



(CHAPTER 4

LA BELLE ÎLE EN MÈRE

FICTION

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La Belle Île en Mer Ch. 4

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Chapter 4

I'm Your Mother, Silly

Room 4323 was dark once Edith closed the door behind her. There was no illumination but starlight. She could see well enough. She had always been able to find light in the darkness. Her young paramour's eyes shone as he watched her from his bed. "You're awake, George." She smiled and walked over to him. "What are you doing up?" She sat on the edge of his bed and pulled down his covers to find his chest bare. "No pajamas." He was thin, but had strong, lithe muscles. She ran gloved fingers over his chest.

"I was waiting for you, Edith." George grinned like an idiot. She was only a dark shadow. He couldn't make out any of her features. With a wave of his hand, he turned on the lights. They both blinked and shielded their eyes.

"Waiting for me?" She put a hand to her breast and gave him a bashful look. "I am honored." She patted his head. "Now get dressed and bring a bathing suit. We're going swimming."

"We are?" He was surprised but didn't argue. He hopped out of bed, very aware that his underwear did little to hide his erection. He watched her gaze for clues as to how she felt about his state of undress. As he put on his trousers, he decided that she seemed amused more than anything else. His dick wasn't a great revelation to her. She had slobbered on it multiple times.

Edith led the way. They had to hike seven floors up to get to the nearest pool. Once they ascended a couple flights of the wide stairway, they spoke above whispers, laughing and joking with each other. When they arrived at the pool, they each went to their separate locker rooms.





George tried to make his swimming suit look less ridiculous over his erection but couldn't make it work. It was a one-piece that covered both his lower and upper half. Eventually, he sighed and gave up trying to make it look right. There would be a huge tent, she would probably give him some good-natured jests about it, and they'd both laugh. He took one of the hotel towels and padded on bare feet out to the pool. The pool area had what looked like wood decking, bars for food and drink, and a ceiling made to look like a sunny day. George knew all the "wood" was actually a type of fungus grown onsite. His thoughts on construction were interrupted when he spotted Edith waiting for him on the other side of the pool. She bounced gently on a diving board. She wasn't wearing a bathing suit. There wasn't a trace of clothing on her, not even her hands.

"Well, my handsome savior, I'm guessing from your expression that you haven't before seen a naked woman in the flesh. Do you like it?" Edith bobbed lightly with her feet never leaving contact with the board, using the diving board's spring. It was just enough lift to make her modest breasts move in countervailing circles. Her dark nipples made tight little orbits. She giggled. "You look like someone dropped an anvil on your head." Her smile was bright and white, shining in her pretty brown face. She'd let her hair down, and it framed her beauty well.

"You're ... gorgeous." George stared. He thoughtlessly dropped the towel to the deck.

"I know I'm not built like Mrs. Salazar or ... your mother." Edith gave him a mock frown. "But I'm happy you find me appealing." Her smile returned, and she pointed with a bare finger at the ridiculous tent in his swimsuit. "You might want to remove your suit before you tear a hole in it." She giggled, bent her legs, and jumped from the board. Edith's dive was form-perfect. She barely made a splash.

"Okay!" George whooped, his voice echoing around the mostly empty pool area.

A waiter robot turned toward him and ambled over. "Est-ce que ce monsieur aimerait prendre un verre?"

"No, thank you." George hurriedly removed his suit. It was odd baring himself to anyone, even a robot. But Edith had really loosened him up. The public blowjob had changed some of his perspectives. He tossed his swimsuit to the robot and dove into the pool.

“Pas de course sur le pont.” Having caught the suit, the robot folded it neatly and hung it on the back of a nearby chair.

George came up to the surface, treading water. He looked around for Edith, but didn't see her. She had been under for a while now. Suddenly, worry gripped his heart. “Edith? Edith? Are you okay?” There were no lifeguards. He gave a yelp when a strong hand grasped and tightened its grip around his ankle. When he was pulled under, his yelp turned into a gulp. He choked on pool water, struggling to break free. With water-blurred vision, he looked down. There was Edith smiling up at him, her brown hair floating in a halo around her head.



Seeing genuine fear on George's face, Edith felt a knot of guilt build inside her. She would make it up to him. She swam to the surface, pulling him up with her. Their heads burst out into the air again. They treaded water together. She let him sputter, spit, and recover his dignity. When he looked more like himself, she put a hand on his shoulder. “I'm so sorry, George. Sometimes my natural mischievousness gets the better of me.” She swam over to the edge of the pool. “Want to get out for a minute? Maybe we could have some drinks?” She pressed her lips together in concern.

“No ... I'm fine. Let's stay in the water.” George swam after her and took hold of the tiled edge. “You're so ... strong.”

“I'm at home in water.” The concern on her face eased, and she shrugged. She could see his eyes trying to pierce the surface of the water to get a good view of her breasts. She rose up a little for him so her nipples were in the air. “Would you like to touch them?”

“I ... well ...” He stared at her dark nipples and narrow areolae. Her boobs were amazing, but he couldn't help wondering how they compared to his mother's. His mom's breasts would look massive next to these. He took a deep breath and decided he loved Edith's tits regardless.

“You're comparing me to your mother.” She cocked her head.

"No ... I ..." George's cheeks turned crimson. "You look amazing, I -"

"Shh." Edith put a finger to his lips. She could see his pupils dilate with the bare contact to such a sensitive place. "You can keep your secrets. But no need to lie. I can see it in your eyes."

"I'm not lying, Edith. You *do* look amazing." His gaze was still fixed on her brown breasts. "And ... I *was* thinking about my mom." He finally looked into her eyes. The understanding and empathy he found there made his breath catch in his throat. Did she have a similar experience? Maybe with her father? He would have to ask her sometime.

"Thank you for your honesty." She nodded and kissed him on the cheek. "Maybe Constance would play Mommy with you, too." She splashed water at him.



George splashed her back and laughed. "Constance thinks I'm the devil."

"If she's going to be a stick-in-the-mud, maybe you'd like me to play Mommy?" She waited to gauge his reaction.

"That's ... um ... very kind, Edith." George thought he could detect some shyness in her smile. That would be a first during their alone times together. She was always so confident. Maybe it wasn't shyness, maybe it was slyness. "I'm still new to all this ... um ... being with a real woman ... like you ... and ... I don't think ..."

"Don't worry about it. I won't push you." Edith's smile turned exceedingly sly. "But do you want to push me?" She turned her back to him and wiggled her butt under the water. "Like this."

"You want me to ...?" His body rocked slightly as the motion of the water pulled him side to side. "Really? You'll let me ... we ...?" He looked around the pool deck in desperation. "We need a condom."

"Still thinking about your mother, George?"

"No ... I ..." He looked at her in confusion.

"I mean, your mother's voice in your head." She pushed her butt back so that the head of his cock pressed against her pliant flesh. "You're being the gentleman she trained you to be. But you don't have to be. Not now. Not with me. I want you inside me, George. I don't know if you know this, but the gods gifted you with a large one. I haven't been with a penis like that in a long time." She wiggled her butt so that his cock bounced against the other cheek.

"You're my first, Edith." George moved his cock to her crack. He held his breath. There was no sound but her gentle breathing and the splash of the waves. He watched her thin, delicate arm reach back. She understood that he'd need help putting it in. She understood him so well.



"There ... aaaahhhhhhhh ... do you feel that? The head's in." Edith laughed, a bright ringing sound. When she pushed back and shoved more of him inside, her laughter turned to an unladylike grunt. "My ... you are big ... aren't you?"

George decided to answer the first question. "You feel ... tight ... and hot ... and perfect." Gaining a little confidence, he moved her hand off his dick, took hold of her hips under the water, and pushed himself all the way in.

"Uuuuuugggghhhhhhhh. Yeeesssssssss ... that's the ... spot." Edith held the edge of the pool with both hands, pressed her toes against the side, and let her eighteen-year-old boyfriend continue on his journey of discovery. Soon, he was humping her as quickly as the water would allow.



"Oh ... Wow ... I could ... get used to this." George had never seen her with her hair down before. He loved the way it plastered to her back. Her soft, feminine moans filled him with desire. He wanted to please her. He needed to drive this amazing woman out of her mind with ecstasy.

"You are ... a natural ... George." She looked over her shoulder at him, her brown eyes soft and joyous. "But the water ... ugh ... ugh ... works against you." She reached back and held his hip, pushing him far enough to dislodge his penis. She then hoisted herself up onto the deck. She offered him a hand and a smile. "Come up to dry land ... and finish ... what you started."

"Sounds good ... to me." George took her hand. He was surprised when she practically lifted him from the water without any help from him. "You must work ... out ... a lot."

Still holding his hand, she led him to a nearby chaise lounge and sat him down. "I like to keep ... in shape." She leaned in close to his upright penis and closed one eye, making a show of inspecting it. "My dear boy, it seems you've sprung a leak." His member was wet from the pool, but there was a clear rivulet of precum more viscous than the water. "Your body knows you're large. It's doing its best to help me out. How thoughtful."

"It is?" George looked at her in awe. She was somehow silly and a goddess at the same time.

Edith straightened, took his hand, and pushed two of his fingers unceremoniously into her vagina. She pulled them out and held them under his nose for inspection. They were dripping. "Of course, my pussy is putting in a yeoman's effort, too. I'll have you know, I don't get like that for most men." She straddled him. When they locked eyes, she gave him a wink.

"I think I'm falling for you, Edith." George moaned when she guided his dick back inside her. She sank all the way down, grinding her hips gently against his.

"It's ... mutual ... Mr. Zaal." She put her hands on his chest, her fingernails lightly scratching his chest. "You saved my life ... and then ... enriched it. You are a true ... gem." Her hips lifted and slammed down. She found a rhythm and rode him, her speed steadily accelerating.



It was clear to George that he wasn't going to last long at that pace. He watched her tits bounce for a minute, and then zeroed his focus on her ecstatic face. He reveled in the effect he was having on a woman. The lines on her forehead were bunched tight, her eyes rolled back, and her mouth twisted. "Edith ... ah ... ah ... ah ... Edith ... where ... should I ...?" He cupped her boobs and held them tightly. They were wonderful handfuls. "Where ... ah ... ah ... ah ... should I ... cum?"

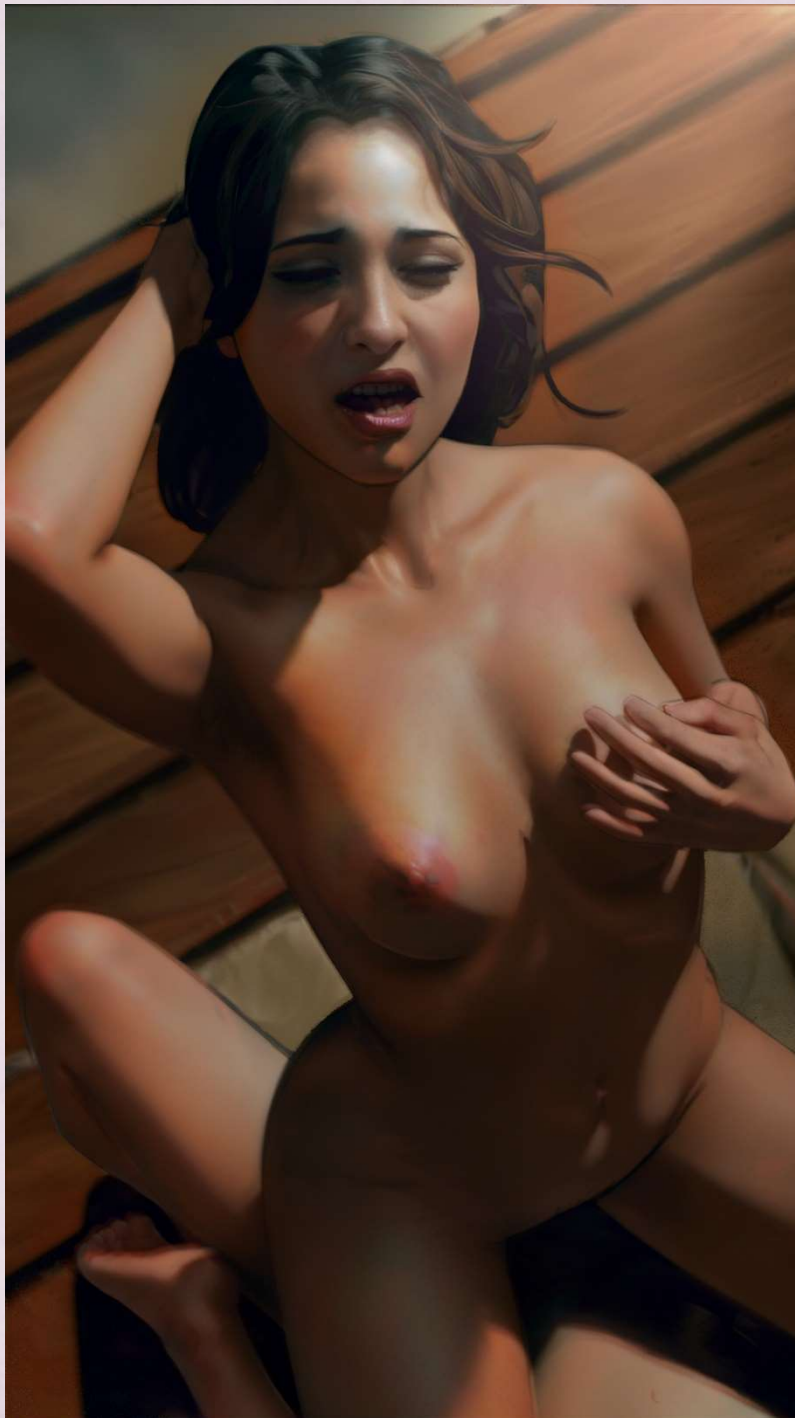
"Cum ...?" Her eyes regained some focus, and she looked down at his adoring face. "You'll ... cum ... ugh ... ugh ... inside me ... of course." Sweat beaded on her brown skin, dripping down her nose and splashing on his flat stomach.

"Yeah ... okay ... rrrrrrggghhhhhhhhh." George didn't recognize the growling sounds coming from his own mouth. "Inside you ... then ... I'm going to cum ... rrrrrgggghhhhhhh ... inside you ... Edith."

“Yes ... fill ... me ... fill ... me ... fill ... me.” Edith’s words were chanted to the rhythm of her bounces, the syllables hitting each apex and zenith. When his heat flooded her womb, Edith convulsed and lost all rhythm. She flopped on top of the teenager like a fish out of water. “Oh ... gods ... yeeesssssssss ... fillllllllllll ... meeeeeeeeeeeee.” The last word stretched out into a long shriek, reverberating around the large room.

“Uuughh ... ugh ... ugh ... uuggghhhhhhhhh.” George lost track of time completely. It felt like his dick shot spurt after fantastic spurt to infinity and beyond. Eventually, the raw, autonomous body functions faded, and he regained some control. He found himself panting, with Edith’s head resting on his chest. She was a heaving, sweaty mess. He loved it, circling his arms around her and holding her tight. He smiled when her pussy spasmed on his cock. He had been led to believe sex was good. But nothing could have prepared him for the paradise he’d discovered in that hell of a hotel.

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Anna's Diary August 15, 2197

I am overjoyed to report, dear Diary, that Ernest has returned. He is currently sleeping soundly in our bed. It is not all good news, however. Rose did not come back from their expedition. Ernest says that she had an accident. He was a mess when he returned, covered in some sort of industrial grease. I had to scrub him in the shower for a long time to remove all the stuff. We'll see how well the hotel's laundry facility does with his clothes. They may be ruined. Sorry. There I go, focusing on trivialities, when two more massive events crashed down on us. I have my husband back. And our group of survivors is down to nine. I will say a prayer to the gods for Rose El Rashidi's soul.



Ernest returned in the middle of the night. I went to fetch the children for help, but George wasn't in his room. I know he's a teenager, but he's hardly ever rebelled before. I'll have to have a conversation with him about wandering alone in the middle of the night. I was very clear that he shouldn't explore. Lillian, bless her heart, was a dear and helped with the laundry and other small tasks before I sent her back to bed.

You may have noticed, Diary, that I have not yet said whether they found transport off this hotel. Well, Ernest said that they found no transport. But he also said that there might be a way "to leave." I'm not sure what he means, but I should have more answers when he wakes.

Ernest's Diary August 15, 2197

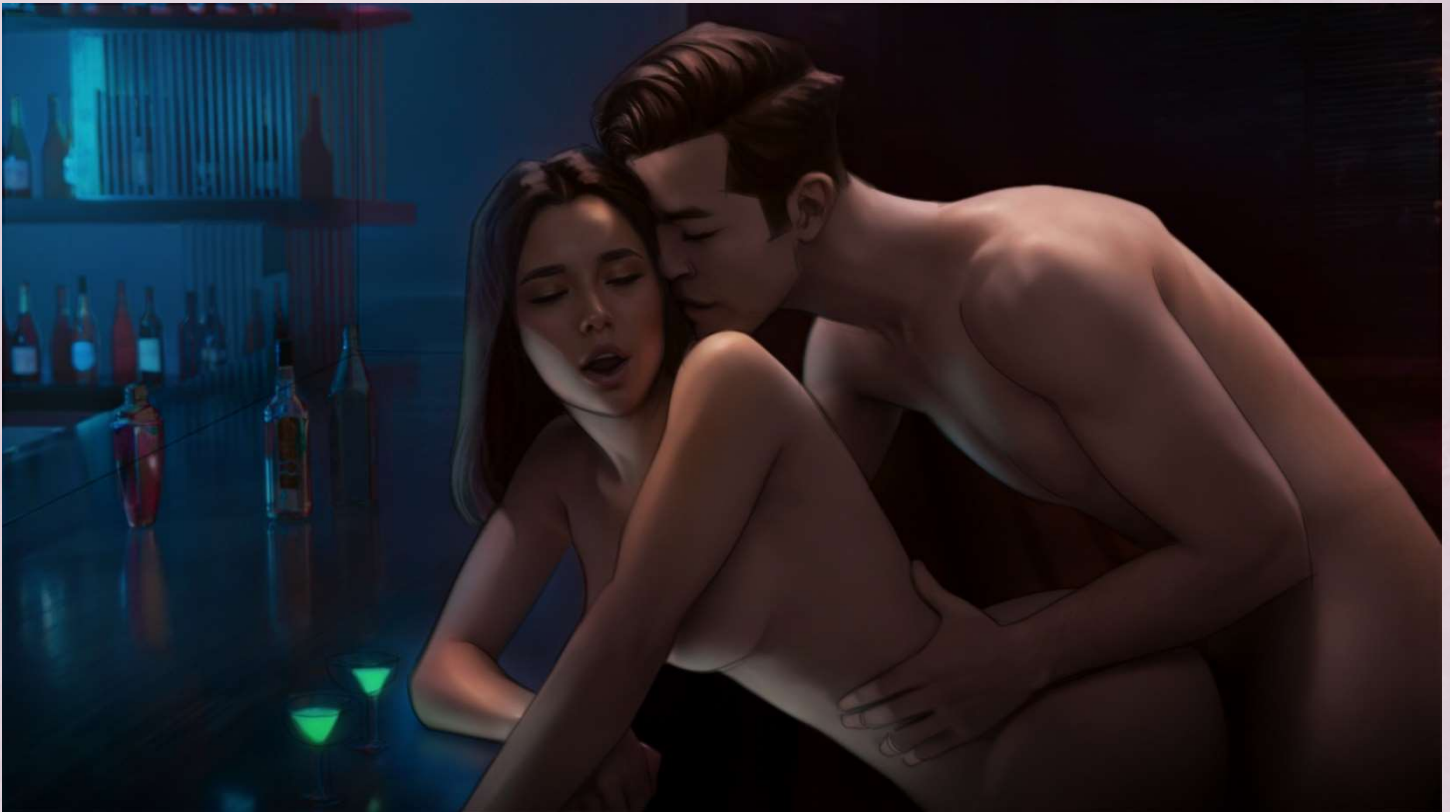
The more I think on it, the more I understand that I *did* see the bottom. And the bottom is the top. Why did we lock ourselves in this tautological nightmare? We are in the well, and the bottom is the top. The top is the bottom. We fell in, but now that we're inside, there is nowhere to fall. We are now ... falling forever.

Lillian's Diary August 15, 2197

Wow. We were trapped in a deep space hotel with thousands of dead people. The hotel AI went nuts. Some of the other survivors gave me the CREEPS. And, it turns out, things hadn't even started to get weird. My brother kissed me! And I let him. I LET HIM! I can't stop thinking about it and about poor Francis. He can't ever know. If George whispers a word of this to anyone, I'll kill him. I mean, he kissed me. I think I'll kill the fucker anyway. I don't care how charming he thinks he is. But seriously, I can't tell up from down anymore. I don't see how this trip could get any more strange.

George's Diary August 15, 2197

Wow ... wow ... wow ... wow. I had sex with an awesome woman. Not once, but three times! I came in her all three times. We did it in the pool and on the lounge the first time. Then, a few minutes later, she jumped me and we did it on the deck. And then she was bent over the bar the third time, while a robot served us cocktails. I can't believe the words I just wrote. Maybe Dad will take his sweet time finding us a lifeboat, and Edith and I will get a chance to do it again. I'm flying so high right now, I'm afraid I might get whiplash after all those insane lows. Can't wait to see what the day brings.



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Eight of the survivors stood in the mirrored hallway of floor one hundred five, their usual meeting place. They were spread roughly in a circle. Albert, for reasons known only to him, wore his tuxedo again, his arms resting on his protruding belly. Delores stood between Anna and George, hugging herself tightly. She had dark circles under her eyes from grief and lack of sleep. Lillian eyed her brother with equal parts curiosity and contempt. Edith fidgeted with her gloves, her gaze on her hands. George's focus was on Edith, but he had yet to make eye contact. Constance held an arm around her husband, either protectively, or to keep him from leaping at George. Roy stared daggers at George.

"I have good news and bad news." Anna clasped her gloved hands in front of her skirts.

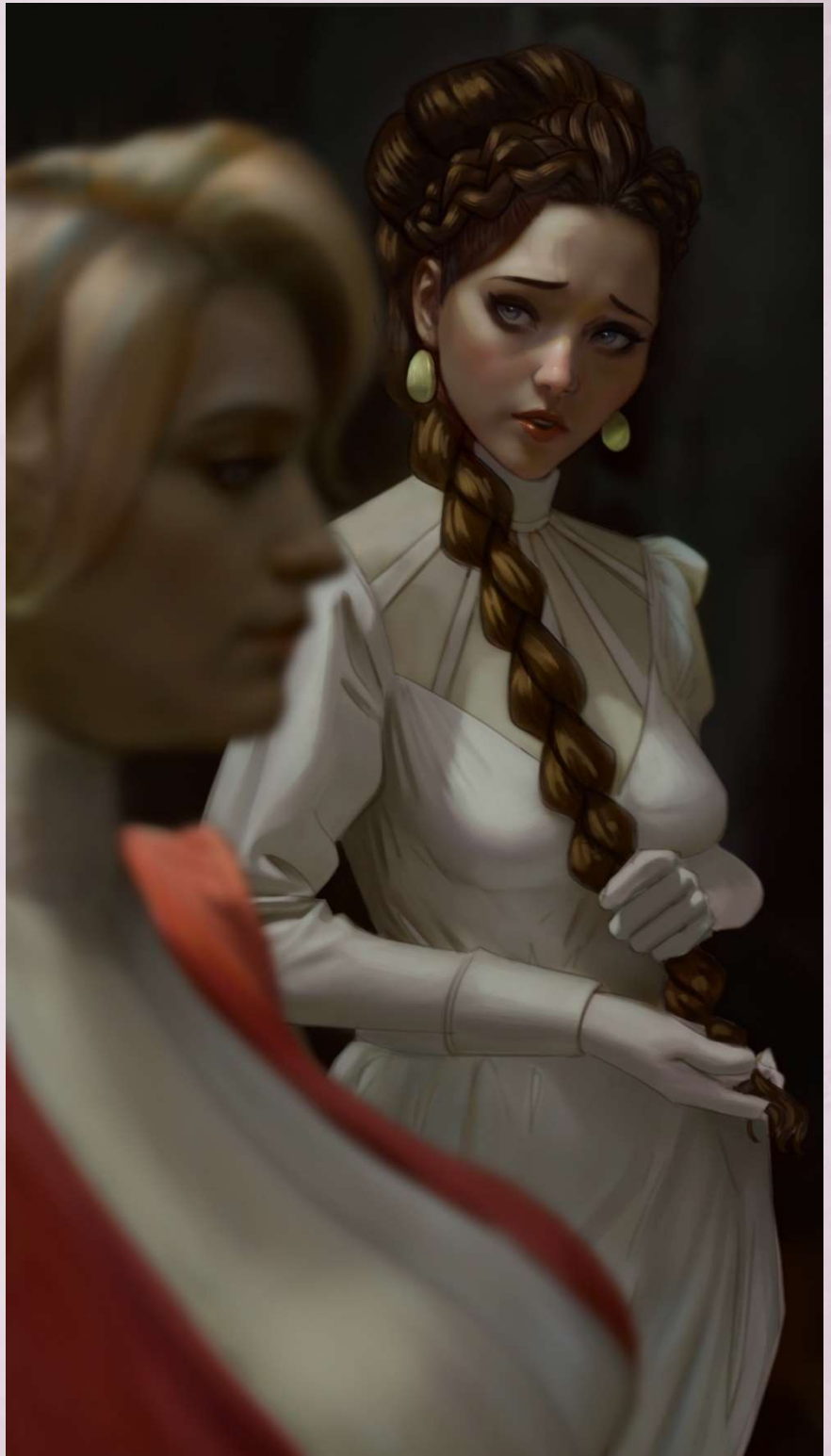
"Give us the bad –" Albert started, but Anna cut him off.

"The good news is that Ernest has returned." Anna beamed. She looked around their small circle and saw several hopeful smiles. "The bad news is that we lost Ms. El Rashidi, and it's unclear whether they found transport off the hotel."

"Unclear?" Constance cocked her head, puzzled.

"What do you mean that Ms. El Rashidi is lost?" Delores twisted her brown braided hair with her fingers. "Do we need a search party?"

Anna took a deep breath and explained where everything stood. Rose was dead. There would be no search. More answers would have to wait for Ernest to wake from his slumber. Those precious hopeful smiles faded away. When the group split up and everyone but the Zaals went back to their rooms, Anna was left without a smile of her own. Even with her husband returned, things were not going well. She turned to Lillian. "Will you keep an eye on your father, princess? George and I have to check the concierge terminal again."



“Sure, Mom. But I need to talk to George first.” Lillian pulled her brother by the elbow down the hall. When they were out of earshot of their mother, she whispered, “So, what the fuck was that last night?”



“What?” George stared at her with wide eyes. He could tell she was furious about something. What did he do this time? “Did you see me and Edith? We just went for a walk.” How was he going to explain carrying his swimsuit?

“What? Edith?” She screwed her face into a grimace of confusion. “We’ll put a fucking pin in whatever is going on there. Because, clearly, you’re lying about something. I meant you and me ... last night ... in my room. Explain yourself.” She glanced at her mom. Anna was watching them carefully from down the hall. The mirrored effect made it seem like there were many Moms stretching out into infinity.

“Your room?” George ran his hand through his hair. “I ... wasn’t in your room last night.”

“So, it never happened?” Lillian hissed.

George shook his head.

“Fine. I can live with that. A moment of insanity brought on by all the ... insanity.” She nodded vigorously, her blond ponytail bobbing behind her. “Just make sure it really never happened. Got it?” She stabbed at his chest with a gloved finger. “And I’m keeping the tiara.”



“Got it.” George watched his sister whirl and stomp away, her long skirts billowing behind her. “Wait, what happened in your room?” But it was too late. She was gone. He returned to his mother, and they made the familiar walk to the lobby side by side.

“What was that about, sunshine?” Anna glanced at her son from the corner of her eye.

“Lillian being Lillian, I guess.” George sighed. They walked in silence for a while and entered the lobby. A couple days ago, each trip here had filled him with foreboding. He’d been worried the comm link would still be down. Now he was worried they would find that it was working again. He chastised himself for his selfishness.

“Did your conversation with Lillian have anything to do with why you weren’t in your room last night?” Anna stepped up next to the concierge desk, watching him very closely. His head snapped toward her, guilt, worry, and excitement all playing on his face. His expression was the same as when he’d been caught breaking into the school computer to change a friend’s grade.



“I ... went out for a walk. I needed to stretch my legs.” George worked hard to keep his breathing even and his voice calm. He waved his hand and brought up the holographic interface. “The comm link is still down. No other systems have been restored since we last checked.”

“I’m disappointed.” Anna frowned at him. She nodded at the interface. “Disappointed in the hotel and in my son. You went out after I specifically told you not to go exploring.”

“I’m eighteen, Mom.” George knew it was a pathetic defense. He dropped the interface and turned toward her, ready for his punishment.

“You may be eighteen, but I am still your mother, Georgie.” She shook her head, every strand of her pinned hair perfectly in place. Regardless, she reached for the pin and fiddled with it absentmindedly. “You are not to leave your room, unless you are accompanied by a member of our family. Got it? There’s no leeway here.”

“Yeah.” George slumped his shoulders and walked back toward his room. His mother didn’t say anything more. It was a short, icy trip back. When he was back in his room, he flopped onto his bed. Edith could still visit him in his room, but his mother was now likely to check in on him. He couldn’t sneak out. He couldn’t stay there. He also couldn’t end things with Edith. He turned things over in his head. What was the solution?



George spent over an hour considering failed plans when his mother entered his room and closed the door behind her. She wore a different outfit than before. Her hair was down, and her bodice and skirts had bright, floral embroidery. He looked over at her from his bed. "Checking in on me already?"

"You know I love to check in on you, sweetie." Anna moved closer to him and stood primly, with her hands clasped. "Your father is still asleep, and your sister is watching him. So, I thought I'd spend some time with my sweet son."

"Um ... you're not mad at me?" George sat up on the edge of the bed. He studied her wide smile. She seemed so pretty and vivacious. Such a difference to the frowning parental disapproval he'd seen on her face when they'd parted.

"How could I stay mad at you, sweetie?" She sat next to him on the edge of the bed and patted his thigh with a gloved hand. "You saved all our lives. And you're such a handsome, clever young man."

"Mom?" George looked deep into her blue eyes. They were the color of the sea on a stormy day.

"Yes, sweetie?" She smiled at him and squeezed his thigh.

"You never call me 'sweetie.' You always call me 'sunshine.'" George narrowed his eyes.

"I'm just trying to remind you how sweet you are to me. How much I appreciate you." Anna scooted a little closer.

George inhaled her familiar, honeyed breath. His eyes dropped, just for a split second, to her bust, which strained at her bodice. He met her gaze again.

"It's okay, sweetie. You can look." Anna's warm, inviting smile broadened. "You deserve to be rewarded. You like Mommy's breasts?"

"Um ..." George nodded slowly. He was keenly aware of her reassuring grip on his leg. He straightened his tie and gulped. His eyes dropped back down to the rolling hills of her breasts encased in so much fabric. The familiar thought of what they might look like bare gnawed at his mind.

"You're thinking you'd like to see them, right? Want me to show you?" She gave his thigh one last squeeze and stood. Her expression was angelic and calm. "It's so hard to remove my bodice with my gloves on. So many pesky buttons." Anna gave her son a knowing look. "I'll have to remove my gloves to deal with the buttons properly."

"Your ... gloves?" George moved his gaze from her boobs to her hands. He stared intently as she slowly pulled each finger, loosening the glove on her left hand little by little. "Mom ... you're really ...?" He glanced at her face, she was biting her lip seductively. He looked back to the glove as she pulled it slowly all the way off. The exposed alabaster skin matched her face. She had delicate, slim fingers. These were the hands that had once held him when he was a baby. He would have expected to see her wedding ring on her finger. It wasn't there. He looked into her blue eyes. "Who are you?"



"What?" Anna's smile wavered. "I'm your mother, silly."

"No ... you're not. My mother would never say or do the things you're saying and doing." George slowly stood and edged away from her. "You touched my leg, so you're not a hologram. There's no tech that I know of that can do what you're doing. So, who or what are you?"

Anna frowned and pulled her glove back on. "I'm a woman that wanted to say thank you to her son. You saved my life. I would have been so lonely trapped here without another living soul."

"That ... doesn't make any sense. You ..." George watched her turn and run. In a flash, she was out the door, her skirts undulating behind her. George stood still, wondering what to do. "Well ... shit." Without thinking, he raced after her. He didn't know what he'd do if he caught her. He supposed that was a problem for future George. The time for planning was over. He was now hot on the trail of something he didn't come close to understanding, and he needed answers.