

(CHAPTER 6



LA BELLE ILE EN MÈRE

# FICTION

Rawly Rawls

## La Belle Île en Mer Ch. 6

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Written by RawlyRawls

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## Chapter 6

### He Rested a Narrow Sword

"It's a long way up, about a hundred floors. My husband needs his rest, so he can't travel with me." Anna looked around at the group assembled in the mirrored hallway. "Mr. Dmytruk has agreed to put off the duel until after I return." Her lips curved in a sour frown. Albert and Ernest were the only two survivors not attending the meeting. Her thoughts about each man disquieted her in different ways. She turned her gray-blue eyes on Roy. "In case I run into any other survivors, I would like a man to accompany me. An athlete would be helpful, too." She turned her gaze to Constance. "Are there any volunteers?"

Constance and Roy put their heads together and whispered.

George tried to meet his mother's eyes. She had told him earlier that she needed him to stay and keep an eye on his father. She hadn't listened to him when he'd asked to go with her. He'd been trying to come up with a better argument ever since.

"We have decided to remain here."

Constance looked around the circle and blushed. Letting Anna travel alone felt like a dereliction of duty, but Roy flatly refused to go. What could she do? She was his wife and would stay by his side. "We wish you luck. We pray to the gods that there is transport farther up the spire."

Roy cleared his throat. "My splendid wife isn't saying everything." He slowly looked around the circle of survivors. Each person watched him closely. "It's been several days. There should have been new guests arriving at the hotel. The hotel has gone silent. Surely, someone out there must have noticed something was wrong. It's only a day to the nearest port. Where are the search and rescue teams? Even if you found transport, we wouldn't go with you. We have no idea how wide the skyrmion blast was. We have no idea what you'd find out there." He waved his hand expansively. "We live in luxury here. Océane is working well enough. We're safe. My wife and I are staying."

Delores blinked at them and slowly shook her head.

"Stuck here?" Lillian furrowed her eyebrows.

Edith's eyes widened with fright.



Anna forced a reassuring smile onto her face. "You bring up some valid points, Mr. Haversham. If we find the right craft, however, we can travel all the way to Earth. We're going home. Staying at the hotel isn't an option." She folded her arms over her chest with finality.

It was time for George's new argument. "We need to get the comm net working, Mom. In addition to looking for transport, we could try different computer interfaces along the way. Maybe someone with access left their connection unlocked when everything happened. Ms. Pemberton can help us identify offices that might have such a connection."

"I'm not going with you." Edith frowned and fidgeted with her gloves.

"You don't have to come with us. You can just show us on a map." George shrugged, reminding himself that this wasn't the woman he'd fallen in love with. She just looked and sounded exactly like her.

"I wouldn't know." Edith returned his shrug. "I'm just a concierge."

"We can search floor by floor, Mom. We might even find a way to get Océane to speak English again. But I'm the only one here who could work the computer if we find the right terminal." He clasped his hands in entreaty, realized what he was doing, and dropped them. He didn't want her to think she was doing him a favor. He adjusted his tie and stood straighter, trying to look confident.



Anna narrowed her eyes and regarded her son. She rubbed her chin and let out a thoughtful sigh. Eventually, she nodded her head and looked at the rest of the group. "My son and I are going up the tower. A search like that could take several days. Who else wants to come? Things will go faster if we have more people to search each floor."

"I'll come, Mom." Lillian raised her hand.

"I need you to stay here, princess." Anna leaned close to her daughter. "You need to keep an eye on your father while he recuperates." She rubbed her neck, thinking of Ernest's unexpected violent act. Her daughter would not have been able to fight back as she had done. "I'll give you some ground rules before we leave. He'll need some help, but he'll also need his space."

"Yeah, okay." Lillian glanced at her brother. She thought about saying something caustic, but dismissed the idea. "Good luck, Georgie."

"Thanks, Lillian." George couldn't believe he was going to spend several days alone with his mother. Everything was still a nightmare, but if he got to spend his life in hell with his mom, was it really hell?

"Any more volunteers?" Anna looked at Delores and Edith. Both shook their heads.

"Okay then." Anna nodded like it had been decided. "Pray for us."

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“Ready to go, Mom?” George hoisted the borrowed backpack onto his shoulders. They’d found it in an empty room. Inside he had a change of clothes for each of them, their toothbrushes, a few toiletries, and nothing else. They were about to set out on an expedition, but they didn’t need much in the way of supplies. The hotel would provide. He glanced at his mother’s exposed calves. She’d hiked her skirts up to climb stairs better. Her calves were wonderfully pale and slender.

“Not much of a send-off.” It was just the two of them standing outside their rooms. As the words left her mouth, Albert’s door opened.

“I wish you luck, Zaals.” Albert wore an informal suit with a green tie. On his shoulder he rested a narrow sword. “When you return, I will have my satisfaction. Honor will not allow me to delay any further.” He frowned at them like he disagreed with honor, but of course he would love stabbing the boy.

“Sure thing.” George shook his head, trying to breath evenly. He stood straighter and tried to smile. “I see you found the armory. And ... it was unlocked.”

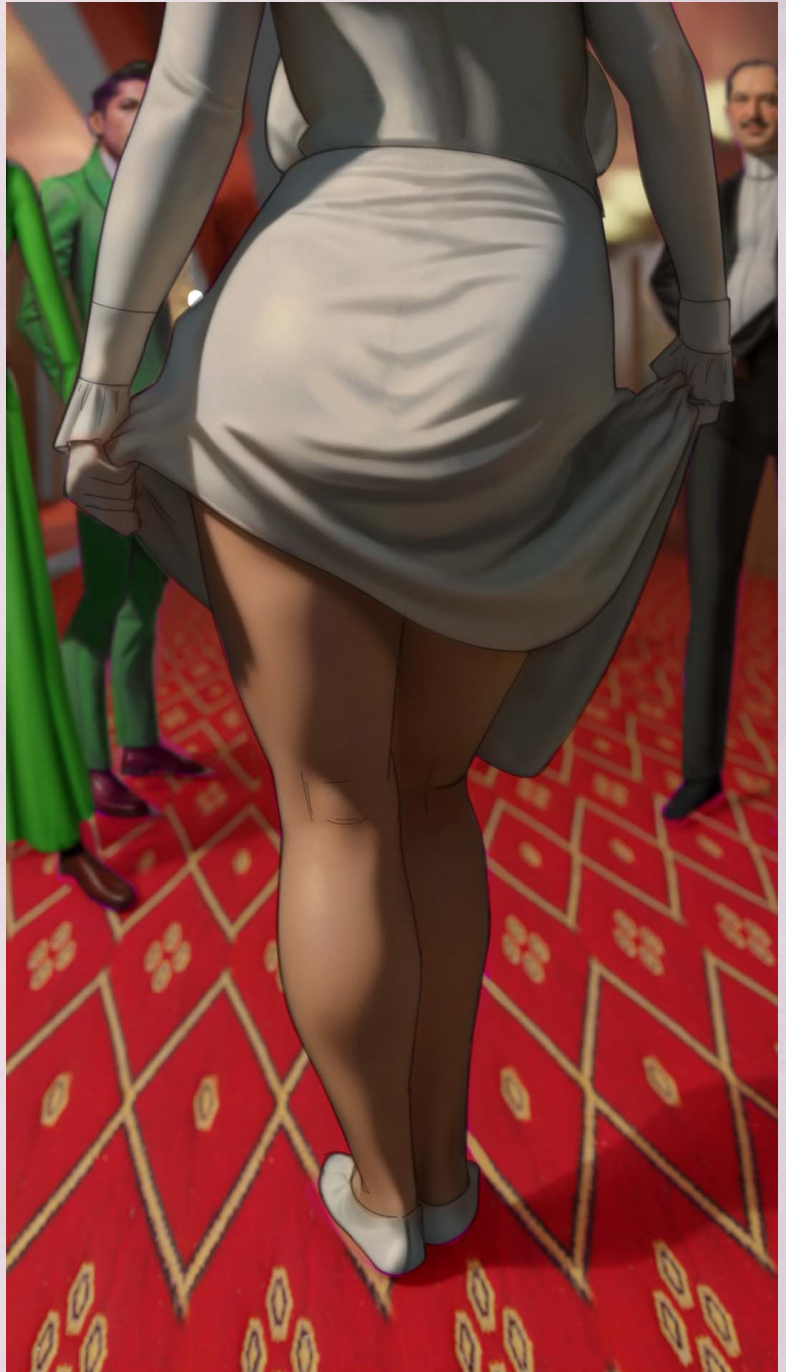
“Everything’s unlocked, boy.” Albert smirked at George.

“Come along, sunshine.” Anna put a hand on her son’s shoulder and pulled him down the hall. “Pray for us, Mr. Dmytruk. We are trying to save all of us.”

“Oh, I know. That’s why I agreed to further postpone the duel.” Albert looked at George. “Do me a favor and return. If you have an accident like Ms. El Rashidi, there will remain a stain on my honor.” He barked a short, unfriendly laugh and disappeared behind his door.

“Don’t pay him any mind, sunshine. When it’s time, you’ll stick him with the pointy end.” She gave him a reassuring smile as they walked to the stairs. “I’ll cheer loudly when you make him bleed.”

“I didn’t know you had a bloodthirsty side, Mom.” Despite the confrontation with Albert, George couldn’t help but find a genuine smile spreading on his face. His mother’s confidence was infectious.



"I have a soft spot for you." She pulled on his shoulder, bringing his face close to hers, and kissed him on the cheek. "I have a good feeling about our trip. We're going to save everyone, Georgie."



"Me too, Mom." George was just happy to be with her. Just the two of them. They walked in silence for a while, came to the grand stairway, and began their long ascent. They had only gone three floors when they heard a voice behind them.

"Wait ... wait ..." Delores huffed and puffed as she hustled to catch up. "I changed my mind ... I don't want to stay. I'll help you ... search."

Anna turned and waited on the stairs. She smiled at the late arrival. "We're happy to have you, Mrs. Salazar."

"Hello, Mrs. Salazar." George watched her chest bounce under her bodice as the short woman took two stairs at a time. He hadn't realized she was so athletic. "Glad you could join us."



"I was going to ... stay in my room ... and think about Carlos while you were away ... but ..." Delores caught up to them and stopped on the stairs, panting. She wore a bag at her side, with the strap slung over the opposite shoulder. The band pressed between her breasts. There was a light sweat on her tan skin, her hair was neatly pinned under her hat, and there was a twinkle in her blue eyes. "... I decided you needed my help, and I needed the company." She caught her breath quickly and started back up the stairs. "Which floor should we search first?"

"We'll start with floor one hundred ten." Anna turned and followed Delores, her son a few steps behind them. "That's the first floor we haven't explored in the past few days."

"Excellent." Delores looked over her shoulder and smiled. She could see that George was carefully examining both of their rear ends. "I have a good feeling about this trip."

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"Mr. Dmytruk? Mr. Dmytruk?" Constance knocked on the door. Her husband standing behind her. It had been a day since the Zaals left on their trip, and she had been thinking over the impending duel. The more she thought about it, the more preposterous it seemed. "You do think my idea is a good one?" She looked over her shoulder.

"Yes, my beloved." Roy smiled earnestly. "A tennis match is a much better way to satisfy Mr. Dmytruk's honor. I'm sure he'll agree." He lied through his teeth. Sometimes marriage called for falsehoods. It was a terrible idea. Especially because George was on his school tennis team, and Albert was ... so rotund. The old man would never agree. But there was no use telling his wife. She'd find out the hard way.

"Thank you for the support, honey." Constance knocked on the door some more. "Mr. Dmytruk?" She frowned. "He's not answering. Maybe we should check in on him?"

"Let's give the man his privacy, he ..." Before Roy could finish, she gave the door a shove. It silently swung open.

"Mr. Dmytruk ... are you ...?" It took Constance a moment to comprehend what she was seeing. When it registered, she screamed. "Eeeeeeeekkkkkkkkkkkk!" She clutched her husband and held him close, not taking her eyes off the horrific spectacle.

"Eeeeeeiiaiiiiiiiiiii!" Roy screamed with his wife, pressing himself to her chest.

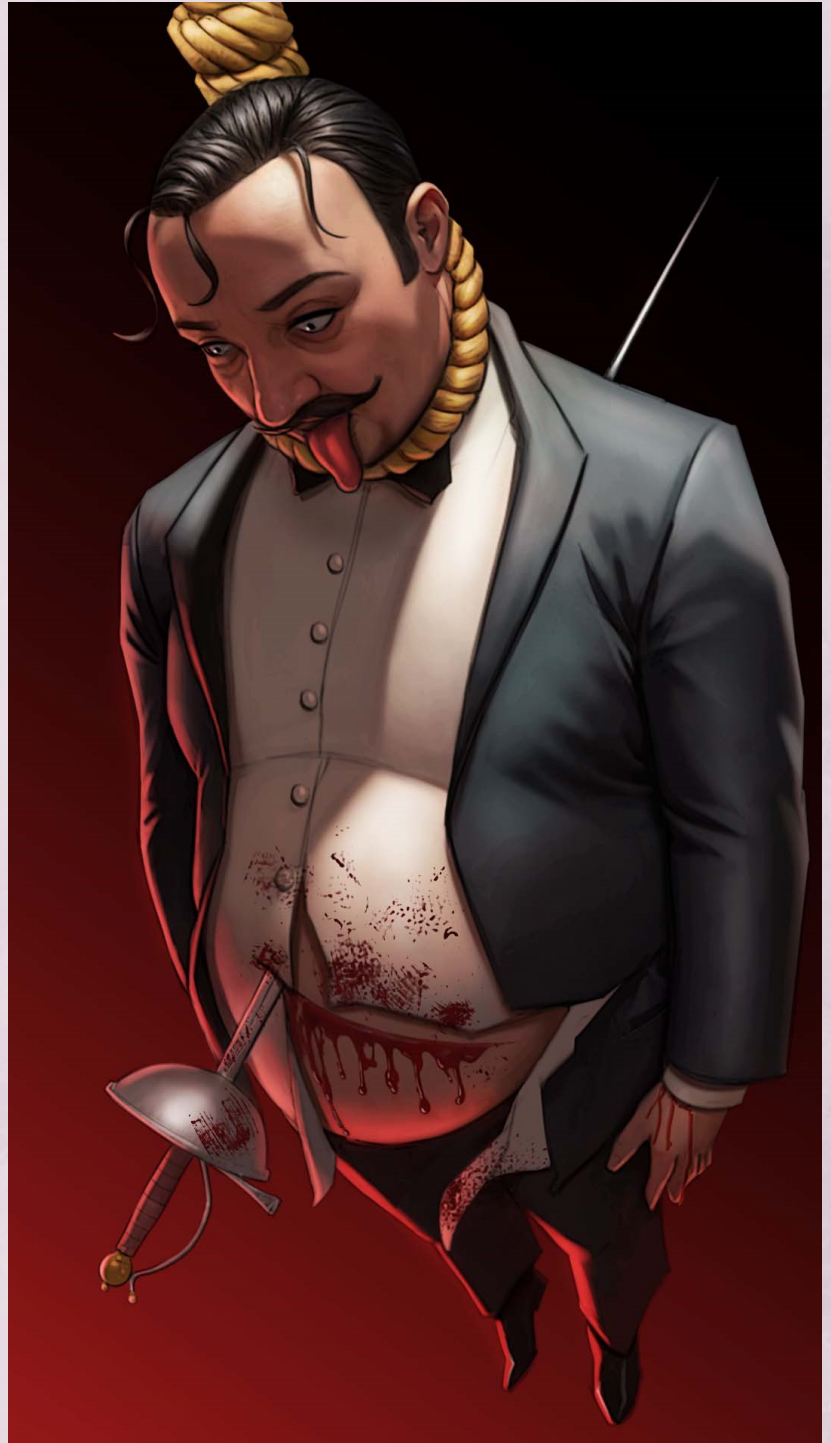
Hanging by his neck from the chandelier, Albert wore his familiar tuxedo. His eyes bulged from his head. His face was blue, and his bloated, purple tongue lolled from his mouth. There was a chair on its side next to his dangling feet. Not only had the man hanged himself, he had also committed hari-kari. A long narrow sword impaled his belly, running right through and protruding out his back. Judging from the blood running out from under his cuffs, he'd also sliced his wrists. There was a drying crimson pool on the carpet under him.

"What's wrong?" Lillian ran toward the screaming couple in Albert's room. When she got to the doorway, she stopped dead in her tracks and put a hand to her mouth. "Holy ... shit. Holy ... fucking ... shit." Her face turned ashen. All the dead bodies before hadn't inoculated her against the shock of finding Albert in his current state. She took in the noose and the sword as Albert's lifeless form dangled before them. "Gods ... he did ... all the suicides ... didn't he?"

Edith opened her door, saw the commotion in front of Albert's room, and closed her door again.

Delores walked down the hall with her hand already on her mouth. She could tell that whatever was in the room was grisly. She swooned into Lillian's arms when she saw Albert.

"What's all the commotion?" Ernest left his room wearing pajamas. He rubbed the sleep out of his eyes. He walked over to his daughter and took in the sight. The Havershams had stopped screaming, but they were still gripping each other tightly. "I guess he didn't want to face George." Ernest shook his head. "A coward's way out. Océane, there's another dead body in room 4333. Send the cleaning crew."





“Selon les instructions de l'invité du premier étage, je vais envoyer une unité de récupération et déposer le corps dans la cage d'ascenseur. En attente,” Océane said.

“I was going to ... talk to him about a tennis match.” Constance pulled her husband out of the room and stood in the hallway, trying to collect herself. “Are we really going to let Océane send the janitor for him, like he’s ... trash? He’s one of us, isn’t he? He’s one of the survivors.”

“Not anymore.” Ernest shrugged. “The only difference between him and all the people Océane already disposed of is that many of them were good people. Say a prayer for him if you like. But there’s no up or down in La Belle Île. He killed himself. Now, there’s less for us to worry about.”

Lillian put her arm around her father and squeezed.

Roy carefully eyed Ernest but said nothing.

Somewhat recovered from her shock, Delores began to cry and fled to her room.

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Anna’s Diary August 19, 2197

Our first day searching up the tower was fruitless and went slower than I’d hoped. It might take a while to go floor by floor, even with Mrs. Salazar’s help. George is so full of

good ideas, tomorrow I’ll see if he can come up with something to speed things along. I don’t want to leave Ernest and Lillian for too long. Speaking of George, he now seems smitten by Delores. Just the other day, I observed how he so lovingly gazed at Edith. More evidence that his hormones need some expression. Unfortunately, there aren’t many women to choose from right now. When we return to Earth, I’ll encourage him to ask out one of the pretty girls at his school. Until then, I suppose a harmless crush won’t do him any harm. Even if the subject of the crush is an older widow. Poor Delores. The good news is that her spirits have never seemed higher now that we’re on our expedition. She’s even cracking jokes, making George and I laugh. Thank goodness for that, Diary.

Ernest's Diary August 19, 2197

It's unfortunate, but there's another to feed its growing hunger.

Lillian's Diary August 19, 2197

Mr. Dmytruk was an awful, creepy man, but ... he didn't have to do himself in that way. It was fucking gruesome! I don't think I'll ever recover from this trip. If we ever leave.

George's Diary August 19, 2197

I have a feeling about Delores. I think she's *her* ... the Other Edith. She's so funny, and silly, and friendly. If I'm right, she'll come to me again. I'll be ready. Whatever the changeling is, she's not evil. I can feel it in my bones. I want to have another chance with her.

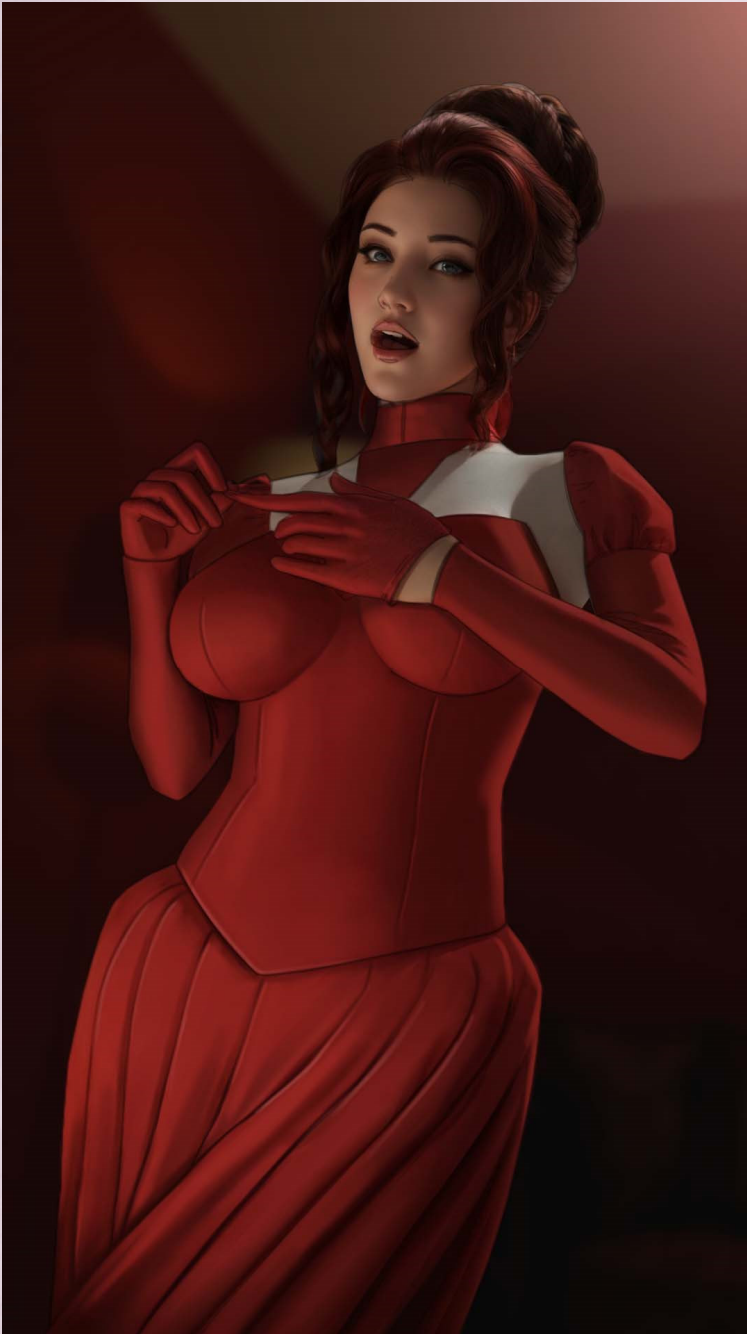
Kapnos's Diary August 19, 2197

So rarely have I/we returned to my/our failures. But the skyrmion burst carved humanity down to the slightest sliver. And ... I/we am/are drawn to George Zaal. I/We will try again. Wish me/us luck!

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It was the middle of the night. The hallway light entered his room. His door opened and silently closed. He lay dressed under the covers, pretending to sleep. His mother was sleeping in the next room, having barricaded herself in with abandoned luggage and furniture. But George had left his door accessible. They were on the one hundred twenty-third floor, and there was only one person he was expecting. After waiting a second in hopes that she wouldn't be able to immediately disappear back out the door, he sat up and waved on the lights.





"Oh ... good evening, Mr. Zaal." Delores stood blinking in the middle of the room, her eyebrows raised in surprise. "I'm so glad you're awake. I came here to express what a pleasure it's been working with you on our expedition so far. I'm constantly impressed by your intellect ... and your charm." She slowly pulled the fingers of the glove on her left hand loose. "I've seen the way you look at me. I -"

"Stop ... just stop." George got out of bed. He wore his shirt, tie, and trousers. He held up his hands. "I know you're not Delores." When she paled and retreated to the door, he waved his arms at her. "Wait ... please ... wait. Ever since you caught up to us on the stairs, I've seen the glint in your eyes. The skip to your step. Your face is more ... vivacious than Delores. You've had a sense of humor all day. I wasn't sure, but I hoped it was you. Who are you?"

Delores paused with her hand on the door handle. She looked back at him, her eyes searching. "You ... you are not horrified?" When he smiled, she continued. "I am Delores physically, which means, I *am* her in a way. I am also everyone I have ever been. I am also myself."

"So ... you're my mother? And Edith?" George thought about his sister's story. "And you're ... me ... too?"

"They ... and you ... are all a part of me." She nodded and took her hand off the handle. "I haven't shared this with anyone in decades. This is strange. Things have been difficult for me lately."

She took several deep breaths. "I'm a social creature, George. I thought I was alone, but you saved me ... by saving yourself."

"Things have been difficult for all of us ... um ... what do I call you? What is the 'myself' part of you?" He took a few steps closer to her and stopped. His expression hopeful.

"I am Kapnos." Kapnos offered a shy smile. "Are you angry with me? I didn't want to lie, but most people are not understanding. I have been hurt ... many times."

"I'm not angry with you, Kapnos." George turned things over in his mind. "I think ... you're amazing. I like you. I mean ... you *are* the same person I thought was Edith. I can see that person in your eyes ... in your sense of humor. Why did you follow me and my mom?"

"Because you saved me from seclusion. When the event happened, I thought I was all alone. But then I found the ten of you. I ..." She paused, her smile widening. "I like you too, George Zaal. I like you very much."

"So, what do we do about this?" George reached out his hand. When she took it with her gloved hand, he squeezed.

"Whenever I shared my secret in the past, the person had questions. Lots of questions." Kapnos moved closer to him. He was much taller than her; she pressed her breast into his side and looked up into his deep, brown eyes. "You may ask, if you like."

"I have a million questions, but I only want to ask one right now." He circled his hand around her back. He could feel her bra strap under her bodice. Was he crazy? Was he really going to ask this? He didn't even know what she was. *It doesn't matter. I've already done it with her. It didn't turn me into endoplasmic sludge or anything.* "I'm a horny teenager and ..." He smiled apologetically. "I mean, you know I'm eighteen. And I only bring it up, because it seems like from what we did when you were Edith that you're horny, too. And when you were her, we talked about how I found Delores's body attractive. And here you are. And I'm rambling, but ... mmmmpppphhhhhhhhhhh."





Kapnos stretched on her tippy-toes, grabbed his tie, and pulled him into a kiss. *Thank the gods for horny teenagers.* Her inner voice thrummed with joy and exultation as their tongues intertwined. They kissed for a long while standing in each other's arms.

When they finally broke the kiss, George lifted her into his arms and carried her to the bed. "You still kiss like Edith."

"I kiss like me." Kapnos giggled. "You still kiss like George." She pulled off her gloves and tossed them to the floor. "Are you sure that you're happy with me, George?"

"Delores is pretty, but *you're* beautiful." He stopped next to the bed. "Do I need a condom? We can probably find one. There was a store down on floor one-oh-five."

"You don't need a condom with me. Not ever. I can't get pregnant." She gave him a mischievous smile. "Unless ... the woman I copy is pregnant."

"Really, how does it work?" George shook his head and smiled. "Never mind. I said I had only one question. I just want to be with you again. I missed you." He tossed her onto the bed playfully and watched her boobs lurch under her bodice as she bounced on the mattress.

"Would you like me to be Edith again? I can go to the bathroom and change." She caressed his erection through his trousers.

"No ... I like you as Delores." George pulled off his tie and folded it over a chair. He unbuttoned his shirt. "How do you get clothes that fit? I'm pretty sure my mom doesn't own the outfit you wore when you ... um ... copied her." He took off his shirt and hung it from the chair.

"I can make them." She pulled down her skirts, revealing tan, shapely legs. Delores liked to exercise. "I thought you weren't going to ask questions." Rather than try to unbutton her bodice, she tore it down the middle, revealing her bra underneath.

"It's hard not to." George dropped his trousers and underwear. His dick sprang into the open. He stopped to take in her milky cleavage. She had a tan line just below her neck. "How do you know ... what Delores looks like naked? Like ... where her tan lines are?"

"Okay, so we're going to do this then?" Kapnos drew her lips together and her eyes grew serious. She looked down at her exposed cleavage, and then back up to where George stood by the bed. "I'll answer the most common questions. Feel free to interject, I haven't shared my true self with someone for some time." She placed a bare finger on his cockhead, collected precum, and tasted it thoughtfully. She watched him shiver at the sight and sensation of an ungloved finger on his cock. "When I touch someone, I gather their DNA. I store it and can use it to make a copy. If I can't see the person naked, I have to guess about tan lines and other markings. When tattoos were a thing a long time ago, that blew my cover more than once. Thankfully, humans are more reserved these days."

"Tattoos?" George had heard of those but never seen one.

"To answer your other inevitable questions: I will not harm you. I adore humans. And touching me is very much like touching the copied person. I won't give you space rabies." She snarled and then giggled when he nervously took a step back. "The last question is always the doozy. What am I? You were going to ask that, right?"

"I mean ... yes." George nodded. He tried to focus on her blue eyes, but she slowly removed her bra, and he caught himself ogling her heavy breasts, with large dark nipples and narrow areolae. They were gorgeous. Carlos had been a lucky man.



"I'm an accidental guest in your solar system. I've been here for about a millennium, give or take." Kapnos removed her panties, exposing a dark triangle of hair. She opened her legs wide, exposing dark, swollen lips. "And a very social creature. I can't live without company. And on that topic ..." She pointed at her pussy with her exposed index fingers. "Will you spend the night with me, George Zaal?"

"You were at the hotel because it was a great place to ... um ... meet people." He climbed onto the bed. He was knowingly going to sleep with an alien. It would have been remarkable, except she'd been fornicating her way through humanity for centuries. "You survived the skyrmion burst because ... you're ... not human. You thought you'd been left alone at the hotel. But then you found us. The survivors. And so, you ... seduced us." Gingerly, he kissed her belly. Her skin was warm, supple, and soft. She felt like a person. He kissed her again, and surreptitiously examined her belly. She had a little birthmark, just like anyone would, to the left of her belly button. The birthmarks would be the same, of course. "Did you ... um ... try to seduce anyone else?"

"Well, sure." She nodded, looking down at him with amused eyes.

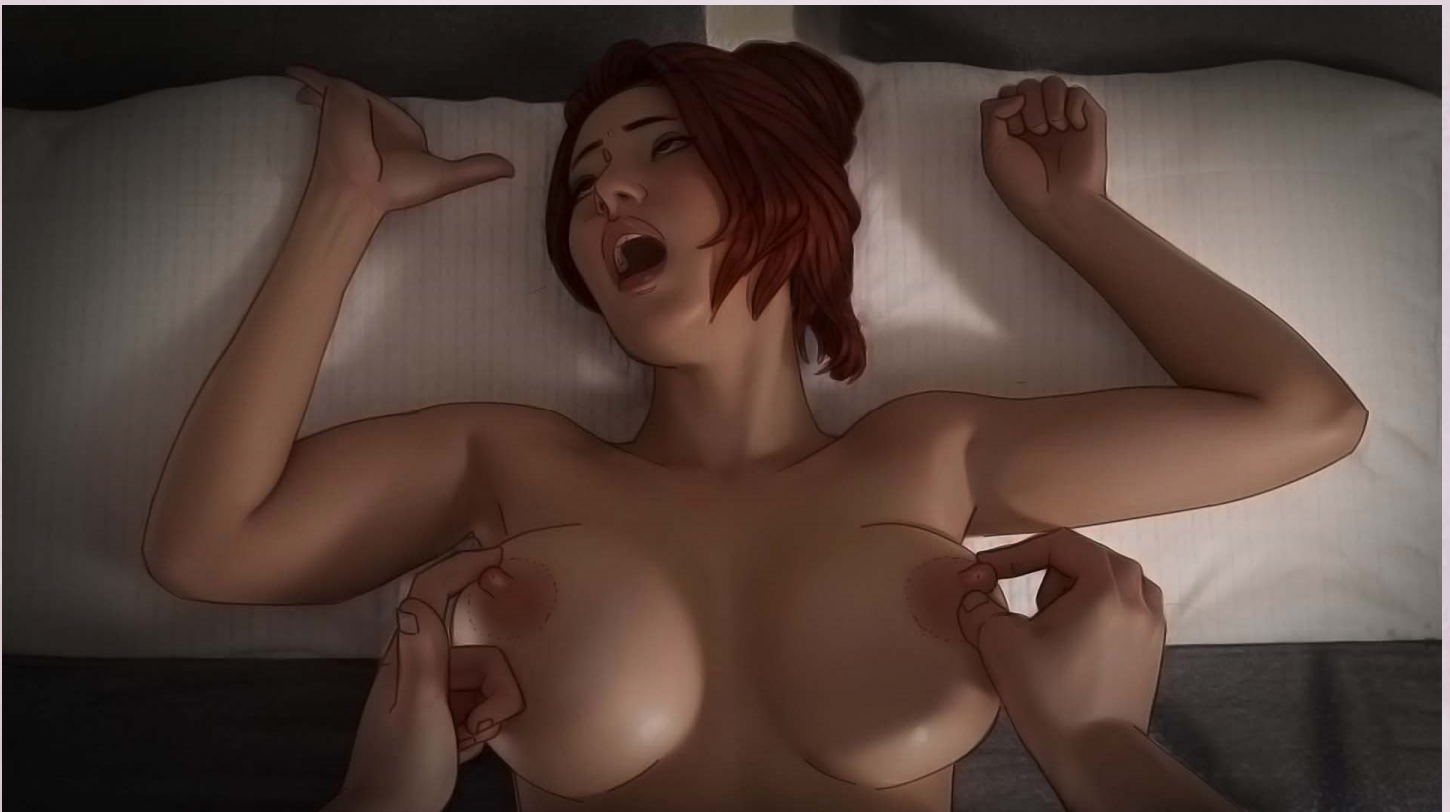
"Who?" While his lips brushed against her skin, he lifted his eyes to see her crescent of a smile framed between her breasts.

"I'll tell you, but first you'll have to make me happy. Deal?" She hefted her boobs with her hands and rolled her nipples gently. Her eyelids fluttered. "Delores has sensitive nipples."

"She ... what?" Tentatively, George ran his fingers over her belly, stopping at the underside of her breasts.

"Each body is different. Each person feels things ... differently." Her lips parted with pleasure as she continued to roll her nipples. "Delores feels more pleasure than usual in her nipples. Spend some time on them ... please."

"Oh, okay." George reached up and took over manipulating her nipples. He rolled them as she had done, feeling their wonderful pliancy. "Like this?"



Kapnos winced. "A little more gentle, please ... yes ... that's good ... very good ... aaaahhhhhhhh." She leaned her head back on the pillow, her pink lips forming an O. "Would you like to put your mouth on them?"

"Yes." George nodded, leaned forward, and sucked in her nipple, still rolling the other one. He didn't know how Kapnos did it, but she was a master at making copies. Her tits were perfect. That was, of course, assuming that Delores's tits were perfect. He smiled at that thought and bit on her nipple.

"Ow ... ow ... a little too much ... just a hint of teeth. Good ... that's better." Kapnos sighed when he got closer to the right balance. She reminded herself that he was only eighteen. They were enthusiastic as that age, but had so much to learn about their own species. She wasn't in the mood to teach at the moment. She wanted to copulate. The good news was that she knew he was quite good at moving his hips. "While ... you're busy with my ... tits ... why don't we ...?" She lined his hips up with hers. He was so tall, and she was so short, that he had to hunch his back to keep his mouth latched onto her nipple. She held his cock and guided it in. "There we ... go ... wait ... wait ..." She pressed her hands against his firm belly. "Go slow ... go slow ... this body isn't used to ... someone your size."



“Kappphhnnssss ... Kaaaapphnnssss ...” He called her name. His words were distorted by her nipple. Even without a tit in the way, her name didn’t roll off the tongue. He’d have to come up with a nickname for her. He hoped they were going to be spending lots of time together. He released her nipple and pinned her shoulders with his hands, extending his arms. His hips accelerated. He looked down on her beauty. His eyes roved from her rocking boobs as they hung to either side of her chest, up to her delicate clavicle and elegant neck, and then to her face with her eyelids fluttering and her mouth hanging open. Her hair was still pinned but was starting to come undone. “You’re ... beautiful.” He focused his gaze on her tortured expression.



"Delores ... is ... beautiful," Kapnos agreed.

"No ... I ... ugh ... ugh ... can see your personality." His hips were very near full speed now. The bed squeaked and their slapping skin echoed around the room. "I can see *you* in your expression ... and actions. You're the same as the woman ... I thought ... was Edith. *You're* beautiful."

Her face composed itself a little, her blue eyes getting sharper. She looked up at him. "I'm growing ... very fond of you ... Mr. Zaal." She reached up and stroked his cheek. When his cock hit a spot deep inside her, her face lost its focus again. "Now ... ugh ... ugh ... claim your reward ... and cum ... in meeeeeeeee." She leaned her head forward and bit his arm to keep from screaming. She knew from years of experience that the walls of the hotel were thin, and Anna slept right next door. "Mmmmmpppphhhhhhh." Kapnos shut her eyes tight and climaxed on George's wonderful cock.

"Okay ... uuuggghhhh ... okay ... uuuuuggghhhhhhhhhhh ..." George's hips lost their rhythm. "I'm going to ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh." He slammed into her and held himself there, back arched, exploding in her pussy. He had just fucked an alien, and he didn't care in the slightest what she was. He cared who she was. And while he wasn't stupid enough to tell her so, he was very much in love.

