

(CHAPTER 8



LA BELLE ÎLE EN MÈRE

FICTION *Rawly Rawls*

La Belle Île en Mer Ch. 8

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Chapter 8

Straightened Her Bodice Like She Meant Business

It was still an hour before they were supposed to start their day. George sat on his bed, in the dark, his mind running through scenarios. He had two goals: to spend lots more alone time with Kapnos, and to find a way to get everyone safely off that hotel. Everything else was up in the air. He worked through how his eventual conversation with his mother might go, and how to further his goals depending on what she might say.

The door opened and Constance Haversham's tall, lithe figure stepped in from the hallway. She waved on the lights and closed the door behind her. "Good, you're up."

George blinked in confusion. He cocked his head. "Nossy?"



"Yes, of course. Did you think Constance would visit?" She smiled, held her skirts, and curtsied. Her copper hair was pinned tightly with a little hat off center. Her bodice and skirts were pretty, but not too richly embroidered. She looked every bit the tennis star.

"Why Constance?" George smiled and stood. He looked up into her eyes. She had about three inches on him. It was odd that this was Kapnos. He was used to her inhabiting women that were much shorter.

"If your mother wakes early, she would throw a fit finding Delores in your room. But we can explain away a visit from Constance." She rubbed the back of her neck. "Or at least it would be easier to explain."

"Well then, I suppose we can't do anything ... untoward?" George admired Constance's pretty, freckled face. He wondered if the freckles extended down her chest.

"Teenagers." Kapnos giggled, found an armchair, and primly sat. "Your hormones are a blessing and a curse. Can you please focus on my words?" She watched his eyes. They were staring holes through the bosom of her bodice. "You want to see Constance's tits, is that it?"

George nodded slowly.

"Very well. I will show them to you. *If* you can concentrate on what I have to say. It's important." She pointed at her eyes. "This woman does have lovely tits.

Not large, but perky and lively, with wonderfully puffy nipples. You will see them soon enough, but first, you must join me up here." She tapped her smiling crow's foot.

George met her green-eyed gaze.

"Thank you." Kapnos folded her legs and clasped her gloved hands in her lap. "First, I would like to talk about *me*. You may not, under any circumstances, share my true identity with anyone."

"I'm sorry, but -"

"There are no buts here. I got lucky with you. Others will not be as accepting. They never are. The reason I'm at this hotel in the first place is so that I can disappear into a sea of humanity if one of my partners gets suspicious. I cannot do that anymore. As far as the other survivors are concerned, Kapnos does not exist."

"I won't betray your trust." George tightened his tie. He sat on the edge of the bed with his back straight. He could see how important this was to her, so he gave her his undivided attention. He didn't even glance at her pale exposed ankle. Well, maybe just a little.

"Second, we'll talk about *you* and *your mother*." She nodded thoughtfully as his face darkened. So, he hadn't yet figured it out. "You're worried about her approval. You think she won't forgive your indecent indiscretions with Delores?"

"Yes." George frowned, trying not to picture his mother angry.

"I have some advice. Do you trust my experience?"

"I do ... but first tell me what happened with my sister." His shoulders tightened.

"We don't have much time, and I want to help you with your mother." Kapnos glanced at the door.

"You keep promising to tell me, and it's still a mystery." George leaned forward. "Why were you me? What happened?"

"I seduce people, George. You know that. What do you think I was doing with your sister?"



"But you were copying me." George ran his hand through his hair.

"You were the best person to seduce your sister," she said.

"My sister hates me, *and* I'm her brother. You'd have had better luck with Roy." He shook his head.

"You're wrong, Georgie." Kapnos giggled and quickly went through everything that happened at the pool that day, starting with her copying Anna, and then her time as George. When she was done, there was a long pause.

"Lillian danced for you with her boobs out?" George stared with wide eyes. "I mean, she danced for me? You *are* good."

"Thank you." Kapnos bowed her head. "Now, onto the subject of your mother. I do expect her to be cross. You have to think about why that is. Have you thought about it?"

"Sure. Because I let her down." George tried to ignore the pit in his stomach. He hated thinking about letting his mom down.



"No. That's wrong. She's cross because she's scared. She wants what's best for you, and she's afraid neither you nor she can control your libido." She raised an eyebrow. "She's caught you with Delores, and now she expects you to disobey her and continue your affair. She's worried you'll make the poor widow pregnant. She's worried it might tarnish your good name once you get off this hotel. She's worried her boy is now a man. You're eighteen, and the waning control she's had over your younger self has completely vanished."

"How do you know all that?" He rubbed his chin. It sounded plausible. How had he not seen it that way before?

"I've known many people, known many mothers, and I pay attention." Kapnos's smile was tight and eager. "If you truly want to feel the soft, luxurious skin of your mother's hand, you will do three things. One, you will continue to compliment her beauty, her smarts, and whatever else you adore about her. Two, you will tell her that you are having trouble resisting Delores. That you want to end the affair, but your hormones are running too hot. You feel out of control. Three, you'll tell her that you're afraid of death. A very reasonable fear given our present circumstances. You will say that you need to seize each moment of life. She will make an association between sex and life, but for heaven's sake, don't say that part out loud. Do you understand what I've told you?"

George thought it over. Could it be possible? Even if he was only to hold his mother's bare hand, he would cherish that memory for the rest of his life. However long that turned out to be. "That makes sense, Nossy. Do you really think this can work?"

"Yes, I do." She nodded with confidence. "I will give you two some space today, so you'll have time to talk to her. It's only natural that Delores would want to avoid your mother, so that should be easy." Kapnos stood and smoothed out her skirts.

"But you won't disappear?" George stood, too.

"I've grown fond of you, George Zaal." Her smile broadened, filling the room with warmth. "I'll stay by your side." She turned to go.

"Oh ... um ... one more thing." George took a step toward her and stopped. "You ... said Constance had lovely tits, remember?"

"Of course." Still smiling, Kapnos turned toward her partner, gripped her bodice with two hands at the bosom, and tore it down the middle. It gave with a loud ripping sound. She calmly pulled the sundered fabric to either side and lifted her bra over her breasts. "Happy?"

"Yes ... very ..." George nodded. At the top of her boobs, her freckles gave way to milky white skin. Her nipples were wonderfully pink and puffy as promised. His dick hardened. "Thank you, Nossy. You're the most beautiful and wise girlfriend a guy could have."

"Oh, I'm your girlfriend, am I?" She rolled her eyes in mock surprise. "I'll see you soon, George." She curtsied and left the room.

"Bye, Nossy." He watched her go. Once the door was closed, he wondered if he'd have time to fap before his mother checked in on him.

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When her son didn't answer her knock, Anna opened his door. The room was empty, although his bed had been slept in. She stepped inside and closed the door. The bathroom door was closed. She walked across the room and put her ear to it. She could hear George softly grunting along with a wet rhythmic sound. *He's with Delores again!* Anna's cheeks turned crimson with rage. She opened the door and found him sitting on the toilet lid, servicing himself. "Oh ... Georgie ... I'm so sorry." The crimson in her cheeks deepened when her feelings turned from anger to embarrassment. "I didn't find you in your room, and I was worried, and ..." The words came out in a rush, and she slammed the door before he could reply. She didn't need a reminder of his manhood, but she now had one. His thing was so long and turgid. With its dark head and veins, it looked ... hungry. She sat down in a chair and looked out at the stars, trying to compose herself.

The panic that initially took hold of George ebbed as he reminded himself of Kapnos's plan. This would help with the out-of-control horndog angle. *It's not an angle. I was just caught trying to fap one out right before she arrived. I'm barely in control.* Without cumming, he put his dick away, dressed, and joined his mother in the room. He sat on the bed and looked over at her. Her blue eyes were the color of a stormy sea, and they were fixed on his crotch.

"I'm sorry about that, sunshine. I've heard of mothers walking in on their sons, but I never thought it would be me. Or that I'd do it twice in a few hours." She realized she was staring at the large bulge in his trousers and quickly lifted her eyes to his. "I'm not mad at you. I am disappointed ... but ..."

"You're worried I'm out of control, and that I'll do something stupid to damage my future." George kept his voice even.

"Um ... yes ... actually." Anna fidgeted with her glove. "How'd you know?"

"Because I'm worried about the same thing. And I know how astute and caring you are." George smiled. He saw his mother's face relax, and his confidence grew. "I think my body is responding to the situation. There's so much death around us. I just really need to ... affirm life." Kapnos had told him not to hit that nail on the head. *Oh well.*

“Sex is not the only way to affirm life.” Anna frowned. At least he was self-aware. “You can focus on working toward our rescue.”

“I’m doing that, too. But I’m eighteen, and I can’t ... help myself.” He decided to improvise. “I don’t want to lie to you, Mom.” That was true, but he was going to do it anyway. Sort of. “Edith ... I mean Ms. Pemberton and I did it, too.”

Anna put her hand to her mouth, her eyes wide. “I ... I saw the way you were looking at each other a few days ago. I didn’t think ...” She thought things over. Maybe he was a regular Lothario, and she just hadn’t noticed until now. He certainly had the tools to get a lady’s attention. He was tall, handsome, and he had ... that hungry-looking penis. “Have you seduced many women before this trip?”

“No. I told you. It’s this situation. It brings it out in me. I ... need to feel alive.” He maintained eye contact even though what he was about to say thrilled and terrified him. “Even now, sitting here with you, I’m cowed by your beauty. Your voice, your grace, your wit, your gorgeous face ... it’s like you’ve hooked my heart.” He saw her look of bewilderment.

“Don’t say that.” Anna shook her head. Her cheeks flushed. The compliment was so out-of-bounds and so heartfelt. “We have to get this under control. We can’t escape here only to have you fathering children.” Her eyes widened. “Did you wear a condom with Ms. Pemberton?”

“I was too caught up in the moment.” George looked away. He wanted to hyperventilate but forced himself to appear calm. He thought through Kapnos’s instructions. He didn’t want to let her down, but he had gone a bit off script. “I worry that one of us will die, Mom.” This was true. He realized that the beauty of Kapnos’s three steps was that they were all mostly true. “I’m clinging to life. And I’m clinging to you. What if I lose you?”



"You won't." Anna stood and moved over to the bed. She sat next to her son and rubbed his back through his starched shirt. "I'm here, sunshine." She was getting confused about their conversation. Two things that should have been separate, his sex life and his mother, seemed to be mingling in his head.



"You give me strength, Mom. Even having you touch me, right now, makes me a better man."

"I know, Georgie. But you can't stay under my wing forever." She realized he was literally under her wing as her arm snaked around his back to squeeze him.

"I'm at my best when I'm with you." George turned his face toward hers. They were inches apart. Her breath was warm and sweet. "If you distracted me, I think I could control myself better with Edith and Delores."

"What ... um ... what do you mean?" Butterflies flapped in Anna's belly.

George put his hand in her lap, palm up. "Could you please take your glove off and hold my hand?" It was an outlandish request, and he guessed that he was moving quicker than Kapnos would have wanted, but it felt right in the moment. His sense of connection to her, always strong, felt like it was at its zenith. They looked into each other's eyes, sitting shoulder to shoulder.

“You haven’t touched the skin of my hand since you were little.” She withdrew the arm around his back and hovered her hands above her lap. Slowly, she pulled on the fingers of the glove on her right hand. “It’s an odd request. An improper request. But you’re the same person, aren’t you? That’s the same hand I touched all those years ago.” She looked down at his large hand, waiting for hers. “If it helps you with your ... women, I suppose there’s not much harm.” She continued to tug on the glove, slowly inching it up her hand. She watched his gaze fall down to the removal of the glove. She could see him hold his breath, his brown eyes riveted to the alabaster skin that she slowly revealed. *What would Ernest think of this?* It was obvious her husband wouldn’t approve, so she put him out of her mind.



“Mom ... your hand is ... gorgeous.” He adored the little blue meandering veins under her skin. He imagined the veins in her breasts would look similar. When she moved her fingers, his eyes drank in her vulgar feminine dexterity. It sent a pleasant chill down his spine. His hand was still in her lap, and she lowered hers onto his. Their fingers interlaced. He almost came in his trousers at the soft, supple touch.



Anna could see from his expression that she'd brought him pleasure. She did her best to keep her face a cool mask, hiding her own pleasure from him. Feeling his hand in hers was more intimate than she had ever imagined she'd be with her son. Her stomach did acrobatic flips. When she looked down at her bust, she saw that her nipples were poking through her bodice again. She prayed he wouldn't notice. "Does this distract you from your urges, sunshine?"

"Yes, Mom." George nodded, still staring down at their interlocked hands. He slowly lifted his arm and brushed the back of her hand against his cheek.

"That's enough for now." Anna took a deep breath, trying to settle her emotions. It was all so confusing. She extracted her hand from his and pulled on her glove. "I'm going to go now." She stood and straightened her bodice. When she looked down, she could still see her nipples pushing through the floral design. "You may finish doing what I interrupted in the bathroom. After you're done, come out to the hall, and we'll continue our search on floor one forty-three."

George nodded his head slowly. He could still feel a phantom of her soft touch on his cheek. *It's working! Nossy is a genius!* "I can be done in twenty minutes."

“Very good.” Anna cleared her throat, started to say something, and stopped. She went to the door, paused, and turned back to him, fidgeting with the glove on her right hand. “If this helps, you may hold my hand again. I mean ... you can’t keep *doing it* with Ms. Pemberton and Mrs. Salazar. If you follow my wishes about that, we’ll hold hands tonight before bed. Understand?”

“I’ll be good, Mom.” George nodded his head enthusiastically. He would have to be very sneaky with Kapnos. He wouldn’t get caught again.

“Excellent.” Anna’s smile was tight and contained. She left the room so her son could get to his dirty business.

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Roy entered Aubergine with his wife. He did his best to feign surprise at finding Lillian eating alone. "Ms. Zaal, you look stunning." He and Constance had followed Lillian to the restaurant to ask some questions. "Doesn't she look stunning, my beloved?"

"Those jewels are breathtakingly lovely on you, Ms. Zaal." Constance smiled and nodded her agreement with her husband. She doubted George was a murdering pervert. But she was indulging her husband's interest in the case of Albert's suicide. "May we join you for lunch?"

"Yes, of course. Please sit." Lillian waved for the waiter to bring menus. The robot dutifully ambled over. "I'm glad to see you two. Mom and George are gone, and Dad is hardly in his room, and Ms. Pemberton and Mrs. Salazar won't leave *their* rooms."

"You're lonely, poor dear." Constance sat next to her husband, opposite Lillian. She patted Lillian's hand on the table, glove touching glove. "We should have visited with you sooner. I hadn't thought your father was away. Wasn't he supposed to be resting?"



"He was, yeah." Lillian nodded. The waiter arrived, and she waited for the Havershams to order. They did, and the robot walked to the kitchen. "But I guess Dad found something to do."

"What did he find to do?" Roy tried to act casual. Could he have been chasing the wrong Zaal? Was Ernest up to no good?

"He won't tell me. Honestly, he's acting very strange since he returned from his trip to the bottom of the tower." Lillian shrugged.

"I see." Roy smiled. *It's so obvious: the Zaal men are accomplices. Of course, they are.*

"It must have been harrowing to lose Ms. El Rashidi like he did." Constance leaned back when the waiter arrived with their soup course. When the robot ambled off again, she lifted her spoon and inspected her inverted reflection.

"Has he mentioned how Ms. El Rashidi died?" Roy was getting excited. Why hadn't he considered that the accident was a fabrication until now?

"He just says that it was an industrial accident and that it's dangerous at the bottom, or 'the top.' He keeps saying that the ring is both the top and the bottom."

Constance regarded her inverted reflection, thinking things over. "Well, he might have a point. If you were at the center of the ring, you wouldn't know what was top or bottom. You'd be in freefall, gravity extending all around you but not touching you. I heard the hotel has some amusements at the center of the ring. I was particularly interested in zero-g handball."

"Yes ... too bad the apocalypse derailed those plans." Roy shot his wife an annoyed look. When he looked back at Lillian, her smile had disappeared.

"The Apocalypse." Lillian shook her head. "I'm going to die here, aren't I?" She looked back and forth between the Havershams, her blue eyes misting. "I won't see Francis again." She straightened her tiara with one gloved hand and clutched the necklace with her other. "I wanted him to see me in these."

"I'm sure Mr. ... um ...?" Constance raised her eyebrow.

"He's my fiancé." Lillian sipped her soup. "Francis Hanaan. I was going to be Mrs. Hanaan."

"You will be Mrs. Hanaan." Constance spoke with confidence she didn't feel. "Once we sort out this mess, you'll return to him. He'll see you in that fetching jewelry, and you'll be reunited."

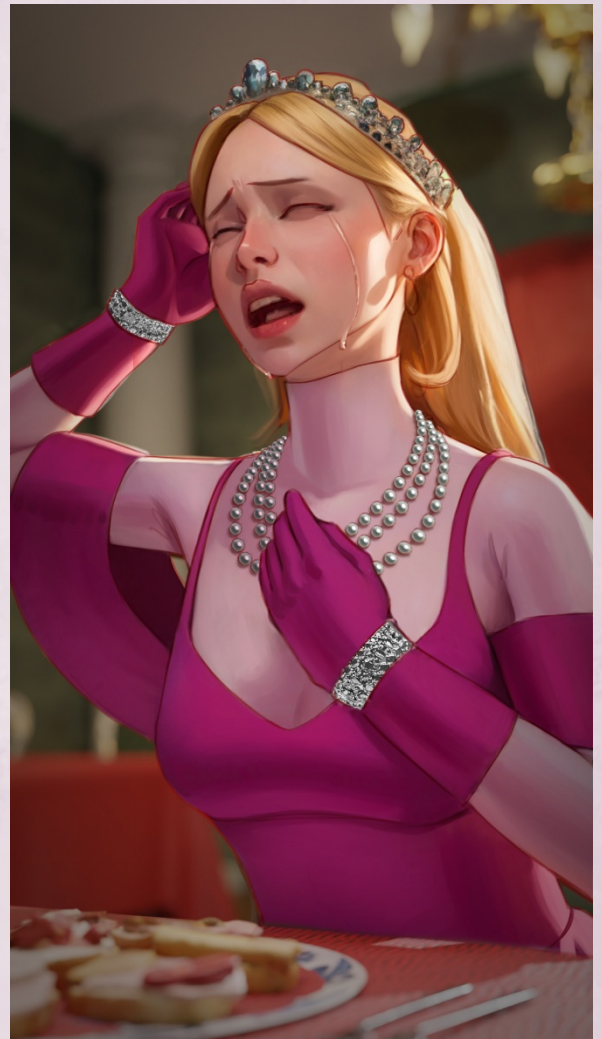
Lillian gazed across the table, studying Constance. The woman's pink lips formed a pretty smile, but it seemed forced. Her green eyes hadn't joined in the mirth. There was worry there. "I thought you and Mr. Haversham weren't coming with us when we find a transport. Didn't you say you were staying here?"

"Just until the comm net is fixed." Roy pushed away his empty bowl. As the women had been talking, he'd vanquished his soup. It was delicious. Why would they ever need to leave when the tower was full of excellent restaurants like this one? Once they got bored of the regular ones, they only had to hike a little farther up or down the stairs to find something new.

"Once we have communications again, we'll know what's going on in the rest of the solar system. We're just a little worried that some of the ports might be having the same sorts of trouble we are."

"Right." Lillian nodded. These two weren't the kind of company she needed. She excused herself and left after barely touching the first course. She wasn't hungry. Constance was right. Lillian was lonely.

As Lillian walked down the long hall with its aquatic theme, she thought she saw something moving more than a hundred yards away. She stopped and peered, but the shadow quickly disappeared. It was probably a maintenance robot. She sighed and continued back to her room.





“You *what!?!?*” Kapnos was in her Delores form. She was lying naked on a bed in a room on the one hundred forty-ninth floor. George, also naked, sat next to her. She was pumping his cock with both hands while he told her what had happened with his mother. “She really removed her glove and held your hand?”

“She did.” George smiled. He was playing with one of her fat, dark nipples. He had learned from Kapnos that different people had differing sensitivity in their erogenous zones. Delores’s body loved nipple play, and with some practice, he was getting good at it.

“You certainly struck while the iron was hot. Now, do you trust my experience?” She leaned over and took his cock into her mouth.

“You were right ... Nossy.” George watched her glossy brown hair bounce as she gave him a robust blowjob. “And she says we can hold hands again ... ugh ... so long as ... I stay away from you.”

Kapnos lifted her lips off his dick with a pop. "Well then ... we can't let her catch us. The first time was to our benefit. Twice would be ... problematic." She turned around and presented him with her round ass. Reaching behind, she spread her cheeks to better show him her pussy. "We have less than thirty minutes left on our lunch break. Hurry and put it in. I want to feel close to you before we have to pretend that you're shutting me out."

"Was that too much this morning?" George had given Delores the cold shoulder whenever his mom was around. He wanted to make it as obvious as possible.

"It was good acting. I really thought you were mad at me." She spread her cheeks a little wider. "But I'm happy to play along now that I know the game. Maybe I'll weep where your mother can see me this afternoon. Now, put it ..." Kapnos looked over her shoulder toward the door. "Someone just opened and closed the room next to ours. Did you hear it?"

"What?" George reached for her hips, but she leapt from the bed out of his grasp. "What are -?"

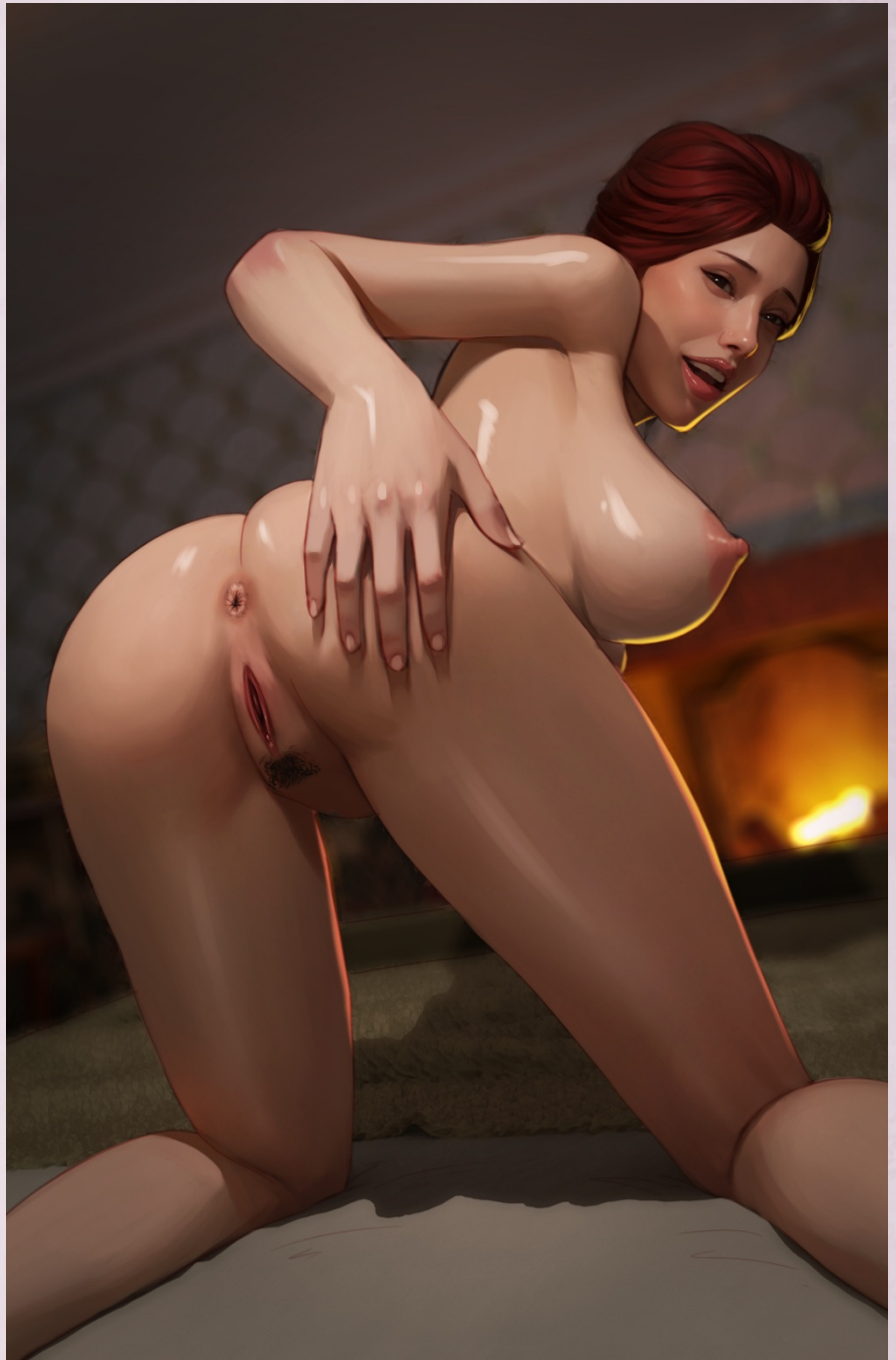
"Get under the sheets. Pretend you're napping." Kapnos dodged about the room, picking up her clothes, and then disappeared into the bathroom.

George quickly slipped under the sheets and put his head on the pillow. The door opened and his mother stepped in.

"There you are, sunshine. I thought you said you were going to lie down in room 5006?" She stepped into the room and looked around. She sniffed the air. "This is room 5011. I've been looking for you." Was that the scent of a woman's arousal? Her eyes narrowed. "What are you doing in here, George?"

"Nothing." George innocently smiled at her. He tried to look sleepy. "I was just napping."

There was a sound from the bathroom. Anna turned toward the closed door and straightened her bodice like she meant business. "Who's in there?" There was no reply from the bathroom. Anna glanced at her son and cocked an eyebrow threateningly.



"No one's in there, Mom." He watched her stalk across the room. "Wait ..."

"If what I think is happening is happening it better not be, George." Anna put her hand on the door handle. "I'll be very, *very* disappointed in you."

George cringed as his mother opened the door.



"J'ai fini de ranger. J'espère que vous trouverez votre séjour agréable." A housekeeping robot ambled out of the bathroom. It paused, dusted the door handle, and walked past Anna. Before anyone could say anything else, it exited the room.

George's mouth hung open. He didn't know what to say.

"What on Earth?" Anna looked over at her son. He was on his back now, and his erection absurdly tented the sheet. "I don't understand. What's going on, George? Why was there a cleaning robot in there?"

He still didn't know what to say. "Beats me. Maybe Océane saw I was sleeping here and sent a robot to make sure the room was adequate."

"Océane, why was there a cleaning robot in the bathroom?" Anna turned her eyes to the arboreal mural on the ceiling.

"Ce n'était pas un robot de ménage. C'était l'invité le plus ancien. Je n'étais pas au courant que cet invité particulier était encore avec nous jusqu'à la récente réversion. Il semble que j'ai été programmé pour -" Océane stopped speaking when Anna cut her off.

"Never mind, Océane." Anna shook her head and looked back at George. "We have to solve the language barrier. It's difficult having a computer we can't understand."

"Yeah." George suddenly realized the Kapnos/robot had spoken French.

“What? You look like you thought of something.” Anna eyed his tented sheet again.



“I might have thought of a way to translate. But it will take some time to work out the details.” George sat up and almost uncovered himself before he remembered that he was naked and hard as a rock.

“I’ve interrupted your ... um ... much-needed private time twice today. I’m very sorry.” Anna retreated to the door. “Finish up your ... *nap*. And then meet us in the hall. Twenty minutes again?”

“Yes, Mom.” George lay back in bed.

“I’m proud of you for controlling yourself. I saw the way you were avoiding Mrs. Salazar this morning.” She couldn’t bring herself to smile. Not while thinking about what he was about to do when she was on the other side of the door. But she did give him a proud nod. “Good work.” She opened the door. “See you soon.”

“Bye, Mom.” George watched her go. What followed was an undeniably frustrating fap, knowing he had been so close to sex with Kapnos. Nevertheless, he managed to rub one out. He was dressed and out in the hall in the allotted twenty minutes, ready to search more of the hotel.