

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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When Emily got back from the waterfall, she refused to make eye contact with Lance.

“Mom, I’m sorry that happened.” Lance tried to make amends.

“Not now.” Emily held out her small hand palm out like she was one of those football players her husband loved so much, ready to do a stiff-arm. “I don’t want to hear it.”

Later, while they prepared dinner, Lance tried again. “About before, I—”

“I said no, Lance.” Emily chanced some eye contact to glare at him.

They ate dinner in silence. Lance excused himself to go pee in the jungle, but who was he kidding. Emily could hear him roaring out his orgasm all the way back at camp. He returned and went to sleep without another word.

When her son softly snored in their shelter, Emily pulled out the diary to see what else she could discover. With the milky way stretching across the sky above, she read by firelight.

There were pages and pages detailing La Sombra’s conquests. Emily picked one at random. It seemed the pirate was fond of corrupting royalty. He wrote that he’d inserted some strong blood in the weakened Hapsburg line. Using the pendant on some courtiers, La Sombra managed an invitation to the Ribeira Palace in Lisbon. Taking Allesandra as his chaperone, La Sombra wined and dined at the Royal court. The raven-haired Princess Maria caught his eye, and La Sombra leaned over to his mother to tell her his plans.

When the Princess had a moment to herself while her entourage dealt with a drunk count, Allesandra approached her. Allesandra explained in halting Portuguese, that she represented a Spanish Princess that humbly sought a moment of Princess Maria’s evening. By the time the innocent Princess realized there was no Spanish Princess, she was in a back chamber, while Allesandra pressed the pendant upon her bare skin.

One of La Sombra’s favorite sounds was the muffled wails of innocent royalty as he plowed the young woman’s pussy, and his mother held her pretty face between her legs. This is what happened to the Princess Maria. Allesandra stripped the poor woman naked and removed her own things. She then crawled up onto the bed and pulled Princess Maria up after her. The girl whimpered, her lip quivering as her face sunk down to the Spanish woman’s pussy.

“I’ve never even considered such a thing,” Princess Maria said in refined Portuguese.



“No speak Portuguese, slut,” Allesandra responded in her broken Portuguese, and laughed as the woman eagerly lapped at her slit. She watched her son enter the room and unsheathe his mighty cock. When he got up on the bed, Princess Maria struggled again, but Allesandra held her dark hair, and La Sombra grabbed her slender hips.

“Time to put a little shadow in the royal bloodline,” La Sombra said in Spanish as he buried his dick in the Princess’s gushing pussy and took her with mighty, smashing strokes.

“Please ... please ... you’ll get me pregnant,” Princess Maria said around the older woman’s pussy lips. That long penis inside her had at first caused pain, but now felt better and better. “I must ... marry a prince.”

“What?” La Sombra laughed. He knew enough Portuguese to get the gist of what she was saying. “You yap like a little dog. The Portuguese always sound like a slow-witted deckhand. Bark for me. Bark for me, Princess. Turn around, Mother. I want you to taste the royal fruit.”

“Did you say ... Mother?” The Princess was beyond horrified as the Spanish woman moved under her so that they both lapped at each other’s vaginas, while the pirate continued plunging the Princess from the back.



Hours later, Princess Maria stumbled down the palace halls with a womb full of pirate cum and a face covered in Allesandra’s wetness.

Emily closed the diary and stared into the dying fire. Good, Lord. She was in a heap of trouble stranded with her son and that cursed pendant on a deserted island. If only her husband was with her, he’d know what to do. A tear slowly

rolled down her left cheek. If a rescue was on the way, it would be best if it arrived sooner rather than later. Emily could sense the dark powers working in and around her. Emily and Lance needed to get off that island.

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The next morning, Emily had the fire going again, preparing breakfast, when Lance finally got up and walked into the jungle for his morning masturbation. She listened to his grunts and moans echo through the jungle out to her spot at the top of the beach and tried to pretend it wasn't happening. She focused on cooking the fish just right, as if she couldn't hear her sweet boy turn into a rapacious animal.

A while later, Lance walked out of the jungle and sat down next to his mom by the fire. "Morning," he said.

"Lance, sweetie, I'm ready to talk about yesterday." Emily gave him a nervous glance and handed him a warm banana leaf with steaming hot fish inside. "What happened was wrong. That pendant made us do those things. We have to get rid of it."

"No." Lance put his hand over his heart where the pendant rested against his skin. "I told you, I'm keeping it."

"My, goodness. You were always such a good listener. What happened?" Emily could see that he was staring at her enlarged boobs through her t-shirt. Thin cotton over braless breasts must have been quite a site for the eighteen-year-old. "Eyes up here."

"I'm sorry, Mom." Lance didn't take his eyes off her boobs as he ate his fish. "I just need to keep it."

"Toss it into the sea, sweetie." Emily nibbled at her fish. She wasn't very hungry. "That pendant made the people in that diary do depraved things. The man who wrote it corrupted his own mother. Can you imagine, Lance? And then together, they took the innocence of woman after woman. Even princesses. We have to get rid of it."

"Mmmm. I'll throw it away if you let me see your butt." Lance looked up to her green eyes.

"Fine." Emily stood and smiled. That wasn't so bad. She brushed the sand off her shorts and turned her back to him. "There. Can you get rid of it now?"

"I want to see your butt naked, Mom."

Emily turned around and crossed her arms. "No way."

"I promise I'll get rid of the pendant if you show it to me and shake it a little." Lance was surprised by his own boldness. He supposed what his mom had done to him the day before had given him some confidence.

"No, and that's final. You've got chores to do." She pointed at the water jugs that needed filling. "I hope when you've thought it over, you'll return to your senses."

"Okay." Disappointed, Lance finished his fish, stood, and walked over to the jugs.

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All day long, Emily thought over her son's proposition. She turned it over in her mind as she checked their fishing nets, fed him his lunch, and cleaned out the shelter. In the evening, she decided it was a small price to pay to get rid of that evil thing.

"Okay." Emily walked up to Lance as he sat on the beach, resting after a hard day of chores.

"Okay, what?" Lance looked up at her and instinctively placed his hand over the pendant in a protective gesture.

"I'll show you my butt." Emily took a deep breath. "Naked." She unbuttoned her shorts and shimmied them down her shapely legs. Her eyes studied the sand by her feet very intently, she couldn't bare to look at her son.

"Panties too, Mom."

"Fine." Emily pulled her panties off and placed them in the sand.

"Wow." Lance stared at the triangle of brown hair between her legs. "You're perfect, Mom."

"Thank you," Emily mumbled and turned around so that he could see her butt.

"Oh, damn, Mom." Lance slid down his shorts and underwear and placed both hands on his dick. He stroked slowly. "You have one of those upside-down heart asses."

"Don't say ass, Lance." Emily's voice was low. She heard him massaging his penis behind her. She hadn't considered that he'd do that while watching him. "Do you have to touch it while you look?"

"Yeah, I do." Lance fapped faster. "Now can you get on your hands and knees and shake it for me?"

Emily complied. It was worth it to send that awful pendant out of their lives. She kneeled in the sand and leaned forward on her hands. "It's not right that I'm doing this for you. So, imagine I'm Chrissy again. Okay, sweetie?" She looked down at her wedding ring, half-covered in the sand as it caught the fading sunlight. Her husband would understand that she did this for the good of the family. She couldn't let that pendant corrupt them any further.

"Okay, talk like Chrissy then." Lance's dick felt amazing. He wondered how long he could last. He tried to control his grunting. He didn't want to scare her off. "And ... shake it."

"Right." Emily wagged her hips, shaking her butt at her son. "Do you like it, dude? I love twerking for my boyfriend."



"That's ... not ... twerking ... Mom." The way her ass wobbled mesmerized Lance. He really wanted to grab it, but he knew that would send her running down the beach.

"I'm Chrissy, remember?" This was so embarrassing. But it was worth it. "Okay, I'm shaking my ass for my boyfriend. This is so dope." She had no idea how Chrissy really talked. She'd barely spoken to the girl. But she hoped she was nailing teenage lingo.

"Can you ... touch it?"

"Um ... sure ... that would be tight." Emily reached back with her left and squeezed her round left cheek. "You like it, baby?"

"Your butthole ... Chrissy ... touch your butthole." Lance was so close. He could feel his balls contracting.

Emily stopped shaking her butt. Chrissy would do this for Lance, so Emily figured she should do it, too. She stuck her butt out a little more to help spread her cheeks, and moved her index finger to her nether hole. She could hear Lance's ragged breathing behind her. She let the tip of her finger slide ever so slightly into her butt.

"Oh ... shit ... Mom." Lance scooted closer to her until their feet almost touched. He wanted to cum on that big, perfect ass. "I'm ... cumming. Aaaahhhhhhhhh." He released all the animalistic sounds he'd been suppressing. Cum sprayed into the air, landing on Lance, the sand, and Emily's upturned backside. "Uuuuuuggggghhhhh ... ugh ... ugh ... uuuuuuuggggghhhhh." Her jerked his new penis for all he was worth.

"Eeewwww." Emily looked back over her shoulder to see her son's penis erupting and spewing sperm onto her butt. "Laaanncccceee, stop it." She got up and stepped away from the orgasming teenager, but his stuff just kept coming out.

Finally, he finished. She could feel the hot spunk sliding down her butt and legs. "I can't believe I have to clean off your stuff again." She glared at him. She reached down and grabbed her shorts and panties. "When I get back, that pendant better be gone."

"Sorry, Mom." Lance had a dreamy look on his face as he watched her storm off toward the waterfall. He couldn't take his eyes off that wide, bouncing ass covered in cum. That interaction had gone about as well as he could have hoped. "I'll toss it away now," he called after her naked, shaking butt. But he had no intention of abandoning his pendant.



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For several days after that, Emily walked with a spring in her step. She had done what she'd done, and it was humiliating, but Lance had thrown away the pendant by the time she'd returned from cleaning herself at the waterfall. She thought about her daughter and husband lost at sea. She hoped they'd washed up on some island, and we're working on survival at that very moment. But if not, she was sure they were smiling down from heaven knowing that the pendant wouldn't subvert the Olmstead family any more.

They went about their daily chores, and one morning, when they were stocked on supplies, Emily decided they should explore the island a little more. "Let's go for a hike today, sweetie," Emily said as they enjoyed their roast banana breakfast.

"I don't know, Mom." Lance looked out to the horizon where the sunrise painted the clouds a bloody crimson. "Doesn't a red sky in the morning mean a storm is coming?"

"Um ..." Emily tried to remember. "Your father was the real seaman in the family. He'd know. There's that saying. How does it go? Red sky at night, sailors take flight. Red sky at dawn, sailors begone? That can't be right."

"Red sky at morning, sailors take warning?" Lance shrugged. "Well, whatever the saying is, maybe we should stay near camp today."

"Nonsense. Let's have some adventure, mister." Emily nudged him on the shoulder.

And so, they set out to explore the island. Lance followed his mother the whole way, keeping his eyes on her rocking behind as they stepped through the underbrush. He was so focused on his mom's ass, that he didn't notice the darkening clouds throughout the day.

In the afternoon, they found a beach on the far side of the island. "Look." Emily stopped, shielded her eyes with her hand, and then raced across the sand. Sure enough, smoke meandered up from a few smoldering logs. "Someone had a fire here." She looked around the beach but saw no one but her son, plodding up behind her. "We're not alone on this island, Lance." A hard gust of wind blew in from the sea and pushed at mother and son. Emily hugged herself against the sudden cold.

"You're right." Lance bent down and studied the fire. Although he didn't know the first thing about tracking, or detective work, or fires, he wanted to look like he did. He kept his left hand in his pocket, where he rolled the warm, smooth stone on the pendant between his fingers. Daylight seemed to dim around them. He looked up to see some very dark clouds moving in.

"Mom?" He stood, his face pinched in a deep frown. "I think maybe we should worry about the fire later. We need to get back to camp."

"Yes." Emily also noticed the clouds. Flashes of lightning popped out on the ocean, and they could hear the clap of distant thunder. "Let's go."

They moved back through the jungle. Walking at first, but as the wind picked up and the thunder drew nearer, they jogged. Eventually, they were running as cold rain pounded down through the forest canopy and soaked them through. Branches tore at their clothes, and left several shallow cuts in their skin, and gaping holes in their shirts. They got back to their shelter just before the worst of the storm arrived.

Emily couldn't believe the size of the waves that crashed on the shore. Her son stood there gaping at the sheer force of nature. She grabbed him, pulled him into the shelter, placed the sturdy fiberglass that served as their door in the entry way, and huddled with Lance in the dark.

A flash of lightning wormed through the cracks in their shelter, followed almost instantly by a boom that rattled the wood and fiberglass around them. Wind howled around them and Emily prayed their makeshift home would hold.

"My teeth are chattering." Emily reached for Lance and hugged him out of fright as another boom shook the island.

"Mine too." Lance returned the hug with one hand, his other hand still fondling the pendant in his pocket.

"We need to huddle for warmth." Emily had them take off their wet things and then they lay down in the dry sand. She snuggled in and let him spoon her with his larger frame. "No funny business," she said remembering how much cum he'd deposited on her those two times. This was risky, she knew, but they were both shivering so violently.

"Sure, Mom." Lance held the pendant in the palm of his hand. He was thankful that the cold had shrunk his dick some, but when he felt his mom's naked ass against his stomach, he could tell that wouldn't last.

"Lance?" Emily shivered less as the minutes passed by, their combined warmth heating her up. "Is your thing ... um ... getting hard?" She could feel its heavy weight pressing more and more on the back of her thighs.

"Sorry, Mom. I can't help it." He put his arms around her shoulders, the pendant resting in his hand, just above her chest.

"It's a little uncomfortable, but you're a teenager. It can't be helped, I guess." Emily spread her legs a little and allowed his penis to rest between her thighs. She closed them again. "Now just try to go to sleep."

"Okay." Lance lay there with the storm raging outside. The near constant percussion of thunder shook their shelter. His hips moved back and forth. Just a little at first, but then more and more.

"Lance?" Emily's eyes were wide in the darkness. "Are you moving it?" Little electric shocks moved through her nerves as the head of his penis bumped up against her vagina.



“Oh ... shit ... Chrissy ... so tight.” Lance humped Emily as they spooned. Now a storm raged inside the shelter to match the one outside. He felt his mom convulse time after time, as she had one orgasm after another. He knew he couldn’t take much more. “Aaaaaahhhhhhh.” Lance roared right in her ears as he came inside her.

“Oh ... noooo ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhh.” Emily lost all control again, as her son’s warmth spread in her most secret place. He had claimed her. And she’d let herself be claimed by that mighty penis, now buried inside her all the way to the hilt. Emily’s orgasm subsided, but the storm continued to beat at their home. She couldn’t go clean herself off. Heck, she still wasn’t sure the shelter would hold. She lay there for a while in her son’s grasp, trying to catch her breath and her bearings. Eventually, she reached behind her and eased him out of her. “Ouch, you really stretched me.” She let his softening penis lie between her thighs again.

“I’m sorry, Mom. I –”

“I don’t want to talk about it now,” she said over the sound of the storm. “Go to sleep.”

“But, I –”

“We’ll talk about it in the morning.” Emily left his arms around her. She didn’t want either of them to spend the night freezing by themselves in that cold, dark space.

“Okay.” Lance snuggled in closer to her, smelling the sea in her hair. He’d finally had sex, and his mother had taken his virginity. He was so thankful for his special, black pendant.