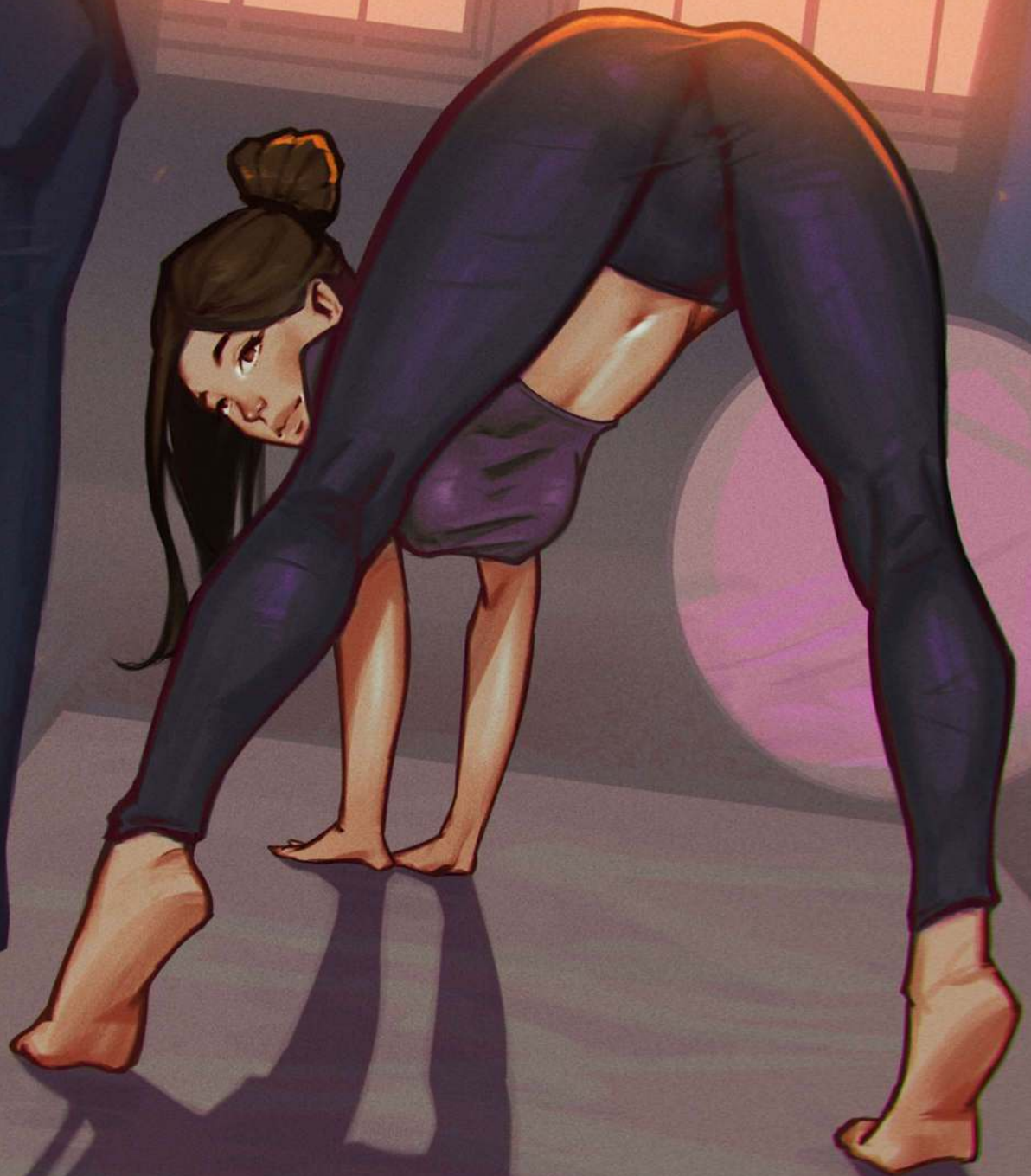


ENKI'S PUZZLE CHAPTER 2



DARK STONE STORIES

Enki's Puzzle 2

Illustrations by TenderMinDD

Written by RawlyRawls

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“Goodness gracious, Nicky.” Kate pushed her son away from her. “Ew. You ... kissed me with your tongue.” She slapped him across the face. “That’s so, so far beyond the pale.” She watched him turn and run upstairs. “You’re lucky your father isn’t home.” She called after him. Her husband was out with his buddies watching the game. Kate shook her head. What was she going to do with her troublesome eighteen-year-old son?

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Thump! Nick sat up in bed with a start. Something had hit the window hard. He knew exactly what he’d find if he looked outside his window. That same dead chickadee. Nick pulled himself out of bed, dressed for soccer, and walked downstairs. Every repeated day, his mom had some sympathy for him when he came home after losing the game. And his dad would be pissed if he skipped it. And when his dad was pissed, he wouldn’t go out with his friends that night. So, most times, Nick played the soccer game.



“Morning, Mom.” Nick knew his mother would be washing dishes in the kitchen sink. Her hips shaking in her green dress as she hummed to herself.

“Morning, Nicky. I was about to come wake you. Wouldn’t want you to miss the big game.” Kate turned and fixed her eighteen-year-old son with a warm smile. Her brown hair was up in a ponytail, and she looked radiant without any makeup. “There’s a stack of waffles keeping warm in the oven.”

“Already on it.” He removed his waffle from the oven and headed out to the game.

Twelve hours later, his drunken mother was pushing him away. “What are you doing, Nicky? You can’t kiss your mother like that. You should go see Jess if you’re all riled up.”

"We broke up. Sort of." Nick watched her closely. Her face softened at the news. This was interesting. Maybe he should have been telling her that all along. They stood in the hall outside his room. He could see from his mother's heavy lids and wavering body that she was more than tipsy.

"Well, I know you're a teenager and confused. So, let's just forget the whole thing."

"Mom, you look beautiful tonight." Nick was a bit startled to realize this was totally true. With her heart-shaped face, flushed cheeks, and wild hair, she looked gorgeous in an innocent sort of way.

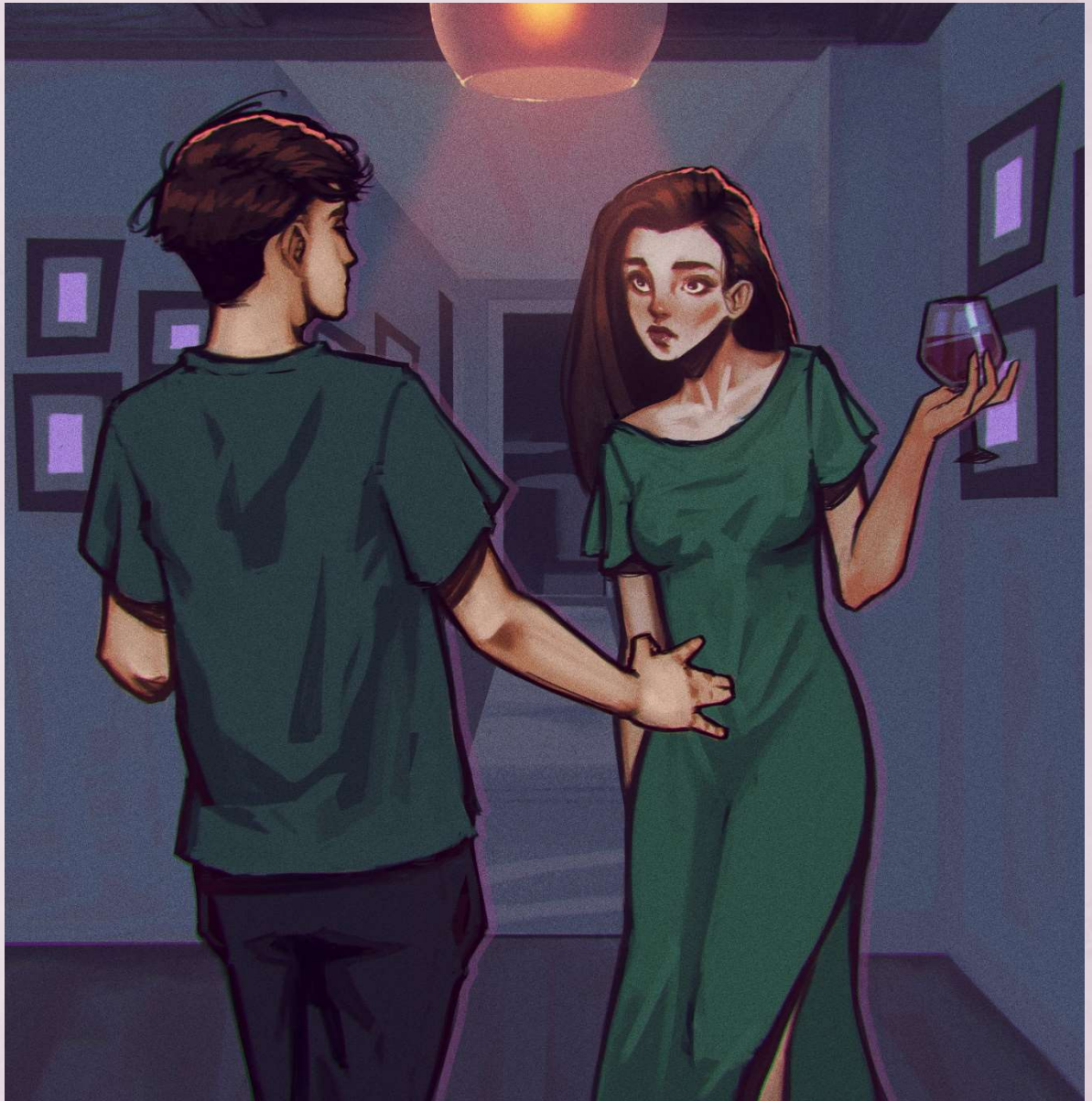
"Compliments, compliments. You're all compliments today, Nicky." Kate slurred her words a little. "Now go to bed. If you're lucky, I won't tell your father about what you did."

"But Mom ..." He looked at her full, parted lips stained by red wine. He leaned in and kissed her again, thrilled by the press of her boobs against his chest. She relaxed for a second, but then shoved him back against the hallway wall.

"Good grief. What has gotten into you?" She stormed off down the hall, stumbling as she went. "Gonna have to tell your father now," she mumbled. "Your father ..." She slammed her bedroom door and disappeared.

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The next day, Nick convinced his sister again for the umpteenth time what was going on and tried to get her help. She knew their mom as well as anyone.



"Well, it sounds like you're doing everything right." Alyson pondered her old and tattered Hermione Granger poster. Sometimes it was odd staying in her old room, but mostly comforting. What would a Gryffindor do in this situation? Probably not help her brother seduce her mom. Good thing Alyson wasn't Gryffindor. "It's still early. Mom has Yoga Saturday mornings. Maybe offer to do that with her when she gets back from her class. And then hang around her. Help her. Compliment her. Did you tell her about your breakup with Jess?"

"Yes." Nick scowled. "And that did help."

"Okay, well tell her early. And get dad out of the house. And get her drunk." Alyson thought things over. She really did hope a kiss would be the end of this for Nick. But, of course, that's not how Enki's story went. She'd have to do some research into who made the replica of Enki's puzzle that she now possessed.

"Okay." Nick didn't want to tell her she'd already suggested all those things on previous days and he was still here.

"And you lose the soccer game?" She watched him nod. "Well, that starts in a half-hour. Go do that. She'll feel bad for you." She leaned back on her bed and thought things over. She wondered if her life would keep going no matter what happened to Nick, or if she was stuck in the same day without even knowing it. That thought chilled her. "Oh, and I've seen Mom get all flushed and squirmy during sexy scenes in movies. Maybe get her to watch something with you tonight. I'll be sure to get out of your hair. You should watch *The Hunger*."



"What's that?"

"It's a vampire movie from before you were born. Totally horny. It'll work." Alyson nodded matter-of-factly. "Now run along. Don't miss your game. I'm going to call Chris and get him to look up some things for me." She absentmindedly twirled the engagement ring on her finger.

"You always do." Nick stood and headed for the door. "Mom made waffles today, they're really good. Pick one up before Dad gets back from golf and eats them all."

"How do you know ... oh, right." Alyson was still amazed.

"Wish me luck."

"Good luck." She tried to smile at him as he left. If he succeeded, she thought, she'd remember this all tomorrow. Goodness, she really hoped he'd succeed.

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“Did you win the game, honey?” Kate still had her yoga outfit on, and she was a little sweaty from her class.

“We lost. But I scored three goals.” Nick told the truth. When you play the same game over and over again, even an average player can get pretty good. It had gotten to the point where he could have actually won the game if he wanted to. But, losing was what he needed.

“Well, I’m proud of you.” She smiled at him. He seemed different to her. More sincere and caring. It was a nice change. “You going to see Jess today?”

Nick paused. She’d never asked him that before. That was a fat pitch down the middle of the plate. A good omen? Maybe it would finally be the day.

“No. We broke up, Mom.”

“Oh, sweetie. I’m sorry. Do you want to talk about it?”

“Not right now.” He tried to blink some tears into his eyes. “But maybe we could spend some time together today? That might help.”

“Oh, of course, Nicky.” Kate was secretly thrilled. He was relying on her

for emotional support again. It had been so long. “What do you want to do?”

“Well, you keep offering to show me yoga. You’ve already got the outfit on. Want to do that in the living room?” He raised his eyebrows hopefully.

“I was going to take a shower, but I can put that off for you.” She beckoned him over to the living room. “Come on, this will cheer you up. Yoga always make me feel better.”

Kate and Nick moved some furniture out of the way and got down to business. She led him through a series of movements. She complimented him on his flexibility and stamina. He complimented her on just about everything. He was glad he wore baggy shorts, but even so he was worried she’d notice his hard-on. Try as he might, he couldn’t get his dick to stand down. It was especially bad when Kate moved in ways that accentuated the dramatic curve of her hips and butt in those tight, stretchy pants. But she didn’t seem to notice, and Nick braved his way through it.

Later, that day, he helped her in the garden. He confided in his mom how Jess had broken his heart while they weeded the cucumber patch. Of course, Jess had not really broken his heart. But the lie was for a noble cause, ending that God-awful day. Kate gave him motherly advice, and reminded him there were more fish in the sea.

In the evening, Nick helped with dinner. He noticed the constant smiles his mom sent his way and the pats on his back and arm squeezes she gave him as they worked. He wondered why he hadn't been doing this all along. The thought crossed his mind that he shouldn't need a Sumerian god's puzzle to force him to spend a day with his sweet mom. As he chopped onions, he winced a little at the thought that if it went well, this would all end with a kiss. And if it worked, she would remember it. They would both remember that kiss in all their days going forward. It was cringe-inducing to think about, but he couldn't very well repeat the same day forever.

"What's wrong, sweetie?" Kate dried her hands on a dish towel and rubbed her son's back. She felt the hard muscles under his sweater. Soccer might not make him big like his father, but he had a certain fitness that Kate was coming to appreciate.

"Oh, it's just the onions." His eyes were tearing up.

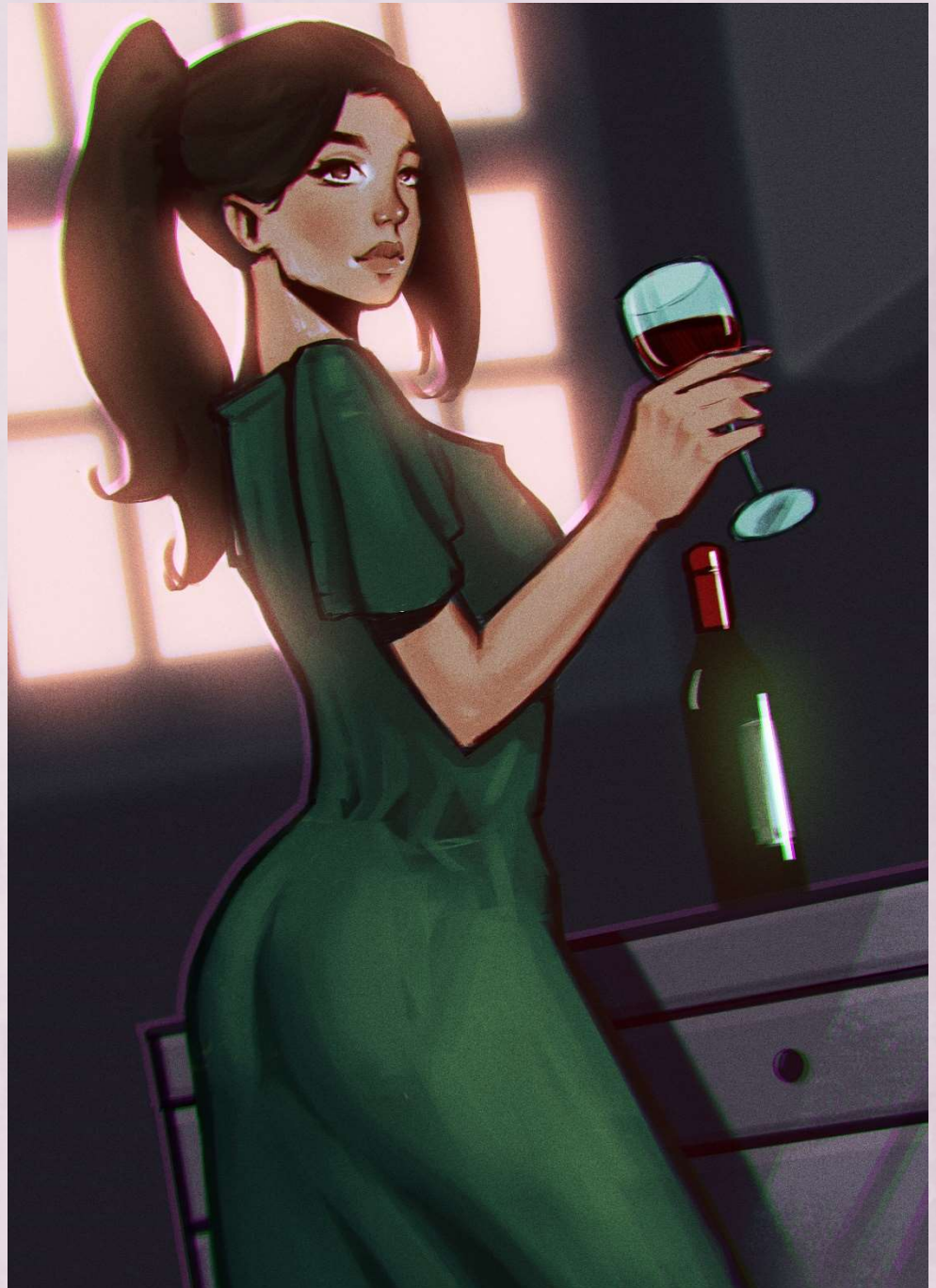
"Hold on a sec, let me show you a trick." Kate took the knife from him, ran it under the water in the sink, and returned it without drying. "The chemicals in the onion that make you cry react to water. If your knife's wet, they'll react to that water and not the water in your eyes." She watched him cut the onions with a satisfied smile. This was the kind of thing she'd wanted to share with him for years.

"Wow, cool, Mom." Nick blinked his eyes. "It works. They're feeling better." He looked over at her with a grin. "But I wasn't crying."

"Of course not, you're a big strong man." She patted the front of his sweater. Like his back, he wasn't big, but very hard and strong. She watched him work and had a thought. "How about a glass of wine? I wasn't going to have any, but this seems like the right occasion." Humming to herself, she walked over to the pantry.

"Really, Mom? I'm only eighteen." Nick stared at her round butt wiggling to the beat of her hummed song with wide eyes.

This was the first time she'd ever opened a bottle without him having to put some work into it. And she'd never before offered him some. Not even before that day.



“Nonsense, you’re old enough for a glass.” She bent over, her dress-clad butt sticking out of the pantry, and looked at their selection. “Let me see. How about a nice cabernet franc?” She straightened up and carried the bottle back into the kitchen.

“Sure, Mom.”

“Wonderful.” Kate’s smiled brightened.

“What a wonderful day.”

At dinner, the conversation was lively. As he always did, Nick reminded his father that the Grizzlies had a playoff game that night. Nick suggested that Fred get together with his buddies for the game.

“Not tonight. Maybe I’ll catch the next game with them. We’re getting along so well. I think I’ll stay with you all tonight.” Fred smiled at his son.

“Really?” Nick was stumped. That had never happened before. He sighed. So close, but it looked like he was going to have to start from scratch again. It would never work with his dad in the house. “You sure?” He tried to think of how to entice him away. Nick glanced at his sister and they exchanged a knowing look.

“Hey, Dad. Why don’t we go out, grab a drink, and watch the game at Finnigan’s?” Alyson smiled brightly.

“We could just watch it here,” Fred said.

“Let’s get out. Have a little father-daughter bonding. I don’t get home for the weekend all that often, and Chris did leave me hanging tonight.” Alyson knew he’d give in.

“Okay, that sounds good. Game starts soon, I’ll go get my jacket.” Fred got up, kissed Kate on the cheek, and strolled off toward the hall closet.

“Me too.” Alyson winked at Nick as she got up.

Kate noticed the wink, but didn’t think much of it. She took another sip of wine. Whatever the siblings were up to, she was just happy they were getting along. It was so nice when everyone got along. She wouldn’t really miss Alyson and Fred too much. At least, this way she’d get to continue her wonderful day with Nick.

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“You didn’t see this movie when it first came out?” Nick was actually enjoying Alyson’s recommendation. The Hunger was sexy, murky, and fun.



"How old do you think I am?" Kate put her empty wineglass on the coffee table and leaned back on the couch, sliding down until her head rested on the back cushion.

"I don't know, seventies at least." Nick smiled at her. With his arm, he deflected the pillow she swung at him in mock outrage. He then leaned his head against her shoulder. She didn't seem to mind, so he settled more weight and moved his head a little lower. From that angle he could look down her green dress and enjoy the slope of her boob. It was even more mesmerizing than Bowie, Sarandon, and Deneuve on the basement's large screen. The only light came from the television, and he watched the light flash and change on his mother's green dress. When she took a deep breath and sighed, her boob swelled up toward his face, and then receded.



"Oh. Oh, my." Kate put her hand to her breast. She had not expected Sarandon and Deneuve to kiss and undress. Her face went hot, her palms clammy, and she rubbed her thighs together. "Are they going to ...? Oh, my. They are ... going to ..." It was a full-on vampire lesbian scene. She felt her son move his head off her shoulder. Of course, he was probably uncomfortable watching this with his mother. And then, his young, handsome face came into view. His lips met hers. Kate stiffened, and then relaxed. Her mind swirled with countering emotions and half-thoughts. She let herself melt, her mind swimming in the hum of the wine, and the thrill of the moment. She kissed back.

In the dark basement, the movie played on. But neither mom nor son paid it any attention. They made out like a couple of teenagers. Which was half true. When she tensed at his first kiss, he was sure the whole day was going down in flames. But instead of pushing him off, or slapping him, she went passive. So, he got more bold, and soon she participated. He'd had so

many revelations about his mother on the repeated days. That he enjoyed her company. That she was fun to be around. That she was pretty. And now, that she was a good kisser.

“Mmmpppphhmmmm.” Kate could feel her son’s hands creeping up her dress toward her boobs. She didn’t want to break the kiss, but she couldn’t let his hormones take over completely. She reached for his hands and held them in hers. For a few seconds, she was faintly embarrassed by her sweaty palms, but then she lost herself in the kiss again. Time seemed to melt away. She hadn’t made out with anyone like that since she and Fred had first started dating. Nick’s tongue was so delightfully playful.

The movie ended, and the television’s screen saver eventually turned on. Finally, Nick felt his mother pull away, and he let the kiss end.

“Um, the movie’s over.” Her hands moved up to his messy hair and she pulled his head down to rest in the crook of her shoulder again. She sighed. “I’m not sure what’s happening,” her voice was little more than soft exhalation. Thoughts swirled, some of them disturbing. Her shoulders knotted up with tension.

“Thank you for the best day ever, Mom.” Nick closed his eyes. If he woke up tomorrow to that poor chickadee’s death, at least he would have had a perfect moment.

“Oh, you’re welcome, sweetie.” Kate shoulders relaxed, thinking about how close the two of them had suddenly become. She lay with her head on the cushion and rubbed Nick’s back with her hand. She was drunk and they had gotten a little carried away. They would just forget about it tomorrow. She could tell from his breathing, that Nick was going to sleep. “Goodnight, honey,” she whispered.

She was answered by a snore. In a few minutes, she carefully got out from under him, tucked him in on the couch with a blanket and pillow, and shakily walked upstairs.

“Hiya, Katie.” Fred looked up from the kitchen table and saluted her with a beer. “Alyson and I had a grand old time at the bar, and then decided to split a beer when we got home. “What did you and Nick do? Movie night?”

“What?” Kate blinked at him, and then looked stupidly at her daughter. They had been sitting here while she made out with her son? The horror of what she’d done seeped into her like a cold fog. The thought of how close she’d been to getting caught.

An inquisitive look passed across Alyson’s face. Then, a knowing smirk played on her lips.

Fred waited for his wife to say something other than ‘what’. When she didn’t, he stood and moved over to her. “Well, Alyson, I had a great time tonight. But it seems your mother has had too much to drink. I’m going to take her up to bed.”

“Sure, goodnight, you two.” Alyson took a sip of beer as they walked upstairs. Had Nick done it? From the look on her mom’s face, Alyson thought so. Maybe he’d solved Enki’s puzzle.



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Thump! Nick woke with a start. But ... that thump was wrong. It was too loud. He looked around. He was on the basement floor. The sound that woke him was his own body hitting the floor. He'd rolled out of the couch in his sleep. The basement was nearly black, just the illumination of a nightlight and the glow of a digital clock. It was 6:17 in the morning.

"Yes!" Nick shouted, stood, and pumped a fist. He'd done it. He'd beaten Enki at his game. "Screw you, Enki, you perverted old god." Nick turned his middle finger to the ceiling, and then made his way to the stairs. He could finally get on with the rest of his life. Things were so good, he thought he might try his hand at making pancakes for the family.