

# Curse of the Shadow



# DARK STONE STORIES

Illustrations by JDseal

Written by RawlyRawls

Commissioned by: DIESEL

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

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The first hint of red morning sunlight wormed its way into their shelter. Emily slowly opened her eyes and stared at the familiar sight of twisted wood and fiberglass above her. She and Lance now shared a home that was once a mighty yacht. Before tears could form in her eyes for her lost husband and daughter, a shiver passed through her body. Something was wrong. Through the grogginess of sleep, she couldn't quite place what was out of sorts. But something was deeply wrong, she could feel it.

As was her custom every morning, Emily turned away from her sleeping son and reached for her bra. Without removing her t-shirt, she hooked it around her waist and pulled it up under her shirt. It didn't fit. Somehow, after all these days stuck on the island, her bra had shrunk. Was that even possible? She loosened the straps and tried again. It went on, but her boobs spilled out of it. It wasn't the bra. It was her boobs. She hefted them with her hands. They

were more than twice as big as they should have been.

"No," Lance yelled and sat up. He had a wild-eyed look about him. He spotted his mother sitting in the corner feeling herself up. What the heck? His dick had never been harder. He stood awkwardly.

"Are you okay, sweetie?" Emily crossed her arms over her t-shirt to hide her engorged breasts from her son. Her eyes went round-as-saucers when she saw the morning wood straining at Lance's shorts. He was huge. Much bigger than when she'd spied him pumping himself the other day.

"Bad dream." Lance moved with difficulty. Something got in the way of each step. He could tell he had the mother of all morning hard-ons. He desperately needed to unload. "I have to ..." He left his mother in the shelter and raced off without bothering to finish his sentence.

"I'll make breakfast," Emily called after him. She tried to sound casual, but her mind



raced. She thought about what she'd read in the diary. Her changed boobs had something to do with that pirate ship they'd found. She'd need to read more of the diary to figure out what was happening. But first, she needed to see about getting a fire started. She stood and moved out of the shelter.

There was a slight chill in the air. Her new breasts made everything difficult, but she finally started a fire, skewered some fish, and sat down and warmed herself against the morning chill.

"Welcome back." Emily watched her son return from the jungle some twenty minutes later. She eyed him closely for changes, but all she could discern was the massive soft bulge in his shorts. "Come, sit. I made breakfast." That change was horrifying enough.

"Thanks, Mom." Lance looked at the fire but stole several glances of his mom. She looked so beautiful that morning. Her heart-shaped face was radiant in the morning light, and her emerald eyes seemed to have an extra sparkle. He suddenly had butterflies in his stomach. Everything was topsy-turvy. He'd just shot out a week's worth of cum. Somehow, his dick and balls had grown overnight to a man-sized package. No, that was wrong, they were giant-sized now. "What's for ... um ... breakfast?" And now the view of his mother just sitting there made him feel like he was about to ask the most popular girl in school out to prom.

"Roast banana and fish." Emily handed Lance his breakfast in a folded banana leaf with her right hand, careful to keep her left arm covering her chest. "Sorry there isn't more variety." She caught him peeking at her chest as she sat back down and folded her right arm with her left one. "Um ... sweetie? Have you noticed anything strange today?" It was hard to come right out and ask him about his penis. He was eighteen and she was his mother, after all.

"No," Lance said quickly. He devoured his breakfast. The longer he sat near his mom, the more her beauty tormented him. He could smell her dried sweat on the morning breeze, and no scent had ever been so alluring. He tossed his banana leaf into the fire and stood. He was fully hard again. "I have to ... um ... go pee again." He raged at himself for wanting to ravage Emily right there and then. She was his sweet mom, doing her best to help them survive. What was he thinking?

"If you have to." Emily watched her skinny little man move with an awkward gait as he wrestled with his morning erection. She ate slowly, trying to think about how to handle this. Did magic really exist? Had they stumbled onto something dark and sinister? After about thirty minutes, she started to worry about Lance. They hadn't run into any large animals on the island, but you never knew. She left the smoldering fire and followed his tracks into the jungle.

Savage grunting echoed off the trees as she moved her way past leafy fronds. Emily quickened her pace, her arm still on her breasts, this time for support rather than obfuscation. What would be making those sounds? Had something wild attacked her poor Lance? As she rounded a large tree, Emily stopped in her tracks. It wasn't a wild animal making the sounds. Or rather, her son was the wild animal. And he was attacking himself, vigorously pumping the most enormous penis Emily had ever seen. Heck, she'd never even imagined they got that big.

*The pirate boat* was all Emily could think as she stepped back behind the tree and peeked out at the brutish sight. Lance had his two hands both wrapped around his penis as he furiously pumped them back and forth. His mouth hung open, twisted with some sort of deep craving. What was he thinking about? As Emily watched, her own hands reached under her shirt and removed her bra. She tossed it into the jungle. It wouldn't do her any good anymore anyway, she reasoned. It was too small. A bra for her old self. Not the woman now on this island.

Goodness, the sounds her sweet son made. He really had become an animal. She could see his massive, hairy balls flopping as he worked himself. Emily's right hand snaked up under her shirt and played with her left nipple, rolling it between her fingers. Her nipples had always been sensitive, but the pleasure her fingers elicited was quite new. Her left hand made its way into her shorts and found her wet vagina. Was she really going to touch herself while watching



her son? No, she was not. She pulled her hands out of her clothes and stepped back behind the tree where she couldn't see Lance. She pressed her back against the rough trunk and tried to get her bearings.

A battle raged inside her as she listened to his grunts echo around the jungle. On the one hand, a couple dozen feet away was one of the most spellbinding sights she'd ever seen. It made her quiver just to think about what Lance did to himself at that very moment. On the other hand, it was all sorts of wrong to touch herself while watching him. Heck, back home she never touched herself at all.

Emily listened to his urgent sounds for another few minutes, and finally picked a side. She peeked back around the tree, and her hands went back under her clothes. It was wrong, but no one would ever know. Emily rubbed her clit and watched her eighteen-year-old son tremble as he neared orgasm.

Lance roared out an orgasm and shot a flood of white stuff out in front of him. Emily felt a sense of vertigo, everything was out of sorts. There was so much of Lance's white, gooey stuff. Emily's shoulders hunched forward and she shuddered out her own climax.

One of the best of her life, she hated to admit. Fortunately, Lance sat blissfully with his eyes closed for a while, soaking up the joy of his relief. Emily removed her hands from her sensitive places and sneaked back to camp. She needed to read the diary soon to figure out how to



get a handle on this turn of events.

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Lance and Emily set the nets in the shallows and finished their chores by the late morning. Lance disappeared into the jungle again. Emily fetched the diary, found a spot in the sand under the shade of a palm tree, and read.

It seemed La Sombra had been quite conflicted about his treasured pendant. Once pilfered from the Vatican, he'd worn the odd thing on a lark. But then strange changes befell him. His manhood had grown many times over and with it a burning desire consumed him from the inside out.

For many years, the New World had known La Sombra as a gentleman pirate. If a ship surrendered, he would spare its passengers and crew from murder and rape. Of course, not so much if the ship chose to fight. But after the pendant had been in his possession for some time, La Sombra changed his methods. The men he still spared, but any woman La Sombra fancied would stay aboard the Penumbra until they next made port. There was a great shame in this for La Sombra. Especially because, while the women, whether married or not, would need only a small amount of coaxing to climb into his bed, his crew were less beguiling and resorted to rougher treatment of the ladies.

"Rougher treatment," Emily whispered under her breath in Spanish. She shivered despite the warm temperatures in the shade.

The diary argued that he'd tried his best to sate his new thirst with his old habits of whorehouses and young maidens. But he could only resist his urges for so long. La Sombra learned many lessons through trial and error with his new pendant. One, which he underlined in red, was that the pendant would change anyone who spent the night with it. So, but for a few, he plowed the women and then sent them out of his cabin shortly after. Whatever his crew did to them, at least it wasn't as unnatural as what that pulsing red and black stone on his pendant would do.

Emily wondered if she or Lance had somehow brought the pendant back with them from the



Penumbra. Emily looked around the beach but didn't see Lance. She would confront him when he returned and if he had the pendant on him, they would destroy it together. Then they could forget about the Penumbra and its evil treasure.

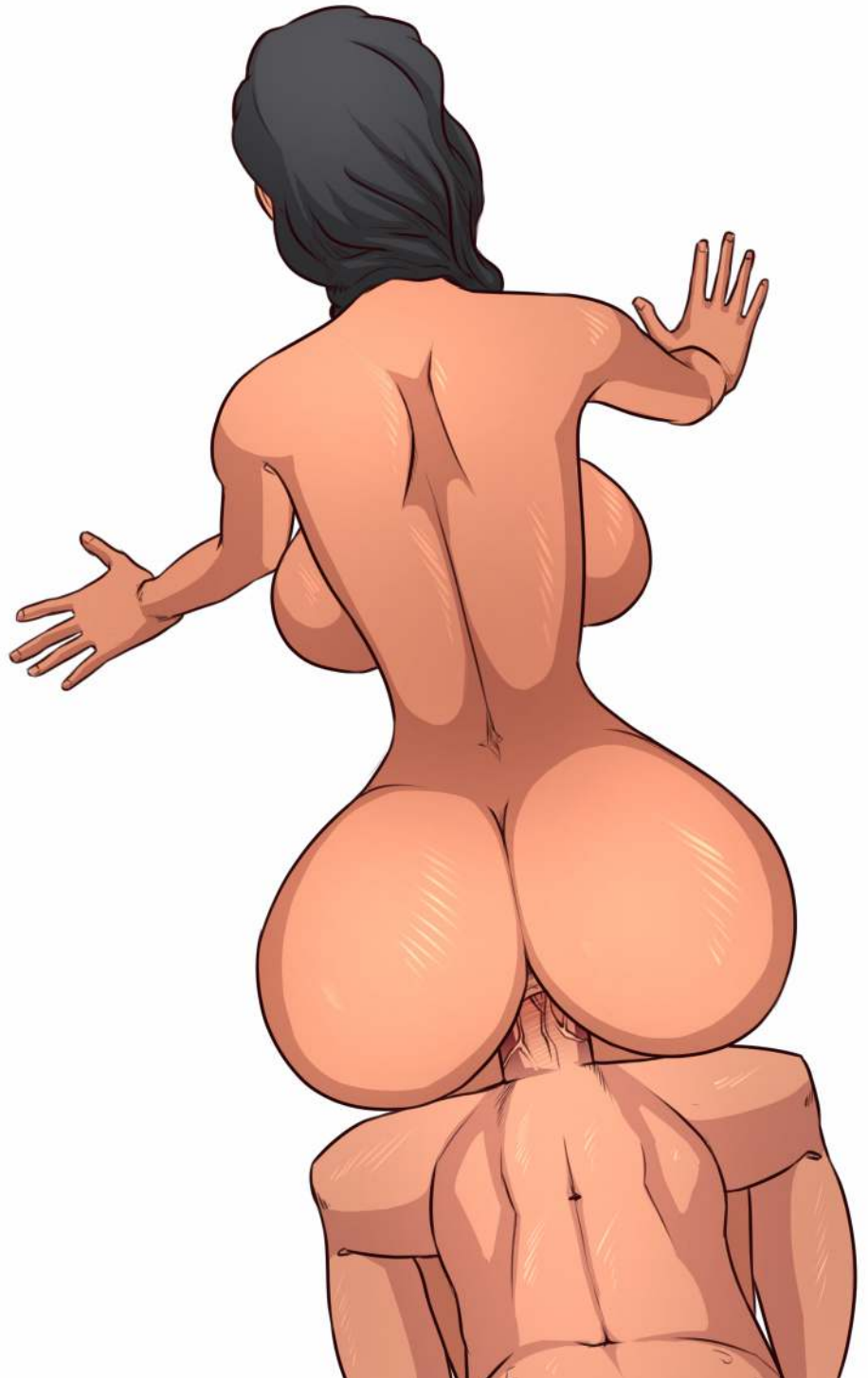
Emily went back to reading. La Sombra asked for God's forgiveness for what he'd done to his poor mother, Allesandra. She became one of the few overnight visitors to his cabin. He honored his parents with the loot he brought them, and taking her as he did was an accident. He couldn't very well let the crew paw his own mother, so she slept at his side that first night on the Penumbra. When she woke, her breasts had much expanded, and so had her carnal appetite. But despite La Sombra's anguish over her fate as his concubine, he then described his conquests over her in exacting detail. Emily stared at the pages in horror, but couldn't look away.

Apparently, over the course of weeks, La Sombra trained his mother to take his long pole all the way down her throat. At first, she gagged, and resisted. But in time, she begged him for more, greedily devouring his seed.

How was such a thing possible? Emily's own husband was much smaller than how La Sombra described his own penis, but Emily had only ever gotten about half of Little Mitch in her mouth. If her own breasts weren't sitting so heavy on her chest that very moment, Emily might believe the whole diary to be a grotesque fiction.

The diary went on to detail how La Sombra took his mother's backside. Allesandra wailed so loudly the first time, he had to gag her for fear the crew would hear. But like with everything else, she grew to crave this new perversion. He also made his mother participate in the conquest of captured women. After a time, she was as skilled at seduction as he was.

Emily put down the diary and walked away disgusted. She would not let herself and her gentle son succumb to whatever witchery this was. She would find the pendant and destroy it. She spotted Lance walking out of the jungle and walked sternly toward him, one arm supporting her burgeoning bust.



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“Did you take anything from the pirate ship, Lance?” Emily stood by the shelter, trying to be tough with her son. She had her arms crossed over her chest, body language that had quickly become familiar to her. She felt like a teenage girl whose boobs had just come in.

“No.” Lance shook his head and tried not to meet her eyes. “You asked me not to.”

“But you did, didn’t you?” Emily looked up into his handsome face and tried not to think about the look of bliss on his face when he ejaculated in the jungle. She sighed.

Emily told Lance about what she’d read in the diary. Her Spanish was rusty, but she’d figured out most of it. She told him all but the most prurient details.

“His own mom?” Lance gaped at Emily.

“Yes.” Emily nodded with severity. “This is very serious, sweetie. I know you took the pendant because of what happened to these.” She removed her arms from her chest and let him see her enormous chest. Without a bra on, her nipples stuck out through the t-shirt’s thin cotton. “And because of what happened to that.” She pointed to the soft lump in his shorts that worked its way down his thigh.

“I ... I ...” Lance stuttered. “I didn’t mean to ... it just looked so interesting.” He reached into his pocket and held the pendant dangling from his hand. The red veins in the black stone seemed to pulse in the midday sun.

“Don’t worry, sweetie. We’ll destroy it. Maybe if I drop it out in the ocean?” Emily tapped her foot as she thought. “No, it’d still be there.” She looked around, back to their firepit. “Fire. We’ll melt it to glass. Here, give it to me.” Emily reached for the pendant and was surprised when Lance pulled his hand back.

“No,” he hissed. He stepped back from her and clasped it around his neck. “It’s mine.”

“Don’t be a baby, Lance. Give it here.” Emily stepped toward him, and he stepped away again.

“I just wish Chrissy was here.”

“Your girlfriend?” Emily snatched at the black stone again, but Lance was surprisingly quick. Maybe their time on the island had toughened him up some. “What are you even talking about?”

“She gives me handjobs, Mom.” Anger welled up inside Lance, as his mom tried to steal his precious necklace. “I need someone to take care of my dick other than me.”

“Ew, gross. A mother shouldn’t have to hear that stuff. Now give me the pendant.” Emily feinted to the left and then came at him from the right. She gave up six inches to her son, but she just about outweighed him. Especially with her new breasts. They tumbled to sand, both grasping at the pendant around his neck.

What happened next was a bit hazy for both of them. One moment, they were grunting and struggling with Lance on his back and Emily trying to pin him down, the next moment Lance’s shorts fell down his thighs, and his hard dick poked out of the top of his underwear.

“Goodness. Put that away, Lance.” Emily’s struggle abated. She lost focus on the pendant and let go of his arms. “I don’t want to see that thing.” Without telling her body to move, she crawled down and sat on his legs, pulling his

underwear all the way down. The massive penis sprung straight up in the air. "This is not right." Emily gingerly wrapped both her hands around his veiny manhood. Her fingers couldn't quite encircle the thing.

"What are you doing, Mom?" Lance held the pendant with one hand and reached for purchase in the sand with his other.

"My God, sweetie." Emily was mesmerized. She found herself sitting on his right thigh, looking at her wedding ring sparkling in the bright sun as it pressed into Lance's spongy flesh. "Maybe ... Maybe ..."



giant penis. She felt so small holding it.

"Mom?" Lance didn't know what was hotter. The fact that his mom stroked his dick, or the look on her face as she did it. With her wide eyes and open mouth, she looked totally in awe of him. "You don't have to. I'll just go back into the jungle."

"As your mom I really can't ... oh, my ..." Emily whispered. "Maybe you could pretend I was Chrissy." She licked her lips. "Since it's only you and me on the island, and you need someone to ... help you." Emily leaned forward and spit on the head of his penis. She'd given her husband plenty of handjobs, but

that was always foreplay. She hadn't really helped him through to completion. She wasn't sure what to do when her son's orgasm arrived, but there was a sudden determination inside her to bring that about.

"Wow, Mom. That feels really good."

"I'm Chrissy, remember?" Now that he was lubricated with her spit, she got a good pace going with her hands.

"Sorry ... Chrissy ... that feels really good. You're the best girlfriend ever." Lance stared down at Emily's boobs as they bounced with her efforts under her shirt. Chrissy was taller than his mom, but her body was not at all similar. Where Emily was curvy, Chrissy was quite slender. Also, she'd never actually made Lance cum. She'd just teased him with quick and frustrating handjobs at the end of a few dates. "Get ready ... Chrissy ..." The rhythmic pulsing in his balls that he'd felt as he came in the jungle all day started up again.

"Oh ... Lance ... this is so ... dope." Emily didn't know how to sound like a teenager. She hoped it was close enough for him. At any rate, Lance now grunted like a savage animal with each stroke, and his thighs trembled. He was going to let loose. Emily thought she should have some plan for his sperm, but the beach didn't give her many options.

"Chrissy ... Mom ...  
Chrissy ... Oh, God

...  
Aaaaahhhhhhhh."  
Lance roared out  
his orgasm and  
nearly blacked out  
as his balls  
unleashed their  
torrent.

"Lance—" Emily  
never got to say  
whatever stupid  
teenage thing was  
going to come out  
of her mouth. She  
was interrupted by  
a geyser of semen  
shooting up in  
front of her. She  
didn't have time to  
close her mouth,  
and some of the  
hot, salty stuff  
dropped in. She  
meant to spit it  
out, but secretly  
swallowed as the  
stuff plastered her  
face, hair, and



chest. She closed her eyes and squeezed Lance's penis and jerked him a few more times to get it all out of those giant balls.

When he finished, she let go of his penis and wiped her eyes with the back of her hand. "How on Earth did that happen?"

"Wow, Chrissy," Lance sighed. "You're the best girlfriend."

"I ... have to go." Emily looked down at the mess they'd created and stood up. She turned and ran toward their waterfall, her breasts bouncing wildly as she crossed the sand. She needed to clean up and collect her thoughts. She'd destroy the pendant when she got back from the waterfall. But first, she needed to wash off what felt like a gallon of sperm. She'd never felt more dirty in all her life.