



ENKI'S PUZZLE
CHAPTER 3

DARK STONE STORIES

Enki's Puzzle 3

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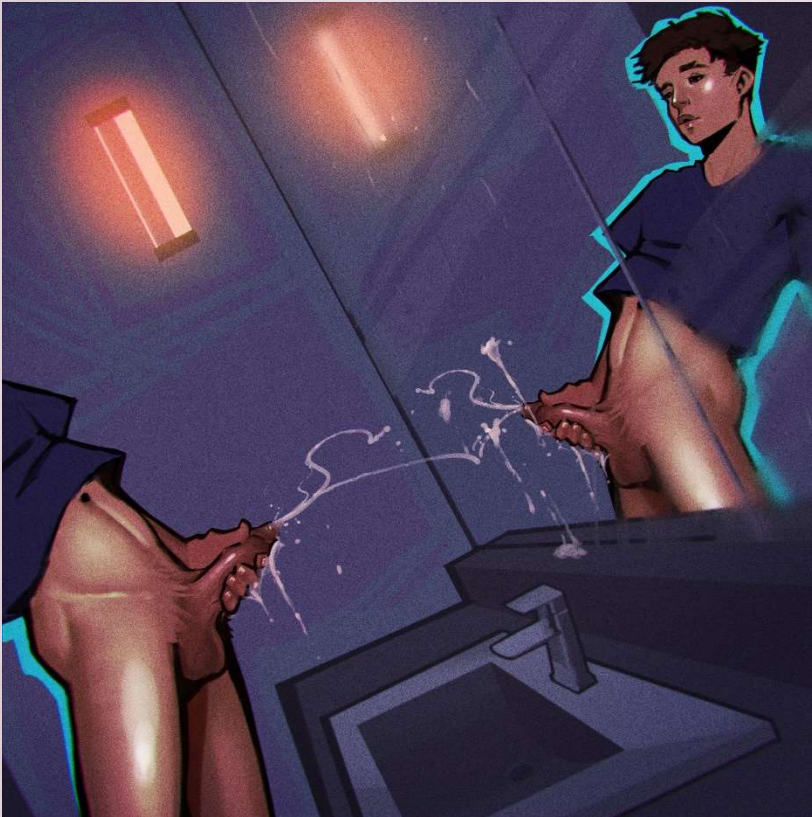
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The first light of dawn reddened the sky outside the dark kitchen window. Of course, no one was up yet. Nick hummed to himself as he turned on the light and retrieved the flour from the cabinet. Finally done with Saturday and on to Sunday, things were looking up. He was just opening a recipe book to see about making those pancakes, when he realized something was very wrong with his body. He was used to morning erections, but the one he had at the moment was painfully hard, and his balls pulsed and ached. Nick dropped the flour to the floor and rushed off to the bathroom.

He slammed the door, and pulled down his pants. He had never needed to cum more in his life. He instantly started fapping, thinking about that new exchange student at school with the big tits. He was so into his need, that it took him several minutes to notice the change. His dick was still its normal six inches, but his balls had swollen to three times their normal size. And they were crisscrossed with angry-looking purple veins. He stopped jacking his dick for about thirty seconds at this horrific revelation, examining his distended testicles closely. But his need overpowered his fear and disgust, and he went right back to stroking his dick, imagining what the exchange student looked like topless.



About fifteen minutes later, Nick felt a rush of pleasure that was completely new. It was so good, it reminded him of that time he hadn't masturbated for a week and had a monster orgasm. He shook violently, and came for what felt like forever. When he opened his eyes, he looked around the bathroom. "God damn. What happened to me?" The mirror, sink, and wall were covered in cum. There was so much of it. Something had seriously gone wrong with his balls. "I need to clean this up," he muttered to himself. But even as he said it, his hand went back to work on his dick. He had to cum again. He just had to.

About an hour later, he'd finally gotten it all out of his system. He cleaned up the mess as best he could, but the bathroom still smelled strongly of overripe jungle fruit. It didn't smell bad, but it did smell strong. His arms were tired from all the jacking, and then from all the scrubbing, as he exited the bathroom. He found his parents in the

kitchen.

"Did you make this mess?" Fred scowled at his son.

"It's okay, dear. I'll clean it up." Kate didn't look at her son as she went to the kitchen closet.

For one terrifying second, he thought they were talking about his episode in the bathroom. Had they seen the mess in there? But he'd already cleaned it up. He looked down at this shirt and pants, terrified he would find he was covered in cum while his parents looked on. The feeling was something out of a nightmare. But no, his clothes were clean. He saw his mom retrieve a broom and dustpan. "Oh, you mean the flour. I was going to make pancakes, but —"

"You just wandered off?" Fred's voice rose. "You've been so difficult, Nick. And look at your poor mother cleaning up after your messes. You won't have her to follow you around and clean up after you forever."

"I'm sorry. It's just ..." It was too embarrassing to tell them about his medical episode. Even after he'd emptied them, his balls were still comically swollen. What a terrible start to the rest of his life. He wished he could start the day over. And to make matters worse, he could tell his mom was feeling super weird about the night before. She wouldn't even look at

him. And whenever she glanced at her husband, her cheeks went white, and her eyes darted like she was a rabbit running from a fox. Nick knew he should go help his mom with the flour, but he didn't. "Look, I'm just sorry. Okay?" He turned, fled up the stairs, and slammed his door.

Nick turned on the computer, fired up Pornhub, and went right back to wanking. He'd never cum more than twice in a day, but by 10 a.m., he was fast approaching six.

There was a knock on his door. "Nicky? It's Alyson. I'm here and it's the next day. Does that mean you made it? Did you kiss her? Inquiring minds want to know."

"Go away, Alyson." It felt weird talking to his sister with his dick in his hand, but he really needed to explode at least one more time. "I don't want to talk about it."

"Jeez, Nicky." Alyson knocked louder. "I helped you big time. The least you could do is tell me about it."

"Go away." Nick tried to focus on the hottie getting nailed on his computer screen, but his big sister was breaking his concentration. "Later."

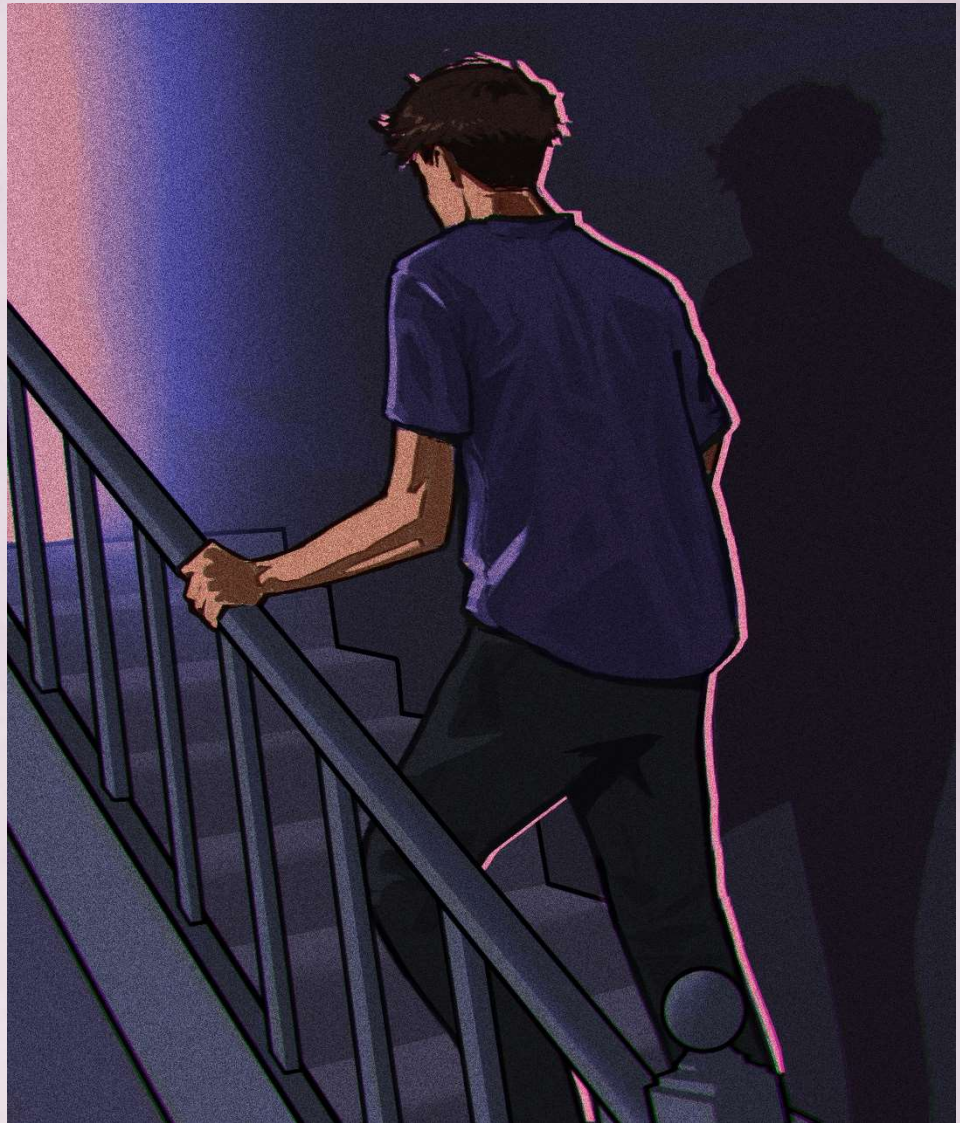
"I can't believe you're not going to open this door." Alyson stormed off, her happiness for her brother replaced by her disgust at his lack of gratitude.

Nick spent the rest of his Sunday napping and fapping. He hobbled out of his room at seven for dinner.

Alyson's fiancé, Chris, had made the trip to see his future in-laws after getting stuck at work the night before. But the dinner was a terse, frigid affair. Everyone seemed in a bad mood. Nick stormed off before dessert, and Fred left to meet up with his buddies. That night, as Chris and Alyson settled into her full-sized bed, he asked her about it. "What's up with your family?"

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you." Alyson sighed and rolled over, facing the wall. She felt his hand creep onto her hip. "Not tonight, Chris. I'm not feeling good. And you know I don't like to do it in my room, with my parents down the hall."

"I know." Chris put his hands behind his head. Now he was pissed, too. As he went to sleep, the house was full of tempers and hurt feelings.



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Thump! Nick woke with a start. Was that the dead chickadee again? Had he gone back to the repeating day? No ... that thump was wrong. It was too loud. He looked around. He was on the basement floor. It wasn't just that the thump that was wrong, everything was wrong. He had gone to sleep in his own bed the night before after the worst Sunday he could imagine. But now he was somehow waking up in the basement.

He had unlocked the puzzle and gotten out of the loop. Hadn't he? The basement was nearly black, just the illumination of a nightlight and the glow of a digital clock. He sat up and looked. It was 6:17 in the morning. "No fucking way." His heart sank. It was Sunday again. The terrible Sunday had started again.

As he walked into the kitchen, he felt that urgent need in his balls. He didn't bother with pancakes, instead he ran up to his room, grabbed an old towel from his hamper, got out his trusty bedside lotion, and went to town on his dick. His balls were the same distended, ugly things they'd been the today before today, but at least he wasn't going to mess up the bathroom.

And so, he was on repeat again. He spent the first several Sundays mostly masturbating in his room. Both because of the

need and the amazing pleasure that accompanied each orgasm. But also, so he could forget his predicament. At least for a little while. The only meal he took with his family was dinner, sometimes. He hated Chris's hipster smugness. He didn't want to answer his sister's questions. And he despised the discomfort he knew he'd caused his mom with their make out session on the last iteration of Saturday. Kate wouldn't even make eye contact with him. They hadn't exactly been close the past few years, but Nick had enjoyed the bonding they did the last few Saturdays. Fuck Enki for doing this to him and his family. Seriously, that god was a dick.

After something like fifty-two or fifty-three repeated days self-pleasuring himself, Nick decided he could no longer live on avoidance alone. One day, he woke on the floor of the basement, and promised himself he would make it to Monday. He went upstairs, came three times just to get it out of his newly screwed up system, and then went downstairs and helped his mom make pancakes. He pretended they hadn't kissed the night before, which wasn't so hard for him since it was something like a couple months ago from his perspective. As they spent a pleasant morning together, Kate relaxed some. He asked for her to teach him more yoga, and he complimented her on her strength and her



patience as a teacher. They ate lunch together out on the back deck, and he helped her out in the garden afterward. He laid on the compliments thick and heavy as they weeded the tomato patch. He teared up as they talked about his break up with Jess. That conversation ended with a good, long hug. By early afternoon, she was smiling and laughing at his jokes. Nick knew he had to kiss her again to get through Sunday, and it didn't seem like it would be that difficult. Her morning frost toward him had thawed to a sunny disposition.

Throughout the day, he had put off his sister's inquiries, but it was finally time to fill her in. Especially because he was going to kiss his mom again and push his way into Monday, he didn't want Alyson mad at him going forward. With a pat on the back, he said goodbye to his mother in the backyard, and found Alyson playing a video game in the basement.

"So, are you going to tell me or what?" Alyson glanced up at him. "Did you kiss her? Was it totally gross?"

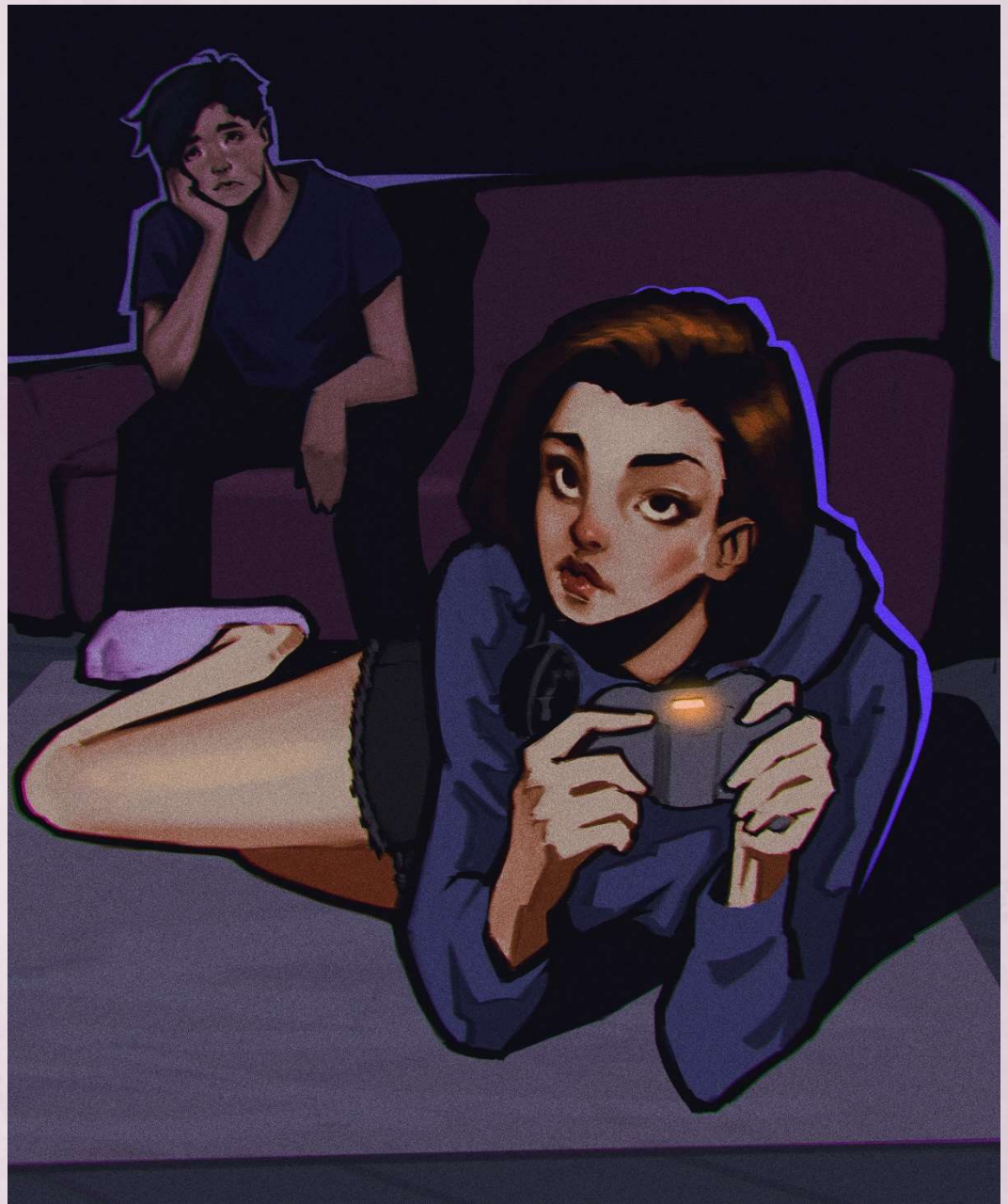
"Yes, I did." Nicky tried to be solemn, but it occurred to him that he had escaped the first loop. And the memory of making out with his mom was a sweet one. A smile crept onto his lips. "I did kiss her." He paused. "And yeah, it was totally gross," he lied.

"So, what? Did you have to make out with tongue and all that? Was she into it?" Alyson paused the game and turned toward her brother as he sat on the sofa. "Did it happen right here?" She twisted up her face in disgust.

He told her all about it. Leaving out the part where he tried to grope their mom's boobs and Kate had denied him. He also left out what a good kisser she'd been.

When he finished, Alyson looked at him with wide eyes. "Shit, Nicky. That is a messed-up puzzle. I'm glad we're past all that Enki stuff now."

"Well, that's the thing." He looked toward the basement stairs, but they were alone. "I've been stuck on today for a while now, too."



“What?” Alyson’s jaw dropped. “No way.”

“Yeah.” Nick nodded stiffly. “I can prove it. In about twenty-three minutes, Chris is going to be here early to surprise you. And he’s bringing flowers, blue and pink bachelor buttons.”

“No way,” she repeated. “No need to prove it. I believe you.”

“Look, I’ve been wallowing in self-pity, and this is the first time I’m going to try to break this loop, too. But I think I’ll be able to make it work on the first go.”

“You mean ... you’re going to kiss Mom again?” Alyson thought about it. Maybe Kate would kiss Nick again if she was drunk enough. But Nick was really playing with fire. Alyson didn’t want things to be weird between her mom and brother forever.

“Look, I have to. And, I might need your help again. Maybe you and Chris can do something with Dad?” Nick looked at her hopefully. “If he’s around, it’s never going to work.”

“I guess.” She studied him closely, wondering what his chances were. Their mom was a prude, but he’d already succeeded once.

“Thanks, Alyson.” Nick stood. His balls ached again for release. He would have to go to his room and spank one out before bonding with his mother some more. “One more thing. Did Enki do anything else to the prince? Like, you know, put a spell on him or something?”

“Well, Chris is the real expert.” Alyson didn’t like talking about the not-safe-for-work details from her work with her brother. But maybe he ought to know, just in case. “Enki was, among other things, the god of ... um ...” Her face got very hot. “... semen. And part of the story goes into detail that the prince’s virility was disfigured every time he passed a challenge. One variant on the story also has the god altering the women around the prince.” She placed a hand on her belly, suddenly nervous that that part of the story might hold truth, too. “Did something happen to you? Other than the looping, I mean?”

“No, no. Everything’s fine.” Nick’s face went pale. Enki had fucked with Nick’s testicles. He prayed that it was reversible when he got through the latest loop. He didn’t want to live the rest of his life needing to fap five times a day, not to mention how hideous his poor balls were now that they were huge and purple. “It’s nothing, I was just making sure this would all be over when I get done with today.”

Alyson breathed a sigh of relief. “Okay, good.”

“All right, I’m going to go find Mom.” Nick walked to the stairs and looked look back at his sister. “I’m going to try after dinner tonight. Wish me luck.” He headed up the stairs to masturbate in his room before carrying on with the rest of his afternoon plans.



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The rest of the day went like clockwork for Nick. He helped Kate clean the garage. He helped with dinner. He even set the table without being asked, while Chris, Alyson, and his dad sat around chatting. Nick noticed with satisfaction when his mother started on her fourth glass of wine as he served the table ravioli. Why had he wasted all those Sundays jacking off when his pretty mom was right there the whole time, and he could have been spending time with her? He'd been a fool for sure.

Alyson herded up her fiancé and father, and they went off to Finnigan's again to watch some basketball and drink some beer. Nick found himself alone with his mom in the kitchen as they cleaned up the dishes. The only sound was the clink of glasses and plates as they filled the dishwasher. Nick didn't

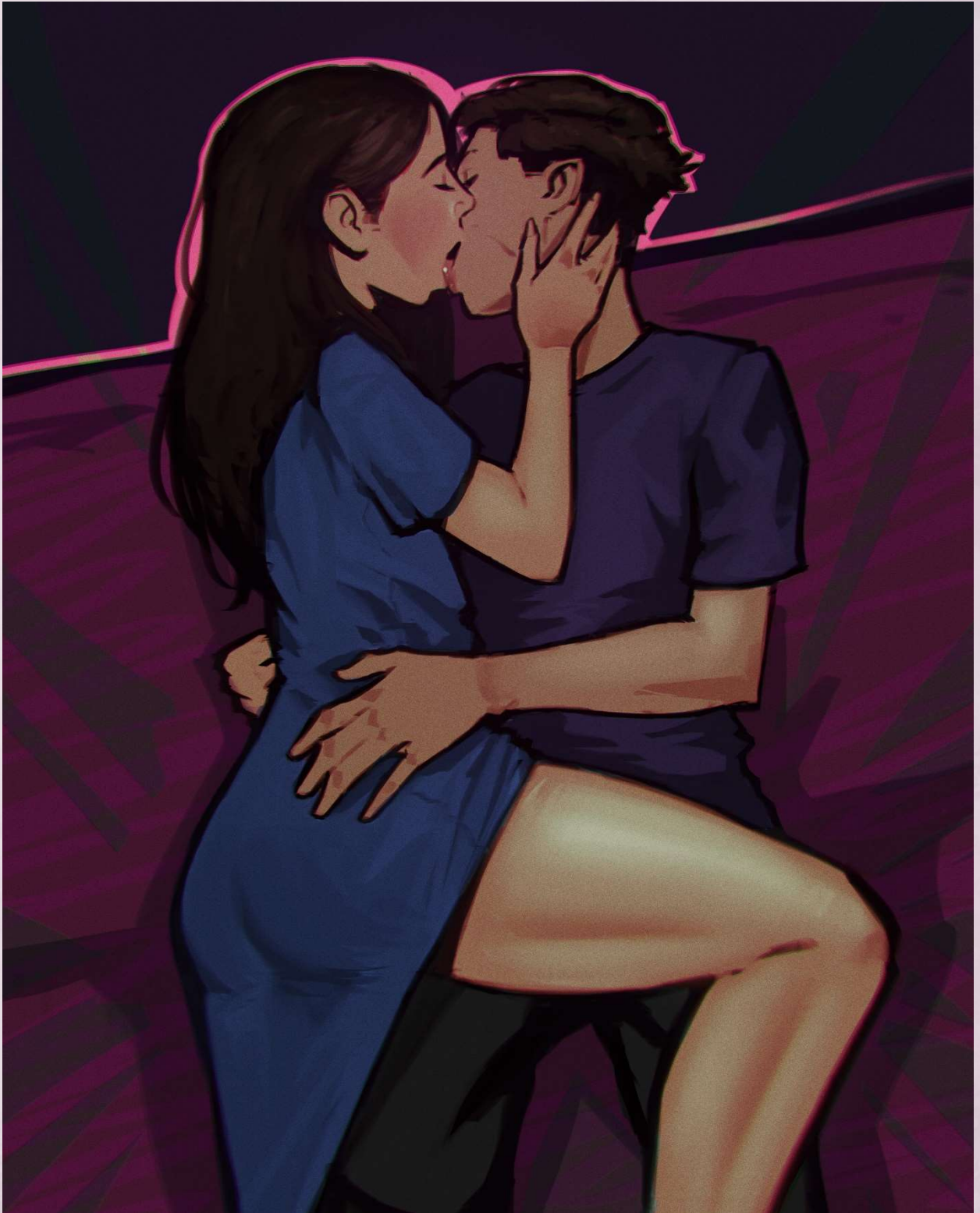
think he should go the direct route. Maybe the best option would be to give her the choice to snuggle up with him and see how it went.

"Want to watch a movie, Mom?" Nick tried to keep the hope out of his voice. Just a casual offer.

Kate froze, her back to her son. She held the plate aloft for a moment, and then put it on the rack. "Um ... I don't know." She straightened and turned toward him, smoothing out her blue dress. He looked so sweet. And he'd been such a gentleman the whole day. Certainly, he had put last night behind him, just as she had. She wouldn't ruin her relationship

with her only son just because she'd gotten a bit drunk and carried away one time. That sort of accident probably happened to lots of mothers. She reached for her wine glass and took a larger than average gulp. She smiled. "Sure, sweetheart. But nothing like The Hunger. Maybe something we watched together when you were younger?"

So, about an hour later, Kate found herself sitting on the sofa in the basement, the sound of Kylo Ren doing something angsty in the background, and her son's lips locked onto hers. And yes, his tongue was in her mouth, and her tongue darted out to meet it, and she felt like she was in college again. How had this happened? The room swirled around her. She reached around and massaged his back as they made out, feeling all his compact, hard muscles. She hadn't known there were that



many muscles in a back. He wasn't a big guy, but he was so very strong. It gave her a thrill to touch a man who wasn't pudgy and soft. "Mmmpppphhhhhh." She hadn't kissed Fred much in recent years beyond a peck here and there. It turns out she had completely forgotten how easy it was to lose oneself in a French kiss.



Nick was quite happy with how this version of the day had gone. It was amazing how easy it was to get his strait-laced mom to make out when he knew what worked and what didn't. Of course, it had taken him hours and hours and failure after failure on those Saturdays to find that narrow path to perfection on Sunday. But it was worth it. As they kissed, he felt almost bad that this would be last time he made out with his mom. She really was pretty, and a great kisser, too. He would have never known without that stupid puzzle.

As Rey and Kylo Ren had their duel on the exploding planet, Nick realized that he had a bit of a problem. His balls

were churning, and even though he hadn't had any direct stimulation, he thought he might explode himself. He would die of embarrassment if he came in his pants while on his mom's lap. He broke the kiss. "This has been wonderful, Mom. But I don't want to get carried away." He kissed her once on the cheek. "I better get going to bed. Tomorrow is a school day." He stood up.

"Oh, yes. Of course, Nicky." Her words were a little slurred from the wine and the necking. She looked up at him with dilated pupils, bathed in the light of the television. "I ... um ... I mean ... yes ... you ... um ... need a good night's rest." She watched him walk toward the stairs. "I had a wonderful day with you, sweetie. A wonderful weekend, really," she blurted. She was admitting to him that she liked the kissing. It was crazy, but she was overcome with emotion.

He turned at the stairs, with a huge smile. "I did too, Mom. You're the best."

She could tell from that smile that he really meant it. Things had taken such a strange, magical turn. Life was full of surprises. Her cheeks flushed at this last compliment of the weekend. "Goodnight, Nicky." She straightened her dress where it was riding up around her boobs.

"Goodnight, Mom." Nick left and went up to his room to fap and then fall asleep. Monday waited.

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Thump! Nick woke with a start. Why was he on the basement floor? He sat up and looked at the clock, it was 6:17.

"No, no, no." He shook his head slowly. Why hadn't it worked this time? "Seriously, fuck you, Enki." He buried his head in the couch cushion and screamed. He came up for breath and thought through things. What had he done wrong? He looked up at the ceiling. "I'm really sorry, Enki. I've learned my lesson. I promise to spend time with Mom after this is over. She's really nice. Really." He wasn't sure how, but he thought he could tell Enki wasn't buying it.

Slowly, he got up and headed to his room. He would have to get his balls emptied before he went about figuring out how to get out of Sunday.

