

(CHAPTER 5



LA BELLE ÎLE EN MÈRE

# FICTION

Rawly Rawls

## La Belle Île en Mer Ch. 5

Illustrations by Sezlov

Written by RawlyRawls

This is a work of fiction written solely to entertain. If you want to read more of Rawls's work, please visit: <https://rawlyrawls.com>. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, businesses, companies, events, or locales is entirely coincidental. All characters in this work are 18 years or older. Enjoy!

Also join our DISCORD server <https://discord.gg/TWuZA82gWg> if you want to chat with us, ask questions, or post related stuff!

To see more Sezlov:

<https://www.hentai-foundry.com/user/sezlov/profile>

## Chapter 5

### We Should Reward Him

“Stop! Somebody stop her!” George burst from his room out into the hall. He expected the thing that wasn’t his mother would be no more than twenty feet ahead, racing toward the lobby. He lost all momentum when confronted with the long, empty mirrored hallway, slowing to a stop. A door opened to his right, and Albert stuck his head out. He was wearing a bathrobe, looking confused.

“What’s the matter, boy?” Albert frowned at George.

“There was a woman ... who was not my mother.” George looked over at the rotund man. “But she ...”

“There are several women who are not your mother.” Albert’s smile was less than friendly. “Fewer than there used to be.” He closed his door and disappeared.

Other doors opened. Delores peeked out.

“Is everything okay?”

“What’s going on?” Lillian’s eyes widened in exasperation when she peered into the hall to find her brother was the source of the shouting. “Was that you shouting like a moron, Georgie?”

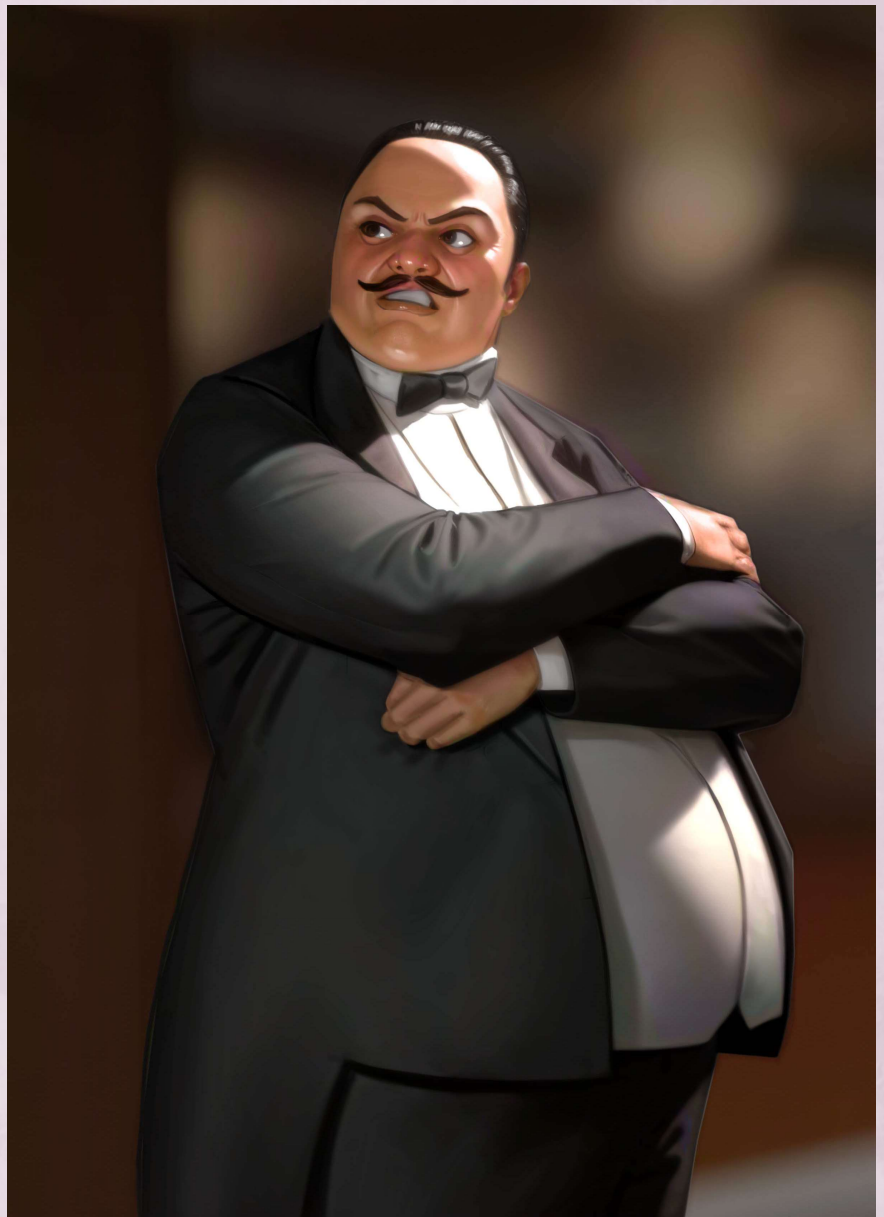
“Was that you, Mr. Zaal?” Edith looked out from her doorway with narrowed eyes.

Anna stepped into the hall. “What’s the matter, sunshine?”

Roy glowered out of his door, his wife standing behind him.

“I ... um ...” George noticed Albert had returned. He had made a quick wardrobe change, now wearing his tuxedo, standing in the hallway with his arms folded on his prodigious belly. George watched the man’s reflections spread into infinity on either side of him. Turning things over in his head, George decided that the truth wouldn’t help: not at the moment, at least. “I had a nightmare. Sorry everyone.”

“It’s okay, Georgie.” Anna walked over to her son and hugged him tightly. “When did you get so tall?”



"A while ago, Mom." George hugged her back, feeling her breasts press against his belly. He quickly released her when his cock roused.

"It's okay, everyone. Just a nightmare." Anna smiled at the crowd. Most returned to their rooms but not all.



Anna watched Albert walk away.

"Where are you going, Mr. Dmytruk?"

"Since the lad woke me, I thought I'd stretch my legs." Albert walked toward the lobby, not bothering to look back. "I don't need anyone's approval to go walking about. I'm not a teenager ... haven't been for a loooooong time."

"Yes, of course." Anna nodded, still rubbing her son's back. She looked up into his face. He was frowning at Albert's back, deep concentration forming a vertical groove in his forehead. "What are you thinking about?"

"Nothing, Mom." George shook his head. "I better get back to bed." He kissed his mother chastely on the cheek and went back to his room.

~~

It wasn't easy to write with the constant tapping. It was starting to get on Anna's nerves. Maybe it was a mechanical system. "Océane? Can you run a diagnostic on my room?" She spoke in a whisper so as not to wake her slumbering husband.

"J'ai lancé un diagnostic. Tout fonctionne parfaitement, comme toujours. Votre chambre est sanguine." Océane's tone was bright and chipper.

"I understood 'sanguine.' That means everything's good." Anna turned from the desk and looked around the room, rubbing her chin.

"Cela signifie aussi que le sang," Océane said.

"That's enough, Océane." Anna stood, listening to the tapping. One short tap ... pause ... two short taps ... pause ... one short tap ... pause ... long tap ... she followed the sound around the room, slowly zeroing in on the bed. She knelt and found her husband's knuckle rapping gently against the bedframe. "What sort of dream are you having, my sweet Ernest?" She carefully lifted his hand and tucked his arm under the blankets. "What happened to you and Ms. El Rashidi?" She sat next to him on the bed and put her hand on the blanket above his chest. His heart thumped like he was running a sprint. "It seems Georgie isn't the only one having nightmares. I shouldn't be surprised my men are having trouble. It's not easy being heroes." Now that the tapping was gone, she went back to her desk to write.



~~

"We're really going swimming, Mom?" Lillian held her suit draped over her arm. She had to rush to keep up with her mother.

"Yes, there's a lovely pool up on Floor one hundred twelve." Anna smiled over her shoulder at her daughter. "Hurry up, princess."

"Slow down, Mom." Lillian nearly tripped on her skirts. She held them up to move faster. Once they were on the stairs, her mother slowed down. Lillian breathed a sigh of relief and caught up to her. They walked side by side. "How do you know about the pool?"

"Oh ... the concierge directory. Thankfully, that's all in English." Anna's smile was wide and warm as she regarded her daughter. "Isn't it nice to have some time with just us girls?"

"Yeah, Mom." Lillian smiled back at her. Her mother looked positively radiant. They continued to climb the stairs, looking out the great window every other switchback. She was glad there was no more debris, or *bodies*, floating outside the station.

"I know you and your brother have had some friction." Anna continued to beam at her daughter as they climbed. "I'd like you to be nicer to him."

"Mom, it's not my fault, I -"

"He saved our lives, Lillian. We should reward him, not antagonize him. Am I clear?" Anna gave her daughter a stern look. They departed the stairs and walked down the long hallway. The one hundred twelfth floor was decorated with rich aquatic wallpaper in blues and golds. The mural on the ceiling depicted Poseidon's underwater city. Further down, the mural turned into beautiful sirens luring sailors toward jagged rocks.

"Yes, Mom. I'll try to be nice to him. But he's still my little brother. He knows how to get under my skin." Lillian followed her mother into the pool area. They found the locker room and began changing.



“He’s eighteen. You’re both adults now. It’s time you behaved that way.” Anna got a nod out of Lillian but that wasn’t enough. “I want you to say it. He saved our lives and deserves to be rewarded. I would be all alone if he hadn’t figured out that Faraday cage. I cannot live with solitude.”

“What?” Lillian, standing in her underwear, cocked her head. “‘All alone’? Mom, you’d be *dead* if George hadn’t figured out the room. Isn’t that your whole point?” She removed her hairpin and hat and shook out her blond hair.

“Yes, of course. That *is* my point. Anna Zaal would be dead if her sweet son hadn’t intervened.” Anna removed her bra, letting her heavy breasts fall free. She was oblivious to the long stare Lillian gave her.



Lillian had been thinking about the odd conversation until her mother bared her breasts right in front of her. Lillian’s hands went to her mouth when her mother quickly removed her gloves. She hadn’t gotten a direct view of her mother’s breasts or hands in goodness knows how long. Certainly, women changed in front of one another, but they usually turned around, or wrapped a towel around themselves before fully undressing, as Lillian was doing. Lillian marveled at what she saw. Time, and child-rearing, seemed to have made her mother even more beautiful. Her breasts sloped away from her chest dramatically. At the crest of the curve were large nipples with wide areolae. Both were a pleasing pink color. When her mother caught her staring, Lillian blushed and looked away. She turned around and surreptitiously removed her everyday gloves and put on her swimming gloves. Her mind replayed the sight of her mother’s curvaceous upper half.

Once changed, the women went out to the pool, had a vigorous swim, and pulled themselves out of the water to relax. They reclined on chaise lounges and sipped drinks provided by their robot waiter. Their bathing suits covered everything important, but didn't have the support of their bras and bodices. After seeing her mother's bare breasts, Lillian found herself constantly glancing at the way gravity pulled on her mother's breasts through the floral-design suit.



"I should go check on your father." Anna rose, well aware of her daughter's eyes on her breasts. It was cute how the young woman thought she was being surreptitious. This was something unexpected that might be used later. Anna suspected that it was just curiosity. "I won't be back. You stay here and enjoy yourself. Return to our rooms when you're done relaxing."

"I thought we weren't supposed to be by ourselves outside of our rooms." Lillian raised her eyebrows.

"I'll send your brother to keep you company." Anna turned to go.

"No thanks. I'd rather be by myself." Lillian lips curved into a sour expression.

Anna turned back to her daughter and wagged a finger. "Be nice to him. He saved your life. You're breathing right now because of your brother. He deserves a reward."

"Yeah, okay. Got it." Lillian waved an annoyed hand at her mother. She watched her leave, sighed, and sipped her tropical drink. She hadn't asked for alcohol, but she was feeling a bit buzzed. With the waitstaff only speaking French, she really didn't know what she was drinking. But it was delicious. She raised her hand to call the waiter over for another one.



Thirty minutes and three drinks later, George arrived at the pool. He wore a swimsuit Lillian hadn't seen before. Usually, his suits were baggy, but this one hugged his body and his ... privates. She could clearly see the outline of his big, soft thing tucked to the left side. She glanced away and blushed. Apparently, today was the day for seeing her family's junk. Thank goodness her dad was still asleep. She didn't want to see all of them. Lillian tried to rise, but felt a bit tipsy and settled back onto the lounge. How much booze was Océane putting in her drinks?

"Eyes up here, Lil." George held one hand behind his back, the other pointed to his brown eyes that were crinkled in a relaxed, confident smile.

"Oh ... shit." The crimson on Lillian's cheeks deepened. He'd caught her staring at the outline of his penis. *Is he really that large? No ... no ... Francis ... Francis ... think about Francis's modest, perfectly-sized penis.*

"You know what would be fun?" George smiled. "Have you and Francis ever gone skinny dipping?" When he saw her frown in horror at the thought, he quickly added, "With gloves on, of course."

"No ... we would never ..." She shook her head and watched him produce something from behind his back. It was a gorgeous necklace, with sparkling rubies and pale sapphires. She gasped. "It's beautiful." She reached for it, but he pulled it away.

"You only get it if you agree to go skinny dipping with me."

He smiled. "We can play make-believe like we did when we were little. You're a princess mermaid, and I'm going to rescue you from the evil villain's death ray." George unzipped his suit and slowly undressed.

"We never played ... make-believe." In a stupor, Lillian stared as more and more of her brother's skin came into view. He wasn't built with thick corded muscles the way Francis was. Her brother was lean and lithe. Maybe he would grow into a more robust body as he got older.

“Sure we did. You loved playing make-believe.” He worked his torso out of the upper half of the one-piece suit, and slowly lowered it down his legs. When his soft, dangling penis came into view, he could see her unconsciously part her lips. George had seduced thousands of human women and knew exactly what to watch for. This was a good sign.



“You’re ... you’re ... naked.” Lillian felt like she was floating in space. A primal urge filled her. She realized that she was soaking the crotch of her own swimsuit.

“It doesn’t really matter, does it? I mean, I’m your brother. We used to see each other naked all the time when we were younger.” He stepped out of his suit and tossed it to a nearby robot.

“We ... never saw each other naked.” Lillian spoke so softly she could barely hear herself. “It wouldn’t have been proper.”

The robot folded George’s suit and hung it from the back of a chair.

“Thanks, robo-friend.” George gave the robot a two-finger salute. He turned his attention back to his ogling sister. “You can’t have the necklace unless you skinny-dip with me, Lil. Those are the rules.”

“Really?” Lillian looked at the gorgeous necklace. It sparkled under the synthetic, sunny sky. She looked back to her brother as he ran across the deck. His tight ass quaked with his lunging steps, each cheek moving as a unit. She watched him dive into the water, form-perfect. He barely made a splash. She looked at her empty glass with its little, festive umbrella. *I want ... I want ... I want.* Her mother’s words bounced inside her head. *Why shouldn’t I have fun with my brother? He saved my life. He deserves it. I deserve it.* “Waiter, another drink.”

The waiter nodded. “Je vais vous apporter un autre verre, mais s’il vous plaît, ne courez pas sur le pont comme il l’a fait.”

*Why shouldn’t I? Why shouldn’t I?* Her mind was now a jumble of hungers. For a split second, she thought of Francis. Her fiancé had never showered her with priceless jewelry. *He’s all the way back on Earth, anyway.*

Dismissing Francis from her mind, she stood on wobbly legs, grabbed the necklace, and placed it around her neck.

“You have to take off your suit and jump in with me now. The necklace is binding.” George watched with a bright smile on his face. He was treading water near the middle of the large pool.

“Why shouldn’t I?” The words came out as a sarcastic challenge to her brother, echoing back to her. She didn’t like the tone in her voice. Rather than argue as she would have expected him to do, her brother simply shrugged his shoulders and smiled. She was understanding why everyone found him so charming. She turned her back to him and unzipped her suit. Making sure to keep her gloves on, she pulled off the sleeves and lowered the suit to her waist. Looking over her shoulder, she glanced at her grinning brother. “How do I look?” She covered her breasts with one arm. With her other hand, she straightened the necklace and slowly turned toward him.

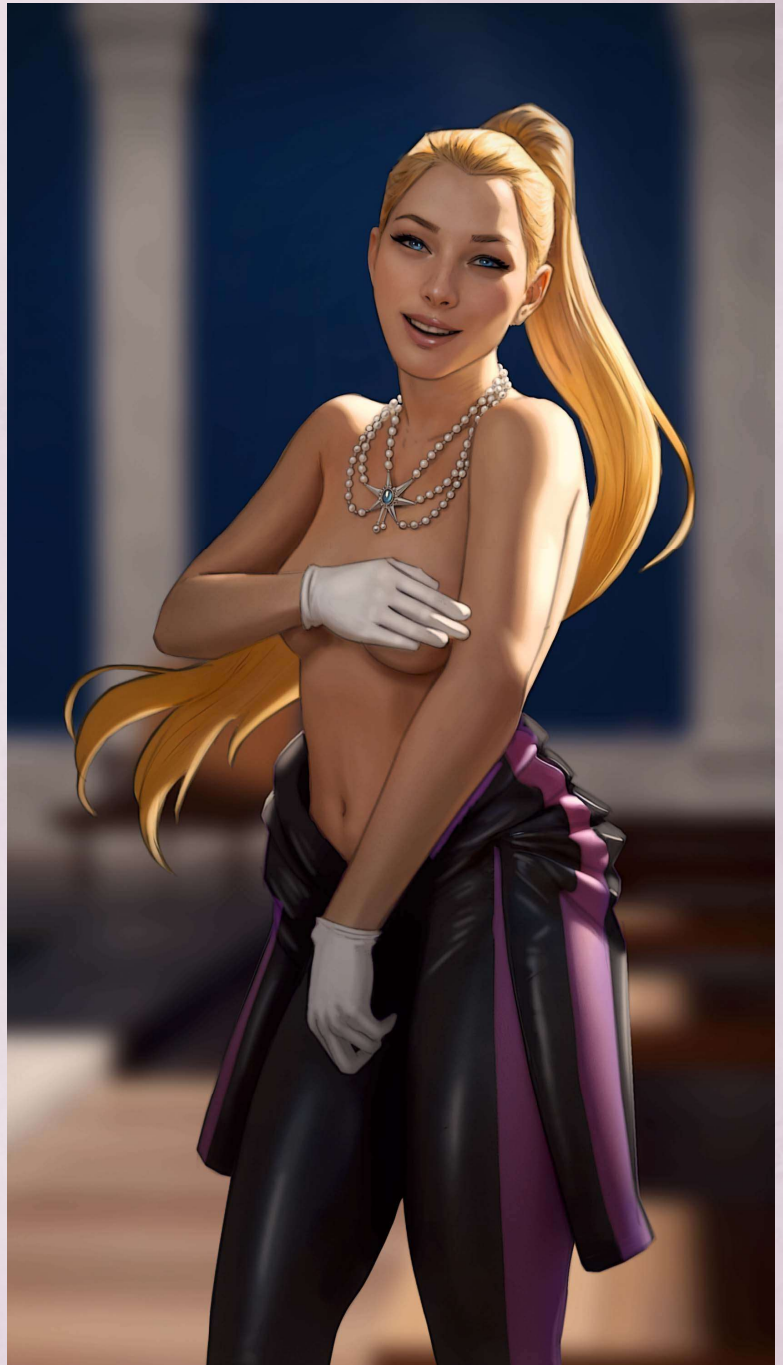
“You look like a princess, Lil.” George’s laugh was friendly and warm. It echoed around the empty deck, the kind of laugh one shared in an intimate moment.

Hearing his bright laughter, Lillian laughed, too. The robot arrived with another drink. She took a gulp, even though she was already quite tipsy. With a little more liquid courage inside her, she turned her back to him again, lowered her suit down her legs, and stepped out of it. She knew she must have been giving him a show when she bent over, exposing her pale ass and pussy, but he didn’t make any comment. She wondered if he enjoyed the view, or if he thought it disgusting. Her mind was such a jumble, she couldn’t decide what was most likely. With her back still toward him, she looked over her shoulder. “Now, how do I look?” *What will he say?* She half expected him to cruelly laugh, pulling the rug out from under the moment.

“You are the most beautiful sister in the Solar System.” George bowed his head until his nose touched the water, as if he’d encountered nobility.

Lillian grinned from ear to ear.

~~



George knocked on the door for room 4327. When the door opened, and Edith's face appeared, he couldn't help but smile.

"Another nightmare, Mr. Zaal?" Edith frowned at him, unconsciously tugging at her gloves so that they were tight on her hands.

"No ... I ..." George leaned close to her in the cracked doorway. "Can I come in? I know you don't like meeting outside of our ... special times. But I need to talk to someone about something I saw. And ... I couldn't think of anyone but you."



"I have no idea what you're talking about." She opened the door wider and let him in. "But if it's important, I'm not really doing anything else." She wore a long terrycloth robe and the feed was paused on a screen in the middle of her room. She'd been watching a melodramatic serial.

"Can you ... close the door?" George looked at her closely. She had the same pretty face, alluring brown skin, and silky brown hair as always. But she seemed so much more reserved and withdrawn. The Edith he'd snuck away with was so much more ... vivacious than the woman before him. A trickle of icy suspicion meandered in the back of his mind.

"What would people think if I put myself behind closed doors with a single young man? I'll leave the door open, thank you very much." She folded her arms and waited for him to tell her what was so important. "Is it about the concierge desk?"

"No. Um ... Edith ... I -"

She cut him off. "Ms. Pemberton."

"Ms. Pemberton, have you been to the pool area on the one hundred twelfth floor?" George looked at her hopefully. Maybe that sly smile would return, and she'd allay his fears. *Otherwise ... otherwise ... I've been cavorting with a false Edith ... with something ... impossible and ghastly.* He shuddered.

"Many times, why?" She furrowed her brow. She didn't like his expression. It looked like he might faint again. She didn't want to have to deal with that. She hated fainting guests.

"I mean ... with me." He looked around the room, found an armchair and hurried over to it. "Forgive me, I need to sit."

Edith waved a hand that it was okay.

"Thank you." George sat down and adjusted his tie. "Have you ever gone to the pool with me?"

"Of course not." She shook her head firmly.

"I see." George studied the small woman's eyes. He didn't think she was lying. He really had never been to the pool with her. He had cum in someone three times, but it wasn't her. *Who ... or what took my virginity?* He shuddered again.



~

"You really think I'm pretty?" Lillian wobbled a little as she crossed the deck, naked but for the glittering necklace and her gloves. She had dropped her arm, giving her brother an excellent view of almost everything. When she looked down, she could see the red and blue gems glittering between her breasts.

"You shine brighter than the sun." George's voice was relaxed, but carried unusual authority.

"The sun? Sunshine?" Lillian giggled, burped, and then frowned. Their mother called George "Sunshine." Their mother could come back anytime and find her parading with her tits out in front of her brother. Anyone could find her like this. She would be mortified if that happened. That led her inebriated brain to take the next logical step. It was wrong to prance naked in front of her brother, or any man, but ... especially her brother.

"I know that look. Don't fret, Lil. Jump into the water the with me. It feels great." George laughed and splashed.

"Okay ... okay ... I ..." She paused and tried to figure out what else was wrong. Something wasn't right with her tummy "George, I ... I ... bbblllllllllaaaaaahhhhhhh." Lillian threw up all over the deck in front of her. "I'm sorry ... I'm sorry ... I ... blllllaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh." Her hair was loose, and when she leaned forward, it fell into the line of fire.

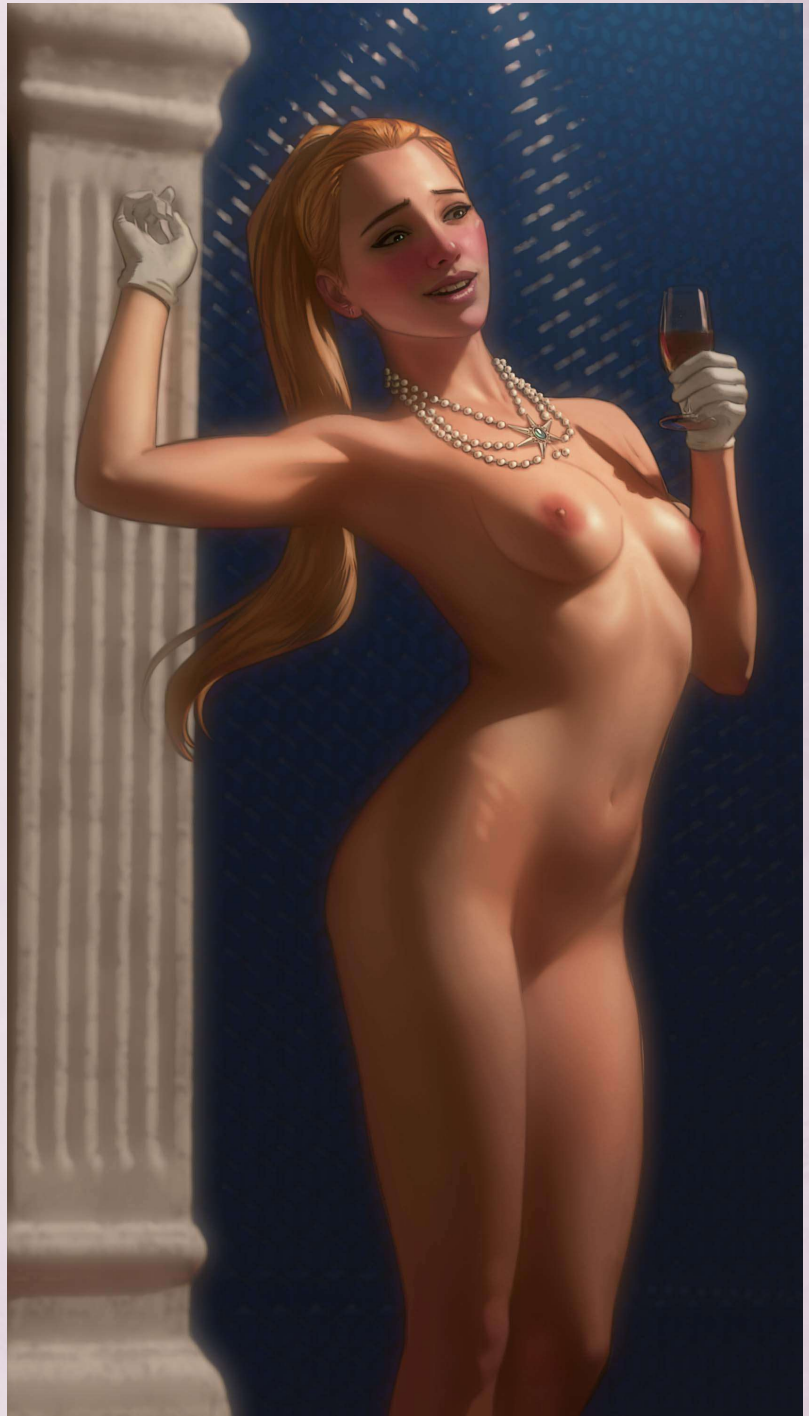
A nearby robot turned toward her. Its stoic face remained calm, but its body language became agitated. "Oh mon Dieu. Sa mère a spécifiquement dit que nous devons lui servir ces boissons. Que quelqu'un appelle le personnel de nettoyage."

"It's okay." George swam to the side of the pool. "Hop into the water and you'll feel better. I promise."

"No George." Lillian stumbled back to her swimsuit, picked it up, and headed for the locker room. "I'm sorry ... I just can't ... I ... blaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh." She paused to throw up again, this time at the feet of their waiter robot.

"Personnel de nettoyage à la piscine." Océane's voice said over the hotel's sound system.

"Sorry ... I'm sorry." Without looking back, Lillian raced away, leaving her brother alone in the pool.



~~

“Ernest?” Anna sat on the edge of her bed, wearing the lingerie she’d brought on the trip. The ensemble was supposed to be a surprise for her husband, a matching set of bra, panties, and gloves made from paisley lace. The material was quite transparent. “I think you’ve slept long enough. Time to wake up. I’ve got a surprise for you.” She reached under the blanket and found his slumbering penis. It felt hot in her hand. “You won’t even have to exert yourself. I’ll take care of it with my mouth if you want.”

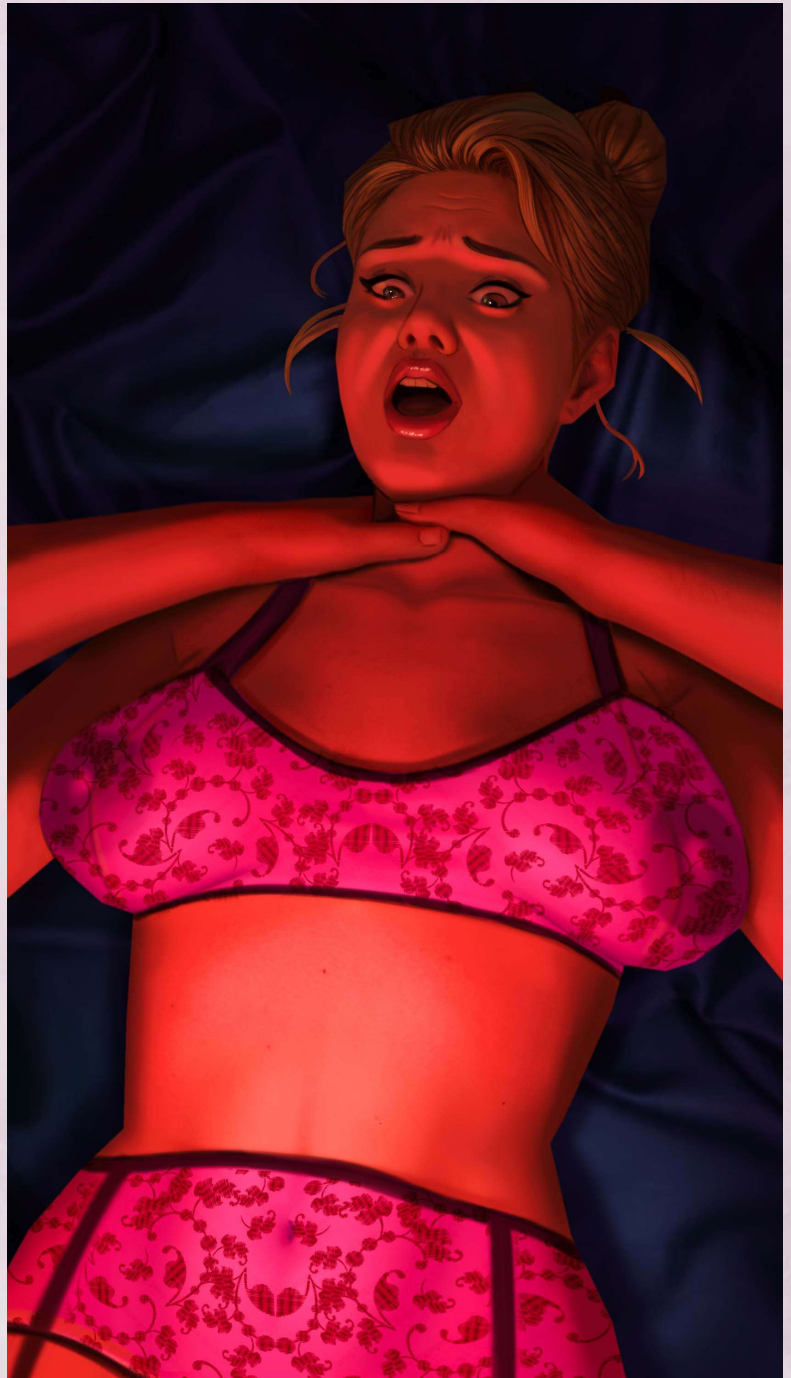
“The bottom ... of the well ... is ...” Ernest’s eyelids fluttered open.

“That’s it ... wake up ... darling.” Anna squeezed his penis rhythmically. It was still soft, but she was sure once he woke, he’d be happy for the attention. When she lifted the blanket off his naked body, heat radiated up. He certainly was toasty tucked in bed. “Let me take care of ... aaaaaacccckkkkkkkk.” Her husband’s hand was suddenly around her neck, cutting off her air. She let go of his penis and clawed at his hand. He was too strong. “Ernest ... you’re ... hurting ... me.” She could barely get the words out. She looked at his slack face. His eyes were open, but he gave no sign that he saw anything in the room. He was still in the clutches of a nightmare. *This is not how I die. Not after everything George did to save me.* Anna lifted her fists, still in their lacy gloves, and slammed them down onto her husband’s stomach. His grip loosened, and she clawed herself free. She fell back, gasping for air.

“I have seen the bottom of the well. It is the top. We will fall forever.” Ernest sat up.

Having gathered enough oxygen, Anna screamed.

~~



"You haven't ... um ... *eaten* at Aubergine?" George saw from Edith's impassive face that she didn't understand his meaning. He wondered if this woman had ever swallowed cum. She certainly hadn't done so under a table at that fancy restaurant.

"I have." Edith pulled her head back and gave him a dubious look. She anticipated his next question. "But not with you, Mr. Zaal."

"Okay, I think ... I understand. Sorry for so many ..." George turned his ear toward the door and listened. "Did you hear that?"

"It sounded like a scream." Edith looked toward the door. Before she could react, George was on his feet, racing into the hallway.

"Mom?" George burst into his parents' room. His mother and father were standing, his father holding her tightly. His mother was sobbing. He ran across the room and yanked his father's arm off his mother.

"Whoa ... whoa." Ernest, still naked, backed away, holding his hands up.

"George!" Anna, tears running down her cheeks, quickly put herself between her son and husband. "It's okay. I'm crying because I'm happy your father is awake. Everything's okay." She smiled through her tears.



"Oh ... gosh ... I'm sorry." George's eyes went wide when he registered what his mother was wearing. He could see her large, pink nipples and wide areolae through the sheer fabric. "My gods, I'm so sorry." George quickly turned around. "I heard the scream and ..." He saw Edith peering in from the doorway with wide eyes.

"It's okay, George." Ernest pulled the cover off the bed and covered his wife. "That was a good instinct, running to save your mother. I'm proud of you."

"Thanks, Dad." George stood with his back to them.

"You're my hero, sunshine." Anna moved behind her son, awkwardly keeping the blanket wrapped around her. She saw that Albert had joined Edith in peering in at them. She leaned around George and kissed him on the cheek. "Now, give us some privacy please." She raised her voice. "Some privacy, everyone."

Still groggy from his long sleep, it finally dawned on Ernest that he was giving everyone a shameful show. Belatedly, he covered his penis with a pillow.

"I am curious, Mr. Zaal, how you landed such a lovely creature for a wife with such an insignificant cudgel." Albert waggled his eyebrows.

"Mr. Dmytruk!" Edith put a hand to her mouth, shocked. "That's untoward!"

Anna turned back to her husband. "Goodness, you're just standing there, Ernest." She shuffled him off to the bathroom, glaring over her shoulder at Albert.

George walked back into the hall, closed his parents' door, and stood squarely in front of Albert. "How dare you." His hands balled into fists by his sides. "That was uncalled for."

"I was merely pointing out the obvious. He ... ooooooof." Albert had not expected the punch. It spun him and dropped him to a knee. He put a hand up to his smarting jaw. "You hit me! You hit me with your hand."

"You deserved it, Mr. Dmytruk," George said.

"Then I accept your challenge." Albert stood and turned back to the teenager. George had a couple inches on him, but Albert had more than thirty pounds on George and decades of experience. It would be an easy duel. "Where do we find swords around here?"



"Stop it." Edith swatted Albert's lapel. "Stop it, both of you." She gave George a shove. "There will be no duel. You're behaving like buffoons. Go back to your rooms."

George flexed his hand. It hurt from the punch. He wasn't going to listen to Edith. Not *this* Edith, at least. He shook his head to clear it. He certainly wasn't going to listen to the other Edith either. He set his jaw. "Swords? I'm sure we can find them in the armory."



The calamities compile, Diary. George seems to have acted brashly on behalf of his father's dignity. We have put off the duel for now, but after striking Mr. Dmytruk, poor George is honor-bound to follow through. Mr. Dmytruk has agreed to end the duel at first blood, so at least there is very little threat to George's life.

Dark works travel in threes, and Lillian has been doing poorly these past couple days. She's fixated on an event that didn't happen. She thinks I took her to a swimming pool. I most certainly did not. She says her brother was there too, and that he gave her a necklace. Well, the jewelry is very real, and quite expensive by the look of it. I've told her to put it back in whatever room she took it from.

We need to leave this hotel quickly. Ernest says there is a way to leave at the bottom of the tower, but he also says it is too dangerous to travel there. There is a haunted look about him when he says this, so I dare not follow his steps down the spire. I hope to have good news for you next time, Diary. I plan to make a trip up the tower to look for transport. I'll tell the others soon.

Ernest's Diary August 17, 2197

It's calling, and we're falling.

Lillian's Diary August 17, 2197

I want to go home. I can't look at my brother anymore. He saw me dancing like a fool with my tits out. He pretends to be concerned, but I know he's laughing at me on the inside. It seems we keep finding new depths for rock bottom on the Belle Île.

George's Diary August 17, 2197

It's been several days since I saw the Other Edith. She hasn't appeared since I chased the Other Mother away. That was right about the time of Lillian's pool incident. I don't know what it means. It must be some sort of new tech, but I can't research anything with the systems down. And Océane won't help me.

To make matters worse, I have to fight Mr. Dmytruk soon. I doubt my school fencing classes will be much use. There's something about the man that says he's familiar with a sword. What little good there was in this place has turned to dust. We have to leave, but I'm afraid there's no way out.

Kapnos's Diary August 17, 2197

I/We have ruined my plans with the survivors. I/She should never have been his mother. I/We made other errors. Embodying her brother seemed to make sense at the time. The only other men to choose from were Roy and Albert. They would not have worked for obvious reasons. George is quite charming and handsome. I/We thought that I/he could turn Lillian around. The situation called for meticulous craftsmanship, and I/we butchered it. It was so much easier when the hotel was full of people. Glorious amounts of humanity to choose from ... to lose myself in.

There is nowhere else to go. It is either the survivors or solitude. I/We can't stand the thought of solitude. I/We will try something else. A plan is already forming.

