

Curse of the Shadow



DARK STONE STORIES

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All characters in this work are 18 years or older. Enjoy!

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"Just ... a little ... farther." Emily Olmstead pulled her son Lance through the waves. Behind them, she heard another explosion as what was left of their yacht blew sky high. She was a strong swimmer, and Lance was not, so once she'd found him bobbing in the ocean she'd locked her arm around him and dragged him toward the moonlit island.

"Where's Dad?" Lance sounded hysterical, even to his own ears. "Where's Sam?" His father and sister had been aft when the accident happened. He hadn't seen them since.

Coughing and sputtering Emily pulled her son onto the cool, sandy beach. He was about six inches taller than her, so that was about as far as she could drag him. She let go and they crawled together away from the lapping waves, both coughing up seawater.

"Are you ...?" Emily coughed "... okay?" She pushed her long brown hair out of her face and looked at her bedraggled eighteen-year-old son.

"No." Lance shook his head and he turned over on his back in the sand. "The boat sunk." Tears welled in his eyes. "Where's Sam, Mom?"

"I'll go see." Emily forced herself to stand up. She was barefoot, with only her shorts and t-shirt. She hadn't had time to grab anything from the yacht, it all happened so fast. "Mitch?" Her leg muscles burned as she ran down the beach. Everything was bathed in silver light, making distance difficult to judge. "Samantha? Where are you?" She called and called and ran back and forth on the beach until her legs gave out and her voice turned hoarse. Eventually, she flopped down next to Lance and allowed herself to cry.

"They didn't make it." Lance said in between sobs. "We're all alone." Debris from their yacht washed up on the beach all around them. It was a mess.

"We'll be okay." Emily scooted closer to her son and hugged him close. "I promise. We'll be okay."

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The days passed and Emily and Lance built a shelter on the beach out of torn wood and fiberglass from their poor yacht. They gathered coconuts, learned to fish in the shallows, and constructed a HELP sign out of debris on the beach in case an airplane happened by. Each day was spent on survival, with bouts of weeping in between. Mitch and Samantha never showed up, and eventually mother and son accepted that they never would.

They found a freshwater stream just above the beach in the outskirts of the jungle with a gentle waterfall and clear pool. They collected water in salvaged plastic jugs. As the days passed, they cried less and learned to make fire through friction. It was a better night when they no longer had to eat raw fish. They sat around their fire as the Milky Way slowly moved across the sky above them.

"How long do you think we'll be here?" Lance looked over at his mother, her emerald eyes hidden in the shadows cast by firelight.

"Not long." Emily tried a reassuring smile. "I'm sure someone will see our sign."

"Do you think Gillian is looking for us?" Lance munched on his fish. Gillian was Samantha's twin and the only Olmstead to stay home on this trip.

Emily nodded. "I'm sure she has everyone out looking for us. It's only a matter of time." Emily tugged at her bra. She was itchy. She had to wear the same shorts, t-shirt, and underwear every day. As did Lance. And they each sweat gallons as they went about their survival. "How many days has it been since a bath?"

"Three?" Lance shrugged.

"Maybe we should spend the morning up by the waterfall tomorrow. What do you say?" Emily took a bite of coconut. She was so tired of coconut. "I could really use a bath."

"Sure." He nodded. "I'm going to bed, Mom." Lance got up and walked around the fire. He bent and gave his mother an awkward hug and then disappeared into their shelter.

"I'll stay out here a little while longer." Emily poked the fire with a stick and watched the stars. "Goodnight, sweetheart."

"Goodnight, Mom," Lance called from inside the shelter.

An hour later, Emily still gazed at the stars as the fire died down. A faint grunting noise echoed to her over the beach.

She looked around expecting an animal of some sort. They hadn't seen any mammals yet on the island. Eventually, she determined the noise came from their shelter. She crept over and peered in. Her hand went to her mouth when she saw what was making that soft grunting.

In the dim light, Emily could just see that her son had his hand wrapped around his uncommonly large penis, stroking it up and down. It was a disturbing sight. He was quite a bit larger than his father, and the thing looked ungainly. He grunted as he pumped himself. Emily moved back to the fire and sighed. She had been so busy with survival she'd not once stopped to think about Lance's teenage hormones. He had a girlfriend back home, but none here.

There wasn't much to be done about it. Emily contemplated the stars and waited until the grunting had stopped. Then she waited a while longer. The best she could do was give him as much privacy as possible.



When she finally went to bed, the shelter smelled a bit like semen. Emily did her best to ignore it. No one ever said having a teenage son was easy. Least of all while stranded on an island.

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The next day they visited the waterfall. Emily went in to the pool to bathe first, as was her habit. She thought nothing of stripping naked and wading out to the waterfall for a shower. They were family, after all.

As she let the water cascade over her head and splash down her breasts, she had an odd feeling. She looked over to the rocks where Lance sat staring at her. He had a large bulge in his shorts.

“Lance, sweetheart?”

Emily cursed herself under her breath for forgetting about his hormones and putting her son in such an awkward position. She covered her breasts with her arm. “Could you go back to the shelter and fetch me my walking stick?”

“Sure, Mom.” Lance didn’t mind leaving. It felt really wrong to watch his mother naked, even if he had trouble pulling his eyes away. “I’ll be back in fifteen.” He stood and walked back toward the beach.

Emily shook her head to herself. She’d have to be more careful. What she wouldn’t give to have some dirty magazines to give him. She finished her bath, washed her clothes, and dressed in her wet things by the time he returned.



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As the days continued to pass, mother and son explored more of the island. They were about a mile northwest when they made a monumental discovery.

"It's just more jungle, Mom." Lance would rather have been lounging by the beach, or sneaking off for a quick fap. Instead, Emily had dragged him exploring again.

"No, look it clears up ahead." She pushed her way past some large, tropical foliage and stepped to the edge of a cliff. They were thirty feet above the ocean, overlooking a protected cove. "Oh, my." Emily's face blanched as she saw what was beached at the far end of the cove.

"Is that?" Lance stepped up next to her and shaded his eyes.

"Yes. It's a galleon." Emily's voice was low with wonder.

"Wow." Lance followed his mother back through the jungle as they wound around the cliffs and down to the new beach. Soon, they were standing looking up at the ship's once mighty prow.

"It's remarkably preserved." Emily squinted up at it. "How do we get aboard?"

"You want to go up there?" Lance looked dubious.

Emily laughed, a bright sing-song sound that echoed around the cove. "Don't be silly, of course we're going aboard." She walked around the prow. "There's some vines dangling off this side. Up we go." Emily was strong, and short, which made for a quick climb.

"Okay." Lance was not quite as strong, and a good deal taller. It was a long, strenuous climb for him. When he finally crossed the rail onto the deck, he found Emily busy prying open the cabin door with a rusty piece of metal.

"It's almost ... there ..." She grunted and the door gave way with the cracking of ancient wood. A cloud of dust bellowed out of the doorway and Emily waved her hand until the breeze carried it away. "Come on Lance, this should be interesting." If only her husband were here, he would have loved this find.



The pair entered the hall and passed several empty rooms. There was nothing of interest until Emily pushed open the door to the captain's cabin.

"Holy shit." Lance stepped up next to his mom and looked into the room.

"Watch your language, young man," Emily scolded out of habit. But what did it matter if they were stranded on this island?

In the cabin, there was a long table with bones strewn in and on the chairs. Human bones. Most of their clothing had rotted away, so it was hard to tell much about them, other than that they'd once been people. In the large, intricately carved chair at the head of the table, a mostly intact skeleton slumped down, its skull on the floor next to it. That was amazing, but what was truly remarkable, was what was in between the skeletons.

The aged oak table was littered with gold coins and jewels that glittered in the pale light that angled in through the captain's window. Rotten papers had been haphazardly spread about and a few leather-bound books lay half covered by treasure.

"We're rich." Lance took a step into the room and then paused. He didn't want to walk into any boobytraps.

"Well ..." Emily looked around. It seemed safe enough. She took a step into the room. "We would be if we had any way to get us and it off the island."

"This is a boat, Mom." Lance looked around. "I bet the helm is above us on the main deck."

Emily chuckled and took another step into the room. She reached around someone's tibia and picked up a book. It was a ledger in Spanish. She could read a bit of Spanish, but it was quite dull so she tossed it down. "Even if we could get this ship off the beach, we couldn't sail it ourselves." She picked up a coin and examined it. Spanish too. "And even then, I doubt it's sea worthy." There were the remnants of weapons on the table and about the room. Old rusted blunderbusses and cutlasses. Emily judged that whatever had led all those people to die in that room had been one way or another quite violent. She shivered.

"Yeah." Lance sounded crestfallen. He walked around the table to the large chair and peered down at a tarnished silver chain in the skeleton's hand. "Pardon me, sir," Lance whispered as he plucked the chain from fleshless fingers. Attached to the chain was a rounded, stone pendant. The stone had several red veins that seemed to pulse as Lance stared at it. He wasn't sure why, but he thought the pendant was one of the most beautiful things he'd ever seen.

"This is interesting." Emily was skimming through another book as her son stared at the pendant. "This looks like the captain's diary."

"Can I see?" Lance looked over at his mother and thought that she now was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen. The way her bra straps poked out from under her shirt. The way her butt filled out her shorts. My God, her boobs. He ogled her sideboob as she read. She was such a full figure in such a small package. His awkwardness from watching her by the pool returned but went up by an order of magnitude. Even so, he couldn't look away.

"What?" Emily glanced up and then back down to the book. "It's in Spanish, sweetheart. You won't be able to read it."

"Oh." Lance slipped the pendant into his pocket.

"I just wish your father was here to see this. He'd be floored." Emily looked up from the book. "We better head back before it gets dark. I'm going to take the diary, but we should leave the rest of the stuff here. When we get rescued, we can come back for it."

“Sure.” Lance left the pendant in his pocket. He didn’t feel like parting with it. He followed his mom back out of the cabin and back toward camp. His eyes glued to her wide butt the whole way.

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The fire flickered and gave Emily just enough light to read the diary. Lance had gone to bed hours ago. She’d heard his soft grunting for a little while as he worked out his teenage hormones, and then eventually, his snores drifted out of their shelter. As she read more and more of the diary, her blood ran cold. It seemed the ship was the *Penumbra*. Her captain was a man named *La Sombra*, or The Shadow. He was a pirate. The early part of the diary was spent bragging about his sexual conquests. He claimed to have stolen a magical stone pendant from one of the Vatican’s transport ships which gave him an extraordinary power over women. It enlarged his manhood and allowed him to bed queens and princesses, wives and widows.

This was all well and good. A pirate was bound to brag about such things. But then, it seems, his mother, *Allesandra*, accidentally fell under his spell. When Emily got to that part of the diary, she nearly put it down out of disgust. *La Sombra* wrote that she was a black-haired beauty that he’d never thought much on after leaving home at an early age. He would return to Spain from time to time to bring gifts for his parents.

The first time the captain mated his mother he was twenty-five, bringing plunder to their farm. He wrote that while his father worked the field outside, he worked her furrows thoroughly inside, and brought her an ecstasy few women have known. He should not have brought the pendant with him, but he could not leave it on the *Penumbra*. He first bent her over her marital bed as she



was folding clothes and took her from behind with her dress about her waist. Emily put her hand up to her eyes, and read between her fingers. Had this really happened?



Once Allesandra had gotten a taste of *La Sombra's* manhood, she'd ridden her son like a soldier on a steed. Or so the diary read. Emily gasped at the copulations described. Apparently, Allesandra was quite a beauty, with her dark hair and a quiet, pale face. She was ample of bosom, too. And *La Sombra* batted around her breasts while she rode him, laughing as she cried out.

Once he seeded his mother no less than four times, *La Sombra* left his childhood home. Only to return the next day to carry his mother off with him to the waiting Penumbra. The crew did not know the captain's new mistress was his mother, and the captain worked hard to keep it that way. He confided to the diary that he feared a mutiny should his crew ever learn the truth. This apprehension did not in any way dim his lust for his poor mother, whom he took over and over again, while the crew listened and laughed at her groaning and shrieking.

"My goodness." Emily closed the book. She wondered if the

death around the captain's table had been linked to his incestuous affair. Did some of those bones belong to Allesandra? She was sure the skeleton in the grand chair was what was left of *La Sombra*. Emily shivered on that warm night and looked back to the stars. It was very late and her fire had burned low. She tucked the diary under her arm, rose, and walked into her shelter. She laid down and her eyelids closed. She drifted off to sleep and found strange dreams about a pulsing, black and red pendant with a powerful force trapped inside. She slept fitfully that night.