

Curse of the Shadow



DARK STONE STORIES

Illustrations by JDseal

Written by RawlyRawls

Commissioned by: DIESEL

This is a work of fiction written solely to entertain. If you want to read more of our novels, please visit: <https://subscribestar.adult/dark-stone-stories>. This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, businesses, companies, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

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

Also join our DISCORD server <https://discord.gg/EqsVRBU> if you want to chat with us, ask questions, or post related stuff!

Chapter 4

When Emily opened her eyes, the storm had passed. She could hear the ocean gently lapping at the shore. The winds had torn the shelter apart a little, and she could see stars through their roof. She shivered in her nakedness and moved closer to the warmth of her sleeping son. Something large pressed into her lower back. Memories from last night flooded back to her.

Goodness, her mind reeled. Had she really let her son plant his seed in her unprotected vagina? It was the pendant. The pendant had done this to them. She reached back and felt his penis. It was so thick. The pendant had turned her sweet Lance into an animal. It had made him so big. She squeezed the penis in her hand. And so hard. What would Lance's girlfriend, Chrissy, do if she found herself naked with his big thing poking into her? Without thinking, Emily flipped over and took the head of his penis into her mouth. She bobbed her head like the teenage slut she was pretending to be. Lance groaned in his sleep.



Clarity hit Emily like a slap in the face. The pendant was making her do this. She pulled her mouth off with a plop and looked down at her sleeping eighteen-year-old son. He was so pale and vulnerable as the early dawn light seeped in through the cracks in their shelter. The pendant's black stone, with red, pulsing veins hung around his neck. She carefully unclasped the chain so as not to wake him, and dressed herself in her torn shirt, panties, and shorts.

Pink clouds covered the horizon when Emily emerged from the shelter. Debris littered the beach below them. It had been quite a storm. Without hesitation, Emily ran down to the beach, her new boobs bouncing uncomfortably. Her bare toes hit the water's edge and she stopped. Staring out at the faint curve of the Earth. "Good riddance." She pulled her arm back and threw the pendant out to sea with all her might. But the thing somehow caught in her fingers and wouldn't release. She threw it again, and again, but each time it somehow wouldn't leave her hand.

"Damn this thing." Emily gave up trying to throw the pendant, turned, and raced her short, curvy body up the beach back toward the jungle. Huffing and puffing, she got to the tree line and found what she was looking for. A heavy rock, a little bigger than a baseball. She set the pendant down on a tree root and slammed the rock into it. She inspected the pendant. It didn't have a scratch. She hit it again with the same result.

The loud crack of the rock striking the pendant echoed back to her. Emily looked over at the shelter. She knew how attached Lance had become to the pendant. She didn't want him waking up and finding her intent on its destruction. They had already wrestled over the thing once and that had led to the start of all the unseemliness between them. She put the pendant in her pocket and thought things over. She ran down to the camp, picked up the old diary, and

looked back at the jungle. Her boobs ached from all the running. She could find that old pirate galleon and return the pendant there. She would leave it there with the diary and it would be as if they'd never found it. It was a plan.

Still breathing hard, Emily hiked off into the jungle. With any luck, she'd be back before Lance even realized she was gone.

~~

Lance woke to find himself alone. He pulled on his torn clothes and crawled out of the shelter. The firepit was dark and cold. He held his hand above his eyes and scanned the beach. No sign of his mother. She hadn't even left him breakfast.

A sudden panic flooded him. Lance reached up to his neck and felt ... nothing. The pendant was gone. He sat down in a lump by a coconut tree. They'd gone too far last night. She must have taken the pendant to destroy it. It was probably lost in the bottom of the ocean somewhere. Lance thought of all the years it had waited in the pirate ship. La Sombra had met his fate in his cabin and had left it there for Lance to find. It was Lance's pendant. Anger welled up inside him. The more he thought about the pirate ship, the more it seemed to call out to him. Could she ...? Could his mom have taken it back there? Lance wasn't even sure he could find the ship again, but he immediately set out through the jungle. With each step he became more and more sure she'd taken the pendant back to the ship.

~~

It took Emily much longer to find the galleon than she'd expected. But, by midday, she stood on the bluff overlooking the bay where that mighty ship beached itself. The storm had piled sand on the leeward side, but otherwise the ship looked untouched. Emily sighed, and hiked down to the beach. She was eager to be rid of the pendant and to bring her relationship with Lance back to normal.

Once next to the ship, she looked up its curved side. The vines still dangled down to the ground. She reached up, tested them, and tucked the diary into her other pocket. Soon, she'd return everything back to the way it was. She climbed up the side. She struggled to hoist herself up. Had it been that hard the last time she'd scaled the ship? No, her boobs were much more in the way now. Straining, she made it to the top and flung herself on the old wooden deck.

"Okay ... let's ... get this ... done," Emily panted. She found the door that led to the Captain's cabin and entered. Dust motes floated around her in eerie silence. She passed several bunks, several more closed doors, and then she was there. This was where La Sombra, and probably Allesandra, had met their end. The skeletons still sat around the table, with rusted weapons all around them. Had anyone walked away from this table? What had happened to the rest of the crew?

The pendant dangled from Emily's hand. Her wedding ring glittered next to it as the afternoon light angled through an old, dirty window. When had she taken the damn thing out of her pocket? She made a move to drop it on the table, but couldn't quite do it. Why had the crew turned on La Sombra? Were some of the skeletons on board his conquests, maybe a missing duchess or a lost princess? Her right hand reached for the diary and pulled it out of her pocket. She stood there with all those long dead people and suffered a long moment of hesitation.

So many unanswered questions and she had the diary right there. Maybe she should read some more. Emily turned from the room, retreated down the hall, and found an empty room. She sat on a squeaky, wood bench and opened the book. The pendant's chain still looped through the fingers on her left hand. She read the sprawling Spanish script. It was another of La Sombra's conquests.

Flying a false flag, The Penumbra harbored at Porlock Weir in England. La Sombra gave orders for his men not to leave the harbor settlement, while he and his mother booked an inn at the village a few miles away. The men were happy enough with the brothel and tavern at the harbor. La Sombra and Allesandra, however, favored a village populated by the innocent and virtuous.

Emily found that her vagina was already wet with anticipation.

Pirate mother and son dined at the inn's tavern. They were happy to learn that it was run by two sisters and their husbands. The sisters were both fair, skinny things. Newly married, neither had yet had children. Once finished with the meal, La Sombra called over the husbands. "This was fine food. My mother and I would like to congratulate your wives on their talents in the kitchen. And maybe learn some of the secrets to their success. Could you please send them up to our room for a discussion?"

"I'm afraid our wives cannot join you in your room." The taller husband responded. He looked quite taken aback.

"Ah, I understand." La Sombra leaned across the table and patted Allesandra on the cheek. "She doesn't speak any English, but my mother makes a good chaperone. Don't you think? You needn't fear me."

"It's not possible, even with a chaperone," the shorter husband frowned deeply. "What would our neighbors say?" Both sisters stood on the other end of the tavern, watching La Sombra with trepidation. Indeed, the whole tavern watched this strange Spanish man and his mother.

"They would say you are rich men." La Sombra dropped a small bag of coin on the table. He loosened the string so they could peer inside the bag.

"That is ... more than we make in a month." The taller husband looked at his shorter partner, then back at their wives. He then slowly looked back at La Sombra. "You wish only to compliment them?"

"I was also hoping to acquire some recipes, as I said." La Sombra gave a gallant nod.

"Very well." The tall husband beckoned his wife over. She had dirty blonde hair, freckles, and eyes the color of a calm sea. The man whispered in his wife's ear. The other sister, shorter, with brown hair and a plain face, moved to her husband's side. The husbands then whispered between each other.

"We will close the tavern early and join Elizabeth and Constance in your room." The shorter husband stuck out his chin.

"Elizabeth?" La Sombra nodded to the blonde. She nodded back with apprehension. "And Constance?" La Sombra looked over at the brunette.

"Yes," Constance squeaked.

"My partner is right. We will accompany our wives," the taller husband said.

"What are the English monkeys jabbering about?" Allesandra said in Spanish. She looked at the young men with distaste.

“We have almost got them.” La Sombra smiled at his mother, speaking in Spanish to her. “Patience for just a bit more.” He then turned to the befuddled husbands. “Only the wives, thank you,” he said in English. “We wish only to learn about their skills in the kitchen.”

The tall husband looked at the bag of coin, then to his wife, and then to the coin again. “Very well. With your mother as chaperone, we accept.”

Fifteen minutes later, Allesandra sat on Elizabeth’s face. They were both on the bed in their room at the inn. Allesandra’s large breasts hung down as she leaned forward and friggd the poor, slender woman’s pussy. The blonde wife’s hips moved spasmodically.

Constance found herself speared on a cock the size of which she would not have believed



possible only a few minutes before. She sucked in air as the swarthy Spaniard pushed more and more of it inside her. She lay naked on her back and all she could do was spread her legs wider for the man. With glassy eyes, she looked next to her and saw the indignity her sister endured with a woman's sex on her face. Constance shuddered and her eyes rolled back. "Eeeiiiiieeeee," she screamed.



A little while later, the foursome switched partners. Constance now found her face in the dark woman's vagina. She lapped eagerly and cried out in pleasure as the woman on top of her licked her, too. Allesandra had much skill with her tongue, and didn't mind her son's semen as it leaked from Constance's slit.

On the other side of the bed, La Sombra entered Elizabeth's butt. The little, blonde woman, perched on all fours, quivered and shook. With the sounds coming from that room, the whole inn surely knew what had befallen these women.

While reading the diary, Emily found that she'd taken off her shorts and panties. She sat on the bench, with her legs spread as she marveled at what that mother and son had done to those innocent sisters. Her left hand, with the pendant still wrapped around her fingers, worked furiously on her vagina. She was going to orgasm soon.

She read on. While La Sombra worked his way toward dumping a second load in Elizabeth's ass, there was a knock on the door.

"Elizabeth? Constance? Is everything okay?" The muffled voice of the tall husband came through the door.

"They've never been better." La Sombra pumped Elizabeth harder, digging his fingers into her trim hips.

The once innocent wife squealed.

"Elizabeth, dear. Please come to the door." The husband sounded defeated.

Neither wife went to the door. Eventually, Elizabeth's husband went away. And La Sombra and Allesandra enjoyed the women throughout the night.

"Mom, what are you doing?" Lance stood in the doorway of the small room looking in at his mom fingering herself. He'd managed to find the ship and climbed the vines. He did not expect to hear his mother's sounds of passion, but he had followed her grunts to that room.

"Oh, gosh." Emily was so close. She couldn't stop. Despite the fact that Lance watched her, she frigged herself to another climax. "Sorry ... Lance ... you shouldn't see ... your mother ... like this ... oooooohhhhhhhhh." She leaned her



head back and let the rapture carry her away. When she recovered, she looked up to see Lance now naked, with both hands on his long penis. "Oh, no." Leaving her shorts and panties behind, Emily stood and pushed past Lance out into the hall. She ran blindly and ended up back in the Captain's cabin. All those skeletons leered at her. For reasons unclear to her, Emily pulled off her torn shirt and tossed it on the old, oak table. Now completely naked, she put her hands down on the gray wood and stuck her butt out behind her.

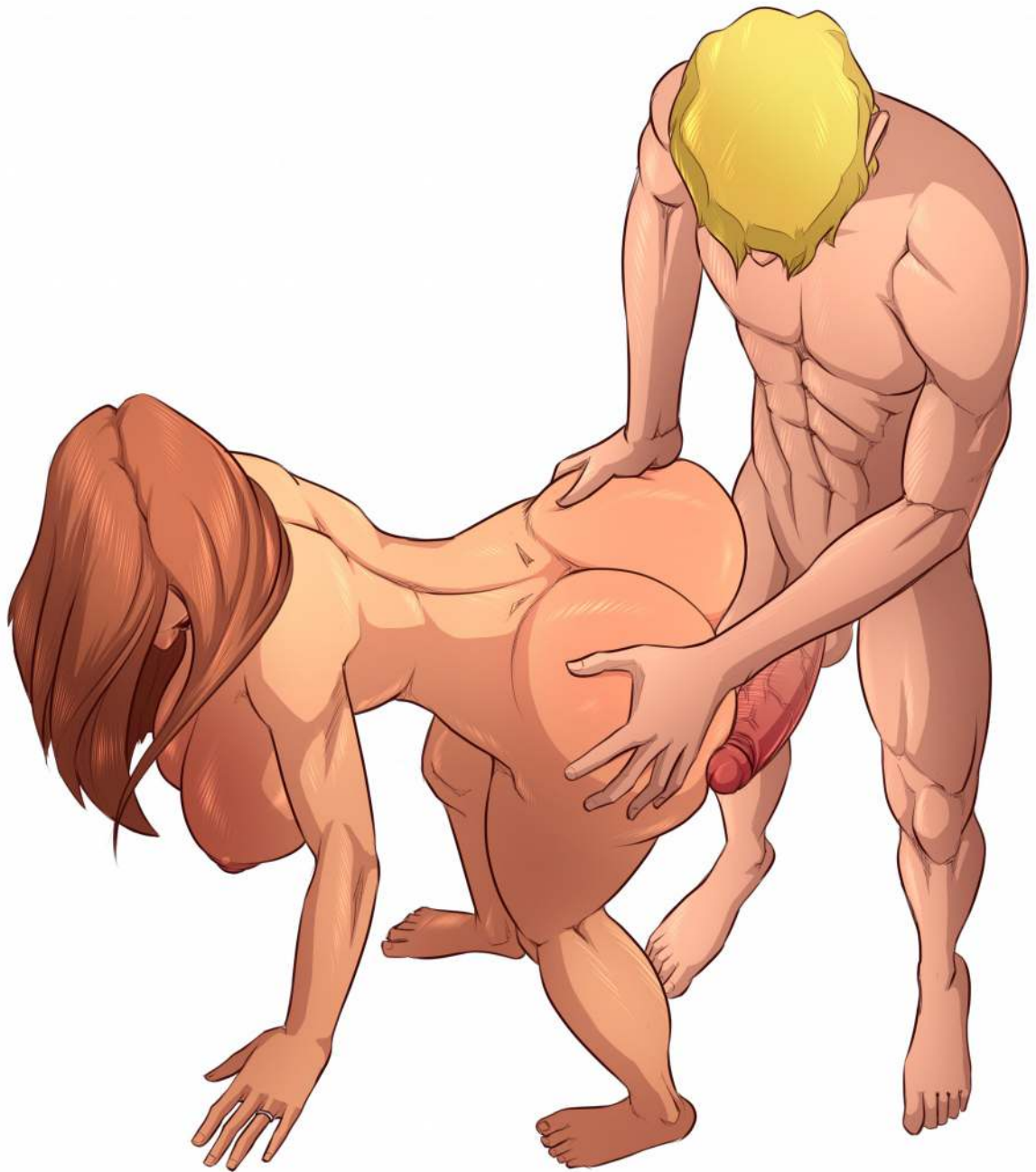
"What?" Lance walked in behind her. "You wanna do it in here?" There was a strange magic to this room. He stared at his mother's pale, perfect ass. He could smell her scent, and see the droplets of moisture on her pussy as she spread her legs for him, arching her back.

"It seems so." Emily wiggled her butt at her son like his girlfriend Chrissy would. But she didn't bother to pretend she was Chrissy this time. "Just do it before I change my mind."

"Sure, Mom." Lance stepped up behind her. He wasn't sure exactly where to put the head, but he could see her slit well enough. He pushed, and after a second, found her hole and slipped in. His mother's grunt as he entered her was a little slice of heaven.

"Oh, sweetie." Emily pressed her fingers into the table. "Go slow ... I'm still sore ... from yesterday."

"Okay." Lance watched inch after inch sink into her. He looked around the room. It felt like the skeletons were all watching them. Or, at least, the ones with skulls still attached. He grabbed his mother's wide hips and his fat balls pressed against her thighs.



“You ... hit ... something ... inside mmmeeeeeeeeeee.” Emily convulsed, all her muscles tensing. There was a strange whining sound in the cabin. After a second, Emily realized the sound came from her. She was having an orgasm on her son’s cock. Oh, God, they’d lost. The pendant had won. How would they come back to normalcy after feeling such ecstasy?

Emboldened by his mother’s climax, Lance took her pussy with long, deliberate strokes. The way each impact rippled her butt, sending out successive waves, reminded him of the ocean lapping at their beach. Emily cried out again and again. Lance looked over to the headless captain. “Thank you so much, La Sombra.” The skeleton said nothing back. His mom looked at him over her shoulder. Her head lolled forward with every thrust, making it hard for Lance to make eye contact.



“Do you want ... to put it all ... inside me ... again?” Emily admired her son as she gazed back at him. He looked so happy and full of life.

“Yes ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... please.” Lance’s grunting grew louder. He could feel the animal in him taking over. “Take ... it ... aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh.”

The roar that accompanied her son’s orgasm was nearly deafening in the closed space. Emily spasmed again as the heat of his stuff hit her insides. She was helpless against the pleasure. All she wanted now was more and more sperm from her strong, young man.

They humped with the dead crew of the Penumbra looking on for most of the afternoon. Lance came inside Emily twice more. By the time they climbed down the vines back down to the beach, they were both sweaty, cum-soaked messes. Their clothes were torn, and Emily had a dark spot on her shorts where Lance’s cum soaked through. Emily’s legs trembled, and her vagina felt like it would never be the same. With the pendant back around Lance’s neck, and the diary in Emily’s pocket, they hiked back to camp.

The sun set as they rounded the southwest edge of the island. Above the treetops, they saw a thin tendril of smoke twisting into the dusk.

“Look.” Lance pointed and took off at a run. “Fire. There really is someone else on the island.”

“Right behind you.” Emily jogged behind him. But he sped ahead and soon she lost sight of him. She was normally a better runner than her son, but her body had been through a lot lately. She hugged her boobs with her arm to stabilize them, and pushed on. At the edge of the tree line, Emily stopped dead in her tracks. Out on the beach, there were three people standing by a fire. Tears welled in her eyes. Lance hugged the other two people in a bear hug, but even with them jumbled together, the sight of her lost husband and daughter was unmistakable.

They were alive. Rarely in her life had Emily known such joy. Surely now, with the family reunited, the pendant’s power would be broken. Emily stepped out into the sand. Rivulets of tears ran down her cheeks. She sprinted across the beach toward her family. “Mitch. Sam. Oh my God, I missed you so much.” She had forgotten that she was a sweaty, cum soaked mess as she raced into a big group hug. Everything would be all right now that the family was back together.