



a sensual horror story

CREATING BELLE

ANGEL LEIGH MCCOY

Copyright

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Creating Belle

by Angel Leigh McCoy

Eduard Jarole caressed the swell of her breast. He ignored her stillness and, instead, imagined her shiver and sigh; he heard an echo of it in the shift and whisper of the curtains. Brushing his hand downward, he counted each rib and browsed the landscape of her sculpted stomach. The butt of his palm nestled into her pelvis, and his thumb stroked across her curl-decorated mound. Eduard smiled.

“So beautiful,” he praised. He loved her as he had never loved anyone. How could he not? He had created her. Creation breeds caring and loyalty, for one’s children and for one’s art. In the vast hive of the world, Eduard had found only one who had never disappointed him, and she never would. She could do no wrong in his eyes, for any faults in her were his own. He understood this and further understood the symbiotic bond that connected them. Without him, she would never have been born; without her, he was nothing. She, his greatest creation, made him *Somebody*. By sculpting her, he had proven his ability to create beauty.

Someone pounded on the door. The explosion of sound tore into Eduard’s serenity. The young man fired a glare over his shoulder. He waited; and silent, she waited with him—to see if the caller would go away. When the knock came again, he cursed and lifted a kiss to her belly. Carefully, he gathered her shroud from the floor, and billowed it up and over her.

“Jarole, I know you’re in there,” a gravelly voice shouted from the hallway. “Open up!”

Eduard stalked to the door and threw the bolt. He turned the knob and placed himself in the widening crack. His hair prickled with irritation, and his eyes assaulted the man in the hall.

“What?”

The landlord stretched his neck and rolled his eyes around to look past Eduard, into the studio. “What in God’s name are you doing in there? Drugs? You know I don’t permit drugs in my place.” He pushed his dirty, black hair back.

“No drugs, Monsieur Brondier.”

“Women. I hear you. With women.” Brondier’s fleshy eyelids lowered halfway with lewd suggestion, and his gaze slid down Eduard’s body. He licked greasy lips. It wasn’t the first time the landlord had interrogated Eduard. In the beginning, his insinuations had come with the feculent flavor of attempted seduction, but Eduard had made it clear that he was heterosexual.

Brondier's tactics had changed then. Within the context of manly bonding (elbow nudges and guttural laughter), the landlord had attempted and still did attempt to get Eduard to bare his rotten soul and reveal the things he did in the dark.

“Whores? Is that it?” the landlord continued.

“Excuse me? Non, M'sieur. I haven't had any women here.”

Brondier stabbed a fat finger at Eduard's chest, disappointed, accusatory and angry, “I know your money's going somewhere, *mon ami*, because it isn't coming to me. You're six months delinquent on rent. This is your last warning.”

Eduard stared blandly back. For the briefest moment, he considered playing the game. He could get down on his knees, lay a stream of bullshit at the man's feet, stories of imaginary sexual exploits that would certainly satisfy Brondier more than the lonely reality. In return, perhaps the man would let him stay. Entertainment in exchange for a roof over his head, the oldest profession, it seemed a viable option, but only for the briefest moment. Eduard met the man's eyes. They reminded him of hard-boiled eggs, cut in half and left to rot. Watery and jaundiced with hidden illness, their decaying whites were shot through with bruises, their hazel irises gone fuzzy with mold. In their centers, the pupils had rotted the deepest black beneath a milky film. Eduard could hardly bear the wretched scrutiny of those eyes.

“Two days, Jarole,” the landlord was saying. “You have two days to pay me or, *ohp*, you're on the street.”

“I'll get you the money,” Eduard hissed. He shut the door in Brondier's face, slid the bolt and pressed his back to the wood.

Shadows crept forward from the corners of the room. Eduard closed his eyes to their advance and covered his ears to their recriminations. They menaced. They whispered promises of despair. They reminded him of his failures. They grasped and clawed at his soul.

“Leave me alone!” Eduard shouted at the shadows. His eyes flew open.

A ray of sunlight parted the curtains and fell upon his shrouded angel.

“Beauty.” Eduard sighed, relief threading through him. His smile preceded him as he crossed the room and tore the sheet away. “Beauty.” For long hours, he sat beside her, one cheek resting against a cool thigh. He petted her smooth curves and murmured sweet nothings to her. It soothed him.

Eduard’s stomach growled, but the cabinets were bare, and the last bit of bread hosted a colony of gray-blue fungus. Eduard ate it anyway, and that was the last of it. He couldn’t go out for more. Trips to the market had become unbearable. He had tried, not long ago, to go out, but the eyes...the eyes had terrified him. He couldn’t face them...watching him.

So many eyes, they all looked at him—in the street, on the bus, in the Metro, everywhere. They, like the shadows, accused. They saw through his frail form to the nothing inside him. They questioned his ability to create. They denied his link with perfection. He couldn’t stand them. The eyes couldn’t find him in his studio, and that was more important than eating. Of course, he’d rationed, but nothing lasts forever—nothing. Nothing but her.

Eduard slept. He didn’t know how long he lay there, curled at her feet. Minutes, hours, or even days could have passed. Eduard awoke with a start to the irrational fear that his love had left him. But no, there she was, watching him with those unblinking eyes, the only eyes he didn’t mind. He felt no accusation in that gaze, only tenderness and understanding. Eduard loved her for that.

Pierre came that night, once the sun had set. Eduard let him in, reluctantly, and paced, chasing and fleeing the strip of slow-flashing, pink neon that snuck in through the rippling curtains and cast an alien, whorish light into the studio. It provided the only illumination to the otherwise gloomy room.

“You’ve been working.” Pierre glanced around the studio with dull, gray eyes. His scarf caught on his hand as he waved to indicate the cutting and carving tools, the marble dust and bone-white chips scattered upon the floor. Pierre had a talent for stating the obvious and, for his trouble, he received no response.

“Why haven’t you been coming to class?” He ran fingers through his dry, weeping-willow hair. “The professor asked about you today.”

“I’ve been working.”

“You’ve been working.” Pierre nodded. He looked around, “You should turn some lights on in here. How do you see?”

No response.

“You smoke in here?”

Eduard produced an ashtray for his classmate and set it on the wooden crate by the chair. He watched as Pierre put a Gauloises between his lips and let it dangle there. The lighter’s flash stuck pins of light in his eyes, and Eduard blinked away the ghostly imprint.

“They’re talking about failing you, you know?”

“Yes.”

“So what’re you going to do?”

“I don’t know.”

Smoke leaked from Pierre's lips and spread up into the room, another cloud of accusation.

“You look like Hell.”

“I’m fine.” Subconsciously, Eduard stepped closer to his shrouded masterpiece. When he realized where his footsteps had taken him, he abruptly turned away, but it was too late.

Pierre’s eyes had followed him. The visitor’s gaze slid over the sheet. Curiosity arched his eyebrows. “That your latest?”

Eduard shrugged. “Yes.” He crossed toward the door. “It’s not done. I still have a lot to do on it.” The sound of Pierre’s footsteps registered. Eduard shot a look over his shoulder. “No!” He streaked across the room. He wrapped his fingers tight around Pierre’s bony arm, and he pulled the other man away. “No.”

Pierre winced and lifted his hands in surrender. “Hey. Take it easy. I just wanted a peek. C’mon. Let me see.”

“No.”

With a nonchalant shrug, Pierre took a drag on his cigarette. “Okay, no big deal.” He turned his back on the hidden form.

Eduard relaxed visibly, his thin body drooping, “It’s not done yet. Sorry.” He felt Pierre’s eyes taking him apart, layer by layer, skin to bone. The ocular rape felt like a billion tiny insects slowly eating away at him, meticulous and thorough. Eduard turned away.

A hint of movement and a shuffle of fabric warned Eduard of the other man’s intentions—too late. Pierre defied his host and stole away the shroud. As the sheet came off, it lifted briefly on an updraft before crumpling, dead, to the floor.

Pierre gasped, then coughed out a cloud of smoke. He stared at Eduard’s creation. “My god.”

Rage glowed crimson across Eduard's cheeks. He wanted to strangle Pierre. He even extended his hands in preparation, but Eduard couldn't keep his eyes off his beauty's divine face, and the anger drained away. He smiled, allowing himself pleasure and pride.

"You did this?"

Eduard just smiled, close-lipped, at his creation.

Pierre wisped around the statuesque form, "It's magnificent." His artist's gestures whispered praise; his careful boot-steps applauded.

"She."

"She. *She's* magnificent." Slack-jawed, Pierre circled again, gaze roaming over sleek lines and gentle curves.

She stood there on her pedestal without comment, posing perfectly for Pierre. Her body exuded sensuality; the pout of her mouth personified sex. Any woman, including Aphrodite, would have pined for such raw appeal and envied the marble-smooth parentheses of hips and slim strength of thighs. Standing there naked, she showed no modesty, as natural as a doe in the forest.

"You *have* to show this to Professor Malraux."

"No."

"No? Are you crazy? You can't keep her all to yourself. My god! Do you know how much you could get for her? Your diploma for one, but probably also a show, and if you sold her, I bet she'd bring ten or twenty thousand. You could pay for school, get yourself out of this hole and live like a king. Holy Christ, Ed. The professor can help you set it up."

"No." Eduard caressed down a languid, marble arm, soothing his love's fears. "I'm not done with her."

“What more is there to do? She’s... she’s...”

“Perfect.”

“...perfect.” Pierre approached the statue with awe-struck fingers and had his hand slapped away.

“Don’t touch her! I’m the only one who can touch her.” Eduard stood alert, watching Pierre stare up at her with eyes that sparkled in admiration. He noted that she didn’t mind Pierre’s eyes on her. She liked it. Still, it surprised him when Pierre turned that venerating look on him. Eduard had never seen such a light in anyone’s eyes for him. It felt strange and deceptive, frightening.

“Please.” Eduard clasped his hands under his chin, like a child at prayer. “Please go.”

Pierre sighed, but nodded. He crossed back to the ashtray and crushed out his cigarette. “All right, Ed. See you tomorrow in class?”

Eduard accompanied Pierre silently to the door. He opened it.

Pierre paused, deliberately, to button his coat and delight in Eduard’s goddess one more time.

“At least, think about what I said. You’re missing a great opportunity.”

“I’ll think about it.”

Pierre shook his head, eyes still locked on her. He murmured a quiet sound of admiration, then turned and headed out of the apartment. “See you later, Ed.”

Eduard shut the door on the retreating, flapping figure. The bolt slid home.

Looking back at his love, “I don’t trust him either.” Eduard frowned. “Don’t worry. I won’t let him take you away. I won’t let anyone take you away.” He crossed over to her and soothed her with caresses.

Late that night, Eduard lay on his back, in bed, gazing at *her*. Pink neon throbbed across her body, illuminating her curves with a pulsing blush. Slowly, his hand slid down his naked abdomen, fingertips skipping across the wiry curls pooled at his basin. There, he discovered the partial erection her beauty had inspired. The sheets sighed with each slow stroke, and he shivered. In the darkness, he imagined her smile, heard the shift of her weight as she turned to watch. He could smell her, the woman's musk rising on her heat. Her aroused moan brushed across his mind.

"I love you." Eduard's body surged and released.

She reached out a hand to him, and he smiled. "Soon, my love. Soon."

The next day, mid-morning's breeze caressed Eduard's shoulder. In his dreams, she kissed him there. He awoke slowly, stretching and scratching in the dried residue of the previous night's loving. As always though, his dreams faded, and reality came sniffing, bringing with it the ache in his belly, the watching shadows, and the cruel shout from the hall, "Tomorrow, Jarole. Tomorrow." Eduard whimpered into a fetal position and chased his dreams. He fell into another fitful sleep.

By the time he re-awoke, the sun had set. Eduard crawled out of bed and relieved himself in the utility sink, better to avoid the eyes in the communal bathrooms down the hall. He washed himself. The cold water marched an army of goose-bumps across his bare skin.

"Tomorrow, Jarole. Tomorrow." The words sounded a death knell in Eduard's soul, and he couldn't get them out of his head.

Tomorrow. They'd come. The police and the landlord would crash his world. They'd find *her*. They'd take her. And for what? Six months rent in a lousy, roach-infested studio. They'd auction her to God knows whom, and he'd never see her again.

Eduard wept.

“Shhhhh...,” she soothed. “Shhhhh...”

Eduard faced her, tears streaming down his feverish cheeks. “I won’t let them take you.”

“I know,” she whispered. “I know.”

Head hanging low, Eduard leaned back against the cold, metal sink. Doubt sprang from the shadows to plague him, laugh at him. It had a million eyes, all watching him. How could he stop them?

“My love,” she called softly, “My love,” and Eduard heard her. He blinked back his tears and lifted his head. The look on her face, so tender and understanding, drew him toward her. He moved slowly, entranced and without will.

A shard of broken marble cut into his foot, and Eduard cried out in pain. He’d left his shoes by the bed. Bending his leg up, he examined the wound. The pure, white piece of stone was bloodied where it penetrated his fleshy arch. It had once been a part of her. He pulled it out and touched it to his lips, a loving kiss that stained his mouth with his own blood. He dropped it back to the floor.

“My love,” she called again, more insistent. “My love.”

Eduard changed his mind about going after the shoes. He didn’t need them. He was almost there, nearly in her arms, just a few more steps. As he limped across the room, he left scarlet footprints in his wake. Another sliver sliced into his heel. Eduard gasped, then smiled slowly. A breathless laugh trembled on his lips.

She smiled back at him as he pulled the marble slowly from the cut.

Twice more, he stepped on discarded chips and, twice more, he laughed and shivered as his nerves came alive with pain.

She approved.

As Eduard advanced, his eyes always returned to his love, unwary of the obstacles in his path. It took ages, but he finally stumbled up onto her smooth pedestal and into her outstretched arms. His blood stained the marble and mixed with her dust. Eduard nuzzled his cheek to hers and enfolded her in his embrace.

“My love.” Already, his sex yearned toward her, pressing against her cool stomach. He kissed her then, leaving a smear of blood on her lips. His blood. He rouged her cheeks in a similar manner.

She smiled, pleased.

“Make love to me,” she whispered. “Make love to me.”

Eduard’s heart skipped a beat. Dizzy and desirous, he bent to take a hard nipple in his mouth. He stroked his hands down her sides, feeling her perfect symmetry. His blood throbbed through his veins, pooling in his extremities and filling him with solid passion. He wanted her no less completely than the moon wants the night and the sun wants the day.

She gasped and whispered his name. She pressed herself against him as wantonly as a siren who has caught her man. She swayed, and Eduard feared she would swoon and topple, but her encouragements never ceased, throaty and full of womanly need. She warmed; she softened. Her arms closed around him more tightly than ever before.

Eduard’s head swam with visions of suppleness and his body hardened to accommodate her. Susurrations of pleasure filled the studio and pushed back the shadows. When he penetrated her, he felt her tremble with passion. His heart thundered as she clung to him, her arms holding to his stiff shoulders, her legs wrapped tightly around his firm hips. Strength flowed through him, and their souls entwined.

They whispered promises of forever.

With dawn came the knock. Eduard stood on the pedestal, gazing at his love. He wasn't afraid anymore. *Let them come.* Let them trample through his things and carry them away to auction. He no longer cared.

Eduard heard a voice, his name repeated over and over. He smiled. *Let them come.* And they did. The knock metamorphosed into an insistent pounding that ended in the turning of a key in the door. Eduard saw Pierre stick his head into the studio. The landlord stood behind him, but Pierre entered and shut the door on Brondier, sliding the bolt into place.

“Ed?” Pierre glanced around the studio and found her.

Eduard thrilled at the widening of Pierre's gray eyes.

Pierre made a strangled sound in his throat and turned his back. “Excuse me,” he said.

“It's okay,” she said, voice musky. She bent, picked up her shroud off the floor and draped it around her naked, perfect form. “You're Pierre.”

Pierre nodded to the door, his trench coat rippling with embarrassment. “I... umm... I didn't think anyone was here,” he tried to explain. “I knocked... but... umm... the landlord let me in.”

She padded barefoot across the room to him.

“The landlord said... umm... I paid Ed's back-rent for him.”

She put her hand on Pierre's shoulder, “I'm covered. It's okay. Really.”

Pierre turned slowly, peeking first to make sure she spoke the truth before completely trusting. His gaze traveled over her bare shoulders and down her sheet-wrapped curves, then rose again to the classic beauty of her face. He licked his lips. “Where's Ed?”

“He's around.”

Eduard watched Pierre scan the room. He felt those dull gray eyes land on him and ignite.

Pierre ceased to blink for a full thirty seconds. His mouth fell open. “My god. Is that Ed’s?”

She turned in place, twisting the shroud around her ankles. “No. It’s mine.”

“You did that?”

A smile spread across her marble-smooth skin.

Pierre wisped around the statuesque form, “It’s magnificent.” His coat whispered praise; his careful boot steps applauded.

“He.”

“He. *He’s* magnificent.” Pierre circled again, gaze roaming over sleek lines and gentle curves.

Eduard stood there on his pedestal without comment, posed for Pierre. His discomfort grew the more Pierre stared at him.

She caressed down a languid, marble arm, soothing her love’s fears. “I’m done with him.”

Pierre approached the statue with awe-struck fingers. His touch caressed up the curve of thigh, rump and lower back. Palm flat, he ran his hand around and down over Eduard’s smooth stomach. He traced over and under the marble erection.

She looked up at Eduard with a smile—creation to creator. With two fingers, she idly toyed with the sheet-covered bump of her own nipple.

Pierre’s eyes locked on those fingers. Breathless, he asked, “What’s your name?”

She didn’t answer. She just studied Eduard’s face with a rapturous expression.

Eduard stood alert, watching Pierre. He wanted to gaze into his beauty’s eyes, but Pierre distracted him. He hated the man for the lust he saw in those dull, gray eyes.

She didn’t mind Pierre’s eyes on her. She liked it, fingering the nipple to erection for him.

“Please.” Pierre clasped his hands at his chin, like a child at prayer. “Please tell me your name.”

This broke her spell, and her eyes slid sideways to look at the pale artist with his weeping-willow hair. She hesitated only a moment more before answering, “Belle. Belle Jarole. I’m Eduard’s sister. Twins.” She paused, then added with a smile, “We share the same soul.”

“You certainly share a magnificent talent.”

“*Merci.*” Belle let her shroud slip just enough to tantalize and watched the reaction it elicited.

Most of Pierre’s attention had diverted back to the soft rise and fall of Belle’s chest as she breathed, but he murmured, “What are you going to do with him?”

“With whom? Eduard?”

“No. With the statue.”

“Oh,” Belle turned away, smiling thoughtfully until a shard of broken marble cut into her foot. She cried out in pain.

“What happened?” Pierre rushed to her side. “Are you all right?”

Eduard watched.

Leaning on Pierre, Belle lifted the foot and pulled out the sliver. Blood oozed from the wound—hot, fluid, and real. She laughed. The sound held life, hope and happiness. She put her foot back down. “I’m fine. I’m perfect. I couldn’t be happier.” Belle grabbed Pierre by the ears and pulled him in for a fleshy kiss that left Pierre dazed and gasping.

Eduard stared in disbelief.

“Hmmm,” Belle considered, licking the kiss’s moisture off her lips. “What am I going to do with the statue?” She paused to smile up at Eduard, “I believe I’ll sell it.”

###

Thank You from Angel Leigh McCoy

Thanks so much for reading my story. I hope you enjoyed it. If so, it would mean so much to me if you would take a minute to leave a review at your favorite online shop, such as Amazon USA, Amazon UK, Kobo, or even at Goodreads.

I would also love to hear from you and be able to keep in touch as well. At AngelMcCoy.com, you can contact me, sign up for my newsletter so I can notify you of new releases (of which there will be many in the coming months), read my blog, and find me on social networks.

In appreciation, I'm giving you a taste of the next story I plan to release. It's political horror (something we can all relate to in this day and age).

Best wishes to you for happiness and health!

Angel Leigh McCoy

<https://www.angelmccoy.com/>

Sneak Preview

"Cookies for Gio"

By Angel Leigh McCoy

I rest a hand on Gio's shoulder, and he looks up from the half-naked pop star writhing on his computer monitor, a smile lingering on his face. That's my hormonal eighteen-year-old. My heart aches on its next beat.

"Hi, Mom," he says, head loose on his neck. He wrangles it under control and pushes his headphones off one ear.

"Hi." I sit on the bed, within reach of him in his electric wheelchair, and I pet its vinyl-covered armrest. Gio doesn't need it all the time. His Muscular Dystrophy hasn't progressed that far. On his good days, he shuffles around with a walker.

I ask, "Whatcha doin'?"

"Soaking up as much Internet as I can," Gio says, his tongue thick, words carefully pronounced. "Before they take it all away. What are...you doing?" He sets his hand on mine. His

fingers are cold, soft, and awkward. I hold them, warm them, love them.

"Just taking a break from the computer."

He leans toward me, eyes bright with interest. "Hacking?"

"Shhh." I look over my shoulder, then feel ridiculous—and yet...

He whispers, "You think they're listening?"

I shrug. "I'm baking cookies. Got it?"

Gio tips his head back and chortles. "Got it!" I feel the weak squeeze of his hand in mine.

"I love your cookies."

"You hungry?"

"No. When's Dad going to call?"

"Truth?"

"Always."

"I don't know." It's been nine months since Antonio was drafted, and forty-five days since we last talked to him. A portion of his paycheck appears every month, so I know he's alive. Last time I spoke to him, he said something about being transferred to the Templar brigade. He said they might send him to fight in Jordan.

I release Gio's hand and pretend to watch the video with him, following his cues to laugh, hiding the worries that are surging over me. What if I get caught in the deep underground? How will we pay for Gio's care? What if Antonio is killed in Babylon?

#

To be alerted when the full story is available for free—one week only—[sign up for my](#)

[newsletter](#), and I'll send you an email. Wouldn't want you to miss the opportunity!

###

About the Author

Angel Leigh McCoy has published 20+ horror and dark fantasy short stories in publications such as *Strange Aeons*, *Necrotic Tissue*, *Beast Within 2*, *Pseudopod*, the *Masters of Horror* anthology, and *Growing Dread: Biopunk Visions*, among others. Her story “Crack O’Doom,” printed in the anthology *Fear of the Dark* earned her an honorable mention in Ellen Datlow’s *Best Horror of the Year*, volume 4, 2012. She wears many other hats as well, including editor and audiobook narrator.

She is the creative force behind the [Dire Multiverse](#) world, including the “[Dire Multiverse](#)” audio drama, the [Danika Dire video game](#) (in production), and works of fiction to come. You might know her through her ten years of work as a narrative designer for the online fantasy game *Guild Wars 2* or through her work on many original World of Darkness roleplaying game supplements.

You can keep an eye on her whirlwind at [AngelMcCoy.com](#) and [@angelmccoy](#) on Twitter and Facebook.

Also by this Author

As Short Fiction Writer

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As Anthology Editor

- ["Another Dimension: Anthology,"](#) 2016; Wily Writers
- ["Deep Cuts: Mayhem, Menace, and Misery,"](#) 2013; Evil Jester Press
- ["Future Imperfect: Best of Wily Writers 2,"](#) 2012; Wily Writers
- ["Night-Mantled: Best of Wily Writers,"](#) 2011; Wily Writers