother. "Um ... you're good-looking too ... sometimes."

"What would a man have to say to you to steal you away from Francis?" George earnestly met her gaze. "What would he have to do?"

"Well ... I love Francis. I don't think there's anything a man could do." Lillian realized her pulse had quickened and that she was staring at her brother's full lips. "But ... I guess ... he'd have to be tall ... like you ... and handsome. He'd need to have a sterling reputation, and an amazing vocation. Most importantly, he'd have to see me for who I truly am."

"Who are you, Lil?" George moved closer. They were now sitting with their knees touching.

"I'm a princess, Georgie. You know that."

"Well, it's a good thing I brought you this." George slipped off the bed, kneeled before her, and produced a glittering tiara. It was elegant and tastefully beset with emerald and aquamarine gems. He handed it to her in the palms of his hands, his head bowed low, as if presenting something to royalty from centuries past.

"George!" Lillian put her gloved hand to her mouth and stared at the beautiful thing with wide eyes. "Where did you get that?" She took it from him and carefully placed it on her wet hair.



"Without the normal security, it was easy for me to get into the hotel safe." He looked up at her and winked.

"And I know you're a princess."

"How does it look?" Lillian smiled from ear to ear.



"Regal." George rose from his kneeling position and sat next to her on the bed. This time, their thighs touched, his trousers gently rubbing against her towel.

"George I ... I ... " Her blue eyes searched his deep brown eyes.

"What is all this? What are you ... "

His kiss-lean was so perfect, so comfortable, that she didn't pull back. In fact, as his charming face approached, she parted her lips.

"George ... this isn't ...

mmmmmmppphhhhh." She closed her eyes as their lips pressed together. His kiss was tender and exploratory at first. She just got a hint of tongue. But then, he became more forceful. His tongue entered her mouth. She let it. They made out passionately for several minutes.

Lillian lost herself in new sensations. *How did my little brother get so good at this?* That thought sobered her up.

This is my brother. She pulled back and stood up. "I ... I ... I'm sorry." Still wearing the tiara and her towel, Lillian scurried to the bathroom and slammed the door.

George stood and smiled with satisfaction. He straightened his suit and left the room.

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"You seem ... relaxed, sunshine. You're handling all this stress really well." Anna walked down the mirrored hallway next to her son. She did an inventory of her own body. The muscles in her shoulders were bunched, her head pounded, and her lower back ached. She was nowhere near relaxed. Things would be better when her husband returned, even if he and Rose failed to find transport off the hotel. "I'm proud of you." She reached out and patted her son's shoulder with a gloved hand. They turned into the lobby with its soaring windows and inviting décor. In better times, she might have enjoyed curling up in one of those overstuffed armchairs by the fireplace, reading a book while listening to the friendly chatter of passing people and the warm notes of the grand piano. At present, the large space was eerily silent.



"Thanks, Mom." George *was* relaxed. Normally when they approached the concierge desk, he felt some foreboding. But now, all he thought about was that this was where Edith had worked in better times. He tried to imagine her pretty face interacting with guests, suggesting leisure activities, and charming all who stopped by. "In the midst of all this ... darkness ... I'm finding cracks of light shining through." He brought up the holographic interface and started the now familiar check of La Belle Île's systems.

"That's good to hear. I'm doing my best to stay optimistic." She leaned against the desk. It was an unladylike gesture, but she was exhausted. She hadn't slept much the night before.

George glanced over at her as he worked on the systems. "I'm sure Dad and Rose are fine. They probably didn't find any transport on our spire, so they continued through the ring to the other spire. That's a lot of floors." He swiped away the interface. "Océane is still stuck on version 3.2. No new systems have come online. The elevators and comms are still down."

"Well, we can try again in a few hours." Anna did her best not to look crestfallen.

This was what she'd expected, after all.

"Sure, Mom." George nodded and leaned on the desk next to her. Together they gazed across the grand lobby. "Dad and Rose went down the spire. No one has gone up yet. Maybe we should investigate the docks above us. There's no reason to wait for Dad to get back."

"I have to stay here for when your father returns. I can't have him come back to an empty room." Anna sighed.

"That's okay. I can take someone else." George paused, pretending to think. He had already planned this part out, however. "Edith ... I mean, Ms. Pemberton knows the hotel. I could see if she'd be willing to explore the upper floors with me."

"Aren't you worried about traveling in the hotel alone? Didn't you say it was dangerous?" Anna turned her head and examined her son. He did seem to be in high spirits. She supposed this was better than fainting from stress.

"I was just overstimulated. I thought I saw two of Mr. Dmytruk, and it spooked me." George shrugged. "But it was only anxiety and mirrors. I'm coping better now."

"Hmnnnnnn." Anna shook her head. "It's a good idea, sunshine. But I don't think we can have anyone else roaming the hotel until your father returns. We need to know how his trip went. I can't have you both ... away from me. You should stay in your room for now."



"You're right, Mom." George cast his eyes to the floor as they started walking back to their rooms. *How could I be so selfish? I can't leave Mom.* At any rate, he didn't need to travel away from the group to have more time with Edith. He just had to wait for her to bring her warm mouth, gloveless fingers, and irrepensible outlook on life to his room. "We'll stay close until Dad gets back."

Anna nodded her head, thankful to have such an understanding son.

