

# Enki's Puzzle

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*Also, all characters in sexual situations are 18 years or older.*

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## Chapter 1

*Thump!* Nick sat up in bed with a start. Something had hit the window hard. He crawled out of bed and stumbled over to the stream of morning light falling into his room. “What time was it?” He mumbled to himself. He’d slept later than he intended. He didn’t want to miss the game. He looked out on the overhang and saw the poor little bird lying dead. It had been a cute little chickadee. “Sorry, pal.”

He turned, and walked back to his closet, pulled off his PJs, and got on his soccer uniform. He collected his shin guards and cleats to put on at the field and headed downstairs.

“Morning, Mom.” Nick spotted his mother washing dishes in the kitchen sink.

“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.”

“Thanks, Mom.” Nick ignored her smile and set up his breakfast. He sat down at the kitchen table and noticed a leather bag in the seat next to him. “Is Alyson home?” Nick spotted a dark, metallic cube just inside the bag. He fished it out. There were four markings repeated all over the cube in random order. The markings seemed to glow faintly.

“Your sister is home for the weekend. She’s upstairs in her room.” Kate went back to washing dishes. “She asked for you not to touch her stuff.”

“Sure, sure.” Nick took the cube in both hands. His sister was always fooling around with cool old artifacts. This looked like some sort of cube puzzle. Each marking seemed to move either vertically or horizontally. “It’s a Rubik’s cube.” He spun the planes of the cube, trying to bring order to the markings.

“What’s that, sweetie?” Kate was now drying dishes, her wide hips shaking under her green dress with the effort.

“Nothing.” Nick concentrated. It was working, he was solving the puzzle. And then, just like that, he got it. They were all lined up. A red light flashed and the cube surged with heat. “Ow.” He dropped it on the table. The glow died from the markings. The thing looked uniformly black.

“You okay?” Kate turned and saw the cube on the table. “You weren’t playing with your sister’s things, were you?”

“I just wanted to see what it does.” Nick poked the thing. It was cool. He picked it up and tried to spin the markings, but nothing moved. “I think it’s broken.” He dropped it back in the bag.

“Well, you should tell your sister you broke her ... um ... box thing.” Kate walked over to her son and ruffled his messy brown hair. When he pushed her hand away, she walked out of the kitchen. “I’ve got yoga in a few minutes. Put your dishes in the sink when you’re done.”

“Sure.” He called after her. Nick forgot about the cube, finished his breakfast, and raced off to the game.

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That night the family sat around the table for dinner. Kate sat next to her husband, Fred. Alyson on the other side of the table next to Nick.

“Did you happen to touch my Sumerian puzzle?” She nudged at his elbow.

“Why?” Nick caught his mom’s eye and she nodded her head like she expected him to tell the truth. “Yeah, sorry, was I not supposed to?”

“You know you weren’t.” Alyson sighed. “I think you broke it. None of the planes will move anymore.”

“What’s it supposed to do?” Nick tried not to make eye-contact with her. He never liked when his big sister was angry with him.

“Well, the legend was that the god Enki gave it to a wayward prince to teach him wisdom and to ... well ... mess with him. The teenage prince had helped himself to one of Enki’s sacred waters, while ignoring duties to his family. The puzzle was meant to get him reconnected to what was important.”

“Teenagers are all the same.” Kate laughed. “Did that puzzle make you want to spend any more time with me? Or your dad?”

“Well, obviously, it doesn’t actually do any of that, Mom.” Alyson smiled at her mother. She knew how difficult Nick was, but that would change with time. “I was just trying to decipher the markings. They are quite strange.”

“So, did I really break a super old thing?” Nick was starting to feel a little nervous.

“Nah, this one is a replica. Only about eighty years old. But it’s supposed to be fairly accurate.” Alyson took a sip of water. “Anyway, how was the game?”

“We lost.” Nick sunk into his chair. Dinner couldn’t end soon enough. He was ready to go to bed and be done with the day.

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*Thump!* Nick sat up in bed with a start. Something had hit the window hard. He put his head back on the pillow. Another bird? He’d overslept again, the sun shone brightly into his room. He didn’t move for a long while, thinking about that Sumerian puzzle. There was a knock on the door.

“Sweetie, time to get up. You don’t want to be late to the game,” Kate said through the door.

“The game was yesterday.” He shouted back at the door. “And we lost.” He didn’t hear her respond. She’d probably already gone back downstairs. After a while, he got up, got dressed, and headed downstairs. His mother was sitting at the kitchen table reading her tablet.

“You really are going to be late.” Kate looked up and smiled at her frowning son. “Eat your waffles and hustle.”

“I’m not going to be late, because we lost the game yesterday. And you made waffles yesterday. And you wore that green dress yesterday, too.” Nick noticed his sister’s leather bag on the chair next to him. He reached in and pulled out the Sumerian cube. It had its glow back, but when he tried to move the puzzle pieces, it didn’t budge.

“That’s your sister’s, and she asked me specifically to tell you not to touch her stuff.” Kate turned her tablet toward Nick and pointed to the date. “See, your game’s today.”

“What?” Nick dropped the cube back in the bag and looked at the date. “Well ... I ... that’s weird.” On autopilot, Nick stood, rushed upstairs, and got his uniform on. He grabbed a waffle on his way out to his bike. They lost the game almost the same way he’d remembered it. But how had he remembered it? Had he dreamed it? He spent the rest of the day in *déjà vu* and was very happy when it was time for bed.

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*Thump!* Nick sat up in bed with a start. Something had hit the window hard. This was strange. He got up, looked out the window and saw the poor chickadee lying on the overhang, very dead. Just one chickadee, in the same position he remembered. Still in his pajamas, he rushed downstairs.

“Morning, Nicky. I was about to come wake you. Wouldn’t want you to miss the big game.” Kate turned from the sink and fixed her son with a warm smile. “There’s a stack of waffles keeping warm in the oven.”

“What day is it?” Nick’s eyes widened in alarm. He went right for the bag, saw the cube, and picked it up. The markings glowed faintly red, but wouldn’t budge.

“It’s Saturday.” Kate went back to washing dishes, humming to herself. Her wide hips rocking a little to the beat of her song, swaying her green dress at the knees.

“And Alyson is home and upstairs?” He dropped the cube on the table.

“Yes, and she asked that you not touch her stuff.”

“And Dad’s golfing?” Nick knew the day before hadn’t been a dream. And now he doubted that the day previous had been one either.

“Righto.” Kate nodded, her brown ponytail bouncing.

“Shit.” Nick turned and headed back to his room. He needed to think. He sure as hell wasn’t going to lose the same soccer game three days in a row.

“Language, mister.” Kate called after him.

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Nick didn’t come out of his room until the late afternoon. He found no solution for what was happening, other than to accept he was going crazy.

That night the family sat around the table for dinner. Kate sat next to her husband, Fred. Alyson on the other side of the table next to Nick.

“Did you happen to touch my Sumerian puzzle?” She nudged at his elbow.

“That puzzle, Alyson, could it make someone have the same day over and over again?” Nick was breathing hard, he felt he might start hyperventilating.

“You’ve been reading up on my stuff? What do you know about Enki?” Alyson was impressed, he’d never shown much interest in her studies before.

“Sumerian god, yada yada, doesn’t like his sacred water touched. Tell me.” Nick glanced at his parents, who were looking at him with concern.

“Are you okay, Nicky?” Fred frowned at his son. Soccer was about the only thing Nick was good at, and it wasn’t a good sign that he’d missed the game. “Your mother tells me you missed the big game today.”

“I’m fine. We were going to lose the game anyway,” Nick said in a rush.

“Now, honey, you don’t know that.” Kate reached for her husband’s hand and squeezed it, needing some of his strength. Nick had been so difficult lately, for both of them.

“I do know it.” Nick turned back to Alyson. “Now, about the puzzle and Enki.”

“Well, it was a lesson for a prince. You see, the prince had upset the gods, and had disrespected his mother, the queen. So, Enki gave him the puzzle and made him repeat the same challenges over and over until ...” Alyson looked around the table. “Well, actually, it’s a bit sordid. You know, the Sumerians had different values and everything. And I’m not that familiar with the story anyway.”

“Let’s move away from the puzzle and back to the game.” Fred tried to look stern.

“Why’d you skip out, Nicky? We don’t want quitters in this household.”

“You don’t understand, Dad.” Nick stood and rushed out. He raced to his room and spent the rest of the night searching Google for Enki, the puzzle, and whatever else he could find. He finally drifted off to sleep mid-search hours later having learned very little.

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*Thump!* Nick sat up in bed with a start. Something had hit the window hard. Nick dropped his head back to the pillow and lay frozen in terror. He knew exactly what he’d see if he looked out the window on the overhang. A cute, little dead chickadee.

And so, the day repeated over and over. It happened so many times that Nick lost count. Some days he played and lost the soccer game, some days not. About twenty days in, he tried to destroy the puzzle. He did this for many days, but whether he burned it, crushed it, buried it, or tossed it in a lake, it was always in his sister’s bag in the kitchen the next day.

The longer that Saturday reiterated, the more depressed he became. Eventually, to end the loop, Nick tried running away. He stole his mother’s car and drove for hours and hours. Eventually, he fell asleep at the wheel. He woke the next day to the thump of a small bird hitting his bedroom window.

“You don’t understand. I’m the prince. My day is repeating.” Nick sat in his sister’s room, staring at her poster of Hermione Granger.

“Very funny.” Alyson lay on her bed, enjoying a little bonding with her brother. It was like the games of make believe they used to play all those years ago.

“For real.” Nick fished his phone out of his pocket and looked at the time. It was 10:31 a.m. “Your dumb fiancé is about to call. He’s going to tell you that he’s stuck doing research in the library and won’t be able to join us for dinner tonight. In three ... two ... one ...”

Alyson’s phone rang. She picked it up with a suspicious look on her face and answered the call. “Yeah. Hi, babe.” She listened for a bit. “No problem, Chris. Maybe tomorrow.” She disconnected and looked at her brother with wide eyes.

“Except there isn’t a tomorrow.”

“How did you know?” Alyson’s face was very pale.

“I wish we could skip this part. It’s very tedious for me.” Nick explained, for what felt like the millionth time, what was going on. “And you never tell me what the prince did to get out of his loop.”

“We’ve had this conversation before?”

“Yeah. But this time, I have an idea.” Nick reached into his pocket and pulled out a roll of bills. “There’s over a thousand dollars here. All my savings from mowing lawns last summer. Just tell me what the prince did.” He waved the money at her.

“I would tell you, but it’s a bit sordid. The Sumerians didn’t have our values and –”

“Believe me, I know. If I could find the info on my own, I would have. Tell me and the money’s yours.” He tossed it to her. The money stayed in its roll, held by a thick rubber band.

“Well ... um ... okay. Seems like a fair deal.” She took the money.

Nick didn’t bother to tell her that he’d just get the money back when the day started over.

“He ... well ... according to the translations we have ... which are incomplete ...” Alyson was stalling. She didn’t really like to tell people about this part. It was all academic, and she was being a bit of a prude, but still. “He kissed his mother, mending their bond. And he apologized to Enki.” This was the sanitized version.

“That’s it, like a kiss on the cheek? And that fixed everything?”

“Yeah, like that.” But Alyson knew it was nothing like that.

“Great.” Nick ran out of her room. “I’m sorry for whatever I did to offend you, Enki,” he shouted to the hallway ceiling as he ran down to the living room. He hadn’t touched any sacred water, had he? He found his mother right where she ought to be, reading a book in the morning sunlight. She was still in her yoga pants, and they hugged her curves a bit too much for Nick’s liking. He didn’t want to think about his mother’s curves, after all. “I’m sorry I’ve been distant lately.” He walked up to her, bent down, and kissed her cheek. “You’re the best, Mom.”

“Wow, where’s this coming from?” Kate took off her reading glasses and looked up at him. Her cheeks flushed a little red.

“I’m just sorry.” Nick turned and headed back to the stairs. “I’m going to bed, don’t wake me until tomorrow.”

“But it’s still morning.” Kate looked at her watch confused. And then she looked after her son’s skinny form as he ran up the stairs. Why wasn’t he at his soccer game?

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*Thump!* Nick sat up in bed with a start. Something had hit the window hard. “Shit. Shit, shit, shit.” He got out of bed and looked out the window at the chickadee. It hadn’t worked. What had he done wrong? “Screw you, Enki,” He shouted to the empty room. A little while later, he added, “Sorry, Enki. I was just kidding. I’m very sorry. I apologize.”

He spent the next few repeating days apologizing to Enki and trying to get more out of his sister. Finally, he hit on the winning formula. He spent most of the day being nice to Alyson, helping her out with her research, and cleaning her room. He made sure to respect her artifacts, and only touched things when she asked. At the end of the day, just before bed, Nick checked in on her. “I’m sorry Chris couldn’t make it to dinner.”

“Oh, hi, Nicky. It’s fine.” She patted the bed next to her and he sat down. “You’ve been very sweet today. I’m glad I’m home. You’ve helped so much. Anything I can do for you?”

“Well, there is one thing.” Nick smiled hopefully, and looked into his sister’s sharp, brown eyes. “Could you tell me about how the prince solved his puzzle and got out of the loop?”

Alyson hemmed and hawed for a while, but Nick persisted. She did owe him one. So, much to her discomfort, Alyson told him. Of course, she left out the most sordid details.

“Ewwwwwww. So, he kissed the queen, his own mom, romantically? Like with tongue?” Nick was flabbergasted.

“See, this is why I don’t like telling the story to anyone.” Alyson rolled her eyes. “It’s a story. None of this ever happened. It’s just a metaphor for making amends and fixing the family bond.”

“That’s a strange family. But ... right ... okay ... thanks.” Nick marched right out of her room, downstairs to the basement where his parents were watching TV. “Hey, Mom, can I talk to you a minute?”

“Sure, sweetie.” Kate patted her husband’s knee, stood, and followed her son across the basement to a shadowed corner. “What’s going – mmmmppppphhhhh.” She could feel his meager chest pushing up against her bust, his mouth was on hers, and his arms held her shoulders. She pushed him hard with both hands and disconnected them. “What the heck, Nicky. No. No. That’s not okay.”

“What’s wrong, honey?” Fred looked over the back of the couch.

“Our son just kissed me on the lips. With tongue.” Kate used the sleeve of her sweater to wipe her mouth.

“That’s it.” Fred stood up. “We’ve had about enough out of you.” Fred walked over and grabbed his skinny son by the collar and dragged him upstairs. “What sick internet

game are you playing? You could use a good beating. I've been too lenient with you." He smacked his son on the ear. "I'm locking you in your room until you learn to behave." He smacked him again, harder.

~~

*Thump!* Nick sat up in bed with a start. Something had hit the window hard. Well, that didn't work. He was so close, but failure didn't bother him so much as it used to. He would just try again. He spent the next few days following his mom around and trying to help her as much as possible. He complimented her smarts, her omnipresent green dress, her haircut, her cooking, and whatever else he could think of. It was frustrating with each day starting again from scratch. Rather than pile on his new attitude over weeks, he had to find where he could be most effective in the day given to him. He sought out the compliments that brought the widest smile to her face. He had to find the touches that relaxed her shoulders. And he learned to volunteer for tasks that got him the most thanks. But all his attempts ended with her pulling away, slapping him, or, usually, calling Fred.

Nick read up on the internet on how to seduce a girl. But he couldn't find any guides on getting one's mother to kiss you back. With each failed attempt, he grew more desperate. He asked friends about seducing girls. He texted his on-again-off-again girlfriend, Jess, and peppered her with questions about what she liked about him. She wrote back that he maybe had low self-esteem.

Eventually, he found himself back in his sister's company. He gave up trying to kiss his mom for days, skipped his soccer game, and hung out with Alyson. Eventually, he explained it all to his sister again.

"So, you're trying to kiss Mom? That's crazy." Alyson turned away from her book and looked over at her little brother. After all the things he'd known would happen that day, she believed him. "You shouldn't have messed with my puzzle in the first place."

"Agreed." He looked up at the ceiling. "I'm sorry, Enki." He looked back at his sister. "I'm really at the edge here, Alyson. If you were me, what would you do?"

Alyson thought it over for a long time. She didn't tell him that in the story, the prince also consummated his bond with his sisters. It was possible that if she kissed him, that would free him. But she couldn't make out with her brother. Could she? No, that was even more crazy than him kissing their mom. She looked down at her engagement ring. Besides, she couldn't do that to Chris. Not with another man. Especially not her brother.

But she could offer some advice. “Well, you should compliment her and help her around the house.”

“I did that.”

“Have you tried getting her drunk?” Alyson had always abstained from drinking at parties because she knew she was only a few drinks away from kissing some random guy. Well, at least that was before Chris. She’d never cheat on him.

“Um ... no.” Nick shook his head, thoughtful. On all those many Saturdays he’d lived in that house, he’d never seen her drink. That was just bad luck, his parents usually shared wine on Saturday evenings.

“And ...” She leaned toward him conspiratorially. “You should probably get Dad out of the house. If he’s around, Mom would never kiss you.” Alyson thought it over. “And you should probably touch her throughout the day. Innocently, I mean, but just get her used to some closeness. And tell her you love her. Hmmmm. That’s what I’ve got.”

“That’s good, Alyson.” Nick nodded. “I still don’t think it’ll work, but, maybe.”

“How will I know it worked and you’re out?” Alyson’s mind was working out the mechanics of her brother’s loop.

“Well, I guess you won’t. Because I’m not going to try it until tomorrow.” Nick pushed his brown hair off his forehead. “Or the next today, I mean. And then you won’t remember any of this when the day resets.”

Alyson’s brow furrowed as she thought of something. “Don’t you dare ever trying something like that on me. It wouldn’t work, and I’d kick your ass.”

“No, of course not.” Nick looked at his sister, and maybe for the first time saw her as a woman. She did have lovely curves tucked under her baggy sweatshirt and jeans. When he thought about it, she was quite pretty. “I’m only doing this with Mom because I have to. It’s gross.” Although, the more he had tried to kiss his mother, the more he’d seen her beauty, too. To the point where, maybe, it would actually be sorta, kinda nice to have her kiss him back. If she ever did. “Dad’s been kicking my ass enough for the both of you anyway.”

“He has?” She looked at him curiously, searching for bruises. But of course, those were from days that reset. “I’m sorry, Nicky.” She patted him on the thigh.

“No, I’m sure I deserved it.” Nick got up and headed to the door. “Wish me luck.”

“Good luck.” She watched him go. Not believing that she was wishing him luck in making out with their sweet, prim mother. He’d need all the luck he could get. She then turned to the puzzle and fished it out of her bag. How had the replica of some ancient Sumerian relic done this to her brother? She didn’t fully understand the markings, but

she was going to do her best to figure them out. Chris was the real expert on Sumerian cuneiform. And he was at the library. She got out her phone and texted him. She wouldn't bother explaining the situation to him. He'd never believe her. But he might help her figure things out.

## Chapter 2

“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?

~~

*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.

~~

The next today, 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 smile 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.

## Chapter 3

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.

~~

*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.

## Chapter 4

Just to be sure, Nick spent another lovely day with his mother, got his father out of the house with Alyson and Chris, and made his move in the basement again. Just like the today before today, it was a magical hour or so of making out. As they locked lips, he thought it wouldn't be so bad if he had to kiss her every day for the rest of his life to break each day's loop. But the next day was Sunday again. It seemed kissing her only worked the one time. Its loop-breaking magic had vanished.

Nick put a plan together. First, he walked to his room and masturbated furiously to appease his horribly swollen, purple balls. After he came enough, he went and knocked on Alyson's door. It took his sister a few minutes to open up. She looked at him bleary eyed, her brown hair sticking out all over the place. She wore a t-shirt that came down just below her hips. Nick tried not to look at her long, bare legs. Instead, he focused on how ridiculous her sleepy face looked.

"You look ridiculous." Nick smiled at her.

"Did you wake me up just to say stupid things? Wait ..." She scratched at her belly and collected her thoughts. "It's Sunday. Does that mean ...? You kissed Mom and it worked. Was it gross?" She quickly checked down the hall to make sure her parents weren't around. Then she roughly pulled her brother into her room and closed the door. "Well?" She turned and trotted back to bed.

"It worked, and it was super gross." Nick watched the back of her messy head and did not look at the perfect curve below the hem of her shirt where her thighs met her butt. He'd never look at that. She was his big sister, after all. He watched her climb into bed, pull the covers back up, and stare at him expectantly. He sat at the foot of the bed and filled her in. Despite having told a different version of his sister all of this before, he sort of enjoyed the deposition. Even with her making disgusted faces at him while he told her about the kissing.

"Let me get this straight, you've made out with our strait-laced mother three times now?" Alyson sat up in bed, the covers now around her waist, staring at her brother with eyebrows raised. "Holy shit, Little Brother." Apparently getting a million tries at something meant you could pull off the impossible. Alyson was impressed.

"Anyhoo." Nick felt a little flushed. He wished he could tell his sister that he'd actually liked those make-out sessions, but that secret would go with him to the grave. "So, now you're up to date. I'm stuck on Sunday, and I'd like to figure out how to get out. Can I have a look at your puzzle again?"

“Sure, you can. But you killed it when you moved it around.” Alyson threw the covers back, got out of bed, and kneeled next to her desk with her back to her brother.

Nick quickly looked away. She obviously wasn’t aware that she had exposed her white panties.

“Here it is.” She fished it out her bag. One of the six sides of the cube lit up with cuneiform, the other sides were still dead and dark. “Wait, it’s changed.” She stood up and turned toward him, examining the puzzle as she moved it slowly in her hands.

“What is it?” Nick sat forward, his body vibrating with expectation. He just knew it was going to tell him how to break the loop. “Does it say something? Can you read it?” “I think it’s in some sort of weird dialect. I can’t read it.” She tossed the cube over to her brother and watched him catch it and inspect it. “Maybe Chris can read it. He’s the real expert on Sumerian conloco dialects. “But he’s still at school. Maybe I should call him?”

“Don’t bother. He’ll be here later today to surprise you. He’s bringing a bouquet of bachelor buttons.” Nick stared at the cube. He tried to twist it like a Rubik’s cube, like he did on that first Saturday, but it didn’t move.

“Flowers? Oh, that’s nice. Chris is such a romantic.” Alyson smiled and rummaged in her closet for some yoga pants. She pulled them on.

“Yeah, he’s a real Romeo.” Nick thought Romeo was a sleaze for macking on the much younger Juliet. And he thought Chris was sorta gross, too, for picking up his sister at work and turning on all that smug, hipster charm. But Nick wasn’t going to say anything about it. “Let’s show him the cube when he gets here.”

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“I don’t understand.” Chris sat in his fiancée’s parents’ living room and looked at the cube in his hands. Alyson sat beside him, her hand pleasantly on his thigh. Her eighteen-year-old brother watched them closely from an armchair. “Last I saw, the puzzle was full of symbols and when you picked it up the whole thing glowed. The symbols are all gone, and there’s permanently illuminated writing on one face? What’s going on?”

“We’ll explain later.” Nick had no plans of explaining to him ever and hoped Alyson shared the sentiment. “Can you read the writing?”

“Sure. It’s a script used chiefly in Bit Bunakki around 3,500 B.C.E.” Chris fished out his glasses and put them on to get a better look. “It says, *the god Enki congratulates you ...*

*but one needs more than a graze ... a woman has given you well-being ... return the same.*"

"That's it?" Nick scrunched up his mouth and bit his lip.

"That's what it reads." Chris took off his glasses and looked over at Nick's intensity.

"Why do you care?" He turned to his pretty fiancée. "Why is he here? What's going on?"

"I told him some stories, and he took an interest in our work." She pointed to a symbol on the cube. "Is this the *well-being*?"

Chris looked at where she pointed. "Yeah. But I'm not sure about the translation. Maybe it's *happiness*. Or *satisfaction*. I'll have to check out my notes back at school." He glanced at his future brother-in-law whose brow furrowed in what looked like anger. What was wrong with that guy? Teenage hormones were terrible. "Anyway, this is really exciting. There's no record of anything like this happening before. Whoever built this replica was a genius. Look at the way it glows. It's almost sort of mesmerizing."

"That's it?" Nick fumed. He stood and stormed toward the stairs. This was supposed to be his big break and it was cryptic nonsense. "Fuck you, Enki. And fuck you too, Chris." He shot a dark look at Chris on his way out of the room.

"Whoa, bro." Chris looked up in shock. "What did I do?"

"Nothing." Alyson could hear her brother stomping up the stairs. She rubbed Chris's back. "He's just upset because he lost his soccer game yesterday."

"Really?" Chris was flummoxed. Thank God he wasn't eighteen anymore. "Teenagers, huh?"

"Yeah, teenagers are the worst." She smiled at Chris. "That's great translating." Alyson gave him a tender kiss on the cheek and took the cube back from him. "Very enlightening." But it wasn't. She was just as confused as her brother.

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*The god Enki congratulates you ... but one needs more than a graze ... a woman has given you well-being ... return the same.* Nick repeated those words until they were stamped in his brain. After all, he couldn't write them down or they'd just disappear when the day reset. And he didn't want to ask Chris to translate on the next today.

In the repeating days that followed, Nick went back to masturbating pretty much full time. He would pause to eat and think about the words on the cube. But otherwise, he would wallow in the pleasure that his distended testicles now provided. Eventually,

Nick realized he couldn't fuck himself into oblivion. He dialed it back to masturbating just enough so that his overcharged reproductive system wouldn't go off in his pants. This was about five orgasms a day in his current state. With the time he freed for himself from excessive fapping, he considered what he would do next.

As he thought over his imprisonment in that never ending weekend, he realized that he'd been happiest when he'd been spending time with his mother. Granted, it had been to try and find the right buttons to press. But once he'd found them, it was a thrill to have his sweet mother flash her warm smile at him, laugh at his jokes, blush at his compliments, and dance her tongue in his mouth. If he wasn't going to figure out the puzzle, at least he could make the loop less of a nightmare.

He went back to bonding with his mother, and the days turned much more pleasant. Sure, it was a task to have to fill his sister in on everything over and over so that she'd help by getting their dad out of the house in the evening. And sure, there were days when he screwed things up and Kate didn't drink, or she didn't want to watch TV in the basement, or she took offense at something he said. But mostly it was yoga, and chores, and laughter, and sharing his feelings about his breakup with Jess. It was a lovely, wholesome day. Until, of course, in the evening, when it was often less wholesome. They would kiss and grope one another. Once or twice, Kate even let her son cop a feel of boob for a little while.

The days repeated. It was more than thirty days into his Sunday renaissance when Nick followed Kate down into the basement one more time, enjoying the hourglass of her figure as she descended ahead of him. Her dress swished around her knees enticingly. Nick watched her calves flex with each step. He probably shouldn't have let his gaze linger, because he found he was already hard. He quickly moved around her, keeping his front angled away from her, and jumped down on the couch, pulling a pillow onto his lap. He wasn't some massively hung dude who couldn't hide his erection, but his mom had once caught sight of it a couple days ago, and it had killed the mood. But she didn't see it this time.

"Let's watch something from when you were younger. Star Wars?" Kate smiled brightly.

"No!" Nick didn't feel like listening to angsty Kylo Ren again. "How about something from when you were younger? Want to watch The Goonies?"

"You want me to relive my youth?" Kate laughed. "Sure, we can watch that." It was nice that Nick had been so lovely all day. It filled her with such warmth. She had been a little unsure coming down to the basement with him after what had happened the day before. But The Goonies was no The Hunger. She took a sip of wine as she got the movie ready with the remote and settled her butt down on the soft cushion next to Nick. They had clearly turned a page that day, and she felt really connected to Nick for the first time in years. The movie started, and she felt his hand on her shoulder. The touch was

gentle and pleasant. It would be fine. She took another gulp of wine. Everything would be fine.

It was just about when Mikey found the map in the attic, that Nick made his move. He'd found that he needed to let his mom settle in, but if he waited too long, they wouldn't have enough time before she started worrying about his dad coming home.

"You're the best mom ever." Nick rubbed her shoulder gently, almost imperceptibly.

"Shh. I can't hear the movie." Kate put her empty wineglass down on the coffee table.

"It's just that you're so smart, and funny, and pretty. And you make me so happy." Nick kissed her soft cheek. *A woman has given you well-being ... return the same.* She had made him happy his whole life. Who else was so devoted to his well-being? And he had been so ungrateful these last few years. He put his hand on her delicate chin and turned her face toward his. He could see the doubt written in her eyes, but also her hope and ... hunger. This was the look she always gave him before they kissed.

"That's really nice that you feel that way, Nicky. But we can't ... mmmppppphhhhh." Kate stiffened as his warm lips met hers. She'd been such a fool to think it was a good idea to be alone with him in the basement. She put her hands on his shoulders to push him away, but then she felt the tenderness in his kiss, and she hesitated. It was the same tenderness he'd shown her all weekend. She just couldn't say no to her son when he expressed himself that way. Soon, his tongue was in her mouth. A little after that, hers was in his.

"You're ... perfect ... Mom." Nick said between kisses. "You're ... beautiful ... and you've been ... so patient with me. I'm ... sorry ... I've been so distant. I don't ... know ... what I was thinking."

"Oh, sweetie." She kissed him more fervently. The things he said thrilled her. When his hands went to feel her boobs through her dress, she let him. He deserved it. And when he pulled her onto his lap, she climbed on. The movie's climatic scene played in the background. The fight on the pirate ship raged. "We're ... crazy, Nicky. We're crazy ... for doing this." She had to bend her neck down to continue their kissing. She was taller than her son by a smidge. And her womanly body outweighed his lithe frame by more than a little. It should have been awkward to sit on his lap. But it wasn't. When his hands slid down her back and found her butt, she let them stay. Her dress was in the way. What was the harm?

"Wow ... Mom. We've never done ... this before." He pushed at her butt and moved her so that her hips went back and forth. Soon, she was moving on her own.

"Mmmmmmm." She broke their kiss, wrapped her arms around his neck, and rested her chin on the top of his head. She could feel his hardness push up against her privates

through all their clothes. She guessed he was about the size of his father. Goodness, that was something a mother should not ever know. But even as she reprimanded herself, her drunk body moved on its own. "Mmmmmmm ... Nick ... sweetie. Tell me ... mmmmm ... more ... about ... how you feel about me." Her words were slurred. His erection was now bumping up against her vagina with every gyration of her hips.

"You're the one ... I want when I stub my toe or twist my ankle," Nick said. "Or when I lose a game. Or when Jess broke my heart."

"Yes." Something was happening to Kate. Little electric currents ran through her nerves. "I'm there ... for you ... sweetie." It felt exquisite. She realized she was drooling into her son's brown hair, but the second she closed her mouth, it dropped again with a little moan.

"You're so kind ... and patient ... and wise. I rely on you, Mom." Nick was now trying very hard not to cum in his pants. But at the same time, he didn't want the moment to end. "You make me ... happy. Let me make you ... happy."

"Yeeeeesssssssss." Kate's hips shook. She could feel that good-sized package bumping into her lady parts. She had made that package and now it was bumping ... bumping ... bumping ... "Oooooohhhhhhhhhhh." She squeezed his neck tight and groaned out the best orgasm she'd had since she first married Fred. "Nnniiiiiccckkkkkkkkkkk." She threw her head back and let the power of the feeling move through her.

Nick was in Heaven. He could tell she was cumming. And to top it off, when she'd thrown her head back, she'd shoved her tits in his face. It was almost too much. He tried to keep control of his turbulent balls. He let her writhe on him for a while, and then she went slack and slid down to the cushion next to him. "Ggggrrrrrrrrhhhhhh." He gritted his teeth and came in his pants. He really wished he had masturbated at least one more time earlier in the day. Even after five times, there was so much cum. Fortunately, she was so out of it, she didn't notice. He pulled a pillow back onto his lap.

"Oh, Nick. What have we done? We've both gone crazy." She slurred. But her remorse wasn't enough to push him away when he leaned in and kissed her again. They made out for the rest of the movie, and well past the credits. Eventually, she pulled away.

"Your ... father," she said breathlessly. "I hate ... to leave. But your father and sister will be home soon." This time, when he tried to kiss her again, she pushed him away.

"You've made me very happy, but we have to stop." She pushed again, and he relented.

"We have to stop, sweetie." She got to her feet on unsteady legs. "My goodness, I haven't felt like this in years." Her body still basked in the afterglow of her orgasm. Her muscles were so loose and springy. "I feel like I'm in college again." She tried to straighten out her dress as she walked to the stairs. Goodness, she was wet between the legs. She hadn't known she could get that wet.

“Hey, Mom.” Nick called after her. “Can we ... um ... do this again sometime?” He hoped he was asking her a question she’d remember. Something the Monday morning Kate Dobson would think about.

“I don’t know, sweetie.” Kate stopped by the stairs. “Maybe ...” She paused for a long time. “I have to think about it.”

“Okay, goodnight.” He knew not to push it. An answer that wasn’t a *no* was pretty much best-case scenario. “I love you.”

“I love you too, Nicky.” And with that she shakily ascended the stairs.

Nick waited a long time for everyone else to go to bed before climbing the stairs himself. He didn’t want anyone seeing the cum-stained ruin of his pants. Eventually, he marched up to his bedroom, stripped naked, and climbed into bed. He prayed that he’d wake up in his bed the next day.

## Chapter 5

*Thump!* Kate woke to the sound of a door slamming somewhere in the house. She blinked her eyes and looked at the clock on her bedside table. It was early, five-thirty. She breathed in and out. Well, Alyson went back to her apartment last night with her fiancé. So, that meant Nick was up early and slamming doors. She'd have to have a chat with him about respecting the morning quiet-time of others. She slowly sat up, listening to the soft snores of her husband.

Something was wrong. She had a strange tingling between her legs and ... goodness. She reached down and found she was dripping down there. She shot out of bed and silently raced to the master bath. She closed the door, turned on the light, and lifted her oversized t-shirt. Thank God, it wasn't blood. For a second, she had thought something had gone really wrong. She carefully pulled off her panties and inspected them. They were completely saturated. Holding them near her nose she inhaled. Not pee. So then ... she took a little of the stuff in between her fingers and rubbed her fingertips together. She must have had the mother of all wet dreams.

What was going on down there? First what happened with Nick and now this? She pushed thoughts of her son out of her mind. Her imagination turned to the lead in the romance novel she had been reading. He was tall, handsome, and offered quick volleys with his wit. And what's more, he was big down there. So much bigger than her son or her husband. Before she knew it, Kate found herself sitting on the toilet lid, her legs spread, two fingers in her vagina. People always said size didn't matter, but the thought of her fictional hero drove her crazy. What would it be like to try and put such a beast in her vagina as the book's heroine had done? He'd probably break her.

"Oh ... my ... oh ... my ..." She frigged herself like a crazed woman. She had tamely masturbated a few times before, but never like this. "I'm ... ugh ... ugh ... oh, my ..." With her left hand she pulled up her t-shirt and cupped her left boob. She looked down at her disappearing and reappearing fingers and imagined they were the hero's huge penis. Her little triangle of hair was glistened with beads of her juice. Her legs went even wider, and moved in the air like they were looking for purchase. "It's ... so ... good ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." Kate's mouth formed a perfect rictus and her eyes fastened on her vagina. A convulsive energy seized her. She removed her hand from her lower lips and watched in amazement as clear liquid shot out of her vagina, again, and again, and again. At the sight of that inexplicable and unprecedented spraying, her climax reached higher and higher. "Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii," she shrieked.

As she came down from a brand new high, Kate tried to catch her breath. Her husband's voice was like a splash of cold water on her face.

“Honey, you okay?” He sounded like he was still half-asleep.

“F ... f ... fffffinne,” she stammered. She looked down at the splashes on her tile floor. What on Earth had happened? “I’m ... fine.” But she was far, far better than fine.

“Kate?” There was real concern in Fred’s voice now.

“I ... um ... stubbed my toe.” She was still lewdly spread, so she lowered her legs and placed her feet on the floor. “I just thought I’d take a shower.” The doorknob rattled. The bathroom door opened slowly. “No!” She leapt across the bathroom, almost slipping on the wet tile. She slammed the door closed. “I’m using the toilet, Fred. Don’t come in.”

“I thought you were getting in the shower? I was thinking I could sneak in a little private time with my wife before work.” He said through the door.

“I stubbed my toe, and then I had to use the toilet. And ... then I’ll take a shower. And it’s my time of the month. So ...” She wasn’t used to lying with such alacrity. Kate locked the door, turned on the exhaust fan, and dropped a towel down to mop up the floor.

“Fine.” Fred sounded annoyed. “I’m going back to bed.”

“Okay.” Kate turned on the shower and pulled off her t-shirt. What a crazy morning. She stepped into the hot spray and let the heat of it seep into her skin. She tried to focus on planning her Monday, but soon her imagination brought up images of that romance novel and its well-endowed hero. She reached down and inserted two fingers and rubbed her button with her other hand. She worked herself as quietly as she could to another outer-orbit climax. She was sure she had sprayed a ton again. But the shower washed away the evidence.

First, all that crazy weekend stuff with Nick. And now, her lady parts were out of whack. Life felt like a snowball growing as it raced downhill.

She got out of the shower and made breakfast. She fed her men, and sent her husband off to work, and Nick off to school. When she was alone, she frantically went on her phone to find out what was wrong with her. Apparently, what had happened was normal. *A significant minority of women experienced some form of squirting, producing anywhere from a few drops to half a cup.* Kate arched her eyebrows at that. Well, she was on the more productive end of the scale it seemed. She read on. *It happened when a woman stimulated her g-spot. But because of the location on the ceiling of the vagina, it was impossible for a woman to do herself.* She read on, but nothing seemed to explain her squirting without touching the g-spot. Goodness, up until that morning she’d thought the g-spot was a myth.

Kate shook her head and put her phone down. She would forget about her morning masturbation and the surprising results. She sighed and made herself a cup of coffee. It was just a fluke.

As she sipped coffee, she thought about her son. He had said all the right things and kissed her in just the right way. It would be hard, but she would sit him down and end their little fling. It wasn't good for her to go fooling around on Fred. And it certainly wasn't healthy for an eighteen-year-old to make out with his own mother. Ending it was for the best. She'd be careful not to get drunk around Nick and not to join him alone in the basement.

The more she thought about how to end it, the more she thought about how she'd rubbed herself on his lap the night before. And then her thoughts wandered to that large-cocked man in her book. Soon, she was in the bathroom rubbing out another one. And, as she both hoped for and dreaded, she squirted all over the tile floor again.

When Nick got home from school, she followed through and broke the news to him. They were mother and son and couldn't continue. When she suggested that he find a new girlfriend, tears formed in his eyes, and he told her he was still too torn up about Jess. But Kate held firm. She was quite proud of herself. She sent him off to do homework.

After dinner, Nick asked her if she wanted to watch a movie. He thought he was so clever, but Kate outsmarted him. While Nick went into the basement to get the movie started, Kate went and dragged her husband down with her. Her son's eyes narrowed when he saw his father, and Nick stormed upstairs without a word. Nick had been so difficult over the last few years. Kate sat down and watched a movie with her husband. Although, she excused herself before it finished so she could sneak back to the bathroom and have one more gushing orgasm that day.

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No thump. No thud. Just Monday, over and over again. Nick woke from a nightmare and sat up in bed at 5:26 a.m., as he did every repeated today. He rushed to the bathroom to empty his heavy, purple balls. Then he got about his day. His mother had definitely put up a barrier. He tried the steps he'd honed through countless Saturdays and Sundays. He poured out the words he knew she wanted to hear. He complimented her on her smarts, humor, and beauty. And most of all, he thanked her for being there as his rock of a mother. But it didn't work.

Part of the problem was that his sister had gone back to the city and couldn't run interference for him with their dad. Fred was impossible to get out of the house on a weekday night. And part of the problem was school. He was expected to go, and when he tried to skip, his mom got mad at him. It was more than disappointing. And to make matters worse, Jess wanted to get back together. Whenever he went to school, she

cornered him, usually after third period, and invited him over after school. He thought about it as a distraction from his mom. He really did. But he always put Jess off. She was just so boring.

His closeness with his mother had been the only good thing about Enki's nightmare loops. And that was now gone. Every Monday, she spent a ton of time in the bathroom. So much so, that she usually just made leftovers for dinner. Most often, he'd arrive home, she'd sit him down and tell him they were a normal mother and son, and that was it. Then she'd head off to the bathroom. She'd pop out for an hour, then go back to the bathroom. And so on. Nick figured she was just avoiding him.

How was he going to get past Monday? And even if he did, would the rest of his life be trap after trap? It took him a few times through to realize he hadn't yet checked on the puzzle. It had changed on Sunday and revealed a clue. So, it stood to reason that it would do the same on Monday. He skipped school, which was getting really boring with the same repeated lessons and Jess pestering him, and caught a bus to the city. He texted Alyson to meet him, and she said she was in her office on campus.

"Knock, knock." Nick stepped into the small, cramped space.

"Close the door and tell me everything. What did you have to do with her?" Alyson turned away from her monitor and gave her brother her undivided attention. It was cute how red his cheeks got as he told her about how he'd made out with their mother and gotten her to rub herself on him. She put a hand on his knee to stop the story. "Holy shit, holy shit, holy shit. I'm going out of my mind. She dry-humped you?"

Nick nodded. He really wanted to tell her how much he'd enjoyed it, just so he could share with someone. But he could tell from the disgusted faces she made that it wouldn't be a good idea. "That's what got me through Sunday. But ..." His shoulders slumped. He looked defeated.

"But you're stuck on Monday now." Alyson rubbed her chin and looked up at the ceiling. "Is this your first time telling me all this?"

"Yeah." But something told him it wouldn't be the last.

"And you're not just here to give me the much-needed update. How's it going at home?"

He told her how their mom had told him off repeatedly, and wouldn't go down to the basement alone with him.

"Hmmmmmm." She reached into her leather bag and pulled out the puzzle. Cuneiform glowed on two sides now, but four sides were still dead. She handed it to her brother and then picked up her phone and texted her fiancé. "Chris will be here in a minute. His office is just down the hall."

A few seconds later, there was a knock and Chris entered. "I heard someone needed an expert in Sumerian." He snatched the cube from Nick's hand and examined it. He went on at length about the regional dialect.

Nick knew this version of Chris hadn't seen the changes to the puzzle yet so he ground his teeth and let Chris be all didactic for a while. Eventually, Chris got to the face of the cube a version of him had already translated.

"The other face, for God's sake. What's the other face say, Chris?" Nick didn't bother to hide the disdain in his voice.

"Just chill, bro." Chris looked at his fiancée, but could see now wasn't the time to ask why her uptight brother was suddenly so interested in the puzzle. He winked at Alyson, and took a good look at the cuneiform "It reads, *both been changed by Enki's hand ... now dig ... but not too deep ... now that you see her value ... and she has been made ready ... find the spot and find release.*" Chris looked up at Alyson. "This thing is so cryptic. I don't have a clue what it's talking about. Do you?"

"Fucking riddles," Nick said under his breath. "I hate all of this."

"Hey, man. If you're not interested in this fascinating, hundred-year-old replica, of a relic from the dawn of civilization, the door is right there." Chris pointed at Alyson's office door.

"Sorry, babe." Alyson tried to calm her fiancé. "Nick's just moody sometimes. He really is interested." She shot her brother a look that said *be nice*.

"Sorry." Nick could cuss out Chris all he wanted. Heck he could punch him, and no one would remember. "Actually, I'm not sorry. You're a fucking dick for macking on my sister at work. She's only twenty-two. Way too young to get married. And you're her boss. It's fucking gross."

"Nick!" Alyson held her hands up to her mouth, her eyes very wide.

"You really need to fucking chill, bro." Chris clenched his fists.

"Why? It doesn't matter. You won't even remember any of this. But you should." Nick was so close to punching him. But he didn't really know how. He'd once been in a fight during a soccer game that lasted all of ten seconds, but that was the limit of his experience in martial matters. Chris was bigger than him. Nick thought it wouldn't be very satisfying to get beat up in front of Alyson. "Leave Alyson alone and let her find someone nice. Someone who really loves her."

"Like you, little man?" Chris stood up. "Is that what you're saying? Get out of here, creep."

Nick turned and ran. He could hear his sister crying in her office as he hustled down the hall. Well, at least she wouldn't remember any of that.

All the way home on the bus he repeated the words from the puzzle over and over to memorize them. He didn't want to see Chris again if it could be helped. *Both been changed by Enki's hand ... now dig ... but not too deep ... you see her value now ... and she has been made ready ... find the spot and find release.*

When he got home, he took a shovel, went out in the back yard, and started digging. His mom found him an hour later covered in dirt. She screamed when she saw what he'd done to her lovely garden. Nick didn't find anything hidden in the earth. The next day was Monday, same as the last.

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Over the next several todays, Nick mechanically went to school, came home, masturbated a ton to relieve the pressure from his new balls, and thought about the puzzle. He didn't even try anything with his mom.

He needed to dig, but not too deep, to find the spot. Once he found that spot, he'd be released from the latest loop. That seemed to be the gist of it. So, he did what any sensible person would do. He went around the house looking for treasure maps. When that didn't work, he skipped school and went looking for maps in his sister's department. No useful maps. Nothing where X marked the spot. Then Nick started randomly digging around the house, but that went no better than when he'd dug up his mother's garden.

Nick was stuck. The day flipped over and over and over again. His frustration built. He had no idea how to break his mother's newly calcified attitude toward him. The riddle was an enigma. Monday sucked.

Every day he went to school, Jess wanted to get back together. Eventually, he tried it. But she was better off as his ex-girlfriend. She was still as boring as ever.

It was ninety some-odd days into Monday when Nick finally caught a break. After school he got home and his mother sat him down as she usually did and told him they couldn't ever mess around again. He'd learned to take it pretty well, and casually asked her to come up to his room to help with some homework. He didn't need the help, of course. By that time, he could do Monday's homework in his sleep. But it seemed a good excuse to spend a little time together before she would inevitably excuse herself for the bathroom. Nick thought he had about a half hour before she'd leave. They sat next to each other at his desk, neither of them paying much attention to the book opened in

front of them. Nick decided to try and warm her up. He heaped praise on her. He complimented every aspect of her character and beauty. And he meant every word.

“That’s nice, sweetie.” Kate stared at the book, preoccupied. “Thanks for saying that.” Her face briefly lit into a smile and then faded back to a slight frown.

Out of frustration, because whatever he said wouldn’t work, Nick did something radical. He asked his mom about herself. “What’s going on, Mom? You seem really out of sorts today. Is it what happened over the weekend?”

“What?” She blinked and her gaze met his. “Oh, no. I mean, we went a little crazy there for a minute. You’ll probably need years of therapy to get over last weekend.” She rolled her eyes and chuckled, trying to make light of it. “But that’s not really what’s bothering me.” Her eyes searched his and she could see that he really did want to hear about her troubles. This was a man that saw her. Really saw her. That was something his father rarely did anymore. In that house, husband and wife so often talked past one another. As she watched Nick’s handsome face, he nodded for her to continue. Her shoulder muscles uncoiled a little. She took a deep breath. “You don’t want to hear about your mom’s troubles. You’ve got enough going on with Jess, and getting ready for college, and all the other stuff teenage boys get caught up in.”

“Whatever it is, tell me.” Nick put his hand on her thigh, feeling the roughness of her jeans. It wasn’t a move, it just felt right.

“Well ... um ... ever since I woke up today, my ... um ... body has been out of sorts.” She really wanted to share herself with him. What an opportunity! But she couldn’t tell him that she’d masturbated more that day than the past ten years combined, and she’d squirted from her vagina every single time. She would have a hard time telling that to her doctor, certainly there was zero chance she’d tell her son. So, she told him the truths she could. “I’m getting older, sweetie. And ... I think ... my body is changing. It’s just so weird. I felt so young when we ... um ... did what we did. And now ... this new thing happened today. And I feel like ... life is short, you know?” She looked into his eyes and saw the attention and caring in his face.

“Is something ... like really wrong?” His brows knitted in worry. “I ... don’t know what I’d do without you, Mom.”

Kate’s worries ebbed for the first time since she’d awakened in that wet spot early that morning. It was such a relief to unburden herself, even a little. “It’s nothing dangerous. I don’t think. Just ... changes. And feeling a little out of control. But ... mmmpppphhhhhhhhhh.” Her son’s lips were on hers. But it wasn’t like the fevered kisses he’d given her the past two days, it was sweeter and reassuring. Her hands went up to his shoulders to push him away, but instead she leaned sideways in her chair, and her

arms snaked around him. To be seen, and then to be touched in such a sensitive way, warmed her heart more than any gift a man had ever given her.

They made out for a while. Nick put his hand on her sweater and gently massaged her boob. She let him.

Eventually, he broke the kiss and looked into her eyes. "I'm sorry I didn't ask you what was wrong sooner."

"I'm your mother, Nicky. It's not your job to check up on me." Why was she talking him out of this? It had been so wonderful to have him listen to her. "Besides, you've only been home for about an hour. How much faster could you have been?"

He kissed her again. He didn't tell her how many repeated Mondays he'd talked at her without even once trying to listen. Her tongue met his and with the bed so close by, they sort of moved together off the chairs and fell on his covers locked in each other's arms. Nick ran his hands over her back, feeling its delicate arch and enjoying the outline of her bra straps through her sweater. He thought about the work those straps did supporting her breasts and wondered if she'd ever show him her boobs. As they made out, her legs worked their way around his right leg. Through her jeans and his shorts, she rubbed her pussy slowly against his thigh.

Nick had made it back to Sunday's zenith of dry-humping. But he knew it wasn't going to be enough to get through Monday. Enki was escalating. That much was clear. He had to do something more. But what? He kissed his way down her chin and onto her soft neck. She turned her head and exposed her pale skin for him. He kissed along her neck gently. "Mom. Tell me what's ... really ... bothering you ... about your body. So ... I can tell ... you that ... you don't have to worry." He said between kisses. "You're perfect."

"Ohhhhh ... Nicky." Kate groaned and her hips sped up. If she wasn't careful, she'd have a squirting orgasm right there on his bed. How would she explain the wet spot on her jeans? "I can't ... tell you ... but ... I ... I ... aaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh." Kate shuddered and her vagina spasmed. She shrieked as another of those overpowering orgasms swept through her. She completely melted in her son's arms. She lost all track of space and time. Eventually the rapturous wave passed, and she returned to reality. Oh, goodness. She could feel the wetness seeping through. "I have to go." She leapt from the bed and looked back at Nick. Her cheeks went bright red when she saw from his eyes that he'd noticed the wet spot in between her legs. "Sorry ... I'm so sorry." She raced out of the room.

"Mom?" But she was gone in a flash. He put his hand down on his thigh where she'd been rubbing, and found she'd left a wet spot on his shorts, too. He put his hand to his nose. It wasn't pee. It was her pussy juice. Holy shit, he'd made his mom cream herself. He was already painfully hard, and it was a miracle he hadn't cum in his shorts. He

pulled out his dick and worked himself quickly to orgasm. He came a ton and then went right back working himself up to another one. Enki had turned him into a freak.

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Later that night, Nick called Alyson. He told her what had happened and what Chris had translated from the puzzle all those Mondays ago. She freaked out. When she calmed down, they talked it over.

“With that much wetness, I don’t think she’s creaming. I think she’s squirting, Nick. It’s a thing a woman can do when you hit her g-spot.” Alyson cringed at having to talk about this with her brother. But what could they do? Nick had to solve the puzzle to be free.

“But I didn’t touch her g-spot.” Nick was totally confused.

“No shit, dummy. But I think Enki wants you to. You’re supposed to dig, but not too deep. The g-spot is like three inches back on the top. And you ‘find the spot and find release,’ right? It’s not the release from Monday the puzzle’s talking about, it’s Mom cumming.” Alyson shoulders tensed at the thought. “I can’t believe I’m going to say this, but you need to finger mom’s g-spot.”

“Holy shit.”

“Holy shit,” Alyson agreed. Enki was going to fuck up her family for good. But maybe their mom would get over it. Maybe ... someday. “And before you ask, I’m not going to tell you how to do it. Google it.”

“I know you’re hating this, Alyson. But don’t worry.” Nick was already typing into the search bar, his phone cradled between his ear and shoulder. “You won’t remember we ever had this conversation. And I won’t make you go through it again.”

“Good, I guess.” Alyson wondered if he had made her have that conversation lots of times already. She decided no, he wasn’t a sadist. Just moody. “But you can tell me about it if ... um ... you need help again. There’s six sides to the cube.” She rubbed her legs together.

“Good point. Gotta go. Love you, Alyson.” Nick barely waited for her goodbye before he hung up and stared at the diagram on his computer. It didn’t seem so hard. He could do this. As he studied female anatomy he thought about the cube. His sister was right. Six sides. Six days. What else did Enki have planned for them?

## Chapter 6

Careful planning doesn't always lead to success. This was a lesson Monday taught Nick. He had thought that if he said the right things, everything would turn out copacetic. That's a fancy word that in this case meant he would get to fingerbang his mother just like an ancient Sumerian god wanted. But he tried to set up the events in his room as they happened the day before and failed. And he failed the next day, too. And he failed again and again.

In the wake of his failures, he thought back to the moments that led to that wonderful kiss-and-grind. He had asked her if there was something wrong. And then he had kissed her. She had returned his advances with passion. A few minutes later she had rubbed herself on his thigh. If he could just get back to that point, he was sure he could get his hand between her legs.

But he couldn't seem to recreate that moment. It took him a long time to figure out that it wasn't what he'd said. It was what he hadn't said. He had listened to her. And more than that, he had wanted to listen to her. He hadn't really wanted anything from her at all. He'd just let his mom tell him about her really strange day and wanted to hear what she said.

Nick promised himself he'd listen to her, really listen, again tomorrow, on the next today. Whatever it was.

~~

"Oh, Nicky, mmmmmm." Kate snaked her arms around her son's shoulders and let his tongue explore her mouth. She'd thought they'd put all that kissing from the weekend behind them. But then Nick had patiently let her vent at him about her anxieties. He had suddenly turned into the son she had always imagined he would be at eighteen. Well, except for the making out. That had come out of left field. "Mmmppphhhhh." She felt his hand on her boob over her sweater. What was the harm? If it made him happy, he deserved it. She let him feel her up as they passionately kissed.

"Mom ... Mom ... you're ... perfect." Nick kissed his way onto her neck, and she stretched out for him, trembling in his arms. He shifted his weight and they fell onto the bed. He kissed his way back up to her lips. He could feel her hips rolling against his thigh a little. She was going to rub herself on him and cum if he let things play out. He had got himself in the same position as before. But he didn't want to let things play out.

“Gggggppphhhhh!” Kate stiffened as Nick’s hand crept under her sweater onto her bare belly. He was getting carried away. She broke away from the kiss and pulled her head away from him so she could bring his face into focus. “Over the sweater, not under it. Okay, sweetie?” The sweet, earnest look on his face melted her resolve. But her resolve wasn’t all that melted. Her vagina responded to him, too. She bit her lower lip, worried she’d squirt in her jeans. She rose to her elbows. It was a feeble attempt at escape. Her body language begged him to convince her to stay. “I should go.” Her words were no more resolute.

“Don’t go.” Rather than pulling back, Nick moved his hand down a little so that the tips of his fingers were just under her waistband. Her warm, pliant skin pressed into his grasp. His dick lurched in his shorts thinking about how close he was to feeling her tuft of hair. Maybe ... just maybe ... Enki wasn’t so bad after all. “Look, you told me about how you’re getting older. And that life is short. And that your body’s changing.” He smiled when she looked at him in surprise. “I listened.” His fingers crept a little lower.

“Nicky ...” She made no move to stop him. She was frozen resting on her elbows, looking deep into his eyes. “You’ve changed so much in just a few days.” She could feel herself getting swept up in the tide of the moment.

“You’ve given me so much. As the Bard said, turnabout is fair play.” Nick had practiced that line over and over. She smiled at it and relaxed, so he moved his fingers farther. He felt the very top of her triangle. The little hairs were downy and delicate. Her jeans were tight enough that he couldn’t move his hand much anymore. With his free hand he tried to undo the button on her jeans, but he was used to doing that with two hands. He struggled, aware she was watching him.

Kate’s half-crescent smile carried with it a bit of amusement at her son’s lack of skill and warmth that he was so eager to please. What he was about to do was clearly not the right way to express his gratitude. But, gosh darn it, it felt right. And she desperately needed it. “Here, goofball, you unbutton it like this.” She reached down with one hand and showed him how to do it. “I can’t believe I just did that.”

“Thanks.” Nick couldn’t believe it either, but he wasn’t going to say so. He unzipped her and finally had room to maneuver.

Both their smiles dropped away when his fingers found her lips under her panties.

“Fffffffsssstttttt.” Kate sucked in her breath and held it when his index finger slid into her. Should she warn him about her squirting? She had masturbated so much that day, maybe her body was done with it. She kept silent.

Visions of g-spot diagrams danced in Nick’s head. She was warm, and wet, and he was surprised by the ridges on the roof of her pussy. He had never really explored Jess in the same way, so a lot of this was new to him. “How’s that, Mom?”

“It’s ... good ... Nick.” She finally let out some air. His fingers clearly lacked skill, but it was still delightful. She stared down at his hand moving under her jeans and panties.

“Okay ... how about this?” He had to move his whole body lower in the bed to get the right angle with his arm.

“Ow ... not like that.” Her body tensed. The pain brought her somewhat out of the spell she’d been under. She was suddenly aware at how unnatural it was to have Nick working her down there. It should have been Fred. She pushed those thoughts aside.

“Try it like before.”

“This?” Nick had the diagram in his mind’s eye, but something was wrong. Not only was she not going crazy with ecstasy, she seemed to be losing her mood. He had to find it quickly. “Or this?”

“Ow.” Kate reached down and took hold of his arm. “Stop. This was a mistake sweetie. My mistake. I’m sorry.” She pulled his finger out of her and quickly climbed off his bed. “Look, I’m just going through something. This was my fault.” She buttoned her jeans and zipped up, not making eye contact with him.

“No, I’m sorry, Mom. I just wanted you to feel something special. And I was trying something from the internet. I didn’t mean –”

“I think I need therapy or something.” Kate retreated quickly toward the door. “I’m going to go take a nap. Tell your father to make dinner tonight.” She was out of his room like a lightning bolt.

“Wait.” Nick looked at the closed door. “Shit.” He punched his pillow. “Shit, shit, shit.” He had been so close, and he’d messed it all up. His dick was as hard as ever, but he didn’t feel like fapping. He was going to have to repeat the day again tomorrow.

And he did repeat Monday. And he met with similar results. And the next today. And the next. He couldn’t find her g-spot. Although most days Kate let Nick in her pants, it always ended with her quickly running for the door.

Eventually, he had a thought. He was rushing things. So, he waited to try for the g-spot. Nick worked her other parts instead, getting her closer and closer to an orgasm. If she was on the verge, maybe it would work better. He was thrilled when she closed her eyes and let out soft little moans. But the second he went back to searching out her spot, she stiffened, complained, and left.

Nick just about threw his chair through the window when she left. He was out of ideas. He seriously thought about defenestrating himself instead of the chair. Alternatively, he took some deep breaths, reached over and grabbed his phone, and texted his sister. He needed help.

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“So, what’s the emergency?” Alyson found her brother reading on his phone in the living room.

“Thanks for coming. It’s Enki.” Nick stood and led his sister upstairs. Their mom hadn’t gotten up from her late nap after the most recent disaster, but their dad was watching TV in the next room.

“Well, of course it is.” She sounded exasperated. Alyson was ready for the full update. Her brother had gotten through Sunday, so something big must have happened. When they were in his room, she sat on his swivel chair. “So? How did it go yesterday?”

He flopped onto the bed sitting cross-legged. Nick told her all about it, again. She made the same repulsed faces she always did as he described kissing his mother, and then Kate grinding on him. He told Alyson about all the Mondays up to now. About how Alyson had been the one to figure out that the puzzle wanted him to get at their mom’s g-spot. And, how she had told him that she didn’t want to hear anymore about it. Unless, he needed help. “I need help.”

“Holy shit, Nick. I mean, really, I didn’t think ... holy shit.” She stared at him, rubbing her legs together unconsciously under her skirt. “What do you want me to do about it?”

“I googled it like you said. And memorized it. But I couldn’t do it.” Nick looked at her with pleading eyes. “I can’t keep failing and repeating Monday over and over. I just can’t. I have no one else to ask. Walk me through it in detail, please.”

It took a second for his meaning to sink in. Alyson’s jaw dropped. “Um ... I’m your sister, I’m not going to walk you through fingering Mom.”

“I can’t do it by myself.” Nick let his shoulders sag in despondence. “It’s not like I want to do this.”

She softened at his words, but then had a thought. “Wait ...” Alyson looked around the room like spiders had sprung from the walls. “You didn’t ... you didn’t try it again with her today? In here?”

“Yeah.”

She stood up quickly. “In this chair?”

“On the bed.” Nick let the weight of all his failure settle in. What did anything matter? He was just going to have to try and fail again on the next today.

“I know I keep saying it, but, holy shit.” She sat back down and rubbed her legs together. It was unmistakable. She was wet. Her stupid eighteen-year-old brother had fingered their sweet, soccer mom right in that bed hours ago. The thought of it made her a little dizzy. “Okay, I’ll talk you through what you’re doing wrong. Tell me all about it. Every detail.” She stared at him as he described complimenting, listening, kissing, and then exploring her pussy. She had to admit, it was almost foolproof. Until he got to the part about searching for her g-spot and causing their mom to freak out. “Well, she shouldn’t be saying ‘ow,’ that’s for sure.”

“Yeah, I know. What am I doing wrong?”

“Are you going about three inches back on the roof?” Alyson’s head swam some more. She swallowed, and her throat went dry. Her pulse beat quickly in her ears.

“Yeah, but ...” Nick eyed his sister. Her eyes looked kind of far off and there was a sheen of sweat on her forehead. “Are you okay?”

“Me?” Alyson lungs felt compressed. It was hard to breathe. She stood. “I’ll be back in a second.” She didn’t even hear what he said as she turned and exited the room. She found herself in the bathroom. Turning on the tap, she stared at her reflection in the mirror. She was white as a ghost. Shock. This was shock. Everything was so far outside the bounds of what she understood, that her body was quitting on her. She splashed her face with cold water over and over again. It revived her a little. She turned off the faucet and stared at her face in the mirror. “It doesn’t matter. Whatever I do, I won’t remember. Some other Alyson will marry Chris. I’ll just forget ... tonight ever happened,” she whispered to herself. She dried her face with a towel, and walked back to her brother’s room.

“You’re not going to help. Are going back to the city?” Nick didn’t even bother trying to sound positive. He was stuck and everything sucked.

“No. Listen, Nick. I ... um ... I ... well ... Chris has touched my g-spot.”

“Of course, he has.” Nick rolled his eyes. “Way to rub it in. I get it. He’s better than me. He’s not as perfect as you think he is.”

“Shut up, you idiot.” Alyson’s brows knitted in anger. “This is really hard to say. So ... just listen ... okay?”

“Sorry.” Nick looked up and listened.

“I just mean. I ... know where mine is. I don’t squirt or anything, but it does feel ... well you know. So ... I can show you.” The last few words were barely audible.

“You mean, like, for real? You’ll show me with your ... um ... vagina?” Nick blinked at her in confusion and saw her nod her head slightly as she sat back on his chair. “Wow,

okay.” He hoped she couldn’t see how hard he was in his shorts. He should have emptied his balls in between his failure with his mother and his sister’s arrival. But he didn’t think the night would take such a turn. “Wait. You can’t do that yourself. I read that it was in a spot that made it impossible for a woman to do without, like ... help.”

“The right shaped toy would do it, I suppose. But the whole point is showing you. So, you can get past that fucker Enki’s puzzle.” She took a deep breath. There, she’d offered it to him.

“Don’t insult Enki, Alyson. I did that a couple times, and I think ... I don’t know. I get the feeling he can hear us.”

“Did you just hear what I said? I’ll show you. I’ll help you. Yes or no?” For the first time in years, she had butterflies in her stomach.

“Okay,” he said dumbly.

“Right. So, then, come sit on the floor in front of me. Good.” She could see he was hard under his shorts as he moved off the bed, but she didn’t say anything about it. She pulled her skirt up to her waist, and looped her fingers under the elastic of her panties. “I put some lube on my pussy when I was in the bathroom, that’s why I’m so wet,” she lied. “I want to make this as easy for you as possible.”

“Okay.” He nodded feebly, looking at her wet panties. She must have put a lot of lube down there.

“I want you to promise that you won’t ever tell me about this. When you finally make it to Tuesday, you’ll just tell me that you managed to find her g-spot all on your own. Okay?” Very slowly, Alyson pulled her panties down her legs and tossed them aside. She kept her legs together. “Look me in the eye and promise me.”

Nick pulled his gaze from her trim thighs up to her familiar, pretty face. “I promise.”

“Good.” She spread her legs and watched his gaze drop and his mouth make a little ring of surprise and delight. He looked like he’d just unearthed buried treasure. She had expected him to be more reluctant, but he was a man. “Now give me your hand.”

“Okay.” Nick was stuck on repeat. He couldn’t seem to say anything else. He stared at the triangle of brown hair between her legs, with fat, puffy lips protruding beneath. The sight of her pussy had all the gravity of a blackhole, and he was getting drawn in past the event horizon. He offered his hand to his sister.

“Great, okay. Now slide the finger up and down along the lips like this.” She shivered at her brother’s touch. “Now put it in. Oh, yes. Like that.” She closed her eyes, let go of his hand, and let him go to work. He was pretty good. His touch was firm and gentle. He hit some good spots, and didn’t get repetitive. He didn’t pay any attention to her clit, but

that wasn't what this was about anyway. What was this all about? The pleasure carried her away. She had a devil of time remembering. After about five minutes, it came back to her. "Now, three inches back ... and on the top ... and ... ow!" She tensed up and opened her eyes. "What are you doing?"

"What? You told me to go for your g-spot." Nick held his hand still. It was surreal arguing with his sister with a finger up her pussy. "That's what I was doing. Don't yell at me."

"You're supposed to touch the g-spot, not poke through it." She could understand why he'd killed the mood with their mom.

"I read that I was supposed to press it like a button." Nick could feel his shoulders bunching. This was going to be yet another failure to add to a growing list. Monday would never end.

"I'm not a fucking elevator, Nick. That's not how you press my buttons." She shook her head at him. "Now, try and be gentle. You want to stimulate it ... without breaking anything." She leaned back in the chair and closed her eyes again. "That's better. Now a little to the left. And back ... no, the other way. Yes ... almost ..." A whining sound escaped her throat. It was a noise she'd never made before. "Uuuuuugggggghhhhhhhh ... move ... away." Her hips bucked. Just like that she was going to cum.

Nick pulled his finger out of her pussy as she requested. He watched in disbelief as his big sister gripped the chair with both hands. Before he knew what was happening, the front of his shirt was wet. She was spraying him, hot splashes leapt out of her again and again. She shrieked and threw her head back, her hair flying over her face. When she finished, the front of his shirt was soaked. He licked his lips. Salty and tangy. It tasted a bit like Jess's pussy, but better. He licked his lips again. He was tasting Alyson.

As her orgasm subsided, Alyson opened her eyes. She looked at her brother's shirt and his shiny face. "Did I ... do that?"

"Yeah." He nodded slowly.

"Holy shit." She smiled at him. "That's a first."

"Holy shit," he agreed. "So, I did it right?"

"You did." She let out a deep breath and stood, her skirt falling back down to her knees. "Now, as Enki would say, you found the spot and found my release. You think you can do that with mom?" She bent down and fetched her panties.

"I guess." Nick thought he could. The next Monday was going to be the last Monday. He stood, too, and pulled off his shirt. He used the dry side to wipe off his face. "You going back to the city tonight?"

“It’s too late. I’ll sleep in my room.” She moved to the door, discretely eyeing his torso. He wasn’t big like Chris, but he was fit, and cut. He had the body of a soccer player, she supposed. Her brother was cute. “Goodnight, Nick. Get some good sleep.”

“Thanks, Alyson.” He felt a bit awkward talking to her like nothing had happened after what they’d done. But, none of that awkwardness would matter when the day restarted. “Thank you. I don’t think I ever would have figured it out without you.”

“You’re welcome, dummy.” She opened the door. “Now don’t forget your promise. You can never tell me.” It would be sad forgetting her best orgasm ever. But it was totally necessary.

“I promise.” He watched her slip out into the hall and close the door behind her. He jumped onto his bed and had his shorts around his ankles in no time. He needed to fap. It was a miracle his new balls hadn’t burst in his pants while all that was happening. He grabbed himself and thought about what his sister’s “oh” face looked like.

~~

*Thump, thump, thump!* Nick opened his eyes. He blinked. The sun was just coming up outside. This wasn’t right. Monday didn’t start with any thumps, and he’d just heard three.

“Nick, open up.” Alyson’s voice was on the other side of the door.

This really wasn’t right. She was supposed to be in the city, not at home. On Sunday night she went home with Chris. She wasn’t around on Monday morning, unless ... Nick flew out of bed and raced to the door. He unlocked it and pulled his sister inside. “You’re here.”

“It’s Tuesday.” She nodded at him with meaning. She was still in her pajamas. “When I woke up here, I knew. You made it. You made it!” She giggled with excitement. “Did you meet with Mom after we did ... um ... oh shit. I remember all of it. I wasn’t supposed to remember.” She hit his shoulder hard, her smile vanished. “You were supposed to wait a day before finishing the puzzle. You promised.”

“I didn’t.” He held up his hands. “I swear. I didn’t. I just ... went to bed. I didn’t see Mom at all.”

They stared at each other for a while, both of them processing the turn of events.

“What’s that?” Alyson pointed down at Nick’s pajama bottoms. “I’ve seen you enough times in the morning to know you’re not that big. I mean, no one’s that big.”

Nick looked down at a massive tent in his bottoms. Whatever was in there was more than twice the size of his penis. He blinked at it and stared. "I don't know what that is."

They both stared as the giant cock in his pants twitched.

Though the shock of it all, something nagged at Nick. There was something different about Alyson. He looked at his sister's chest. "What are those?" He stared at boobs that stretched at her pajama top.

Alyson glanced down at her boobs and shrieked. "What the heck is happening?" Her breasts were massive. She had been in such a state when she woke up on Tuesday that she hadn't even noticed the change. Now that she knew they were there, she could feel the weight of them pulling on her slender frame. She tentatively touched one and shrieked again.

*Thump!* A small bird hit the window. They both turned to look at the feathers slowly falling outside. Tuesday was not off to a great start.

## Chapter 7

“What’s going on out there?” Fred stuck his head out his bedroom door and scowled down the hall. His son and daughter seemed to be having a powwow. “Do you know what time it is?”

“Sorry, Dad. I know it’s early.” Alyson looked down at her swollen boobs again, and turned her back on her father. She reached out and grabbed Nick’s shoulder and turned him away, too, so his comically large erection would be out of view from their father. “I was just waking up my brother because ...” She looked over her shoulder at her father.

“Because I have an early soccer practice before school today.” Nick stepped back into his room to get out of the line of sight. “Thanks for the wake-up, Alyson.”

“Yeah, you’re welcome.” Alyson waved at her dad awkwardly without turning around. “I guess I’m going to head into the city.” She walked slowly back to her room so she wouldn’t bounce too much. The only thing supporting her boobs was her overextended pajama top. And that wasn’t doing much. “See you at breakfast.”

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“So nice to have the family together for breakfast on a weekday. Just like old times.” Kate brought her children pancakes. Although the weather was nice, they were both dressed warmly. Alyson wore an oversized sweatshirt with the hood up. Nick wore a heavy flannel shirt that was practically draped on him. Now that she thought about it, Kate seemed to recall that it was Fred’s shirt. How odd. Kate went back to the oven and fetched more warm pancakes. She brought them to her husband.

“Like old times,” Fred grumbled, staring at his phone.

“Thanks, Mom.” Alyson thought it really was like old times with her mom barely making eye contact with Nick. But this time it wasn’t about Nick being a moody jerk. It was about him trying to poke through her g-spot. She groaned to herself and tried to think about something else. Everything had gotten impossibly weird. How many times would she have to go through a breakfast like this while Nick figured out how to appease Enki? At least she wouldn’t remember.

They ate in silence. Fred was the first to leave. Then Kate got up and announced that she was going to take a nap. She cleaned a little and left. Brother and sister were alone at the kitchen table.

“Why is she taking a nap at seven thirty?” Alyson whispered to her eighteen-year-old brother.

“I told you yesterday. Or maybe it was some other yesterday I told some other you. Anyway, she took a ton of naps on Monday. And spent a bunch of time in the bathroom. I thought she was trying to avoid me, so I didn’t pry.” Nick was grateful for his sister’s sweatshirt. The temptation to look at her tits had disappeared, hidden as they were. And if he could see their outline more clearly, he just knew he’d get another hard-on. And he hadn’t figured out how to hide his hard dick. Running it down his pant leg was ridiculous and painful, and up under his waistband felt weird.

Between waking up and breakfast, Nick had cum three times in an attempt to quell his libido. It was the same penis he’d always had, even with that little curve to the left, but much, much bigger. The new penis hadn’t changed the over productive balls he’d acquired on his first Monday.

“You’re staring at my chest again.” Alyson dipped her fingers in her glass and flicked water at Nick’s face. “Stop it.”

“Sorry.” Maybe he was still having trouble with staring. Just knowing those tits were there was almost too much. He squirmed in his seat as his dick inflated again.

“This is all really weird.” Alyson stood and carried her plate to the sink. “I’m going home now. I’m going to talk to Chris. Oh, God. Do I have to tell him about what happened?” She rubbed her forehead.

“What? No, he’ll kill me.” Nick almost stood in his panic, but didn’t know what to do with his erection, so he kept it hidden under the table.

“You’re right. What was I thinking?” Alyson thought about that incredible orgasm when her brother had hit her g-spot just right. She’d have to get her fiancé to give her one just as good. Maybe that would cancel out her infidelity.

“Aren’t you going to help me? I mean, I have to get the puzzle translated again. There’s going to be another riddle. I’m stuck looping until I get to all six sides of the cube. Right?”

“I can’t help you today.” Alyson shook her head slowly and found her bag. She slung it over her shoulder. “I’m pulling Chris out of work and we’re going to have an impromptu vacation day. He’s going to have the best day ever. You can ask tomorrow’s Alyson for help. Maybe you’ll have better luck with her.” Alyson gave her brother a sad smile, and headed to the front door.

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Nick tried to skip school and spend the day in his room with porn and his new dick. But when his mom woke from her nap, she knocked on his door. He put his dick away and hid it under his shirt. They didn't talk at all about his botched fingering the day before. She still wouldn't look him in the eyes. But she did send him to school.

He missed first period. Nick kept his head down, avoided Jess, and spent most of his time in panicked daydreams about what Enki might have in store for him. He didn't pay attention in class or hang out with his friends. It didn't matter if he didn't learn anything because he'd have to listen to the exact same lessons on the next today. And his friends would never remember when he ditched them after school. Nick was supremely confident that he wasn't done looping.

Once home, Nick went to his room. He declined dinner when his dad barged into his room. Fortunately, he was just playing video games at the time. He went to sleep wondering how his sister's day had gone with Chris.

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*Thump, thump, thump!* Nick opened his eyes and rolled groggily off his heavy, hard dick. The sun was just coming up outside. This was right. Tuesday started with three thumps. He was back to looping again.

"Nick, open up." Alyson's voice came through the door.

Yep, it was Tuesday. Otherwise, she'd be in the city after spending what sounded like a romantic day with the abominable Chris. Nick sighed. He was going to have to see Chris again to translate the next riddle. Nick got out of bed. "Hold on, I'll be there in a sec." He found some baggy sweatpants and an old sweatshirt. He threw them on as his sister knocked on the door again. "Hold on," he grumbled. He walked to the door, ready to see those crazy tits straining at her pjs. He tucked his dick under his waistband and opened the door.

"Let me in, before Dad comes out." Alyson pushed past him and closed the door behind her.

"Wait, what?" Nick looked at her. She was already wearing her oversized sweatshirt and jeans. That wasn't right. What day was it? He had been so sure. Had he passed through to Wednesday somehow? Was it over? He felt unsteady on his feet, and he sat down on the floor. He looked up at Alyson. Her brown eyes were fierce and knowing. "What's going on, Alyson?"

"Today is Tuesday. I double checked my phone before coming in here."

“Right, okay.” Nick nodded. So, it was Tuesday. “I should explain. I didn’t do anything with Mom on Monday after we ... did ... um ...” He trailed off. “And Enki let me pass on to Tuesday anyway. And now I’m looping again so we’ll have to –”

“Jesus Christ, Nick. I know. It’s me.” Alyson put a possessive hand to her chest, felt the awkwardness of her new breasts, and moved her hand higher on her chest. “It’s me. Yesterday’s Alyson. I mean the previous Tuesday’s Alyson.” She could see the look of incomprehension on her brother’s face. That was fine, it was early. “I know what happened to you. I know what Enki did to us.” She pointed at his crotch. “A bird is about to hit your window.”

*Thump!* A cloud of feathers floated outside his bedroom window.

“What?” Nick stared at the window, and then at his sister, and then back to the window. “What?”

“I’m looping with you, dummy.” Alyson sat on the floor opposite her brother. “We’re stuck together.”

“Holy shit.”

“Holy shit.” Alyson agreed.

“If you remember it, how did yesterday go?” Nick kept his eyes on hers.

“Terrible. I knew I couldn’t tell Chris everything, but I couldn’t really hide my deformity from him forever.” She waved her hands at her well-covered breasts.

“Are they deformed?” Nick’s eyes widened. He hadn’t considered that.

“No, they’re same as before. Just bigger.” Alyson sighed and stretched her back. “A lot bigger.”

“Oh.” Nick tried to silently scold his cock for reacting to that news. She was his sister.

“Anyway, I showed him and he flipped out. He said I’d done something to myself. I explained about Enki’s Puzzle.” She caught the look of worry in Nick’s eyes. “Not the parts about you and Mom. Just that it was doing things. And he thought I was crazy. We had a big fight and I ended up sleeping at Carrie’s house.”

“I’m sorry you had a fight, Alyson.” Nick wasn’t sorry at all. Chris was an asshole, and he hoped she’d see it. “You’re going to hang with me today? Maybe we could just spend some time together before we start figuring out the next riddle?”

“No.” Alyson shook her head and smiled. “Chris won’t remember the fight, right? I still owe him a really nice day after what happened on Monday.” She stood and looked around the room. “I’ll have him translate the puzzle and I’ll call you with it. I guess we can talk in person tomorrow morning since I’ll be waking up here.”

“Don’t call it tomorrow.” Nick frowned at his sister. He wasn’t about to tell her how to spend her time. But he sure as heck wanted to. “It’s the next today.”

“Yeah, we’ll have to agree on the terminology if we are going to go through this together.” Alyson headed to the door. “I’m not staying for pancakes. I have a lot to do to make Chris’s day perfect. After what happened on the last today, I think I know how to make it work. See ya.”

“Bye.” Nick watched his heavily dressed sister exit the room. Well, at least she was going to have that creep translate the puzzle.

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By Tuesday afternoon, Kate had cum three times. This was less than Monday. And she had only squirted once. Maybe whatever had overtaken her brain and vagina was working its way through her system. She was developing a theory about what had happened to her. Her insane kissing and ... other things ... with Nick had triggered a mid-life crisis. That had to be it. She and Fred didn’t have the physical connection they once did. And here was this handsome guy giving her everything she’d always wanted from a man. The fact that it was her son must have really sent her into some sort of psychological breakdown.

Kate washed her hands in the bathroom sink and looked at her reflection. She looked a little bedraggled, but that was to be expected after the last few days. Maybe Nick accidentally hurting her with his fingers was why Tuesday had been better than Monday. Her body and mind had needed a jolt to realize just how crazy the whole thing was, and he’d given it her. She supposed it was a good thing she’d been stupid enough to let him under her panties. Now, it was over. With any luck she’d only have to masturbate once or twice more that day.

~~

“Chris says that’s it. I’ll read it to you again. *Your arrow may have missed the mark ... But Enki rewards a bold move ... now say a prayer and imbibe ... to be closer to the ones you love.*” Alyson held the phone up to her ear and forced a smile at Chris who was impatiently waiting for their picnic. “Good enough?” She nodded and hung up. She didn’t like the sound of this last riddle. It seemed the Sumerian god was now writing directly to Nick rather than posing vague, generalized riddles. Or maybe he was writing

them to her now. Ice filled her chest when she considered what that would mean. She put it out of her mind. "Ready to go?"

"I've been ready." Chris picked up the basket. His fiancée was acting strangely. Why was she calling her brother about the old artifact? And why was she wearing that ridiculous sweatshirt on a perfectly nice day? "Why does your jerk of a brother care about the replica?"

"He's just interested in my work." Alyson kissed Chris on the cheek, careful not to press her boobs into his arm. "And he's not a jerk. Forget about it. Let's have a wonderful day."

~~

Nick, Kate, and Fred were having dinner when Alyson burst into the house crying. She tried to rush past them up to her room, but Kate was up like a shot and intercepted her with a hug. "What's wrong, sweetie?" Kate guided her daughter to the dinner table and sat her down. She poured Alyson a glass of wine and sat next to her, patting her thigh.

"It's boy trouble." Fred leaned back in his chair and cracked his knuckles. "I know that look. What did he do to you?"

"He didn't ... do anything ... it was ... just a ... fight," Alyson said between sobs.

Fred went on and on about how Chris never treated his daughter right, and how Chris ought to shape up or ship out.

Nick listened. Uncharacteristically, he agreed with most of what his father said. And he might have said as much at one time. But he stayed silent. He could see it wasn't helpful. After dinner he and his older sister went up to her room, and she vented at him for a while. He sat and listened, occasionally validating her feelings.

Alyson relaxed and her tears dried. She gave Nick a sad smile. "So, how do you do it? How do you repeat the same failures over and over? I made almost all the same mistakes with Chris that I did yesterday. And I'll probably make them again tomorrow." She was still determined to give her fiancé a perfect day. "And he won't even know it." She sat cross-legged on her bed, her stupid bust was giving her a sore back. She stretched.

"It sucks." Nick lay on his back on her bed, looking up at the glow-in-the-dark stars on her ceiling. "I thought about killing myself when I got real deep into Saturday. But then I ... um ... started feeling that ... um ..." He was going to say that he enjoyed spending all that time with his mom. But he knew how grossed out Alyson got by all that. "Anyway,

we have each other now. We'll get through this." He put his hand on her knee and left it there.

"Thanks, Nicky." Alyson put her hand on his. "So, what do you think the riddle means?"

"After the first few riddles, I'm picking up patterns." Nick looked up at his sister and rolled his eyes. "Before all this happened, I would have thought it had to do with having a drink with Mom or something."

Alyson arched her eyebrows.

"Yeah, I looked up 'imbibe' while you were with Chris." Nick nodded. "But now that I've gotten through a few of these, I know we should just figure out what perverted thing Enki has in mind."

"Agreed." Alyson sighed. She felt so bad for her brother. He was going to have to take it further with their mom. If she felt so guilty after helping him find her g-spot, she couldn't imagine how he and her Mom must feel. She squeezed his hand tighter. "Well, it has something to do with praying and drinking."

"You know what it has to be."

"I'm sorry, but the puzzle can't possibly want her to swallow your ..." She couldn't bring herself to say it. She looked down at his pants and saw the outline of his soft, fat thing. Why was Enki doing this to their family?

"You said he was the god of semen, right?"

"Jesus, Nick. There is no way our mother is going to blow you and ... you know." Alyson shook her head. "I mean she'd never. And especially with that thing Enki gave you. One look at that and any woman would run for the hills." She caught the look of resignation on his face. "I'm sorry, Nick. We'll figure it out." She took her hand off his and moved over to her closet. "I need some sleep. I'm going to try and make it all up to Chris tomorrow."

Nick slowly got up from her bed and headed to the door. "You mean the next today?" He offered a wan smile. He didn't try and convince her Chris was a waste of time.

"Yeah, that." She watched him go.

~~

A series of todays passed uneventfully. Nick went to school at his mother's insistence, but managed to avoid Jess. He hung out with his friends most days, but their

conversation got pretty repetitive, so he tuned them out. He spent one day focusing on his lessons and then figured that was good enough. The real locus of attention was his mother.

Kate Dobson had cooled toward her son considerably on Tuesday. Nick had a hard time making eye contact with her, let alone setting up another make out session. She didn't disappear for naps and to the bathroom as often as on Monday, but she still had some long absences. She made dinner most nights, and she was pleasant with Nick and his father at the table. Kate always supported Alyson when her daughter came home in tears, which she did most of the time. If they'd deduced the riddle correctly, Nick and his sister might never get out of Tuesday. The way the day went, a blowjob from his mother seemed an impossible task. Enki might as well have asked him to drive their minivan from zero to sixty in three seconds or launch it into outer space.

Eventually, Alyson stopped trying to give her fiancé the perfect day. Then, she stopped going back to the city for work. Then, she stopped getting out of bed. The days passed over and over.

Nick still had to go to school, so he'd visit his sister in bed before he left. And when he got back, she'd still be there. He knew what she was going through. It was just like his Saturdays. A repetitive hammering of failure tended to weigh on one's soul.

~~

"How you feeling today?" Nick sat on his sister's bed in the afternoon. He had been spending more and more time with Alyson to give her some company. It meant less time figuring out his mother, but he thought it was worth it.

"Like shit. How about you?" Alyson wore sweatpants and her now trademark oversized hoodie.

"I got Mom to laugh at a few of my jokes today. But she stiffened and bolted from the room when I touched her shoulder." Nick shrugged. "I'm sorry I can't figure it out. You're stuck here because of me."

"Yeah." Alyson nodded. "But maybe you're stuck here because of me, too. I should be helping you." She sat up and suddenly looked more alert. "No offence, Nicky, but you're never going to get her to do that on your own. This isn't just making out or dry humping. And you're starting with a deficit from the debacle yesterday. If only we hadn't ..."

"So, how are you going to help me? Get Dad out of the house again?"

“Well, yeah. Sure. But I could also talk to her. I don’t know, butter her up for you.”

Alyson rubbed her chin. The idea of helping Nick had given her new life. She looked at her brother, and then at the soft bulge in his pants, and then back into his eyes. “You can practice your lines on me. I’ll tell you how you’re doing. That way you don’t have to wait a whole day every time it doesn’t work. We can practice every day.”

“Yeah, okay.” His sister’s renewed vigor was giving him optimism. “When do you want to start?”

“No time like the present.” She got off the bed and stood in the center of the room. She thought uptight thoughts to get in character. “Hello, sweetie. How was your day at school?”

“Fine, Mom. I learned some cool things in biology. Did you know that there’s a jellyfish that’s immortal? It gets old, then goes back to being young again, and then gets old, and then does it over and over.”

“Really?” Alyson knew her mom would be bored with having facts thrown at her.

“That’s nice.” She turned and pretended to busy herself at an imaginary kitchen sink.

“How have you been feeling?” Nick fought the impulse to keep talking and switched over to listening mode. He let his sister talk as their mother, asking the occasional follow-up question. He could see her relaxing and starting to smile. He made a few jokes at the right times and she laughed. After a time, she broke character and told him all about how lonely she’d been feeling. How terrible it was that her fiancé couldn’t accept what had happened to her body or believe her story. And how hard it was to start over with him every day. Nick listened. As she talked, he stood up, and put his hand on her upper arm.

“Every time he sees me in this stupid today, Chris thinks I’m a freak. He used to think I was beautiful, smart, and funny.” Her brother’s hand on her arm was calming and affirming. She held up her left hand to show Nick her engagement ring. “Is it over? I mean, will Chris still want me after what happened?” She looked down at the large swell under her sweatshirt. “I’m a freak. That stupid god turned me into a circus performer.”

“You’re not a freak, Alyson.” Nick had practiced listening and reassuring his mother so much that it kicked in on autopilot. He put his hands on her shoulders. “You are as smart, funny, and outlandishly beautiful as ever. Men would die to marry a woman like you. Chris will come around.” He smiled and leaned his face close to hers. Of course, Nick hoped Chris wouldn’t come around. His sister deserved better. But he knew what she needed to hear.

“Really?” A new tear rolled down her cheek. No sadness now, just hope and gratitude filled Alyson’s heart.

“I mean it a million times over.” Nick leaned in and kissed her on the lips. It was the most natural thing to do. All those Saturdays, Sundays, and Mondays had changed his instincts.

“Mmmpppphhhh.” Alyson melted into the kiss. She forgot the man kissing her was her eighteen-year-old little brother, and instead basked in his positive energy. The kiss carried the same life-affirming power as their conversation. It was a branch of the same tree. She even let his tongue explore hers before she pushed him away and broke the kiss. “Whoa ... Nick ... that was ... um ... unexpected. How did you get so ... smooth?”

“It just felt right.” He shrugged. It was over, but he didn’t regret it.

“It did.” She nodded and bit her bottom lip. Her eyes drank him in. He was a twig compared to Chris, but her brother was handsome in his own way. And charming. When did he get so charming? “I’m thinking ... um ... if this day repeats, then it’s like it never happened. No one will know anything about it but us, right?”

“I suppose.” Nick nodded.

“So, the only day that matters is the day you solve the riddle.” She thought some more. “When you think you’re ready, you’ll have to open your window first thing in the morning so that poor bird doesn’t get killed.”

“Way ahead of you.” Nick’s smile broadened. “I’ve been opening the window first thing in the morning for days and days. That dumb little chickadee usually just stays in my room all day. It’s sort of like a pet.”

“I’ve never seen it.” She stared at him in amazement. Who was this man and what had he done with her moody brother?

“Well, since you’ve been feeling low, I mostly visit you in your room.” He shrugged again. “You should come see him one day. He’s really cute. In normal times, I’d try and send him back outside, but I figured what does it matter if he’s just going to come right through my window the next day. He’s really cool when –” He was cut off by his sister’s lips on his. She kissed him with more urgency than he had kissed her. Her arms went around his shoulders, and her massive boobs pushed into his chest. He wasn’t sure where to put his hands. She was still his sister after all, so her butt was *verboten*. He opted for the small of her back, which he found was almost as much of a turn-on as her ass would have been. It curved under his hands delightfully. Chris was a moron.

“Mmmpppphhhh.” Alyson could feel that enormous dick poking against her tummy. She broke their kiss. “You really think I’m pretty?”

“You’re the kind of woman kingdoms would go to war over in the old days.” Her breath was in his face, fresh and hot and full of life.

“That’s stupid but very sweet. Come here.” She pulled him toward their bed. “Let’s just be close for a while, okay?”

“Okay.” He let her pull him onto the bed with her. They curled up with each other and kissed some more. It was hard to tell how much time passed. Eventually, one of Nick’s hands migrated to her boob and pressed against the weight of it. Making out with Alyson was different than with his mother. Of the two, Alyson seemed like the one with more experience. He realized that he loved the intimacy with both women. Jess couldn’t compare to either.

Nick was kissing Alyson’s neck when their father barged in.

“Your mother will have dinner on the table in ...” His mouth dropped when he saw what his children were doing. “What ... the ... fuck!”

Alyson and Nick broke apart and looked over at Fred in the doorway with blanched faces. In the back of their minds, they both knew it didn’t really matter. But that didn’t stop the panic from setting in.

“Dad ... I ... I ...” Alyson stammered.

“It’s okay, Dad. It’s just –” Nick didn’t get to finish as his father grabbed him by the collar and dragged him out of the room.

“You are grounded for life. For fucking life.” He pulled his son down the hall and heaved him into his room. “You are never to touch her again. If you do, I will *end* you. Understand?” Fred slammed the door.

Nick took a deep breath. He got up on his elbows in the middle of the floor. His hip hurt where he’d landed on it. He looked around the room and spotted the chickadee. “Hey, Chirpee. That didn’t go so well, huh?” The bird sang back its two-note song at him and then fluttered out the open window. Nick picked himself up and fell on his bed. A minute later he heard hammering in the hall. Apparently, his father was boarding him in. Well, it wasn’t the worst thing to happen to him in the loop. Maybe he and Alyson would laugh about it tomorrow. As the hammering continued, he thought about what had happened with his sister and smiled. Maybe Enki was onto something. Maybe. He closed his eyes and thought about his mother and sister until his daydreams faded into sleep.

## Chapter 8

Laughter rolled around Nick's room. "The ... look ... on ... Dad's ... face." Sitting on her brother's bed, Alyson held her belly, and rolled onto her side. Tears of joy rolled down her cheeks.

"I was ... terrified ... oh ... my ... God." Nick wiped tears from his eyes. What a relief to be able to share his reiterating existence with someone. "Did he ... really ... nail me ... in?" His laughter calmed some. From his vantage on the floor, he tried not to look at the swell of his older sister's bosom, somewhat hidden by her oversized hoodie.

"Like a ... coffin. I looked before I ... went to bed." Alyson sighed. It felt so good to laugh. "There was like ten two-by-fours."

"But my door swings in."

Alyson shrugged. "When he's angry, Dad's not that smart. He's already at work, by the way. And Mom is leaving for yoga in a few minutes." She looked at her left hand, frowning. She took her engagement ring off and put it on Nick's dresser. "This isn't the day we get through. We have no idea how to get Mom to 'imbibe.' So, we could spend the day ... together." She offered him a shy smile, worried about rejection. Failure was very much on her mind after so many fruitless attempts to get Chris to accept what had happened to her.

"Wow, really?" Nick looked at the clock. "Mom always makes me go to school."

"You can cut class, Nicky. It's not like it won't be there on the next today," she said gently. Her eyes fell. He was rejecting her. Of course, he was. He was her brother. The insanity of Enki's puzzle must have pushed her over the edge to think they could repeat what happened on the previous today.

"I know I can cut. I want to skip. But Mom always makes sure I'm off to school before she goes to yoga."

"Oh. There's an easy fix for that." Alyson's face brightened a little. Maybe it wasn't all failure and rejection in Enki's loop. "I'll tell her that I'm taking you to school. She trusts me. Give me ten minutes, I'll get her out of the house." She got up and left the room.

Nick tossed a soccer ball up in the air while he waited. He wasn't sure about his sister's logic. The two of them remembered each day, so it wasn't like what they did had no consequences.

"She's gone." Alyson jogged back into Nick's room. She was aware how much her new chest bounced under her hoodie, so she slowed herself down and closed the door. "I promised her that I would drop you off before the opening bell. Should we call the

school and tell them you're sick or something?" She walked over to her brother and snatched the ball out of the air.

"What does it matter?" Nick shrugged and pushed himself to his feet. He stood awkwardly facing her. "Um ... so ... we've got a couple hours ... right?"

"Well ... um ..." Alyson looked at the floor. "Yes, we do. And ... I thought ... maybe ... you could look at what Enki did to me." Her cheeks turned scarlet. "It's just that Chris was so upset. And I need someone to tell me ... that these are still okay." She pointed to her chest.

Fireworks went off in Nick's brain. She was going to show him her tits? *Be cool, be cool, be cool*, he told himself. "If it'll help, I'll have a look." His pulse hammered in his dick. It was lucky he'd already unloaded his over-full balls twice that morning, because otherwise he didn't trust himself not to explode right then and there.

"Just ... be honest ... okay?" Alyson looked at the chickadee perched on Nick's desk, and her hands clutched the bottom of her hoodie. The little bird nodded at her, seeming to offer encouragement. Eyes fixed on Chirpee, she lifted up her silly disguise and exposed her boobs to her brother. She wasn't looking at him so she couldn't gauge his reaction. She glanced his way and saw the shock on his face. "Am I ... like ... grossly out of proportion? Is it hideous?"

Nick took a deep breath. He hadn't seen her boobs before Enki messed with her, so he had no comparison. But the woman standing in front of him was beyond gorgeous. It took his breath away. Her tits sloped wonderfully with fat nipples and narrow areolae. The faint, meandering blue veins under her pale skin added an extra touch of vulnerability. She was so exposed. She trusted him. Oh shit, he was supposed to say something.

"What's wrong, Nicky? Just tell me. How bad is it?" Alyson's fingers trembled as she held the hoodie up by her chin.

"I just ... I um ... you are ... uh ... well." He tried to breathe. "In real life, I've only seen Jess's boobs. I thought they were nice, but yours are really ..." Shit, he didn't want to compare his sister to his girlfriend. "What I mean is that you're beautiful. They're a little big, yes. But I think any guy would be more than happy to see those every day."

"Oh, thanks." Alyson's face relaxed. Relief spread through her body. She lowered her hoodie and studied his face. She saw sincerity there.

"Why aren't you wearing a bra?"

"None of my bras fit anymore." She gave him a look like she'd put a lot of thought into this. "And Mom's don't fit either, not even close. On previous todays when I went to work, or spent the day with Chris, I'd buy a bra beforehand. At first it was hard to find

one that fit. You know, the band size and the bust size are usually related, and my band is still about the same, but my bust ..." She looked at the dazed look on his face. "Never mind. Let's just say that I found a shop that had my size in stock, but I'm not going to go there every day. I mean, I just lose the bra when the day resets. So, this is easier."

"Oh, okay." This put in perspective his having to figure out where to tuck his enlarged erection. Alyson's situation was worse. "Do they hurt? Without a bra, I mean?" What was he babbling about? Everything was so awkward all of a sudden.

"They're okay. My back hurts by the end of the day though. I think I need to work on my posture." She glanced down at his boner. It was almost comical the way she could see it sticking up under his shirt. "So?"

"So, what?"

"So, are you going to show me your dick?" Alyson rolled her eyes. "I think Enki probably gave worse to you than he did to me. And I've seen a few dicks in my day. I'll give you my honest opinion."

"I don't want to hear about the dicks you've seen, Alyson." Nick could feel his body tightening.

"Sorry. You want to wait till it's soft?" She was tacitly acknowledging that she'd noticed he was erect, which meant he'd know that she probably always noticed when he was hard. Which was pretty much all the time in the loop as far as she could tell.

"I'll show you." He lowered his sweatpants and underwear. Without the waistband for support, his dick flopped out from under his shirt. He stood with his hands by his sides. He had no idea what she would say.

"Jesus." Her eyes went very wide. "I knew it was big, but ..." It was a beautiful cock but totally impractical. How should she tell him? "I think it looks wonderful. I like how it curves just a little to the left."

"It always did that." Nick wanted to die. He could tell she didn't like it.

"Oh, well that's nice. It's beautiful, Nick. I just ... don't see how Mom is ever going to do anything with that. It would be perfect for the right woman. But ..."

"Okay, thanks." Nick pulled up his pants and underwear. He tucked his dick away again. "About that, maybe we should talk about how we're going to get through this part of the puzzle. *Your arrow may have missed the mark ... But Enki rewards a bold move ... now say a prayer and imbibe ... to be closer to the ones you love.*"

"Right, the blowjob." Alyson nodded. She sat on the edge of his bed. "I'm not sure how I can convince her to do that, Nicky."

“That’s just it. I’ve been thinking this over. The puzzle isn’t addressed to Mom. I think it’s meant for me. And it’s telling me to say a prayer and imbibe. I think I’m supposed to drink from Mom, not the other way around.”

Alyson looked at her eighteen-year-old brother quizzically. “Yeah. I think you’re right. So, Enki wants you to eat Mom out?” She crinkled up her face to let him know that the thought of him munching on her mom’s box was *not* cool. But the expression was a bit of lie. The thought of the uptight Kate Dobson doing something like that made Alyson’s nerves tingle.

“And the praying part?”

“I think Enki wants you on your knees when you do it.” She tried to get the image of that perverted act out of her head.

“Oh, right.” Nick nodded. His dick had deflated after the show-and-tell with Alyson, but it was doing a one-eighty. Had there been a time when he hadn’t thought his mom was hot? He seemed to recall that it had been a tough sell at first.

“I think this will be easier. I mean, possible, not easy. But even if we pull this off, what happens tomorrow? If we get through this, how are we ever going to get through the last faces of the cube?” Alyson’s foot thumped repeatedly on the floor.

“Don’t worry about tomorrow.” Nick nodded. “I’ll find a way to get us through this.”

“So, what do you want me to do to help you?”

“Maybe ...” Nick rubbed his forehead. “Maybe you could ... I don’t know ... butter Mom up in the mornings. Try to make her feel better about me, without saying anything directly, of course.”

“I heard Nick tried to jab a hole through your g-spot, Mom. But don’t worry, he practiced on me, and now he’s good to go.” Alyson smiled.

“Yeah, not that.”

“We still have some time before she gets back.” Alyson bit her bottom lip. Talking things over had released some of the awkward tension from before. And his confidence at going down on their mother was more than a little attractive. He was such a different person since this whole thing had started. “How about we just cuddle a bit? To be close.”

“Sure.” Nick sat down next to her.

“Good.” Alyson put her head on the pillow facing away from him.

“What am I ...?” He couldn’t pry his eyes away from the curve from her hip rolling down to her waist.

“Spoon me, dummy. Just hold me for a while.”

“Okay.” Nick paused a second. If he did that, his massive dick would be pressed against her ass. But he guessed she’d known that when she asked to spoon. He slowly put his head behind hers on the pillow. The floral scent of her shampoo filled his nose. He put his arm over her and squeezed gently.

“That’s nice.” Alyson sighed. “I’ve always loved you, Nicky. But now I really like you, too.”

Forty-five minutes later they were both almost asleep, still snuggled on the bed.

“Alyson? I’m home. You still here?” Kate’s voice barely carried through Nick’s door, but it was enough to abruptly separate the siblings.

“Wow ... okay.” Alyson jumped off the bed and straightened her clothes. “That was nice.”

“It *was* nice,” Nick agreed. He stretched out on the bed.

Alyson opened the door and stuck her head in the hall. “I’m still here, Mom. I’ll be down in a minute.”

“Okay,” Kate called up the stairs.

Alyson shut the door softly. “I’ll do my best to butter her up. Pretend you’re not here. When do you usually get home from school?”

“Around 3:30 if I skip soccer practice.”

“Okay, I’m assuming you’ll skip practice today.” Alyson nodded, thinking things through. She could still feel the buzz from their cuddle session. “I’ll go out when you’re supposed to get home. Maybe ... maybe I’ll stop by Dad’s office and take him out to dinner. That will buy you more time.”

“Good thinking.” Nick nodded.

“Alyson?” Kate’s muffled voice filtered up to them.

“Okay, I’ll do my best. Maybe we can compare notes later tonight or tomorrow morning. I mean, the next today’s morning.” She waved at the bird. “Bye Chirpee. Good luck, Nick.”

“Good luck, Alyson.” He watched her disappear out the door. He rolled on his side and thought about how he was going to solve the puzzle.

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When Nick pretended to get home several hours later, his mom was noticeably warmer toward him. Whatever Alyson had said had helped. His mom laughed at a few of his jokes, and confided in him that she'd been feeling "strange" with everything that had gone on between her and Nick. It was a start. Nick listened, complimented her, apologized for his part in all of it, and helped her around the house. She did stiffen when he touched her shoulder, so he backed off.

They spent a pleasant afternoon together and talked over dinner. Nick made sure the wine flowed, and his mother did indeed imbibe. He prayed that would be enough. And with Fred and Alyson still out as they cleared the table, Nick caught the perfect moment to steal a kiss. His mother went tense as their lips met, but didn't pull away. Unfortunately, she dropped the dish she was holding and it broke on the kitchen floor. The spell was broken. Fred and Alyson got home a little while later. But Nick was feeling optimistic again. This could work.

The siblings compared notes later that night, careful to sit well apart in Alyson's dark room. They didn't want Fred murdering them. It hadn't yet been established what happened if you died in the loop.

"What did you say to her?" Nick looked up at the glowing stars on her ceiling. "This was the first today where she opened up to me."

"Oh, I offered a bunch of platitudes about life being short and following your heart." Sleep called to Alyson, but she resisted. This had been a good day, and she wasn't ready to start over. "I talked about how we have to trust ourselves to know what's right deep down. I made it seem like I was talking about my life. About Chris. Nothing special. I think I can do better on the next today."

"You think deep down she wants to do stuff with me?"

"That's my working hypothesis." Alyson nodded. "You are very charming these days. I mean, I've never cheated on Chris before."

Nick didn't know what to say to that. He started and stopped himself several times from taking the opportunity to attack Chris. Instead, he said, "You're the best, Alyson."

"You are too, Nicky." Alyson sighed. She wanted to touch him, but didn't trust herself to get too close. They sat in silence for a long while, and eventually she heard her brother snore. Not long after, dreams took her, too.

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The next ten days or so took on a pattern for Nick and Alyson. They lied about Nick going to school. They cuddled in Nick's room until their mother got back from yoga. Alyson spent time with Kate trying her best to soften her up toward Nick. Then Nick took over in the afternoon while Alyson made sure to get home late with her dad.

Both siblings fine-tuned their approach. It was Alyson's bright idea to introduce margaritas at lunch. After that, he and his mother were kissing before and after dinner most nights.

Eventually, Nick and Alyson got so good at their tag-team, that Nick had his mother's tongue in his mouth by five o'clock. They were sitting hip-to-hip on the sofa, where Kate had been reading when Nick had walked through the front door.

After a while, Nick pulled away from the kiss. He massaged her thigh through her yoga pants. "Are you happy, Mom?" He'd found this to be a key question that usually opened the flood gates.

"I'm ... I'm ..." Kate regarded her son with intensity. She studied his young, handsome face. She remembered what it was like to be eighteen and have a question like that make sense. Not anymore. "I'm confused, Nick. I thought we were done after yesterday. And then ... here we are. There's just something about you."

"Oh." Nick was confused, too. She'd never said that before. He thought things over. He supposed it was like chaos theory. Right before the stuff with Enki started, he'd read an explanation of the theory where three double pendulums, starting at almost exactly the same state, end up having wildly different speeds and locations after only a few seconds of movement. His repeating days were like that. He tried not to think of his mother as a double pendulum. Nothing was predictable. "I want you to be happy." It was lame, but he was caught off guard by the novelty of her answer.

"I know you do." She smiled. "I didn't believe it at first. But ... this is ... I think ... really special." She slurred her words a little. The early margaritas and later glasses of wine were taking their toll. She leaned in for another kiss. When her son's hand cupped her breast through her top, Kate pushed him away. When he tried again a minute later, she relented. Her head buzzed and the room swam around her. Was she supposed to make dinner? No, Fred had called to say he was going out with Alyson. She stared dumbly at her son when he broke their kiss again and pulled up her top and pulled down the cup of her bra. "Wait, Nicky," she whispered.

"What is it, Mom?" Nick stared at the boob with its wide areola. She was about the same size as Jess. "Should we stop?" This was a bold thing to say because it gave her an out. He'd learned to avoid such language, but he felt confident at the moment.

"No ... no ... it's okay. You want to kiss them, right?" Kate thrilled at the expression on his face. That she could inspire such a look of admiration at her age. That her teenage

son wanted her with such apparent longing. It sent shivers down her spine. She watched him nod his head in answer and move his soft mouth toward her nipple. His lips were so supple. They were her lips, she realized, not thin like Fred's.

"Mmmpppphhhhh." He kissed her soft flesh, working his way down to her nipple. He had no idea what he was doing, but Jess seemed to like when he did that. He got to her nipple and heard her gasp as he rolled his tongue around it.

"Oh, Nicky." Kate cradled his head in her hand and ran her fingers through his soft hair. He was back at her breast and it was delightful. He wanted her. She could feel it in every move he made. "Go ahead, feed from me," she slurred. But of course, there was no milk to feed him. She let him uncover her other boob and watched in awe as he sucked on one and then the other. Her husband hadn't treated her body like this in ... two decades. "That's ... nice."

"Mom ... you're ... so ... beautiful," Nick said between kisses as he worked his way down to her belly. She wasn't trim the way Alyson's tummy was, but the faint curve was lovely and feminine. Nick could hear her breathing become more and more ragged as he stuck his tongue in her navel. He wondered if she suspected where he was going.

"Nicky ... Nicky ... I don't ... oh!" Kate watched it happen as if in slow motion. Her son took hold of the waist of her yoga pants and pulled them, and her panties, down to her ankles in one fluid move. She blinked down at her trim bush now right in front of his face. She was drunk on wine. He was drunk on her. Clearly, she needed to put a stop to this. She didn't want him jamming his fingers in her again. But she quickly discovered that was not his intention. "Wait ... Nick ... I don't think ..." And just like that he spread her legs, dropped his knees to the floor, and lowered his mouth to her vagina. Stupidly, she hoped she wasn't too sweaty down there. She hadn't showered since before yoga. But then her thoughts dispersed. He was sucking on her lips. And while Nick's technique was clumsy, it was also lovely. "It's okay ... it's okay ... just don't stick your fingers ... in ... again." She leaned her head back on the sofa cushion and regarded the blank ceiling.

"No ... fingers ..." Nick licked and kissed her pussy. He must really have traumatized her for her to worry about it while getting eaten out. It was totally unfair that people were expected to understand sex without any guide. Well, at least his sister had showed him how to properly hit the g-spot. Even so, he wasn't going to freak out his mom now by trying out his new skills. "Is ... it ... good ...?" He said around her protruding lips. He had done his research online preparing for this moment, but his confidence in the internet was dampened by the g-spot debacle.

"Oh ... Nicky ... I never ..." She cupped her boobs without thinking and arched her back off the couch. A shudder moved through her. He was a bit awkward, and he didn't pay attention to the right areas, but the thought that her son wanted her so much that he

was doing this ... that idea steered her right toward a massive orgasm. "It's good. It's really ... good. Don't ... stop." Her whole body trembled. It wasn't until the last second that she realized she was going to squirt in his face. A brief moment of horror surged. He would be disgusted. But the ecstatic wave had already caught her up and carried her away. All she could say as a warning was, "Watch ... out ... aaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." And then the orgasm wiped away everything but immediate pleasure.

Nick hadn't expected her to squirt in his face. Just as she'd asked, he hadn't put a single finger inside her, let alone search for her g-spot. But here he was, getting splashed with force. He opened his mouth, but it was hard to track each geyser that erupted from her. Her hips gyrated and his eyes blurred as he tried to blink away the liquid. The salty stuff did find his tongue, however, and he drank as much as he could. He prayed, on his knees, that this is what Enki was looking for.

Eventually, Kate calmed down. Her back relaxed and she sank back into the sofa. She looked down at Nick. He was drenched. She reached down and smoothed back his hair. "I'm so sorry, Nick. I didn't mean to. It just happened," she slurred. "It's been happening lately. I don't know what's come over me. I'm so sorry." To her surprise, he smiled up at her. Her stomach did cartwheels. Seeing that smile on Nick's lips with his face glistening had to be the sexiest thing on Earth.

"It's okay, Mom. I liked it." He kissed the inside of her thighs. They were toned and strong. Yoga had been good to her.

"You ... liked it?" Kate watched him kiss his way back to her vagina. He was going to give her oral again. Why was he the perfect man? How had this happened? "Oh, my. Yes ... Nicky ... oh ... Nicky." She leaned her head back on the cushion again. This time her hands held his head and guided him up to her clit. She prayed he would be gentle.

That night Nick and Kate skipped dinner. He stopped after her fourth orgasm. She was so grateful that she almost offered to return the favor, but then thought better of it. Instead, she made him a snack while he cleaned himself, and then went off to the shower herself. She went to bed early, before her husband and daughter returned home. She wasn't sure she could face Fred, so she pretended to sleep. As she lay there, staring out the window into darkness, she wondered if her insanity with her son would continue the next day.

~~

"So, tell me about it. I could tell the second we got home that something big happened." Alyson lay on her bed in the dark.

“I thought I had a good poker face.” Nick sat on the floor feeling totally satisfied. He had made himself cum in the shower three times thinking about the noises that had escaped his mother as she writhed and trembled.

“You have a terrible poker face.” Alyson’s heart beat heavily in her chest. She couldn’t wait to hear what had happened.

“It worked, Alyson. I think this is our last Tuesday. Did you buy a bra today?”

“I’ve been buying them the last several today’s. I knew we were close. I’ll be set for Wednesday.” Alyson smiled. The thought of having a comfortable bra ready for the coming series of Wednesdays was a happy one.

“Great.” Nick told her what had happened since she’d left the house in the afternoon. As he regaled her, he was surprised she didn’t cut in with “gross” or “disgusting” or “that’s so sick” like she used to when he’d tell her about what he’d done with their mom.

As Nick got to the part about her squirting on him, Alyson couldn’t take it anymore. As quietly as possible, she slipped her hand under her bottoms and panties and rubbed her button. It blew her mind that the events he relayed had happened in that house that very day. She tried to imagine what they’d looked like, and found that she was sopping wet at the thought. Given enough time, her brother had become positively charismatic. And with her help, he had really and truly seduced their strait-laced yoga-mom. She was near orgasm when he finished his story.

“Alyson, are you ... um ... touching yourself?” He could hear the rhythmic rustle of her clothes and uneven breathing.

“Yes ... Nick.”

“Can I do it, too?” Nick unzipped his pants and pulled out his cock.

“Will ... Dad ... find ... us?”

“Dad went to bed early this time. I’ll risk it.” He stroked himself listening to his sister’s soft whines.

Nick heard her stifled cries as she came. But she didn’t stop. After a while, he pulled off his shirt. He needed something to catch his cum. He figured she’d be mad if he used something from her room. It was the last today, and he didn’t want to stain her stuff for tomorrow.

“I can’t believe ... she let you ... Nicky.” Alyson neared her second climax.

“Me ... ugh ... either.” Nick pumped hard. The two siblings came together, Alyson on the bed, and Nick on the floor. Afterward, they said their goodnights, and Nick went back to

his room. As he drifted off to sleep, he knew he was ready for what Wednesday would bring.

## Chapter 9

*Thump! Thump! Thump!* Nick woke to a knock on his door. He got out of bed and wobbled across the room. He tried to remember what had happened the last time through. When he opened the door and saw his sister standing there in an oversized t-shirt, he remembered.

“We did it!” Alyson tried to keep her voice down as she jumped into her brother’s arms. She kissed him on the cheek, surprised that he could hold her up. He was thin, but strong. She pulled herself away and placed her feet back on the floor.

“We did.” Nick didn’t bother trying to hide the erection straining against his sweatpants.

“How’s Chirpee? Is he okay?” Alyson gently closed the door behind her and looked around her brother’s room. It was still early enough that the sky outside his open window was a grayish blue. The cool air that blew in raised goosebumps on her arms.

“You want to know about the bird?” Nick’s smile widened.

“I mean ... he’s sort of our looping mascot, right?” Alyson shrugged.

“He flew out sometime last night.” Nick paused and listened. Among the early morning birdsong, he could hear the familiar two-tone call of the chickadee. “That’s probably him right there. Anyway, I’ll leave the window open for him.”

“So, it’s Wednesday now. That’s crazy, right?” Alyson sat in Nick’s desk chair. She felt a bit awkward, not sure of the contours of their relationship. They had finished their last time through Tuesday by masturbating together. “How are we going to tackle Wednesday? Two more riddles and we’re done for good.”

“Yeah, crazy.” Nick’s gaze fell on Alyson’s t-shirt. He admired how she stretched out the lettering. “I was thinking I’d see how Mom’s feeling about everything today. You know?”

“I thought we’d go to the city together. The puzzle is still in my office. We should go see it and get Chris to translate.” Alyson frowned.

“We can do that on the next today. I really want to hang with Mom.” Nick could feel the tension in the room. He looked away from her, but his eyes roved back to her boobs, like iron to a magnet. “You probably want to see Chris on your own. Maybe he won’t be such an asshole today.”

Alyson let the asshole comment go. She knew how Nick felt about her fiancé. “You ... um ... want to keep doing stuff with Mom ... without even knowing what the riddle wants? I mean ... you actually *want* to.”

“What if I do?”

“I ... um ... I ...” Alyson rubbed her legs together. He was admitting he had the hots for their yoga-mom. And after yesterday, she believed he could probably succeed without much effort. She had helped create a monster. And, she wasn’t at all sure how she felt about it.

“Hey, Alyson. Are you ... leaking?”

“What? Don’t be gross.” She assumed he was talking about her pussy. But how could he know?

“No. Look.” He pointed at her chest where two wet spots saturated the cotton above her nipples.

“Oh, Jesus!” Alyson’s eyes went wide and her cheeks turned white. She pulled the fabric away from her breasts and looked under her collar. “What’s happening?” She didn’t know her own body anymore. She stood quickly, still looking inside her shirt in horror. “It’s milk. I’m making milk. Oh, God.” She turned and hurried out of her brother’s room.

Nick sat in his room. He flopped back on his bed and pulled out his dick. His overripe balls desperately needed their first draining of the day. After that, he’d check on his sister. He had no idea what was going on with her, but he figured it had something to do with Enki. At this point, anything out of the ordinary could be attributed to the Sumerian god. And his sister lactating without a baby seemed pretty fucking far out of the ordinary. And also ... really ... hot. He pumped himself harder with both hands.

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When Nick found his sister in her room an hour later, she was in tears. He sat down lamely on the floor, not sure what to say. Then, he remembered he didn’t have to say anything. Women liked when he listened. “How do you feel?”

She wore her large hoodie and had tucked herself into the fetal position on her bed. “I feel like a freak, Nicky. Like a fucking carnival show. What’s next? Will I sprout horns tomorrow?”

It was best not to give Enki any ideas. Nick just shook his head. "You're not a freak. It's a natural thing, but the timing is off. That's all." He tried not to roll his eyes at his own idiotic words. "Is it uncomfortable?"

"My back still hurts from yesterday, but no, my boobs aren't sore or anything." Alyson looked over at him. "I have a bra that fits now. I wish I'd known to pick up some breast pads yesterday. It'll be alright." She sighed and her tears stopped.

"What do you need?" Nick prayed she wouldn't ask him to spend the day with her. Not yet. He needed to follow up with his mom. But if she asked, he would do it.

"You're right." She dried her remaining tears with a towel. "I'll go and see Chris on my own today. See if he supports me better on Wednesday than he did on Tuesday. He's a good guy. I'm sure he was just having a bad day yesterday."

"You and he didn't have a Tuesday as far as he's concerned."

"That's true." She turned over on the bed, facing away from him. She scooted over to make some room. "It's still early. Want to cuddle before Mom and Dad wake up?"

"Yeah, sure." Nick was grateful he'd had time to unload before this. He crawled into bed and put his arm over her side, resting it just below her boobs. His dick nestled in its familiar spot, up against her tight ass. He felt her breathing through his chest, an occasional sob still making her shake ever so slightly.

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When brother and sister arrived in the kitchen, their father had already left for work. Kate went to the oven and removed the waffles she'd saved for them. "You two are up late. I was almost going to come wake you up, Nicky." She eyed him like he might bite. "Eat fast, it's almost time for school."

"Sure, Mom." Nick had no intention of going to school. Eventually he'd go, but he probably had lots of Wednesdays to choose and pick from. He was going to stick around the house on the first one.

"Are you going to stay here again, sweetie?" She looked at her daughter. For the second day in a row, Alyson was wearing that ridiculous hoodie. Kate wondered if Alyson was coming down with a chill.

"No, I'm going back to work." Alyson watched her mother pretend like this wasn't big news, but her mom's blushing cheeks betrayed her. "Anyway, I -"

“Oh, oh dear.” Kate was just setting the maple syrup on the table between her children when the thought of what might happen after school with no Fred or Alyson home hit her. Her vagina gushed at the thought of Nick between her legs. “I ... um ... have to go to the bathroom.” She rushed out of the room.

“What was that about?” Alyson had never seen her mother move so fast.

“I don’t know.” Nick shook his head. “Let’s eat. We’ll figure it out later.”

“Yeah, okay.” Alyson cut into her waffle. One thing about being stuck in a loop, she didn’t worry about things like she used to. There was always time to figure it out and get it right later.

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“Oh, gosh.” Kate stood in the bathroom, her blouse unbuttoned and her bra unclasped. The woman in the mirror had just furiously masturbated. She had tried to think about the hunk in her romance novel, but it was the image of her son’s wet face that had put her over the edge.

Tucking her breasts away, she tried to calm herself with some deep breaths. Hopefully when she left the bathroom, Nick would be gone to school and Alyson would have already left for the city. She needed some time to sort all this out.

“Could it be hormones?” She whispered to her reflection. The woman in the mirror looked a little tired, but she was the same woman who’d been looking back at her for years. She buttoned her blouse. Everything would be okay.

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“I thought you were gone already?” Kate stopped in the kitchen doorway and regarded her son. “You’ve missed the bus. I’ll drive you.”

“I’m going to play hooky today, Mom.” Before Enki’s puzzle, Nick would have never had the confidence to say anything of the sort, let alone make it a declarative statement. He would have just accepted the ride and been sullen and withdrawn all the way to school. “I thought we’d hang out.”

Kate scanned the room. “Where’s your sister?” Her palms were suddenly sweaty, her stomach did flips, and her nerves tingled. She told herself nothing was going to happen,

but she could see the look in Nick's eyes. He gazed at her like she was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen. It melted her heart and ... other places.

"She left for the city." Nick stood up and walked over to her. He leaned over and kissed her on the cheek. "I'm going to go brush my teeth. Will you call the school and tell them I'm sick or something?"

"No?" Kate had not meant to phrase it as a question, but that's how it came out. She wiped her palms on her skirt.

"We can talk about it when I get back downstairs." Nick gave her butt a light pat and jogged up the stairs, taking two at a time. The combination of knowing she loved yesterday and the lack of consequences for his first go-through today made him quite sanguine.

Ten minutes later, Kate dialed her phone while her son moved under her skirt. Her finger trembled on the buttons, but she called and held the phone up to her ear. "Hello ... yes ... Nick Dobson isn't ... uh ... feeling well today. Yes ... oh ... oh ... gosh." She put her hand over the microphone and shuddered. She removed her hand when it was safe. "Sorry ... yes ... this is Kate, his mother. Thanks ... uh ... goodbye." She disconnected the call. That was the dirtiest thing she'd ever done, including the time she and Fred had made love out on the boat where all his frat brothers could see them.

"Mmmppphhhh ... fffanks ... Mom." Nick's voice was muffled by the skirt and distorted by the pussy lips he sucked on. He was eighteen, so he could have written his own absence excuse note. But it was way better to have her do it.

"Oh, Nicky ... sweetie ... ooooohhhhh ... you're going to make ... Mommy ..." Kate's approaching orgasm was going to be huge, she could feel it. Every fiber of her being vibrated. Why was it so much different than the orgasms she'd had with him the past few days? She reached down and through her skirt she moved his head so that his attention was on her clit. Then, it hit her. She'd been drunk all the other times with Nick. This was the first time they'd gone at it with her sober. A dam was about to burst inside her. She bucked her hips and screamed so loudly that her own ears rang. All she could think was that she had raised the perfect man and now she was reaping what she'd sown. Ecstasy washed over her.

When her orgasm subsided, Kate pulled her son out from under her skirt. She smiled down at him and wiped some of her own fluids off his chin with her fingers. The moody Nick she'd come to dread the last few years was completely gone. "Okay, so I was a bad mother and helped you cut class. Now what do you want to do with me today?" She caught him as he tried to crawl back under her skirt. "No, we can't do that all day. Let's spend some quality time together."

“Okay then.” Nick stood, gave her butt another smack, and enjoyed her little jump of surprise. It didn’t make sense to him, but for some reason the butt slaps were maybe more intimate than eating her out. Maybe because he’d seen his father do that to her all his life. “Let’s go for a walk and talk. It’s a beautiful morning.” He stepped over to the sink and washed his face. “Let’s have some fun today, Mom.”

“I’d like that.” Kate smiled so broadly her cheeks hurt. “Let me go change my underwear, and then we can go.” She hurried up to her room to put her soaked panties in the laundry basket.

Kate poured her heart out to Nick as they walked at a brisk pace. He even listened to her unload about her younger sister. The more he listened and validated her, the hornier she became. She kept looking over at her handsome walking companion as he nodded and smiled at her. Of course, she had always loved her son, but she had not always liked him. Now, she liked him more than just about anyone in the world. As they turned back toward home, a sneaking suspicion crept inside her that she had been too selfish with him. She was taking everything he was offering, and not reciprocating. That would have to change. Her hands fidgeted together as they turned down their block and she grew quiet. She spun her wedding ring around on her finger.

“Why so quiet all of a sudden?” Nick felt everything had gone well on the walk. He’d used all his new skills. But something had upset his mother suddenly. “You can tell me anything.”

“I really think I can.” She nervously looked over at him. “Isn’t that remarkable?”

That was obviously rhetorical, so Nick said nothing. They arrived at their driveway and walked toward the front door.

“Let’s talk inside,” Kate whispered and looked around at the neighbors’ houses. She led him in and closed the front door behind them. She stared into his eyes, biting her bottom lip. “I want to do something for you, Nicky. Since ... um ... you’ve done so much for me.” She glanced down at the front of his pants so he’d get the idea.

“Yeah, okay.” Nick’s head nearly exploded, but he tried to play it cool.

“Do you want me to put it in my mouth?” Kate didn’t wait for an answer. She slowly lowered herself to her knees in the front hall. “I haven’t done this for your father in years. I used to be good at it, but I might be rusty.” Her shaky fingers reached out tentatively for his zipper. She lowered it and then unbuttoned his pants. “I’m so nervous, sweetie.” She loved that she could confide in him even while doing this for him. She lowered his pants and he stepped out of them. His underwear went next. Kate fell back on her butt in shock when his hard penis sprang out of confinement. She was dumbstruck. She just stared at it like an idiot. He was bigger than any man she’d ever seen. She honestly hadn’t known they came in that size. His penis bent a little to the left,

and was covered in zigzagging blue veins that stood out dramatically. Gosh, she could see his pulse in the veins. She didn't know what to say. Stupidly, she blurted out the first thing that came to mind, "How can you play soccer with something that big in your shorts?"

"Well, I ... um ..." He hadn't actually played soccer since Enki had changed his dick. "Well, it's soft when I play. And I wear support."

"Of course you do." Kate put a hand to her mouth as a little bit of clear liquid leaked from the head. She stood up, her back sliding against the hallway wall. She stopped when her head bumped into a family portrait. "I am so sorry, Nick. But this is just too much for me. I thought that I could, but ..." She glanced down at the giant penis. "Why don't you go take care of yourself in your room, and I'll make us lunch."

Nick wasn't going to give up that easily, but from countless failures he knew when not to push things. "Okay, I'll go take care of it. I'll be back in an hour."

"So long?" She couldn't help asking the question. She thought teenagers couldn't last two minutes.

"Yeah." Nick nodded like it was a solemn question and pulled up his underwear and pants. "I might have to do it twice."

"Oh." Kate's heart skipped a beat. What sort of man was her son? She was just starting to learn what he'd grown into. She watched him go upstairs. When he was gone, she raced to the bathroom to masturbate again. The penis she'd just seen frightened and intrigued her. Of course, such a thing could never fit in her vagina. But, could she get her mouth around it? She squirted all over the bathroom floor with that question on her mind.

A while later, she had composed herself and was back in the kitchen putting together some lunch for them. When she heard Nick's soft footfalls, she turned with a knife in hand to see him return. He looked more relaxed after what he'd just done. She nearly dropped the knife when an image of her son pumping that enormous thing up in his room flashed in her mind. She turned back to the vegetables. Kate would pretend everything was normal and they were just having a day together. Just a normal day with a son playing hooky to hang with his mom. She shook her head. The thought of that was just as crazy as everything else. She had cut school plenty when she was eighteen, but never to spend time with her parents. "Stir fry good for you?"

"Sounds good, Mom. Can I help?" He walked up next to her and leaned their shoulders together as she cut broccoli.

"That would be nice." Kate let him take over chopping. Together they made lunch and ate at the kitchen table. It was all small talk, much to Kate's relief. It wasn't until after lunch that Nick gave her a soulful look and confided in her.

“Jess got scared by my size, too.” Nick didn’t want to lie, but he didn’t want to tell his mom that Alyson had already warned him he was too big. There was just no way he could tell Kate about what was going on with his sister. So, he’d offer a half-truth. Plus, he knew his mom always softened on him when he talked about Jess breaking his heart.

“Oh, my. I ... I ... don’t know what to say.” Sitting across from him, Kate put a hand to her chest. “Was that the reason you two broke up?”

“Yeah. I mean, that’s what started it.” He shrugged, trying to make it seem like he was putting a brave face on for her.

“Oh, no.” Kate had behaved just like Nick’s ex-girlfriend. What was she supposed to do in this situation? The handbooks on motherhood had left this part out. “I ... um ... I ... well.”

Seeing her eyebrows furrow and her expression move from consternation, to confusion, to empathy, he knew he had picked the right approach. Here he was on day one of Wednesday, and he was already pushing the envelope. He didn’t even know what the riddle was yet, and he didn’t care. Maybe he’d get through the day the first time without ever knowing what Enki’s stupid puzzle was. He worked hard not to smile at the thought. “We have all afternoon together. What do you want to do? I’ll help you in the garden, or whatever.” He was quite confident she wouldn’t want to do any gardening.

“Let’s ... um ...” Kate’s mind still churned, trying to figure things out. Her stomach did flipflops as she thought about touching that frightening organ. “Let’s watch a movie in the basement. Sound good?” She got up without making eye contact and cleared the dishes from the table.

“Sounds great.” It was obvious to Nick that watching a movie in the basement was now code between them. He was actually glad she’d rejected him at first. He’d cum three times in his room, so his overexuberant balls should be able to chill. He wanted to last as long as possible.

Soon, they were on the couch in the dim light of the basement. They’d agreed on another Star Wars movie, but that seemed beside the point. Before the opening crawl had finished, their lips were locked together. Kate’s tongue quickly explored his mouth. His hands went up to her blouse and cupped her boobs. She didn’t bother pushing him away. She thought of a new aphorism: after a man has gone down on you, there’s not much he can’t do. Soon, his hands were under her blouse, and pulling the cups of her bra out of the way. Chills ran down her spine. He was such a good kisser and so gentle with his hands.

Eventually, Kate broke the kiss, took hold of his hands, and pulled them from under her blouse. “Do you still want me to try that special thing from earlier? I mean, I sent you off to take care of it, so ... can you still ...?”

“Yeah, Mom. It’s still hard.” Nick leaned back on the couch and let her unzip and unbutton him for the second time that day. He kept his gaze on her face, watching what looked like fear and wonder widen her eyes and twitch her lips.

“I just want you to know that you’re perfectly fine the way you are.” With one hand she held the tip of his penis and moved it at different angles, with the other she ran her fingernails gently up the underside of the thing. “Jess wasn’t the right woman for you. But there is someone who will love this, I’m sure.” She squeezed it with her fingers. It wasn’t as spongy as she’d expected. He certainly got very hard.

“Thanks.” He didn’t know what else to say to those platitudes, so he quietly watched her. He didn’t want to interrupt her train of thought anyway.

“I’m not sure what to do with it.” Kate wiped the clear liquid oozing out of the head with her finger. She noticed her ring and tried hard not to think of her husband.

“You can do what you do with Dad.” Nick remembered she’d said she hadn’t blown him in a long time. “Or what you used to do.”

“But it’s so different, sweetie.” Kate realized she was leaning in quite close to his penis. Her instinct was to back away, but that wouldn’t be good for Nick. She stayed close to him, pursed her lips, and blew some air on the leaking pre-seminal fluid.

“Um ... Mom ... that’s not what they mean by blowjob.” Nick was incredulous.

“I know, silly. But does it feel good?” Her smile was a bit lopsided as she glanced up at his face, and then stared back at the penis in her hands. It was so thick, she had a hard time encircling the shaft.

“Sure.” He didn’t sound so sure.

“Well, I suppose there’s some other stuff I can do. If I remember correctly.” She was stalling. It was time. She leaned all the way in and licked the head tentatively. His salty flavor was bright on her tongue. “How’s that?”

“Wow, Mom. That feels good. Jess never did that for me.” That was true, in the sense that he’d had a much, much smaller dick when Jess had given him blowjobs. This was a different thing entirely.

“Oh ... okay ...” She didn’t necessarily like to be compared to the girl that dumped him, but she supposed she’d brought it on herself. “How about this then?” She held onto his penis with one hand, and placed the other hand on his thigh. She licked him again and rolled her tongue around the corona. His leg flexed under her fingers, and she heard his

sharp intake of breath. Encouraged by the reaction, she let her lips touch his warm flesh. She felt his hand rest on her back, but ever the gentleman, he didn't push her for more. That made her want to give him more. She opened wide, and slowly put the whole head in her mouth. It fit. The penis in her mouth was not nearly as scary as she'd thought when she'd first seen it.

"You look ... ugh ... so beautiful ... with it in your mouth." Nick applied just the slightest amount of pressure on her back, then let up, and then pushed again.

Kate got the idea and bobbed her head ever so slightly on her son's monster. The movie came to some sort of action climax in the background and the music swelled. She barely noticed. "Gggggpppppphhhhhh." She gagged a bit on her son's cock. She thought about the whirlwind that was the last few days. Her son had been a moody teenager she couldn't communicate with. Now, she eagerly sought to please him in a way her old self could have never contemplated or understood. But the current incarnation of Kate understood well. She pumped his shaft with her hand and started in earnest with her mouth, slurping and popping on him. Backing off from her gag reflex, she found a method that was not all that awkward. "Mmmmmpppphhhhhh."

"You're ... ugh ... the best ... mom ... ever." Nick watched her brown hair bounce and felt the pressure building. He could just about forgive that insufferable Sumerian god all his mischief for that one moment of perfection. The light from the movie danced in the dark room. A monster of an orgasm brewed on the horizon.

"Gggggpppphhhhhh." Kate urged him on. It occurred to her that she didn't have anything on hand to deal with his sperm. But he'd just relieved himself twice. How much could he have left? She could probably cup it in her hands and take it to the basement sink. Her jaw ached, and her arm grew tired, but she worked him the best she could. She wasn't going to leave him high and dry again.

After a few more minutes, Nick was ready. His muscles spasmed. "Oh ... Mom ... you're really ... gonna ... aaaahhhhhhhhh." He shuddered.

"Mmmmmpppphhhhhh." Kate could tell it was time, but she didn't pull back like she'd planned. The first blast hit the back of her throat with surprising force. She choked on the salty heat of him. And then another splash filled her mouth. And another. She pulled off him, but he kept firing up in the air. Sperm fell onto her face and blouse. She kept pumping him in disbelief, watching the geyser erupt. Then some got in her eyes, and she pumped him blind. She kept going until his hands softly touched hers and stopped her.

"It's ... okay, Mom. It's ... over," Nick panted. She looked wild with cum all over her pretty face and respectable mom clothes. He so desperately wished he could take a

picture to save the moment forever. "That was ... amazing." He slid off the couch, still breathing hard. He lifted her skirt and moved between her legs. "Now it's your ... turn."

"Oh, gosh. No, Nicky. This was your special moment. You can't ... oooooohhhhhhhh." She frantically wiped the semen from her eyes so she could look down at him.

Upstairs, the front door slammed. Both Nick and Kate froze.

"Is it Dad?" Every muscle in Nick's body tensed with terror.

"Shh." Kate trembled. She relaxed when she heard crying. "It's your sister. Something must have happened." She moved Nick aside and stood. "I'll go see what she needs."

"Mom, you're covered. You need a shower."

"You're right." Even if she could wipe it off, the smell of sperm was so strong. There was no hiding it.

"I'll go talk to her." Nick took a deep breath. "I'll make sure we're in her room with the door closed. You can get cleaned up while we're in there."

"Okay." Kate thought about kissing his cheek, but didn't want to get his own stuff on his face. He was so sweet. He didn't seem angry in the least that Alyson had cut in on their time together. "Go talk to her. I'll come check on you two when I'm ... not like this." Did she ... did she like having his sperm all over her? What was Nick doing to her? She watched him smile and he gave her butt a gentle slap. "Go on."

"That was great, Mom." He turned and jogged up the stairs.

"Yeah," was all she could think to say. And then he was out of the basement. She waited a bit and then went to get cleaned up.

## Chapter 10

The door to Alyson's room was closed when Nick arrived upstairs. He knocked, but there was no answer. He listened at the door. He could hear crying.

"Alyson?" He knocked again. "Are you in there?" She didn't respond. Nick sighed and turned the knob. None of their bedrooms had locks, so he stepped inside. Alyson was curled up on her bed in the fetal position. Nick closed the door behind him and quietly walked over to her. He sat on the edge of the bed.

"It was awful. He said ... I had gotten ... fat," Alyson said between sobs. "He said ... no one would want to marry ... a cow. He told me ... to exercise more ... and diet."

"Chris said that?" Nick put his hand on her hip. She was wearing her oversized hoodie and jeans.

"Of course it was Chris." She blinked away tears and looked at her brother like he was a bit slow.

"Chris is an idiot, Alyson." Nick's jaw clenched in anger. Maybe he'd waste one of his repeating days by going into the city and punching Chris.

"Of course, he's an idiot." Alyson sat up and wiped her eyes. "How could he say that stuff?"

"You're not fat. You're beautiful." Nick reached out and brushed a tear darkened by running mascara off her cheek. "You were always beautiful, no matter the size of your ... um ..."

"Thanks, Nicky." She ventured a slight smile. "You actually like them better this way, don't you?"

Nick sensed a thorny question. So, he opted for a non-answer. "Well, I never saw them before all this Enki business. Maybe if you had flashed me last week?" He shrugged. When his sister laughed, he joined in.

"It really is ridiculous, isn't it?" Alyson's body shuddered with giggles and then one last sob. She took a deep breath. "What am I going to do about Chris? Maybe we could do some couples counseling when this is all over. I can't tell him the truth, of course." She looked her brother up and down. He looked so poised and handsome with concern for her well-being written on his face. Her eyes drifted down and paused on his pants. "Um ... Nicky ... what's that?" She pointed to some wet, white stuff that clung to the cotton near his fly.

“What?” Nick looked down to see a splash of cum. “Oh, shit. Sorry.” He covered it with his hand.

“What were you and Mom doing when I got home?” Alyson’s eyes narrowed.

“I told you I was spending time with her today.”

“What were you doing?” Alyson suddenly gushed in her panties. Her pulse beat heavily in her ears.

“We were in the basement,” Nick said lamely.

“Did she touch you, Nick?” She wasn’t sure what she wanted his answer to be.

“I didn’t want to tell you yet, because of your issues with Chris.” He could see he wasn’t going to weasel out of it. He’d just have to tell her. “I went down on her again. And then ... she gave me a blowjob.”

“Jesus Christ.” She shook her head, trying to get the image of her sweet mom sucking on that mammoth dick out of her mind. “Jesus ... fucking ... Christ.”

Right as Alyson was saying “Jesus,” the door opened and Kate stepped in. She stiffened, and her eyes went wide. “Language, Alyson. I brought you up better than that.”

Alyson couldn’t say anything. She looked up at her mother and stared, her mouth hanging open. Her mom was wearing a nice tasteful dress. Her hair was wet and brushed back, and her face looked freshly scrubbed. Alyson realized her mother must have just washed Nick’s cum off her. “Uh ... sorry ... Mom.”

“That’s okay. I heard you crying when you arrived home. It’s good to see you dried your tears.” Kate didn’t make eye contact with her son. Every time she looked his way, she felt off balance, like the whole world had fallen off its axis. “Would you like to have a mother-daughter talk about what’s bothering you?” She clasped her hands in front of her and did her best to smile. Despite brushing her teeth twice, she felt like she could still taste Nick’s saltiness. “Nick, would you excuse us?”

“No, Mom. It’s okay.” Alyson put her hand on her brother’s thigh to keep him from getting up. She hoped her mother couldn’t tell how hard her fingers pressed into his taut soccer muscles. “Nick was just listening to me talk about Chris. I want to finish talking with him. I’ll catch up with you in a little bit, Mom.”

“Oh ... okay. Nicky is a very good listener.” Kate gave her son a quick glance. Her cheeks flushed. “I’ll go bake some cookies. When you’re ready, we can talk about Chris over some oatmeal chocolate chip, your favorite. Sound good?”

“Yeah, sure.” Alyson nodded. She tried to compose herself. Had the sweet woman she was talking to swallowed her brother’s cum or had she spit it out? Her mind reeled. She

must have spit it out, that's why it was on his pants. Holy shit, her mom was a spitter. The room was quiet for a moment while they were all lost in their own dirty thoughts.

Kate broke the silence. "Right, well. Cookies incoming. Expect them within the hour." She nodded like that settled everything and left the room, closing the door after her.

"Oh, my God. I'm freaking out right now, Nick." Alyson scooted across her bed so that her back was against the wall. "How did it happen? Was she reluctant? She didn't get scared when saw how big it was? How did it feel? Did you like it?" The words came out of her in a rush.

"How about I just tell you what happened from the beginning." Nick unbuttoned his pants and pulled them down.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Alyson tensed.

"I'm not sitting here in pants with my stuff on them."

"Well, change in your room."

"Right, okay." Nick got up, went to his room, changed his pants, and returned to Alyson. "Happy now?"

"Not until you tell me what happened." She stared at her brother like she was seeing him for the first time. As he told his story, her face got very red. Her expression was of deep fascination and awe. The smell of cookies wafted up to them as the story finished up.

"What do you think?" Nick was still hard of course, but he tried to ignore his demanding dick.

"I'm trying not to think. I'm burning up, Nicky." Alyson realized that her hand was rubbing her jeans between her legs. "Mom really did that?"

"Yeah." He nodded. "And it was probably the best thing that ever happened to me."

"I wish you had gotten a picture or something."

Nick laughed. "Yeah, right." He saw she was serious and his smile faded. "There is no way she'd let me take a picture."

"Yeah, I guess." Alyson unbuttoned her jeans and wiggled them down her legs. "Look I know this is crazy. Like really crazy." She tossed her pants across the room.

Nick waited, but she didn't say anything, she just stared at him like a coyote had dropped an anvil on her head. Nick cocked his head. "What? What's crazy?"

"I need to know what it's like. What you're doing with Mom." With her panties still on, she spread her legs. Part of her insanity, she knew, was fueled by her anger at Chris. Wanting to get back at him. Part was the enchantment of her strait-laced mother doing

such naughty things. And part, she had to admit, was that she had grown to find her brother's confidence extremely attractive. "Will you do it?"

"Um ..." Nick looked at the door. His mom could walk in at any moment. He didn't like to think what would happen if she caught them. "Can it wait until after they go to bed tonight?"

"When I ask you to go down on me, it's a now or never proposition, Nick." Anticipating rejection, she closed her legs. "You don't need to worry about Mom coming in here. It's only the first Wednesday. Nothing matters. We'll start over with the next today." She searched his face for an answer, and held her breath when he smiled.

"Yeah, okay." Nick crawled up on the bed and spread her legs. "You also want me to do the thing you showed me?"

"Just do what you do with Mom." Alyson's legs trembled under his touch. Her mouth fell open as he pulled her panties aside and lowered his tongue to her lips.

"You have a really pretty pussy, Alyson." He stopped his approach for a second to admire her wetness and the pinkness peeking out from inside. He ran his fingertips through her neat triangle of hair. "I'll show you what I do with Mom."

"Oooooohhhhhhhhhhh." Alyson threw her head back. Of course, her fiancé gave her oral. And of course, Chris was good at it. He was good at everything. But her eighteen-year-old brother seemed every bit his equal. She changed her mind when he focused his attention on her clit. Nick was better. She grabbed a pillow, stuck it between her teeth, and rolled her eyes. He was already going to make her cum. One hand held the pillow, the other held the back of his head. "GGggggggpppppphhhhhhhh." Alyson screamed into the pillow.

Nick could sense that things wouldn't be the same going forward. They had cuddled and masturbated together. That had been sweet and somewhat reserved. He had fingered her before. But that had been didactic. As he brought her to four soaring orgasms, he knew they weren't holding things in reserve anymore. He supposed he had Chris to thank. The idiot had sent his fiancé right into Nick's arms and onto his waiting tongue.

Alyson was a quivering mess when he pulled away from her pussy and climbed off the bed. They didn't say anything as she shakily pulled on new underwear and jeans. "Okay ... Nicky ... that was really good." Once she was dressed again, Alyson finally found her voice. "I'm ... going ..." She looked a bit dazed. She tried to collect her wits. "I'm going to go downstairs, eat some cookies, and talk to Mom about ... about ..."

"His name is Chris, in case you forgot." He gave her butt a friendly smack and winked at her.

“*Ha ha.*” She glanced at him, mystified. What had her brother become? “I remember his name.” She kissed Nick on the cheek, and went to the door. “Um ... don’t stay in here. Go back to your room or something. I don’t want you messing with my stuff.” He was still her little brother after all.

“Sure, got it.” He gave her a little salute as she left. Then, he followed her instructions and went to his room. He fired up his computer. Even after the blowjob and his earlier fapping, he needed another release.

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The cookies had cooled by the time Nick wandered down to the kitchen. The women weren’t about, so he grabbed a cookie and went looking for them. He took a bite and did a one-eighty back to the kitchen. He pilfered two more. His mom’s cookies were the best. When he was adequately provisioned, he went off to explore again.

They were out in the garden. Despite the nice day, Alyson still wore her oversized hoodie. Both women sported wide sunhats and garden gloves. They were on their hands and knees weeding. Nick stopped and admired them for a minute. He had two more faces of the cube to solve. Would one of those riddles demand that he get them naked in a similar position? He shook his head. He reached down and adjusted his swelling cock right before his mom looked up.

“Hello, sweetie.” She glanced at the bulge in his pants and smiled nervously. “I see you found the cookies.”

“Thanks, Mom. They’re delicious.” He took another bite.

“We were just talking about you, Nick.” Alyson didn’t look up at him. She pretended to be very interested in the weeds in front of her.

“Oh?” Nick ate the last of his cookies.

“We just ... both appreciate how ... mature you’ve become.” Kate measured her words carefully. “Don’t just stand there, gawking. Come help.”

“Sure.” Nick walked over to them and sank to his knees on the garden bed between the two women. “So, tell us about what you’ve been reading, Alyson.” This was a question that was guaranteed to set his sister off on a long monologue. Nick was happy to let her talk as they worked in the sun. He felt so relaxed. It was such a normal, ever day thing to garden with them. But, then again, he had clashed with both of them so much over the past few years that it never would have happened before Enki’s puzzle. Also, he had

given both women orgasms that day, and one of them had returned the favor. He supposed the veneer of normalcy was a thin camouflage. But he still enjoyed it.

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The rest of the afternoon was much tamer than earlier in the day. Nick helped his mother make dinner, while Alyson sat at the kitchen table and scrolled her phone.

Alyson waited for Chris to text an apology. Guilt coiled around her heart when she thought about how she had spread her legs for Nick. But Chris never texted and her feelings toward him hardened as the hours passed. The guilt faded away. Maybe they would both be better partners on the next today.

When Fred arrived home, Nick set the table. He watched his dad recline in the living room with his bulging belly, complaining about his bad back. Nick mused on why he'd always held his father as a paragon of manhood. Fred had a temper. But anger didn't make you a man. Nick had recently discovered the opposite.

Over dinner, Fred badgered Alyson on why she was home two days in a row. He made it plain that he didn't like Chris. Nick did have that common ground with his father. He looked over to his mother who was staring at him. She quickly looked down to her plate. Well, they had more than their mutual dislike of Chris in common.

After dinner, Nick wanted to invite his mom to the basement for another "movie." But before he could ask, Alyson took his arm and pulled him upstairs to her room. That was okay. Nick would have the next today to spend quality time with his mom. He had all the time in the world. The loop seemed less and less a curse.

"We need to talk." Alyson closed the door behind them and sat on her bed.

"If this is about Chris, I think ..." Nick stopped himself. "Sure, what's up?"

Alyson's blood pressure rose and fell like a rollercoaster as her brother corrected course. It might not have seemed big in the grand scheme of things, but she appreciated him not harping on Chris. "We need to both go into the city on the next today. We need to see Chris. Not because of relationship stuff. He won't remember what happened today. And I won't go into any of that stuff. I'll stay covered up." She pointed to her well-covered boobs for emphasis. "We need to get working on the next riddle. The sooner we're done with the six sides the sooner my body returns to normal." Alyson spoke very fast, her words tumbling over one other.

"Right." Nick frowned. He wasn't sure their bodies would return to normal. Maybe they should do some research on Enki's puzzle. He was dismayed that he hadn't already

thought of spending a few looping days looking into it. “When we get through the loops, we’ll stop doing stuff together?”

“I mean ... yeah.” Alyson blinked in surprise. “It’s been really great. But everything will go back to normal. I mean ...” Did he really think they could keep fooling around? “This was all just because of Enki. You’re amazing, Nicky. But you need to find a girlfriend after all this. A woman who’s a better fit for you than Jess.” She watched him chew on his lip. God, she felt like she was dumping him. “Look, I don’t want it to end either. Today was really ...” She searched for a word and came up empty. “... nice.”

“Can we still do stuff while we’re in the loop, or is this it?”

“I ... well ...” She’d just assumed they’d keep cuddling and maybe she’d let him between her legs again. But now that he asked, she wondered if it was time to end it. She was being pulled between two men that she loved. And she’d made a promise to Chris. She reached down and fiddled with the beautiful ring her fiancé had given her.

“Because if this is the end, I’d like to make a request.” Nick marveled at his calmness. There were consequences with his sister since they traveled through the loops together, but he still felt a supreme sense of confidence.

“What is it?”

“I’d like to touch your boobs. They’re gorgeous, and I know I’d always regret it if I didn’t ask.” When she didn’t say anything, he continued. “You were already breathtaking before all this, and now ... you’re like a goddess or something. Since we’re still in the loop, do you think ...?”

“Chris doesn’t seem to think I’m a goddess.” Her hands crept to the hem of her hoodie.

Nick didn’t take the bait. “I can only speak for myself.”

“I’m still making milk.” She lifted her hoodie a little and exposed her belly button. “You probably think that’s gross.”

“No, it’s cool.” Nick smiled.

“What about Dad?”

“I don’t care. We can start over on the next today if he finds us.” Nick stepped up close to her and put his hands next to hers. Together they lifted the hoodie over her head.

Alyson took off her undershirt. She stood before him in her jeans and bra. “I know. It’s a boring bra. I was lucky to find one in my size.” She reached behind and unclasped the strap with trembling fingers.

“No, I like it.” That was the truth. Nick thought it understated, a nice juxtaposition to the amazing tits he knew it contained. He stepped back to get a good view as the bra

dropped away. His breath caught in his chest. "Wow." He hadn't lied about her beauty. She was literally breathtaking. His pulse quickened. He reached out his hand. His fingertips slid slowly down the slope of her left breast, until they arrived at her nipple. He saw her shoulders shake with a quick shiver. Her nipples were darker than when she'd shown them to him all those loops ago. He gently teased her nipple and inspected his fingers. They came away wet with milk.

"I don't know why Enki did that to me." Alyson stared at her brother, soaking up the wonder and adoration on his face. Maybe Chris would like them if he'd only give them a chance.

"Me either." Nick hefted them, a boob in each hand. He moved tenderly, but with purpose. "They're heavy."

"Yeah, that's why my back's been sore."

"I could do this all day, every day." He leaned in a little closer to inspect the blue veins meandering under her alabaster skin.

"You like them that much?" A surge of confidence moved through her.

"I do." He leaned his face closer.

"Well, don't get used to them. When this is all over ... oooooohhhhhhhh." Alyson squirmed when his mouth found her nipple. Reflexively, she cradled his head with her hand. She could hear him gulping. Her little brother, now a confident young man, was feeding from her. She swooned. Together they fell on the bed, his mouth never leaving her breast. "Oh, Nicky ... you're making ... me ... wet again."

"Mmmppphhhh." Nick heeded his sister's call. He held her tit with his left hand while he drank. His right hand moved down past her belly, unbuttoned her jeans, and worked under her panties. Soon, he was fingering her and listening to her stifled groans. He really hoped his parents weren't upstairs because she was getting loud enough that anyone passing in the hall might hear them.

"Oh ... God ... oh ... God ... Nicky ... Nicky ... Nicky ..." Alyson tried to remember if Chris had ever given her such loving attention. "I'm ... ugh ... going to ... cum." He hit her g-spot, just the way she'd taught him. Her mind and pussy exploded. She squirted all over her panties, soaking her jeans. Her attempt not to scream resulted in a high-pitched, whining sound. She would have been embarrassed by the noise if her mind wasn't swimming in ecstasy. Just as she was coming down from her high, the moment was shattered.

A soft knock sounded on the door. "Are you okay, sweetie?" Kate's voice came through the door.

Nick had never moved so fast. He leapt from the bed, pulling his hand from inside her jeans. The doorknob turned. He sat quickly in Alyson's desk chair as his sister pulled the hoodie back over her boobs. She crossed her legs to conceal the darkness where she'd soaked her jeans. She was still lying on her bed, her brain glitching on the aftereffects of her orgasm.

"Alyson was crying about Chris, Mom." Nick could see the concern on his mother's face when she peeked in through the opening door.

"Love can be hard sometimes." Kate sighed.

Nick waited for his sister to say something. After a few seconds, he said, "Really hard, Mom. Just look at me and Jess."

"Yes." Kate's cheeks turned scarlet. She could read between the lines. He was talking about how his giant hardness had scared his girlfriend away. "Well, it seems you have things handled here, Nicky. Your father and I are going to bed soon. I'll see you two in the morning."

"Goodnight, Mom." Nick waved at her.

"Night," Alyson managed to get the one word out. When her mother left, she took a deep breath and tried to get a grip. "You sure do have things *handled*, Nicky." She laughed at the sheer ridiculousness of everything.

"Oh, you're talking about these?" He held up the fingers that had just been in her pussy and wiggled them. They both laughed for a long time. When their giggling died down, Nick could tell the moment had passed. It didn't bother him, they had plenty more time in the loop and otherwise. After the day he'd just had, he didn't think Alyson would be able to stay away. They cracked a few more jokes, and then Nick kissed her on the cheek and went to get ready for bed.

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Later that night, Nick was on his phone in bed. The lights were out and sleep reached out to him. But he wasn't yet ready to surrender and meet his second Wednesday. He was trying his hand at research. If the puzzle was a replica, why did it seem to have Enki's power? Who built it? What happened to the original the replica copied? He was coming up empty on Google. When he heard his door swing open, he swung his head and tried to adjust his eyes to the darkness.

"You're still up, sweetie?" Kate slipped into the familiar room and closed the door behind her. "I thought you might be awake after such an eventful day." She crossed the

room and sat at the edge of his bed. When he turned off his phone, the only light came from the moon through his window. She shivered. “Why is your window open?”

“Oh, I like the fresh air.” He didn’t want to explain Chirpee to her. “What’s up?” He put his hand on her bare thigh. He realized she was only wearing an oversized t-shirt. His dick stirred under the covers.

“I wanted to touch base with you after ... everything.” She put her hand on top of his, letting him know his touch was welcome. “Are you happy with what we did?”

“Yes.” He liked that she couldn’t talk about it directly, but still wanted to have the conversation. “I feel really close to you.” He squeezed her thigh.

“Me too, Nicky.” Her palms were sweaty. She removed her hand from his and wiped it on her shirt. “I’m still trying to wrap my head around all this. I’m not sure what any of this means. I ... um ...” She didn’t know what to say. He was so good at listening, and she was tongue-tied.

“It’s okay, Mom.” He slid his hand up her thigh, but she caught it and returned it to its original position near her knee.

“Not now, Nick.” She shook her head in the darkness. “Not while your father and sister are home. But maybe if your sister goes back to her apartment tomorrow, you can play hooky again. That is, if you want to.”

“I would love that, Mom. We’ll have the perfect day together.” His heart raced at the thought.

“I’m sure we will.” She bent toward him and kissed his forehead. Kate then pulled the covers up to her son’s chin. “I love you, Nicky. I’ll see you in the morning.” She stood and headed for the door.

“I love you too, Mom,” he called after her. Nick had a warm, fuzzy feeling in his chest. He was truly happy. The first Wednesday had been near perfect. He wondered how much better the next today could get. He closed his eyes and drifted off to sleep.

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At dawn’s first light, Chirpee woke Nick with his silly two-tone song. Nick sat up and rubbed his eyes. So, this would be his second crack at Wednesday. He inhaled slowly and then exhaled. He blinked and spotted the white and black bird on the windowsill. That was odd, Chirpee hadn’t woken him up on the previous today.

What time was it? Had he somehow woken up before his sister could wake him up? He retrieved his phone from his bedside table and stared at it, dumbfounded. It was five-thirty in the morning on Thursday. He shook the phone like it was a magic eight ball, and it had given him the wrong answer. Undeterred, the phone still informed him it was Thursday.

“Holy shit. I solved the riddle without even knowing what it was.” And he had.

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Kate pushed the enormous cock into her mouth until his hair tickled her nose. She found that it fit with ease. She could just imagine how pleased her son was with her. It had to be a dream, because no one could actually shove all that penis down their throat, least of all her. Dream or not, it gave her such a buzz to know she was satisfying her son. She took impossibly long strokes, bouncing her chin against his heavy balls with each repetition. Eventually, Nick unloaded.

“Gggggppppphhhhhh.” Kate nearly drowned in all that young, thick sperm. She didn’t give up and managed to swallow all of it. She pulled off him, a proud smile on her stained lips. When she caught his eye, she jerked awake with a start.

The first graying of the sky filtered in past her curtains. Fred snored in bed next to her. She sat up. Something wasn’t quite right with her mouth and throat. She didn’t know if it was the aftereffects of the dream or what. She climbed out of bed and went to the bathroom. For several minutes, she stared at her reflection. She looked good. Almost like she was glowing. When she opened her mouth, she didn’t notice anything amiss.

She reached her hand to her throat. It felt stretched and sore, like she’d been doing throat yoga for weeks. Her dream came flooding back to her.

Kate’s husband always left a water bottle in the bathroom. One of the long, thin ones. Without knowing exactly why, she reached for it and moved it toward her mouth. While watching herself in the mirror, she slowly slid the thing past her lips. And then, she kept going, inch after inch, until most of it was in her throat. The woman in the mirror had wild eyes, and drool ran down her chin. What was happening to her? Yesterday, she had only been able to fit Nick’s head into her mouth.

Despite the horror at the morning’s discoveries, her hand reached down between her legs. She pumped the water bottle in and out of her mouth, staring at this crazed woman in the mirror simulating fellatio with a huge penis and masturbating at the same time. She wasn’t pretending to think of the hunk from her romance novel anymore. Her hips bucked, and she had her first orgasm of the day.



## Chapter 11

"I don't understand." Alyson stared at Nick. She rubbed the sleep out of her eyes and stared again. "It's Thursday?"

"Yeah." Nick nodded.

"So that means ... everything that happened with Chris ... yesterday ... was really yesterday." She pulled the covers to her chin and looked around the room like she expected something to pop out at her. "And he's still mad ... at me."

"Wait ... what?" Nick shook his head. "He called you fat, remember? Aren't you mad at *him*? He called you a cow, Alyson. He's a ..."

He took a deep breath. "Relationships are complicated, I guess."

"Yeah, they are." Alyson's pulse slowed and her head felt light. She was in shock. She had thought she would have more tries at Wednesday. Many, many more tries. Things with Chris had just gotten a whole lot worse. She focused on her brother. "And you ... you ... and ... Mom ...?"

"Yeah, she's going to remember the blowjob. It's in the books." Nick sat on her bed. It was still early. He put his hand on her leg through the blanket and gently rubbed. "Don't worry about Chris. He loves you. It'll work out."

"I hope so, Nicky." Alyson rolled onto her side facing away from him and patted the bed behind her. She sighed when he cuddled up to her, his arm snaking just under her boobs. She wiggled her butt into him. It was impossible to miss his morning wood poking into her. "Let's figure out what happened yesterday. We should do some research, and see what the next riddle is before we *do* anything else."

It was clear from her tone that Nick's sister meant, *before you do anyone else*. "Sure, I was thinking that we should do research anyway. We need to figure out what the puzzle's all about."

"I have a bunch of books in my office on loan from a collector. I was supposed to go through them as part of my work on the puzzle. It's probably time to do some reading. And ... we should get yesterday's and today's riddles translated. Which means we'll have to see Chris."

"Do you mind seeing him so soon?" He inhaled the floral scent of her shampoo.

"It should be fine. Today doesn't matter anyway." Alyson hoped Chris would surprise her with compassion, but she suspected this first go at Thursday would be sailing in rough waters. "If we do this, you'll have to leave Mom alone for the day."

“Yeah, I know.” Nick sighed. “It’s fine.”

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“You look a little feverish, Nick. Would you like to stay home from school today?” Kate put her hand on her son’s forehead as he ate cereal. “Definitely hot.” She glanced at her daughter and husband. Fred was reading his phone, ignoring them. Alyson had a strange look on her face.

“I need to go to school, Mom.” Nick loathed the words coming out of his mouth, but it couldn’t be helped. He watched a frown crease his mother’s forehead. “I feel fine.”

Kate glanced at her husband. “Aren’t you going to be late for work, Fred?”

“Hmm? No, I have plenty of time.” He looked up from his phone and smiled at his wife. “Trying to get rid of me?”

Kate’s cheeks flushed crimson. “No, of course not.”

“I’ll drive Nick to school.” Alyson stood and grabbed Nick’s hand. She wanted him out of the house before he changed his mind. She was getting the vibe that their mother wanted a repeat of yesterday. “Let’s go, Nick.” She pulled him out of his chair.

“I wasn’t done eating.” Nick let his sister lead him toward the door. He picked up his backpack and phone. “Goodbye, Mom.”

“Nick’s going to visit me in the city after school. I’ll pick him up. He’ll be home late.” Alyson pushed her brother toward the door.

“Oh, okay.” Kate looked quite taken aback. “Come home if you’re not feeling well,” she called after him as they exited through the front door. The door slammed and the house felt incredibly quiet. “You’re going to be late for work, Fred.”

“What?” Fred turned off his phone and took a bite of toast. “I still have time. Want a quickie before I leave?”

“Maybe tonight, dear.” Kate exited the kitchen.

Fred shrugged. That was fine by him.

~~

They found Chris in his office, grading papers. “Hi, honey.” Alyson tried to put on a sunny disposition. She wasn’t going to get into it with him.

Chris looked up from his desk. “What’s he doing here?”

“Nick’s hanging out with me today. He wants to see what I do all day.” She tried to hold her smile steady.

“What are you wearing, Alyson?” Chris frowned at his fiancée.

“It’s one of my mom’s sweaters from the ‘90s. Isn’t it cool?” It wasn’t cool. She knew that. But it draped off her and hid her new boobs well.

“It looks like a potato sack.” Chris smiled like he was joking. He was not.

“We brought some Sumerian for you to read.” Nick worked at controlling his breathing.

“Bring-your-little-brother-to-work-day is adorable.” Chris took the puzzle from Nick and examined it. “What did you do to light up all six sides like this?”

“Nothing.” Nick knew that this version of Chris hadn’t read any of the other riddles. So, he rolled his eyes and let the pompous guy pontificate.

Brother and sister sat silently while Chris marveled at the puzzle. Finally, Alyson said, “Can you please read it for us?”

“Sure. The cuneiform is written in an interesting regional dialect.” Chris adjusted his glasses. “It says, *your arrow may have*—”

“Not that one, this one.” Nick pointed to one of the two sides they hadn’t read yet.

“Um ... what?” Chris looked at his fiancée. “Why does he care?”

“He’s always been interested in puzzles.” Kate tried not to lose her patience.

Chris shook his head and turned the cube in his hands. “This side reads, *three form a broken circle ... the first must drink life from the second ... the second must drink life from the third ... you begin to understand.*” He looked up from the puzzle. “That’s interesting, because Enki is the god of semen.” Chris laughed. “He created the Tigris and the Euphrates with a massive fap session. Rivers of jizz.” He laughed some more. “The riddle is probably about ancient blowjobs.”

“That is funny.” Alyson feigned a giggle. Her fiancé was half-right. “How about this face?” She pointed at the side they hadn’t yet translated.

“This one reads, *complete the circle ... the future awaits.*” Chris looked up. “Does that make sense to you?”

The Dobson siblings shook their heads at him.

“I’m going to hold onto this. Really interesting stuff. We don’t even know what the power source is. Maybe it’s something mechanical, and when it was moved it created some energy.” Chris put the puzzle on his desk. “I’ll translate all the sides, maybe take it down to the lab.”

“This is my project, Chris.” Alyson looked down at the floor.

“You’ve got other things going on, obviously.” Chris shrugged. “By the way, I got you a gym membership. Maybe we’ll hit the treadmill later this afternoon, okay?”

“Yeah, okay.” Alyson felt her brother’s hand in hers. She had never longed so much for Nick’s support.

“We better get going.” Nick squeezed her hand and pulled her to her feet.

Alyson could feel the distance growing between her and Chris. They would have to do a lot of work on their relationship once they finished Thursday and got out of the loop. “If you need anything, Chris, I’ll be in my office for –”

“Bye.” Chris returned to grading papers.

“Goodbye.” She let her brother pull her out of the office and close the door. She turned to Nick. “Don’t we need the puzzle?”

“We’ll let him have it today. He won’t have it on the next today.” Nick let go of her hand and walked down the hall. “There’s lots of research we can do without it, right? We’ve got those books to read. And we now know all the riddles. Complete the circle ...”

“Sure, right.” Alyson nodded. She stretched her aching back and followed Nick back to her office.

~~

“This book is interesting.” Nick looked up and blinked. He held an old, leather-bound tome. “It says that the replica was built by Artur Victorovitch Siyankov in the early 20<sup>th</sup> century. Siyankov was an architect working for a doctor named Ivo Shandor. Shandor was a crazy dude, performed lots of unnecessary surgeries.”

“An architect working for a doctor?” Alyson looked up from her book.

“Shandor was a doctor and an architect.” Nick’s skin crawled thinking about what he’d just learned. “After World War One, Shandor thought the world needed to end. He formed a cult devoted to a Sumerian god to bring about the end of the world.”

“Not Enki.”

“No, not Enki. Some other god.” Nick shivered. It felt like the temperature in the room had dropped several degrees while he told his sister the story. “Victorovitch didn’t like where all that was headed, so he split from Shandor. He traveled for a time, looking for ‘items of power.’ He then showed up with his puzzles in New York. He made three of them. He’s quoted as saying, ‘It’s much easier to destroy than to create. I have taken a steep path, meticulously rebuilding the original puzzle that Enki gave to the Babylonians. Just as it helped those ancient peoples see new light, I pray that I have cast a beam in the growing darkness of this century.’”

“Whoa.” Alyson found that she was holding her breath. She exhaled. “What happened then?”

“Nothing good, I think.” Nick leafed back through the chapter he’d just read. “Siyankov vanished shortly after he returned to New York. Shandor bought everything from Siyankov’s estate, including the puzzles.”

“I knew that book would be useful.” Alyson smiled to herself.

“How did you get the puzzle?”

“The university bought it at an auction a couple months ago. It wasn’t expensive. Just a curiosity.” Alyson shrugged. “They gave it to Chris to study, and he gave it to me. And then he took it back.”

“Don’t worry about that. Today never happened.” Nick leaned back in his chair. The room seemed to warm up again. “How many more books do we have to read?”

“Um ...” Alyson glanced at the stack on her desk. “Five more.”

“Well, let’s plow through. See if we find anything else.” Nick checked his phone and saw a string of missed texts from his mom. Guilt tugged at him. But it didn’t matter. After the current today, his mom would never know she’d been ghosted by him. He’d make it up to a different version of her, he promised himself.

~~

Night had settled outside her office window. Alyson looked up from her last book. “Find anything?”

“Just a few more sentences on Siyankov. He claimed to have found the original puzzle in a temple in Mesopotamia. Making some sort of deal with the Hashemite monarchy, he took it somewhere unknown to study it.” Nick skimmed through the last few pages of the book open in front of him. He found nothing useful. “He said his power source was

different than the original. But didn't say what it was." He looked over at his sister. She looked as tired as he felt. "You find anything?"

"Just some auction notes. The puzzle we have was found by a collector going through an antique store in upstate New York." Her stomach growled. "We should get something to eat."

"Weren't you going to the gym with Chris?" Nick checked his phone again. It was late. His mother hadn't stopped texting him. She probably thought he was avoiding her after yesterday.

"I didn't want to see him again." Alyson stood and stretched. She caught her brother staring at her boobs. Rather than hide them, she arched her back more. Even that dopey '90s sweater couldn't conceal them in that position. "I'll deal with Chris tomorrow. The real tomorrow. Not the next today. With any luck, my body will go back to normal and he'll forget I ever looked like a cow."

"You are the most beautiful cow in the pasture." Nick ducked when she threw a pencil at him.

"Shut up, dummy. Let's go get some dinner." Alyson opened the door, checked the hall just to make sure Chris wasn't around, and led her brother out of the building.

~~

After sharing a meal at a Mediterranean restaurant, the siblings stumbled into Alyson's apartment. She rubbed her eyes. "You might as well sleep here." She pulled off her mother's sweater and headed for the bathroom. She was already brushing her teeth when Nick joined her.

"You look beautiful." Nick smiled at her from the doorway. He watched her boobs jiggle as she vigorously worked her toothbrush.

Alyson spit in the sink. "Shut up, Nicky. I look terrible." She brushed some more, regarding herself in the mirror. She looked tired and stressed. And her boobs seemed ridiculously large and out of proportion now that the sweater wasn't concealing them.

"I'm still hungry."

Alyson rolled her eyes at him. Eighteen-year-old boys ate and ate and ate. "There's some pickles in the fridge, I think. Or, you could make yourself a peanut butter sandwich." Her words were garbled by the brushing.

"I don't want pickles." He moved over next to her and bent down. He kissed her left tit through her shirt.

"Oh, boy." Alyson spit in the sink again. "You want more of that?"

Rather than say anything, Nick lifted up her shirt and pulled down her bra. He admired the fragile beauty of her pale breast for a second, and then lowered his lips to her dark nipple.

"You're incorrigible." She continued brushing, watching herself and the back of her brother's head in the mirror. What better way to end a strange day than with the absurdity of what was happening in her bathroom? She thought about yesterday's riddle. It was clear that Enki had wanted him to drink her milk. That had been part of passing the day. The other part, of course, was their mother drinking Nick's cum. She shuddered, thinking what she must have looked like with that giant cock in her mouth. Maybe Alyson would get to see for herself. "Okay, big guy." She pulled him off her breast, spit one last time, and rinsed out her mouth. "Want to use my toothbrush?"

"I'm pretty sure the toothpaste will make the milk taste weird." He carefully wiped a dribble of milk from her breast with his fingers.

"You're *still* hungry?" Alyson laughed. "Come on then." She walked to her bedroom, took off her pants, and sat upright with her back against the pillows. The shirt had fallen back over her tit, so she pulled it off and removed her bra. "Well, let's get to it."

"Sure." Nick lay down on the bed, putting his head in her lap. The curvature of her magnificent tits loomed above him. She leaned forward a little and guided her nipple back into his mouth. He drank.

"That better, Nicky?" With one hand, she played with his silky hair, with the other, she checked her phone. No texts from Chris. Maybe he'd forgotten their gym date. But she had eleven texts from her mother, mostly trying to find out where Nick was. She was about to respond when her phone rang. "It's Mom. I think she's worried about you. I'm going to answer it."

"Mmmmmmm." Nick didn't slow down his drinking. He loved the feeling of his sister's fingers gently tugging his hair and massaging his scalp while her soft and supple breast pressed against his face. He was in heaven.

Alyson answered the call. "Hi, Mom. Yes, he's here ... He's spending the night with me ... No, I'll drive him to school in the morning ... He was helping me with research at my office ... Yeah, I'll tell him. Love you ... Goodnight." She disconnected. "Mom says you need to let her know when you're not coming home. Why'd you ignore her today?"

“Mmmppphhh.” Nick pulled away from her nipple and rested his head on her thigh so he could look up at her. She had the softest expression on her face. “I knew if I talked to her, she’d tell me to come home. I wanted to help you today.”

“Don’t you want to spend more time with her?” Alyson put down the phone, and rubbed his hard abs through his shirt. She was growing to have a greater appreciation for his lithe soccer body.

“I mean, yeah.” Nick lay there, soaking up the attention. He could feel the hand on his belly moving lower and lower. “Maybe on the next today, Mom and I could hang out? We got a lot done today.”

“Nicky ...” Alyson stopped her hand before it reached the bulge in his pants. “I ... want to see ... you and Mom together.”

“I told you, she’d never let me take a photo.” Nick frowned.

“No ... I mean ... um ...” Had she gone completely insane? “I was thinking I could pretend to leave for the city ... and ... um ... watch you two ... without her knowing.”

“Oh, shit.”

“Yeah, oh, shit,” Alyson agreed.

“Okay.” Nick nodded, his head rolling on her thigh. “I’ll probably go down on her again. And she might give me another blowjob. Is that what you want to see?”

“Yes, please.” Alyson’s hand continued its descent down his body and took hold of his erection through his pants. “What do you think you have to do to solve the last riddle?” She wondered what else she might see.

“Complete the circle?” Nick shrugged. “Before Chris translated it, I was assuming Enki would want Mom and me to go all the way for the last riddle. But that doesn’t sound right.”

“Yeah.” Alyson’s pussy gushed at the mention of *all the way*. “Well, I don’t think it would fit inside her anyway.” She squeezed his thick penis through his pants for emphasis. It was by far the biggest dick she’d ever touched. “So, that’s probably good. Maybe Enki wants you to sixty-nine or something?” Her hand rubbed his hardness.

“Maybe.” Nick moved his head back up her thigh and took her nipple back into his mouth. She continued to play with his hair and rub his dick, but she never removed it from his pants. Eventually, he fell asleep on her lap, his mouth still on her nipple.

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“Wow ... Katie.” Fred lay in bed next to his wife, trying to catch his breath. “You went ... crazy ... tonight.”

“Well, it’s been a while, Fred.” Kate had hoped that spending some intimate time with her husband would help dispel the frustration caused by her son. It hadn’t worked. She lay on her belly, waiting for Fred to go to sleep so she could take care of herself.

“I don’t think you’ve ever swallowed my whole dick before.” Fred relished the urgency with which she’d blown him. She had looked like a woman possessed.

“Don’t be crude, Fred.”

Fred laughed. “If I can drive you wild like that, I guess I’ve still got it.” He looked over at her round ass. The years had given her more alluring curves. He approved. He smacked his wife’s ass and listened to her give a little yelp. Fred mused on how time had been good to them both.

“Yeah, you’ve still got it, dear.” Kate had always thought him a decently sized man. But after handling Nick’s penis, and then fellating the water bottle ... While she was giving Fred oral, he’d seemed downright small by comparison. Her husband had stretched out her vagina during sex. It was good to know his size was adequate. But five minutes wasn’t enough time to satisfy Kate. Fred was taller than her son, but he had none of Nick’s taut muscles. As he started to snore next to her, Kate wondered about the future. She loved Fred, despite his temper. But he didn’t still have it. As her hand moved between her legs, she wondered if he’d ever had it. But then her thoughts turned to Nick. Her mind drifted off into happiness.

~~

“Nick and I are going to do some yoga this morning, you two want to join us?” Kate was already wearing her yoga clothes. She smiled into the kitchen at her husband and daughter. Her son stood next to her in a t-shirt and baggy shorts.

“Yoga’s for girls.” Fred frowned at her.

“The soccer team does some yoga for flexibility and strength, Dad.” Nick looked over at his sister for support.

“And Nick does have a dynamite body, Dad.” Alyson took one last sip of coffee and stood. “Don’t you think, Mom?”

“Um ... uh ...” Kate frowned.

“Nick needs to put on some mass. He’s too skinny.” Fred looked back to his phone and ate some toast. “And add a few inches in height.”

“I think Dad’s a no go, but I’ll do some yoga with you guys.” When their parents weren’t looking, Alyson arched an eyebrow at Nick. He smiled innocently back at her. She went upstairs and changed. She was a little nervous wearing yoga clothes, especially because her shirt didn’t hide her boobs all that well. But if it went badly with her parents, she would just cover up on the next today. When she went back down to the living room, there was a yoga class on TV and her brother and mother were both in the downward dog pose. Alyson stopped. Nick didn’t have much of a butt, so the pose didn’t really highlight his strengths. But her mom, by contrast, looked amazing. Alyson wasn’t a lesbian. She was marrying a manly man after all. But she had always admired the feminine form. She just hadn’t stopped to stare at her mother’s ass before.

“Oh, there you are. Come join us.” Kate watched her daughter upside down through her legs. She guessed from Alyson’s expression that she was impressed with Kate’s yoga skills.

“Yeah, sure.” Alyson rolled out her mat and got in the same pose. Together, the three of them followed the TV instructor’s lesson.

About halfway through, Fred yelled from the other room that he was leaving for work. No one responded.

Toward the end of the session, Alyson was sweating bullets, and her legs and arms shook. Both her brother and mother seemed to be having an easier time of it. She told herself that the weight of her boobs was throwing her off. She wasn’t in bad shape. But when Kate turned off the TV, Alyson fell to the floor and sighed. “That ... was ... fun ...” She lied.

“Yes, it was.” Kate stood, giving her daughter a sidelong glance. “Alyson?”

“Yeah, Mom?”

Nick followed his mom’s gaze. Inwardly, he cringed. She was going to bring up Alyson’s boobs. He prayed she’d be delicate about it. Alyson was so sensitive.

“Have you changed your ... appearance lately?” Kate absentmindedly massaged her neck while she talked. “I mean, did you get something done without telling me?”

“No, Mom.” Alyson sat up and folded her arms over her chest. “I went on the pill a little while ago and they grew. I’ve been hiding them because it’s sort of embarrassing.”

“Oh, I see.” Kate breathed a sigh of relief. “I thought maybe Chris had asked you to get surgery or something. I’ve heard they can grow for some women when they take the

pill. I'm glad you're thinking about family planning issues. And ... um ... I think they suit you well."

Nick's shoulders relaxed. That was a good lie on his sister's part. He wondered if she'd been saving that. To make things less awkward, Nick went into the kitchen for some water.

"Thanks, Mom." Alyson unfolded her arms. "I'm thinking about going off the pill. Hopefully they'll go away."

"Well, make sure you use some other protection. And ask your doctor first, okay?" Kate smiled. "Are you going to stick around today?"

"No, I'll shower and head back to the city. I've got lots of stuff to do." Alyson stood. Her legs still trembled from the yoga session.

Kate's smile widened. She was going to have Nick all to herself. They would have such a lovely day. "Oh, okay then. Can I get you anything before you leave?"

"No thanks. I'll go hit the shower."

~~

The kitchen was quiet as Nick drank his water and Kate sipped her coffee. They could just make out the sound of Alyson's car pulling out of the driveway.

"Aren't you going to say I'm late for school or something?" Nick watched her closely. She looked so pretty in the morning light, her cheeks still rosy from yoga.

"Remember what I said last night about playing hooky?" Kate took another sip, keeping her eyes on her handsome son. She put the mug on the table. "Would you still like that?"

Nick didn't want to seem too eager. "Sure, what did you have in mind?"

"If you're not too tired from yoga, maybe we could go on a bike ride." Kate studied his face. She didn't want their renaissance to be only about naughty stuff.

"Yeah, let's do it."

"Great. I'll call your school while you get the bikes out of the garage." Kate went to get her phone.

They spent a pleasant hour cruising some of the bike trails in the nature area near their house. Their conversation was all small talk. Kate still wore her yoga pants, so Nick made sure to let her pedal up ahead when the trail narrowed. Her ass looked perfect

perched on that little seat. When they got home, they were both sweaty, their endorphins pumping. Once inside they stared at each other, their hair wild from removing their helmets.

Nick broke the silence. "I need a shower."

"Me too." Kate stood still. A warmth spread in her vagina and tummy. Had she ever been this excited to spend time with a man? No. The answer to that was an emphatic *no*. "We could ... um ... shower together. If you want?"

"Yeah, okay." Nick stepped over to his mom and gave her butt a friendly slap. He loved the way it shook in her yoga pants. "I'll wash you if you wash me."

Kate giggled. "You're so bad, Nicky." She led the way upstairs.

They undressed in the bathroom Kate shared with her husband. Her eyes were drawn to the lean, rippling muscles on his torso. That is, until he removed his shorts and underwear. Then her gaze settled a bit lower. He was hard for her. His penis swayed a bit as he took off his socks. She looked over at her husband's water bottle and then back at Nick's engorged thing. They were about the same size. She lowered her pants and removed her bra, leaving her arm over her breasts, a token of vestigial modesty.

"You're really beautiful, Mom." He watched her lean into the shower and turn on the water, getting a good view of her panty-covered butt.

"You really think so?" She had to take off her panties, and that would go easier using two hands. She uncovered her breasts and lowered her underwear.

"I mean, I couldn't really lie about it. Just look." He pointed to his hard dick.

"Yeah, I can see that." She straightened up and blushed. "You're a teenager, so it's probably like that all the time."

This sort of timid flirting was new to Nick. All the times through those loops with his mother she hadn't really flirted before. He didn't know exactly how to respond. He imagined he would get good at it eventually, but he didn't want to spoil the moment. He reminded himself to be confident, to compliment, and to listen. "You're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen."

"Jess is very pretty though." Kate's cheeks darkened some more. What was she doing bringing up his ex-girlfriend? And why was she arguing with him when he was being so enchantingly sincere? "The water's warm, let's get in the shower."

"Okay." Nick followed her in. They were now standing very close together. "Can I soap you up?" He put some shower gel in his hands.

“Yes, please,” Kate squeaked. She turned around and let him wash her back. It felt so good to have his hands on her. He spent a lot longer soaping her butt than the task required. When he finished, he sent a little thrill through her by giving her backside a slap. That was the first time he’d slapped her bare butt.

“I’m ready for the front, Mom.” He held her hips and gently turned her around. Getting a little more soap in his hands, he rubbed down the gentle curve of her belly, over her hips, and onto her thighs. After a minute, he worked his way back up to her boobs. He gently rubbed and held them. They were, of course, much smaller than Alyson’s, but he loved them every bit as much.

“I adore the expression on your face right now, Nicky.” Shower water bounced off Kate’s back as she watched her son closely. “Let me clean you.” She soaped her hands and massaged Nick’s skinny, tight body. It made her feel young again to have her hands on such a hard man. And while thinking of hard things, her hands slipped onto his massive penis. She gently played with the foreskin and traced his veins with her fingertips. Without planning to, she leaned her head forward and kissed him on the lips. Soon they were making out while she pumped his penis with her hands. She broke the kiss and lowered herself to her knees, turning him so that the water wouldn’t be in her face. “I want to try something.”

“Sure, whatever you want.” It was obvious to Nick that she wanted to give him another blowjob. He happily leaned back against the tiles and thrust his hips forward. He watched her pretty face distort as she opened up and slid the tip of his dick past her lips. But he didn’t expect what happened next. Her lips kept on sliding. She made a few spluttering sounds, but didn’t gag as she went beyond the head. Within a few seconds, she was halfway down. “Wow ... Mom ... I mean ... what?” When she looked up at him and made eye contact while his massive cock was halfway down her throat, he shuddered. It was the sexiest thing he’d ever seen.

It wasn’t just the water bottle that she could swallow. Something had happened to Kate. She pushed further on him. Lowering her gaze, she watched his little brown hairs get closer and closer. Her nose made contact with his hair, and her chin bumped his heavy balls. “Mmmppphhhhhh, gggggpppphhhhhh.” She wanted to tell Nick how wonderful it felt to take all of him like that. But, of course, she couldn’t talk. So, instead, she moved her lips back until they were just sucking on the head, and then all the way forward. She pumped him with her mouth. It took a little while, but she got into a good rhythm, clutching his trembling thighs to hold him steady.

“Holy ... shit ... Mom.” Nick could not believe what he was seeing. His brain barely computed what was happening. Yesterday, she’d struggled to suck his head. Now, on the second today, she was somehow deepthroating him like she’d been practicing for years. It was clear she loved blowing him. And Nick loved it, too. He thought about his

sister missing out on the show. Alyson couldn't spy on them in a closed bathroom. He pulled his mom off his dick. She looked up at him, panting.

"What's wrong ... sweetie? You ... don't like ... it?" Kate furrowed her brow in confusion and brushed some wet hair out of her face.

"It's almost perfect, Mom." Nick turned off the water. He was going to get them someplace where Alyson could witness what their mom could now do.

"Almost?" She let Nick pull her to her feet and give her an excited kiss on the lips.

"Yeah, almost. I want to return the favor. At the same time." He took her hand and pulled her out of the bathroom onto her bed. They were still dripping wet, but neither seemed to care. He got on his back. "Come on."

"Oh ... my ..." Kate knew what a sixty-nine was, but had never tried it. "You sure?" He looked even bigger with his giant thing standing up in the air, bending ever so slightly to the left.

"I'm sure." As his mother climbed on top of him, he glimpsed his sister peeking in through the cracked bedroom door. But then his view was blocked by his mother's amazing ass. He felt her mouth slide back onto him. Nick went to work on her pussy. This was going to be the best day of hooky ever. Even better than yesterday.

## Chapter 12

It was one thing to hear about and imagine her sweet mom getting dirty with her brother's ridiculously sized cock, it was another to witness it. The scene unfolding in her parents' bedroom triggered some major cognitive dissonance for Alyson. She had to lean against the doorframe to catch her balance as she peeked through the cracked door. She felt hot and dizzy. Her previous reality, built moment by moment throughout her whole life, chaotically clashed with the reality Enki had wrought.

Kate and Nick were drenched and naked. They clearly had been showering together and hadn't taken the time to dry off. Alyson was struck by how familiar they seemed despite their nudity. They behaved like lovestruck teenagers, which was half true. Her eighteen-year-old brother lay down on the bed, his giant penis standing proud. Her mother paused to take in the sight of him and then climbed on. They were talking, but Alyson's brain was so shocked she couldn't comprehend the words.

Alyson thought her brother might have glimpsed her through the crack. But then Kate climbed on top of him and blocked his view with her pussy. Alyson shook her head to clear it. She could see her brother's hands on her mom's ass. He was eating her out. And she was ... she was ... holy shit. Alyson slid down to the floor, her butt resting on the carpet. Her mom was devouring Nick's cock. It wasn't possible, was it? Kate had most of him in her throat. No, it was all of him. She pleased him with impossibly long strokes. If Alyson hadn't seen it with her own eyes, she never would have believed her brother's retelling of this moment. Her legs spread where she sat in the hall. She stuck her hand under her yoga pants and panties.

It hit Alyson like a load of bricks. It was Enki. The god had changed their mother just as he had changed Nick and Alyson. Each of them in different ways. That's what Kate's squirting was about, too. Oh, God. She was going to squirt all over Nick's face while Alyson watched, wasn't she?

It wasn't just the sight of them. The slurping and moaning drove her crazy, too. Not only was this the most erotic thing Alyson had ever witnessed, it was the most compelling moment in her life.

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There were aspects of the sixty-nine that Nick had expected. The mutual pleasure. His mother losing concentration, and her blowjob skills diminishing as she approached orgasm. And the wonderful way her curvy body pressed against his stomach and chest.

These were expectations fulfilled. But other things caught him off guard. The inviting look of her cute little asshole just above where he was working. Her trembling ass under his fingers. And the way she hunched her hips rhythmically into his face. These magnificent things caught Nick wonderfully by surprise.

If a sixty-nine wasn't the answer to the final riddle, Nick would be doing a lot more of it anyway. And if it was, well ... he'd still be burying his face in his mother's pussy every chance he got. He held her ass tightly as her shaking increased. Her orgasmic scream was oddly muffled by the cock in her throat. Another lovely surprise.

"Mmmpppphhhhhhhh." Fireworks exploded in Kate's brain. None of their previous play had prepared her for the joy of this new act. She didn't know how she could swallow his whole penis, but she thought it must be divine intervention. She thanked God for the new skill and promised to put it to good use. As her orgasm subsided, she went back to fellating Nick in earnest. She reached down with her left hand and massaged Nick's left testicle. It felt enormous in her palm. How much did he have stored for her? She opened her eyes to look at his balls and paused her throat strokes. Her wedding ring glittered at her, pressed as it was against Nick's wrinkled skin. A pang of guilt hit her. But then Nick's tongue delved a little deeper into her vagina, she started stroking again, and she closed her eyes. She forgot completely about her husband and lost herself in the moment.

"Mmmooooommm." Nick's voice was too muffled and distorted by the pussy on his mouth. He grabbed her ass cheeks a little tighter and lifted her off his face. "Mom ... I'm going to ... cum soon." Her throat was perfect. It was a miracle he'd lasted that long. He hadn't yet cum that day. It was going to be a massive eruption. He wanted to warn her.

"Mpppppphhhhhhhh." Kate squeezed his ball in time with her strokes. She was ready. She wanted him to give her everything he had.

"It's ... too much ... too much." The delirium of his orgasm overtook Nick. He wasn't aware how unclear his warning had been.

Thinking that her son was telling her that his incoming orgasm was *too much for him*, Kate didn't change a thing. She was going to bring his release as soon as possible. She could feel the strong muscles in his abdomen clench. The testicle in her hand tightened, too. And then, the eruption hit her throat. She had thought she would swallow it all. She had thought wrong. Kate choked and lifted her mouth off his cock. Nick's climax was volcanic. His sperm shot into the air and then fell back to the bed, covering her hair, back, and the side of her face. His hips bucked erratically under her. If she hadn't known what he was doing, she would have thought his grunts were angry, brutish sounds. It was quite a contrast from the sweet son she'd come to know the last few days. He stopped licking her, but his fingers pressed even tighter into the flesh of her butt.

“Ahhhh ... ahhhh ... aaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Had Nick’s brain still been processing thoughts as he came all over his mother, he might have been thanking Enki for gifting him a new, ecstatic perspective on life. Or Artur Victorovitch Siyankov for shining light in the darkness. But instead, he mindlessly let his body unload all over his parents’ bed.

When the orgasm was over, mother and son panted and clutched each other, still facing opposite directions.

“That was way more ... than I was expecting, sweetie.” Kate’s hand absentmindedly found his penis again, and gently caressed it, her fingers trailing sperm up and down his shaft. “I need another shower.”

“I ... cum ... a lot ... Mom.” Nick was still panting and staring at the ceiling.

“I’m not ... um ... comfortable with that word, Nick.” She kept her gaze on his massive penis.

“I ... spew ... a ton ... Mom.”

Kate laughed. She couldn’t help it. The ridiculousness of all of it hit her. “That is the understatement of the century.” She grasped him with her hand and pumped his engorged head slowly. “I bet you could go again, couldn’t you?”

“Yes, please.” Nick bit his lip. He was still a little sensitive from cumming, but didn’t want to slow her roll.

“Okay.” She licked her lips, tasting the saline stuff he’d left there. She licked the head. Even more pungent saltiness. She put her other hand on his penis, and pumped him with long strokes, watching the way his foreskin moved up the head. She smiled at his prominent veins. She was enamored of her son’s beauty. She moved her vagina back onto his face. It took a while for Nick to explode again. Before that happened, she orgasmed three more times on his tongue, squirting all over him the second time. And, not surprisingly, she took his great length back into her throat.

When Nick finally erupted, Kate didn’t even try to swallow his stuff. She pulled off him and pumped him with her hands, watching in awe as Nick’s geyser coated her, him, and the bed all over again.

It was lunchtime when they finished. She thought they should eat something after the morning of yoga, biking, and dirty exercise. So, she sent him off to his own shower, showered herself off, and piled up her blanket to take to the laundry. The pungent smell of him drove her wild as she carried it downstairs.

~~

“How are you feeling, Mom?” Nick scanned the doorways, trying to spot his sister inconspicuously. He didn’t see her peeking out from anywhere. Maybe she was on her lunchbreak, too. He took a bite of his turkey sandwich and quietly munched.

“Honestly?” Kate put her sandwich down on her plate. “I haven’t been this relaxed in ... forever. I could melt through this chair. I know what we have now can’t last forever, Nicky. But it may be the best thing that ever happened to me.” She gave him a nervous glance. “I hope it’s been good for you, too.”

Nick finished chewing and swallowed. “Are you kidding? This is the best thing that ever happened to anybody. I love you, Mom. And ... um ...” He wasn’t sure how to avoid sounding sappy. He decided to push ahead anyway. “And to have you show your love ... in such a stunning way ... fills my heart.”

“Oh, gosh.” Kate had some idea her son felt that way. But to hear it was remarkable. “I love you so much, Nicky.” She got up, walked around the table, and gave him a big kiss on the cheek. She then wiped off the wet spot with her napkin and returned to her seat. Her whole body vibrated in the most wonderful way. “So, what do you want to do with your mother this afternoon, sweetie?”

“I’m not sure.” He wanted another blowjob, but he didn’t want to be greedy. “What do *you* want? I want to give you the perfect day.” And he really meant it. Which was odd, because unless the sixty-nine solved the last riddle, she wasn’t going to remember any of it. It didn’t matter. Seeing the blissful smile on her pretty face in the moment was enough.

“Well ...” She took a bite of her sandwich and looked at him slyly. “This morning, I thought of a fantasy ... no, never mind.” She dropped her gaze to her plate and her cheeks turned crimson.

“It’s okay.” Nick couldn’t believe it. She was fantasizing about him. This really was the perfect day. “You can tell me anything.”

Kate looked up at her handsome son and studied his face for a moment. “It’s true. You’re such a good listener. I really can tell you anything.” She picked up her napkin, dabbed at her mouth, and then fiddled with it in her lap as she thought things over. “You know how you like to play video games?”

“Sure.” It felt like forever since he’d played any games. He hadn’t played much in the loops.

“Well ... I thought ... it might be fun ... if you played a game on your console in the basement.” An embarrassed smile spread across her face.

“You want to watch me play a video game?” Nick’s eyebrows knitted together.

“No ... I ... um ... want to try and ... distract you ... while you play a video game.” Kate’s heart drummed in her chest. “I want to ... go down on you again ... and ... you know ... distract you.”

Nick’s laugh was soft and kind. “Okay. Let’s do it. We’ll go down to the basement after lunch.” He said the last part loudly for his sister’s benefit. Alyson would want to go down to the basement first and find a good hiding spot. The stairs were too creaky to sneak down once Nick and Kate were down there.

Kate was so relieved when Nick said yes. Once, years ago, Kate had tried to bring a fantasy she had into her marital bed, but Fred’s laughter had not been kind. Her husband rebuffed her, and she hadn’t tried again.

They finished up lunch, washed the dishes together, and Nick went down to the basement to start up Dark Souls.

“What did you do to our mom?” Alyson whispered from the closet. She had the door open just a crack.

“What?” Nick turned around and smiled at her. “Hello, Alyson. What do you mean?”

“What do you mean, what do I mean?” Alyson stuck her head out a little further.

“You’re talking about her blowjobs.” Nick nodded. “We both know it’s Enki. She’s –”

“Nick?” Kate called down the stairs. “I’m coming down, sweetie. With some hot chocolate while you play your games.”

“We’ll talk later.” Nick whispered at Alyson. He winked at her as she disappeared back in the closet’s shadows.

Carrying a tray, Kate carefully made her way into the basement. Nick was sitting on the edge of the couch with a controller in his hands. He was playing something violent and creepy. “You really like that game, huh?” She put the tray on the coffee table and watched the action on the TV with her hands on her hips. She couldn’t believe she was acting out her fantasy.

“Yeah, Mom.” Nick wasn’t sure how this fantasy went, so he figured he’d just do his best. He was already hatching a scheme to let her live out her fantasy on a future today before she could tell him about it. He thought she’d love that. But he’d have to remember exactly what she wanted.

“Sometimes I wish I could compete with something like this. You get so involved when you play.” Kate chewed on her bottom lip. “Oh, you died.”

“Yeah, this game is really hard, Mom. I get killed over and over.” Nick glanced over at her. He could tell she was working herself up to something.

“Do you mind if I watch you play for a while?”

“Sure.” Nick scooted over and made room for her on the couch. But instead, she sat between his legs on the floor, resting her head against his thigh.

“You died again, huh?” Kate ran her fingers up his pants and squeezed his calf. Soccer had given him the most wonderfully overdeveloped calves. “I hope I’m not distracting you.”

“No, it’s okay.” Nick felt her squeeze his leg hard. “I mean, yeah, you’re distracting me a little.”

“Drink your hot chocolate, Nicky.” She rubbed his calf gently and leaned her head back against the bulge in his pants. A thrill went through her. She could hear her son sipping at his drink.

“It’s good, Mom. Thanks.” Nick loved this fantasy. She was clearly rubbing the back of her head against his junk. “Okay. I’m going to try and get past this undead knight.” Nick worked the controls.

“This game is scary!” It was true. She turned her body and buried her face in his thigh. “Are you going to beat the knight?”

“Maybe.” Nick wasn’t into the game at all. His mother commanded his complete attention as she unbuttoned and unzipped him. But he tried to focus on the undead knight for the sake of her fantasy. “It’s really hard.”

“It really is.” She pulled out his penis and inspected it. He was so beautiful and full of life, the antithesis of those foul things on the screen behind her. “It sounds like you died again.”

“I did.” He tried not to look down at her.

“Keep playing, Nick. Don’t mind me.” She moved his penis up toward his stomach, exposing his balls. She licked one and then the other.

“Oh ... Mom ...” His breath caught. He died again on screen.

“Are ... you ... getting ... distracted?” Kate said between licks. Even after all his morning ejaculations, his balls felt ripe. She sucked his right one into her mouth.

“Yes.” Nick put down the controller.

After lovingly rolling her tongue around the wrinkly ball, she spit it out of her mouth.

“Keep playing, Nicky.”

“Okay,” he said dumbly. He picked up the controller, but he didn’t look back at the TV. Instead, with his mouth hanging open, he watched his mother sit up, grasp his cock firmly, and sink her mouth down onto him. Soon, she was stroking him rapidly with her throat. Her pretty face, warped by the task of swallowing his dick, was far more compelling than any game. This was a silly fantasy, but he loved it. Nick leaned back on the couch and dropped the controller for the last time. His mom didn’t seem to notice.

Kate worked her son hard and fast for a long while. Eventually, when he was ready to explode, she finished him with her hands. There was less sperm than there had been earlier in the day, but it was still more than Fred could pump in a year. Or so it seemed. She was elated at the way he moaned and shuddered as the geyser sprayed both of them. A little later, she found herself on the couch with her dress around her waist. “Wait ... wait ...”

“What?” Nick looked up from between her legs, wondering what was wrong.

“Turn off the TV. I don’t want to look at those awful things while you do something so ... wonderful.” Kate was relieved when the TV went dark. And even more so when her son’s tongue found her clit. “Ohhhh ... Nicky ... ooooohhhhhhh ... I’m so glad ... you’d rather spend time ... with me ... than with those ... nasty games.”

“Mmmm ttttppphhh.” Nick tried to say *me too*, but her pussy muffled him. He figured that she got the idea.

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“Are we on for some fun later tonight?” Fred smacked his wife on her round ass. He smiled when she jumped at his touch.

“Oh, Fred. You’re home.” Kate looked over her shoulder at her husband while stirring the frying broccoli. “Um ... not tonight. I have a bit of a headache.” She didn’t like to think what he would do if she told him the truth. That she’d spent the day swimming in sperm. That her son had given her so many orgasms she felt he’d exhausted her annual supply. She glanced at Nick sitting at the kitchen table, talking to Alyson.

“Shit, Katie. I was waiting all day for this.” Fred stalked off and got himself a beer.

It was an awkward dinner that night. Kate and Nick carried the conversation. She knew that Fred was mad at her, but there was nothing to be done about it. She didn’t know why her daughter was so quiet, but she assumed it was more trouble with Chris.

“Why are you staring at me like that, sweetie?” Kate took a small bite of carrot.

“Oh, sorry, Mom.” Alyson blushed. “I guess I’m just tired.” She looked away from her mother and sipped her wine. “Really good dinner.”

“Well, you should thank your brother, too. He helped. We’re quite the team.” Kate nudged her son’s shin affectionately under the table.

Nick smiled magnanimously.

“Oh ... thanks, Nick.” Alyson’s blush deepened and she drank more wine.

“Yeah, thanks, Nicky,” Fred mumbled through some broccoli.

It was an awkward dinner.

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Later that night, the siblings huddled in Nick’s room. Chirpee watched them curiously from the windowsill. Cool night air wafted in from the window.

“So, this could be it.” Alyson sat cross-legged on the bed facing her brother, their knees touching.

“Yeah, we could be free tomorrow.” Nick nodded. “A sixty-nine is totally completing a circle.”

“It is.” Alyson reached out and rubbed his thigh through his pants. “After I watched ... you two ... I drove into the city and got the puzzle. It’s in my room.”

“What should we do with it tomorrow? Destroy it?” Nick didn’t like the sound of that. He had hated Enki with a passion for so many loops. But now, he mostly felt gratitude.

“No way. I’ll study it. Write papers. It’ll make me famous.”

“You’re not going to tell anyone ...” Nick suddenly looked worried.

“Oh, God no.” Alyson laughed and lowered her voice. “I don’t think I want anyone knowing my mom is a deepthroating machine.”

“Okay. Good.” Nick’s mind got lost remembering what it was like looking down at his sweet mother swallowing his dick.

“I was thinking ...” Alyson twisted his pants with her fingers nervously. “In case what you did with Mom doesn’t work, is there anything we can do to complete the circle?”

“You and me? What did you have in mind?” Nick’s tired cock roused itself and swelled at his sister’s proposition.

“Well, I was thinking about it.” Alyson took a deep breath. “In the fifth riddle, Enki mentions all three of us. *Three form a broken circle ... the first must drink life from the second ... the second must drink life from the third.* You and Mom drank from each other. You’ve ... um ... been hungry with me. Maybe I’m supposed to ...” She shrugged. “I know you and mom really went at it today. Do you think you could still get it up?” But she didn’t need to ask, she could see the outline of his cock down the leg of his pants. Her panties were soaked. She had spent the whole day in a constant state of arousal watching her brother and mother from the shadows, and then replaying those dirty memories over and over in her mind. And now this. It was almost too much.

“I really appreciate how open you are.” Nick leaned forward and gave her a long hug. He loved the way her enormous tits pressed into his chest. He ended the hug and held her shoulders, looking deep into her eyes. “I love you, Alyson. I’ll try anything you want to try.”

“I love you too, Nicky. And I like you. And I think I’m completely smitten by you. You’re such a special person. I don’t mind doing this.” Not only did she not mind, she was now eagerly looking forward to seeing what he felt like in her mouth. “I just want you to know that I can’t do what Mom did. I’m not that kind of girl.” She unbuttoned his pants, and unzipped him. “Stand up.”

“Anything you do will be awesome.” Nick stood and pulled off his pants and shirt. When she lowered his underwear, he watched her awestricken face closely. Her eyes were wide and her mouth hung open.

“I’m going to need to drink your stuff for this to work, I think. But let me know before it happens. I ... um ... don’t want to be surprised.” Alyson hadn’t ever been all that into size. She had once dated someone really large, and that hadn’t worked. Most guys fell in a range she could work with. Chris was on the larger edge of that range. She would have thought someone like her brother would be big enough to fall right off that particular chart. But she was going to see what she could do with his giant dick. Her hands gently caressed it. His veins were so much more prominent than Chris’s. He also leaked quite a bit more clear fluid than she expected. “Okay ... here goes.” She leaned in and opened her mouth.

“That feels really good,” Nick lied. She was beyond awkward as she erratically pumped him with both hands and held the head of his dick with her mouth. He could hear her rapid breathing through her nose. He put a hand on top of her head, not to move her into a bobbing motion. He could tell she wasn’t ready for that. Instead, he wanted to offer a reassuring touch. He cupped the curve of her head and ran his fingers through her soft hair.

This was an even bigger task than Alyson had expected. After about ten minutes, her jaw was sore. She wasn’t sure what to do. The techniques for pleasing men she’d

developed over the years didn't seem to apply. She looked up at Nick. He seemed more patient than anything else. She wasn't going to get him to cum like this. She removed the head from her mouth. "Is that good ... at all?"

"Yeah." Mostly Nick enjoyed watching her engagement ring press against his dick. This was better than punching Chris. "I mean, I really appreciate the effort."

"It sucks." Alyson frowned.

"It's supposed to." Nick smiled.

Alyson giggled a little. "How about if I just do this?" She pumped him. Using two hands at once was new to her, but she figured it out quickly. "And this." She licked at the head, lapping at it and rolling her tongue around the crown.

"Yeah, that's good." It did feel better, and he liked how eager she seemed. Her little red tongue darted all over the head of his penis. He let her go for a while. Eventually, he thought it time to offer a suggestion. "What if you used your boobs?"

Alyson's hands slowed and she looked at him quizzically. "I keep forgetting how much you like them. Okay." She let go of his dick, pulled off her sweater and shirt, and removed her bra. "Sit down on the bed. Good. Now, I'll climb up like this." She moved between his legs, careful not to crush his massive balls with her knees. She hefted her boobs in each hand. She still wasn't used to the weight and size of them. "I'll just wrap them around ... like so ... and ..." She stared down at the top of the penis poking up through her cleavage. "Oh, my God. You are so big, Nicky." He was plenty slick from her previous work so she lifted her boobs together and dropped them back down. She pulled her gaze away from the mesmerizing sight to gauge her brother's reaction. For the first time that evening, he looked ecstatic. She went on pumping him with her tits. "Are you going to complete the circle? Are you going to cum in my mouth?"

"Yes. Just ... keep doing that ..."

As she worked him, Alyson talked about what it was like watching him earlier that day. She even told him how much she'd been turned on and how gorgeous he and their mother had looked, lost in their combined pleasures. She could tell it was lighting a fire under Nick, so she continued. "... and the way you looked with all your hard, soccer muscles ... and Mom's soft body on top of you ... I never really thought about how hot she is ... um ... but I can see why you're so ... happy with her."

"Oh ... shit ... Alyson." Nick was going crazy listening to his sister and watching her bouncing tits so tightly wrapped around his cock. "I'm going ... ugh ... to ... ugh ... cum."

"Yes, Nicky." Alyson was going a bit crazy with expectation. She was ready. "Yes ... let me drink it."

“Aaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh.” Nick thrust his hips up, surprising his sister. His cock pushed up against the underside of her jaw and cum exploded out. His body seized up and ecstasy took over.

“Oh ... ohhhh ...” She had seen how much he came earlier that day, but it was another thing to experience it for herself. He blasted her neck, and when she pulled back, her face. She released her boobs, sat back, and watched the eruption. “Do it ... Nick ... do it for me.” They were being rather loud now, but their parents were watching TV down in the basement. Alyson didn’t worry too much about it. When her brother finished, she realized she hadn’t had any to drink.

As Nick came down from his high, he opened his eyes. Improbably, his sister was scooping cum up from where it had fallen on his hips and stomach. She was slurping it off her fingers. He didn’t want to interrupt her, so he simply watched. After she’d cleaned him up, she turned her attention to the sperm on her boobs. She scooped that up, too. He would have thought she’d be squeamish about drinking cum like that, but her expression was one of satisfied concentration. When she was finished, he ventured to say something. “Good?”

“Hmm?” An embarrassed, half-smile curved her cum-covered lips. “Salty.” It was good. Really good. “So, I guess that should complete the circle. Either you and Mom. Or you and me.”

“Yeah, fingers crossed.” Nick let his weight settle into the mattress. He was completely satisfied. “I guess we should get cleaned up.” There was a two-tone note from the windowsill. Nick looked over. Chirpee stood there, watching them. What a strange bird. Nick sat up on his elbows, ready to shower.

“Or ...” Her smile broadened. “We could do the same thing one more time. Just to be sure.”

Nick nodded. “Okay.”

“Great. I think I’m finally getting the hang of it.” Alyson took hold of her boobs again and moved into position. By the time she hit the shower about an hour later, the front half of her was completely covered in cum.

## Chapter 13

The sweet, two-toned song of a chickadee woke Nick at dawn's first light. He blinked his eyes and stared up at the ceiling. "If you're waking me up, that means it's Thursday again."

Chirpee hopped on the windowsill and sang at Nick through the open window. The way he bobbed his head made Nick think that he agreed.

"I trust you, but just to be sure." Nick checked his phone. It was Thursday. He sighed and dropped his head back onto his pillow. A sixty-nine didn't complete the circle. And neither did Alyson drinking his cum ... twice. He thought about Wednesday's riddle. *Three form a broken circle ... the first must drink life from the second ... the second must drink life from the third.* They had done that. Now they had to *complete the circle.* Nick didn't have the foggiest idea what that meant.

His mom had swallowed his cum for the first time on Wednesday. And he had drunk Alyson's milk that day, too. So that meant ... what? His mother was *the first*, he was *the second*, and his sister was *the third*. He didn't know what Enki was driving at. But thinking about the two most important women in his life was making him very horny. He thought about what he wanted out of the newest version of Thursday, as his hands took hold of his cock under the sheet.

"Look somewhere else, Chirpee," he said. The bird turned and flew off into the morning.

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"It didn't work?" Alyson blinked at her phone, and then rolled over to her other side to regard her brother. "I did all that stuff with you for nothing?"

"Well, not for nothing." He sat down on the edge of the bed and put his hand on her blanket, right on the curve of her hip. He was pleased when she didn't move away.

"I'm not Mom, Nicky. I have a fiancé." She frowned at his expectant expression. It was clear what he wanted.

"So? She's married and you saw how happy she was on the last today." He slowly slid his hand up the blanket, over her hip and up her side. "I know how happy you were, too. I have eyes, you know."

"Gross." She sat up and looked at him. "I was just doing that for Enki." She laughed when he screwed up his eyes at her like she was crazy. "But ..." She sighed and a faint smile

touched her lips. “We’re stuck in here together. And Mom and Dad are asleep. If you really want to do something, you’ll have to do it to me. Not the other way around.” She half-expected him to petulantly say no, remembering the selfish brother he used to be. But instead, he smiled.

“Deal.” Nick pulled the covers off his sister dramatically. He eyed the oversized t-shirt, with her panties peeking out from just below the hem. “How do you know this isn’t what I wanted all along?” He lifted up her shirt, exposing her belly, and tickled her. She laughed and squirmed under his touch. He tickled her some more. “You think I’ve got a one-track mind? Tits, tits, tits?”

“All men ... have a one-track ... mind,” Alyson said between fits of laughter. “Tits ... tits ... tits. Now, stop ... we’re making too much ... noise. We’ll wake ... Mom and Dad.” She giggled and half-heartedly tried to remove his tickling fingers.

“Oh.” Nick’s face was suddenly implacable. “In that case, you better keep it down.” He quickly pulled off her panties, and climbed between her legs. “Let’s make this the best Thursday ever, puzzle be damned.” He eyed her protruding pussy lips and licked up her gash. She was tangy and sweet. He loved it. “Mmpppphh.”

“Ohhhhh ... Nicky ... you’re spoiling me.” She laced her fingers in his hair and let him go to work. He had become exquisite at manipulating her pussy. Her breathing grew heavy, and she worked to suppress her moans. “Oh ... God ... that’s perfect.” She nearly fainted when his tongue found her clit and his finger gently caressed her g-spot. She bit her shirt, her legs shook, and she came on her brother’s face to start the day.

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“You look a little feverish, Nick. Would you like to stay home from school today?” Kate put her hand on her son’s forehead as he ate cereal. “Definitely hot.” She glanced at her daughter and husband. Fred was reading his phone, ignoring them. Alyson looked completely relaxed and happy. It had been a while since she’d seen her daughter look so at ease. Maybe things with Chris were going better.

“Yeah, Mom. I think I will.” Nick nodded and smiled up at his mother. It was comical how relieved she looked when he agreed to stay home. Nick almost laughed out loud. If only he could tell her what they had done on the previous today.

“I’ll take good care of you, sweetie.” Katie gave her husband a nervous glance, but Fred wasn’t paying any attention to them. “You’ll feel better in no time.”

Alyson couldn't hold it in. She burst out laughing. How ridiculous that her mom was hinting at dirty things right in front of her family.

"What's so funny, Alyson?" Kate looked a bit startled by the outburst.

"Yeah, what's so funny?" Nick gave her a look that said *don't mess this up*.

"Just thinking of something Chris said yesterday." Alyson pushed herself away from the table. "I have to get to work. I'll be back this afternoon."

"You're spending a lot of time at our house, Alyson." Fred looked up from his phone.

"Maybe you should be spending that time with your fiancé."

"Oh, Fred." Kate gave her husband a reproachful glance. "We love having you at home, sweetie. But maybe today you could take Chris out on a date or something?" Normally Kate would be thrilled to have both children home. But at the moment, she really wanted to spend one-on-one time with her eighteen-year-old son.

"We'll see about Chris." Alyson knew her fiancé wanted her to go to the gym with him. That was a date she could skip. In fact, she could do without seeing Chris until after they were out of the loops. When real life started again tomorrow, however many todays away that was, she would begin to repair her relationship with Chris. Until then, her brother was a much better boyfriend. And that was a very strange thought. "I'll see you later." Or maybe she would talk to Chris when she got to work. She couldn't decide.

The other three Dobsons said their goodbyes, and Alyson left for the city.

A half-hour later, Kate and Nick were alone in the house. They could hear Fred's car backing out of the driveway.

"So ... um ... what do you want to do today?" Kate twisted her wedding band nervously. "I mean, if you're not too feverish to spend time with your mother." She ventured a smile. Had she ever been this nervous around a man? She reminded herself that he was still her one and only Nick.

"I thought I'd go down in the basement and play some video games." Nick pushed his chair back and stood.

"Oh." Her face fell. "I see. Well, I've got my yoga class, so -"

"It's a tough game. I keep dying. I wonder if I'll be able to concentrate if I get distracted." He winked at her.

"Wait ... what?" Kate blushed deeply. Had he read her mind? That was the very fantasy she'd been having about him. Would she outcompete his precious video games?

"Maybe you could bring me down some cookies and we'll see ..."

“Yes.” Kate’s smile returned. She stepped over to the oven and set it to preheat. “But nothing store-bought. You love my oatmeal chocolate chip, right?”

“I do.” Nick sang, “I have a mom that is so pretty. She’s also often witty. I love when she bakes cookies and cakes. I love to watch what she shakes. That’s why I sing this stupid ditty.”

Kate threw a dish towel at her son. “You’re such a goof sometimes, Nicky. Go down and play your game. I’ll bring the cookies when they’re ready.” She laughed when he lunged at her and slapped her behind. She shook her head as he ran to the basement stairs. He really was a goof sometimes.

An hour later, a plate of warm cookies sat untouched on the coffee table in the basement. Nick held a controller in his hand, but he wasn’t playing Dark Souls. His mother was on her knees between his legs, taking his full length into her throat again and again. Her hands cupped his heavy balls, deftly rolling each heavy sack with her fingers.

“Oh ... Mom ... I’m going to ... cum.” He knew she didn’t like that word, but he didn’t think she’d reprimand him.

“Mmmmmpppphhhhhhh.” Kate increased her tempo. Nick had been so good to her. She couldn’t wait to help him with his release.

“Ugh ... cumming ... I’m ... uuuhhhhhh ...” Nick clutched the sofa cushions with his hands and exploded. After the first thick jet hit the back of her throat, his mother pulled off him and pumped him with her hands. She didn’t appear to mind the sperm raining down on her, Nick, and the couch. She did close her eyes, however, when it landed on her face.

“That’s it ... sweetie ... let it out ... wow ...” Even blind, she pumped him until his eruption subsided. She wiped her eyes when it was over and excused herself to take a shower.

The hot water was in Kate’s face when she heard the bathroom door creak open.

“Sweetie?” She opened the shower door and looked out. Nick was undressing. His penis was still hard as could be. It seemed a foot long. How did she ever get it all in her throat? She looked at her husband’s water bottle on the counter. It really was about the same size as Nick’s thing. “You want more?” When he nodded, she giggled. “Does it ever get soft?”

“Not around you, Mom.” Nick stood naked, waiting for permission to join her in the shower.

“Oh, my. Really? Me?” She reached out, took hold of his penis, and used it to pull him into the shower with her. “You are so bad, Nicky.” She kissed him on the lips, her hands

moving to caress his back. It thrilled her when he gripped her butt and squeezed. He really did want her. How had she raised the perfect man? While they kissed, his penis poked at her belly. Without thinking, Kate reached down and pushed it between her legs. Soon, she realized that it was rubbing against her vagina, and that was because her hips were moving back and forth. This was dangerous territory. For all their fun, she couldn't let herself get carried away. But she didn't stop making out with him or rocking her hips.

"Mmmppphhhh." Nick moaned as he wound his tongue around hers. Her soft belly slapped loudly against his hard one. The water cascaded down between them. If they kept this up, he was going to cum again. They broke their kiss and she rested her face on his shoulder. He could feel her nails digging into his back. "This feels ... really good ... Mom."

"Too far ... this is ... too far ..." Kate still couldn't bring herself to stop. They were practically having sex.

"It's okay ... it's okay." Nick lowered his hips and angled his dick upward. He pushed forward and found her entrance. He heard her gasp in his ear.

"Oh ... no ..." Her hips shook violently. He was clearly too big for her. She was already beyond capacity with just the tip inside. Alarm bells sounded in her brain. With a great effort, she lifted herself onto her toes and dislodged him. She then pressed her thighs together and rocked her hips.

"Mom ... Mom ... Mooooommmmmmmmm ..." That brief taste of her pussy had been divine, but he loved the way her thighs felt too. In short order, he climaxed, covering the shower wall behind her with cum. When he returned to himself, he found his mother already stepping out of the shower.

"Please clean up after yourself, Nick. And you'll also have to clean the basement." She wrapped herself in a towel.

"What's wrong, Mom?" But Nick knew. He'd pushed it too far.

"I've ... got to run some errands." Kate needed to think through how close she'd just come to letting her son shoot his stuff inside her. That would be disaster. She had to wrap her head around what was happening with her and Nick. "And I need a little time to think." She saw his frown. "I'm not mad, Nicky. It's not your fault." She left the bathroom, dressed quickly, and left before Nick got out of the bathroom.

~~

*I'm not fat, I just filled out a little.* Alyson shook her head as she paced in the hall outside Chris's office. *You need to accept me how I am.* No, that sounded stupid, too. What else could she say? She couldn't lie about birth control to him. The more she rehearsed lines to use on Chris, the less she wanted to knock on his door. *Other men would die for these.* She would never say that to her fiancé, but having seen the look in Nick's eye when he regarded her, she knew it to be true.

A buzz in her purse stopped her pacing. She fished out her phone. It was a text from Nick. He seemed desperate. He wanted her home right away. She sighed and texted that she was on her way. She wouldn't have to face Chris after all. She turned and walked off down the hall. She made only one stop on the way home, to pick up the puzzle just in case this was somehow the last day of their loop.

~~

"Where's Mom?" Alyson could see the look of panic in her brother's eyes.

"She needed time to think."

"Uh oh." Alyson sat down on one of the kitchen chairs. "What did you do?"

"You weren't spying on us?" Nick sat down, too.

"I left this morning. I felt so good after what we did, or ... um ... what you did this morning. I thought I'd have the confidence to face Chris." She could see he didn't want to talk about Chris. "But I didn't see him. So, what happened?"

Nick told her almost everything. He couldn't bring himself to mention the part where he'd entered their mother's pussy. When he was done, he waited for a reaction.

"Okay, well, she was probably just freaked that you were rubbing up against her." Alyson shrugged. She was relieved. Seeing Nick's face, she'd thought it would be something worse. "Anyway, working you with her thighs doesn't seem like it completes any circle. So, you'll just get a do-over on the next today. As long as nothing else happens, I'm sure we're good. You haven't really done anything that could solve the riddle. Mom's been mad at you before in the loops. It'll pass."

"But what if this is the last time through, and she's freaked out at me on Friday?" Nick bit his lip. He wanted Alyson to understand, but he didn't want to spell it out for her.

"This isn't the last time through." Alyson talked slowly, like he was a special needs case. "You did that thing with me this morning. You already did that. Mom put you in her

mouth. You already did that. And then the thigh thing in the shower. That's not that big a deal. No way it solves the last riddle. You're good."

"What if ... what if I ... put the tip inside?"

"Inside what?" Alyson's eyes went wide. She held her breath.

"It felt so natural. We were slapping together. And ... I angled up." Nick waited, but she didn't say anything. "It was just the head. She was too tight for anything more, I think."

"Holy ... fuckballs ... Nicky." Alyson stared at her brother.

"Yeah, holy fuckballs." Nick nodded in agreement.

"Well ... that could ... complete some circles ... I guess." She thought through the situation. "But you're probably okay. I mean ... you're not okay. I mean, I don't know."

"I shouldn't have done it. I just couldn't help myself." Nick sighed.

"Yeah." Alyson nodded. "You shouldn't put your dick in Mom's pussy. It goes without saying. That's sort of a *last resort* kind of thing. Not a *third time through the loop* kind of thing."

"So, what should I do?" Nick was terrified he'd ruined it with his mother, and that she would end it just as he moved past the puzzle. That was just the sort of twisted shit he'd expect from Enki.

"Go to your room. Don't come out. That way you can't do anything that completes any circles. And hopefully, you'll wake up on the next today." Alyson got up.

"What are you going to do?" Nick got up too and moved to the doorway.

"I brought the puzzle back with me, so we'll have it here just in case." Alyson looked out the kitchen window and saw their mother's car pulling in. "I'll talk to Mom. I'll try and calm her down." She caught the look in her brother's eye. "Without actually talking about what happened, of course. Now go to your room. Pretend you're sick. Don't come out until tomorrow. I mean, the next today."

Nick followed his sister's directions perfectly.

~~

The sweet, two-toned song of a chickadee woke Nick at dawn's first light. He blinked his eyes and stared up at the ceiling. "Thank God, it's Thursday again." He checked his

phone. It was indeed Thursday. He sighed and dropped his head back on his pillow. “We get to start over.”

It wasn't elation that seized him like he was expecting. As he rose from bed and dressed, he felt the horror of having pushed his mother away. He promised himself he would be more careful. When he finally made it into the future, it would be with a mother who could trust him. He said goodbye to Chirpee and went to wake up his sister.

He shook Alyson's shoulder when he reached her bed. “It's still Thursday.”

“Hooray for you and Mom.” Her voice was muffled by the pillow. She didn't roll over. “Poking her in the holiest of holies didn't complete the circle, it seems.”

“It did not.” Nick slumped down on the bed, sitting by Alyson's hip. He was drained and exhausted. He knew his mother would be ready for another fun day of bonding, but as amazing as it was, the thought exhausted him further. He could screw it up at any moment, and the consequences could be permanent. “I don't have any idea how we complete the circle. Maybe it's better if we just stay in Thursday.”

“Don't be stupid, Nicky.” Alyson turned over and put a hand on his thigh. “We would go crazy looping forever. Anyway, the last today gave me an idea about the riddle.”

“Yeah?” He thought she looked a mess. Her face was lined by her pillowcase, and her hair went every which way. He raised his eyebrows. “What idea?”

“I promised I'd talk to Mom. And I did. She was needy. We didn't talk about what happened, of course. But I just sort of ... comforted her.” Alyson wanted to burst out with her big idea, but she knew she needed to lay the groundwork. She wasn't sure how Nick would take it. “We cuddled in the basement and watched a movie after dinner. She noticed my boobs, so I told her the same lie about birth control from before. She was really handsy with me, Nick. I think when you messed things up with her, she came to me as sort of your replacement. She didn't go to Dad. He was upstairs watching the game on his phone.”

“Okay ...” Nick didn't know where she was going with this. “What's your point?”

“Here, it'll help if I show you.” Alyson got out of bed and went to her desk. She wrote on a piece of paper:  $1 \Leftrightarrow 2 \Leftrightarrow 3$ . She showed it to Nick. “Mom's one, you're two, and I'm three. So, I've been thinking about this logically. One and two have traded ... um ... *drinks* as the riddle put it. The same with two and three. That forms a straight line, right?”

“Yeah, it's a line.” Nick thought about it. “So, how do you make it into a circle. I'm always in the middle. There's no middle in a circle.”

“Exactly.” Alyson drew a circle with *1*, *2*, and *3* at equidistant points around the edge.

“You and Mom ...?”

“It’s gross, but that’s what Enki wants.” Alyson certainly would have thought it was disgusting not long ago, but that was before her mom had turned her on like crazy. Now she could picture herself kissing her mom with a mixture of excitement, aversion, and yearning.

“So, Enki doesn’t want me to have sex with her.” Nick sighed. He wasn’t sure how he felt about any of these revelations.

“Not so fast.”

“But I thought you said it was up to you now?” Nick scratched his head.

“Mom was so open with me because you messed up.” Alyson screwed up her face like she was about to deliver bad news. She was. “You have to mess up again. And then I think I can close the deal.”

“That sucks, Alyson.” Nick fell onto his back and looked at the ceiling. “More days like the last today?”

“It sucks for both of us.”

“Are you ... going to ...?” Nick hadn’t really thought about what this would mean for Alyson. “Are you going to go down on her? Can you even do that?”

“I thought I’d have to at first, too. But it’s not like that. Don’t you see?” Alyson’s smile was thin, like someone putting on a brave face. “That’s why Enki gave me the milk in the first place. If I can get her to drink that, it’ll complete the circle. We’ll be done with looping forever. We’ll kiss a little, I’ll take out the ladies, and give Mom a taste. The end.”

“Yeah, but then Mom will be mad at me on Friday. And she’ll have kissed you and sucked on your tits.” His eyes dropped to her boobs. “Things will be weird around here. And you can go back to your apartment. I live here.”

“It’s not so bad, Nicky.” Alyson patted his thigh. “You’ll work it out with her. Even if she no longer wants to do crazy stuff with you after this, she’ll love you. And you two will get along better than before. Think of how much you’ve grown.”

Nick looked down at the outline of his slumbering dick under his pajama bottoms.

“That’s what I’m thinking about.”

~~

Kate couldn't wait to be alone with her son. She was thrilled when he played along with being sick. Their hands were all over each other when they kissed in the kitchen. It felt like a second honeymoon, only more exciting. They did various naughty deeds around the house. In the late morning, she found herself naked on her bed. She lay on her back. Her son was above her, devouring her breasts and rubbing himself against her. They ground against each other.

"Wait ... Nicky ... we shouldn't ... wait ... just ... ooooohhhhhhhhhh." Kate gasped and shuddered when he entered her. She was so wet, the head slipped right in. But he was too large to go further. She thought about how her husband's much smaller penis stretched her when they had sex. Nick was threatening to turn her vagina into a cavern. "Get ... off ..." Kate was relieved when he listened. She thought maybe they could continue, but the mood was ruined. She asked Nick to leave her alone, she dressed, and then left the house to find some errands to do.

Nick didn't show his face when Kate returned later that day. She imagined he must feel terrible for what happened. He was only a teenager, and he'd gotten carried away. She thought about going up to his room and reassuring him, but she was too unsettled. She had let things progress too far. That mortified her. Maybe she would have the courage to have a talk with him tomorrow. When she went to pour herself a cup of coffee, her hand shook. While she was wondering how she would get through the rest of the day, Alyson returned home. It was so comforting to have her daughter there. For several days, Kate had supported Alyson through her troubles with Chris. And now, Alyson was returning the favor. They talked about love, and mistakes, and forgiving oneself. They even laughed a little over dinner. After all the dishes were put away, mother and daughter snuggled up on the basement sofa and watched *Steel Magnolias*.

"That's uncomfortable, Mom." Alyson moved toward her mother on the couch, so her mom would move her head off Alyson's shoulder. "Put your head here." She gently cradled her mom's head against her breast. "That's better." They both sighed.

Things progressed for the two Dobsons at about the time in the movie where Shelby said, "Well, we went skinny dipping and we did things that frightened the fish." Alyson was gently stroking her mother's cheek.

"Did you ... did you do something to your boobs, sweetie?" Kate sat up and looked at her daughter. "I would hate to think that you had surgery, or something, without telling me."

"I'd never have surgery on them. And if I did, of course I'd tell you." She saw her mother's cheeks flush.

"But they are bigger." Kate's eyes were dilated in the darkness. Her lips were slack and parted.

“I went on birth control, and my hormones went crazy. It happens, I guess. Do you like them?” Alyson could read all the signs. Her mom’s expression and body language all said she was ready for a kiss. Alyson’s mind hung on the razor’s edge between desire and repulsion. This was her mom. She was about to kiss her mom. Everything in her life leading up to the loops said this was wrong. But then she thought about what this sweet woman had looked like with a giant cock down her throat. Alyson shivered. Nick wouldn’t be the only one. She parted her lips and pressed them to her mother’s.

Kate jolted back like her daughter had stung her. “What ... the ... heck ... Alyson ...?” Was the mania that had consumed her and Nick catching?

“I’m sorry, Mom. I thought ...” Not knowing what else to do, Alyson leaned in for another kiss. This time her mom slapped her across the face.

“My ... gosh ...” Kate quickly stood. “What is happening to this family?” She rushed up the stairs and locked herself in her room for the rest of the night.

~~

When Nick heard the door open, he looked up. His sister was crestfallen. “How’d it go?” He could see the red imprint of a hand on her pale cheek.

“She didn’t go for it.” Alyson closed the door, turned off the light, and climbed into bed next to her brother. “Spoon me, okay?”

“Okay.” Nick turned off his phone and snuggled up to her soft behind. “Want to talk about it?”

“No.”

“If it makes you feel any better, I feel terrible. I hate knowing she’s mad at me. And I have to make her angry again on the next today.” He snaked his arm just under her boobs and squeezed. “I was beginning to think Enki was on our side, but he was laughing at us the whole time.”

“Seems that way.”

“Well, maybe we’ll think up a better plan.” Nick inhaled the fresh smell of flowers from her shampoo.

“Maybe.”

“Goodnight, Alyson.” Nick closed his eyes and let his head sink into the pillow.

“Goodnight, Nicky.” Alyson wiggled her butt into him, and closed her eyes. Together they drifted off to sleep.

## Chapter 14

What a strange morning. Kate had woken feeling feisty and had somehow shoved most of her husband's water bottle down her throat. She fellated the foot-long thing while masturbating in the bathroom. Only a half-hour later, she moved around the kitchen, getting things ready for the day like everything was normal. Things were not normal. Her whole body vibrated. She wanted to see if she could perform the same feat with her son's mighty penis.

"You look a little feverish, Nick. Would you like to stay home from school today?" Kate put her hand on her son's forehead as he ate cereal. "Definitely hot." She glanced at her daughter and husband. Fred was reading his phone, ignoring them. Alyson looked tired and withdrawn. Her heart went out to her daughter. Her son's penis could wait. She put her hand to his forehead again. "Actually, Nick. You feel fine. You can go to school."

"I can?" Nick raised his eyebrows.

"I was wrong. Your temperature feels totally normal." Kate eyed Nick nervously. She didn't want him to think this was a rejection. But Alyson obviously needed her. "Alyson, why don't you stay here today and we can have some mother-daughter time?"

"Oh, sure, Mom." Alyson stared at her untouched breakfast. Getting slapped by her mother had taken the sexiness out of Enki's game. She sighed. Even so, she knew she had to try, and this was another opportunity. But she needed Nick to mess up for things to work. She thought it over.

"Okay, I'll go to school." Nick was so relieved. Maybe he could make it to Friday without his mother's rage that he'd slipped it inside her. His shoulders unknotted.

"Actually, Mom. I have to go into the city for a couple hours. But I can come right back. Want to hang out at ten?" Alyson could see her brother wanted out of the house, but he wasn't going to get off the hook. "Maybe you should drop off Nick at school today a little late, just to make sure he's feeling okay."

"That's an excellent idea." Kate's face brightened. She would get to mess around with her son and still be there for her daughter. How perfect. "We should make sure Nick's healthy before we send him off into the world." Her husband didn't even bother to look up from his phone during the conversation.

"Sure, sounds great." Nick slumped in his chair. "Got to make sure I'm not sick." He glared at Alyson. An hour later, he was sliding his cock between his mother's thighs as they stood naked in her bedroom. He angled up and entered her like the other times. She freaked out right on cue. Kate ended their session, quickly got dressed, and told him to ride his bike to school. Nick did, but it wasn't easy with his undiminished erection. It

was odd struggling with both a monster hard-on and nausea. He wanted to throw up. But his body wanted to finish what they'd started in her bedroom.

That evening, Alyson came into Nick's room with tears in her eyes. She closed the door behind her. "We have to be quiet. Dad is watching the game in his room."

"It didn't go well?" His heart went out to her. Nick knew exactly what it was like to be forced to make a move on his mother get roundly rejected, doomed to see nothing on the horizon but endless repetition. "Come here." He stood up from his desk chair and opened his arms.

"She slapped me again." Alyson rushed into her brother's arms. "It was awful." Alyson's body shuddered with sobs. She didn't want to talk about it, and thankfully, Nick didn't press her. He simply held her until her tears subsided. How did he always know just what she needed?

"Want to cuddle?" Nick guided her to the bed and they lay down in each other's arms. He tenderly kissed away the tears on her cheeks. "Maybe we should try something else?"

"I'm sorry. I'm a mess, Nicky. I won't let you down. We'll get out of this loop." Without thinking she planted a kiss on his lips. When he kissed her back, her body nearly melted. Chris didn't seem to want her changed body, and her mom certainly didn't want her. But she could feel the desire in the way his tongue explored her mouth. After a while, she broke the kiss and looked deep into his eyes. "I'll figure it out."

"I'm sure you will. We're both miserable right now, but we have each other." Nick leaned forward and tenderly nibbled on her pouting bottom lip. They kissed again.

Nick's door opened.

"Your mother is upset about something and ..." Fred's jaw dropped when he saw his children with their bodies wrapped around each other on the bed. His cheeks turned crimson, and his brow furrowed. "What the fuck is going on here? You're kissing? I mean ... what ... the ... fuck!"

Nick pushed away from Alyson and sat up. "Alyson was sad about Chris, so I was –"

"I knew something weird was going on in this house." He turned his rage on Alyson. "Is this why you're having problems with Chris? You're cheating on him with your own brother?"

"It's not like that ... ow!" Alyson squirmed when her dad grabbed her hair and dragged her out of bed. "Let ... go!"

"Let go of her, Dad." Nick jumped to his feet.

“I’ll deal with you in a minute. First, I’m going to punish your pathetic sister.” Fred dragged her toward the door.

“Stop!” Nick cried out in frustration. He was eighteen, but felt so diminished when faced with his father’s quick temper. His hands balled into fists. Everything would reset on the next today. But he couldn’t wait. At that moment, Alyson was in pain. Nick lunged at him and threw a wild punch. His father was bigger than him, but Nick was strong and quick from soccer. The punch landed on the side of his father’s head. The big man toppled like a felled tree, hitting the carpet with a thud.

“Oh, Nicky.” Alyson slowly stood, rubbing her scalp. She looked down at her father. He was out cold. “You did that for me?”

“Yeah, I guess so.” Nick held his right hand awkwardly. He was pretty sure he’d broken something.

“Oh, no. Fred!” Kate stood in the doorway. “What did you do?” She raced into the room and fell to her knees. She cradled her husband’s unconscious head. “What did you do to him?”

“Sorry, Mom. He attacked Alyson.” Nick stared at his mother, unsure what to do.

“What’s happening to this family?” Kate rocked her husband slowly. “We’re all going crazy.”

“Come on, let’s go.” Alyson could see something was wrong with her brother’s right hand, so she grabbed his left one. “We don’t want to be here when he wakes up.”

“But, Mom …” Nick let his sister pull him out of his room. She was right. They didn’t want to be there and everything would reset the next today. “I’m sorry, Mom.” Nick called over his shoulder as they descended the stairs.

“We’ll sleep in my car.” Alyson grabbed her purse, and they exited the house.

“What about your apartment?” Nick opened the car door and got in the passenger side.

“When Dad wakes up, he might look for us there.” Alyson got in and started the car. She drove them to a quiet street and parked behind some trees. She turned off the engine and climbed into the backseat. “Come on, Nick. Snuggle up. The faster we go to sleep, the sooner we can put all this behind us.” She could see him hesitating, like maybe he wanted to run home and fix everything. That was impossible. “You did the right thing.”

“Yeah.” Nick climbed into the backseat, careful to avoid using his damaged hand. “I just couldn’t let him hurt you.”

“Thanks for that.” Alyson’s scalp still hurt. She pulled him into her arms and they wiggled together, trying to get comfortable. “It’s weird, Nicky. Sometimes I feel like you’re the best boyfriend I’ve ever had.”

“I’m your brother, dummy.” Nick didn’t think he’d be able to sleep with the pain in his hand and the awkward position. But when he rested his head on her breast, he changed his mind. Her body was comfort personified.

“I know ... but still ...” Alyson yawned and tried to forget everything. Soon, the car was filled with the gentle sounds of sleep.

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The sweet, two-toned song of a chickadee woke Nick at dawn’s first light. He blinked his eyes and stared up at the ceiling. “Fucking Thursday again.”

Chirpee hopped on the windowsill and sang at Nick through the open window. The way he bobbed his head made Nick think that he agreed. Thursday was cursed.

“Not broken anymore.” He held up his right hand for the bird to see. “But I don’t want to face another today.” The bird flew off into the morning. Nick dragged himself out of bed and stumbled into his sister’s room. Without waking her, he lifted the covers and climbed in. He snuggled up next to her and listened to her breathing.

“Nick?” Alyson woke to the delightful feeling of her brother’s hard body pressed up against her.

“Yeah?” Nick squeezed her just below her boobs.

“I can’t try it again today.” Panic welled up in her when she thought about the nightmare of the today before.

“Me either.” Nick didn’t know what the alternative was, though.

“Let’s go to my apartment right now. Leave a note for Mom saying that I’m taking you to an early breakfast and dropping you off at school or something.” All she could think about was hiding with her little brother. “We can just lie low. Maybe play some video games. Watch a movie. There’s no rule that we have to work on Enki’s puzzle every today.”

“Yeah, I didn’t work on it every day during the first loops. I took a lot of days off to ... relax.” He thought about how many looping days he’d spent masturbating after Enki had changed his balls. “But we can’t take the day off forever. We’ll go crazy.”

“I know.” Alyson carefully pulled his arm off her, got out of bed, and dressed. “But we can do it today.”

The siblings got ready and left the house before anyone else rose. They spent a quiet day at Alyson’s apartment. Nick texted their mother his whereabouts when she started sending frantic messages after school. They played video games. Read some books. And didn’t talk at all about the nightmare from the day before. When it was time for bed, they crawled under the covers together. Nick hoped she’d changed the sheets since the last time Chris had visited, but didn’t want to ask. Together, they drifted off to sleep.

That kicked off a whole string of todays where Nick and Alyson left the house first thing and spent the day at her apartment. No one ever bothered them beyond their mother’s texts. As time passed for them, but not the rest of the world, the trauma of that terrible Thursday faded. They started to laugh more. And Nick, who had been taking care of his enhanced sexual needs by himself in his sister’s bathroom, started to wonder if Alyson might be interested in more than cuddling again.

“What do you think of Mom’s fantasy?” Nick looked over at his sister as she moved her fingers on the controller. They were sitting on her sofa, building a small village in Minecraft. It was some fifteen todays into their retreat from the puzzle. Every day they played the game, working on the perfect castle far away from everything.

“Oh ... um ...” Alyson gave him a sidelong glance. “Well ... it was kind of hot ... I guess ... for her.”

“What about for you?” Nick’s gaze fell down to her boobs. Since it was just the two of them, she hadn’t been wearing her oversized hoody. Her breasts stretched the fabric of her top.

“I’m not giving you a blowjob again. Nice try, dude.” Alyson rolled her eyes at him. “Not even if I’m trying to distract you from Minecraft.”

“Why do you assume I’m talking about you doing stuff to me?” Nick slipped off the sofa and crawled over to her. He sat on the floor between her legs and lifted her skirt to her waist. “What about it? Do you think you can build our castle with me down here?”

“Well ... um ...” Alyson nodded very slowly. She had appreciated their low-key cuddling since that nightmare of a day. But she’d missed the things Nick could do to her. Butterflies flapped in her stomach, and her pussy gushed.

“Well, keep playing. Let’s see if I can separate you from your precious Minecraft.” It was a ridiculous thing to say. Video games weren’t the same for Alyson and Nick. She didn’t get sucked in the way he did. Rather than move right to her vagina, he decided he’d go with ridiculousness. He spread her legs and tickled the insides of her thighs with his fingertips.

“What ... are you ... doing?” Alyson burst out laughing. She wiggled, but didn’t really try to get away.

“I’m distracting you.” Nick gave her an exaggerated mock frown. “Now try playing the game.” The sound of her laughter lightened his heart. They should have been goofing off together more over their looping seclusion.

“Stop ... stop ... stop ... tickling me.” Alyson tried to hold on to the controller, but it wasn’t easy.

“Okay, fine. I’ll stop.” Nick slid his fingers up her thighs and pulled her panties to the side. He thought about eating her out, but he wanted to watch her. He wanted to see her happiness. He slid two fingers inside and gently massaged her inner walls.

Alyson’s laughter died away instantly. “Ohhhh ... Nicky ... that’s nice.” She lowered her hips, moving her pussy toward him on the sofa. She knew she was going to leak onto the unprotected upholstery. What did it matter? The stain would be gone on the next today. They locked eyes as he manipulated her. All she could think was that her brother was infinitely more handsome and caring than she had thought before the loops.

“Oooooohhhhhhhhhhh.” Her hips bucked when his other hand found her clit.

“Don’t forget to play Minecraft, Alyson.” Nick could see it was no use. She wasn’t putting up as much of a fight as he had when their mother had swallowed his cock. Oh, well. It wasn’t his fantasy anyway.

“I don’t ... ugh ... care about ... Minecraft.” She tossed the controller onto the floor and leaned her head back into the cushions. Through half-closed eyelids, she watched her brother work her pussy. He had come a long way from trying to poke a hole through their mother’s g-spot. “I’m already ... going to ... cum ... Nicky. Ugggghhhhhh ... I can’t believe ... how good ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhh.” She tossed her head back and forth on the cushion when he hit her g-spot. She felt his fingers slip out of her as she lost it completely. When she opened her eyes again, his face and shirt were drenched. “Did I ... do that?”

“You soaked me.” Nick laughed. “That was hard work. I’m hungry.”

“Okay ... fine.” Alyson pulled off her top and removed her bra. She cradled Nick’s head when he latched onto her nipple, running her fingers through his silky hair. She let him drink from one boob and then the other. When he finished, she smiled at his satisfied expression. “Things aren’t too bad on Thursday, after all.”

“No, they’re not.” He nodded in agreement.

“I suppose you’d like me to return the favor.” She leaned forward and kissed him on the cheek, tasting a little of her own tanginess there.

“I don’t have milk.” Nick pretended to look confused.

“You don’t really have boobs either.” She reached out and felt him up through his shirt. His chest was tight muscle. She had come to love his soccer body. “But ...” Her hands slid down to the enormous cock poorly concealed in his pants. Alyson couldn’t compete with her mother on the blowjob front. There was no shame in admitting she couldn’t swallow the giant thing. But she did have the assets Enki had given her. She felt so feminine and desired as she worked his cock with her boobs. The little grunting sounds he made were adorable. It thrilled her to know she was the cause. When he came, she couldn’t help giggling with delight.

After they had showered and dressed again, Nick joined his sister in the kitchen to help her cook dinner. One of the bummers of spending the same day in the same place was running out of different things to eat. Nick knew this well from his early loops. It didn’t help that Alyson didn’t really stock her fridge well. But neither of them wanted to leave the apartment, so they made kale salad and frozen pizza again.

That night, for the first time in weeks, they both wore smiles on their faces as they fell asleep in each other’s arms.

In the todays after that, they spent much of their days giving each other pleasure. Their father’s attack, and Nick’s punch, faded further from their minds. Happiness crept back into Thursday. They never progressed beyond the acts they were already comfortable with. Alyson did get better at licking the head of his monster, occasionally taking it into her mouth.

Many todays passed. Neither sibling talked about completing the circle to solve Enki’s final riddle, but Nick spent time thinking about it. One day, as they lay naked in his sister’s bed, Nick broached the subject. “I think I’ve got a way to solve the puzzle without freaking Mom out. You wouldn’t have to kiss her. And I wouldn’t have to *accidentally* slip it in.”

“You want out of Thursday?” She leisurely reached over and ran her fingertips along the bottom of his cock. Even as it slept, it was a veiny giant. She could feel his cum slowly drying on her breasts. “I thought we were just hitting our stride.”

“We can still have fun after the loops, Alyson. I’m not going anywhere.”

“Mmmmmm.” She wasn’t so sure. Once they were done with all this, she would have to go about repairing her relationship with Chris.

“I was thinking that we can stick around the house in the morning. I’ll pretend to go to school.” Nick turned his head and gave her a hopeful look. “Want to give my idea a try?”

“I suppose.” Alyson sighed. It was probably time to try to break out of Thursday. Better to do it before they grew sick of each other. “What’s the plan?”

“I have two things to try. If the first doesn’t work, I think the second one might.” Nick told her about his plans.

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On the next day, the siblings went downstairs while their parents slept. Alyson had searched the internet for how to hand express breast milk. She found it difficult at first, but she eventually got her milk to flow.

When Kate came down a while later, Nick was ready with her coffee. He made it just the way she liked it with plenty of milk and sugar. Kate said it was delicious. Once they were sure she’d finished the mug, the siblings left the house, picked up the puzzle from Alyson’s office, and holed up at her apartment.

When they lay in bed that night drifting off to sleep, they both wondered if Friday waited for them.

It did not. Chirpee woke Nick as he always did on Thursday. It was time for Plan B.

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“You look a little feverish, Nick. Would you like to stay home from school today?” Kate put her hand on her son’s forehead as he ate cereal. “Definitely hot.” She glanced at her daughter and husband. Fred was reading his phone, ignoring them. Alyson’s eyebrows were knit in deep thought.

“I would love to, Mom, but I remembered I have a big test today.” Nick frowned in disappointment.

“You would love to be sick today?” Fred looked up from his phone. “Unless you’re burning up, you’re going to school.”

“That’s what I said.” Nick had a hard time looking at his father. This man may not have hurt Alyson, but a very similar version had. “I’m going to school.”

“Oh, okay.” Kate looked back and forth between the men. She couldn’t really argue with them. Her shoulders slumped a little. “Well, no need to get the thermometer. You’re probably fine.”

A while later Kate and Alyson sat in the kitchen sipping coffee. The men had already headed out into the world.

“There’s something I want to talk about, Mom.” Alyson kept her fingers crossed under the table.

“Oh?” Alyson’s voice pulled Kate out of her reverie. She had been thinking about water bottles and other things similarly sized. “What’s up, sweetie?”

“I went on a new birth control pill a little while ago, and my breasts have grown.” Alyson eyed her mother. She remembered her brother’s plan. *Keep it clinical, always clinical.* She removed her sweatshirt, revealing a tight top with her bra underneath.

“They do look bigger, now that you mention it.” The tight top her daughter was wearing left little doubt about her growth. That explained why she had been wearing baggy sweatshirts around the house. The poor thing was embarrassed. “Maybe you should talk to your doctor?”

“I have. And I have an appointment coming up. But I want your help with something.” Alyson removed her top. “There’s something else going on that’s really weird.”

“Um ... I think you should just talk to your doctor.” Kate stared at her daughter’s bra. It wasn’t pretty, but it was doing yeoman’s work supporting her boobs.

“I need you for this. The doctor can’t help. And you’ve always been there for me. I mean, really, you’re the best mom in the whole world.” Alyson worked on the compliments. Nick had said to compliment her plenty. She saw her mom’s face soften and her cheeks turn rosy. “Can you please help with my stupid boobs?”

“Okay, I’ll look at them.” Kate sat very still with her hands in her lap. She watched her daughter remove her bra. When those heavy, young boobs fell into view, Kate was instantly envious. They were outlandishly large and they hung beautifully on her chest in the most alluring way. She coughed to clear her throat. “Ahem ... do they hurt?”

“They do hurt my back some.” Alyson nodded. She tried not to smile. So far things were going swimmingly.

“I can imagine.” Kate tried hard not to stare. She raised her eyes to meet Alyson’s. “What do you need me for?”

“You’ve always been so patient. Thanks so much for helping. It means the world to me.”

“Of course, I’ll do anything for you and Nick.” Kate should not have said that, because that made her think of her son and what they did the day before. Her vagina was suddenly wet. She felt impossibly awkward.

“I know. We know. Nick and I love you so much.” Alyson took her left boob in hand and began expressing her milk.

“What are you doing?” Kate was more than surprised. Her fingers, still resting in her lap, fidgeted with her ring.

“That’s the strange thing, Mom. There’s milk.” The milk didn’t flow at first, but with a little work, there was clearly milk dribbling down her breast.

“I don’t ... I don’t understand.” Kate’s eyes went wide. “This might be a serious medical condition, Alyson.”

“The doctor said this was rare, but it sometimes happened.” Alyson stopped expressing and held her boob. “That’s not even the strangest part. It tastes ... well ... I can’t describe it.”

“What? You’ve tasted it?”

“Sure. You must have done that when you had me and Nick, right?” Alyson stood and walked around the table. She stopped a couple feet away from her mother. “I figured all mothers did that.”

“I guess. We all do it, but ...” Kate couldn’t take her eyes off her daughter’s enlarged boobs. It didn’t help that her eyeline was now even with Alyson’s breasts.

The milk was still flowing from the left one. “It’s not supposed to taste like cow’s milk. It’s supposed to be different. I’m sure your doctor will have all the answers.”

“Can you taste it, Mom? I’m really nervous about all this, and your opinion would be really helpful.” Alyson brushed some droplets onto her finger and extended it toward her mother.

“I couldn’t.” Kate’s wide eyes regarded the milk on the offered finger.

“Please, Mom. It’s really important to me.” Alyson kept her voice steady and even. “You just said you’d do anything for Nick and me.” She hoped this would remind her mother of what she’d already done for Nick, making this seem like a small step by comparison.

“Oh, okay. I guess.” Kate opened her mouth and let her daughter put the milk on her tongue. It tasted rich and sweet. That was how she remembered her own milk tasting. “It tastes fine. You can stop worrying about it. Maybe the doctor can put you on a different birth control, I –”

“You’re so amazing. I don’t know many other moms that would do this for their daughters.” Alyson smiled. “But it really does taste odd. Here, try some more.” She put more on her finger, which her mom accepted. And then more. She did this five times. This was another part of Nick’s plan. Let her get comfortable with tasting the milk. Rather than taking one big step, they wanted her to take several small ones.

On the sixth offer, Kate pushed Alyson's hand away. "It tastes good, sweetie. I don't need any more to know that. You're perfectly healthy. I mean, other than producing milk in the first place."

"Hmmm." Alyson put her hands on her hips, still standing right next to her seated mother. "I don't think you're getting enough to taste it. It really is strange. Do you think ...? No, never mind."

"What?" Kate's heartbeat thundered in her ears. She instinctively knew what Alyson wanted from her. Would she do it if her daughter asked? She didn't know.

"It's just ... I can't have the doctor taste it, obviously. And Chris and I aren't getting along. You're really the only one who can tell me for sure." Alyson took hold of her right boob and held out the nipple in a gesture of offering. "Could you drink from the source, please? Just so I know for sure." She figured Enki was somewhere laughing it up as he watched her try to solve his stupid riddle.

"I ... I ..." Kate leaned forward. Her brain was fogged over with steamy thoughts of Nick and this odd request. She couldn't think straight. She latched on to the one salient thought she could find in her brain. Her daughter needed her help. As she pressed her face into the soft flesh, she considered the inimitable day she was having. When she had fellated that water bottle, all she could think of was trying to drink from Nick. Instead, the sweetness of her daughter's milk flowed over her tongue. She felt Alyson's hand cradle the back of her head as she drank.

"That's good, Mom. Thank you so much ... oh ... thank you." Alyson applied very slight pressure to the back of her mom's head. Just enough to give her the message that she shouldn't stop. She could hear her mother gulping. If this didn't get them out of Thursday, she didn't know what would. The moment was absolutely perfect.

Kate lost herself in the warm sweetness for a little while, but then remembered she was at her daughter's breast. She leaned back and wiped her lips. "Um ... it tastes fine, sweetie. I mean, better than fine. It's delicious." She caught herself leaning in for more and quickly stood up. "You can tell the doctor that it tastes normal." She walked quickly to the doorway. She was having one of those spells where she needed to take care of herself right away. "But ... um ... don't tell your doctor I said that." She rushed up the stairs.

"I won't, Mom." Alyson called after her. She was thrilled. It had worked. "You can come out now, she's upstairs," Alyson whispered.

"You did it." Nick stepped in from the living room where he'd been hiding. "I mean, wow."

“Are you really going to mess around with her today? This could be our last Thursday.” Alyson could see the excitement on his face.

Nick didn’t answer. But he did give her a wolfish grin.

“Okay. I get it. But don’t stick it in or do anything else to mess things up.” Alyson picked up her bra and put it on. “I feel like we solved it. This is it, Nicky. The end of Enki’s puzzle.”

“I feel it, too.” Nick nodded in agreement. He moved toward the stairs, following his mother’s trail. “I won’t mess up. What are you going to do?”

“I’ll go get the puzzle from my office.” She pulled on her shirt, followed by her sweatshirt. “Then I’ll come back and ... um ... hang out while you’re ...”

Nick stopped in the doorway. “You want us where you can peek in?”

“I better not, Nicky.” A surge of loss hit her. This would be the end of all their intimate time in the loops. She would have to focus on Chris now. “I’ll see you for dinner.” She put on a brave smile.

“Sure. See you for dinner.” Nick waved and left the room.

She watched him leap up the stairs and stood by herself in the kitchen for a long time. She could still feel the pleasure of the breastfeeding she’d given her mom. How odd that it was all over now. Eventually, she turned, grabbed her purse, and left for the city.

## Chapter 15

Lost in a fantasy of heavy, milky boobs and long penises, Kate worked her vagina. She lay on her bed, the covers thrown to the floor. The sheet was already stained where she had squirted from her first orgasm.

When she heard a faint click, she opened her eyes and shrieked. Kate quickly stopped what she was doing, reached over the side of the bed, and pulled the blanket over her. “Goodness ... Nick ... you need to knock. I’m so sorry ... that you had to see that.” She held the blanket up to her chin.

“Jeez, Mom. It’s only me.” Nick stepped into the room. “You look like you’ve seen a ghost.”

“I didn’t mean for you to witness me doing that. We need locks on the ...” Kate gripped the blanket tightly, as if she thought her son would rip it from her bed. Instead, he sat down near her feet. Her eyebrows arched. “Why aren’t you at school?”

“You were the one that said I should skip this morning. ‘You look a little feverish, Nick. Would you like to stay home from school today?’ Remember?” Nick laughed as her face relaxed. “And you don’t need to be embarrassed about what you were doing. We all do it. Right? We’ve done it. And we’re about to do it again.”

“We are?” Still gripping the blanket to her chin, she watched him slip under the side of it by her feet. “Wait ... Nicky ... I’m all sticky from what I was ... ooohhhhhh ... just doing ... and ... oooooohhhhhh ...” Her knuckles turned white. How was an eighteen-year-old so good down there? He knew exactly which buttons to push and when. Her legs spread wider on their own. Before she let out the groans and screams of pleasure welling up inside her, she thought of something. “Is your ... ooohhh ... sister still ... here?”

“She went ... to the ... city.” Nick said, between kisses on his mother’s inner thighs. His fingers worked her pussy. She was as wet as he could remember her. Had Alyson gotten her so worked up? Nick knew better than to ask.

“Ohhhh ... thank ... goodness ... she’s not ... here.” Kate let out a long wail. Her hips spasmed. She was about to squirt again, all over Nick. She was so happy it didn’t bother him. “Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” When her son’s tongue found her clit, pleasure pushed all thoughts out of her brain.

After a series of orgasms that left her warm, fuzzy, and discombobulated, Kate looked up to see her son straddling her. The covers were back on the floor. Mother and son were both naked. He sat lightly on her belly, letting his heavy penis sway just above her chest. She could see it jerk ever so slightly with his pulse. The beauty of the veiny thing tugged

at her mind, pulling her toward it. "It's ... gorgeous ... Nicky." She reached out and ran her fingertips along the shaft. She wiped some of the clear fluid from the head. The quantity astounded her. "Come here. I'll take care of you, sweetie." She grasped the penis and gently pulled him toward her mouth. All she could think about was that her husband's water bottle and her son's manhood were about the same size. She was going to blow his mind.

"You look happy, Mom." Nick wasn't lying. His mother glowed, her eyes bright and dreamy.

"I am, Nicky. You make me so happy. So ... very ... very ..." She opened her mouth and took in the head. She could feel his wrinkly balls resting against her chest.

"Gggggppphhhhhh." Kate gagged and choked when she tried to swallow him like the water bottle.

Seeing what she was attempting to do, and knowing that she was well capable of doing it, Nick offered advice. "You're in the wrong position. I think you need to straighten out a little to get more inside."

"Mmmppphhhhh." Kate wondered how he knew she was trying to get more than the head in her mouth. Was this something teenage girls did now? Had cute, little Jess, his ex-girlfriend, tried that with his enormous monster? Keeping the head in her mouth, she took hold of his hips and pushed him onto his back. Her lips never left his penis. She followed him and ended up on top. Her son's advice was good, with a straighter neck, she pushed more and more of him into her throat. There was no more gagging or choking, just the thrill of taming Nick's wild thing. Soon, her head was thrusting all the way down and back up again. The first couple times she hit her nose painfully, but she quickly figured out how to ease up at the bottom of each stroke.

"Ohhhh ... Mom ... I can't believe ... you're doing this ... again."

She reached for his hand and put it on the back of her head. She wanted to feel his desire. It thrilled her when he twisted his fingers in her hair, pulling and pushing her with persistent force. She could tell he loved it. And she loved it. She tried to picture a more perfect moment. All she could come up with was suckling at Alyson's breast not all that long ago. At that thought, her vagina gushed anew. She reached down and fingered herself while giving the blowjob of her life.

Before he came, Nick pulled his mom on top of him for a sixty-nine. It was so familiar to him now, but she was experiencing it for the first time. The way she hummed around his dick signaled her approval. When he came, she tried to swallow but ended up sputtering and letting his cum fly.

When they had regained their senses, Kate offered to wash Nick in the shower. Nick declined the offer. It wasn't easy to turn her down, but he didn't trust himself. Instead,

they stripped the bedding together, showered separately, and met in the kitchen for a late lunch.

After lunch, Nick indulged his mom's video game fantasy in the basement for a third time. Or first time, depending on how he looked at. Just like the last time, she baked cookies for the event, but they went uneaten until much later. After the blowjob in the basement, Nick took care of his mom's pussy again. By the time they cleaned and dressed, they still had an hour or so before Kate needed to start dinner. She suggested a walk.

Together, the two of them took a long, pleasant stroll into the nature preserve near their house. Kate did most of the talking, telling him things she'd never before shared about his aunt and grandparents. He was such a good listener. She was surprised when he slapped her butt good-naturedly a couple times. She told him it was okay, so long as no one was around. And there wasn't anyone else about. She supposed he was excited from all they had done together. And how could she blame him? She was excited, too. Of course, she wasn't going around smacking any butts. But she wasn't a teenager either.

When they returned home, they both had color in their cheeks and had broken a light sweat. Mother and son cooked dinner, set the table, and opened up a bottle of wine. Kate offered him a glass. She figured if he was going to behave with maturity, she would treat him with maturity. They were laughing and drinking in the kitchen when Alyson returned home. The mood changed instantly when they saw her tears.

"Did you talk to Chris?" Nick could guess what had happened.

Alyson sobbed, nodded, and ran up to her room.

"Oh, dear. I better go talk to her." Kate put down her wineglass.

"No, I've got this." Nick set his half-empty glass next to hers. He smiled at her surprised expression. "Alyson and I have grown closer lately. You rest here. If I need the big guns, I'll call you in."

"Okay." Kate sighed. It would be nice if she didn't have to handle every one of Alyson's relationship hiccups. Her daughter didn't always have the best judgment with men. She had hoped Chris would be different. "I'll be here." She offered her cheek and he kissed it.

Nick found Alyson in her room. "So, what happened, Alyson?"

"It ... was ... the ... same ... thing," Alyson sobbed. She took several deep breaths. "He said I had let myself go ... even before the wedding ... so it meant I didn't care if he was attracted to me. I should have ... waited to talk to him ... until my boobs went back to normal tomorrow." She gestured to her breasts with disgust.

Nick thought about that. He was suddenly gripped with fear that Enki would return his dick and balls back to “normal,” as Alyson said. She had mentioned it before, but now that he was on the edge of Friday, the idea hit with more force. He tried to think of it from his sister’s perspective. “We don’t know what will happen tomorrow. Maybe we’ll go back to how we looked before, maybe not. Whatever happens, I think you’re beautiful. And Chris will see that.” *Or more likely, he won’t. But I will.* Nick wisely kept the last part to himself.

“Thanks, Nicky. You’re right. He loves me. Even if I don’t change back, he’ll see past my boobs.” Alyson wiped some tears away. “He might even grow to like them, like you do.” She could see her brother’s kiss-me face from a mile away. Her body longed to lean into it, but instead she put a finger to his lips. “I can’t go into Friday still doing that stuff with you.” She watched the disappointment wash over his face. If only he knew how much it pained her, too. “I’m sorry, Nick. But you understand.”

“Yeah, sure.” Nick stood up and took a deep breath. “Dad should be home soon, let’s go down to dinner. I’m sure everything will turn out okay with Chris.”

The family ate dinner together. Fred did most of the talking, revolving around work and basketball.

Nick had not forgiven his father for hurting Alyson. It didn’t matter that the puzzle had erased that particular day. He remembered with satisfaction the way his dad had thudded to the floor and the pain of that punch. While his mom smiled at him with knowing glances, it occurred to Nick that he was going off to college in the not-too-distant future. Could he just leave his mother with his dad? But what were the alternatives? He’d seen the way she’d cradled his father’s unconscious head. His parents, in their own way, loved each other. This was a new puzzle, every bit as difficult as one of Enki’s riddles.

After dinner, Fred went upstairs to watch the game on his phone. Alyson went to bed early, saying that she “wanted Thursday to be over and done.” Nick and Kate cleared the table and loaded the dishwasher. They both continued to sip their wine.

“Is something wrong, sweetie?” Kate looked over at her son from her spot by the sink and frowned. “You’re so quiet all of a sudden.”

“No, Mom. It’s fine. I think you just wore me out today,” he lied.

“Shh.” Kate threw a dishtowel at him and looked over her shoulder toward the stairs. Her cheeks turned crimson. “None of that while they’re home,” she whispered. Despite her heart suddenly thumping with the fear of being overheard, she was happy to hear he wasn’t having second thoughts about what they’d done. She was more sure than ever that it was a very good thing.

“Sorry, Mom.” Nick checked over his shoulder, too. Seeing that the coast was clear, he slapped her butt.

Kate frowned at him. “Not while they’re home.”

Nick laughed. “Sorry, Mom.” He leaned over and bumped his hip against hers. “It won’t happen again.”

“Thank you, Nick.” The smile returned to Kate’s pretty face.

“Um ...” Nick looked around the kitchen. She’d just made it perfectly clear she didn’t want to mess around with his father at home. And seeing as how he wanted to live to see Friday, he had to agree with her. It wasn’t worth the risk of getting caught. “Want to watch a movie with me in the basement?”

“Nick, I just said ...” She gave him an exasperated look.

“No, I mean for real.” He picked up his wine and walked toward the basement. “A movie. Nothing else. I hear *Casablanca* is good.”

“Oh ...” Kate picked up her glass and the bottle. “That sounds lovely. Let’s do it.” She followed him. Mother and son watched all of *Casablanca* and finished off the wine. And, as Nick said, they did nothing else.

When the movie was over, Nick gave his mother a chaste kiss on the cheek. “I guess this is goodnight. If there’s a Friday tomorrow, can I play hooky again?”

“That’s a funny thing to say. Of course there’s a Friday tomorrow.” Kate led the way up the stairs, aware that his eyes were probably on her butt. Her confidence and pride swelled at the idea. “And no, I don’t think you should miss too much school.” A good mother wouldn’t encourage her son to cut class. Well, not too often, at least. She expected him to argue.

“Sure. I understand.” Nick had missed every Thursday of school. She was right, he couldn’t keep skipping. “I’ll be home around three thirty,” he said hopefully. They walked through the kitchen, and ascended the stairs to their bedrooms.

“I’ll be here.” Kate’s palms got clammy at the thought of tomorrow afternoon. “We can hang out,” she said as nonchalantly as possible. She arrived at the top of the stairs and turned to Nick. “Goodnight. Get some good sleep. Tomorrow is another day.”

“I hope so.” Nick resisted the smack he wanted to give her butt and blew a kiss at her. He marched to his bathroom, brushed his teeth, undressed, and went to his bedroom. Tomorrow would be another day. He could feel it. He lay his head on the pillow and was asleep almost instantly.

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The sweet, two-toned song of a chickadee woke Nick at dawn's first light. He blinked his eyes and stared up at the ceiling. "No, no, no, no, no. If you're waking me up, that means it's Thursday again."

Chirpee hopped on the windowsill and sang at Nick through the open window. The way he shook his little head made Nick think that he disagreed.

"Please ..." Nick leaned over and checked his phone. He nearly shouted for joy when he saw it was Friday. He looked over at the bird. "That was a cruel joke waking me up two days in a row." His head fell back on his pillow. "Enki's puzzle is over." He sighed. "What now?" A sudden thought hit him and he reached for his dick. It was still the oversized thing Enki had given him. Thank goodness. His hand reached into his underwear, ready to start the new day with a release when a voice froze his movement.

"Who said my puzzle was over?" The deep voice came from over by the windowsill. "There is a saying humans have: Assumption is the mother of all fuckups." This was followed by some self-satisfied chortling.

Nick's blood ran cold. He sat up quickly. A tall man leaned on the wall by the window. Nick blinked. Was he still dreaming? The naked person was something of a tree, with leaves and twigs all over him. Nick looked down at the long, twisted cock hanging between his legs. Even that appendage had twigs branching from the shaft. He averted his gaze and looked back up the misshapen form. The man was knobby and crooked everywhere. His beard and hair seemed to be made of moss.

"It's lichen, not moss." The creature rumbled another low laugh. "Greetings, Nicholas. I am the Magnificent Enki."

"You are ...?" Nick's mouth hung open.

"The Sumerian god. I'm sure I remember your sister going into some detail about my many exceptional deeds and qualities." Enki's smile was as slow and crooked as he was. "Don't gape at me like that, Nicholas. It doesn't suit you."

Nick closed his mouth and stared at the naked god leaning on his wall. He searched the empty window and thought of a question. "Where's Chirpee?" He couldn't bear thinking that the god had hurt his constant companion.

"Ha! You thought you had tamed a wild creature?" A deep rumble emanated from the god again. His laughter sounded something like the distant sea. "The bird was my emissary, human. I would not hurt him." He patted a leafy twig over his heart. "I made a mistake on the first day, however. I was somewhat unfamiliar with glass. I sent him to

his death over and over, but I am thankful you corrected my mistake.” He nodded his head.

“But I thought you were created by Siyankov a hundred years ago. There was glass then. Why didn’t you know about it?” The room inexplicably darkened. Nick got the sense that Enki did not like the question.

“That man recreated my puzzle, but did not summon me. I was created by no man.”

“Got it.” Nick thought about how best to change the subject. “Thank you for making me a better person. And also ... for ... um ...”

“Bringing you closer to your family?” Enki nodded. “I would offer you congratulations, but you are not finished. You solved my riddles six. You passed the first test, but there is one more.”

“Oh, boy. I’m stuck in Friday now?”

“You guess incorrectly. Time is an arrow again.” Enki smiled. “But you must solve the final riddle.”

“Um ... okay.” Nick didn’t feel like solving any more riddles. “Sure, I’ll check out that riddle as soon as I can.”

“Your journey is not complete.”

“Right. You’re totally right about that.” Nick nodded vigorously. He wondered how he could get Enki to leave him alone. “I’m really grateful for all you’ve done. So ... thanks again.”

“Solve the final riddle and become the man you were meant to be.” Enki nodded solemnly and disappeared.

Nick sat up in bed for a long time staring at the window. Eventually, Chirpee fluttered onto the windowsill and sang. “You work for him?” Nick frowned. The bird cocked its head. “Sorry you died all those times,” Nick said.

Chirpee bobbed his head in gratitude.

~~

“Nick? Did we make it?” Alyson could feel her brother poking at her shoulder. She opened her eyes and sat up. “Is it Friday? I ...” She turned and screamed. There was a tall, naked tree-man standing next to her bed. His giant branch of a dick was just a foot

away. She scooted away from him until her back was up against the wall. “What the fuck?”

“I am Enki.” The tall creature backed away and held out a hand in a peaceful gesture. “I am here to further your journey.”

“Is it ... is it ... is ... it ... Friday?” Alyson’s teeth chattered. Her fingers shook where they clutched at her blanket. She had always considered herself a brave person, but she’d never had a god materialize in her room before.

“It is. Congratulations. You have successfully passed the first test.” Enki nodded slowly, with magnanimity.

“First ... test? We passed ... all six ... if it’s really ... Friday.” Alyson reached for her boobs. They were still enormous. “Will you ... change me ... back?”

“There is one more riddle you must solve.” Enki looked at the closed door and disappeared.

“What? What’s ... the riddle?” Alyson looked around the room, but no one was there.

Nick burst into his sister’s room. “I just saw motherfucking Enki!” He found his sister already awake, pale, and staring at him with wide eyes.

“Me too.” Alyson relaxed a little with Nick there and the god gone. She tried to take some deep breaths.

“You saw him, too? Did he mention another riddle? Was he naked with a big old tree dick and lichen pubes?” Nick paused. “It’s Friday, by the way. And Enki said there would be no more looping.”

“Just hug me, Nicky.” Alyson held out her arms.

“I thought you said ...” Nick got on the bed, crawled over to her, and put his arms around her.

“Nothing else, okay? Just hold me.”

And that is exactly what Nick did. They hugged in silence for a half hour and then rose from the bed. It was time to meet a new day.

~~

Something was off. Kate felt a heaviness resting on her forearm. She opened her eyes, still disoriented by a lurid dream. Curious about what was on her forearm, she peeked under the covers and gave a little shriek.

“Katie?” Fred rolled over in bed next to her. “You see a mouse or something?”

“A bad dream, dear. Go back to sleep.” She pulled the covers to her chin until he was snoring again. Then she peeked again. Her boobs had grown overnight. There was no denying it. They were stretching her pajama top and resting on her arm. Her pulse quickened. Maybe it was a dream. She pinched one boob and bit her lip to keep from shrieking again. They were real.

Once out of bed, Kate ran for the bathroom as silently as she could. Her boobs bounced in an uncomfortable and unfamiliar way. A million thoughts raced through her mind as she closed the door and stripped out of her top. Was this related to her recent masturbation habits and inexplicable blowjob skills? Did drinking her daughter’s milk do this to her? Was it finally time to see a doctor? She stared at her reflection in the mirror, aghast at the size of her breasts. Horrified as she was, she was reminded of suckling Alyson the day before. A mixture of fear, confusion, and arousal hit her all at once.

On impulse, Kate lifted her left breast. It was heavy, and her nipple was dark. It looked something like it had when she’d breastfed her children. But it was quite a bit larger now. Without thinking, she hefted the nipple higher. She’d never been able to suck her own breast before. Fred had often lamented this fact.

Her lips closed around her own nipple for the first time. Sweet milk hit her tongue. She opened her eyes wide in surprise and closed them as the warm happiness of the feeding crept over her. Her milk tasted better than she remembered from all those years ago. It was enrapturing, just like Alyson’s milk had been. She stood in the bathroom gulping her milk, losing herself in the in act.

A knock on the door pulled Kate out of her trance.

“You done in there, Katie? I gotta piss like a racehorse.” Fred sounded impatient.

She dropped her breast and looked around the bathroom for something to cover up with. Her pajama top wasn’t going to hide anything. “One second.” She’d already decided she would hide her boobs from Fred as long as she could.

“Never mind. I’ll piss in the hall bathroom.” Fred left the bedroom.

“Thank God.” Kate peeked out of the bathroom. He was gone. She rushed to the closet and tried to put on several bras before giving up. Instead, she put on a snug top that might offer a micro fraction of support, and then the baggiest, old sweater she could

find. She pulled on a skirt and went to look at herself in the mirror. The sweater helped, but her front clearly sloped out dramatically where it hadn't before. She sighed.

"What are you wearing that for?" Fred stood outside the closet staring at her.

Kate held her breath. Would he notice?

"Wear one of your regular dresses." Fred walked into the closet and started dressing himself.

"I like this sweater." Kate slowly exhaled. He hadn't noticed. "And why do you care what I wear? You're going to work."

"Fine, suit yourself." Fred shrugged. "As long as tonight you put on that little number I got for your birthday. The one with the red lace. Deal?"

"We'll see, dear." Kate didn't know if that lingerie would fit her in her current state. "I'll go get breakfast ready." She stepped past him and went downstairs. When she arrived in the kitchen, Nick and Alyson were sitting at the table fiddling with the puzzle Nick had broken several days before.

"Is this the last riddle?" Nick said to Alyson.

"Good morning." Kate turned her back on her children when they looked up, pretending to busy herself with the fridge.

"Morning, Mom," the siblings said together. They looked up at her and then went back to the puzzle.

"That has to be it. I'll take it to Chris this morning." Alyson slipped the puzzle into her purse. She got up. She was about to kiss Nick on the cheek, thought better of it, and tousled his hair. "I should get going."

"I could go with you. Two heads are better than one. Maybe we'll think of something together." Nick kept thinking over the god's visit, trying to ferret out clues from his memory.

"You're going to school, young man." Kate said over her shoulder. She was facing the counter now, ostensibly waiting for the toast to pop. "We talked about this."

"Yeah, sorry." School was the last thing he wanted at the moment. No, pissing off his mom was the last thing he wanted. If the loops were really done, there were consequences again. He would go. "Bye Alyson, text me when you know something."

"I will. Bye." Alyson waved to her brother. "Bye, Mom."

They returned her farewell and watched her leave.

“I’m not hungry. I’m going to brush my teeth.” Despite all the morning’s excitement, he still needed to relieve his balls at least once before going to school. He ran upstairs, almost knocking his father down on his way.

Kate felt like a spy concealing a state secret as she shepherded her men out into the world without giving them a good view of her chest. She leaned against the wall when Nick and Fred were gone, trying to breathe. She had somehow done it, but the thought of continuing the charade made her want to faint. She’d have to tell Nick when he got home. That thought actually cheered her up. It would be good to tell someone, and he was such a good listener.

Back upstairs in her bedroom, Kate took off her clothes. She pulled the covers off the bed and lay on her back, thinking of how Nick had discovered her the day before. Soon, she had a nipple in her mouth, her left hand holding her boob. The fingers of her right hand moved in little circles on her clit. She should have been going to the doctor, but instead she was climaxing.

## Chapter 16

“Hey, Nick. How’s it going?” Maggie stepped in front of Nick in the hall. People rushed past them on their way to the next class. Her smile didn’t carry her usual confidence. She hugged her books against her chest, glanced down quickly, and then back up to his eyes.

“Hi, Maggie.” Nick had wanted to get through the day without anything happening. Maggie Chalmers talking to him was definitely a thing that was happening.

“I’ll see you in class.” Brayden gave his friend a not so subtle you-lucky-dog look, slapped Nick on the back, and left him with one of the prettiest girls in school.

“Wait, Brayden ...” But his friend wasn’t coming back.

“So, I heard you and Jess broke up.” Maggie’s nervous smile persisted. “And I was watching you in PE. I thought you looked really ... cool.” She glanced down at his dick again. She could see the outline of it off to the left side. How had she never noticed how big he was until she watched him play basketball? “We’re having a party at Ginny’s house tonight. Want to come?”

“I’m sorry, I’m late for class, I ...” Nick did a double take. “Did you just invite me to a party?”

Maggie giggled. “Yep. You can bring some friends if you want. Just thought it would be fun to have you there.” She decided he was cute when he was flustered. He stared at her without saying anything. “Okay, well, hope to see you there.” She stepped around him and continued on down the hall.

“Yeah, okay.” Nick turned and watched her go. Was this some new test from Enki? Nick didn’t trust anything at the moment. Maggie Chalmers was talking to him and inviting him to parties? The bell rang. He was still standing there like an idiot. He hustled off to class.

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Nick’s friends teased him about Maggie. *Was he in love?* And, *Would they get invited to the wedding?* And, most importantly, *Could they tag along to the party?*

“I promised my mom I’d hang out with her tonight,” Nick said. They booed that heartily. He had to suffer through chants of “Little Nicky momma’s boy” the rest of the school day. If he could explain to them what it was like to hang out with his mom, his

friends might have better understood. But since that was impossible, he took the ribbing.

After school, Nick walked home. He texted Alyson to see what Chris had said about the puzzle, but got no reply. He thought about his mom, sister, and Maggie. He convinced himself there was no way he could go to the party, but he kept seeing her sweet, nervous smile in the hall. Thunder boomed in the distance. Dark, pregnant clouds rapidly moved in from the west. Ominous weather brought black thoughts. Whatever Enki's final test was, it was sure to be difficult and maybe even torturous. Could he ignore the final riddle? Put it off until later? The clouds opened above him and heavy rain fell. Nick ran the rest of the way home, despite how difficult it was to run with his engorged cock.

"Mom, I'm home." Nick stepped inside the door and carefully hung his backpack on a hook the way his mom had asked him to. "Mom?"

Kate appeared in the hall, still wearing her oversized sweater. "You're soaking wet, Nicky. There's a puddle under you. Let me get a towel."

While she was fetching a towel, Nick went to the laundry room, changed out of his wet things, and tossed them in the washing machine. He stood on the cold linoleum, naked and shivering, but with a wide smile on his face. He couldn't wait to see his mom's reaction when she returned with the towel.

"Nicky?" Kate said from the front hall.

"I'm in here, Mom." Nick flexed his chest and abs in what he hoped was a sexy pose. It was probably only silly, but making his mom laugh was almost as good as making her hot.

"Oh, gosh, Nicky." Kate stopped in the doorway and threw the towel at him. "Why are you standing like that?" She could feel her cheeks heating up. Her son's penis was so large that just the sight of it would have scandalized any woman. And his muscles were so defined and tight. She wondered that such an amazing man would want her at all. She folded her arms over her breasts.

"I was just being funny, Mom." He picked up the towel and wrapped himself in it. "Or sexy. Whatever ... you know?"

"You are very handsome, sweetie." Kate averted her eyes. "Now put that away." She waved her hand at his penis. "We have to talk."

"Am I in trouble?" Nick dried his hair and tried to wrap the towel around his waist. But his dick made it difficult. Instead, he draped the towel on his cock. A peal of thunder shook the house.

“You’re not in trouble.” Kate put her hand over her mouth to cover her smile when she noticed what he’d done. How could he hold that heavy towel up with only his big ... thing? She shook her head. “You’re very charming as a towel rack. Now go get dressed and let’s talk.”

“I thought we might do something first?” He wiggled his hips. The cantilevered towel bounced about.

“Go get dressed, and we’ll talk. I’ll be in my bedroom.” Kate turned and left him in the laundry room.

Nick frowned. “Okay.” He removed the towel, walked to his room, and threw on a t-shirt and some sweatpants. Worry began to drag on him. He had cursed his looping days, especially in the beginning, but now he looked back on them fondly. Whatever his mother wanted to talk about, he could work through it over and over until he had the correct response. Now, he had one shot to get things right. That terrified him. His cock softened, he took a deep breath, and he traveled the short distance to his mom’s room.

“Sit down, Nicky.” Kate sat on the edge of her bed, and patted the blanket next to her. She had removed her sweater, wearing only a tight top and yoga pants. Since her bras didn’t fit her, she didn’t have one on. Lightning flashed in the room, followed quickly by more thunder.

“Sure.” Nick’s gaze zeroed in on the front of his mom’s top. He sat next to her, unable to pull his concentration from her boobs. She was huge! A flash of lightning accentuated the shadows cast by her tits.

“You’ve obviously already noticed my problem.” Kate’s voice was soft and halting. “I don’t know what’s happening to me. Ever since we started with our special relationship, I’ve been ... going through changes. I don’t know if it’s some sort of midlife crisis or ...” She bit her lip. Was he even listening to her? “I wanted to talk to you about it because it’s been so wonderful to talk to you lately. But I probably shouldn’t burden you.”

Nick pulled his eyes away from her stretched top and looked up into a face filled with worry and doubt. Shame flooded through him that he was ogling her boobs while she was having a crisis. Enki may have improved things on the whole, but the god’s methods were shit. Not that Nick would ever tell him that to his face. “I’m sorry, Mom. I was just surprised by the ... difference.” He put his hand tenderly on her shoulder. “What do you need from me?”

A crooked smile formed on her face. “That’s my sweet guy. I just want you to listen.” And Kate vented to her son. She talked about his father, and how worried she was that he’d be angry with her. Maybe he’d think she’d spent their money on a boob job, or otherwise blow up for Lord knows what reason. She told him that at the same time her insecurities as a mother had been amplified and mollified by recent events. Things had

never felt better between them, but she knew it was all so crazy. And speaking of crazy, she wondered if maybe she was quite literally going insane, and that the last week hadn't really happened. Maybe she was in an institution somewhere hallucinating.

Nick let her talk uninterrupted for more than a half-hour. Eventually, she wound down, and they sat together in silence. He wasn't sure what to say. This was the moment he had to commit himself to an action. He took a deep breath. "You're not going crazy, Mom. You know Alyson's puzzle that I broke?"

"Yes."

"Well, it was actually ... um ..." A crack of thunder shook the house. He thought over the long, twisted story of what had happened to their family. There was no way he could actually tell her. "Never mind. I was going to tell you this theory I have about the puzzle being magic. But ... it's dumb."

"You're such a man now that I sometimes forget you're only eighteen." She patted him on the thigh. "Maybe you should write your story down. It's good to be creative."

Nick winced at that. Things were turning in the wrong direction. He needed to change course. "I'm here to tell you that you're not going crazy."

"I'm not?" She bit her lower lip. "I want to believe that. But, I mean, look at these." She hefted her breasts and let them drop. "And you and me." And Alyson. She wished she could tell him about Alyson's milk.

"You're not crazy. I'll prove it to you." Nick leaned toward her. He could see her mind whirling behind her eyes, but she didn't stop him. This was such a familiar act now. He kissed her on the lips. Softly at first, and then with more passion. Just as she was really beginning to respond, he pulled away from her. "See?"

"See ... what?" She blinked, breathless. The tension had drained out of her.

"That was real. You can't hallucinate a kiss like that." Nick nibbled on her ear and listened to her squeal.

"Yes ... you're right ... Nicky. You are definitely ... real." Kate reached down and felt his hard stomach. "Oooohhhhhhhh ... don't suck on my ... neck." How would she ever explain a hickey to her husband? Thankfully, Nick only kissed her on his way down to her chest. "Wait ... don't ... I don't think you should ..." She hadn't yet explained her milk to him. She didn't know what his reaction would be. She pushed him away. "It's getting late. Maybe I should just take care of you with my mouth and we can cook dinner. I think your sister is coming home again. And your father should be home in an hour or so." It didn't even phase her that she would so matter-of-factly offer Nick oral sex.

“Can I see them, Mom? It might help if you showed them to someone.” Nick folded his hands in his lap over a raging erection.

“You can be more direct, Nicky. I know you want to see them. But ... um ... you see ... I’m lactating for some reason,” she said in a rush.

“Fucking Enki.” He had no idea why the god would have done that. Maybe Alyson was supposed to drink from her now?

“Inky?” Her pulse beat in her ears. Was that some teenage slang for gross? She felt like throwing up all of a sudden. She needed Nick to want her.

“Oh, that means *awesome*. It’s slang.” Nick could still feel this conversation teetering on the edge of a razor. Why hadn’t he just accepted her offer of a blowjob? But now he was already committed. “Maybe I could try a little milk?”

“You ... would like that?” Kate was already lowering her top. Those had been the magic words. He loved her so much. She pulled the top below her boobs, and turned her shoulders toward him. She arched her back so they wouldn’t look too saggy. “What do you think?”

This was tricky. How to respond? Again, he wished he had more than one chance to get this right. “They’re as beautiful as they were before, Mom. Different, but every bit as magical. You take my breath away.” Her nipples were now fat and dark. He could see more delicate blue veins running just under her pale skin. Her boobs hung more than they used to, and the slope of them perfect, too. His gaze moved up to her face and, he watched her try to hold back a wide smile with little success. “You’re gorgeous, Mom.”

“You’re so sweet. You still want to ...?” She lifted the left one for him. When he nodded with hunger, she giggled. “How would you like to do this?” When Nick had played with her breasts before, it had been in the heat of the moment. This was quite different but no less exciting. The look of desire in his eyes kindled flames deep inside her.

“Maybe with you on your back.” He pushed her to the bed, and she fell with a playful shriek. “I love the way they hang to the side.” He climbed on top of her, pushed her legs together, and straddled her thighs.

“You do?” Her head swam in all the adoration. She scarcely believed she deserved it. “You can do whatever you like with them, Nicky. You can ... oooooohhhhhh ... yes ... like that.” She cradled his head when he bent down and took her left nipple into his mouth. Fred always used too much teeth when she let him play with her breasts. But Nick, not surprisingly, used just the right amount. What couldn’t he do? She had raised the perfect man. She ran her fingers through his thick hair. “How ... how does it ... taste?”

“Mmmmmpppppphhhhhh.” Nick didn’t stop drinking, but he gave her a thumbs up with his left hand. Her soft laughter filled the room.

Kate’s phone rang on the bedside table. “Shoot! Sorry, Nicky.” She tried to push him off, but he was glued to her breast. “Fine, stay there.” She laughed again and reached for her phone. “Double shoot, it’s your father. I have to answer.” She rubbed his head one last time. “Be quiet, okay?”

Nick gave her the thumbs up again.

Her finger hit the screen and she took the call. “Hello, Fred ... Yes ... um ... I was just feeding Nick a snack.” Her cheeks turned bright red as soon as she said it. She hadn’t planned to be so dirty, but the double entendre had just come out. “No ... I’ll make dinner ... okay ... Sure, you can go out with them ... uuuummhhhhmmmmmm ...” She reined herself in. “I’ll see you when you get home ... Love you, too.” Kate ended the call. “Your father is going to the game with his buddies. He won’t be home for dinner.”

Nick finally released her nipple. Her warm sweetness lingered on his tongue. “Awesome, we have more time to hang out.” He kissed her breasts, nibbling and licking his way between them.

“Alyson could come home anytime. Ooohhhh ... I like when you do ... that.” Kate’s hand fell to the blanket, the phone still in her grasp but forgotten.

“Why don’t you ... text her ... to see how much ... time ... we have,” he said between kisses. He wormed his hand under her yoga pants and panties. She was very wet and ready for him.

“Yeahhhhhhhh ... okaaaaayyyy.” Kate’s hips bucked a little as his fingers entered her. As she texted her daughter, she wondered if he’d make her squirt in her pants. Well, at least that would be easier to clean. She sighed when his mouth finally found her other nipple and latched on. They writhed together as she texted back and forth with Alyson. “She says ... ooohhhh ... that she’ll be here ... after dinner. She’s talking to Chris. Maybe ... around eight.”

Poor Alyson. Nick could feel in his bones that no good would come from a talk with her fiancé. But that was a problem for later. He removed his fingers from his mom’s pussy, spread her knees, and rubbed his dick between her legs. “We have ... ugh ... lots of time then.”

“Oh ... gosh ... you’re so big ... sweetie.” She pulled off his shirt and ran her hands over the tight bunches of muscles in his back. “Maybe we shouldn’t ... rub like this?”

“It’s okay, Mom.” Nick leaned down and sucked on her lower lip. He kissed her, and then pushed himself up so he could look down at her. “We’re both wearing pants ... ugh ... so

... it's fine." He gazed down at her boobs swaying back and forth with their movements. He could watch that motion for hours, or days, or long loops of days.

"I guess ... you're right." Her hands slipped down his back and cupped his hard butt. She could feel his long heavy shaft press against her vagina, and his fat testicles thump up against her with every thrust. This was as close to sex as she'd ever get with Nick, so she figured she might as well enjoy it. "Drink ... uh ... uh ... uh ... some more ... Nicky. Ooooohhhhh ... yeeeeessssssssss." His penis pressed against her clit just in the right spot and pleasure pulsed from her breast. She orgasmed under her son, her fears about her changing body long forgotten.

After Kate climaxed a few more times, they switched positions and she rode him. They still had their pants on and tops off. She leaned forward and placed her hands on his flexing chest. "Thank ... God for ... soccer ..."

"What ... Mom?" Nick mostly watched her boobs bounce and shake as they hung above him, but he spared some time to take in her twisted expressions as she rode one ecstatic wave after another. "Did you say something ... about soccer?"

"I love ... your body." She smiled at him with dreamy eyes.

"And I love yours." Nick smiled back.

"We're quite the pair." Kate scratched his skin softly with her fingernails. "Would you like to finish ... uh ... uh ... soon?"

"Yeah." Nick nodded.

"Okay." Kate dismounted her son and pulled his pants and underwear down his legs. She lowered her mouth and tasted his saltiness. She took hold of his penis with both hands. Her blowjob began in earnest.

"Ohhh ... Mom ... Mom ... Moommmmmmm ..." Nick didn't think he'd ever find another woman who could work the same magic that she did with her mouth. Well, of course he couldn't. It was Enki's doing. He was always less annoyed with the Sumerian god when his mother lovingly shoved his whole dick down her throat. He was smitten by the outward curve from her waist to her hip to her round ass. He could see her breasts smushed against his thigh. "I'm going to ... cum ... Mom."

"Mmmpppphhhhhhh." Kate knew better than to let him spray directly into her throat. She pulled up, keeping only the head in her mouth and pumped him savagely with her small hands. His saline warmth erupted in her mouth. She managed to swallow some of it before becoming overwhelmed. She closed her eyes tightly and let him finish all over her face, hair, and breasts. She listened to his grunts die down, and she stopped pumping him, now, only holding on to the massive thing. A distant peal of thunder reminded her of the passing storm. He started laughing, and she couldn't help but join

in. They laughed together, as she wiped the sperm out of her eyes. "What? What's ... so ... funny?" she said between giggles.

"I'm just ... so happy ... Mom." Nick leaned his head back on the bed. It was true. He'd never been happier.

"Me ... too ... sweetie." She leaned forward and pressed her ear onto his chest, listening to his laughter and watching his heavy, softening penis bob and shake. She caressed his stomach with her fingertips. "It's Friday night, any plans with your friends?"

"No plans." Nick sighed. "Let's get cleaned up, and I'll help you with dinner."

"Sounds good." Kate sat up. "Want to take a shower with me?"

"I'll use my own shower." Nick picked up his clothes and walked toward the door. "See you in a few."

"Okay." Kate wondered why he didn't want to shower with her. After everything else they'd done, it seemed so tame. She shrugged, got up, and went to her bathroom.

~~

"How was your day at school?" Kate chopped onions in the kitchen. She glanced at Nick as he diced tomatoes. When did he learn to cook so well? He was full of mysteries.

"Something did happen today. When I said I didn't have plans tonight, that wasn't entirely true." Nick grinned at her.

"You talk to Jess?"

"Not Jess, no. She didn't like my ... penis, remember?" Nick had told that lie with such alacrity, that it rolled right off his tongue. He suddenly felt guilty. It didn't used to bother him when he lied to his mom.

"I remember." Kate couldn't blame the girl. It was frightening from a certain perspective. "Enough suspense, what's the news?"

"Maggie Chalmers asked me out to a party tonight." He stopped dicing to gauge her reaction.

"*Theeee* Maggie Chalmers?" Kate put down her knife and stared at him in disbelief. Everybody loved Maggie. She was the smartest, friendliest, prettiest girl at school. Her parents were the sweetest people. And she had asked her son out? "What time is the party? What are you going to wear?"

“Be cool, Mom.” Nick laughed. “I’m not going. I’d rather hang out with you. And I want to see Alyson.” He went back to his tomato work.

Kate stared at him for a while. “If what we’re doing is interfering with you being a ...” She smoothed out her dress and chose her words carefully. “If our hang out time means you’re missing out on opportunities that every teenager should have ... like dating, and going to parties, and being stupid with your friends ... if it’s a problem ... then ...”

“Mom,” Nick said in an exasperated tone. “I didn’t want to go to the party.” He put down the knife, stepped over to her, and kissed her on the cheek. “Our hang out time is the best thing that ever happened to me. Maggie can’t hold a candle to that.” He smacked her butt and went back to his cutting board. He slid the tomatoes into the food processor.

“See, that’s just the sort of talk that worries me. I mean, it’s *Maggie Chalmers* we’re talking about. I can’t have you –” Kate was interrupted by the front door opening.

“I’m home.” Alyson closed the door behind her, walked down the hall, and followed her nose to the kitchen. “Late dinner, huh?” She had clearly interrupted something. Her mom looked like she was in the middle of a thought. That was good, maybe nobody would notice that she was working hard not to cry.

“We didn’t want to eat without you,” Kate lied. It was better than saying that they’d gotten carried away dry humping. “What’s wrong, Alyson?”

“Nothing ... nothing ... I’m fine.” Alyson waved a hand at them and blinked back tears. She wasn’t going to cry. Friday was a new day. Her life was starting again. She wasn’t going to spend her time crying like she had in the loops.

“Can you finish cooking dinner, Mom?” Nick left the counter and guided his sister out of the kitchen.

“Sure thing,” Kate called after them.

Nick took her to the living room and sat her down on the sofa. They were out of earshot of their mother. He almost said, *What did Chris do now?* But he caught himself. “Tell me about it.” He placed her hand on his thigh and held it there.

Still decidedly not crying, Alyson told him that she’d waited to see Chris until after his office hours. He’d mentioned her frumpy clothes and weight several times. She’d asked him if he wanted to go to couples counseling with her and he’d laughed it off. “And then I showed him the puzzle. He read it as *anoint the cube with joined exultation and receive the riddle within.*”

“For fuck’s sake, why can’t Enki ever say anything clearly?” Nick frowned. “He must mean –”

“That can wait, Nick.” Alyson squeezed his hand. “Chris took the puzzle from me and wouldn’t give it back. He said when he’d given me the project, he hadn’t known how interesting it was.”

“I’m sorry, Alyson.” Nick’s mind retreated to the safety he knew. “We can get it back on the next today, and keep it away from him.”

“There is no next today, Nick.” Finally, the tears broke through and rolled down her cheeks. “Chris has the puzzle. We’re screwed.”

“Right. Of course, I forgot for a second there.” Nick worked at controlling his anger toward Chris. He thought things over. “You know what? Good. Let him have it. We can forget the last riddle. If Enki comes to bother us, we’ll just tell him your fiancé stole the puzzle from us so we can’t anoint shit. We’re off the hook.”

“I don’t know.” Alyson’s tears stopped. Maybe he was on to something.

“It’s a classic ‘the dog ate my homework’ scenario.” Nick nodded to himself. “Fuck it.”

“Okay, but what about all my research? I was going to make a name for myself with that puzzle.”

“I’m not sure about that.” Nick stood up and pulled her to her feet. He gave her a long hug, careful to respect the boundaries she’d placed on their relationship. He refrained from kissing her tears away. “But we’ll figure something out. You were a rising star before all this. You don’t need that puzzle to do awesome research.” He wasn’t sure what she was doing besides the puzzle, but it sounded good.

“Thanks, Nicky.” She kissed his cheek and wiped the tears from her face. “You’re right. Let’s forget about it. And maybe Chris will change his mind and give it back. Maybe he’ll change his mind about a bunch of stuff.”

“Yeah, maybe.” Nick smiled hopefully. He wasn’t going to offer any opinions on Chris. “We’re making a Bolognese sauce tonight. It’s going to be amazing. Let’s go help Mom in the kitchen. Maybe she’ll open some wine. Sound good?”

“Yeah, sounds good.” Gratitude for her sweet brother filled her with warmth. She followed Nick back into the kitchen.

## Chapter 17

It was a pleasant dinner. Kate drank plenty of wine and spoke in a cascade of hurried words about all sorts of trivial subjects. She brought up the soccer game tomorrow, and how much she was looking forward to seeing Nick play. She hadn't attended his soccer games for a few years, and the siblings exchanged a surprised glance at this. The more she drank, the more Kate talked about how fine a man Chris was and how lucky Alyson was to have him. She didn't make much eye contact with her daughter while she made small talk about the garden, yoga, and other sundry topics.

After dinner, Nick and Alyson helped their mother clean up and followed her into the living room where she picked up a book and curled on the couch. She gave Nick a tight smile before putting on her glasses. With Alyson home, Kate clearly didn't want to mess around with him. The siblings went up to Nick's room and sat in awkward silence for a while. Nick was on his desk chair, and Alyson sat cross-legged on his bed.

"So ..." Nick rubbed his forearm absentmindedly. He was so used to their physical intimacy, it felt strange to sit alone with her and keep his distance. "Are you coming to my game tomorrow, too?"

"It's in the afternoon?"

Nick nodded.

"Chris wants me to go to the gym with him in the afternoon." Alyson sighed.

"You're not going to do that." Nick frowned. "So, I'll see you at the game?"

"I feel like I shouldn't stand up Chris. We'll see, okay?" Alyson watched her brother nod, and they sat in silence again. After a while, she made eye contact with him. They both blushed. "What did you and Mom do today?"

"Um ... we made a Bolognese sauce." Nick feigned innocence.

"You know what I'm talking about." Alyson rolled her eyes at him. "We're waaaay beyond being coy."

"I thought you were patching things up with Chris and didn't want to stay in the loop ... so to speak." Nick wasn't quite sure what she wanted, but he wanted to give it to her.

"Yes, but now there's another riddle. Well, actually there's a riddle to get to a riddle. And ..." Alyson shrugged.

"I thought we were ignoring the last riddle. The dog ate our homework, remember?" Nick was getting a little annoyed. He wanted to spoon her and go back to the way things were, but he didn't know what she wanted.

“Just tell me about Mom, okay?”

Nick wasn't going to argue. He loved telling his sister about what he'd been up to. He remembered how she used to twist her face in disgust when he told her about his progress with the riddles. Now, her mouth hung slightly open, and her eyes got quite dreamy. Eventually, he finished recounting the day. The way Alyson looked at him seemed to beg for a kiss. He kept his butt in the chair, not wanting to violate any of her new rules.

“She's big like me now? With milk? I can't believe I didn't notice.” Alyson felt warmth in her belly. Her panties were soaking.

“She's not like you. Her boobs look more like ... I don't know ... mom boobs. They hang a little more.”

“But you said they were gorgeous.” Alyson cocked her head at him.

“They are. They're perfect mom boobs. And yours are perfect, too. Just different.” Nick felt the land mines all around him. He hated talking about bodies.

Alyson's laugh was kind. “I was just curious, don't have a stroke.” She leaned back. “I sort of wish I could see them. I can't believe I fell for the oversized sweater trick. That's my trick.”

“Maybe you're supposed to see them.” Nick rolled his chair a little closer to her. She still had her *kiss me* face on. “We don't know why Enki gave her milk.”

“Maybe he was just being perverted.”

“Well, that's a given.” Nick nodded and moved his chair a little closer still. “Everything Enki does is perverted.”

Alyson looked over at her brother, her lips still parted. He was right next to the bed now.

“Well, are you going to kiss me or what?”

“I thought you said ...” Nick sat frozen in his chair, hesitating.

“Sometimes you need to read the room, Nicky. Take a risk.”

“Okay.” He playfully lunged from his chair and took her in his arms. They giggled together as they fell sideways on the bed. He cut off their laughter with a kiss. Her tongue was as lively and playful as ever. So, she wanted him to kiss her, even when she'd asked for space. He was learning new things outside the loops. He wasn't sure about the subtleties of “reading the room,” but he was excited to learn more.

Alyson joyfully let his fingers knead her boob, his desire never clearer. It thrilled her to be wanted. Eventually, she broke the kiss. “We need an alarm or something ... in case Mom comes up here.”

“We could just go to your apartment.”

Alyson wrinkled her nose at him. “You think Mom’s going to let you sleep over?”

“It’s the weekend.” Nick was feeling more confident. “I’ll kiss you while you think about it.” They made out for a while longer. Now working under her shirt, he pulled her bra cup out of the way. Her tit was so wonderfully malleable.

She pushed her brother away. “Okay, let’s see what she says.” She fixed her bra, straightened her shirt, and got off the bed. “Go grab what you need for a sleepover.”

“Right.” Nick grinned at her. He retrieved his toothbrush and a change of clothes, stuffed them into his backpack, and met his sister downstairs.

They found their mom still curled up in the living room. Kate took off her reading glasses and put down her book when she saw them. She smiled at Nick, still avoiding eye contact with Alyson. “What’s up?”

“I’m going to spend the night over at Alyson’s apartment,” Nick said.

“Really?” Kate raised her eyebrows. “What about the game tomorrow?”

“I’ll be back by then.” Nick put his arm around Alyson’s shoulders. “She’ll drive me.”

“And what about the party tonight? I bet you still have time. You could take Alyson with you.” Kate turned her eyes toward her daughter. “Maggie Chalmers invited Nick to a party.”

“*Theeee* Maggie Chalmers?” Alyson was impressed. Women were noticing the new Nick. Nevertheless, she didn’t want to go to a high school party. She wanted to spend some alone time with her brother and forget all about what a jerk her fiancé had been. “I mean ... we could go.”

“Alyson and I are just going to hang out at her place.” Nick saw his mom’s eyes narrow. He shouldn’t have used the same euphemism that his mom used for all the naughty stuff they were doing together. “You know, some video games and pizza and talking about stuff,” he added quickly.

“Well ... have fun.” Kate watched Nick carefully. “I wish you’d reconsider going to the party.”

“Maybe next time.” Nick headed toward the door. “Bye Mom, love you.”

“Love you, Mom.” Alyson followed him out.

“Bye, you two.” Kate watched them go with a frown. Was it possible that Alyson and Nick were ...? She shook her head. It was impossible. And even if they’d go for it, there’s

no way Nick would have had the time to do dirty things with both his mother and sister. Kate had kept him very busy recently.

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On the drive into the city, Alyson and Nick traded guesses about what *anoint the cube with joined exultation and receive the riddle within* meant. They spent a long time arguing about it.

Nick finally settled on what he thought had to be the answer. “Mom has milk for a reason, Alyson. Enki wants us to mix the milk and put it on the cube.”

“I don’t know, Nicky. The clue said ‘joined exultation.’” Alyson spun the wheel and turned down her street.

“That means your boob feels good, right? See, it fits.” Nick shrugged.

“Oh my God. I can’t believe we’re talking about this.” Alyson shook her head. “It does feel good, dummy. But I’m not exultant. That would mean that it feels really, really good. I don’t think that’s it.” She parked the car in her spot and turned off the ignition. “Who cares. The dog ate our homework, right?” She got out of the car.

“Right.” Nick got out, too. He looked down the street and saw Chris walking toward them down the sidewalk, lit by a streetlamp. “The dog,” Nick whispered under his breath.

“What?” Alyson locked the car. She hadn’t noticed Chris yet.

“Look who’s here.” Nick pointed at her fiancé.

“What the fuck, Alyson?” Chris wobbled a little as he made his way toward them. “You stood me up for your little shit of a brother?”

“Hey, man.” Nick stood up straighter. He flexed his hand, remembering how much it had hurt when he’d punched his father.

“It’s okay, Nicky.” Alyson held out her hand as if to hold Nick back, but he hadn’t moved. “What are you talking about, Chris? We didn’t have plans tonight.”

“We did, we did.” Chris’s speech was slurred. “I thought you were off cheating on me with some ... stud. But you’re babysitting your brother. Can’t get a real date?”

“Go home, Chris. You’re drunk.” Alyson took Nick’s hand and dragged him quickly to the door of her apartment building. She entered the code and the door clicked.

“Look, I’m sorry.” Chris stopped his pursuit about ten feet away from the siblings. “It’s just you’ve been sort of cunty lately and –”

“Stop!” Alyson held tight to Nick’s wrist as her brother lunged toward Chris. “He’s drunk. He doesn’t mean it.”

Nick wasn’t about to fight his sister to fight her fiancé. He relented and let her pull him into the apartment building.

Alyson stuck her head out of the door. “Go home, Chris. We’ll talk tomorrow.” She closed the door before Chris could respond.

“Does he have the code? Or a key?” Nick didn’t feel like sleeping anywhere Chris could sneak into.

“No key. Come on.” Alyson pulled him up the stairs to her apartment. She listened intently, but didn’t hear the click of the door behind them. She fumbled her keys out of her purse, dropped them, and Nick handed them back to her. “Thanks.” Her hands shook as she put the key in her lock and opened the door. They darted inside and she locked the door after them, leaning heavily on it.

“Are you okay?” Nick unclenched his fists when he saw how pale and drawn his sister’s face was.

“No ... no ... I’m not.” Her purse vibrated. And then vibrated again. She pulled out her phone, saw it was Chris texting her and reached her arm back to throw the thing across the room.

Nick put his hand on hers and kept her from doing something she might regret later. He put the vibrating phone back in her purse.

“Oh ... Nicky ... I’m sorry you had to see that. He’s normally very sweet. He just had too much to drink.” She blinked her tear-filled eyes, her lips parted. The look of concern on his face helped calm her down.

“I’m sure you’ll handle it how you think is best.” It took every ounce of willpower not to rip into Chris. He paused, took a deep breath, and read the room. He leaned in and pinned her against the door with his body. He could feel her melting into him. He kissed the tears from her cheeks. “And I’ll always be here for you, no matter what happens.”

“Thank you ... Nicky.” She ran her hands over his back, scratching at his shirt with her nails. When their tongues entwined, she forgot completely about Chris. Nick somehow knew exactly what she needed. She jumped into his arms, wrapped her legs around him, and let him carry her over to the sofa. They fell on the cushions together, lips still locked, and made out for a long time.

Eventually, clothes came off. Shirts, pants, shoes, socks. Nick kissed his way down her body, pulled off her panties, and spread her legs.

“I really thought this wasn’t going to happen again.” Alyson marveled at the intensity and reverence in his face as he gazed at her pussy. She opened her legs wider for him. “And here we are. After only a few days we ... oooooohhhhhhhhh ... I’m so wet ... Nicky.” She pressed her head back into the cushion and let him go to work. “Oh ... Nick ... oooooohhhhhhh ... Nick ... right ... there.” Her hips bucked with her first orgasm as he worked her with his fingers and tongue. “Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” Her whole body shook and her toes curled. When she’d recovered, she luxuriated in rolling waves of pleasure. “You’re ... ugh ... so good ... ugh ... so good ... to meeeeeeee.” She came again.

Nick brought his sister to a series of orgasms. He savored the pleasure he gave her. His cock pulsed hard and ready, the head sticking out beyond the waistband of his boxers. But he didn’t even think about getting his dick involved. It was enough to be the cause of so much joy. Her screams of ecstasy echoed around the room. When he found her g-spot, she nearly wriggled off the couch, squirting all over. Nick imagined Chris listening, defeated and deflated, at the apartment’s front door, or maybe on the street below.

“Okay ... okay ... that’s too much ... Nick.” Alyson panted and pushed his head away from her pussy. “Look at you. You’re ... a mess. My God.” She laughed when she saw how wet his face was.

Nick laughed along with her. “Feel better? Still thinking about him?”

“Who’s him? I forgot ... already.” Alyson reached behind her back and removed her bra. Her smile widened when she saw how the new view affected Nick. “I want to do something nice for you. You like these, right?” She cupped her breasts and jiggled them a little. She was not disappointed by his response.

“Yes!” Nick jumped on her, buried his face in her tits, and motorboated her.

“That’s ... not ... what I meant.” Alyson’s laugh was uproarious, almost as loud as when she was cumming a few minutes before. She pushed him away from her boobs. “Ew, you got them wet.” They both laughed at that, too.

“It’s your fault.” Nick sat up on the sofa and watched her drop to her knees in front of him. “What were you thinking of doing?”

“Chris doesn’t like these, but you do.” She took hold of her boobs, pressed them together, and bounced them a little for him. “What do you want?”

“I feel like this is a trick question.” Nick wanted to keep the comparisons going with Chris. But he didn’t know how to do it without killing the mood. “I love your tits, Alyson.”

“And I love making you happy, Nicky.” Alyson leaned forward and wrapped her boobs around that monstrous cock. She also loved the thing’s heft and its veiny, aggressive aspect. But she didn’t feel like saying that out loud. She spit on the shaft and moved her breasts up and down. “How’s that?”

“It’s lovely.” Nick exhaled slowly. He and Alyson were back together. And her dumb fiancé was locked outside. What could be better? He thought of his mother. Well, there was that. “Keep ... doing that ... Alyson.” They hadn’t turned on any lights, but there was streetlight falling through the windows. It created long shadows around them, and gave her face an almost supernatural look as she stared down at his cockhead. “You look ... so hot ... like that.”

“Thanks ... Nicky.” She was completely enamored of him. Taming his wild cock with her boobs gave her such a rush. If she hadn’t already been Niagara Falls, the moment would have soaked her. “You have been ... so good to me ... through all this.” She kept stroking him with her boobs and looked up into his shadowed face. “You supported me ... when I ... needed it.” Her spit and his cock made a squelching sound between her breasts. She tried not to let it distract her. “You gave me ... space ... when I asked ... for it.”

“I love you ... Alyson.” Nick was having one of those moments of gratitude for Enki’s meddling.

“I love you ... too ... Nicky.” Suddenly, Alyson stopped her work, stood up, and pulled Nick roughly from the couch by the hand. “Come on ... we’re going to try something.” She led him into her bedroom and closed the curtains. She sat him down on the bed and walked out to the bathroom.

“Um ... Alyson ... what’s going on? You sort of left me high and dry.” Nick sat patiently waiting, his cock standing at attention, bouncing slightly with his pulse.

“If this works, you’ll be happy with me. I promise,” she called from the bathroom. She found what she was looking for and returned to the bedroom, her hands hidden behind her.

“You are so beautiful.” Nick’s eyes widened to take in the sight of her tits bouncing and shaking in the gloom. “Can we get a light or something?”

“Yeah, sorry.” Alyson moved over to her dresser, lit a candle, and turned to face her brother. Her hands were still behind her back. “I just want you to know, you deserve this.”

“Deserve what?” Nick raised his eyebrows, genuinely confused. His gaze lifted from his sister’s tits to her sparkling, brown eyes.

“This.” Alyson pulled a foil packet from behind her back and held it up like it was the Holy Grail.

“Um ... wow.” Nick was at a loss for words. Did she really mean it?

“That’s it? All you can say is ‘wow?’” Alyson smiled. She had hoped he’d be tongue-tied.

“When you first saw my dick, you said it was too big, or something like that.”

“Are you trying to talk me out of this?” She put her hands on her bare hips and frowned. “Because that’s what it sounds like.”

“No, let’s do it.” He decided not to mention that this was his first time. He’d never made it this far with Jess.

“You know how to put one of these on?” Alyson tore the foil packet. Her body buzzed with anticipation and fear. She had no idea if she could actually take him but was about to find out.

“I think so.” Nick reached out his hand to take the condom.

Alyson moved over to him and slapped his hand away. “We’re playing with fire here. ‘*I think so*’ doesn’t cut it.” Her voiced carried some playful sarcasm. She bent down, giving him a good view of her dangling breasts, and slowly rolled the condom onto him. The latex looked thin, straining to hold a size it hadn’t been made for. It only went down about a third of his length. She frowned. “Chris is pretty big, I thought this would fit better.”

“I’m bigger than Chris?” Nick smiled, but she didn’t return the smile.

“My bad. Let’s not talk about him.” She pulled her engagement ring off and set it on her nightstand. A nervous smile returned to her lips when she turned back to Nick. “I’m not sure this will work. But I am sure I want to try. We both deserve something special after all we’ve been through. You with me?”

“I’m with you.” Nick nodded and moved to the center of the bed. He guessed she’d want to be on top, so he lay on his back and waited.

“Right. Here we go.” She took one last look at the overtaxed condom. “Just to be safe, pull out beforehand, okay?” She crawled onto the bed and mounted him, holding her hips high over him so that his cock had room below her.

“Got it.” He reached up and kneaded her breasts. He wasn’t sure what he was supposed to be doing, so he focused on her boobs.

“I’m going to go ... really slow.” Alyson reached under her and held his cock. She had no second thoughts. “God ... damn ... you’re huuuuuggggee.” She lowered her weight and felt him push at her opening. The pain did not surprise her. Her breath became shallow and muscles tensed all over her body. “I don’t ... know ... if this will ... work.”

Unconsciously, Nick slid his hands down to her hips and applied steady downward pressure. "You're doing ... great ... Alyson. You're perfect. Best ... sister ... ever."

"Uuuugggghhhhhhhhh." Her brother's words increased her determination. He was now really stretching her. Maybe he'd already ruined her pussy for Chris, but she found that she didn't care. Nick and his steadily digging cock were all that mattered. "It's ... oohhhhhhh ... really ... deep."

"Keep ... going." Nick found he couldn't feel much with the condom, so he looked down between her legs. His dick was past the halfway point. He cast his gaze back to her anguished face. She would adjust, wouldn't she?

It took over ten minutes to slide the whole thing in, but finally Alyson sat on her brother with an expression that was equal parts pain and triumph. Her body trembled and her mind felt as stretched and thin as that condom. "How does ... it ... feel?"

"Amazing." Nick was stretching the truth a little. It was amazing to see her sitting on top of him, knowing how deep he was. He could feel her pussy gripping him. But he could tell the condom was dulling his senses. Sex had to be better than what he was getting. He chose not to worry about it and enjoy the way his sister awkwardly began moving her hips on him.

"I think ... ugh ... Enki ... might have ... overdone ... it." Alyson slid up his shaft and back down. "Wait ... wait ... it's ... uh ... uh ... uh ... starting to feel ... good." Her hips sped up. The sounds of their grunts and her butt smacking his thighs filled the room. "Oohhhhhhh ... Nicky ... what are you doing ... to me?"

Something changed. A world of sensations opened up to Nick. The condom didn't seem to bother him anymore. Ecstasy flooded through him. "You're so ... tight ... Alyson."

"Not ... for ... loooooonnnnnnnnggggggggg." Her hips stopped and her body convulsed. Alyson had enjoyed a very satisfying sex life for a number of years, but the feelings deep inside her were entirely new. She came hard. "Yeessssssssssssssss," she hissed. There was very little pain now. Her hips went right back to work on the other side of her orgasm. "Suck on them ... suck on them ..." She pushed her boobs into his face.

Nick wasn't going to argue. He drank from her left nipple while he massaged her right tit. He listened to her skyrocket again and felt her body shudder. After a while she leaned back, placed her hands on his thighs, and took him with long, frenzied strokes. From that position he could see what his dick was doing to her grasping, pink pussy. He could also see that the condom was broken. He looked up past her bounding breasts. "The ... ah ... ah ... ah ... condom's ... ugh ... broken."

“Don’t ... cum ... in ... me.” She didn’t look down at her brother or slow her hips. There was no time. She was going to cum again. It felt like he was penetrating her soul. “Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.”

“Okay.” Nick thanked his lucky stars that he’d already cum so much that day. His mother didn’t know it, but when she had gotten him off earlier, she had kept her daughter from taking unprotected sperm hours later. What an odd twist of fate.

“I’m ... getting ... tired.” Eventually, Alyson’s hips slowed to a stop. She looked down at Nick’s happy face. “I can’t believe ... you fit.”

“Should we ... stop now?”

“We ... can’t stop ... I want to take care of you ... too.” She climbed off him, her eyes bulging at all the white froth. At first, she thought he had cum, but it was all her. That level of cream was new to her, too. She pulled the broken condom off his cock. “We’ll try a bigger one ... next time. Have you done it from behind before?” She got on her hands and knees and gazed at him over her shoulder.

“No.” He should probably tell her she’d taken his virginity. But that wasn’t the moment for it.

“Okay, I’ll help you in.” She reached her hand under her pussy, waiting for him.

“Don’t worry, I’ll pull out.” He shuffled up behind her. The way her hips and ass flared out from her waist was just about the most alluring thing he’d ever seen. She was his. She was giving herself to him. He felt her hand take his cockhead and guide him into her pussy.

“Just take hold ... of my hips ... and do ... oooooohhhhhhhh ... your thing.” She let go and her shoulders fell to the mattress. She was too tired to stay up on her arms. “Yeah ... like that ... ooohhhhhhhh ... shit ... Nickyyyyyyyyyy.”

They humped without words. Nick’s focus was on her rippling ass and his mounting pleasure. “Alyson ... I’m ... gonna ... cum ...”

“Outside,” she squeaked but did nothing to dislodge him.

“Aaaaaahhhhhhhh.” Nick pulled himself out and stroked his slick cock. He erupted with a series of grunts, spraying her curving back.

“Yesssss ... yesss ... yesssssssss.” Alyson wiggled her butt and clenched the blanket in her fists. This was what they both needed. This was what all those loops had built toward. She was covered in Nick’s hot cum. All she could think was how lucky she was that he’d given it all to her. When he finished, she felt him fall to the mattress. She fell on her side facing him. They stared at each other in the candlelight, huffing and puffing.

“Does it ... hurt?” Nick couldn’t help but worry for her.

“A little.” Alyson gave him a reassuring smile. “But it also feels ... amazing.” Her panting subsided. She could feel his cum running sideways down her back toward the blanket.

“Nick?”

“Yeah?”

“Was that your first time?” Alyson bit her lip.

“Yeah.”

“Oh.” She wasn’t sure how she felt about that. She’d been sure he and Jess had done it.

“How was it?”

“Perfect.” He scooted closer to her and kissed her. She responded eagerly. They made out for a little while until he pulled back. “You said you wanted to do something special. Well, this was fucking exceptional.” He could smell the pungent, tropical scent of his cum on her. He thought back to the way she’d wiggled under him, accepting his seed. “I couldn’t be happier. But I am a little sleepy.” He nuzzled his face into her breasts and sighed.

“Me too.” She ran her fingers through his hair. “By the way,” she mumbled. “That’s what exultation feels like.” They fell asleep like that, covered in sweat and cum, on top of the blankets. That was the end of Friday.

## Chapter 18

The smell of sizzling bacon pulled Alyson from her dreams. Her eyes fluttered open. She was alone in a messy bed. The covers were half on the floor, and she could only find one pillow. It looked like she'd had a fight. No ... not a fight. She rolled onto her back. Her brain, slow to start the day, tried to process the information before her. Chris hardly ever woke up first and never made breakfast. What a nice surprise. She looked over at her nightstand and saw her engagement ring. She reached for it, and found that she was sore everywhere, even her pussy. Especially her pussy. The night before came rushing back to her.

Was it real? Had she actually taken her brother's virginity? Outside the open door, she could hear someone moving around her kitchen humming to himself. There was one way to find out if she'd dreamt the night before. "Nick? That you?"

"Who else would it be?" Nick called through the apartment.

"Holy shit." Alyson whispered. She took her pillow, stuffed it over her face, and screamed. She had no idea how to feel about anything. Her eighteen-year-old brother had been inside her. Without a condom. It had been amazing. And ... more than a little insane. Her heart fluttered. She screamed into the pillow again.

"Did you say something, Alyson?" Nick's voice echoed into her room.

Alyson removed the pillow, slipped her engagement ring back on, and dragged herself out of bed. "No. I didn't say anything. I'm getting up." She pulled on one of Chris's oversized shirts and a fresh pair of panties. Walking wasn't easy, each step a painful reminder of what she'd done the night before. "This is what the day after feels like," she whispered to herself. "No more loops." She looked for her phone and then remembered Nick had put it in her purse when Chris kept texting. She groaned, chewing on her lip. "You cheated on Chris. You're such a slut, Alyson."

"What's that?" Nick poked his head through the doorway, smiling.

"Nothing." Seeing his face put Alyson at ease. Her worries melted away. "I can't believe we did that." A big, stupid grin spread across her face.

"Me neither." Nick moved the spatula in his hand like he was spanking an ass in front of him. They both laughed. "Now I see what all the fuss is about. Sex is just about the best thing ever, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is." Alyson gingerly walked over to him and kissed him on the cheek. "You know how to make breakfast now?"

“Mom taught me lots of new things in the loops.” Nick made a silly face at her and turned back to the kitchen. “Come on, breakfast is ready.”

“Where did you even get bacon?” She followed him into the kitchen. Her little round table was set with a tablecloth and a vase of flowers. “And flowers?”

“I walked to the store this morning. I thought you might like it.” He paused and glanced at his sister. “Don’t look at me like that. It’s not that big a deal. I didn’t have any money, so I used yours.”

The grin didn’t leave her face. “There was a time when I would have been furious that you spent my money without asking.”

“Lucky for me Enki came along.” Nick pulled out a chair for her and served breakfast. He didn’t mention that he’d spotted Chris sleeping in his car a half-block from the apartment. Or how gratifying it had been to witness his slumped form in the backseat after the night Nick had inside Alyson’s apartment. And ... well ... inside Alyson. It served that asshole right. Nick smiled at his sister and sat down. He watched her delicately put a forkful of hash browns into her mouth. “What do you think?”

“Oh, it’s delicious.” She took another bite and another. “You’re a good cook, Nicky.”

“Thank you.” Nick felt warm and fuzzy all over.

They found themselves to be ravenous and ate in silence for a while. Each sibling had multiple helpings. When they finished, they cleared the table together. Alyson bent over to load the dishwasher. She didn’t think about how that exposed her butt until she felt his hands work under the elastic of her panties and take handfuls of each cheek. “What are you doing, Nicky?” She stayed bent over for him.

“I just can’t believe I get to touch something so perfect.” He kneaded her supple flesh.

“What about Mom? You touched her butt, too.”

“I can’t believe that either.” He pulled her shirt onto her back to get a view of the flair from her waist out to her butt. It was every bit as alluring as he remembered.

“This is so weird, isn’t it?”

“Shh. Quiet, Alyson.” He pulled her panties down and maneuvered her so that her hands were on the countertop. “I’m reading the room.” He pulled down his boxers. His cock slapped her ass with a heavy thump. He could see the anticipation on her face in a warped reflection off the backsplash tiles.

“Okay ... but go slow.” She shivered as his cock slid over her ass. “Do you think you know how to ... uuuuuuhhhhhhhh ... get it in ... ooohhhhhhhhhh ... fast ...

learner.” It hurt, but not enough for her to make him stop. She remembered the joy from the night before and willed her body to adjust to him again.

“Are you okay?” He could see her tensing up like he’d shocked her.

“Just ... sore ... keep ... going.” Alyson pushed back at her brother. He filled her inch by inch. Whenever she was sure he was all the way in, he’d sink a little more.

“Uuuuhhhhgggggg ... God ... you’re ... ugh ... in my ... belly ... Nicky.” Finally, his heavy balls came to rest on the back of her thighs. They stood like that for a while, brother joined to sister. Alyson grunted and Nick panted. “Are you going ... to ... ugh ... start ... or what?” Alyson wiggled her butt into his hips. The pain ebbed. She was still sore, but pleasure surged through her.

“Are you ... ready?” He gripped her hips. Without waiting for his sister to respond, he pulled his dick almost all the way out of her, and slammed back in. He did it again and again. She sounded like she was sobbing. “Should ... I stop?”

“Oh God ... no. Don’t stop ... it’s good ... Nicky ... really ... really ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” Alyson’s scream was high and operatic. She didn’t care what the neighbors would think. She came hard, her pussy clutching his fat girth. He humped her right through her climax. She came out the other side, gripping the counter and gritting her teeth. “You’re turning me ... inside ... uh ... uh ... uh ... out.” She absorbed the shock of each thrust, wishing he would grab her hair. But he was a newbie. He didn’t know.

“I wish you ... could see ... ah ... ah ... ah ... what this looks like ... Alyson.” He stared down at the froth on his cock and the tight pink envelope of her pussy. Her rippling ass mesmerized him.

“Me ... too ... Nicky ... oooooohhhhhhhh.” She came again. The pain hadn’t completely left her like it had the night before, but it seemed to be adding to her pleasure.

Nick humped next to the open dishwasher for a long time. He had slept in her bed. He had shared a wonderful breakfast with her. And now she had given herself to him again. Whatever the post-loop world had in store for him, he was ready. “Bring ... it ... ugh.” He addressed that sentiment to both Enki and the world at large.

“I’m ... bringing it ... Nicky.” Alyson pushed back harder on him, squealing and gasping. When he announced a little later that he was about to cum, she didn’t even think to tell him to pull out. Thankfully, her brother had a solid head on his shoulders. For the second time, he came all over her back, soaking Chris’s shirt in the process.

“Wow ... that was ... amazing.” Nick whacked her pale ass with his softening dick. “Hey ... is that Chris’s shirt?” When she nodded, he didn’t say anything more about it. But spoiling Chris’s stuff gave Nick an extra endorphin shot.

Alyson carefully took off the shirt and used it to mop up the exposed part of her back and ass. She straightened, kissed her brother on the cheek, and gingerly headed for the bathroom. "I'm going to take a shower."

"We could shower together." He pulled up his boxers.

"No more sex today, Nicky. You're going to break me." She smiled at him and disappeared into the bathroom.

Nick sighed and finished cleaning up.

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The siblings left the apartment around ten in the morning, leaving plenty of time for Nick to go home and get ready for the game. They were joking and laughing when they stepped on the sidewalk. Their laughter died when they saw who was waiting for them.

"I'm sorry, Alyson." Chris looked terrible. His clothes were wrinkled, his eyes were red-rimmed, and his hair was a mess. "I've been doing some real soul-searching this morning. And I'm sorry."

Alyson stopped about five feet away from her fiancé. She kept Nick behind her. "You're sorry, and ...?"

"I promise to treat you better." Chris smiled when he sensed an opening. He could tell she'd forgive him. "I've been a jerk about some things lately. There's been pressure from the faculty chair. I've been riding you hard."

Nick snickered at that.

"Shh, Nicky." Alyson put a hand on her brother's shoulder. Her heart beat faster. Nick wouldn't actually tell Chris what had happened, would he? She turned to him and held out her keys. "Why don't you drive yourself home? Chris and I need to talk."

"What? No ... I'll drive home with you." Nick glanced back and forth between his sister and Chris. Red-hot jealousy seized him. The old Nick would have had an outburst, but he kept his mouth shut.

"Go home, Nick." Alyson pushed the keys against his chest. "Chris will drive me home later and I'll pick up the car." She looked at her fiancé, and he nodded. She turned a searching gaze back to her brother. "Please, Nick?"

“Okay.” Nick took the keys. “I’ll see you at home.” He could see Chris smirking at him from behind Alyson. Nick turned and quickly walked away before saying anything he would regret. He got in the car and drove off without even looking in their direction.

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The spin move was one of Nick’s favorites. He lost the defender with it and streaked down the sideline, dribbling the ball. This was the corner of the field where his mom stood cheering for him. Not many people showed up to high school soccer games, so he could hear her clearly.

“Goooooo ... Nicky ... yyyaaaaayyyyyy!!!” Kate jumped up and down, realized she was bouncing too much even with her oversized sweater, and settled for clapping wildly instead. She watched her son’s powerful leg muscles propel him over the green, the soccer ball just ahead of him. She hadn’t been to one of his games in so long that she didn’t know what an excellent player he’d become. What a thrill.

A defender cut over to intercept. Nick would usually go into an extra gear to beat the defender to the penalty box, but he hadn’t played a game with so much junk between his legs. His jockstrap barely held everything. He wasn’t as fast as he used to be.

“Go ... Nick ... go ... Nick ...” A group of girls some twenty feet past his mother were chanting Nick’s name.

Nick looked over and saw that it was Maggie Chalmers and her friends. What was even happening? They had never been to a game before. A bit dazed, Nick tried to cut inside the closing defender, but he missed his angle and went flipping over a slide tackle. Nick sprawled out on the grass and lifted his head to watch the defender pop up with the ball and send it back the other way.

Maggie and the other girls kept on clapping and cheering. His mother now had her hands pressed to her face and her shoulders tensed; the elemental posture of a mother who just watched her child eat turf. Nick waved to show her he was okay, got back to his feet, and jogged back toward midfield.

After the game, Nick hung his head and walked over to his mother in his grass-stained uniform. They had lost four to one. There were several plays he could have made differently. But he wouldn’t get the chance to fix things on the next today. He sighed and looked up. Chris and Alyson were standing next to his mother. Chris had his arm protectively around Alyson’s shoulders. Nick’s own shoulders knotted up.

"I'm sorry I missed the game, Nicky. Chris and I had some stuff to talk about." Alyson gave Nick a look of warning. He was not to mess with Chris in any way. "How'd it go?"

"We lost." Nick stopped a few feet from them.

"But Nicky played really well." Kate beamed at her son. "I'm so proud of you, Nick."

"Thanks, Mom."

"Anyway, I'm taking Alyson out to Zeitgeist tonight." Chris eyed the field like it was personally wasting his time. "We have to get going or we'll miss our reservation."

"Oh, Zeitgeist. That's fancy." Kate smiled. "Have fun, you two."

"I already picked up my car at the house, Nick. Thanks for understanding." Alyson offered him an apologetic smile.

"Sure." Nick felt the less said the better. They exchanged goodbyes and Chris and Alyson walked off arm-in-arm.

"Let's go get you a shower." Kate rubbed Nick's back. The hard muscles under his uniform made her squirm a little. She blushed. "You played great today."

"Sure, Mom. Thanks." He was still seething about Chris, so he didn't notice Maggie approach them.

"Hey, Nick. Good game out there." Maggie gave him her thousand-watt smile and waved. "We had fun watching you guys play."

"Um ... thanks, Maggie." Nick stood there like a dummy.

"Okay, well, see you on Monday, I guess." Maggie gave him one more wave and turned to walk toward her friends.

Kate rolled her eyes. "Go talk to her, Nicky," she whispered.

"Mom." Nick was suddenly feeling flustered. Too many things were happening at once.

"Don't 'Mom' me, go talk to her, mister." Kate gave his perfectly sculpted back a shove.

Nick jogged over to Maggie. "Hey ... Maggie ... I'm sorry I missed the party last night."

"Oh, that's okay." Maggie turned back toward him.

They made awkward small talk for a few minutes, and then said their goodbyes. Nick jogged back to his mother.

"Was that so bad?" Kate couldn't suppress a smile. From Maggie's body language, it was obvious the young woman was interested in her son.

"Not so bad." It had actually sort of cheered him up to talk to Maggie. "Let's go home."

“Okay, sweetie.” Kate walked with her son to their minivan.

On the ride home, silence filled the air. Kate looked over at Nick. “Are you upset about the game, Nicky?”

“No.” Nick shook his head. He told her about running into Chris the night before, how drunk he’d been, and how he’d used the c-word. He didn’t tell his mother what had happened later that night.

*The c-word!* Kate was scandalized. “I can see why you’re worried about your sister.” She nodded her head, thinking. “Men can sometimes do that sort of thing, especially when they’ve been drinking.”

“They shouldn’t, Mom.”

“You’re probably right.” She bit her lip. “And I know you never would. It was lucky you were there for your sister when that happened.”

“Yeah.”

“I’m just thinking ...” Kate continued to bite her lip. “You’re obviously upset about what happened. And I’d like to help you feel better. What can I do to turn this day around for you?” She glanced at him hopefully.

“You want to hang out when we get home?” Suddenly, things didn’t seem so dire. Nick took a deep breath.

Kate changed course, turning the car down a side street. “Your father’s home right now. So, we can’t really ... hang there.” A smile threatened to spread on her lips. “But what if we hung out for a while ... in the car?”

“Really?” Nick couldn’t believe his luck. “But won’t someone see us?”

“I may or may not have been thinking about this for a few days, sweetie.” Kate giggled. She couldn’t help it. “No one goes near the old Hollywood Video store. The parking lot behind it should work well.” In a few minutes, she parked the minivan in the back of the weed-filled parking lot. She switched off the engine and turned toward her son. “You look so handsome in your soccer outfit.” She brushed his hair off his forehead.

“It’s a uniform, Mom. Not an outfit.” The anticipation built for Nick. His cock was painfully confined by the cup. He tried to adjust it casually.

Kate leaned in toward his face but didn’t kiss him. She inhaled deeply. “And I love the way you smell.”

“That’s sweat.” Nick wasn’t totally sure what she was doing. Was this another fantasy of hers? He gave her room to go with it.

“Yes, sweat and grass. It smells so ... manly.” She closed her eyes and inhaled again. She slowly exhaled, smiling. Her eyes opened, half-lidded. “Speaking of manly ... um ... shall I reward you for your game?” She pulled down his shorts and stared at the top of his penis sticking out from underneath the cup.

“We lost today. I’m not sure I deserve a reward.” Nick was now sure she was living out some fantasy.

“I’m rewarding your effort, Nicky.” She pulled the athletic supporter down his thighs. “There it is.” Kate caressed his penis, feeling the protruding veins with her fingertips. “This is so beautiful, sweetie. You’re a very lucky young man.”

“Thanks ... Mom.” Nick leaned back in his seat and looked around the parking lot. There was no need to worry. His mom was right, no one came back there. “Wow ... Mom ... that feels ... really good.” He put a hand on her head as her warm mouth enveloped his dick. She steadily pushed down until her nose hit his pelvis, and then she started her familiar long strokes. Now that Nick had experienced sex, he could safely say that this was a very close second.

“Mmmpppphhhhhhh.” Kate’s breathing whistled through her nose. The musky scent of her post-game man drove her wild. All fear about her changing body had been washed away by the deluge of pleasure she’d found with Nick. It was a blessing that she could take him all the way down her throat and a blessing that he was equipped to fill it. She reached under her dress and rubbed herself through her panties as he groaned above her.

The minivan rocked gently in the parking lot. The sun fell toward the horizon. Nick got close. His mind had only enough room for the perfect blowjob. He wasn’t thinking about Alyson, Chris, the game, Maggie, Enki, or anything else. “I’m going to ... cum ... Mom.” He knew she didn’t like the word, but she only hummed with joy around his dick. He pushed on her head with one hand and reached down for her ass with the other. Even under her dress, the round expanse of her butt drew him. He squeezed her left cheek.

“Hhhhhhhmmmmmmmm.” Kate was near her own orgasm, too. Her hips hunched again and again, her hand rubbing her vagina fiercely. Her panties were saturated. She regretted the decision not to take them off. A sudden thought hit her. What was she going to do with all the sperm? Nick made so much, and if she let him spray like she usually did, the car would smell like teenage sperm for days. She was always such a planner, but this was all spur of the moment. She made up her mind to swallow it all. She would have to. “Mmmmmpppppppphhhhmmmmmmmm.” She moaned her encouragement. She was ready.

“Ooohhhh ... Mooommmmmmmmmmm ... uuugggghhhhhhhhh.” Nick shuddered when he released. He could hear her gulping his cum. The sound sent him to new heights.

Kate felt like she was swallowing a gallon of sperm. How did he play soccer with all that stuff weighing him down? Eventually, the flood receded and stopped. The pride she felt at neatly drinking all of it sent her over the edge. She had her own trembling orgasm bent over in the front seat, her mouth still around his massive penis. When it was over, she removed her mouth from him and sat up, wiping her lips with the back of her hand. She then held her belly. She could feel the warmth of his sperm spreading in her stomach. “I wasn’t planning ... to do ... that,” she panted. “Should we go ... home ... now? Want to help me ... make dinner?”

“Not yet.” Nick eyed the swell of her breasts. Her oversized sweater did only a passable job at concealing their size. “After the game ... and the blowjob, I’m really thirsty ... and hungry.”

“Don’t be ... crude, Nick.” Kate pulled the sweater over her head. “Don’t use the word ‘blowjob.’” She lowered her dress and her boobs dropped out into the open. She still didn’t have any bras that fit, so it was easy access for the time being. “Come here.” She cradled his head as he leaned into her lap. She hunched forward a little, so he could rest while he drank. There wasn’t much room to maneuver with the steering wheel where it was, but there was enough. She sighed when his lips found her nipple. “Yes ... that feels good ... Nicky.” She stroked his hair and let him drink as light faded from the sky.

Nick wanted to drown in the warm, dulcet flavors of his mother. But he wanted other things, too. He pulled off her nipple and looked up into her soft face. “I know we’re late, but would you like to get into the back with me?”

“I don’t know ...” She watched him pull his shorts and cup all the way off. He took off his cleats. She wondered at how strong and ridiculous he looked climbing into the backseat with his socks, shin pads, and uniform top still on. She resisted the urge to smack his tight, pale butt.

“We won’t be that much longer.” Nick looked deep into her eyes. “And I’m still feeling bad about what happened last night.”

“That wouldn’t have happened if you’d gone to the party.” She looked back at him. Nick sat in the first row of seats, his penis pointing a little to the left as it bobbed with his pulse. “And maybe you’d be with Maggie Chalmers right now instead of me.”

“*Thee* Maggie Chalmers?” Nick smiled. “Why does everyone have such a hard-on for her?”



“Mom ... you look ... amazing. I wish you could ... see what this ... ugh ... looks like.” He gripped her waist tightly. She still had her dress on, but it was only around her middle now.

“Me ... too ... honey.”

Nick realized he'd had almost the same conversation with Alyson not that long ago. But he wasn't going to put his dick inside his mom. The loops had taught him to tread carefully there. He didn't want to do anything that would mess things up with her. “I'm going to ... cum ... again ...” Except for some dirty words here and there. He could risk that.

“Yes ... cum ... yes ... cum ...” Kate was vaguely aware that she was using naughty words. That thought sharpened her mind just enough for her to consider the disaster if he erupted all over her backside and the minivan. “Wait ... wait.” Kate turned around, fell to her knees on the floor, and lowered her mouth onto his penis. When he exploded, she swallowed everything again. The minivan and her dress were spared.

They took a while to collect themselves. Eventually, they dressed, got back in front, and Kate started the minivan. They drove home in silence, both smiling broadly. Kate hoped that her husband wouldn't mind that they'd completely missed dinner. She found she wasn't hungry after all that Nick had fed her.

## Chapter 19

The apprehension in the minivan as they drove home was palpable. Kate parked in the garage and turned toward her son. She smiled, as much to reassure herself as him. “We probably shouldn’t have missed dinner, but I don’t regret hanging out with you, sweetie.” She ran her fingertips across his cheek.

“He’s going to be mad, isn’t he?” Nick knew the answer, but wanted her to tell him he was wrong.

“Well, we did miss dinner. Usually I cook for him, so ...” Kate shrugged her shoulders. She got out of the car.

“Usually we cook together.” Nick got out, too, and followed her toward the door.

“I do love cooking with you, Nick.” Her smile flickered like a flame about to go out. “We’ve shared so many wonderful things.” She inhaled, opened the door, and stepped inside.

Fred waited for them in the kitchen, an open pizza box on the table in front of him. Anyone who knew the man, could see a storm was brewing. Kate and Nick certainly knew him well.

“Sorry we’re late, Dad. I just had a rough night last night and Mom was –”

“Are you two hungry?” Fred cut off his son and waved at the half-eaten pizza.

“We ate while we were out.” Kate was telling a half-truth.

“If you want a slice, take it up to your room.” Fred glanced at his son. “Your mom and I have to talk.”

“If you’d let me explain, Dad.” Nick balled his hands into fists, his shoulders tensed. “You see, Chris showed up –”

“It’s okay, Nicky.” It was Kate’s turn to cut him off. “You’re a bit ripe from the game. Go take a shower and relax. I’ll check in on you in a little while.”

Nick dropped his cleats by the door and slowly walked upstairs. He could hear his parents’ raised voices. He was in a such a state that he didn’t notice the large tree in the middle of his room until he bumped into it. Startled, he stopped, blinked, and took a step back. The tree had a face, arms, and a dangling, twiggy cock.

“You have no dog.” Enki blinked slowly down at Nick. A scowl spread across his leafy face.

“What?”

“Those creatures that have so tamed humanity that you follow them around with bags for their shit. You are familiar with these animals?” Enki cocked his head at Nick.

“Yes.” Nick could still hear his parents shouting downstairs. This was a terrible time for the god to show up babbling nonsense. A revelation hit him. He had become so inured to insanity working its way into his life that this god was an annoyance more than anything else. He took a deep breath. Despite what was happening downstairs, he needed to tread carefully with Enki and treat the situation with respect. “Yes, I know about dogs.”

“Dogs are a clever species. They have outmaneuvered their ancestors. When I made the rivers run with life, their population was small. Now dogs number some nine hundred million and wolves only two hundred thousand.” Enki scratched his lichen hair. “And your family does not harbor one of these clever animals?”

“We don’t have a dog.” Nick nodded. “I’m really grateful for all that you’ve done for me. Did you need something, or is this just a friendly visit?” He heard the familiar two-tone call and saw Chirpee hopping on the windowsill.

“If you do not provide for a dog, how can one have eaten your homework?” Enki held out his hands, palm up. Sprigs and leaves shot out all over his arms.

Nick opened his mouth and closed it. He breathed slowly, the air redolent of pungent forest smells. “Oh,” he said at last.

“I am old, but do not think me eternally patient.” The god leaned down and inspected Nick’s face closely.

“Okay.” Nick didn’t know what else to say. He could no longer hear his parents bickering. Maybe their fight was over.

“And do not ignore Maggie Chalmers.” Enki nodded sagely. “Her charms include intelligence, humor, and beauty.” The next moment, Enki was gone.

“The fuck?” Nick looked over at Chirpee. “Even gods love Maggie? Don’t tell me you have a hard-on for her, too.”

The bird bobbed its head as if offering its agreement.

“Fine.” Nick waved a dismissive hand at Chirpee. He turned and stepped out into the hall. He couldn’t hear anything from downstairs. The crisis was over, and he did want a slice of pizza. Nick quietly walked down the stairs but stopped outside the kitchen. His parents were still talking.

“Not here ... Fred ... oohhhhhh ... Fred ... Nick is home.” Kate’s voice sounded pained.

What was his father doing now? Nick's shoulder muscles bunched. He thought about how much the punch in the loops had hurt. It would be worth it if his mom was in trouble. He stepped out into the doorway to confront his father, but stopped when he saw them. Both their backs were turned toward him. His mother was leaning her hands against the counter, pushing her ass back as his father humped her from behind. Nick's jaw hung open. His anger evaporated.

"You like that ... uh ... uh ... Katie?" Fred held his wife's hair.

"Yes ... Fred ... it's ... ooohhhhhh ... good." Kate had always felt that surprise make-up sex was the best sex with her husband.

Nick stepped back behind the doorway. His heart suddenly constricted in his chest. How could she? But ... but ... they were married. She wasn't cheating on Nick. She was just being a good wife. At least they could have done it somewhere that wasn't in the open. Nausea seized Nick as he listened to their grunts. Things were coming at him too fast. Was this what vertigo felt like? As he stumbled back up the stairs, he heard his father grunt in triumph.

Nick found his bathroom, fell on his knees in front of the toilet, and threw up. When he was done, he turned on the shower. He did his best to let his mind go blank as the hot water streamed over him. It was all too much. His sister and Chris. His mother and father. The amazing Maggie Chalmers. The last riddle. Nick wanted nothing more than to start Saturday over and fix everything.

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"Nicky? Are you awake?" Kate quietly closed the door and padded into her son's moonlit room. She wore only an oversized flannel shirt and panties. "I promised I'd check in on you, and your father has finally gone to sleep."

Nick was indeed awake, but he lay motionless in his bed, his eyes closed. He faced away from her, toward the wall.

"Well, you had a busy day," Kate whispered. She bent over his bed and pulled the blankets up to his shoulder. "Get some rest." She kissed him on the cheek.

"I saw you and Dad." Nick opened his eyes, but didn't turn toward her. He stared at the wall.

"What?" She sat on the edge of the bed. It was so cold in his room with the window open.

“I saw you two having sex in the kitchen, Mom.” Nick rolled over and stared at her shadowed face.

“Oh no.” Kate put a hand to her mouth. Her cheeks got very warm. “I’m so sorry, Nick. I told him not to do it. But he was angry about dinner, and it seemed the easiest way –”

“You’re such a ...” Nick was about to say something he knew he’d regret. He took a deep breath. There was a long pause while she waited for him to speak. He could see how tense she was. What did he want in that moment? He could vent anger, but would that make any of their lives better? Imagining his mom growing cold and distant from him again made him even more nauseated. “You’re such a ... thoughtful woman, Mom. So, I was surprised by what you two did. I was hurt and ... grossed out when I saw that.”

Kate pulled his blanket back down and held his hand. He was so mature. More mature than his own father. “I totally understand. You shouldn’t ever have to see that.” She knew her hands were clammy, but she squeezed his fingers all the same. “I promise I won’t ever do that again when you’re around.”

“Do you have to do it with him again? I mean, ever?”

The only sound in the room was their breathing. His was slow and even, hers was faster and shallow.

“I’m married to your father, Nick. I love him.” Kate struggled with how best to handle this. She had no one to blame but herself for all of it. She and Nick had gotten carried away. They were practically having an affair. Despite his maturity, he was only eighteen. How could she not think he would get possessive? “You have to respect my relationship with him. And married people show their love through sex ... sometimes. Your father and I will still have sex. But it doesn’t have anything to do with our special relationship, right?”

“Right.” Nick sat up and pecked his mother on the lips. “Sorry, of course you two will still do that. Just don’t let me see, okay?” He kissed his mom again and ran his hand up her side.

Kate leaned back from the kiss. “I promise it will never happen again. And speaking of things never happening ...” She put a finger to his lips. “We can’t do this while he’s home.”

“I’ve had a rough couple days, Mom.” He cupped her boob through her flannel shirt. “Can we make an exception? You said Dad’s asleep. Maybe if I could drink for a few minutes, I’d feel better.” Nick slowly unbuttoned her shirt.

“Oh ... gosh ... I shouldn’t say yes ... but ...” She shivered when the cold air hit her exposed breasts. Her nipples stiffened. “You *have* had a rough couple days. Come here.” She pulled him to her nipple and sighed when he latched on. The world was right when

her sweet Nicky was back at her breast. She cradled his head in the darkness and listened to him steadily swallow her milk. Her free hand slid under the blanket, inside his underwear, and took hold of his penis. It didn't surprise her that he was hard. He was almost always hard around her. "I'm just going to ... touch you for a minute." What was the harm? Fred was sound asleep in their bed. Her hand stroked his mighty penis.

After he'd had his fill, Nick pulled away from her soft tit. "I want you, Mom." He kneaded her boobs with both hands.

"You have me, sweetie." Her hand sped up. She hadn't intended to bring him off while Fred was in the house, but she couldn't leave Nick high and dry. "What do you want?"

"You don't understand. Sometimes, I want you so much it hurts."

"I'm your mother, Nick. Being a mom means loving someone so much it hurts every single day. I understand perfectly." She pulled the blanket off him, lowered his underwear further down his legs, and took him into her mouth.

Nick thought about pulling her into a sixty-nine, but remembered what he'd seen in the kitchen. Not tonight. Instead, he reached down and dug the fingers of his left hand into the soft flesh of her round ass. "Are you going to swallow it again, Mom?"

"Mmmppppphhhhhhh." Kate paused her deep strokes to nod without taking his penis out of her mouth. She massaged his fat testicles.

"You ever swallow three of Dad's loads in a day?"

"Nnnnnnnpppphhhhhhhh." She paused, shook her head, and continued.

"I'm going to feed you so much cum, Mom." He placed his right hand on the back of her head and gently pushed, helping her with the rhythm of her blowjob. "I'm going to drown you in it. Every day ... a ... tidal wave of ... ugh ... cum."

"Mmmppphhhhhhhhh." Kate wasn't one for dirty talk, but her son's words were driving her crazy. She slipped a hand between her legs and found that her vagina was drenched. Was he really going to drown her ... in his stuff? She shivered and went to work on her clit.

"I'll drink from you ... and you'll drink from me ... ugh ... I'll drink from you ... and ... I'm cumming ... Mom." His hips jerked up. His hand forced her head down on his dick. It was lucky she had such an accommodating throat, or he would certainly have choked her.

Kate pulled back so that only his head was in her mouth. She couldn't swallow if he was too deep. The first fiery splash hit her tongue, and she gulped it down. More and more of his salty seed filled her up. She wondered how he could still have so much after their

time in the minivan. Her fingers continued to work her clit while she listened to him sigh and moan.

“Oh ... Mom ... drink it ... all ... uuuuggggggghhhhhh.” When he finished, he pulled her off him and let go of her hair. Her face fell to his thigh. He could see her pre-orgasmic expression twisting in the dim light. He realized she was masturbating. Sensing a vulnerable moment, he pushed her a little further. It would be cathartic to turn his earlier trauma into some sort of power play. “You like drinking my cum, Mom?”

“Yes,” she croaked. It didn’t occur to her to tell him to stop speaking so crudely.

“Did you cum with Dad tonight?”

“Ohhhhhhhh ... Nicky?” She looked up at him, her hand spinning little circles on her slick clit. Shouldn’t they try and forget Fred at the moment? What did he expect her to say?

“Did you?”

“Noooooooooooo.” Her hips bucked uncontrollably. She drooled on his thigh. A massive climax was close.

“But sucking me is enough to get you off?” He went in for the kill. “You want to drown in my cum, don’t you?”

“Oooohhhhhhhhhh ... Nicky ...” Kate convulsed as the orgasm took her. She could feel herself squirting on his bed. “Oooohhhhhhhhhh.” She bit his thigh to keep from screaming. He was hitting buttons she didn’t know she had. Had she always been this dirty, or was her son transforming her? She didn’t know. She didn’t care. There was nothing but ecstasy.

“Not so hard, Mom.” Nick tried to ease her mouth off his thigh. Eventually, as her orgasm passed, she unclamped her jaw. He rubbed the spot. That was going to leave a mark.

“Sorry ... sorry ... sorry ... Nicky.” Kate didn’t know if she was apologizing for the bite, what happened with his father, what they just had done to his father, or all of it. She sat up and licked her lips, tasting the saltiness of him. “You’ve had quite a day. Get some rest now.” She stood up and let out a little yelp when he slapped her butt. “None of that now.” She wagged a finger at him.

“Sorry, Mom. Your butt is too perfect, I can’t help myself.” Nick was tired. He rested his head on the pillow and looked up at her. It wasn’t just her ass, everything about his mother was perfect. It did hurt his heart to look at her. He wondered if she truly felt that way every day about him and Alyson.

“You say such silly things, Nicky.” She bent down and pulled his covers to his chin. There was a wet spot near his hip where she’d squirted on the blanket, but she would clean that tomorrow. “You said a lot of silly things tonight. I know it’s been a crazy couple days.”

“You don’t know the half of it.” This was true. It was about twenty-four hours ago that Nick had lost his virginity. How much of all this was Enki, and how much was just a runaway train? It was hard to separate any of it anymore. “Goodnight, Mom.”

“Goodnight, sweetie.” She kissed him on the forehead and quickly turned to go before he could rile her up by saying more silly things. She left his room, silently entered her bathroom, and showered. After she was clean and dried, she brushed her teeth for the second time that night.

When she was finally in bed next to her snoring husband, she looked up at the shadows on the ceiling, gently rubbing her belly. Could she still feel the heat of Nick’s stuff in her stomach? She had eaten so much sperm that day. Her son was a machine. And so was she, it seemed. He had promised to drown her in his stuff. The thought sent shivers down her spine.

Despite all the chaos that surrounded them, both Kate and Nick fell asleep with smiles on their faces. Mother and son were thinking about one another like beacons in a storm.

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An argument woke Nick in the morning. He stretched, sat up, and listened to his dad’s deep voice and his mom’s high one overlapping each other in a frenzied staccato. He got up, dressed, and opened his door.

“And now you’ve got giant tits.” Fred’s voice echoed down the hallway.

“Don’t talk like that, Fred. It’s hormonal, I can’t help it.” Kate sounded exasperated. “I thought you always wanted them to be bigger.”

“The size isn’t the issue, Katie. They’re great, don’t get me wrong,” Fred bellowed. “It’s your sneaking around. You’re hiding things from me, wearing oversized clothes, and pretending everything is normal. I’m your fucking husband. When you grow giant tits, you tell me.”

“Stop talking like that, Fred. Nick will hear you. And I didn’t tell you because it was embarrassing and I didn’t know how you ...”

Nick closed his door and went back to bed. It seemed his mom could handle it. And Nick needed to release his first load of the day. He put on some headphones to silence their yelling, pulled out his dick, and thought about drowning his mom in cum.

After breakfast, Nick went over to his friend's house for a while. He and Brayden played video games, while Nick fended off questions about Maggie Chalmers. It was fun, relaxed, and delightfully far away from anything Enki-related. For a little while, Nick almost felt like a normal teenager.

Sunday's tranquility proved ephemeral when Nick got home in the early afternoon. His sister's car greeted him in the driveway. Alyson herself grabbed him by the arm the second he stepped inside the house.

"Ow ... Alyson. What gives?" He let her pull him through the house. "Where's Mom and Dad?"

"They went shopping." Alyson dragged him up to her room, closed the door, and grabbed the puzzle from her bedside table. "I got it." She held it up and smiled.

"Did you steal it from him?" Nick eyed Enki's puzzle suspiciously.

"Um ... after the night we spent together ... Chris felt like putting me back on the project." Alyson frowned at her brother's expression. "Don't look like that, he's my fiancé."

"No, it's fine." Nick's shoulders slumped. He tried hard not imagining what Alyson had done for Chris to put him in such a good mood. It probably looked a lot like his parents in the kitchen the night before.

"And I knew I needed to get the puzzle, because Enki visited me yesterday. We can't ignore him." She handed Nick the puzzle.

"He visited me, too." He took the cube from her and examined it. It hadn't changed since the last time he set eyes on it. "He wasn't buying 'the dog ate our homework' bit."

"Right, and I know how to get us to the final riddle." Alyson's face was bright with enthusiasm. She barely registered Nick's frown.

"How?" Nick looked at her skeptically.

"Remember what I said Friday night?"

"You said a lot of things Friday night." Nick's frown deepened. It was painful to think about how perfect that night, and the morning after, had been. He took a deep, calming breath.

"After we did it for the first time, I said 'That's what exultation feels like.' And I meant it." Alyson pulled off her oversized sweater and tossed it on her chair. "*Anoint the cube*

*with joined exultation and receive the riddle within.* Right? So, clearly the ‘joined exultation’ is our joined orgasms. And we have to put that on the puzzle.” She pulled off her blouse and wriggled out of her skirt.

“Um ... Alyson ... what are you doing?” Nick could feel his cock stirring as more and more of her lovely form came into view. He noticed that she had a new bra. If she was buying new clothes, did that mean she was accepting that her boobs might not go back to normal?

“Mom and Dad aren’t going to be gone forever. They said they’d be home around dinner.” She looked at the clock by her bed. “So that only gives us a couple hours.” Alyson reached behind her and unclasped her bra. She let it fall and shook her shoulders back and forth. She hadn’t expected it, but she could tell her brother needed a little enticing. His expression brightened some as he watched her tits shaking. Alyson pulled off her panties, removed the blanket from her bed, and sat down on the sheet.

Nick stared at her like she’d just performed a brilliant magic trick. “You ... want to have sex again? But I thought you and Chris were ... good again.” He worked hard to avoid saying anything bad about Chris. No good would come of that. This wasn’t anything like when he’d ribbed his mom about his dad earlier.

“Oh, that reminds me.” Alyson removed her engagement ring and put it on her bedside table. “I’d feel weird doing this with the ring on.” She fell onto her back, her boobs wobbling to either side of her chest. “Chris and I are really good. He understands what he did wrong. But ... we need to do this for the puzzle.” She spread her legs, giving her brother a prime view of her pussy. “And even without that, we couldn’t make what happened a one-time thing. Or ...” She giggled. “I mean, a two-time thing with the morning after. It’s too special to give up on, right?”

“Right.” Nick carefully put the puzzle next to her engagement ring and pulled off his shirt. “I didn’t expect this.” He pulled off his pants and boxers in one, swift motion. A wide smile crept across his face. His heart thumped heavily in his chest. “What about a condom?”

“That’s the whole point, isn’t it?” Alyson put her hands behind her knees and grinned at him. “I’m telling you it’s okay. I counted the days. Right now is as safe as I get.”

“Are you sore?” Nick took off his socks, hopping on one foot and then the other. His hard dick bounced around wildly.

“I’m not gonna lie.” She nodded. “I am. But I feel way better than yesterday.”

Nick thought about asking if she was sure about this but decided not to second-guess her. Alyson was a smart, successful woman, and if she wanted him in her pussy, that’s where he’d be. “You look so beautiful.” He jumped between her legs and made her bounce on the mattress, her tits swaying on her chest. They laughed.

“You think you can get it in on your own this time?” Alyson’s gaze fell from his laughing face to his hard chest and abs, to his massive, swaying cock. Her brother was breathtakingly lovely. The whole twenty minutes Chris had been inside her the night before, she had thought only about Nick. Her brother had changed her perspective so entirely that sex with her fiancé had gone from scalding hot to lukewarm in a day’s time.

“Maybe.” Nick lined himself up and pushed his hips forward. He was torn between watching Alyson’s fluttering eyelashes and her obscenely spreading pussy.

“Oooohhhhhhhhhhh.” Alyson was in heaven. She gazed at the length of his cock just entering her, the patch of brown hair at its base, and his narrow hips. Her little brother was perfect ... except for ... “What’s on your ... ugh ... thigh?” She nodded at a red mark on his pale skin.

“What?” Nick looked down and could see the bite mark clearly. “Oh ... Mom bit me.”

“She ... bit ... you?” Alyson tensed as more of his dick entered her. He felt even bigger than she remembered. It was mostly pain so far, but she’d wait that out. “Like ... with her ... teeth?”

Nick shrugged like it was no big deal. Secretly, he was quite proud. “She didn’t mean to.” He pushed about half his cock into Alyson and paused. She gritted her teeth and breathed fast. “She was cumming, and her face was right there.”

“Jesus ... Nicky ... you’re going to have to tell me ... ugggghhhhhhh ... all about that ... later.” She hunched her hips toward him, hoping to get the painful part over with. Soon, it was all the way in. “Oh ... shit ... you’re deep.” The first tentacles of ecstasy played with her nerves.

“Here goes, Alyson.” Nick started with slow, gentle thrusts. but it wasn’t long before the bedframe was squeaking and slamming against the wall. Once he was confident her cries were all pleasure and no pain, he slid his arms under her, grabbed her ass, and really let her have it. Her incoherent screams barely sounded like his sister. It was sweet music for Nick. Over the course of the next half hour, she had a string of orgasms. The pressure for Nick grew and grew, until he was ready. A distant part of his mind wanted to ask her if she was sure it was safe. But he didn’t ask. “Gonna ... cum ...”

“Oooohhhhhhhhhhh ... yeeesssssssssss.” She locked her legs around her brother’s tight butt and dug her nails into his back. “Do it ... ugh ... do it ... ugh ... Nicky ... uuugggghhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” When his hips dropped their rhythm and he gave a low growl, she knew he was giving it all to her. Her mind exploded in a frenzy of bliss. A while later, her orgasm subsided and reality intruded. She felt his solid weight on top of her. He was lighter than Chris, but somehow more substantial. “We should ... try ... it ... okay?”

“Huh?” Nick panted heavily, his face buried in the crook of her neck. He breathed in the sharp scent of her sweat and the floral fragrance of her shampoo.

“The puzzle ... Nick. We should ... try the puzzle.” She caressed his back, running her fingertips down the slight curve up to his butt. She smacked it. “There might be ... a time limit ... or something.”

“Okay.” Nick roused himself and pulled out of her with an audible plop. He prayed she would let him cum in her again. Maybe she could go on the pill or something. “What ... do we ... do?” He sat up, staring down at the semen leaking from her yawning, pink hole.

“Here.” Alyson picked the puzzle up from the floor where he’d dropped it. “Let’s try ... this.” She held it in her left hand. With her right, she grabbed his frothy dick and slapped it against the cube, making sure to smear a good amount of their combined cum on the metal.

A loud click filled the room. Both siblings were transfixed by the puzzle. A red pulsing light leaked out of the seams of the cube, and then the puzzle opened. Something glowed inside.

“What is it?” Nick’s eyes were very wide.

“I have no idea.” Alyson glanced at her brother and then back to the open puzzle. “I think it’s the last riddle.”

## Chapter 20

A pulsing glow cascaded out of the open puzzle. “What is that?” Nick stared at a black, faceted gem with red veins that was bracketed inside the cube. The veins were the source of the light.

“A weird crystal?” Alyson still held her brother’s heavy dick in her hand. She squeezed it like she was holding his hand. “Do you think it’s dangerous?”

“I don’t know.” Part of his brain urged caution. Maybe they should put the thing outside? But the rhythmic pulses of red light were mesmerizing. Nick continued to stare at it. It was fine, they had been around the puzzle for a while. “It’s not dangerous.”

“Yeah, probably not.” Alyson leaned closer, her boobs hanging below her.

“It’s pretty.” Nick looked down at his dick. His sister’s hand was now slowly pumping him. He could hear the wetness of their combined cum squelching in the quiet room. He hadn’t lost his erection after sex, and there seemed little chance of his dick going soft anytime soon. “There’s an inscription in Sumerian cuneiform.” Nick pointed to a line of symbols engraved around the inside of the cube.

“The last riddle. We’ll need Chris to translate.” She had only planned on having sex with her brother the one time. The excuse had been to anoint the cube. But now, she needed him inside her again. She leaned forward and kissed his hard chest, her hand moving faster on his penis.

“We can’t give the puzzle back to Chris.” Nick let his sister push him onto his back. He could no longer see inside the puzzle, but he could see the red glow on the ceiling.

“We won’t.” Alyson put a finger from her free hand on his lips when she saw he was about to protest. “Shh. Don’t worry so much. We’ll find another way to translate it. You can help me. Sound good?” She straddled him.

Nick nodded up at her. Her hair draped over half her face. He pulled it behind her shoulder. “You’re beautiful, Alyson.” He read the room. She didn’t have a kiss-me face. Her expression was less dreamy and wilder. Was this her fuck-me face?

“Since you already did it inside, there’s no harm in doing it again.” Alyson lifted her hips and placed him at her entrance. She was so sloppy that he slid right in. There was no pain at all.

“No harm? You said it was safe.” He didn’t want to get his sister pregnant. Worry creased his forehead.

“I said I was as safe as I get.” Alyson laughed. She really should have been more concerned about ... well ... everything. But she felt too giddy to care. Amazing sex was a hell of a drug. “Don’t fret, Nicky.” She undulated on top of him, grinding their pelvises together. “‘As safe as I get’ is pretty safe. You know me. I wouldn’t take any ... uh ... uh ... stupid risks.”

That was true. “Yeah ... right ...” Nick let the anxiety pass. They’d be fine. He leaned up and latched his mouth onto her nipple and drank.

“Ooohhhhhh ... Nicky ...” Alyson wrapped her arms around his shoulders and held him tightly to her breast. She wondered what would happen to them. She certainly couldn’t go on humping her brother after she married Chris. She thought about all the time in the loops they had wasted not having sex. Why hadn’t she seen what could be with her brother? She didn’t understand her past, and she couldn’t chart her future, but she could surrender to the moment. “Ohhhh ... shit ... Nicky ... you’re deep.” And she chose to surrender completely.

They lost all track of time. Nick came inside Alyson and they barely paused. The light outside her window faded. Nick stood behind Alyson with his hands on her hips.

“You’re so ... tight ... Alyson.”

“Not ... ugh ... anymore ... I think.” Alyson needed to teach him about holding her hair. That was the only thing between what he was doing and perfection. “Sometimes ... Nicky ... uh ... uh ... uh ... a woman ... wants you to ... pull her hair.”

“You want me to ...?”

“Yes ... yessss ... please.” Alyson’s eyes rolled back when he bunched her hair in his hand and steadied her head. “Not ... too rough ... yesssss ... like that ... oooohhhhhhhhhhh.” She slammed her ass back into him and came again.

When his sister stopped screaming, Nick thought he heard something troubling. He used all his willpower to stop his hips so their slapping skin and her squelching pussy wouldn’t mask the sound. “Shit ... the garage door. Mom and Dad are ... home.” He pulled out of her, and his sister slumped to the floor.

“Oh ... Nicky ... I think ... you’ve broken my ... brain.” She looked up at him and smiled.

“Mom and Dad ... shit.” Nick picked up his clothes, grabbed the puzzle, and turned to leave. He paused when his sister didn’t get up. He couldn’t leave her naked and leaking on the floor. He grabbed her blanket with one hand and threw it on her. “I gotta go.”

“Okay.” Alyson nodded but didn’t move.

“Jesus.” Nick wondered if he really had broken her brain. The threat of their father finding them should have been enough to light a fire under Alyson. “Put some clothes

on ... when you can.” He left the room quickly. He could hear a door close downstairs. He darted into the bathroom and turned on the shower. He dropped his clothes and tried to close the puzzle. He found it closed, but wouldn’t latch shut. A thin line of pulsing light shone through a seam in the metal. He put it on the sink and sighed. His cock was still hard and he wasn’t going to put that third load in Alyson. Maybe next time. He stepped into the shower and got under the warm water. He was quickly fapping like crazy.

“You taking a shower, Nicky?” Kate’s voice came through the door.

“Yes ... I’ll be out ... in a minute.” He stopped pumping.

“Okay, dinner will be ready soon. Come on down when you’re finished doing ... whatever you’re doing in there,” Kate said.

“Sure, Mom.” Nick waited and listened. After a few seconds, he figured the coast was clear. He went back to fapping, imagining that his mom had joined him in the shower, and that she wanted him to pull her hair, too. He came while thinking about her round butt rippling with each impact from his hips.

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“What did you go shopping for?” Nick addressed the question to his mom, trying not to look at the smug smile on his father’s face. He bit on a Brussels sprout and chewed. His sister, somewhat recovered from the afternoon, put her hand on his thigh under the table.

“Oh ... um ...” Kate’s cheeks turned red. “We went clothes shopping.”

“Cool, can you show me what you got after dinner?” Alyson’s voice had a dreamy quality to it.

Fred laughed. “They’re not the kind of clothes you can show to your kids. Right, Katie?” He raised his wineglass to his wife.

“Um ... right.” Kate tentatively clinked her glass against his and looked down at her food. “Sorry, Alyson.”

“Oh, that’s okay, Mom.” Alyson looked at her brother and frowned. “I need to head back home after dinner anyway. Chris and I are going to the gym.”

“You’re going to the gym? That’s ...” Nick took a deep breath. Was God, or Enki, or whoever testing him? “That’s cool that you two are working out together.” He had wanted to say something about Chris controlling her. No good would have come of that.

“You know what? I’m going to text Maggie Chalmers after dinner. I might even call her. I’ll see if she wants to hang out after school sometime this week.”

“Oh, that’s nice.” Kate found herself with the completely unreasonable notion that maybe Nick shouldn’t date. She reminded herself that it would be healthy for her son, and probably a lot of fun to boot. What mother wouldn’t want her son to date Maggie?

“Yeah, that’s great, Nick.” Alyson wondered at the hypocrisy of her sudden rush of jealousy. How could she be jealous of Nick when she was running back to her fiancé?

“Way to go, Nick. She’s a hottie.” Fred chuckled. “Don’t blow it with her.”

Kate hit her husband’s shoulder. “Don’t talk like that about eighteen-year-old girls.” She swallowed hard, thinking about how much farther she’d gone with an eighteen-year-old boy than calling him a hottie. “Nick will be just fine, Fred. I saw them together at the soccer game yesterday. Maggie looked smitten.”

The comment was met with awkward silence. The conversation was dominated for the rest of dinner by Fred. When dinner was over, the family quickly dispersed in different directions.

Rather than helping his mom with the dishes, Nick went upstairs to text Maggie. He spent the rest of the night in his room. It turned out that Maggie was witty and funny, and she was free to hang out after school the next day.

~~

Nick read the room the next morning as he ate breakfast. His mom was either angry with him or feeling awkward. While his dad was still upstairs, Nick decided to find out which. “Are you upset with me, Mom?”

“Goodness, no.” Kate turned from the sink and regarded him. He was so handsome and full of life. She hated herself for wanting to keep him all to herself. “We can’t really talk with your father home.” She lowered her voice. She could hear the shower running upstairs. “I just feel bad about letting you see your father and me the other day. And ...” She forced herself to smile. “That’s all. I’m excited for your date with Maggie today.”

“It’s not a date. We’re just hanging out after school.”

“You should bring her by here. I’d love to say hello.” Kate’s jaw clenched tight. She rinsed out her bowl and put it in the dishwasher.

Nick could see the tension in her shoulders. She wasn’t telling him everything. He didn’t know what to do. “Yeah, we could hang out here and do some homework in my room or

something.” He stood and brought his plate to the sink. His mom was still bent over, fussing with the dishwasher. The shower turned off upstairs, but they still had plenty of time before Fred came down for breakfast. “Do you need anything from me, Mom?”

“No, I ... oh ...” She flinched when he gave her a playful slap on the butt. She stood up and turned toward him. “Look, Nicky. We have a complicated relationship to navigate right now. I totally understand if you want to back off. We can still cook together, take walks together, and talk together without ... that other stuff. Maybe if we simplified ... mmmmpppphhhhhhhhh.” Kate melted into her son’s arms when he kissed her, their tongues intertwining.

Judging from the way she kissed him back, Nick had read the room correctly. He lowered his hands to her butt and squeezed great big handfuls. She pressed up against him. There was no doubt that she could feel his hard dick pressing into her. They kissed for a couple minutes, and then he stepped back. It was best not to push his luck.

“Oh ... my ...” Kate put a hand over her heart. She could feel herself gushing in her panties. With a quick glance at the stairs, she tried to compose herself. “I ... um ... yeah ... well ... we shouldn’t do that ... should we?”

“It’s okay, Mom. Dad won’t be down for a little while.” Nick took a deep breath. They smiled at each other like idiots. “I just want you to know how I feel. I hear things are complicated for you. That’s true for me, too. But I wouldn’t trade our closeness for anything.”

“Thank you, Nicky.” Kate’s blood pressure lowered. The tension left her shoulders. She wetted her fingers with her mouth and wiped some lipstick off Nick’s lips. “Can’t have you going to school with your mom’s lipstick on.” She giggled.

“I’ll see you this afternoon.” Nick playfully smacked her butt again and went to get his backpack. “Bye, Mom.”

“Bye sweetie.” Kate watched him go to school. She couldn’t wait until Fred was out of the house. She desperately needed to masturbate.

~~

“I like your house, Nick.” Maggie followed him through the front hall and paused in front of some family photos. “Your mom is really pretty.”

“Um ... thanks.” That was drifting into uncomfortable territory. “She’s around here somewhere.” Nick could smell something baking. He stepped into the kitchen. “Mom?”

"I'm in here, Nicky." Kate's voice came from the living room. The teenagers found her on the sofa reading. Kate took off her glasses when they entered and smiled. "Hello, Maggie. Nice to see you."

"Hello, Mrs. Dobson." Maggie stood straight with a pleasant smile on her face. "Something smells wonderful."

"I'm baking some cookies in case you two get hungry." Kate could see she was making her son uncomfortable. "Why don't you run along, and I'll put them out on the kitchen table for you when they're ready."

"Thanks, Mom." Nick appreciated that she had the sense not to bring the cookies to his room.

"Sounds great, thanks." Maggie bobbed her head and followed Nick upstairs.

~~

It was so quiet in the house. Kate tried to keep herself busy, but the waiting was killing her. She scrolled on her phone for a while and talked herself out of bringing a plate of cookies up to Nick's room. She went for a walk. Nick's door was still shut when she got back. Were they actually doing homework? Were they making out? How could something so potentially big for Nick be happening so close by without her have the foggiest clue what was going on?

At around five, she started preparing dinner. She put on some music and tried not to think about what they were doing upstairs. As Kate diced garlic, Nick and Maggie appeared. They both wore wide grins and flushed cheeks. "There you are." Kate looked up from the cutting board and tried her most maternal smile. "Successful homework session?"

"Yeah, it was great." Nick walked Maggie through the kitchen.

"Bye, Mrs. Dobson." Maggie gave her a pleasant wave. "It was great seeing you again."

"Want a cookie for the road?" Kate nodded at the plate of oatmeal chocolate chip on the counter.

"Sure, thanks." Ever gracious, Maggie grabbed a cookie, waved again, and let Nick walk her to the door.

Nick returned to the kitchen a few moments later. "Okay, you were right." He stepped up behind his mom and put his hands on her hips.

“What about?” Kate continued chopping garlic even though it was sufficiently diced.

“When you said I should hang out with Maggie. She’s great. You were right.”

“You’re poking me with your thing, Nicky.” Kate tried to concentrate on her food prep, but she could feel his hard penis pressed up against her butt cheek. “Did she get you all worked-up and leave?”

“Well, it was sort of our first hangout, Mom. We only kissed.” He reached up and pulled her hair.

“Ow ... sweetie. Don’t do that.” She put down the knife and turned around when he released her hair. “Am I supposed to do something about what you have in your pants?” She smiled and knelt before Nick.

“I could go take care of it in my room.” Nick was a little confused about the hair pulling, but decided he’d ask his sister what he did wrong later. At any rate, his mother didn’t seem to be holding it against him.

“Did you two get any homework done?” Kate pulled down his pants and underwear. Her eyes widened when she saw how hard he was. He looked even bigger than usual. “I mean real homework.”

“Honestly, no.”

“Well ... you’ll have to be ... fast then ... so you can do your ... homework ... and I can ... get dinner ready,” she said between licks of his turgid head. Stroking him with her hands, she looked up and locked eyes with him. “I suppose if your girlfriend can’t finish you off, I’ll have to do it.”

“She’s not my ... ooohhhhhhhh ... girlfriend ... Mom.” Nick was nonplussed.

“Mmmmmppppphhhhhh.” She took him down her throat with skill that would have been inconceivable to her before she’d started fooling around with Nick. Her nostrils flared. His earthy, masculine scent mixed with the acrid tones of the freshly-chopped garlic. His groans urged her on. After a few minutes she pulled her mouth off him and looked up into his eyes. She placed her face next to his long penis, so that it went past her right cheek, her eye, and ended above her forehead. “Gosh ... Nicky ... it’s longer than my face.”

Nick didn’t know what to say to that. “Yeah ... Mom.”

“About that stuff you said on Saturday.” She pumped him with her left hand as she spoke. “About drowning me ... in your stuff. Maybe you could say more about that? And also ... about how your cute girlfriend left you high and dry. You know ... and I have to take care of you?” She was asking a lot, but Nick was so accommodating with her fantasies. Very much unlike Fred and his failed train robber roleplay.

Nick understood immediately. “Maggie ... didn’t make me cum, Mom. I feel like I’m ... going to explode.” He moaned as she took him back in her mouth with deep, purposeful strokes. “I need you to ... finish me off ... because she only kissed me. I have so much ... ugh ... for you. You’re going to drown in cum ... every ... single ... day.”

“Mmmppppphhhhhh.” Kate saturated her panties. He was driving her crazy. Had she ever been so desperate to make a man burst?

“I’m going to ... cum ... Mom ... aaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh.” It was true. His time with Maggie *had* gotten him worked up. He watched his mom’s forehead crease and her eyes shut tight as she swallowed shot after shot. When he was done, he pulled back. He watched her pink tongue lovingly give his cockhead one last lick. “Wow ... thanks, Mom. You know how to take care of me ... when my girlfriend ... doesn’t.”

“She’s not your girlfriend, sweetie. Not yet.” Kate stood up, smiled, and straightened her dress. Her belly felt so full. “And our little game is over, okay?” She winked at him.

“Don’t look so disappointed.” Kate pulled up his underwear and carefully tucked away his semi-hard thing. She pulled up his pants, buttoned them, and zipped him up. “We’ll play more games later,” she whispered, kissing him on the cheek and ruffing his hair. “Now, I need to make dinner, and you need to go do some real homework.”

“Yeah, okay, Mom.” Nick shook his head. He gave her butt a pat on his way out of the kitchen. He realized he had been making a mistake. He had been applying his lessons learned about women universally. But his mother and sister were different people. It seemed glaringly obvious in hindsight.

~~

The evening passed and Alyson did not respond to any of her brother’s texts. Maggie, on the other hand, texted back and forth with Nick. His mother cooled toward him with Fred home. There was so much for Nick to juggle. Every avenue before him seemed murky, fraught with dangers that he could no longer loop out of. He did some research on women’s cycles, and felt less sanguine about his sister’s assurances about being safe.

When he settled in bed for the night with the lights out, Nick could see the silhouette of Chirpie staring at him through the closed window. He got up and opened the window. “Sorry about that. I didn’t know you were there.”

The bird sang two quick notes, gave him a reproachful look, and flittered into the room, landing on his dresser. It settled in next to the puzzle.

“My mind is too full. I can’t remember everything.” Nick climbed back into bed and looked at the chickadee. “But I promise to remember the window. Sorry.”

Chirpie bobbed his head in agreement.

“Good night.” Nick saw the faint pulsing ribbon of red light through the seam in the puzzle. “You’re here to remind me about the last riddle, right?”

The bird bobbed his head.

“Tomorrow. I’ll do something about it tomorrow. I promise.” Nick rolled over on his pillow and was asleep in a matter of minutes.

~~

There were a million questions at school about Nick’s hangout session with Maggie the day before. He deflected and deferred his friends’ queries, much to their dismay. He did tell them that he thought he’d see her again. And this was true. Maggie caught up with him as he was heading to the bus after school.

Maggie slowed her car and rolled down the window. “Need a ride?”

“Hi, Maggie. I’m heading into the city to visit my sister.” Nick shrugged his apology.

“Like I said, need a lift?” Her smile was wide and warm.

“Really? We’re studying something at the U. It’ll be boring.”

“Life isn’t boring if you enjoy the company.” Maggie really was smitten by Nick Dobson. She had always gone after whatever she wanted. The world didn’t seem too keen on resisting her. “Get in.”

They made small talk on the drive, parked, and walked together to Alyson’s office. When she wasn’t there, Nick sighed, and led the way to Chris’s office. Sure enough, he found his sister reading papers while her fiancé messed around on his phone. Nick knocked on the half-open door.

“Oh, hey, Nick.” Alyson looked up from her work, glancing quickly at Chris with a look of worry. Chris didn’t look up from his phone. She turned her eyes back to her brother. “What are you doing here?”

“You didn’t get my texts?” Nick waved halfheartedly at Chris. His greeting was returned with even less enthusiasm.

“Sorry, no,” Alyson lied.

There was a moment of silence.

“This is my friend, Maggie.” Nick made the introductions.

“Nice to meet you, Maggie.” Alyson stood and walked to the door. “I’m going to hang out with Nick and Maggie a little.” She looked over at her fiancé. “I’ll be back.”

“I have my seminar in the morning. I’ll need those papers graded tonight.” Chris frowned at her.

“I’ll be back, I promise.” She knew Nick was there about the puzzle, but didn’t mention it.

“Fine.” Chris rolled his eyes.

Alyson escorted them out of the room and back toward her office. “I sometimes help him with grading. He has so much to do.”

“Oh, yeah. I can imagine.” Maggie was nothing if not polite. She leaned in close to Nick and whispered in his ear, “That dude is a bit of an asshole, isn’t he?”

Nick grinned and nodded. The more he got to know Maggie, the more he thought everyone might be right about her.

“Sorry I didn’t respond to your texts, Nicky.” Alyson opened her office and let them in. She eyed Maggie cautiously. Maggie smiled brightly back at her. Alyson wasn’t exactly sure how to proceed with the young woman there. “Did you want to translate the ... um ... puzzle now?”

“Not with Chris.” Nick pulled the puzzle out of his backpack and handed it to Alyson.

“Yeah, I know. It’ll be hard, but I have the books here to do it.” Alyson opened the puzzle and looked at the glowing mineral inside it. “Well, let’s get to work.”

The two women didn’t take long to warm to one another. Maggie seemed to have a knack for translation, often leading Alyson in the right direction. They laughed together with excitement as they deciphered more and more of the riddle.

Nick sat and watched them work for a couple hours. He wasn’t all that helpful, but he was happy to see them get along. It was well past dinnertime when they finished.

“We did it!” Maggie was feeling strangely elated. Puzzling things together had been a ton of fun. “So, what’s with the glowing light?”

“We’re not sure.” Alyson shrugged. “It’s a mystery for another day, I guess.”

“So, what’s it say?” Nick was eager to hear what Enki had in store for them.

Alyson looked down at their notes. "*Fruit of the poisonous tree grows rotten. The virtuous tree bears ambrosia. Cut back weeds and sow a harvest worthy of Enki.*" She looked up at Nick to gauge his reaction. "We might be off on a word or two, but I think it's mostly right."

"I have no idea what that means." Nick scratched his head.

"Well, it's a riddle, silly." Maggie laughed. "We can talk about it on the way home." She looked at her phone. "And I should probably head home now. My mom will kill me if I'm out too late."

"Mine, too." Nick picked up the puzzle and put it in his backpack. "I'll hold on to this, okay?" He didn't trust his sister to keep it away from Chris.

"Yeah, sure." Alyson nodded. She didn't trust Chris not to find it and take it back if she left it in her office or apartment. "It was really nice meeting you, Maggie." She stood and gave Maggie a hug.

"Aww ... it was nice meeting you, too." Maggie squeezed Alyson and stepped back. "That was fun. We should do it again someday."

"Yeah, for sure." Alyson didn't tell her it was the final riddle in a long ordeal that had recently culminated in her brother spewing in her unprotected pussy. It seemed better to leave some things out.

Nick and Maggie said their goodbyes and left Alyson to grading Chris's papers. They walked back to the campus parking lot, making small talk about school. Once in Maggie's car, she grabbed Nick's shoulders and kissed him deeply. They made out for long enough that the car's windows fogged. Without thinking about it, Maggie rubbed his dick through his pants. The size of it sent shivers down her spine. He was every bit as big as she'd suspected. It took a lot of willpower to pull away from him and start the car. She rolled down the windows. "Okay ... okay ... well ... your sister seems nice."

"Yeah, we're really close." Nick's heart thumped in his chest. He tried to adjust his erection to a more comfortable position. His mom was going to have to help him when he got home. He prayed his dad was out watching the game with his buddies or something.

"I really like you, Nick. I'm glad we're ... spending time together." She flashed a smile at him.

"Me too, Maggie." Nick settled into his seat as they pulled out of the parking lot. They made small talk on the ride back. She dropped him off at home with a last, parting kiss. As Nick walked to the front door, he realized they hadn't talked about the riddle at all. It was just as well. How could she help him if he couldn't tell her about the six other riddles and everything else that had happened?

Nick opened the front door. "I'm home!" He didn't get a response, so he went to go find his mother.

## Chapter 21

“Mom?” Nick heard the TV in the basement. He descended the stairs and found his dad watching the game. Nick kept his lower half behind the door frame so the tent in his pants would be out of view. “Hi Dad. Where’s Mom?”

“I think she’s upstairs taking a shower.” Fred glanced at his son. “She was bummed you missed dinner. Your mother works hard around here, the least you can do is show up.”

“Um ... sorry ...”

“You were with that girl, Maggie, right?” Fred nodded and turned his attention back to the game. “I remember being your age. My old man yelled at me more than once for turning up late.” He turned the volume up on the TV. “I think your mom left dinner for you on the counter.”

“Thanks. I’ll just go to my room,” Nick mumbled and left. Once upstairs, he went straight to his parents’ room. He let himself in, crossed over to their bathroom and listened. He could hear the shower going. Would she be happy if he surprised her? It seemed less than likely with his dad home, but his hormones got the better of him, and he tried the handle. It was locked. “Mom?” Nick knocked. “Can I come in?”

“No ... Nicky.” Kate sounded a little short of breath.

Nick thought about the right way to phrase things. “My girlfriend dropped me off. We made out, but she left me with the biggest ... erection.” He tried to say the words loud enough for her to hear through a door with a running shower. He was glad his dad was all the way down in the basement. “I thought I could just play video games and forget about it. But I’m too worked up. And video games can’t compete with you.” There was a long pause. Nick waited. “Mom?”

The door opened a crack. “What’s your father doing right now?”

“He’s watching the game. Start of the third quarter.” Nick could see part of her large, hanging breast. Lower, he caught a glimpse of her shapely leg through the crack in the door. She was naked and dripping on the floor.

“Oh, gosh.” Kate peered at the tent in her son’s pants. “I’m going to regret this. Come in.” She opened the door wider and quickly closed it behind him. She made sure it was locked. “Your girlfriend left you high and dry?”

“Yeah, Mom.” Nick quickly undressed. He stared at her teardrop boobs. “And I missed dinner.”

Kate thought she knew what he really meant “I don’t suppose your girlfriend fed you. Are you hungry?” She pushed out her chest to offer him a nipple and took hold of his penis with her hand. “Oh ... my ... gosshhhhhh.” She sighed when his lips locked on her breast. “I’ll take good care of you, Nicky. Even ... when ... your girlfriend ... can’t.” She thought about turning the shower off. Normally, she wouldn’t waste the water, but she figured it would help hide what they were doing in case her husband wandered upstairs. Her husband! This wasn’t worth the risk. Why couldn’t she just wait until Fred went to sleep? “I have to take care of this ... now, don’t I?” Her hand worked hard on his penis as he drank. “You’re so pent up ... it can’t wait, right?”

“Mmmpppphhhhhhh.” Nick nodded into her breast. He thrust his hips, sliding his dick in her hand. His cock pressed against her belly repeatedly.

“Let’s be quick ... quick ...” She could feel his precum smearing on her skin. He smacked his thing into her again and again. She knew she should simply put him in her mouth and finish the job. Instead, she pushed him off her breast and turned around. “You have to promise ... you won’t put it in. Only my thighs, got it?” She put his penis between her legs and pressed them together. “Promise ... me ... you won’t put it ... anywhere ... else.” He had gotten her so worked up, she wasn’t thinking straight.

“I ... promise.” Nick stared at the delicate curve of her back where it turned into the rolling expanse of her ass. He stood stock still.

“Move your hips like you were doing before.” Kate put her hands up on the wall and waited. “Go on, sweetie. Talk to me about ... how you’ll cover me. It’s okay, I’ll rinse off in the shower. I want you to spray my back. I want to feel ... ugh ... the heat ... of it.” A shiver ran down her spine when he started pumping his thing between her thighs, rubbing against the bottom of her lips. “Talk to me ... sweetie. Tell ... me.”

“My girlfriend ... didn’t empty them, Mom.” Nick was growing to love her fantasies. “So ... I’m going to ... have to cover you in cum. It’ll ... be dripping off you. I’ll mark you with it. Dad will wonder why you smell –”

“Don’t talk about your ... uh ... uh ... father,” she hissed. “Not while he’s ... downstairs.”

He could tell from her tone that he’d almost ruined the moment. “Sorry ... Mom. It’s just that my girlfriend ... drove me crazy ... and left me high and dry.”

“Yeeesssssssss.” He hips bucked. Kate shut her eyes tight and orgasmed. Her mind left her for a few moments. When it returned, she could tell that she’d squirted all over him. He was incredibly slick.

“Can I pretend ... that I’m inside you?” Nick took hold of her hips. His only point of comparison was his sister. His mom’s hips were wider and offered more to hold onto.

“No ...” Kate shook her head and looked over her shoulder. The intensity in his face startled her. “Well ... okay. But only pretend.”

“Your pussy is so ... tight ... Mom.” Their skin slapped together loudly. “When my girlfriend ... won’t finish me ... only your pussy ... will do.”

“Don’t use ... ugh ... ugh ... the p-word ... Nicky.” She was going to climax again just from him rubbing on her lips. How was that even possible?

“Best ... pussy ... Mom.” Nick had pushed her successfully on accepting the word “cum.” He might get away with saying “pussy.” Deep inside, he yearned to stop playing pretend and stick his dick inside her. But he remembered how badly that had gone in the loops. “Gonna ... cum ... Mom.”

“Cum on me ... oh ... gosh ... yesssssss.” She felt his penis leave the protection of her thighs, and she knew he was finishing himself with his hands. She was so close herself. She wiggled her butt and reached between her legs. Rubbing her clit, she exploded a second after she felt the first hot splash hit her back. “Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii.” Her stifled scream sounded very loud in the small, steamy bathroom.

“Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Nick unloaded on his mother’s backside. When he was finished, she was covered from her hair down to her butt. There was even cum on the wall. He slapped his dick on her wiggling ass as he finished, listening to her mewl. “Wow ... Mom. That was ... amazing.”

“Yeah ... honey ... it was.” Kate leaned against the wall and panted. Sweat dripped down her boobs. What had they just done? “Okay ... okay ... I’ll clean up in here.” The feeling of his heavy penis resting on her butt cheek sent a shiver down her spine. “You have to go ...” She tried to clear her head. The door handle rattled as Nick unlocked it. “Get dressed first!” She turned and helped him pick up his clothes. “If your father catches us ...”

“Yeah ... sorry ...” Nick was normally all smiles after hanging out with his mom. But this time they both wore serious expressions. He dressed quickly.

“This was my fault, Nicky.” Kate took a towel and mopped up the puddle on the tile underneath where she had been standing. “I got carried away. I shouldn’t have invited you in.”

Nick poked his head out of the door. The coast was clear. He looked back at her as she cleaned the floor. “I’m sorry, Mom. You’re just ... too perfect. It was my fault, too.”

The barest hint of a smile flickered on her face. “Just go! We’ll talk later.” She watched him disappear out the door. She listened for her husband’s angry voice, but of course he was still engrossed in the game. There was only silence. They had dodged a bullet. She sighed, locked the door, and went about cleaning in earnest.

~~

Kate wore her new lingerie for Fred that night. She wasn't sure if it was guilt, or if Nick had simply wound her up so tight that she craved dirty sex. Whatever the cause, she needed intimate time with her husband. As Fred pulled on his pajamas, Kate sashayed into the room, making sure to sway her hips and jiggle her heavy boobs.

"Wow ... I like the new threads, Katie." Fred admired his wife. "And the new boobs. But I have to go in early for work tomorrow. Can we do this another night?"

"Really?" She tried not to look disappointed. She wondered what Nick would have done if she'd walked up to him dressed as she was. He wouldn't have turned her down. "It's been a while since you went around back." She held up the bottle of lube for him to see. "I thought we could do something special. I don't mind if it's a quickie." Which was good, because it was always a quickie with Fred.

"Your butt?" Fred shook his head slowly. "You drive a hard bargain, Mrs. Dobson." He leaped from the bed and grabbed his wife.

A few minutes later, Kate was on her belly with her husband behind her. "Uh ... uh ... uh ... Fred ... you really like it ... back there?"

"Heck ... yeah ... Katie." Fred pounded away. It wasn't going to take long. She was so tight. "What's so ... special about ... tonight?"

"Oh ... ugh ... ugh ..." Kate couldn't tell him that she was pretending that Nick was behind her, or that she was flirting with the idea of what it would be like to take her son's enormous penis back there. She felt so full with Fred, but maybe ... she would be able to take something bigger. Maybe ... "I just wanted to feel ... uh ... uh ... uh ... close to you." At least that part was true.

A couple minutes later, Fred finished, rolled off his wife, and fell asleep. Kate waited for her heart to slow down then went into the bathroom and cleaned herself up. The lingerie went into the laundry, and she put on a t-shirt and panties. She felt a little sore when she crawled into bed. How sore would she be if it had been Nick? What expression would there be on his handsome face if she looked behind to see her son thrusting into her butt?

Questions swirled through her head. She climbed out of bed. Her intent was to masturbate in the bathroom, but her feet carried her out of the bedroom. She listened at her son's door, but it was quiet. He was sleeping. He'd had such a busy day. Kate continued down the dark hall and quietly descended the stairs.

Light flooded the kitchen when she opened the refrigerator. The vegetable bin was well stocked. Had she gone completely insane? Maybe. She pulled out a carrot and circled her hand around it. About the size of her husband. She put it back. Behind it waited a large cucumber. "Gosh ... it's almost as big as Nick." Kate pulled it out of the fridge and closed the door. A streetlight gave her ample illumination to move around the kitchen. She washed the large thing in the sink, humming to herself. She dried it, pulled out a bottle of olive oil, and slathered half the cucumber. She shivered as she tried to circle her hand around it. Her thumb and forefinger only just met.

Kate padded silently into the bathroom and locked the door. She would give this a try, it wouldn't fit, and then she could forget all about it. Sitting on the edge of the toilet, she pulled off her panties and lifted the hem of her t-shirt out of the way. She tilted her hips up and moved the cucumber into place. "If your girlfriend won't help you, I'll do it," she whispered to the vegetable, nudging her asshole with its slick, blunt tip. "Oooohhhhhhhhhh ... gosh ... that's ... huuuuuuuge." The tip slid in. She hadn't expected to even get that far, but maybe Fred had loosened her up enough.

Little by little she inched the green monster into her butt. She stared down at the thing as it slowly disappeared. When she had gone halfway, she stopped. That was enough. She pulled it most of the way out, thinking she would dislodge it, but instead, pushed it back in. She did it again. And again. And that's how she started humping the cucumber. "Ohhhhhhhh ... Nicky ... you're going to turn me ... inside out." She moved her left hand to her vagina, and rubbed little circles on her clit. Her legs trembled and sparks shot through her nerves. Her butt was on the verge of pain, but it didn't really hurt. Had she somehow planned for this? Had she subconsciously tricked her husband into loosening her for this act of depravity?

"Would you rather ... ugh ... be with ... Mommy ... or play your ... video games?" Her voice was hoarse and strained. The hand pumping the cucumber kept a steady rhythm, while her rubbing hand sped up. She could see her thighs visibly shaking. Shooting stars blazed before her eyes. She bit her lip. "Mmmmmpppphhhhhhh." With several violent jerks from her hips, Kate climaxed. Her vagina squirted across the bathroom, hitting the door. She nearly fell off the toilet. Surge after surge of ecstasy moved through her.

"Holy ... moly ... that was ... intense." Slowly, Kate pulled the cucumber out of her butt with a plop. She was going to be more than a little sore tomorrow. What had possessed her? She shook her head. Her whole body buzzed as she pulled on her panties and cleaned up what she'd squirted across the bathroom.

On her way through the kitchen, she put the cucumber in the compost bin. She hated to waste it, but she supposed ... she hadn't really wasted it. She washed her hands and went back to bed, exhausted.

~~

“Are you okay, Mom?” Nick watched his mother move around the kitchen gingerly.  
“You’re walking funny.”

“I’m okay.” Kate’s cheeks turned a shade of deep crimson. She would never tell a soul why she was so sore.

“She’ll be fine, Nick.” Fred smirked, thinking he was the cause. “Your mom and I just had a little too much fun last night after you went to bed.”

“Don’t talk like that, Fred.” Kate gave her husband a warning look. She smiled at Nick.  
“It’s nothing, sweetie.”

“Gross, Dad.” Nick looked down at his plate. He dropped his bagel. His stomach turned over. “I mean, whatever.” He had told her that they could keep having sex. But he’d also said he didn’t want to know about it.

“Your father’s just joking.” Kate grabbed her toast, put it on her plate, and gritted her teeth as she sat down at the table. Her husband leered at her, and her poor son stared at his half-eaten bagel. “Right, Fred?”

“Just joking.” Fred laughed and looked at the clock. “Oh, shit. I was supposed to leave early today.”

“Language, Fred.” She watched her husband rush to get ready, and then sprint out the door with not so much as a goodbye.

Mother and son sat in the quiet kitchen, Kate slowly munching her toast.

“I’ve got some time before school. Would you like to ... um ... hang out?” Nick finally looked up at his mother. She looked quite uncomfortable. “Or we could ... play a game maybe? There’s that story that’s hot on Reddit right now about the apple thief and the cider frau.” Nick smiled as her expression softened. “I was thinking I would be the apple thief, and you’d be the cider frau. But we could do it the other way around.”

Kate giggled. “I do think we should take advantage of hang out time when your father is out of the house.”

“Great.” Nick stood up.

“But ...” She held out her hand, palm forward. “I can’t do anything today. I think I pulled a muscle yesterday.” She wiggled her butt on the chair and winced. “Sorry, Nicky. Can you take a rain check? I would like to be ... what did you say? The cider frau?”

“Yeah.” Nick nodded. His brow furrowed in concern. She looked like she was in pain.

“I might even have the perfect costume. It’s an Oktoberfest kind of thing, right?”

“Yeah. That would be awesome.” He held his breath. “Are you sure you’re okay? Dad didn’t ... he didn’t ... hit you?”

“Oh, heavens no. Nothing like that.” Kate sipped her coffee. “Don’t even think that, Nicky. I just went a little crazy with yoga. That’s all.”

“Okay.” Nick nodded. He stepped over to her and kissed her on the cheek. “I’m going to get ready. Let me know if you need anything.”

“That’s my line.” She smiled at him until he left the room. Then she winced again.

~~

*Can you check in on Mom today? She seems ... off.* Nick texted his sister as he walked to school. It would be good to get Alyson to swing by the house.

*What did you do now?* Alyson texted back.

*It wasn’t me.* Nick swiped the keyboard. He could hear a chickadee in the trees above him. *But I do have some stuff to tell you about her. And maybe we could talk about the last riddle. Can you stay until I get back?*

*Sure. I’ll stop by today.* Alyson replied. *Gotta go. At the gym.*

~~

When Alyson parked in the driveway, butterflies flapped in her belly, her panties dampened, and her pulse beat in her ears. She turned the car off and stared at the front door. Strange that the sight of her family home would cause her body to go haywire. The thought of spending time with Nick was becoming something of an overwhelming force. She would cut it off with him ... eventually. For Chris’s sake. She could stop with Nick anytime, she just ... wasn’t ready yet.

After exiting the car, Alyson stood in the late morning sun, still staring at the house. She rubbed her sweaty palms on her skirt. A realization hit her. This would be the first time she’d spent significant time alone with her mother since the milk incident. Her heart

wasn't beating out of her chest just because of her brother. Could she get her sweet mother to latch onto her nipple again? She walked to the door and let herself in.

"Mom?" Alyson walked around the first floor, didn't find her mother, and went upstairs. She heard groaning from her mother's bathroom. Her stomach sank. Nick had said she was off. Was her mom sick? "Mom? You okay?"

"Oh ... Alyson ... I didn't expect you ... so soon." Kate's voice was strained. "I'll be out ... in a ... minute."

"You okay, Mom?" Alyson put her ear against the door. She could hear the shower starting up.

"Give me a little ... privacy in the bathroom ... please."

Alyson shrugged and went to her room.

~~

"Hello, Alyson." Kate hobbled into her daughter's room. Her smile was taut. "Are you staying for lunch?"

"Yeah, Mom. I thought we could hang out." Alyson turned from her computer and watched her mother wince as she sat on the bed. "Nick was worried about you, so I skipped class to stop by."

"Oh ... that's silly. You didn't have to bother." Kate tried to wave the notion away. "Nick was just being overprotective. I pulled a muscle last night. I'm fine. You can go back to work."

"Which muscle did you pull? Did you try stretching?" Alyson got up and sat next to her mother. She tried to control her pulse. This was her mother, and she'd obviously hurt herself. Even so, she couldn't stop staring at her full lips.

"I'm plenty stretched out, Alyson." Kate nodded grimly. "No mother-daughter yoga today, I'm afraid."

"It's cool, Mom." Alyson lovingly rubbed her mom's thigh. "We can just talk and have some lunch. I'm going to hang around until Nick gets home from school. I want to talk to him."

"You two have gotten very close." Kate raised an eyebrow.

Alyson nodded.

“Has he ... said anything about me?” Kate blushed.

“Like what?” Alyson blinked at her innocently. Their faces were so near that she could feel her mother’s sweet, warm breath on her cheek.

“Oh, nothing.”

“He has said that he thinks you’re the best mom in the world, and he’d do anything for you.” Alyson leaned in a little closer. “I feel the same way. You’re the best, Mom.”

“Thank you, Alyson.” Kate sat very stiffly.

“I’ve been thinking about the other day when you helped me with my problem.”

“I’m not sure ... what you mean.” Kate put her hand to her mouth and cleared her throat.

“You know, about my boobs.” Alyson grabbed the hem of her overlarge sweater and lifted it over her head. Her pulse sounded like the timpani section of an orchestra. “The milk you tasted for me.” She reached behind her, unclasped her bra, and let it fall to the floor. “I wonder if you might try some again? I’m still worried about it.” The pretense was flimsy. Alyson was letting her hormones take over. The very next time she was alone with her mother, and her tits were out in the open.

“Alyson ... I ... um ...” Kate felt the situation sliding away from her. She stared at her daughter’s round, ample breasts. Like Nick, her daughter was so full of life. So full of youth. So ... full. “You want me to taste ... your milk ... again?” Without thinking about it, she found herself tracing her fingertip along the meandering, blue veins. They looked so vulnerable out in the open, so in need of a mother’s protection. But instead of covering them up, Kate leaned forward. Life had swept her off her feet, and she didn’t know where she’d land.

This time, Alyson wasn’t putting much effort into pretending to be clinical.

“Oooohhhh ... Mom ... that’s good.” Lacing her fingers in her mother’s hair, she held Kate firmly to her breast. The room filled with gulping sounds.

“Mmmmmmmmm.” Kate basked in the sensations of her daughter’s dulcet offering. She understood why Nick so happily latched onto her own breasts. Her tongue begged for more of the sweetness, and her belly filled with comforting warmth. Was this going to be a regular thing now? Would she drown in her son’s sperm *and* her daughter’s milk? She lost all track of time as she drank and drank. Once she had her fill, she pulled off the nipple and rested her cheek on Alyson’s soft boob. They curled up together and napped.

Eventually, Kate felt Alyson pushing at her shoulder. Kate blinked up at her.

“Was that good, Mom?” Alyson had expected none of this when she’d answered her brother’s text. But everything that was happening seemed set in stone. Her mother was meant to be at her breast. And Alyson was ... meant to be at her mother’s, of course. Nothing could be more natural.

“It was ... wonderful.” Kate nodded her head and straightened up. A timid smile spread across her face. “But we should stop now.” She tried to compose herself. “Your brother will be home soon ... what are you doing?” She watched Alyson unbutton Kate’s blouse, but did nothing to stop her.

“Is this a new bra, Mom?” Alyson removed the blouse from her mother.

“Your father and I ... got it when we went shopping.” Kate let Alyson take off her bra. Slowly, her daughter leaned down to her boob. “Oh ... Alyson ... I’m not sure we should ...” She saw her daughter’s eyelids flutter as she got her first taste, and then Alyson drank. Kate winced as she shifted her weight, and sighed. She ran her fingers gently up and down Alyson’s delicate back. “You’ve always been ... so sweet ... Alyson ... I—”

“Mom! Alyson! I’m home.” Nick’s muffled voice carried up to them.

Alyson lurched off her mother with wide eyes. “Shit!” She threw on her sweater, and saw her mother fumbling with her bra. “No time, Mom,” she whispered. “Just put on your blouse.” She pulled the bra from her mom’s panicked fingers, and tossed it on the bed. She helped her into her shirt, buttoning it as quickly as she could. Kate’s fingers were shaking so much she wasn’t much help. They could hear Nick calling out to them as he searched the house. “Okay.” Alyson finished buttoning, straightened the blouse and moved over to her desk chair just as Nick knocked on the door.

“Alyson?” Nick’s voice sounded a little worried.

“Come in, Nick.” Alyson smiled when he entered the room. She reminded herself that she’d tell him about it later anyway. It wasn’t a big deal if he caught them. But judging from her mother’s pale face and wooden posture, she felt very differently.

“Oh, there you are.” Nick smiled broadly when he saw them. “Are you feeling better, Mom?”

“Yes, Nicky. Thank you.” Kate stood stiffly and kissed him on the cheek. “I’m feeling better.” She realized they had forgotten about lunch. But then again, maybe they hadn’t. Not really. “I’m going to go shower.”

“Okay.” Nick stared at her blouse. She was clearly not wearing a bra under the thin material, and her left breast was leaking. A dark stain spread over the nipple. Kate didn’t seem to realize it as she hobbled out of the room.

“Bye, Mom.” Alyson called after her. “Good talk.” When their mother was gone, she got up and closed the door. “Holy shit. We have to talk.”

“Me first.” Nick had a dumb, wide grin on his face. “Maggie and I made out behind the bleachers today during fifth period. I’ve never done anything ...”

Alyson let him talk, thinking back on her amazing day. She sat down in her desk chair and tried to look like she cared about Maggie Chalmers. Nick’s story went on and on. Eventually, she settled on a way to shut him up. She stood and pulled down her skirt and panties. She stepped out of them, sat back down, and spread her legs. Her brother stopped talking and stared at her pussy. Alyson tried to suppress a smile. “Ready to hear about my day?”

## Chapter 22

“Every time ... ugh ... you eat me ... it gets ... better.” Alyson ran her hands through her brother’s hair.

“Tell me ... more ... about ... Mom,” Nick said between licks. While he was munching on his sister’s pussy, she told him how she had gotten their mother to drink her milk again, how the two of them had napped together, and how Kate then fed Alyson.

“That ... was it ... Nicky.” Alyson shuddered when he moved up to her clit. In the loops, she had to teach Nick the basics of oral. Her knowledge had come mostly from Chris. Now, Nick could teach them both a few things. Not that she’d tell her fiancé that her brother was opening a master class in oral sex. “When you came home ... you interrupted us.”

“Can you ... imagine ... if Mom was down here ... instead of me?” He sucked her clit gently into his mouth.

“Oh ... shiiiiiiiiiiiiit ... yeeesssssss.” Alyson could imagine it very well indeed, and the thought sent her mind spiraling. *Her sweet mom lapping her pussy.* Alyson’s legs shook violently, and she came on her brother’s face.

Afterward, they washed up, dressed, and chatted in Alyson’s room.

“So, you think Mom’s okay?” Nick sat cross-legged on her bed watching his sister swivel side to side in her desk chair. “You don’t think Dad did anything?”

“No, I’m pretty good at reading her. She wasn’t hiding anything. Just a pulled muscle.” She waved off his worries with her hand. “Let’s talk puzzle.”

Nick wanted to ask her about Chris. He was hoping things might have soured between them. But she seemed to be leaving him out of their conversation on purpose. “As I remember it, the riddle goes *Fruit of the poisonous tree grows rotten. The virtuous tree bears ambrosia. Cut back weeds and sow a harvest worthy of Enki.*” He was used to memorizing the riddles from his time in the loops when it was pointless to write anything down. “I’ve been thinking about it a lot.” Nick rubbed his chin. “And I have no idea what Enki means. You?”

“I’ve been thinking about it, too.” Alyson nodded and smiled. She liked her brother’s somber, contemplative face. It aged him beyond his eighteen years. “We’re meant to sow and reap. Obviously, my mind went to pregnancy. But even Enki wouldn’t be crazy enough to ask you to knock up Mom.”

“Never gonna happen.” Nick nodded. He twisted his face in disgust, so that his sister would know he would draw the line somewhere. “And even if I was willing, she’d never

in a million years let me. Yesterday, she put me between her thighs, and you should have seen how strict she was about keeping my dick there.”

Alyson’s eyes widened. “She did what now?”

“I didn’t tell you?” Nick said casually. He laughed and regaled her with the story of how he’d humped their mom’s thighs in the bathroom, while their father watched TV in the basement. “The trick with Mom is to appeal to her fantasies.”

“Go on.” Alyson’s hand snaked under her dress and rubbed between her legs.

“It’s pretty wild, actually. Who knew she was so kinky?” Nick told her about their mother’s interest in outcompeting video games, in finishing what his girlfriend couldn’t, and drowning in cum. He also mentioned they had a future date playing “apple thief and cider frau.”

“I don’t know what the hell a ‘cider frau’ is, but I want to see Mom dressed as one.” Alyson undressed again. Speaking of wild, she couldn’t get enough of what was happening at home. “Did she really ask you to drown her in cum?” Alyson pulled off her panties.

“She did.” Nick watched his naked sister climb onto the bed and start removing his clothes. “And I’d love to talk about it with you while we’re naked and everything ... but we were pressing our luck earlier. We shouldn’t do this with Mom home. She’ll die if she catches us.”

“I’m sorry, Nick. Of course, you’re right.” But she pulled his shirt over his head and ran her fingers along his abs. “I’ll be quick.” She released his cock, happy that it was fat and hard. “Just keep telling me about her fantasies.”

“Maybe we could go to your place?” Nick wasn’t used to being the responsible one. “And are you still safe?”

“Shit ... what time is it?” Alyson looked at her phone. “I have to be at the gym in an hour.” She mounted her brother and slid his cock inside her. “I don’t think ... I’m safe ... anymore ... so ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... pull out.” Her hips found the familiar rhythm, taking him with impossibly long strokes.

“Ugh ... okay ...” Nick stopped protesting. His sister’s tits bounced in his face and her pussy gripped his cock. His smaller head slipped into the decision-making driver’s seat. “Do you want ... to ... ugh ... drown in my cum ... too?”

“Oh ... my ... God ... yeeeeessssss.” She bit down on his shoulder to keep from screaming. An orgasm swept through her. A few seconds later, her hips went back to work. “Nicky ... Nicky ... promise me ... you’ll drown me ... uh ... uh ... when you’re ready.”

“You ... ugh ... want to drink it?” Nick was starting to wonder just how kinky the women in his family were. He didn’t think this was all Enki’s doing.

“Drown ... me ... uuuuggggghhhhhh.” Alyson let her head fall back and came again. She might have been a little too loud with her second climax, but it was hard to care in the moment. Her hips paused for the orgasm and then started back up.

The door swung open. “Is everything all right ...” Kate froze with her hand on the handle when she saw what her children were up to. Her hand went to her mouth. “Oh ... gosh ... ooohhhhhh ... no.”

Alyson froze, too. She was facing her mother. “Mom ... I’m sorry ... it’s ...” She panted, not knowing what to say.

“Oh ... gosh.” Kate shook her head steadily. “You ... um ... well, get off him. Get off your brother. If your father found you instead of me ... oh ... gosh.” She watched Alyson dismount from Nick. Kate stepped further into the room to see his penis. “Oh ... no ... not even a condom ... oh ... gosh.” Kate felt lightheaded. Was this her fault? Had she somehow done this to them with all the games she’d been playing with Nick?

“Let me explain, Mom.” Nick wrapped himself in Alyson’s blanket as his sister hastily dressed. “We were stuck in time loops. The same day over and over. And we got closer because of it. And it seemed ...” He lunged and caught his mother as she fell sideways.

“We killed Mom. Shit, shit, shit.” Alyson stared at Kate. “I didn’t mean to.”

“I think she fainted.” Nick could see Kate was still breathing.

“What do we do?” Alyson, her dress halfway on, rubbed her hands together in anguish. “I miss the loops, Nicky.” She meant it. There was no way to know how this would play out, but it wouldn’t be good. Of that, Alyson was sure.

“Mom? Mom?” Nick caressed her cheek, holding her on his lap. They were perched on the edge of the bed.

“Nicky?” Kate’s eyelids fluttered open. She looked up at her handsome son. All she could think was that she should have seen this coming. She pushed away from him and slowly got to her feet. She wavered and almost toppled over again but caught her balance. “You two may not spend any time alone together. Ever again.” She looked from one to the other. She wasn’t being a hypocrite, was she? No, she wasn’t. She would never let Nick put his thing in her vagina. Alyson should have known better.

Silence filled the room.

“Mom ... what Nick said about the loops sounds crazy.” Alyson finished putting on her dress. “But it’s true. My puzzle is magic. He accidentally started it and –”

“Do I look stupid, Alyson?” Some color came back to Kate’s face. Her eyebrows knit together. “Stop it with that nonsense. Go back to your apartment. Nicky, you’re grounded in your room.”

“But –” both siblings started.

“You could have gotten pregnant!” Kate screamed at the top of her voice. Her life was hurtling downhill without any brakes. She needed to assert control. “Go, Alyson. Go, Nick. Now!”

Alyson and Nick exchanged a glance. She left the room first, hurrying off to meet Chris at the gym.

Nick stood, still wrapped in the blanket. “Mom ... I ...”

“You need to keep it in your pants, Nick.” Kate crossed her arms. “I’m rethinking everything right now. I know your hormones are going crazy, but you have to be smart.” She cut him off before he could say anything. A sudden burst of rage hit her. “She can’t have your fucking baby, Nick. She’s engaged. She’s working on her degree. She’s your fucking sister!”

Nick shut his mouth tight. She had cursed twice in four sentences. This was the angriest he’d ever seen her, including all those years he’d been a jerk to her. “I’m sorry.” He hung his head and walked back to his room, taking his sister’s blanket with him. He slumped onto his bed and looked up at the ceiling. He checked his phone. There were a bunch of messages from Maggie. He tossed the phone on the floor. Birdsong directed his attention to the window. “Not today, Chirpee. I think I need to be alone.” He didn’t open the window. Instead, he closed his eyes and wondered how royally he’d screwed things up. His stomach turned over and over. Maybe if he went to sleep, it would be today all over again.

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Nick slept through dinner. No one knocked on his door to wake him. When he finally woke, the next day was upon him. There was no loop, just reaping what he’d sown. The thought reminded him that he and Alyson hadn’t made any headway on the riddle. What did it matter? Enki could wait.

Fred looked up from his breakfast when his son arrived in the kitchen. “Your mother said you were sick. Feeling better?”

“She said I was sick?” Nick scratched his head. It made sense, if Kate told his father that Nick was grounded, he’d ask why, and obviously she didn’t want to tell him.

Fred stared at his son like he was a moron.

“Yeah, I was pretty sick last night.” Nick muffled a cough with his arm. “I’m feeling better.”

“Good. Don’t want you missing any school.” Fred nodded with satisfaction and went back to reading his phone.

“Yeah.” Nick poured himself some cereal and sat down. When his mom entered the kitchen a few minutes later, she didn’t even look at him. “Morning, Mom.”

“Hello, Nick.” Kate’s voice was cold as ice. She filled up a glass at the sink, drank the water, and put the glass down, never looking at her son. She hadn’t the faintest clue what to do with him. “Fred, would you like to join me upstairs for a few minutes?”

“I’m reading, Katie.” Fred didn’t look up from his phone.

“I’ll make it worth your while.” She forced a smile. It was petty and twisted using Fred to punish Nick. But it was also quite satisfying.

“Well, okay. I could spare a few minutes.” Fred got up with a smirk on his face and hurried upstairs.

“Don’t be late for school.” Kate followed her husband. Her butt was feeling much better after the cucumber incident. Maybe she’d let Fred get really lucky.

It was still early, but when Nick heard the thumping coming from his parents’ bedroom, he quickly packed his stuff and walked out the front door. He took a meandering walk, cutting through the nature preserve he and his mom had hiked recently. Nick was quite surprised when a tree stepped into his path. When he saw Enki’s knobby face, Nick’s shoulders slouched, and he stopped dead in his tracks.

“The weeds multiply, young one.” Enki seemed to be eyeing a birch tree nearby like it might be a rival. He didn’t look at Nick. “Fruit of the poisonous tree grows rotten.”

“I don’t understand.” Nick shook his head. “Can we just be done? No more riddles?”

Enki’s face slowly turned toward Nick. His gaze burrowed into the youth. “Do you think this all a game? A triviality that we can start and leave incomplete?”

“No?” Nick shrugged.

“Use your gifts and set things right.” Enki seemed to lose interest in Nick. He turned his gaze back to the birch. “Then solve the last riddle. If you do not claim victory, I will.” The god vanished.

“What the fuck does that mean?” Nick’s mind swam with competing thoughts. Nothing made sense. He didn’t know how to set things right, but he figured he could start by

checking in on his sister. He texted *you okay?* Nick continued on his walk. By the time he had to turn off his phone at school, she hadn't texted him back.

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"What's wrong?" Maggie sat next to Nick on the bleachers. The day before, he'd kissed her like his life depended on it. Today, they stared out at the empty field. "Did I do something? Because I want you to know you can talk to me about anything." She gave him an encouraging smile.

"I'm sorry, Maggie. It's not you." Nick took her hand and held it. "I hurt my mom's feelings last night, and I feel ... terrible."

"Oh." Maggie frowned. "You and your mom are really close, right?"

"Yeah."

"Want to tell me what happened?" She was certain that he didn't, but it was always worth giving him the option. Most boys were a closed book, but she found Nick to be fairly open and emotionally intelligent.

"I wish I could. But it's complicated." Nick felt so comfortable around her that he almost let it all spill out. Of course, she'd think he was insane if she heard half of what he'd done in the loops and afterward. "Maybe you could help me forget?" He leaned toward her and kissed her on the lips. Her breath was warm and sweet.

Maggie looked around. They were all alone. No one went out there during third period. "I know how to distract you." She took his hand and slipped it under her sweater. She smiled when he squeezed gently. He wasn't a rabid dog like most boys when she allowed them to feel her up. He rolled his hands around her bra, and flicked his thumb on her nipple for one teasing moment. She shivered. He knew what he was doing.

They made out until the bell rang. Then they collected their backpacks and went to class. They couldn't cut all day.

~~

Soccer practice wore Nick out, but he was happy that it delayed his inevitable return home. Whatever was going to happen with his mom, it was going to be bad. He could

feel it in his bones. Whether she gave him the cold shoulder, or screamed at him, he didn't see how she would forgive him.

As he was walking home, Maggie pulled her car up next him and offered him a ride. He declined. "It's time to face the music." He leaned into the car and tried to smile.

"If you survive tonight, I promise to give you more distractions tomorrow." Maggie's smile shone like a beacon.

"You're the best." He waved her on and watched her car drive away. He wondered if she ever struggled with anything. Nick hung his head and plodded home.

Usually, he would announce his arrival when returning home. But instead, he slunk in through the front door, quietly hung his backpack on a hook, and took off his shoes. He found his mom curled up on the sofa in the living room reading a book. The glare from the window reflected off her glasses, making it hard to see her eyes. Her hair was in a ponytail, and she wore a thick turtleneck sweater over her dress. "Hello, Mom. You look cozy."

"Hello, Nick." Kate didn't look up from her book. "Run along and get your homework done. I'll start dinner soon."

"I can help with dinner."

"Not tonight." Kate sighed. "Run along, Nicky."

Nick sat down on the edge of the armchair opposite the sofa. "Look, I have no excuse. What I did was stupid."

Kate took off her glasses and looked over at him. "She's your *sister*, Nicky." Her voice was soft and barely carried in the room. "And if you're doing something like that with her, what are you doing with other girls? I'm not ready to be a grandmother. And you're not ready to be a father."

"I agree." He nodded, happy at least that she was making eye contact with him. "Maggie and I haven't done anything like that. And you know Jess and I never did because of my size. A lot of crazy things happened with me and Alyson. It threw us together."

"Your sister took your virginity?" Kate had thought he was some Lothario. But maybe she'd had it all wrong.

"Well ... yes ... but ..." He knew she would shut down if he launched into an explanation of Enki and the loops. "It's my fault. I shouldn't have let you down like that."

Kate chewed on her lip. She found her bookmark, closed the book, and put it on the coffee table. "You must be so confused about us. And then your sister ... I keep forgetting that you're only eighteen. You've matured so much recently."

“What do you need from me, Mom?”

“You see, that’s the maturity I’m talking about.” She continued to chew on her lip. “I need you to go do your homework and give me some time to think.” When he didn’t move, she waved her hands at him. “Go on. When you’re done, you can come down and help me make dinner.”

“Okay.” Nick nodded, his face still solemn. He left and went up to his room. When he checked his phone, he saw that Maggie had texted *Do you still live?* Nick texted back a shrugging emoji. He really wasn’t sure. But his balls ached. He had been so preoccupied with everything that had happened, he hadn’t cum once that day. Now that he thought about it, that had to be some kind of record since Enki had changed him. He could do homework later. He fired up the computer, found some porn, and fapped for an hour.

He came three times before heading downstairs to help with dinner. Kate had classical music playing while she chopped celery. Nick saw potatoes by the sink and went to scrub them without saying a word. When he was done washing, he brought them over to her cutting board.

Kate eyed her son speculatively. “Tell me how it happened.” She picked up a potato and quartered it with the knife. “I know your sister is having issues with Chris and ...” Kate took a deep breath. “You have to promise you won’t tell anyone what I’m about to tell you. And that you won’t ... judge me.”

“I promise.” Nick leaned against the counter and watched her chop. He had no idea what she was going to say.

Kate took several more deep breaths. “Your sister sort of ... tried to ... um ... seduce me. I think she made up an excuse to have me ...” Kate couldn’t find her voice all of a sudden.

“You two kissed?”

“No. Goodness, no. But I did ... drink from her breast. And she drank from mine. Maybe whatever has given us milk is driving all our hormones haywire.” She glanced at him, and then back at the potatoes. “I’m not like this, Nicky. I mean, I wasn’t ever like this with you and Alyson. But ... I’m ... I don’t know.” She sighed. “You must think I’m a hypocrite.”

“What Alyson and I did was worse.” Nick was glad the conversation had moved on from how it happened with Alyson. He wasn’t sure how to answer that one.

“Yes, it was.” Kate nodded enthusiastically. “Much worse. But ... um ... I’ve made mistakes, too.”

“Was our hangout time a mistake?” The words fell out of his mouth. He immediately regretted them. What if she said it was?

Kate continued dicing. After a few seconds, she shook her head.

“It’s not?” Nick exhaled. “It’s the best thing that ever happened to me.”

A surge of jealous heat hit Kate. She almost made him say that she was better than her daughter. But that was ludicrous. “So, we’ve both made mistakes with Alyson. I’m going to have a long talk with her. But I meant what I said yesterday. I don’t want you two alone together. Got it?”

“Yes, Mom.” Nick nodded. It wasn’t a sustainable promise, but he’d give his mom some time. Alyson wasn’t answering his texts anyway.

“And you have to promise me that you’ll always use a condom with Maggie, or any other girlfriend. You have to be safe.” Kate looked over at him. He was hanging on her every word, his face full of remorse and caring.

“I promise.” He could do that one. He wondered if he and Alyson would have kept using condoms if one hadn’t broken the first time they had sex. That was no excuse. He could have bought bigger ones. “Dad will be home soon. I’ll set the table.”

“Set it for two. Your father is watching the game with his buddies tonight.” Kate watched him go about setting the table. “Are you ... hard, Nicky?” The outline of his thing was unmistakable in his pants.

“Sorry, Mom. It’s a Pavlovian thing. With Dad being out of the house, it would usually be hangout time for us.” He moved stiffly as he laid out the silverware.

“Well, not tonight, sweetie.” The muscles that had been tight and bunched in Kate’s shoulders since the day before finally relaxed. It was good to talk with Nick. And as she searched her thoughts, she found that it was an incredible relief to tell him about Alyson. Her son was such a good listener. Her heart warmed toward Nick. She suddenly had a hard time remembering the anger that had so consumed her.

They had a pleasant dinner together. She offered him wine, and they each had two glasses. He complimented her cooking and her beauty to the point where she blushed profusely. He told her about making out with Maggie. Kate scolded him for cutting class, but she didn’t really mean it. She had called in sick for him recently. He was a good student and old enough to take responsibility for missing a class or two. After dinner, they cleared the table and cleaned the kitchen.

“Thank you for talking with me, Nicky. I feel better now. I know you’ll make good decisions going forward.” Kate leaned over the dishwasher as she filled it with dirty plates. She yelped when she felt a light slap on her butt. She didn’t scold him for that. She smiled.

“Thank you, Mom. I thought ...” He put his hand on her back and gently ran his fingers along her arched spine. “I thought you might stay mad at me forever.”

“I’m your mother, Nicky.” She straightened and turned toward him. “There’s no way I could stay mad at you forever.” She stepped closer to him. Her lips parted. She had meant to take a break from all their crazy stuff, but he looked so handsome, and she felt so close to him. She tilted her chin a little to the side and waited.

Nick read the room. She had said nothing was going to happen that night. But her kiss-me face was unmistakable. “Dad’s probably not going to be home for a while.”

“That’s right.”

“My girlfriend left me high and dry today, Mom.” Nick put his hands on her hips.

“None of that business right now, sweetie.” She leaned her face closer. “Just kiss me.”

“Okay.” Nick pulled her up against him and locked his lips on hers. He was surprised when she wrapped her arms around his shoulders and her tongue eagerly greeted his. Given everything that had happened, he thought she might be a little more reserved. He wasn’t going to complain. She was an amazing kisser.

They made out in the kitchen for a long time. Eventually, his hands wrapped around her and kneaded her ass through her dress. Her hands ran through the back of his hair. Sparks flew between them.

Kate’s ringing phone pulled them out of their trance. She broke the kiss and retrieved her phone from her purse “It’s your father.” She looked down at the monstrous bulge in Nick’s pants. “Hello? Yes, dear ... No, it’s fine.” While her husband told her he’d be late, Kate continued to stare at Nick. “Yes ... I’ll be in bed when you get home ... good night.” She disconnected.

“We have more time?” Nick tried not to look too eager.

“We do, but ...” She went back to chewing her lip. “I’m not ready for anything else tonight. This has all been too much. I see that you’re hard and need some attention, but I can’t give it to you. I’m sorry, Nick. You’ll have to take care of it yourself.”

“Yeah, no problem.” His face fell.

“I’m going to go to bed early. I suggest you do the same.” She walked over, gave him a kiss on the cheek, and slapped his tight, young butt. “Don’t be too hard on yourself. You’re a good guy, Nicky.” She kissed him once more on the cheek, turned, and walked toward the stairs. “Good night.”

“Good night, Mom.” Nick watched her rolling butt and swaying dress disappear through the doorway. She had blue-balled him, and he didn’t blame her one bit.

Nick climbed the stairs, brushed his teeth, and went to his room. He opened the window for Chirpee, grabbed his phone, and turned off the lights. There was still no word from Alyson, but Maggie had sent several funny texts, no doubt trying to cheer him up. He wrote her to let her know it seemed like everything was going to be all right: *My mom and I made out tonight, some real sensual moments, seems like we'll be okay.* He sent it.

Maggie responded *as if, hahaha, as long as you two are close again, haha. Glad it worked out. Thinking of you.* Below was a photo of her topless. Nick stared at the picture. She was gorgeous. Her tits were large and hung a little to the sides with wide, dark areola. What had he done to deserve this? He knew better than to send her a dick pic back. Instead, he complimented her profusely and said good night. He came twice more looking at the picture, while alternatively thinking about Maggie and his mom. He tried to keep Alyson out of his thoughts for the moment.

In her bedroom, Kate masturbated fiercely. She lay on her back, working her clit with one hand and fingering her butt with the other. She thought about only one man. "Yessss ... Nick ... forget about your sister ... you can have ... my ass," she whispered into the darkness and came.

## Chapter 23

“Good morning, Mom.” Nick walked into the kitchen. His mom was drinking coffee, leaning on the counter. His dad was looking at his phone at the kitchen table.

“Morning, Nicky.” Kate tried not to think of her masturbation fantasies from the night before. She cleared her throat. “You look rested.”

“Hello, Nick.” Fred looked up from his phone.

“Dad.” Nick nodded to his father. He saw there were dishes on the counter, so he opened the dishwasher and started loading.

“You’re always doing your mother’s chores these days.” He shook his head and turned his gaze on Kate. “Since Nick’s got the dishes covered, want to go upstairs with me for a few minutes, Katie?” He wagged his eyebrows at her. “I’ve got some time before work.”

“What? Oh.” Kate glanced quickly at Nick, embarrassed for what she had done the morning before. She must have been really angry with him to make her son hear her lovemaking with Fred. “I ... um ... have a headache, dear. I think I’ll just drink my coffee and space out for a few minutes.”

“Fine.” Fred watched his wife walk off to the living room. He caught Nick smirking.

“What are you smiling at?”

“Nothing, Dad.” Nick shrugged and finished putting away the dishes. “Just thinking about Maggie.”

Fred’s face softened. “It’s easy to lose yourself in a new girlfriend.” Fred stood and slid his phone into his pocket. “It’s like a drug. Don’t let this Maggie chick distract you from what’s important.”

“I won’t, Dad.” What was most important to Nick at the moment were his mother and sister.

“Good.” Fred nodded and went off to brush his teeth.

When his father was safely on his commute to work, Nick wandered into the living room. He found his mom sitting on the sofa and daydreaming. Her steaming mug was still cupped in her hands. “Dad’s gone,” Nick said.

“And you should be leaving, too. Almost time for school.” Kate looked him over. How had she created such a thoughtful, handsome young man? “Have you heard from your sister?”

Nick shook his head.

"I'll have a talk with her." She said this as much to remind herself as to tell Nick. "Did you ... um ... did you take care of yourself last night?" She eyed his pants, but he didn't have that large tent that accompanied his erections.

"Yep. And this morning." Nick figured it was best to be honest.

"Really?" Kate's face went slack. It was impossible not to think about him handling his enormous penis.

"Three times before dinner last night." Nick screwed his eyes upward like he was thinking. "Three more times after we kissed. And twice this morning."

"Oh, my." Kate blushed. "That's a lot, even for an eighteen-year-old."

"Is it?" Nick shrugged.

"I suppose you're satisfied now? I don't want you running around with your hormones out of control." This was dangerously close to playing into her fantasies, but she couldn't help it. "We both know what can happen when you don't think straight."

"I haven't even talked to Alyson." Nick frowned. "I'm sorry I messed up. But I haven't had sex with anyone else. And I don't have any plans to."

"What if ... what if ... you *made* plans." Her vagina flooded.

"That's not possible. Maggie and I are just kissing. Mostly. You're not talking about Alyson. There's nobody else. I don't see ..." Nick stopped and read the room. His mother was staring at him with an intensity he wasn't used to. "What do you mean, Mom?"

"I spent a lot of time thinking after I went to bed last night. At first, I thought you were making bad decisions because I had encouraged our hangout time." Kate put her coffee down on the table. "But now I wonder if it was because I wasn't taking good care of you. You clearly have a lot of energy that needs ... release. Alyson was going through whatever she was going through, and she was right there. She wasn't responsible. But what if you had someone responsible who could ... you know? At least, until you have an official girlfriend."

Nick said nothing. He simply stared at his mother. The faint ticking of their mantle clock filled the room.

"Never mind, Nick. It was a silly thought. Of course, you -"

"Are you talking about sex, Mom?" Nick tried to compose himself. His palms grew clammy. She would never. Would she?

"Well, I ... sort of. Something safer than sex." Kate's heart pounded in her ears. This was crazy, but she wasn't turning back.

“You mean ... with a condom?”

“No ... no condom ... I mean ... if you’re interested, I could show you.” She swallowed hard. It was hard to read his expression. She braced herself for a rejection. Maybe he’d call her a hypocrite or worse.

“Okay!” Nick nodded. “Whatever you want to show me, that sounds ... perfect. I mean, it would really help with ... um ...” He didn’t want to say his sister’s name and derail his mother’s train of thought. “You could call in sick for me. I’ll go take a shower.”

“Wait.” Kate held up her hand. “You should go to school. I need time to think about this. And if we do it, I want it to be perfect.”

“You’re sending me to school?” Nick’s emotions roller-coastered.

“I see that you’re hard again. And I am sorry, but that can’t be helped.” Kate chewed her bottom lip. “I’ll tell you what. Instead of skipping class with Maggie like you’ve been doing, you can skip school at lunch and come home. We’ll eat here. Sound good?”

“Yeah.” Nick looked at the clock. He was going to be late, but he didn’t want to leave the room.

“Run along, Nicky. I’ll see you for lunch.” She waved him out of the room.

They said their goodbyes. Kate heard the door slam closed. Maybe she shouldn’t have sent him to school, but she needed to get everything ready. She had a lot to do in a few hours, and first on the list was to masturbate. She couldn’t recall ever being hornier.

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Maggie was understanding when Nick told her his mother needed him at home. If she was disappointed, she didn’t show it. She got Nick to promise to text her later and let her know how it went with his mom. Nick promised, but wasn’t sure he’d tell her. It depended on what his mother had planned.

He jogged back home while his friends went to lunch. That wasn’t easy with a hard dick, but he managed by tucking it under the waist of his pants. Nick was huffing and puffing when he entered the front door. “Mom! I’m ... home.” He hung up his backpack and took off his shoes.

“I’m in the dining room, Nicky.” Kate was so excited, she felt like her head was going to explode. She sat and waited for her son.

“Wow ... Mom ...” Of all the things he’d been expecting, this hadn’t made the list. But it made sense. She loved fantasies, and he’d talked about it more than once. He looked around. There were apples all over the kitchen. She had a glass of something golden and sparkling in front of her. “You’re the cider frau.” Nick smiled. Well, this wasn’t nearly as good as sex. He felt she’d been leading him on a bit. But it was wonderful. She was dressed like the St. Pauli Girl and would have fit in perfectly at Oktoberfest.

“Do you like it?” Kate’s cheeks grew hot. Fred would have shot her down for looking ridiculous. But she reminded herself that the apple fell far from the tree where Fred and Nick were concerned. He wasn’t much like his father.

“I love it!” Still sweaty and panting, Nick walked around the table and kissed her on the cheek. He then straightened and stood awkwardly, not quite sure what to do. All of this meant that he was obviously the apple thief. Should he grab some apples?

“Sit down, Nick. We’ll play our game after lunch.” While her son seated himself, Kate stood and brought their schnitzel to the table. “Would you like some apple cider?”

“Well, of course.” Nick laughed and watched his mom sway her hips across the kitchen.

“The cider’s pretty good.” She fetched him a bottle and a glass, pouring it at the table. She sat down, smiled at him, and picked up her fork and knife. “So, tell me more about the apple thief and cider frau.”

Nick took a bite. “This is delicious, Mom.” He couldn’t remember her making German food before. “It’s pretty simple. The cider frau’s husband is off on a trip to the market, leaving her all alone on their farm.”

“If it’s apples, then it’s an orchard, Nicky.” She ate a bite of schnitzel and smiled.

“Right. She’s all alone, and lonely, at the orchard.” Nick nodded. “She sees a man in black creeping around outside. And now, this is the fun thing about the fantasy. She can go out and confront him, get the upper hand, and ... um ... use him for her pleasure. Or, he can spot her spying on him and chase her. She’ll run from him, and he ... well ... you know.”

“I see.” Kate took a drink of cider. “I love that young people these days understand that power in the bedroom can go both ways. That’s so refreshing.”

“It wasn’t like that for you?” Nick was genuinely curious.

“It wasn’t, no.” Kate cut into her meat. “But I still have time to extend my horizons ... I hope.”

“So ... um ... which version do you want to do?” Nick’s dick was so hard it hurt. Even if all he was getting out of this was a blowjob from the cider frau, it was going to be so hot.

Or maybe the woman of the orchard would force him to eat her pussy. That wouldn't be too bad either.

"I think ... well ..." Kate knew exactly what she wanted, but thought it best to play it a bit coy. "Maybe I could try running from the apple thief." She let out a nervous giggle.

"Okay then." Nick laughed along with her. "I'm pretty fast, so I think I'll catch you."

"I hope so." Kate changed the subject. The rest of the lunch they made small talk about school, Kate's sister, and Maggie. After lunch, Nick took a shower and dressed himself in black.

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It was silly, but Nick loved being silly with his mom. He tiptoed into the kitchen with a pillowcase and started loading up the apples. When he looked across the room, the cider frau stood in the doorway, one hand to her mouth and one on her breast. "I thought you were at the market," Nick said.

"My husband went ... yes. Please leave, Herr Thief." Kate used a heavy German accent. She was really into it.

"I will leave ... *after* I've taken what I want." Hearing his mom, Nick tried a German accent, too. He took a threatening step toward her.

"Oh ... no ... take only my apples." Kate was having so much fun. "Do not take ... *me!*" She turned and ran from the room. She could hear Nick's footfalls through the kitchen and hall. She ran up the stairs, looking back and shrieking when she saw him leaping up the stairs two at a time. She turned down the hall and ran into her bedroom, throwing herself onto the bed.

"I have you cornered." Nick walked into the room. He stood very straight, trying to make himself appear taller than he was.

"Oh ... my ... what will you do with me?" Kate turned over on her back and propped herself up on her elbows. Her breasts rose and fell under her costume as she watched him approach.

"I stole into your orchard to feast." Nick climbed onto the bed and spread her legs. "I will steal under your clothes to do the same." He lifted her dress and put it over his head. He was happy to find that she didn't have panties on. Slowly, he kissed his way up her inner thighs. He could feel her trembling under him. Eventually, his lips made their way to her sopping pussy. "You are dripping, *meine Frau.*" He went to work.

“Oooohhhhhhhhhh ... my husband ... the cider herr ... would never ... ooohhhhhhhh ... do such a thing.” And neither would her real husband. But the apple thief was a prodigy at oral sex. Kate threw her head back onto the mattress and let out a long wail. He was already bringing about her climax. When she came down from her orgasm, he was building her to another one. She felt his fingers slip inside her, and she gripped the blanket on either side. “You are ... ravenous ... my ... apple thief.” He brought her to several more sensational climaxes. When he came out from under her dress, she could see that she’d squirted all over him. She loved that he didn’t mind that. It reaffirmed all her feelings about him.

“I have eaten and eaten, but I am not satisfied.” Nick pulled down his pants and underwear.

“After what you did for me, how can I not return in kind?” With her German accent still going strong, Kate rolled over, got on all fours, and took him into her mouth. Demonstrating skill that she thought no other cider frau would possess, she quickly had his whole shaft down her throat.

“Oooohhhh, Mmommm ... I mean ... Cider Frau. That’s ... perfect.” Nick laced his fingers in her hair and helped her bob her head on his dick. “You’re a lonely frau ... and need something bigger ... and better ... than your husband.”

“Mmmpppphhhhhhh.” Kate nodded as she sucked him. Her hand went to her vagina.

“You would probably suck off any brigand that ... ugh ... showed up ... at your orchard.”

“Nnnpppphhhhhhh.” Kate shook her head but kept blowing him.

“You’re going to drown ... in cum ... and you won’t even remember ... your husband’s name.” Nick’s hips jerked. “He won’t recognize you ... when he ... returns from the market ... and finds you sticky ... and covered.” His atrocious German accent fell away as his orgasm got closer.

“Mmmpppphhhhhhh.” Kate took him with long, slobbering strokes. She bounced her nose up against his curly hair again and again. When he was ready, she pulled out until just the head rested on her tongue. She thrilled to hear his grunts when his salty stuff filled her mouth. She had tamed the thief. It was easy to see why this fantasy was so popular. When he was done, they both fell to the bed, catching their breath. She leaned her head on his shoulder.

“That was ... great ... Mom.” Nick could sense their little game was over. Now, she’d want to do something like go for a hike or play cribbage. He knew her well enough to know that after something like this, she liked some bonding time that didn’t involve bodily fluids. “Thanks for planning something so special. I know I really screwed up

yesterday. You're right, this was just as good as sex. And safer." He chuckled as he played with her hair.

"Oh ... you're not getting off that easy, mister." Kate's German accent was gone. She sat up and smiled down at him. "Take off the rest of your clothes." She climbed out of bed, and slowly removed her costume.

"Cool." Nick pulled off his shirt and socks and watched her closely. Her body never ceased to take his breath away when it came into view. He stared shamelessly at her tits while she finished undressing.

"What we're going to do next is very special, Nick." Her voice suddenly turned serious. "Not many women will do this for you. Especially because of your size. I'm doing this because I know your hormones are going a bit crazy." She didn't add that hers were, too. "And I feel you've been very mature about your mistake." She went into the bathroom and came back with a bottle of lube. She smiled at his confused expression when he saw it. "Also, what I'm doing is the responsible way to handle this. There's no chance of an accidental pregnancy." She turned her back to him and shook her butt a little. "What do you say?" As the high from her climax faded, her nerves took over. *What if he said no?* She would look like such a fool.

"Mom ... I ..." He blinked at her lovely round bottom. "Do you really mean ...?"

"I mean you can try my backside." She looked over her shoulder at him. "Although, we'll have to see if you fit. I promise I'll try my best. And you have to promise you won't try and put it anywhere else."

"I ... I ..." He watched her slowly climb back on the bed, her breasts swaying beneath her. "I promise."

Kate sat cross-legged next to him. "You're always so hard for me." She squirted some lube in her hands and worked it onto his penis, trying to control her shaking fingers. She massaged his thing thoroughly, getting the slick stuff under his foreskin and all the way down his shaft. "I want you to know you've earned this, sweetie. You were so open and honest about your ... mistake. Thank you for talking it through with me." He looked even bigger than the cucumber. She hoped all the anal she'd had with Fred, along with the thick vegetable, had loosened her up enough. "You've gotten awfully quiet, Nick." She mounted him and held his slippery penis with her left hand.

"I ... just ... can't ..."

Kate paused above him and frowned. "Are you upset? Most men think this feels just as good as regular sex. Your father prefers it, I think."

"I'm not upset, Mom." Nick looked into her eyes. He tentatively ran his hands along her thighs. "I'm happy ... and excited ... and ... um ... surprised."

“Okay, good.” A smile chased away her frown. “I’ll work on adding to all those feelings. Now, hold still. This could take a ... oh ... while.” Gingerly, she lowered her hips a little, guiding him to her buttocks. He wouldn’t go in at first, but then her sphincter gave way and the head entered her with a plop. “Ohhhhhhhhhh ... gosh ... that’s stretching ... me.” She closed her eyes and focused on her breathing.

“Are you okay, Mom?” Nick didn’t like the way she was wincing. This expression was distinct from the way her face usually twisted with passion.

“Yeah ... it’s good,” she said without breathing. She slid a fraction of an inch down his shaft. “Aaaaahhhhhhhh ... gosh ... you’re big.” It was huffing and puffing time for Kate. She let go of the slick shaft and held her hands in the air, unsure of what to do with them. “Never forget ... I did this for you. I am maybe the ... only woman ... who will ever do ... thissssssssss.” She slid down a little more. The pain lessened. She became aware that she was clenching on him, and worked to relax her butt. She took long, deep breaths. When she opened her eyes, she almost laughed at the war of concern and pleasure on her son’s face. “I’m fine ... really ... I’ve always liked ... it ... back there. It’s just ... different ... with you.”

“Okay.” Nick didn’t know what else to say. His eyes wandered down her body and fixed on the triangle of hair, her glistening pussy lips, and the cock steadily disappearing below. “It feels ... good ... Mom. Really ... tight.” He didn’t mention that his sister’s pussy felt just as tight. He wanted to give his mother a sense of pride.

“I knew ... you’d like ... it.” Kate’s grimace shifted into something softer. “Is it better than kissing your girlfriend ... ugh ... behind the bleachers?”

“Maggie’s cool ... Mom ... but this is ... amazing.” He gripped her thighs tighter. His pleasure slowly mounted.

“Is it better ... than what you did ... with your sister?” She hated herself for asking, but the words fell out of her mouth.

“It’s ... ugh ... different.” He could only see the base of his shaft. He was almost all the way inside his mother’s butt. His cock twitched at the thought.

“Oh ... I felt that.” Kate smiled. “Once I start moving ... it will be both different ... ugh ... and better. I promise.” She hit bottom and rested there, with her butt on his thighs. There was hardly any pain. He was hitting some cluster of nerves that she had just become aware of. Even the cucumber had somehow missed that spot. Waves of pleasure spread through her core. “Okay ... Nicky ... here ... we ... go.” Her feet were planted on either side of his hips. She was ready.

“Okay.” Nick held his breath. He saw her legs flex. She went about halfway up and slowly slid back down. He felt more confident that her expression was pleasure and not pain. “Wow ... Mom ... I can’t believe ... you’re doing this.”

“Me ... ugh ... either.” Kate moved at a languid pace. She was adjusting, but it was hard to tell if she would ever be able to take him any faster. She dug her nails into his stomach and moved her hips up and down.

Nick stared at his disappearing and reappearing cock. The sight drove him crazy. He wished she could see it, too. “Why ... are you only going ... halfway? Does it ... still hurt?”

“No ... it’s good.” She gave him a quizzical look. “I thought ... I was going ... all the way. I’ll have to ... get used to ... your length.” On the next upthrust, she went further and further. She kept expecting him to fall out. Eventually, he did. Her hips were up so high. She stared down at his thing as it flopped on his belly. “Sorry ... this is new ... for me ... too.” She reached down, pulled his penis upright, and nudged it back inside her butt. After a few more thrusts, she figured out how far she could go without him falling out. Her pace increased. “Ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... oh ... Nicky.” Her swollen breasts awkwardly flopped on her chest. She reached up and held them tightly.

“Your ... pussy looks ... lonely ... Mom.” Nick moved his right hand to her neglected clit. It wasn’t easy staying with her button as her hips went faster and faster, but he managed to rub it with his thumb. When his mother leaned her head back and let out an incoherent scream, Nick was sure it was the most beautiful thing he’d ever seen.

“Aaaaauuugggghhhhhh ... Nicky ... I think ... I’m going ... ooohhhhhhhhhhh.” Kate convulsed. Her hips stopped thrusting and rotated, moving his penis to previously untouchable spots inside her. “Yeeesssssss.” Her vagina spasmed and her butt clenched. This was better than she’d dreamed. Within a minute, she was back to her impossibly long thrusts, looking down to where she’d squirted on her son’s tight chest and mesmerized face. “Is it ... uh ... uh ... uh ... better?”

“It’s better ... Mom.” Nick was smitten. He knew he would spend the rest of his life trying to replicate this moment. “I want ... to drown you ... in cum ... Mom.”

“The ... cider frau ... will take it ... up her butt.” Kate’s German accent returned, along with a wide smile.

“Inside?” Nick blinked up at her. “Are you ... ah ... ah ... sure?”

“That’s why ... we’re doing it ... back there.” Another orgasm swept toward her. “It’s ... ugh ... safe.” There was a strange high-pitched keening in the room. Kate was making noises she’d never made before. The next climax took her. When it was past, she

humped her son with new vigor. Her legs burned with the effort, but her body refused to slow down.

“I’m ... going to cum in you ... Mom.” He stared up at her transcendent beauty, trying to burn the image into his brain. “I’m going to ... ugh ... ugh ... cum ... in your ass.”

“Yes ... Nicky ... yes ... yes ... ugh ... ugh ... yes ... yeeessssssss.” She rode him hard through his orgasm, listening to his savage, ecstatic growls. Her eyes never left his face, studying every detail of his pleasure. She had done this to him. She had given him his heart’s content. His expression said it all. And what was more, she had done it responsibly. Her hips slowed to a stop. She panted on top of him, letting his final spasms die out. “How was ... that?”

“Crazy ... wonderful ... amazing ... the best ... thing ... ever.” Nick panted. His body felt like it would melt right into his parents’ bed. “Can we ... do that ... again?”

“Not ... today.” Kate winced as she pulled up, and he fell out of her with a sloppy plop. She would be sore later, but she’d done it. “I’ll need to rest ... a little. But ... I don’t see why ... we couldn’t do it again ... sometime. You’re not going to get anything ... like that ... from your girlfriend. And your hormones ... obviously ... need an outlet.” It thrilled her to say those words. She climbed off the bed. Clenching her butt tightly, she waddled to the bathroom, trying not to leak on the carpet. Kate grabbed a towel, pressed it between her cheeks, and sat on the edge of the tub.

Nick got up and followed her to the bathroom. “What are you doing?” He leaned against the door.

“Trying not to make a mess.” Her gaze fell to his penis. “You’re still hard.”

“I can’t help it.” He shrugged. “And you look hot sitting like that.”

“Oh, stop it.” Kate laughed. She chewed her lip as she thought things over. “If you really need some more relief, come here.” She beckoned him over. When his penis was in range, she leaned forward and took him into her mouth. She felt so dirty doing such a thing after what they’d just done. In no time at all, she had him all the way down her throat.

Twenty minutes later, Kate was swallowing Nick’s cum from one end, while it leaked from her other end. She was a completely debauched cider frau. She wouldn’t have wanted it any other way.

## Chapter 24

“So, how does this work? Does Enki see whatever you see, Chirpee?” Nick lay on his bed, his hands behind his head. He was alone, except for the chickadee hopping around his open window. The bird didn’t look at him. “Okay, then. Can you answer a question? Did what Mom and I did today solve the riddle? If you don’t know, can you ask Enki for me?”

Chirpee offered his customary two-toned response and fluttered off into the night.

“Good talk.” Nick waved goodbye and shut the window. His phone vibrated and he picked up expecting a message from Maggie. She’d been quiet ever since he’d left school early to come home for lunch with his mom. No texts at all, which was unusual. He wondered if she was mad. The text was not from Maggie, however. It was from his mom asking him to come downstairs. Nick jumped out of bed and went down to the living room. He found her lying on the sofa.

“Thanks for coming down, Nicky. Are you planning on going out with friends tonight?” Kate didn’t get up.

“Yeah ... I ... um ...” He shrugged.

“It is Friday. Teenagers usually go out on Friday night.” She raised an eyebrow at him. “Are you going to see Maggie?”

“I didn’t have any plans.” He’d had such a crazy day, he’d forgotten it was Friday.

“Your father isn’t home yet.” She eyed his pants. He wasn’t hard, so that was good. Maybe she’d actually satisfied his voracious appetite for the day.

“Sure, Mom.” Nick nodded. “Sorry about that. Since he’s not home ...?” He raised his eyebrows.

“Not tonight, Nick.” A slight smile creased her lips. “You really did a number on me. Or maybe I did a number on myself. The point is ...” Kate moved on the sofa. She was quite sore. “I need a little rest.”

“Yeah, sure.” Nick gazed at his beautiful mother.

“Why are you staring at me like that?” Kate’s cheeks turned crimson.

“I’m very lucky ... that’s all.” He shuffled his feet as his cock stiffened in his pants.

“I’m lucky, too. How many moms have eighteen-year-old sons that can ...” She wagged her eyebrows suggestively. “... cook. And that’s why I texted. Do you mind putting together a quick dinner for you, me, and your father?” She nodded toward the kitchen. “That is, if you’re not going out.”

“Yeah, sure.” Nick nodded. “Anything I can get you while you rest?”

“A glass of wine might take the edge off.” Kate watched him go and sighed. What she had with her son was worth a very sore butt indeed. She picked up her phone and called Alyson again. Her daughter still wasn’t answering her calls, but it was a mother’s duty to try.

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Dinner was a sauce of pureed tomatoes, garlic, rosemary, and oregano over penne pasta. Nick knew his mom liked it *al dente*, so that’s how he served it. She complimented him profusely on his culinary skills. Even Fred acknowledged it was delicious. After dinner, Nick cleaned the kitchen, kissed his mom on the cheek when she turned in early, and settled in his room to play some games on his computer.

A *clack* at the window got his attention. At first, he thought Chirpee wanted in, but he couldn’t see the bird. He opened the window, looked out, and saw his sister looking up at him from the shadows. “Are you throwing rocks at my window?”

“Yes.” She nodded.

“This is your home. You can come in without throwing stuff.”

“I’m not ready to face Mom. I think I’d die if I had to look her in the eye right now.” Alyson bit her lip. “Is she mad? Did she really let you have it?”

“Well ... I will say that she doesn’t want me seeing you.” Nick held up his phone. “You could have just texted.”

“Yeah, but throwing pebbles at your window seemed like more fun.” She beckoned him down. “Come on down, we should talk.”

Nick nodded. “I’ll be down in a minute.” Nick quietly walked through his house. His mother was asleep, and his father was watching the game, so stealth wasn’t really required. He met his sister outside and they walked a few blocks to her car. On the way, Nick paused when he thought he saw Maggie’s car parked on a side street. But she’d have no reason to be there. He shrugged and followed his sister. They got into her car.

“Want to ... come over tonight?” Alyson licked her lips nervously. “Chris is having a guys’ night out.”

Nick sat in the passenger seat, trying to control his hormones. He reminded himself that his lovely mom had given her ass to him that very day, along with lots of talk about responsibility. Even sitting with Alyson was more than she’d allow. “Let’s just talk here. I promised Mom I wouldn’t visit your place.”

“Yeah, that makes sense.” Her face fell, but she smiled bravely. “So, what happened? Is she barely speaking to you or what?”

“You know the cider frau and the apple thief?” Nick couldn’t help but smile. He was going to blow his sister’s mind.

“Yeah, sure. That Oktoberfest thing. Chris and I tried it once. He wasn’t really into it.” Alyson shrugged and caught the smirk on her brother’s face. “No ... she ... didn’t.” Her eyes widened. “She did? So, you’re back to blowjobs from Mom even after she caught us, like nothing happened?”

“Not quite.” Nick couldn’t hold back a goofy grin. “Hold onto your butt, Alyson. You’re not going to believe this.” He launched into the story and told her everything that happened since she’d run out of the house the day before. When he finished his story there was silence in the car. “Well? What do you think? Your jaw’s on the floor, by the way.”

Alyson slowly closed her mouth. Nothing had prepared her for her brother’s news. And he told it all so matter-of-factly, like it was an everyday thing for a teenager to stuff his enormous cock up his prim mother’s ass. She was gushing thinking about it. This was it. Her family had sunk to the lowest depths of depravity. “And you ... you ... you ...” It was hard to think clearly. She waved her hand in front of her face. “Is it hot in here?”

“It’s actually cold.” Nick pulled his flannel shirt tighter around him.

“So ... um ... you ... came in her butt?” She watched him nod, his stupid grin unrelenting. “Did you save any of it? After it leaked out, I mean?”

“What? Gross.” Nick shook his head. “What are you even talking about?”

“Not for me, doofus.” Alyson laughed awkwardly. “After what we did last time, I thought if you put some of your stuff from Mom on the puzzle, we might be done with Enki.”

“Ooohhhh.” Nick wondered what their mom had done with the towel. Knowing her, it was probably already laundered. “I didn’t. But the last riddle didn’t have anything about anointing, so ...” He thought about it. “Wouldn’t hurt to try. Next time we do it, I’ll save some and slap it on the puzzle.”

“Next time?” Alyson’s heart fluttered. Of course there would be a next time. Her brother was unstoppable. She leaned toward him, her lips parted.

“We can’t, Alyson.” Marshaling all his willpower, Nick turned his head away from the kiss.

“Right.” She backed away and nodded. “Can we ... do stuff later? Or ... is this the end of all that?” A pit in her stomach formed.

“Mom’s right. What I did was stupid.” Nick exhaled slowly. “I was really dumb doing it without a condom. I was thinking with the wrong head. If you talk to Mom about it, and make her feel better, we can do stuff again. But maybe nothing too crazy.”

“Sometimes you sound like the older sibling.” Alyson sighed. “You talked to her and had sex with her. What’s the worst that could happen if I talk to her?”

“That’s the spirit.” Nick reached out, meaning to nudge her shoulder playfully, but instead he nudged her right boob. It was an honest mistake. Of course, he didn’t remove his hand but instead felt her up through her sweater.

“Maybe ... Nicky ... you could give me a kiss for courage? I’ll talk to Mom tomorrow. The thought of it terrifies me.” She parted her lips and leaned toward her brother again. He didn’t move away this time. She met his eyes briefly and could see the hunger there. “A kiss from you would make me brave enough ... to ... mmmppphhhh.” They locked lips and she slipped her tongue into his mouth.

Nick massaged her boob and reached for her thigh with his other hand. They would kiss and nothing more. They both needed it, and there was no harm in a little make out session. Soon, her hand was rubbing his cock through his pants and his was rubbing her pussy through her jeans. Their tongues played, and the windows fogged up. He didn’t ever want to stop, but he didn’t want his mom checking in on him and finding his room empty. He broke their kiss and pulled his hands away.

“Wow ... that was ... nice.” Alyson’s eyes fluttered open. “A little more?”

“After you talk to Mom.” Nick removed her hand from his lap.

“Okay ... okay ... sure.” She tried to regain her composure. She was sure that she’d soaked her jeans all the way through. He had set her on fire. “Well, we should say goodnight then. I have to go home and ... have a little me time.” She had never needed to masturbate more. She wondered if she might stick a toy up her butt and pretend she was her mom. Of course, she didn’t have any toys near Nick’s size. That was probably a good thing.

“Sure.” Nick opened the door and stepped out on the sidewalk. He bent to look back into the car. “I love you, Alyson. You’ll get it sorted with Mom.”

“I love you, too.” She smiled, waved, and started the car.

Nick closed the door and watched his sister drive away. When her taillights disappeared, he started walking home. He jumped when he heard a voice behind him.

“Hey, Nick. Wait up.” Maggie walked out of the shadows.

“Um ... hey Maggie. What are you doing here?” Nick stopped. His eyes lingered on her boobs bouncing under her sweater as she hurried to catch up with him. It was hard to remember a time when he wasn’t surrounded with beautiful women.

“I wanted to surprise you tonight. You know, the old *throw a pebble at your boyfriend’s window* gag?” She smiled, trying to hide her nerves. Butterflies flapped in her stomach. “But your sister beat me to it.”

“Oh ... yeah ... she was just ... um ...” Nick blinked at her. Had she been watching him with Alyson? His stomach sank.

“I wasn’t snooping, I promise. Your sister arrived right before me, and I was just ... sort of curious. Why wouldn’t she use the front door, you know?” Maggie looped her arm in his, and they walked down the sidewalk together. “Let’s have a talk, okay?”

“Um ... okay.” Nick had no idea where this going. She had almost certainly seen him kiss Alyson. Her demeanor was chipper, but whatever came next couldn’t be good.

~~

Alyson made it home in record time. She stripped as she slammed the door to her apartment. Within minutes, she’d shoved a manageable, six-inch toy up her butt. She had done a little bit of ass play with Chris, but not much. She certainly would never let her fiancé stick his dick back there. The *little* dildo felt huge. She lay on her bed and imagined what Nick and their mom had looked like together. Her free hand found her clit.

“Oh ... Nicky ... my ... Nicky.” Alyson thought about what Nick had told her. He and her mom had humped wildly, and he’d deposited a gallon of his stuff inside her. What was it like to have cum in your butt? How dirty was her mom? That question was easy to answer, because Kate had given him a blowjob afterward. Her sweet, prim mother was head-over-heels for Nick. There was no other way to explain her behavior. And they were certainly going to do it again ... and again. Alyson imagined her brother and mother humping all over the house Alyson had grown up in. It was too much. Her butt squeezed her toy while she came. Anal sex ... was *great!* She rested for a minute, and went right back toward another orgasm. It was going to be a long night.

~~

*“Fruit of the poisonous tree grows rotten. The virtuous tree bears ambrosia. Cut back weeds and sow a harvest worthy of Enki.”* Maggie looked ahead as they passed Nick’s house and kept walking, still arm-in-arm. “I’ve been thinking a lot about that puzzle and the riddle we translated. So, I did some research on Enki.”

“You ... what?” Nick was having a hard time keeping up with Maggie’s train of thought.

“I cut school right after you left, went to the library at your sister’s school, and read up on the puzzle.” Maggie laughed, like this was all perfectly natural. “I knew you were special when I noticed you in gym the other day, but I had no idea what a trip getting to know you would be. Ivo Shandor? Artur Victorovitch Siyankov? This shit is crazy. I don’t mind if my boyfriend is interested in the ancient Sumerian god of cum. It’s fascinating!”

“It is.” Nick was quite aware that she’d called him her boyfriend twice now. That would be headline news, if she hadn’t been researching Enki. He put it on the back burner.

“I thought I’d surprise you tonight with what I’d found out. But you surprised me!” She stopped and turned toward him. When he didn’t turn, she took his shoulders and made him face her. They were in the shadows between streetlamps, but she could see the amazement on his face. He was right to be amazed, it wasn’t every eighteen-year-old high school senior that could figure this all out. “When I saw you kissing Alyson, I realized something. This shit isn’t just crazy, it’s real. I can feel it in my bones. Enki’s real. So ...?”

“So?” Nick didn’t want to lie, but he didn’t want to tell the truth either. He watched their breath steam and billow in the frigid air.

“So, you’re like the prince in the story, right? He had to answer the riddles and he slept with his mom and sisters.” Her face was bright with anticipation. She looked around to make sure they were alone. There wasn’t another soul in sight. “Are you the prince, Nick? Have you kissed your own mom?”

“What would you do ... if I told you everything?” He turned and walked toward a nearby park.

“Honestly?” She hustled to catch up with him, grabbing his hand. “I’d cream my panties, Nick. My life was utterly boring before I met you. This is fantastic. Please tell me it’s real.”

“Oh, it’s real.” He sat on a bench, staring out at a dark playing field. They were far enough away from the street that only moonlight lit their surroundings. “Okay. Well, I suppose I should start at the beginning.” And that’s what he did. He told her about how he’d messed with the puzzle when his sister had brought it home, which started a cascade of repeating days. He told her about the riddles. About his changing feelings for

his mother and sister. About the hopelessness of being caught in the loops forever, and the elation of finding the answer to a riddle. He stopped his story before the moment he and his sister had sex. That might be going too far.

“I wouldn’t have believed any of this, if I hadn’t seen the way you made out with Alyson. I still don’t really believe it. It’s nuts.” She rubbed up next to him, her hand moving gently on his lap. He was huge and hard. “You really went down on both of them? You ... you like that?”

Nick laughed. He couldn’t help it. Some of the tension left his shoulders. “Yeah, I *really* like that. So, that’s your big takeaway?”

“No, smart guy.” She picked up his hand and put it on her sweater. She was pleased when he squeezed and massaged her boob. “But did you really want me to ask how good your mom and sister are at blowjobs?”

“My mom is amazing. My sister is working on it.” Nick was feeling more comfortable. Everyone had been right about Maggie Chalmers.

“I see.” She leaned in and kissed him. After a few minutes, she pulled back. “I don’t think you finished the story. What happened next?”

~~

Kate woke up in bed all alone. Her husband was still watching television. She wondered if she should pay Nick a visit. She tried to convince herself that it wasn’t a good idea with Fred home. But she got out of bed anyway and threw on a robe. She would just give Nick a sweet, goodnight kiss if he was still awake. She wanted to see him before going back to sleep.

Out in the hall, the light from Nick’s room filtered from under his door. She walked toward it, still sore. She knocked on the door softly, but there was no answer. “Nick ... sweetie?” Nothing. She opened the door and peeked in. He wasn’t in his room. The window was open again and it was frigid in there. She crossed his room quickly and closed the window. She’d have to talk to Nick about his habit of leaving the window open. “Where are you, Nick?”

A quick search of the house revealed only her husband. Her son wasn’t there. Kate had a bad feeling. She texted him, but he didn’t answer. She called Alyson, but she didn’t answer. Her anxiety rising, Kate lay on the cushion under the bay window and stared out at the street. If Nick had snuck out with Alyson, she was really going to let him have it.

~~

“It’s crazy.” Nick couldn’t see the blue in Maggie’s eyes in the moonlight. But he could make out her eager expression. He felt her unzip his pants.

“I’m not running away screaming ... yet.” For the first time, she held his cock without anything in the way. He was too thick to circle her fingers around. The butterflies in her stomach flapped harder. She was glad she wasn’t standing, because she felt weak in the knees. “Tell me something crazy.”

“I had sex with my sister.”

“Oh ... my ... God. I fucking knew it.” Maggie pumped his dick. It was dry, but she didn’t feel comfortable spitting on it. How funny that after all they’d just shared, she would balk at that. She hoped he didn’t mind a dry handjob. He certainly wasn’t complaining.

“It just sort of happened.” Nick told her parts but stopped short of telling her about anointing the puzzle with cum from Alyson’s pussy.

“So ... the dick in my hands right now ... was in your sister’s pussy?” She just about melted when he nodded yes. “Wait ... she has a fiancé. And your dad is still with your mom, right?”

“Yeah.”

“You don’t mind ... that part of it?” She kept pumping his cock. She had met Chris, and he seemed like an asshole. All the better.

Nick thought through this part of things. “Do you still want to be with me? I can’t blame Enki for everything. I feel like ... like ...” The cold air and warm hands on his dick made it hard for him to concentrate. “Even though I’m doing what I’m doing, I feel like I’m a better person than I used to be.”

Maggie leaned in close to his ear and whispered, “This version of Nick Dobson is driving me crazy. Do you think you’ll have sex with your mom? I mean ... she is really pretty ... and ... ohhhhh ...” Maggie shuddered and stars shot across her vision. Her pussy contracted several times. She hadn’t known she could feel that way without someone touching her.

“I ... um ...” He couldn’t bring himself to admit it.

“Well, maybe it’s too big for her.” Maggie kissed his ear and slowly lowered her head. “I’m surprised that your sister could fit it inside. Could she walk afterward?”

“Yeah, but she was a little sore,” Nick mumbled. He watched her hair fall around her face as she moved her mouth toward his dick. “She said it was easier the second time.”

“The *second* time?” She lightly brushed her lips along the massive head, licking the saltiness of his precum off her lips. “The dick that I just tasted was in your sister’s pussy, multiple times. Oh ... my ... God ... I can’t believe I’m ... mmmpppphhhhhh.” Maggie opened her jaw wide and sucked the head of his dick into her mouth. She’d only done this a few times, and not with anyone like Nick. She wasn’t sure what would feel good to him, so she kept two hands on his shaft and pumped hard. Boys always liked that. Then she realized his dick could accommodate her two small hands and mouth all at once. Stars flew before her eyes, she shuddered, and her pussy contracted again.

“That feels good.” Nick put his hand lightly on the back of her head and looked out into the darkness. The night sounds around them mixed with her humming, slurping, and gurgling. An owl called from a nearby tree. He wanted to tell her about his mother. Maggie had taken all the other news so well. The right time to confess to anal sex with your mom, however, is not while your girlfriend’s bobbing her head on your cock for the first time. That seemed like a no-brainer.

Maggie popped her mouth off him. “Tell me more, Nick. Did your sister like it? What did she say?” She licked the head and continued her blowjob.

“Ugh ... sure ...” Nick told her about how Chris’s condom had broken and how he’d had to pull out. He told her about the positions they’d tried. Judging from the sounds Maggie was making, she was enjoying the story. And Nick was, too. It was amazing to share with her, and for her to so obviously love it. His confidence grew. He had been forced by Enki to bed his mother and sister. But maybe it had been the right thing all along. Maybe life could be ... perfect ... sometimes. “Maggie ... ugh ... I’m going to cum.”

“Mmmpppphhhhhhhhhh.” Maggie had always spit before, and that was her plan now. She kept her lips locked around the head and pumped him hard with her hands. His grunting had turned from a soft, gentle sound to something almost ferocious. She desperately wanted to make him explode. And she succeeded. When the first salty jet hit her tongue, she moaned. Then another jet hit the back of her mouth, and another. Her cheeks puffed out. She kept pumping him while his grunts echoed around the park. He was shooting too much. She hadn’t expected that. Her mouth was full. She lifted her head and quickly moved back before he could accidentally spray her face. She pumped him through a few more shots, and then his orgasm finally subsided.

Nick melted into the bench. He looked over at her, and saw her pull her hair back and spit onto the ground. When she was done, she wiped her mouth and looked at him. He could just make out her wide grin.

"I'm sorry. I'm a spitter." Maggie's face got serious for a moment. "Does your mom swallow?" She felt lightheaded when she saw him nod. "Wow. You said she was good. Maybe someday I'll try it." She cocked her head as Nick slid off the bench and knelt on the ground. For a brief moment of panic, she thought he was going to propose. But instead, he took off her shoes, pulled off her pants and panties, and spread her legs. "Are you going to ...? Ohhhhhhhh ... Nick ... you don't have to ... oh ... wow." Bolts of electricity moved through her as he licked and sucked on her pussy. "Where did you learn ... to do that? Oooohhhhhhhh."

"Mmmppphhhhhh," Nick said with his tongue tasting her sweet tanginess for the first time.

"Never mind ... ooohhhh ... I know where you learned that ... it's good ... it's really ... gooooooooooooood." Maggie was already so wound up, it only took her a few minutes to cum. She was a quivering, sobbing mess on the park bench. But Nick didn't stop, he brought her to ever more fervent climaxes. By the time her fourth orgasm was about to crest, she was babbling about his mother, sister, and Enki's rivers of cum. Her mind seized when she went over the top one final time. As she became aware of her surroundings again, she found that Nick was sitting next to her. She leaned back from him when he tried to kiss her. "I've never tasted myself before." She put a hand up to his hard chest.

"Would you like to?" Nick smiled at her. He supposed that her cum was glistening on his face in the moonlight.

"Do you like it?" Maggie couldn't believe how at ease he was with her pussy. Other boys always seemed so squeamish.

"You taste great, Maggie."

"Okay." She released his chest and leaned forward. She tasted different than she'd expected, not very much like him. But it was zesty and delicious. As they made out, she licked his lips, and ended up cleaning off his face with her tongue. Eventually, she pulled back. "Wow. That was amazing."

"Yeah, it was." Nick helped her back into her pants and panties. When he pulled up his own pants, he found that he had splattered cum on himself. There was nothing to do about it, so he dressed and promised himself a shower when he got home. They stood in silence and walked arm-in-arm back toward his house.

"I promise I won't tell anyone about Enki, or any of it." Maggie giggled. "Not that anyone would believe me."

"That's probably for the best." Nick nodded. "And it would be good if we only talked about it in person, when we're alone."

“So, you’re going to keep me up to date?” Maggie’s body gave an involuntary shudder.  
“Are you ... going to do stuff with your mom tonight?”

“She already went to bed.” Nick suddenly realized that having Maggie in the loop complicated everything. He shrugged. His life was already complicated. What did a little more chaos matter? “And my dad’s home.”

“Oh, okay.” She would have to ask him more about his father later. She had so many questions. But she could tell that Nick was done talking about things for the moment.

“I’ll walk you to your car.” Nick squeezed her arm. “Want to get together tomorrow? I like having a girlfriend.”

“I think you like having three girlfriends.” Maggie laughed. “Sure, let’s hang out tomorrow.”

~~

Finally, Kate spotted her son walking with a woman down the sidewalk in front of their house. For a second, rage filled her. She thought it was Alyson. But her shoulders relaxed when they passed under a streetlamp and she saw it was Maggie.

She watched them pass the house and keep walking down the street. She was nervous he might leave with her and go out all night. Spending time with Maggie was one thing, but she couldn’t have him losing himself in a girl. Kate had just given her son something incredibly special so that he wouldn’t make any more dumb mistakes.

When Nick reappeared on the sidewalk walking back to their house, Kate leaned back in her chair and exhaled. He must have walked her to her car like a gentleman. She would have a talk with him when he got inside to find out what they’d done. But she felt confident he was making more responsible decisions.

## Chapter 25

The house was quiet when Nick entered, silently closing the front door behind him. He crept into the kitchen. The stairs to the basement were as dark as the rest of the house. His dad must have gone to bed. Nick was about to do the same when he heard his mother clearing her throat in the living room. He changed course, not sure if he was in trouble. He was technically allowed to go out Friday nights, but he had left without telling anyone.

“I saw you outside with her, Nicky.” Kate felt a bit giddy. This was a moment straight out of her fantasies. She tried to reel it back in. It was no time for fooling around, not with her husband upstairs.

“Oh ... well ...” Nick saw her reclining by the bay window. “With Maggie?”

“Of course. Unless you were spending time with some other girlfriend.” Kate’s lips curved in a faint smile.

“You and Maggie are my only girlfriends.”

A quick shiver moved through Kate’s body. Her vagina flooded her panties. He was pressing her buttons. “Don’t talk like that with your father home.” She beckoned him over. “So, what were you and Maggie up to?”

Nick breathed a sigh of relief. He wasn’t going to have to lie to her directly. Even so, he hated the omission. “Like, you want a play-by-play?” Nick sat next to her and felt her hand on his thigh.

“I would have thought you’d had enough for the day after what we did.” She suddenly wished her bottom wasn’t so sore. “But you weren’t satisfied? You had to go to Maggie for more?”

“I thought you just said not to talk about it with Dad –”

Kate put a finger on his lips. “Sometimes I have trouble following my own rules. Tell me about tonight.”

“Okay.” Sitting in the dark, feeling her weight against his side, he told her about his time with Maggie. He left out the parts about Enki and his sister.

“She spit your stuff out?” Kate curled her lip like Nick was describing something faintly disgusting.

“You ... um ... must have spit when you first started doing that.” Nick squirmed in his seat. Despite all they’d done, he was still uncomfortable talking about sex with her. “I mean ... Maggie’s eighteen –”

“You’re eighteen too, sweetie.” Kate leaned in close to his ear and whispered, “And I’ve seen you drink my stuff straight from my pussy.”

“Yeah ... good point.” His dick had done yeoman’s work that day, but even so it began to swell again. “You said ‘pussy,’ Mom.”

“I’ve been hanging out with a dirty-mouthed teenager.” Kate giggled and moved her hand up his thigh. She could feel his hardness growing. “Even after everything that’s happened to you today, you still want more. Is it because she spit? Do you need someone to swallow?” She slowly unbuttoned and unzipped his pants.

“I don’t need *someone* to swallow, I need *you* to swallow.” He could see her expression go slack in the lamplight that fell through the window.

“How is it you always know just what to say?” She pulled his pants down, followed by his underwear. A rich, earthy aroma rose to her nostrils. “You smell like sperm, Nicky.” She inhaled deeply. “You’re ripe with the cum your girlfriend refused to swallow. I love it.” Her hands held the base of his penis, it was still sticky. She almost swooned. “The cider frau cares for all in her orchard.” Kate’s bad German accent reappeared. She bent lower and took him into her mouth, moaning at the taste of the cum his girlfriend had left for her.

“Wow ... Mom ... Maggie can only get the head in her mouth ... but you can get the whole ... ugh ... thing ... down your throat.” Nick put his hand on the back of her head, feeling her take him with long, urgent strokes.

She gurgled and moaned as she worked. “Gggggghhhhhhhh ... mmmppppphhhhhhhh.” She forgot that they were right in front of the window. She forgot about her husband. She forgot about everything but making her magnificent son cum one last time on that monumental day.

“I’m ... going to drown you ... in cum ... Mom.” Nick pushed on her head a little, guiding her rhythm.

Kate’s body shuddered. Her vagina was a waterfall.

“I’m going to ...” Nick stopped when a light turned on upstairs.

Feeling her son’s sudden tension, Kate pulled her mouth off him with a slurp. She was breathing hard. “What is ... it?” But then she saw the light, too.

“Katie? You down there?” Fred called from out of sight.

Mother and son froze, her hands still on his dick. They both stared toward the staircase, waiting for Fred to appear.

“Katie?” Fred called again.

Nick nudged his mother and quickly pulled up his pants. "Say something," he whispered.

"Yes, dear. I'm ... here." Kate was still panting, searching for the right words. Somehow, she didn't think that Fred would handle the truth well. *Sorry dear, I was just sucking off our son in a competition I'm having with his girlfriend. Go back to bed so I can finish him.* That wouldn't work. "I couldn't sleep, so I was up when Nick got home." She looked at him. Half-truths often made better lies than those cut from whole cloth. "He slipped out with his new girlfriend tonight, and I was discussing it with him."

"Good for you, Nick. That Maggie is a hottie." Fred's voice echoed down the stairs. "Don't grill him too hard, Katie. Give the boy some privacy. I'm going back to bed."

"Good night, Fred." Kate put her hand to her rapidly rising and falling chest. "I'm supposed to be teaching you about responsibility. That was dumb. I'm sorry, Nicky."

"My fault, too." Nick's heart raced. If his dad had walked down those stairs, he was sure there would have been trouble.

"I'm your mother. I need to protect you from these sorts of mistakes. I need ..." Her hand moved back to his lap. "You're still hard."

"I can't help it."

"Well, here's our chance to be smarter." She stood and pulled him to his feet. "Let's go to the bathroom and lock the door. He won't ever know." She walked slowly out of the living room.

"Um ... okay." Nick followed her. Soon, she was sitting on the toilet, deep-throating him again. Nick watched her pretty face twist while she moaned and hummed on his cock while his idiot father was upstairs. His old man was probably wondering why she was taking so long to debrief him about his date. When he came, she gripped his hips tightly and gulped it all down. It was a perfect day. As his mom freshened up bent over the sink, he watched her round ass through half-lidded eyes. Maybe something they'd done had satisfied Enki's last riddle. He'd solved one before by accident. It would be nice to finally be rid of Enki. Nick thought he could handle his life on his own from now on.

Kate gargled some water and spit it into the sink. She turned toward him, her face freshly washed. "Are you going to stand there with your thing hanging out all night, or are you going to take a shower? I can't imagine what you'd smell like tomorrow without one." Although she did try and imagine it.

"Sorry." Nick tucked his dick away and buttoned his pants. "I'll take a shower."

"That's a good idea." She kissed him on the cheek. "Wait a few minutes before following me out, okay?"

“Sure. Good night.” He returned her smile and watched her open the door.

“Good night, sweetie,” she whispered. She left him there and moved slowly through the house. Her husband was already snoring when she got to bed. She shook her head. What a crazy day.

~~

“*Guten Tag*, Nicky. How did you sleep?” Kate’s German accent greeted Nick when he entered the kitchen.

“I slept like the dead, *meine Frau*.” Nick returned the ridiculous accent and seated himself at the kitchen table across from his father.

“Waffles this morning?” Kate reached into the warm oven and pulled out their breakfast.

Fred looked at his wife and son with raised eyebrows. “Stop talking like Oktoberfest rejects. I don’t like it.” This was clearly some shared joke between the two of them. Fred didn’t like being excluded.

“Sorry, dear.” Kate dropped the accent and placed several waffles in front of Nick. “I’m visiting Alyson this morning in the city.”

“I’ll come along.” Fred took a bite of waffle and chewed thoughtfully. “I’ve been meaning to have a talk with Chris.”

Kate cocked her head quizzically. “Oh, um ... Chris won’t be there. It’s only us girls. We have some things to straighten out.”

“Fine.” Fred shrugged. “I’ve got some work to catch up on anyway.”

“Can I come, Mom?” Part of Nick wanted nothing to do with the drama between mother and daughter. But another part of him knew Alyson might need him to help if things didn’t go well.

“What part of ‘girls only’ did you not understand?” Fred stared at him.

“Your father’s right.” Kate sat at the table with her coffee. “Just girls today.”

“Okay.” Nick shrugged. He would talk his way into going when his dad wasn’t around.

~~

An hour later, Nick sat in the passenger seat of their minivan, watching his mom drive. He loved the way her boobs jiggled under her dress. They drove most of the way in silence, while she bit on her bottom lip. Nick had won the argument by telling her that she might need him for support if the conversation got rough. And that was true. Both women needed him. How strange. They could barely stand him before the puzzle entered their lives.

~~

It was icy between mother and daughter once Alyson let them into her apartment. She gave Nick a questioning look, but didn't say anything about his presence.

"Do you want some coffee, Mom?" Alyson closed the door behind them. She was wearing a long, frumpy dress that was almost puritan in its cut.

"No thank you, Alyson." Kate looked around the clean, well-kept apartment. "Maybe we should go talk in your room." She turned to Nick. "We need a little privacy for now."

"Sure, Mom." Nick sat on the sofa and watched them disappear into Alyson's bedroom. When the door closed, he took out his phone and texted Maggie. *At my sister's place with Mom, might miss our date today.*

A minute later he got a response. *Good God, both of them at once?*

He sent a surprised emoji. *You'd like that, wouldn't you. Nothing like that. And let's keep our messages G-rated. There's some family drama going on.*

Maggie replied, *Sorry. Want to hear about my morning?*

Nick smiled. *Sure.* He texted back and forth with his girlfriend, losing track of time. Eventually, his mother and sister's raised voices made him put the phone away. He got up and knocked on Alyson's door. "You two okay in there?" The door opened and there stood his mother with her hands on her hips, her cheeks crimson, and a deep frown creasing her forehead.

"We're going, Nick." Kate took her son's hand and moved to the front door.

"Two things can be true at the same time, Mom. I *am* sorry and ... you don't get to control me anymore." Alyson stalked after them.

Kate quickly turned back to her. "Maybe I'll tell your fiancé that you cheated on him."

“You wouldn’t dare,” Alyson shouted. “Maybe I’ll tell Dad ...” The two women stood face to face, staring at each other. Nick was forgotten beside them.

“Tell him what?” Kate had a moment of panic. Nick couldn’t possibly have told his sister about what he’d been doing with his mother. Or could he?

Alyson’s lips turned thin and white with rage. “Maybe I’ll tell him how you guzzled milk from my boobs.”

“How ... dare ... you!” Kate screamed.

“Hold on.” Nick could see each was about to say something she’d regret. “Remember that you love each other.”

“Quiet, Nick,” his mother hissed.

“Yeah, shut up, Nicky. This is your fault as much as anyone’s.” Alyson’s muscles bunched in her shoulders. Both women turned their gaze on him.

“Yes ... it is my fault.” Nick nodded. “I messed up for sure. Although ... um ...” It would help so much if his mom had believed him about Enki. But that was a lost cause. They were both still staring at him. “We both admit our mistake, right Alyson? Never again, right?”

“I already told her that, but –” Alyson was cut off by her brother.

“You need to know that Mom and I have done stuff, too. We ... um ... sort of had sex.” Nick heard his mother gasp. Her rosy cheeks turned ashen. Her eyes went wide. “But we were safe. Mom doesn’t want us to do anything stupid that would ruin our lives. I told her we wouldn’t. Promise her that too, Alyson.”

“I already promised her.” Alyson’s voice was barely audible. She watched her mother out of the corner of her eye. She couldn’t believe Nick was outing them. She pretended like this was news to her.

“Mom, we’ve both promised. Can you please let it go?” The one thing Nick had learned above everything else was to listen. But silence reigned in the apartment. Rather than fill the empty space, he waited.

Eventually, Kate managed to speak. “You ... you ... told her.” She felt dizzy. Her secret was out. Alyson now knew what she’d done.

“I brought her into our circle, Mom.” He put his arm around his mom’s shoulders and held her, afraid she might faint like she’d done before. He squeezed her tight and felt her melt into him. He was happy she didn’t push him away. “How do you feel, Alyson?”

“I ... um ...” She thought things over. “I feel like maybe I ... already knew ... in a way. I could see how close you two have become. I’m happy Mom’s been there for you, too. And

that she's been responsible." Alyson turned her gaze toward her mother. "You have to understand why I did what I did. I mean ... you know how Nick is."

Kate nodded, still leaning heavily into her son. "I do. I lived my whole life thinking sex was a fun, but forgettable thing we did for men. I've discovered how powerful a thing it can be ... how much it can take over ... I mean ... how much I ... um ... I've surprised myself over and over again." Her voice was reedy and thin. "I couldn't have you throw away your future and marriage because you ... and Nick did something foolish. And a baby ... you can't have a baby ... not *his* baby." She felt Nick's hand lowering to her clavicle, playing with her necklace.

"I agree. It was stupid." Alyson nodded, her eyes fixed on her brother's fingers as they made their way into their mother's cleavage. "I swear it will never happen again."

"What are you doing, Nicky?" Kate looked into her son's eyes. His face was so close, they could have kissed. His smoldering expression made her weak at the knees. Would he kiss her right in front of Alyson?

"I was thinking of our new circle and blood oaths." Nick moved his hand inside his mother's dress and under her bra. "You know, when kids cut their hands and swear forever and always?"

"What?" Alyson's pussy flooded at the sight of Nick groping their mother. One moment, her blood had been boiling with anger. Now, it boiled with a different passion.

"I'm not saying we should do a blood oath. I'm suggesting something more natural. Something that would fit our situation." He pulled down his mother's dress and her bra, letting her large breasts hang free. She didn't stop him, but her face tightened, and her eyebrows furrowed. "I swear to take care of you two above everyone else."

"You have a girlfriend, Nicky. Someday, you'll have a wife. You can't ..." Kate's voice died away when he kissed the slope of her breast and lifted it with his hand from underneath.

"I swear I'll make better decisions, and I won't put any of our lives at risk." He kissed her boob again. Again, she didn't stop him. "Now I'll drink to cement the oath. Your turn, Alyson." He latched onto her dark nipple, and sucked. He was rewarded with his mother's warm sweetness.

Kate moaned. This was all new levels of insane. But it seemed everything that had preceded that moment had inoculated her against crazy new events. Instead of arguing or pushing him away, she put her hand behind his head and encouraged him.

"I swear to take care of you two above all others." Alyson took her cues from Nick. He had somehow turned the situation completely around. She was in awe. "I swear I'll make better decisions. I won't risk our lives. Now I'll drink, to cement the oath."

“Wait ... Alyson ... I don't ... ooohhhhhh ...” Kate found herself standing with her grown children both feeding from her. She cupped Alyson's head and cooed. They looked so beautiful, peaceful, and happy at her breasts. “I can't believe this. How did this ...? Ooohhhhhhhh.” She let them drink. When her back began to hurt, Kate deftly moved them all to the sofa. She managed to sit without breaking their seal on her nipples. She sat in the middle, with Nick leaning next to her on one side and Alyson on the other. She slowly stroked their hair. Their gentle gulping replaced the frightful sounds of anger that had so recently filled the air.

Nick was the first to release his mother's nipple. He sat up with a satisfied smile on his face. “Best oath ever.”

Upon hearing her brother's voice, Alyson sat up and wiped her lips with the back of her hand. Her smile was sleepy and sanguine. “That was nice.” She looked up into her mother's soft, pretty face. “Mom?”

“Yes, sweetie?” Kate's anger had vanished like fire in the rain.

“Can I have some more?” Alyson put her head into her mother's lap.

“You've already had so much, a little more won't hurt anything.” Kate leaned forward and lowered her boob down to Alyson's waiting mouth. Kate felt Nick lean his cheek against her bare shoulder. He absentmindedly ran his fingertips along her free breast.

“We're better together than we are apart, Mom.” Nick's cock was huge and hard in his pants, but he wasn't about to ask for any help with it. He had read the room perfectly, and he didn't want to upset the balance.

“Yes. I feel like I can trust both of you ... after sharing this.” She held Alyson firmly to her breast as her daughter drank. “Did you know this would happen? Is that why you tagged along today?”

“I had no idea. I just knew that you both needed me.” Nick gently played with her nipple. A dribble of milk wet his fingers.

“We did.” Kate nodded. “You were right.”

Alyson stayed at her mother's breast for another half hour. Then, Kate put her boobs away and the three Dobsons went out for lunch. Both women were the personification of rainbows after a storm. They laughed, pestered Nick about Maggie, and gossiped about the faculty at Alyson's school. When they parted that afternoon, there was nothing but kind words and affection between mother and daughter.

~~

"I'm glad you two got it sorted." Nick leaned back in the passenger seat on the way home, watching his mother's tits shake gently as the car passed over small bumps in the road.

Kate glanced at him, saw where he was looking, and grinned. "This doesn't mean you two can have sex. Not even with a condom. It's too risky."

"Okay." Nick shrugged. "But other stuff?"

"Well ..." She sighed, watching the road. She could feel her vagina responding to the lurid thoughts going through her head. Was there a new fantasy forming? "I suppose what I don't know won't hurt me, as far as all that goes."

"Cool." Nick wondered if Alyson had ever tried anal sex.

"I noticed that you're very big and hard. But you haven't said anything." She glanced at the tent in his pants and then back to the road. "Would you like me to take care of you before we go home? You've earned some special time, I think."

"I did have plans with Maggie." He watched her smile fall. "But my girlfriend can wait. If you're not too sore, maybe we can do what we did yesterday?" He watched her smile twinkle back into existence.

"I'm feeling much better today. But ... we don't have any lubrication." She glanced at his penis again. "And your father is home. So ... I don't think we can ..."

"I bet the cider frau would find a way," he said with a thick, German accent.

Twenty minutes later, Kate walked out of the drugstore with a bag full of stuff. She hadn't needed to go shopping, but couldn't very well walk into a drugstore and only buy a bottle of lube. She got back into the car and gave Nick a sly look. "The same parking lot as last time?"

"Sounds good to me." Nick was giddy.

Not ten minutes later, they were naked. Kate pulled her mouth off his penis. She grabbed the bottle, squeezed lube into her hands, and oiled up his mammoth thing. "I didn't expect us to do this again so soon. I think you might have changed me back there. I hope your father doesn't notice."

"I hope he does notice." Nick laughed.

"Don't say that." The vertical worry line in Kate's forehead returned. "Remember what you promised about risky behavior."

“Sorry. You talk about my girlfriend all the time. I was just trying to do something similar. I’m sure he won’t notice.” He pulled her onto his lap facing away from him. He supported her with his hands on her ass cheeks, holding her above his turgid cock.

“Is this how you want me for our second time?” She looked back at him over her shoulder.

“You have an amazing ass, Mom. I need to see it shake.”

“Oh ... okay.” Kate giggled. “Thanks for the compliment. I don’t think your dumb father notices my butt anymore.” He had been so kind with her fantasies, it was the least she could do to return the favor in kind.

Nick’s heart pounded. This was all too perfect. She was so good to him. “He’s just as blind as he is dumb if he can’t see how perfect you are.”

“Thanks ... sweetie.” She wiggled her ass at him. “Now put it in.”

He lined up her asshole with his cock and watched in fascination as she opened for him. The head popped in. She lowered herself more quickly than last time. Soon, he was all the way in. “Wow ... Mom ... you’re really tight.” His hands moved to the swell from her waist to her butt. Every part of her brought him bliss. “Has my blind, dumb dad ever been this deep?”

Kate shook her head and grunted. She moved her hips up and sank back. Soon, she was riding him with short bounces. “Would ... your ... ugh ... girlfriend ... put your huge ... thing ... back there?”

“No ... Mom.” Nick pulled her higher, trying to get her to take him with longer strokes. She accommodated him. He stared at the point of contact. Her buttocks looked stretched beyond reason. But she clearly loved it. Her grunts and moans filled the car.

Kate had a thought and fought with herself for a minute while she rode him, but then let the words come out. “Would your ... uh ... uh ... uh ... sister ... let you ... stretch her out ... like this?” She gripped his knees tightly. He boobs bounced wildly.

“Only ... you ... Mom.” Nick watched her ass ripple. He penetrated her with his full length on every bounce. She stopped just before he could see his head at each zenith. “You ... take the best ... ah ... ah ... care of me.”

“Yes ... I ... do.” Kate reached a hand between her legs and rubbed her clit. She trembled all over.

“We’re going to go home ... after this. With Dad there ... we’ll have to pretend like ... you aren’t the best mom in the world.” Nick listened to her frenzied cries. He let her orgasm pass before he continued speaking. “But ... you’ll have a gallon ... of my cum ... up your ass ... to remind you ... that you’re the best ... mom ... ever.”

Kate's eyes rolled back. She had another orgasm right on the heels of the first one. Her mind completely fractured thinking about going about her evening chores with her son's cum inside her butt. "Drown me ... Nicky ... drown me ... uuuggggghhhhhh ... from the inside ... out." Her hand left her vagina and went back to his knee. She came again anyway. She pressed down against him, rotating her hips. He was so impossibly deep inside her. She prayed the feeling would never end.

"I will ... I will drown you ... ugh ... and fill you ... until you're ... ugh ... ugh ... overflowing." He moved her hips until she was riding him with long strokes again. "I'm ... ugh ... gonna ... fill you ... now."

"Yes ... please ... uuggggghhhhhh ... yeeesssssssssss." Kate reached between her legs and massaged his balls. She could feel them contract. His grunts grew louder and she screamed, slamming herself down on him.

The minivan shook back and forth in the gathering gloom of the abandoned parking lot. The muffled sounds of screaming and the creaking of the car's suspension joined the noise of tall weeds blowing in the breeze. Eventually, the car stopped rocking, and the sound of voices subsided.

"That ... was the first time ... I came ... today," Nick panted. "So ... much ... cum."

"I felt ... it ... Nicky." Sweat dripped down Kate's nose and fell to the seat below. She realized she was covered in perspiration. She slowly rocked her hips on him, feeling his still-hard thing push against different nerves inside her. "It's all ... inside me." Given that it was his first orgasm of the day, she wasn't surprised when he gently urged her hips to start moving on him again. The squelching sound of his cum squeezing its way out of her soon filled the car. "Do it again ... Nicky ... fill me up ... completely. So ... much ... cum."

"I'm working ... on it ... Mom." Nick was quite certain twice wouldn't be enough. He might just have to cum in her three times before they finally drove home.

## Chapter 26

“I can’t believe we did it four times.” Kate sat in the driver’s seat, her hands on the wheel. The garage door closed behind the minivan. She turned off the engine. “I’m an absolute mess.” And she was. She was sticky from sweat and her panties couldn’t hold back the deluge of sperm that leaked out of her butt. She was sure it was soaking into her dress, too.

“Sorry about that. I had a lot stored up. How do you feel?” Nick agreed, she was a mess. He had been enjoying how disheveled she looked on the drive home. Her mascara was running, and her dress was wrinkled and bunched awkwardly around her boobs.

“Well ... Nicky ... honestly?” She turned her head slowly to regard her son. “After we do something crazy like that ... I have this moment of panic sometimes. I ... um ... I ...” She took her hand off the wheel and brushed some hair from his face. He looked a mess, too. But that was normal. He was an eighteen-year-old boy. He was always coming home dirty and sweaty. “I can’t believe I’m sharing this with you. I’d never admit anything like this to your father.”

“That you panic?”

“Yeah. I don’t worry about how you’ll react, Nicky. That’s why I can tell you that I have these moments of worry. But then I look into your eyes, like I’m doing right now ...” She stroked his cheek with her fingertips. “And I know I’ve made the right decisions. This works for us. I see what a wonderful man you’ve become and my doubt melts away.” She kissed him but her lips didn’t linger. “Now, I need your help. Your father can’t see me like this. I need you to go into the house and distract him while I slip by and hop into the shower.”

“Distract him?” Nick raised his eyebrows.

“Just make sure he doesn’t see me.” She nodded encouragement. “Okay?”

“Sure, Mom.” Nick smiled and got out of the car. He walked into the house. The sound of the television greeted him. He followed it to the basement. He could hear the horn of a basketball game. This was going to be easy. “Hey, Dad. How’s the game ...?” When he’d descended enough stairs to see into the basement, he stopped. His father wasn’t sitting on the sofa. Instead, there was a huge leafy creature sitting with his legs crossed.

“Come down, Nicolas.” Enki put his arm along the back of the sofa and looked at Nick over his shoulder. “We have to talk.”

“Where’s my dad?” Nick stood at the bottom of the stairs.

Enki shrugged in a slow elaborate motion. "You have lost your way. Why do you not labor over the final riddle? It is the key to everything."

"I've been really busy. Thanks to you." Nick tried to smile, but Enki unsettled him. As he walked around the sofa, he could see the soft, twisted cock hanging between the god's legs. It was a long, gnarled thing, with twigs branching from the shaft. He averted his gaze and looked at Enki's lichen beard, which had some sort of insect scurrying inside it. "You know ... my mom, sister, and girlfriend."

"I only gave you the tools. You built your current life." Enki raised an eyebrow. "However ... I might destroy what you've built if you refuse to make progress on the puzzle."

"I'm really trying." Nick blinked. It took a second for the threat to sink in. "You ... what?"

"I can tell that this will be difficult for you." Enki frowned. "If I give clues, will you promise to have solved the puzzle when next we meet?"

"Well, I mean, that depends." Nick glanced at the television. The basketball game reminded him that he was supposed to be distracting his father. He couldn't let his parents run into one another. That would be a colossal disaster.

"Even now, you are distracted." Enki shook his lichen-covered head slowly. "*Fruit of the poisonous tree grows rotten. The virtuous tree bears ambrosia. Cut back weeds and sow a harvest worthy of me.* The first clue is that your father and your sister's fiancé are the subjects of the first sentence. The second is that your future as it intertwines with that of your sister and mother is the subject of the second and third sentences."

"Wait ... you mean." Nick's eyes widened. "That's crazy. There's no chance I'm going to 'sow a harvest' with my mom and sister."

Enki's laughter creaked like an old tree on a gusty night. "You will solve the riddle by the next time we meet, or you will wish that you had." With that, the god vanished.

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"The coast is probably clear," Kate whispered to herself. She got out of the car and felt the back of her dress. It was indeed sticky and wet. Why did she keep getting herself into these situations? She would never cheat on Fred under normal circumstances. But her relationship with Nick wasn't a normal circumstance. She promised herself she would plan better so she wouldn't have to sneak through her own house like a furtive apple thief. She entered the house through the garage door and quietly shut it behind

her. She could hear the television on in the basement mingling with Nick's voice. He was doing what she asked.

Slipping her shoes off, Kate listened intently. All she could hear were the sounds from the basement. She quickly clasped her hands in prayer and promised to be more careful in the future. Tiptoeing across the kitchen, she made sure to miss the floorboards that squeaked. She went upstairs, going slowly and pausing to listen often. She felt so guilty walking down the hall. Her poor Fred. He would just explode if he found out what was happening. Kate paused, listening. Were those grunts coming from her room? Stealthily, she moved down the hall and looked into her bedroom. Her husband was on the bed with his pants down. One hand held his phone, his other hand pumped his penis. She stared at the penis, unable to stop comparing it to the size of his son. How had she ever thought Fred was large? Her gaze moved to the phone. He was watching a dirty movie!

Fred noticed movement in the doorway and turned his head. He dropped his phone in surprise. "Katie ... I ... um ... didn't know when you would be home ... so ..." He pulled up his pants.

"I didn't mean to barge in, Fred." Kate turned and ran down the hall. She raced right into her son's arms.

"I didn't find Dad. I was looking for him in the basement, but ..." Nick's words faded away when he saw his mom's ashen face. "What is it?"

"Your father is in our bedroom," she whispered.

"Sorry to give you a surprise, Katie." Fred's voice echoed out of the bedroom.

"Sometimes you just need to rub one out."

Nick gave his mother a disgusted, questioning look. She nodded meaningfully. He looked around. He had to hide her. If his father got close to her, there would be no disguising what they'd been up to. "In here." Nick shoved his mom into the hall bathroom and closed the door.

"Katie? You still out there?" A few seconds later, Fred walked out of the room, stuffing his shirt into his pants. He stopped and frowned when he saw his son. "Um ... hey ... Nick ... have you seen your mother?"

Nick shrugged, trying not to let a smirk take hold of his mouth. His father looked so embarrassed. That was something new to behold. "I think she's in the bathroom." He leaned on the wall. "I'm going to wait. I've been hanging with Maggie. I need to take a shower."

"I'll talk to her later," Fred mumbled. He passed his son and paused sniffing the air.

"Having fun with Maggie, are you?"

“Don’t even start on how hot she is, Dad.” Nick crossed his arms.

“Sorry.” Fred lowered his eyes and walked downstairs.

An apology? That was novel coming from his father, too. When he was sure his dad was gone, Nick knocked on the bathroom door. “He’s gone.”

Kate opened the door and peered out. “Thanks, Nick,” she whispered. “That was quick thinking. Let’s never put ourselves in this position again, okay?”

Nick nodded. “Did you really catch him ...?” Nick pantomimed pumping his penis.

“Don’t be gross, Nick. Think of how embarrassing it must have been for him.” She couldn’t help but notice the long strokes Nick took with his pretend penis. She slapped at his hand to get him to stop. “I’m going to clean myself up. I suggest you do the same.” She hustled off to her bedroom.

Nick watched her go, staring at her round ass. Seeing the large wet spot on the butt of her dress brought his dick to life again. “I did that,” he whispered to himself as he went into the bathroom. His expression was filled with smug satisfaction as he undressed. But then he thought of Enki and what the god had said. His happiness evaporated into a frown. “How do you tell a god ‘no thanks?’” he asked his reflection in the bathroom mirror.

~~

Dinner was awkward for Nick. His mother stared at her plate. His father barely said two words. Nick cleaned up the dishes and told them he was going out. He figured his mom could smooth things over while he was gone. They both looked relieved to see him go.

Maggie was at a party and had texted him an invite earlier. In turn, Nick invited his two best friends. Brayden and Tom wouldn’t forgive him if Nick went to a party without them. He walked over to their houses and picked them up. He let his friends do the talking, mostly about which girls might be there, as they strolled to the designated house.

When they got to the party, Nick let his friends wander off in search of girls. He hunted for Maggie and found her in an animated conversation with Brad Gaskins. She was laughing and moving her hands around as she explained something to him. Brad was a big guy and hadn’t always been friendly to Nick. Nick wasn’t sure if he should walk up to them, let them talk, or what. He kept his jealousy in check, reminding himself how amazing she’d been about his mom and sister.

Maggie spotted Nick standing there like a lost puppy and waved him over. "You know my boyfriend, Nick," she said to Brad.

"Sure." Brad scowled, made up an excuse, and walked away.

"Dear me. I do believe you scared big ol' Brad Gaskins away." She kissed him on the cheek. "You're so frightening."

"I didn't mean to interrupt." Nick rubbed the back of his neck. Possessive thoughts kept trying to short-circuit his brain. He took a couple deep breaths to let those feelings dissipate.

"You're jealous." Maggie laughed and took a sip from her red cup. "You're my boyfriend, Nick. I wouldn't step out on you. Not for Brad Gaskins. He's boring. You're not. A man would have to be incredibly interesting to tear me away from you." She watched his frown melt away. "Let's find a quiet corner and talk." She took him by the hand and led him through the house. They found an empty bedroom upstairs and closed the door behind them. Maggie kissed him on the lips, her tongue eagerly darting into his mouth. By finding a quiet place "to talk," what she'd really meant was "to make out."

They fell onto the bed and groped and kissed for a long time. After what seemed like hours, they parted lips and Maggie, somewhat breathless, regarded her boyfriend. "So, how did it go at your sister's place today? Everything work out?" When he tried to remove his hand from her breast, she guided it back in place. Her smile broadened when he gently squeezed her boob.

"You're not going to believe it." Nick laughed.

"I would believe anything at this point. If Enki himself wanted to meet me, I wouldn't be surprised." With bass from party music coming through the walls, Maggie listened to Nick's story.

He omitted anything that had to do with sex with his mom. He was working up to sharing the news about that part of his life. He just couldn't bring himself to tell her that he'd spent the afternoon with his dick in his mom's ass.

"You and your sister on each boob?" Maggie's hips squirmed. "I'm overheating." She unzipped her jeans and slid them off her legs. "Would you maybe want to do to me what we did in the park?" Normally, she'd be more direct about what she wanted, but a guy who enjoyed giving her oral was a novelty.

"Spread your legs, ma'am. I'll take care of the situation." Nick laughed, pulled off her panties, and gently pulled her legs apart. He glanced up at the dazed expression on her face and offered her a sly grin. "Ready?" He didn't wait for a response. He cupped her ass cheeks with his hands, raised her pussy up from the mattress a little, and licked his way along her slit.

“Ohhhhhhhh ... Nick ... lick me ... lick me ... just like ... that.” She ran her fingers through his hair.

The door opened and in stumbled Brayden with Laurie Zan. “Oh, shit. Sorry Nick.”

Maggie shrieked and covered herself with a blanket. Before Nick could turn around and see the intruders they were already gone. He looked back to Maggie. “Well ... um ... I guess Brayden will have some questions later.”

A little drunk, Maggie laughed at the exhilaration of getting caught with Nick between her legs. “Like ... you think he’ll be pestering you for pointers? Because you’re a phenom. Laurie is a lucky woman if your friend is half as good as you.”

Nick laughed along with Maggie and pulled the blanket off her. He slid two fingers inside her pussy. “Well, break time’s over. Back to the mines.” He took her clit back into his mouth.

“Ohhhh ... Nick ... yesssssssss.” Her legs trembled. “I’m going to cum ... yeesssss ... that’s the spot ... right there ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” Her boyfriend brought her to three fantastic orgasms before they agreed that they shouldn’t hog the room. They went back to the party and mingled. Eventually, Nick walked home with his friends, who indeed peppered him with questions.

~~

When Nick got home, he was hoping his mom had stayed up for him. He couldn’t wait to tell her that he’d made his girlfriend cum three times and she had not returned the favor. That would have put her fantasies into overdrive. But she was sound asleep.

While getting ready for bed, a sudden burst of panic hit Nick. Enki expected the impossible. He brushed his teeth and thought about the situation. How would Enki punish him if he didn’t follow through and solve the riddle? Maybe he’d be sent back into the loops again. He shivered as he returned to his room. Could he take another go through the loops? His muscles tensed at the thought. Chirpee wasn’t around, so he closed the window, cutting off the frigid breeze.

Maybe he could talk his way out of it? Maybe he could use his nascent listening skills on Enki and find out what the god really wanted. He felt more confident as he thought about it. Changing Enki’s mind was the only thing that made sense. He’d talk to Alyson about it. Maybe she’d have some tips. Maybe Enki had visited her that night, too. He snuggled into bed and pulled the covers over him. He should talk to Alyson tomorrow.

He texted her and put his phone on the nightstand. He hoped she didn't have plans with Chris.

Chris ... his mind went over what Enki had said. He now knew that the second and third sentences had to do with pregnancy. It seemed obvious in retrospect. But the first sentence ... *Fruit of the poisonous tree grows rotten*. That one related to his father and Chris. How? His mind worked it over but came to no conclusions. Eventually, sleep took him.

~~

"Rise and shine, sleepyhead." Kate inhaled deeply. Nick's room smelled heavily of teenager. There was a time when she would have opened the window to air it out. But now, she took several deep breaths, savoring the aroma. She wasn't sure if it was the smell, or the expectation of what was about to happen that made her so wet. She paused and listened to him snore. How funny that her vagina lubricated when she was about to use an entirely different hole. She supposed it was impossible to argue with evolution. "Time to wake up, Nicky." She put a bottle of lube next to his phone on the nightstand. She couldn't help noticing that he had unread messages from his sister. She reminded herself that she trusted them and ignored the phone. She sat on the edge of the bed, pulled down his covers, and kissed his exposed cheek. Like most teenagers, he was sleeping in the most awkward position, his face half buried in the pillow. "I wish I could still sleep like that."

"Like what, Mom?" Nick opened his eyes and slowly lifted his head to regard her.

"Like my body didn't care what I did to it." She smiled wistfully. "These days, if I don't use my knee-pillow and sleep on my side, I'm not be able to walk the next day."

"It seems like your body can do anything." He smiled lazily and rolled onto his back. "I mean ... yesterday in the car, you were ... you know ..." Nick pretended like he was holding a bouncing ass in front of his morning wood.

"Gosh. How did you get so dirty?" Kate blushed profusely. "And ... on that topic. Your father is playing golf right now. So, if we're going to be smart about all this, we should use our time wisely."

Nick sat up quickly. "Yeah. That sounds awesome." He could see Chirpee dancing on the windowsill, looking in. "Mom ... do you think we could ... try your ... um ...? With a condom ... I mean ..." He shrugged, not able to get the words out.

“If you’re talking about my vagina, not in a million years.” Kate kissed him quickly on the lips and stood. “But I like that you’re thinking about condoms. You’ll need those with your girlfriend someday. Speaking of which, how did it go last night with Maggie?” She began to undress, enjoying his eyes on her as she exaggerated the wiggles necessary to lift her dress over her head.

“I made her cum three times. But we didn’t have time for me.” Nick’s smile widened. “What does the cider frau have to say about that?”

“*Das ist nicht* what a son should be telling his mother,” she said in a thick German accent. “But do go on.” She slowly removed her bra, teasing him by dropping one and then the other boob. His expression was priceless. It filled her with joy to see the surprise, anticipation, and hunger he had at the sight of her.

In his own bad accent, Nick told her about the party. He grabbed his phone and texted Maggie while he regaled his mom. She didn’t seem to mind when he told her he was messaging his girlfriend.

Kate laughed with delight when he told her about getting walked in on. “Something similar happened to me and your father when we first started dating. But, of course, the roles were reversed.” She stopped lowering her panties for a moment. “What?” She laughed. “Don’t look at me like that. He’s my husband. I can talk about him.”

“Maybe you could talk about how silly he is to go golfing and leave his wife in the clutches of a horny apple thief.”

“Maybe.” She smiled and finished pulling off her panties.

“Well?” Nick pulled his covers all the way off. He was only wearing boxers. The head of his dick stuck out above the waistband, concealing his belly button.

“Wow ... you’re huge. It’s always a little surprising to see it.” She still used her accent. Kate stared at the exposed part of his cock. “Your underwear can’t hold you back.” She giggled. “My husband is a fool for going off to play his silly game while I am in the house with a horny teenager attached to that thing.” She pointed at his penis. “This was all inevitable, really. Especially when your girlfriend refused to take care of you.” All her fantasies were merging into one overstimulating need. “Take off your underwear.”

“Yes, Frau Dobson.” Nick complied. His dick sprung free, pointing at the ceiling. It leaked a small amount of clear fluid.

“Breathtaking ... simply ... breathtaking.” Kate dropped the accent, crawled onto the bed, and knelt between his legs. “You obviously don’t need a warmup, but I’d like to start slow this morning. Your neglectful father is playing eighteen.” She felt a little bad saying that. Fred didn’t neglect her. For that stage of their marriage, he still seemed quite interested in her. They did it at least once a week. But she supposed it was all

relative. She had done it with her son four times the day before, and she guessed they'd be in for at least four more by lunchtime.

"Maybe use your boobs?" Nick watched in awe as she took a tit in each hand and wrapped them around his dick. "Oh ... shit ... Mom ... that looks amazing." He dropped his accent.

Kate couldn't wipe the grin off her face. "I guess I'll use them to milk you. And then ... you can use them to milk me."

"Yes ... ugh ... please." Nick thought back to the way his sister had given him a titjob. His mom was much more of a natural at sex. Her movements were fluid and confident. When she lowered her mouth, letting the cockhead glide past her lips on every upthrust, it looked like she'd practiced the move a thousand times. "You're ... a natural ... Mom."

"It ... seems ... so ... Nicky," she said between pumps. "You ... bring it ... out ... in ... me." The boobjob evolved into a blowjob after a few minutes, and she had no more words with his penis so far down her throat. But she thrilled at his words of encouragement and adoration. Soon, she was swallowing everything he had stored overnight. As he came, she put one hand on his stomach, feeling his abs contract. He had such an amazingly hot body. She praised the sport of soccer silently as he tried to drown her with his briny stuff. When he was finished, she let his cock fall from her mouth. "Still ... hard ... I ... see. Maggie ... must have ... really ... left you ... high and dry." She reached for the lube, her breasts hanging over him. She gasped when his mouth latched onto her nipple. "Ohhhhh ... Nicky." She didn't move, staying on all four fours with her left breast in his mouth.

Nick drank and drank. The moment was perfection, especially when he felt his mother's hand move to his cock, slowly pumping him. He thought back to Enki's last riddle. Surely this was what the god had wanted. The closeness he had found with his mother had to be the puzzle's end goal. Enki would have to understand that he was asking too much. Nick was confident he could make the god see that the puzzle's goal was already accomplished. Nick had even dutifully asked about her pussy and been soundly rejected. That was more evidence to bring to his next meeting with Enki. His mind swirled with these thoughts. But his worries faded with the growing pleasure from his mom's accelerating handjob.

"Okay ... that's enough ... you're going to burst." Kate pulled her breast from his mouth and squirted some lube into her hand. She slathered his penis, mounted him, and lined him up. He slid in easily. "You ... really have ... changed me ... Nicky. Uuuggghhhhhh ... so deep." With her feet planted on the mattress, she bounced on him slowly at first, then her hips steadily gained speed. Her fingernails dug into his chest.

“You’re ... uh ... uh ... uh ... so tight.” Nick held her breasts, feeling their weight press down with each bounce.

“No ... no ... I’m not ... uggghhhhhh.” Kate grunted like an animal. “Not ... ugh ... tight ... anymore. I’m ... I’m ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” She threw her head back and screamed, her climax surging through her. He could make her orgasm without any attention to her clit. Her hips slowed, but then sped up again. When she looked down she could see that she’d squirted all over his stomach and chest. As expected, he didn’t seem to mind.

“You’re ... so beautiful ... Nicky. Oh ... my ... I’m going to ... cum ... again. Oooooohhhhhhhh.” She shook her head back and forth, her brown hair flying as her body was wracked by another bout of ecstasy.

“Me ... too ... Mom.” Nick dropped her tits, afraid he might pull on them too hard in his frenzy. His earlier orgasm didn’t diminish the second one in any way. He was sure she’d be leaking for hours.

They humped through most of the morning, both cumming again and again. The sun had risen high by the time they finished. Nick lay on his back, exhausted. Kate curled up next to him, her breasts pushed up against his side, her leg draped over his thighs.

“You get it all out of your system?” Kate played languidly with the faint hairs on his chest.

“Yes.” That was stretching the truth, but Nick was going over to his sister’s apartment in a few hours, and he wanted his mom thinking he was fully satisfied.

“Oh, good,” Kate purred. “I’m going to take a shower and put in a panty liner. Then, how about some breakfast?”

“Sounds good.” Nick roused himself and got out of bed. His mother sighed and rolled facedown on the mattress, one leg still bent. The position accentuated the curve of her ass. He gave her a light smack and enjoyed the slapping sound, her rippling ass, and her surprised squeal. “But I’ll hit the shower first and make breakfast for you, Mom. You can rest.”

“I had breakfast hours ago, sweetie.” She felt so cozy on her son’s bed. “I was thinking about your breakfast.”

“I’ll make you lunch then.” Nick leaned toward her and gently pulled her asscheeks apart. Was there any greater sight than his cum dribbling out of his mom’s asshole? He thought about how she looked riding him. Well, there were all sorts of better sights, but her well-used butt was right up there.

“What are you doing?” Kate didn’t try to shoo him away. She knew perfectly well that he was enjoying his handiwork.

“Just admiring the view.” He gave her another light smack and walked toward the door.  
“I’ll wake you up in a half hour or so. Love you, Mom.”

“Don’t be silly. I’m not going to fall asleep. Love you too, Nicky.” Kate stretched her sore body. Nick’s bed felt so good. She sighed again, listening to him leave. Her eyes closed. Soon, she was peacefully snoring.

## Chapter 27

Whistling as he entered the house, Fred set his golf clubs by the door. Something smelled lovely. “Are you cooking, Katie?”

“It wasn’t me, dear,” Kate called back from the dining room. She had the most relaxed, languid smile on her face when her husband walked into the room. Her belly was full of Nick’s penne and pancetta sauce. Her backside was full of his spunk. Fred really was silly for leaving her all alone with such a man. “Nick made us lunch.” She sipped her glass of wine and wiggled her butt into the cushion of the chair. She didn’t hurt at all. Her body had fully adjusted to her son’s size.

“You didn’t wait for me?” Fred eyed the empty bowl in front of his wife.

“Sorry, I worked up an appetite this morning. Lots of chores.” She smiled pleasantly. The sour look on her husband’s face couldn’t cloud her day. “But there’s lots more on the stove.”

“Where’s Nick?” Fred looked around the kitchen suspiciously, like someone might be hiding, ready to pull a prank. Even without Nick in the room, Fred felt his wife and son were sharing some sort of inside joke. His shoulders tensed at the thought.

“He took the bus into the city. He’s visiting Alyson. I don’t think he’ll be home until late.” Kate sipped her wine again, enjoying the way her body buzzed.

A covetous look entered Fred’s eye. “Well, then. How about you try on that new lingerie I bought for you?”

“You are such an animal, Fred.” Kate laughed. “We already did it more than once this week.” She lifted the wine bottle and poured him a glass. “I think you wore me out the last time. I need some time to recover. Why don’t we have a nice lunch, and then you can help me in the garden?”

Fred’s face darkened at the rejection. He knocked the freshly-poured wineglass over. Spilled wine fanned out and dripped from the table onto the floor. “Maybe you should eat and drink a little less. I’m going to take a shower.” He stormed from the room.

“Well, someone’s a Grumpy Gus.” Kate stood, retrieved some paper towels, and cleaned the mess. Despite her husband’s tantrum, a smile lingered on her face. Life was too good to worry about Fred’s bullshit. She silently chided herself on her use of profanity. Nick really was rubbing off on her.

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“Oh, God. I feel so weird around you.” Alyson picked up a *New Yorker* magazine and fanned herself with it. The apartment was perfectly cool. “I can’t stop thinking about you ... and Mom ... and what we did yesterday. I’m full-on obsessing, Nicky.”

Nick raised an eyebrow. “Good to see you too, Alyson.” He seated himself on the couch.

“I’m sorry. I’m going crazy.” She was wearing a lowcut dress that she’d bought before her boobs had grown. It had seemed a good idea when she was getting ready for her brother’s arrival, but now she felt ridiculous. She went into her room, grabbed a sweater, and pulled it on. She returned to the room and sat on the other side of the couch. “I don’t know. Are you my side-boyfriend, my brother, something else?”

“I’m Nick. The same Nick as always.” His face got serious.

“That’s not true.” Alyson giggled nervously.

“I suppose you’re right. I *have* changed.” He shrugged. “Before we get into Mom and everything else, did Enki visit you?”

“Not since the last time we talked.” Alyson frowned. “I guess that means he visited you. What did he want?”

Nick told his sister about the visit and the threat. When he was done, they sat in silence.

“So ... you’re going to knock me up?” She offered a weak smile. Her stomach did cartwheels. Her mind was a chaotic web of thoughts and emotions.

Nick laughed. “Very funny.” His laughter died when he saw her sober expression. “No, Alyson. Of course not. That’ll never happen.”

“Right ... never ...” She nodded and tried not to think about what it would be like to carry his baby. She shivered.

“The plan is to talk Enki out of it. He already got what he wanted. You’re right. I’m a changed man.” Nick gesticulated as he talked. “Next time he shows up, I’ll convince him to let us off the hook.”

“Okay, good.” Alyson asked him some probing questions, but her brother really did seem to know what he was doing. Nick’s sincerity convinced her. Finally, there was a pause in the conversation. She looked into his eyes. “Chris and I are looking at venues for the wedding next weekend.”

“That’s ... nice.” Nick took a deep breath. This was a minefield for him. “I’m sure you’ll find something lovely.”

“You hate him, don’t you?” Alyson’s eyes darted as she examined his clenching jaw and the vertical line forming on his forehead.

“I ... don’t ... hate him.” Was that a lie? Maybe not. Maybe he only loathed Chris. “I just want you to be happy.”

“You’re so sweet.” Alyson scooted closer to him. “If you were my sister, I’d ask you to be my maid of honor. But then ... I guess ... if you were my sister, you wouldn’t have this.” She put her hand in his lap. “Are you hard because of me?”

“Yes.” Nick nodded slowly.

Alyson squeezed his erection. “Speaking of things Chris and I are doing together ... we did anal for the first time.”

“Gross, Alyson. Why would I want to know that?” Nick pressed his lips together, but didn’t stop her rubbing him through his pants.

“Because I did it for you, Nicky,” she whispered. “We promised Mom we would be safe. And that’s what you two are doing to be safe. So ... I thought ... I should start getting ready.”

“You used Chris to get yourself ready for me?” Nick decided this was actually something he could stand to hear more about. “That’s amazing. It truly is. How did it go?”

“It felt like the first time you and I had sex. It hurt at first, but then ... I don’t know ... it still hurt but ... um ... I liked it?” She shrugged her shoulders. “I think Chris was too excited. He was a little rough even when I asked him to calm down.”

“You’re testing me, Alyson.” Nick used every ounce of willpower to avoid saying anything untoward about his sister’s fiancé.

“You can’t be jealous, Nick. I’m going to marry him someday, and you have a girlfriend *and* Mom.”

“I’m not jealous, I’m angry that he doesn’t listen to you.” Nick’s face reddened as he imagined his sister’s pleas falling on deaf ears.

“Oh, okay. Well, I don’t think he’d ever done that before. So, it’s understandable that he was excited. You have to cut him some slack, Nicky. You two are going to have to learn to get along.” She frowned and looked down at her hand still squeezing her brother’s junk. This was not how such a conversation was supposed to take place.

“I ... uh ... was ... um ... never mind.” He thought it time to change the subject. “You haven’t offered me anything to eat or drink.”

“You want to raid my kitchen? I don’t have that much in the fridge right now. Are you hungry or thirsty?” She started to get up to get him something, but he pulled her back to the couch.

“Both.” He nuzzled her boobs with his nose through her sweater.

Alyson giggled. “Teenagers are always so hungry. Did you notice the dress I wore for you? I mean before I put a sweater on.”

“Hard not to notice two amazing boobs when you put them out there like that. You’re gorgeous, Alyson.” Nick lifted the hem of her sweater over her head. She raised her arms to let him take it off.

“Hey ... what are you ...?” Uproarious laughter burst from her when he motorboated her cleavage. Her brother made the most ridiculous undulating, humming sounds. “Okay ... okay ... you like them ... I get it. That tickles ... okay ... that’s enough.” When he backed away, she quickly lowered her dress and unclasped her bra.

“These little blue veins are adorable. They make you seem so vulnerable.” He traced his fingertips along the meandering veins under her alabaster skin, stopping at her thick, dark nipple.

“They are vulnerable. So be nice, Nicky.” She cupped the back of his head and pulled his mouth to her boob.

“Always.” Nick latched on and drank the sweet richness she offered him.

“You’re really going to try and change Enki’s mind? We’re not going to solve the last riddle?” Alyson brushed his hair away from his forehead, smiling down at his peaceful face. They had come so far since he had convinced her that the loops were real.

“Mmmmmhmmmmmmmm.” Nick nodded as he drank.

“You’re right ...” Alyson’s voice lilted with a soft, dreamy inflection. “But Enki has been right so far ... maybe we should just ... I don’t know ...”

“Nnnnnmmmmmmmmmm.” Nick shook his head into her breast. He held her other tit and gently squeezed. He released her breasts and sat up. “There are a million reasons we can’t.”

“It was just a thought.” She tried to smile, reprimanding herself for getting carried away. Nick was right. Enki would see reason. “I have some Kama Sutra oil at the ready. Want to see if I can do what Mom can do?”

In her bed ten minutes later, Alyson squatted on top of her brother. She trembled and bit her bottom lip. Her brow was creased with pain and determination. Sweat beaded all

over her body. "It's too big ... Nicky ... is it all the way?" She looked down at him in desperation.

"It's hard to see. I'm not sure it's even halfway." Concern was written all over Nick's face. His sister wasn't responding the way his mother had. "Do you want to keep going?"

"No ... no ... I don't." Alyson lifted herself up and removed his dick from her ass. She dropped to the bed next to him on her belly and put her hands over her butt. "Jesus ... that hurt ..."

"What do you need?" Nick jumped from the bed.

"Get me ... an ice pack ... from the freezer. Ooohhhhhh ... God ... I think you broke me." Alyson groaned and buried her face in the sheets.

Nick hustled to comply, his dick still hard and swinging as he jogged into the kitchen and jogged back. "Got it." He handed her the ice pack and watched her press it between her cheeks. "You going to be okay? I mean ... do I need to call an ambulance or something?"

"I don't think you actually broke me." Alyson laughed bitterly into the mattress. "Sorry I'm such a wuss. Maybe this isn't for me. I guess I'm more of a party-in-the-front type of girl." She sighed and rolled onto her side. The ice pack was helping. "Really glamorous, right?"

"I love you no matter what, Alyson." Nick smiled and kissed her forehead.

"I know you do." She returned the smile. "Are you going to tell Mom what happened?"

"Not to make light of your misfortune, but this hits one of Mom's fantasies pretty hard." Nick raised an eyebrow at the look of shock on Alyson's face. "She loves it when Maggie doesn't satisfy me. She says things like 'if your girlfriend can't do it, then I better,' or 'I guess I have no choice if your girlfriend can't get it all out of you.'" The siblings laughed together. "When I tell her we tried anal but you couldn't, I'm guessing she'll go wild."

"Does she talk about me during sex?" Alyson removed the ice pack and gingerly moved to sitting cross-legged.

"Um ... once or twice ... maybe." Nick's smile was sheepish.

"Oh ... man ... that's some wild stuff right there. Our straitlaced mother doing and saying ..." She shook her head. "I'm really wet, Nick. Do you think you could go down on me?"

"It's the least I can do after the ... um ... discomfort I caused."

“You’re such a gentleman.” Alyson opened her legs and carefully leaned back. “Ohhhhhhhhhh ... that’s good ... yes ... gentle ... gentle ... yeeesssssssss.” By the time her first orgasm hit, her butt wasn’t bothering her at all.

Nick accepted an awkward blowjob from Alyson after he was done making her cum. He needed some relief, and she could probably use the practice since they weren’t going anywhere near her pussy or ass in the future. If nothing else, the grit and determination written on her face as she bobbed her mouth on the head of his cock and pumped him with her hands was endearing. She couldn’t swallow it all so he came all over her. That was also a lovely sight. They showered and checked their phones. Alyson had several texts from Chris asking her to come over and grade papers for him. Nick still had heard nothing from Maggie. He had been texting her all day. But he did have a Baby Yoda GIF from his mom. The little green guy was sipping a drink. He had no idea what the message meant. He shook his head. The way she texted was often inscrutable.

“I’d offer you a ride home, but Chris needs me over at his place grading papers.” Alyson raised her shoulders in apology.

“No problem. I’ll see if Maggie can pick me up. If not, I’ll take the bus.” They said their goodbyes and Nick walked toward the bus stop. He ventured a call to Maggie, but she didn’t answer. He texted her again, but nothing. He walked on in the growing dusk. Streetlamps turned on all around him. A car slowed next to him and pulled to the curb. He looked and saw Alyson smiling and waving him over.

“Chris can grade his own papers. Maybe I’ll have dinner with the family tonight. Want a lift?” Alyson’s heart warmed at the way her brother’s face lit up.

“Sounds good to me! Thanks, Alyson.” Nick hopped into the car. On the drive, they talked over what their approach should be to change Enki’s mind.

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They were early for dinner, and their parents were out, so Nick and Alyson headed upstairs.

Nick stopped in the hall and held out his hand to halt his sister. “Listen ...” There was creaking laughter coming from his room. It sounded like tree branches swaying in a stiff breeze. “Enki’s here.”

“Already?” Alyson’s face blanched. She reached out and tightly held Nick’s hand. “It’s fine ... it’s fine if he’s here. I’ll help you convince him. Better to get this over with.” The

faint, surreal laughter gave her goosebumps. She prayed this would be the last time either of them met the Sumerian god.

“Right.” Nick squeezed his sister’s hand, drawing strength from her. “I’ll explain that I’m a better person and how happy I am with you and Mom.”

“And how happy we are with you.” Alyson’s voice was barely audible.

“That, too.” Nick took a few deep breaths. “Enki’s already succeeded. We don’t need to find out about the rotten fruit or do something we’ll all regret. He’ll see that.” He wondered about the laughter spilling out from the cracked door to his room. What did the god find so funny?

“Ready?” Alyson’s spine tingled with foreboding.

“Ready.” Nick led his sister into his room. “I’ve been thinking a lot about the last riddle, Enki and I ...” His voice dropped away. Enki’s massive, arboreous form leaned against the wall near Nick’s bed. Nick stared at him for only a second, until he realized that his bed was occupied. Maggie lay naked and writhing on the blanket, her eyes rolled back in her head. As Enki’s laughter fell away, Nick could hear his girlfriend moaning and whimpering. “What ... the fuck ... did you do to her?” He dropped his sister’s hand and rushed to help Maggie, but Enki casually knocked him to the floor with a backhanded swipe of his leafy hand.

“Nick!” Alyson dropped to the floor and held her brother protectively. His lip was bleeding, and his eyes were filled with hate.

“Did you not think the Magnificent Enki could hear your plans?” Enki wagged a gnarled finger at them, ignoring the writhing woman next to him. “I know the truth. That you chose not to follow through. That is unacceptable. I am not persuaded by the disputations of mortals. You were a fool to abandon the last riddle, and now you will pay.”

“What have you done to her?” Alyson cringed at the sight of the delirious woman.

“The same I will do to your mother and all who care for you and Nicholas.” Enki rubbed his lichen beard with satisfaction. “I have cleansed her mind in a river of my consciousness. She no longer has any memory of the Dobsons, nor will she ever again pay any of you any heed. Least of all you, Nicholas.” Enki zeroed his focus on Nick.

“You’re hurting her.” Nick tried to get up, but his sister held him back. He struggled but stopped when he saw Enki’s smoldering eyes. “Just ... like ... Dad.” Nick had been hit before. The taste was bitter in his mouth.

“I have not hurt her. I have cleansed her of your impurity. When I return her to her life, she will have no memory of me, you, or any of this.” Enki inclusively swept his hand around the room.

“Oh ... my ... uuuuggggghhhhhhhh.” Maggie spasmed in ecstasy. Thrusting her hips off the bed. Her boobs flopped madly on her chest, glistening with sweat.

“So ... we ... um ... solve the puzzle or this happens to Mom?” Alyson’s grip tightened on her brother. “She forgets us completely? That’s not possible.”

“I am not done.” Enki leaned closer to them. “Today will repeat itself eighteen times. If you do not solve the last riddle by midnight on the final recursion, Kate Dobson will lose all memory of her children. You will not remember each other. All your friends and family will be ghosts to you. If you solve the riddle, the puzzle will close and revert to its original state. No more arguments. No more trickery. Fulfill your destiny or become no one.”

Nick could see he was wrapping up. “Wait! Don’t do this. Maggie didn’t do anything. She’s not part of this. Don’t –”

In the blink of an eye, Nick found himself dreaming of loss and ruin. He was pulled out of sleep by a sweet, familiar voice.

“Time to wake up, Nicky.” Kate put a bottle of lube next to his phone on the nightstand. She couldn’t help noticing that he had unread messages from his sister. She reminded herself that she trusted them and ignored the phone. She sat on the edge of the bed, pulled down his covers, and kissed his exposed cheek. Like most teenagers, he was sleeping in the most awkward position, his face half-buried in the pillow. “I wish I could still sleep like that.”

Nick sat up with a start. He looked wildly about the room. Maggie, Enki, and his sister were gone. But his mom’s smiling face greeted him. She was wearing the same clothes from that morning. On the window, there was the number eighteen written in condensation, as if someone had just blown on the cold glass. It quickly faded from sight.

“Are you okay, Nicky? Was it a nightmare?” Kate cocked her head, her forehead furrowed with concern. She put a hand on his shoulder. “Perhaps I can take your mind off it. Your father is playing golf right now. So, if we’re going to be smart about all this, we should use our time wisely.”

“I’m sorry, Mom. I can’t. Not now.” He jumped out of bed and quickly dressed, struggling with his morning wood. “I have to go.”

“What’s wrong?” Kate stared at him with wide eyes. This was not what she’d been expecting. Not in the least.

“I can’t talk about it now.” Nick grabbed his phone. “Gotta go.” He dashed out of his room, down the stairs, and frantically put on his shoes. With phone in hand, he opened the front door and ran out into the street, heading toward Maggie’s house. He called his sister as he ran. “Pick up ... pick up ... pick up.” The call went to voicemail. He prayed she was only sleeping. He didn’t know whether she was stuck in the loop with him or not. He texted Maggie, which wasn’t easy to do while running. When he didn’t get a response, he called her, but got her voicemail. Ten minutes later, he was sweating, gasping for breath, and knocking on Maggie’s front door.

After a minute, Maggie’s mom answered. “Yes? What can I do for you?”

“Hi ... I’m Nick ... Maggie’s boyfriend ... is Maggie home?” Nick panted.

A look of confusion and distaste curved her mouth downward. “Maggie, honey, there’s a boy here to see you.” When Maggie arrived, her mom stepped back into the hall and stood watching warily.

“Yes?” Maggie blinked at Nick in puzzlement.

“Maggie!” He had to restrain himself from hugging her. “Do you remember me?”

Maggie looked at him thoughtfully. “Um ... no. Is this a prank or something?” She looked past Nick out to the street and swept her eyes over the bushes.

“I’m your boyfriend. Enki did something to you. But maybe I can –” The words pouring out of Nick were abruptly cut off.

“Stop.” Maggie stepped back. “Mom? I don’t know this boy.”

“Maggie ... I ...” Nick sputtered.

“Leave at once, young man.” Maggie’s mom took hold of the door. “This isn’t funny. If you come back, I will call the police.” She slammed the door in his face.

“Shit.” Nick walked back toward the street in a daze. His phone rang and he quickly answered it. “Alyson? Do you ...? Oh, thank God. Come meet me ... I’ll be at the park on Fern and Elm.”

A while later, Alyson’s car pulled up. She parked, got out, and walked over to where her brother waited for her on a bench. “From the look on your face, I’m guessing you spoke to Maggie?”

Nick nodded, watching a woman throw a ball for her dog.

“And Enki gave her a mindwipe or whatever he did?” Alyson sat next to him and rubbed his back.

Nick nodded again. Tears collected in his eyes.

"I'm so sorry, Nicky. I know you two had a special connection." She paused to give him time to say something. When he stayed silent, she continued. "And it's obviously still Sunday. So, we're looping again." She kissed his cheek. "We can do it. I don't mind."

"Do what?"

Alyson took a deep breath and slowly let it out. "You can 'sow a harvest' with me. I'll just tell Chris it's his. It'll cause me some issues with school, but ..." She waited. Still nothing. "Well, we have to, right? I don't know how we're going to convince Mom, though." They quietly watched the woman and her dog.

"I'm glad you're here with me." His fingers snaked out and intertwined with hers. "I don't know if I can do it. I mean, even if we could convince Mom. I don't know ..."

Alyson put her free hand on his jaw and slowly turned his face toward hers. "Look at me. Look at me, Nicky." Her gaze met his. "I want this. You're the kindest, most thoughtful ... hottest guy I've ever met." She dropped her hand from his face to her belly and rubbed. "When we had sex without a condom ... I think ... I wanted it then. I put myself in that situation ... on purpose ... maybe."

"No way." Nick's words lacked conviction.

"I bet Mom feels the same way. Or at least something similar. That must be why Enki's doing this. We are the two people that know you the best and love you the most. We have a chance to make a new life with you." She nodded down at the tent forming in his pants. "See ... you like that idea. All three of us are in this together. When Mom and I talked on ... yesterday ... I mean Saturday ..." Alyson tried to remember the way they talked about days in the loops. It could get confusing. "When we talked in my room, she was worried about me. But she was especially worried about your future. But if she knows Dad will help raise the baby, maybe -"

"I don't want Dad raising any more kids." Nick found the conviction he'd been missing.

"Okay, sure. We'll figure it all out." Alyson stood and pulled him to his feet. "Let's go back to my place, and we can have fun today. We can get my part of the puzzle over with and focus on Mom for the other seventeen days." She turned and pulled him back to her car.

"I don't think it'll work like that." Nick was slowly warming to the idea. Alyson was right. His sister and mother knew and loved him best. His blood pumped harder thinking about creating new life with them. His sister always had a compelling way of speaking to him. "Let's say ... I'm on board. I would need to do it with you and Mom on the same day. Otherwise, the day loops and resets."

Alyson got into the driver's seat and started the engine. She had never been wetter. They were going to try to get her pregnant. She steadied her breath, trying to control her

heart rate as she drove out of the parking lot. “You make a good point. Let’s practice today. It’ll help keep our minds off everything. Afterward, we can brainstorm about Mom.”

“You really want this?” He looked over at her in awe. This was his amazing big sister. He could throw caution to the wind with her. He *was* throwing caution to the wind.

“I do, Nicky.” She nodded earnestly.

“What about Chris? You were planning venues and stuff.”

“Chris will have to share me with you.” She frowned a little at that. “What he doesn’t know won’t hurt him.”

“Right.” Nick wasn’t going to say it, but there was no way Chris should be raising a kid. Nick recoiled at the thought of his own father or Chris parenting an innocent baby. And then it hit him like a bolt out of the blue. *Fruit of the poisonous tree grows rotten. The virtuous tree bears ambrosia. Cut back weeds and sow a harvest worthy of Enki.* Chris and Fred were poisonous men. Poisonous trees. They were weeds to be cleared from around the women Nick loved. Not only would he need to knock up his mother and sister, he would have to help them free themselves of their men. Nick shuddered. Enki had set a nearly impossible task before him. And he had only eighteen days to get it right.

## Chapter 28

“This is going to be very special so maybe I should light some candles ... maybe we need some music ... and I’ll need to change.” Alyson let them into her apartment and rushed about, tidying at random. “It’s a special day ... I should wear something special.” She stopped in the kitchen, a half-full water glass in her hand. She cocked her head at her brother quizzically. “Do you like lingerie? I mean, I assume all guys do. But you’re different from other men.” A million butterflies flapped their wings in her belly. She and Nick were really going to go through with it.

“Sure, I like sexy underwear for special occasions.” Nick thought about it. “I mean, I guess I do. Jess never wore anything like that. And ...” He didn’t want to bring up Maggie. He was trying hard not to think of the frightened, confused look on her face that morning. “Mom wore a cider frau outfit. I loved that.” He smiled at the memory.

“I bet you did.” Alyson put down the glass and frowned. “I don’t have anything like that. In fact, I shouldn’t have offered. I don’t think I have anything that fits me now.” She gestured to her boobs, well hidden under a sweater. “Well, there is one thing. Want to see?”

“Yeah, sure.” He watched her walk quickly to her room. She was bouncing off the walls. Nick guessed that she was nervous. He was, too. “Should we talk more about this?” he called toward the bedroom. “I mean ... before we ...” His eyes widened when she reentered the living room, wearing a long, see-through nightgown.

“I don’t think we need to talk about it. We’ve talked it to death.” She twirled for him. “What do you think?”

“Wow, Alyson.” He stared at her curves through the light, airy fabric. “Just ... wow.”

Alyson’s cheeks reddened. “That’s exactly the reaction I was going for. Now ... music ... lights ... and ...” She grabbed some matches and went back to her room. When she was ready, she called to her brother. “Come on in, Nicky.”

Nick stood in the living room, unsure of what to do. “Coming.” Was it rude to walk in there in the clothes he’d thrown on that morning when she was dressed up for him? He figured it was. So, he quickly undressed and folded his clothes on her sofa. The sight of his rigid dick made him think of all Enki had done to him. But the Sumerian god wasn’t forcing this. Or at least that’s what he told himself. This was his and his sister’s choice. He saw Alyson’s phone on the coffee table. He picked it up and walked slowly into her room. There was still daylight outside, but she’d drawn the curtains. He could see her lying on her bed in the flickering candlelight. Her legs were spread wide. Her dark

triangle of hair felt like a singularity pulling him in. “Holy shit.” He put the phone on the floor by her bed.

“Yeah, holy shit.” She bit her bottom lip, suffering a moment of doubt. “Was that a good ‘holy shit’ or a bad one or ...” Her gaze fell to his cock and she knew it was good.

“This is only practice. Nothing we do really matters right now.” He climbed onto her bed and settled his face next to her pussy.

“If we both remember, it matters. It ... ooohhhhhhhhhh ... yes ... you’re so good at that.” She pulled her nightgown up so she could see the top of his face as he licked her. “Yes ... a finger ... right there ... ooohhhhhhh.” She arched her back and pressed her head back into the pillow. “Oh ... Nicky ... oh ... Nicky ... I’m already going to ... aaaagggghhhhhhhh ... cuuummmmmmmmm.” She clutched the sheets tightly and spasmed.

It was almost nostalgic for Nick to have his sister squirt in his face. The more he thought about their journey together, the more he was sure they were destined for this. Even without Enki’s meddling, he would be lining up his unprotected cock to enter her, sliding slowly inside. He stared down at her tortured face as he spread her pussy. They always had a special bond. “Why not this?”

Alyson shook her head side to side, watching his monster enter her. “My pussy was meant for you ... ugh ... meant for this. There is no ... reason ... why not.” She hunched her hips up to him, trying to bring him in faster.

“What do you want, Alyson?” He bottomed out and held himself deep inside her.

“A baby.” She squeaked. Lights shot across her vision. She locked her legs behind his tight butt.

“You want ... uh ... my baby?” Nick found a slow rhythm with his hips. Now that he had given in to the idea, this was a fantasy that sang to him. *Not a fantasy*, he corrected himself. Before the eighteen loops were up, he would plant a baby inside Alyson. She would swell with their progeny.

“Yes ... Nicky ... your baby ... yes ... your baby ... yeeessssssss.” Her eyes rolled back, and she came again. Even with his slow rhythm, her orgasm swept through her. The thought of what they were sharing together was too much. “Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” Her fists tightened and her muscles went taut. The sound of her sheets ripping joined her cries and the soft music in the background.

“You look so beautiful right now.” Nick thought she looked crazed. And to his eyes, there was nothing more mesmerizing. His hips accelerated. When she started to relax, he continued pressing her buttons. “Do you want your fiancé to be ... ah ... ah ... ah ...

the father of your child?” He wondered if he’d pushed her too far. But her gaze was dreamy, without any challenge.

“Ugh ... ugh ... ugh ...” She heard her brother, but chose not to answer.

“Do you ... want ... Chris?” Nick put his hands behind her knees, pushed her legs up in the air, and pounded her harder, smashing her hips down into the mattress with each thrust.

“I don’t want Chris ... I don’t want Chris ... I don’t want Chris ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” Alyson’s mind shattered as her next climax crested. When she recovered, her brother flipped them over while they were still locked together. It was her turn to ride him.

Nick waited for her to find a rhythm. Once her eyes glazed over, he reached over the side of the bed and retrieved her phone. Without her paying the least attention, he placed her thumb on the screen reader. He navigated to her contacts and opened up Chris’s page. “Alyson ... hey Alyson.”

“Ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... in my ... belly.” Her hips undulated quickly, forcing his cock to careen deep inside her.

“Alyson ... look.” He held up the phone with one hand and playfully smacked her bouncing boob with the other.

It wasn’t easy for Alyson to focus. She slowed her hips to decrease the pleasure. Her eyes fell to what Nick was holding. She blinked, comprehension dawning in her mind. “What are you ... ugh ... doing with my phone?”

“Chris.” He pointed at the screen.

“Chris?” Her brow furrowed. Her expression wavered between confusion and bliss.

“I want you to ... call Chris ... and tell him ... it’s over.” Nick had planned this part on their drive over.

“No ...” Alyson’s mouth formed a perfect circle of horror at the thought, but she couldn’t bring her hips to stop.

“Nothing would make me ... hotter than to hear you tell ... him off.” Nick smiled up at her. “You deserve to do it. He deserves it. And the best part is ... he’ll never know. The loop will ... reset.” He watched the horror leave her face. Her jaw set firmly.

“You’d really like that?” She watched him nod. He was so damn earnest. “Okay.” Alyson finally stopped her hips and moved up to dislodge him. But her brother’s hand held her waist and pulled her back down. Her eyebrows arched in surprise. “You want me ... to call him ... with you inside me?”

“The loop will reset. This isn’t the last today.” He tightly gripped her waist and got her back in motion. Soon she was riding him again.

“You’re ... right. He does deserve ... ugh ... to hear it ... at least once.” Alyson took the phone from her brother. “Even if ... he won’t remember.” This was a massive admission and it had just slipped out. She had always defended Chris vociferously to her family, but something had clicked inside her. She had admitted what her fiancé deserved, and Nick had heard her. She could tell from his understanding eyes that he’d really heard her. “He hasn’t ... always been ... good to me, Nick.”

“I know, Alyson.” He loosened his grip on her waist with one hand and cupped her boob with the other. “Now you can let him know.”

“Yes ... yes ...” Her finger hovered above the call button. “But you have to ... be quiet. He can’t know ... about us. Even in the ... ugh ... loop.”

Nick nodded, showing much more confidence than he felt at the moment.

“Just this one time ... so I can get it all off my chest.” Her finger hit the call button, and she put the phone to her ear. Her hips rocked steadily as she put a finger to her lips for silence. “Hello Chris? Yes ... no ... no ... just listen. I’m sick of the way ... uh ... you treat me like I work ... for you. I’m sick of the way ... that you ... want me to be ... perfect ... all the time. No ... no ... *you* listen.” Alyson suddenly felt fierce. Her rhythm on top of her brother sped up. The bliss of sex, releasing bottled up words, and the wickedness of doing it while humping Nick made her lightheaded. “You *never* listen!” she yelled into the phone. “The wedding is ... ugh ... off. Find someone else ... to grade your papers. We’re through.” She slammed her finger on the disconnect button and let out a crazed laugh. With a lazy wave of her arm, she threw the phone across the room. “I can’t believe I did that! I can’t believe ... ugh ... ugh ... *we* did that.” She moved from rocking to bouncing on Nick, sliding along his full length.

“I’m so proud ... of you ... Alyson.” Nick looked up at his big sister in awe. She had done it. “Chris is toast.”

“Chris is ... toast. Chris is ... toast. Chris is ... ugh ... ugh ... toast,” Alyson chanted. A massive orgasm swept through her. She tensed, arching her back. When it was past, she went right back to riding Nick. “I never thought ... I’d carry your baby ... ugh ... ugh ... but I’m going to. You deserve it ... Nick ... not Chris. You deserve ... to take me ... whenever you want. To ... plant ... your ...”

With a loud grunt, Nick erupted. He launched his hips into her and emptied his balls as deeply as possible. His hand held her firmly in place as he shuddered and grunted.

“Aaaaaaaaahhhhhhhh.” Alyson didn’t often cum back-to-back, and certainly not at that level of intensity. She clawed at the flexing muscles in her brother’s chest. Her cries

and wails were almost as guttural as Nick's. Only one thought fixed in her mind. *Nick deserves to fill me.*

When their orgasms subsided, they were both sweaty and panting. Alyson tightly hugged her brother, her head buried in his neck. "That was ... amazing." She slowly sat up, gently wiggling her hips. She could feel that he was still hard. "Oh, no." She looked at the scratch marks on his chest. "You're bleeding."

Nick laughed. "You always liked putting Band-Aids on me."

"I still do." She got off him, wincing at the squelching sound her pussy made as they parted. Normally, she would have done her best not to drip cum everywhere. But the loops made leaking irrelevant. She took a certain pleasure when she looked back from the bathroom and saw the trail she'd left in the hall. "Well, come on. Let me patch you up." She beckoned him to follow.

"Yeah, okay." Nick's whole body buzzed. He got out of bed and walked down the hall. He let her bandage the four long scratches running down his chest.

When he was mended, her hand dropped to his penis. "Do you think we need more practice?"

"What would Chris do?" Nick didn't mind pushing this new angle. He had tiptoed around that jerk for so long.

"Well ..." Alyson took a deep breath. "He would either demand a blowjob, or go right to sleep."

"That's not cool." He turned her around so she could watch herself in the bathroom mirror. "That's not my style. I think we should see about giving you twins."

A shiver ran down Alyson's spine. "Yes ... I like that much ... uuugggghhhhhh ... better." It felt like a century since they'd first had sex. She remembered that he'd had trouble finding her hole. Now, he slid right in. She gripped the counter and thrust her ass back to meet his slamming hips. "Twins ... twins ... ugh ... ugh ... twins. Give me ... twins."

~~

Copious amounts of cum leaked from Alyson onto the sofa as she watched Nick make them dinner. The kitchen was behind her so she twisted, rested her arms on the sofa back, and leaned her chin on her forearm. They were both still naked. It gave her great joy to watch his long, fat cock hang between his legs, swaying back and forth as he

moved around cooking. "I don't want this day to end." She sighed, her muscles pleasantly vibrating.

"You mean *this* today?" Nick looked over at her and smiled. "Me either. And on the next today, I have to do the impossible. I would rather stay in this moment forever." He stirred the frying gnocchi with a spatula.

"Tell me how today starts. What does Mom say? Tell me everything," she said.

As he put the finishing touches on dinner and served at her table, he related how both today's had started with their mom waking him up. How the sex went the first day. How it ended. What they talked about. And how he ran out on her on the second today. By the time he finished, Alyson was seated across from him, still naked, sipping wine.

"We have to change the paradigm with Mom." Alyson's eyes narrowed as she considered the road ahead. "She's viewing what you two are doing through a narrow lens."

"Sure. Agreed. But how?" Nick dug into his food. He was ravenous.

Alyson tasted a little of everything on her plate. "This is really good, Nicky. How did you learn to make Romesco sauce?"

"From ... Mom," he said between bites.

"Mom's a great cook. I should have learned from her." Alyson dug in. "But I wasn't ever interested, I guess."

They ate and made small talk for a while. Once they were finished, Nick cleared the table and joined his sister on the sofa. They spooned quietly, thinking separate thoughts. His dick hardened between her thighs.

"Have you checked your phone?" Nick had his face buried in her hair. He inhaled the floral scents of her shampoo and the earthy aroma of dried sweat. "Did Chris call back?"

"I think I broke my phone." She shrugged and wiggled her butt back into him. "He's probably left a million messages. What does it matter?"

"It doesn't." Nick would have loved for her to hear Chris foaming at the mouth over the breakup, but he could tell it wasn't going to happen. "Want to go for triplets?" He pulled his hips back and angled his cock toward her pussy.

Alyson giggled. "I don't think it works like that. You don't add a baby every time you cum."

"So, we've got no chance at quintuplets then?" He entered her. Her vagina was such a sloppy mess that it didn't even put up the initial resistance he was used to.

A gasp at his entry stifled her laughter. "Just do whatever you want ... with me. I'm yours ... Nicky ... my pussy is ... oooooohhhhhh ... yours."

That was music to Nick's ears. They humped while spooning for a while. He then turned her onto her belly, opened his legs around her thighs, and went back to work. Watching the delicate back muscles tense and bulge with each orgasm hypnotized him. He was in a nirvana-like state, approaching another climax, when a loud knock on the door rattled his nerves.

"Open up, you fucking bitch. I know you're in there, Alyson," Chris screamed through the door.

"Shit," Nick whispered. "Does he have a key?" His hips stopped. He could feel his sister go rigid with panic under him.

"No. He only has the code to the building," she whispered back. "Nick? What are you ... ugh ... doing?" She couldn't believe it, but he had resumed humping her at a slow, methodical pace.

"Let him whine." Nick ignored the muffled, angry screams and gently kissed her back. "What does it matter?"

"I know you're in there, cunt. You can't leave me, bitch. You can't." Chris pounded on the door.

"He's not taking ... uh ... uh ... it well." Nick pounded into his sister.

"No ... ooohhhh ... he's not." Alyson clutched at the cushions. Her brother was going to give her an orgasm while her ex-fiancé cursed her out from the building's hall.

Nick was quiet for a while, letting Chris dig his own grave. Right as Chris was calling her a "pathetic cunt loser," Alyson bit the cushion and screamed out her climax. By the time another of the building's tenants chased Chris away, she was trembling her way to another one. He had never been more grateful to Chris. Voice messages be damned. Alyson had heard all his vitriol firsthand, while Nick took the sting out of it with his cock. "I think ... he's gone." They hadn't heard anything from Chris since he'd been escorted out. Nick's orgasm was getting close. He put his hands on his sister's lower back and watched her tight butt wobble with each thrust. "How do you ... ugh ... feel about him ... now?"

"I don't ... ah ... ah ... ah ... care about ... any of that." Alyson looked over her shoulder to see her brother's face tight with determination. "Just ... cum in me ... cum in me ... I don't care ... oooooohhhhhh ... I don't ..." She bit her lip and watched his body spasm. She felt his heat explode inside her. Was there ever a more beautiful sight than the derpy expression on her brother's face when he came? "Filllllll ... meeeeeeee," she hissed through clenched teeth.

~~

Hours later, brother and sister lay side-by-side in bed. Alyson's sweaty leg was draped over Nick's sticky thighs. Nick's fingers languidly played with her boob.

"I don't want to start over," Alyson said into the darkness.

"What about Chris? You'd be happy if today was for keeps?"

"You know what I mean." At the moment, she really was ready to give up on Chris. She assumed sanity would return in time, or maybe not. She had always known how different her two men were, but the contrast between them had never been more stark. To hide her momentous thoughts, she playfully slapped at his chest, forgetting about the scratches. She heard him stifle a groan. "Sorry about that." She leaned over and kissed an uninjured part of his pectoral. "What happens if we never fall asleep? Can we keep going forever?"

"The day resets at midnight." Nick sighed. "It's not going to work with Mom on the next today. I can feel it. She won't go for it."

"Well, it doesn't have to work on the first go." Alyson had her doubts, too. "But it makes sense." She went over the plan. "Do your thing with her in the morning. I'll show up for lunch. Give us time to talk. Then I'll take Dad out and you can spend the rest of the afternoon making it happen. If you need more time, I'll keep Dad occupied until late."

Nick squeezed her boob in appreciation. "You're the best. I literally couldn't do this without you."

"Well, obviously." Alyson's hand found his heavy penis. She squeezed him back. "Once more unto the breach, dear brother?"

Nick rolled on top her, his dick engorging. "Once more." He smiled and kissed her. When midnight rolled around, they were still humping. It was the perfect way to end the day.

~~

"Time to wake up, Nicky." Kate put a bottle of lube next to his phone on the nightstand. She couldn't help noticing that he had unread messages from his sister. She reminded herself that she trusted them and ignored the phone. She sat on the edge of the bed, pulled down his covers, and kissed his exposed cheek. Like most eighteen-year-olds, he

was sleeping in the most awkward position, his face half-buried in the pillow. "I wish I could still sleep like that."

"Morning, Mom." Nick opened his eyes. To his mind, it felt like moments ago he'd been fucking his sister. Now he basked in his mother's beauty. Eighteen versions of this Sunday wouldn't be too bad. Except, of course, for the fear of failing. *Seventeen versions*, he corrected himself. "You look radiant. I am the luckiest son on Earth."

"And I am the luckiest mom." Her smile widened. "What a greeting! Whatever did I do to deserve this?" It sounded rhetorical, but the question demanded an answer. Her happiness in life fell beyond all expectations.

"You are smart, sweet, beautiful, kind, and an amazing listener." Nick sat up. On the window, there was the number seventeen written in condensation, as if someone had just blown on the cold glass. It quickly faded from sight. Behind it, Chirpee bounced on the ledge.

Kate saw storm clouds quickly darken his expression. "Are you okay, Nicky?" She followed his gaze, but only saw a nuthatch outside the window. *It's a chickadee*, she corrected herself.

"I'm fine." He tried to put some enthusiasm into his voice, but the reminder from Enki had jarred him. "Just thinking about school tomorrow. Maybe I'm a little under the weather."

Her brow furrowed with concern, Kate turned back to Nick and put a hand on his forehead. "You don't feel warm. Perhaps I can take your mind off it. Your father is playing golf right now. So, if we're going to be smart about all this, we should use our time wisely."

"That sounds amazing." He took her hand from his forehead and kissed it. This was the point two days ago where he had asked about her pussy. He and Alyson had agreed that he wouldn't broach the subject until after lunch. "There is no better time than when we're alone together. I live for hanging out with you." He kissed her hand again, his lips lingering on her ring. The ring his father had given her. Cutting back the weeds and cutting down the poisonous tree would have to fit into this day somehow.

"You're sweet." Kate laughed and took her hand back. "But remember, your girlfriend is just as important. Speaking of which, how did it go last night with Maggie?" She watched storm clouds spread across his face again. "Did ... did something happen with Maggie?" Her mother's intuition was picking up something distressing.

Nick tried his best to smile. "Everything's great with her. Well, there is one problem."

"What?" Kate's heart skipped a beat. It had been going so well. She prayed Maggie hadn't lost interest in Nick. Teenagers could be so fickle.

“I made her cum three times ... but we didn’t have time for me.” Nick’s smile widened. “What does the cider frau have to say about that?”

“Well, thank goodness. You had me worried for a moment there.” She began to undress. “*Das ist nicht* what a son should be telling his mother,” she said in a thick German accent, beginning to undress. “But do go on.” She slowly removed her bra, teasing him by dropping one and then the other boob. His expression was still clouded, but she could see happiness winning out. It filled her with joy that the mere sight of her could turn his mood around. Of course, she would circle back at some point and find out what was bothering him. But she could tell he didn’t want to talk about it. He was so mature for eighteen that he had earned some space when he wanted it. She trusted that he would initiate the difficult conversation when he was ready.

“Let’s just say that she forgot all about taking care of this.” He pulled his blanket down. His hard cock pushed up past the waist of his boxers.

“Oh, my. I always forget how big you are until I see it.” She sat next to him and leaned forward, placing a tender kiss on the wide head. “You’re going to forget all about that girlfriend of yours, I promise.”

His mother’s words stung. But she didn’t know what had happened. Or what would happen to her if he didn’t solve the puzzle. He watched her suck him into her mouth and slowly slide his dick down her throat. “You’re amazing, Mom.” And she was. Nick wouldn’t lose her. He couldn’t. But there was nothing to do about it at the moment. Well, there was one thing. He pulled her pussy over to his face and made sure they had the best sixty-nine ever. He almost forgot about his troubles when her legs shook on either side of his head, and he heard her moan around his dick. He massaged her ass cheeks, relishing her tremors as she climaxed on top of him. A short while later, he emptied himself down her throat.

Of course, their “hang out time” didn’t stop there. She lubed him up and rode him on the bed, taking his second load up her ass. They humped for hours all around his room and eventually in the shower. They were finally rinsing off to get ready for lunch when she proudly told him, “My butt isn’t sore at all anymore. I’ve adjusted to you, Nicky.”

Nick drank in her blissful smile and kissed her deeply. He was truly happy that her ass had accepted him. But he and Alyson had to change the paradigm, and they had to do it quickly. She would have to somehow shift her focus from her butt to her vagina. He would have to go from being her hang out partner to the father of her next baby. He still couldn’t believe it would ever happen. As he pressed his lithe body up against her soft, round one, for the first time he realized he might actually want it to happen.

## Chapter 29

The story Nick told his mother was that he was going over to a friend's house to play some video games. He wistfully looked back at his sister and mom as he left the house. Of course, Nick wasn't going to his friend's house. He wanted to keep track of things at home. He crept along the hedges and looked into the living room through the bay window. He spotted the women heading upstairs. They were either going to Alyson's room or their mother's. He walked around the house and looked up at the second floor, rubbing his chin. There was a tree he used to climb with a view into Alyson's window. Nick shrugged.

Once up in the branches, he wondered that he had ever been comfortable so high off the ground. Nick clutched the bark tightly and stared through the rustling maple leaves into his sister's room. He could see Alyson talking with animated gestures. His mom stood by the door with her arms folded over her chest.

A gust of wind shook Nick's branch, and he lost his focus on the conversation. A small, puffy black and white bird fluttered near him and landed on a small branch. Nick regarded his old friend. "You're always visiting my place. It's about time I visited you."

Chirpee's call was more colorful than his normal, two-toned melody. He danced around on the mottled bark.

"Is that a mating call? Are you flirting with me?" Nick laughed. "Thanks, but I'm already spoken for. Speaking of which ..." He turned his attention back to his sister's room. His breath caught in his throat. His mom was still standing in the same spot, but her arms weren't folded. Her blouse was unbuttoned, her bra pulled up, and Alyson had her mouth latched to their mother's left boob. His sister was bent over while suckling, and her butt was facing the window, adding more kindling to the fire between Nick's legs. "Holy ... shit."

Chirpee sang his colorful melody.

"Are you singing your fancy song ... for them?" Nick sighed. He watched the women move across the room without breaking Alyson's tight seal on the nipple. His mother sat on the bed and Alyson crawled up next to her. Nick was so engrossed in what was happening, he almost missed his dad's car pulling into the driveway. "Shit. Shit ... shit ... shit." If they were discovered, he could write off the day completely. Without thinking, Nick dropped to the lawn below. He heard a crack. A sharp pain seized his ankle. He rolled on the turf in agony. Through grunts of pain, he could hear the garage door opening.

The ankle didn't matter. As he rose to his feet, he told himself over and over that the pain was simply ephemeral and would disappear when he got a new ankle on the next day. He jogged to the driveway, every other step a fiery bolt of agony. "Dad ... hey, Dad." He found his father in the garage just as Fred was unloading his clubs from the trunk.

"Oh, hey, Nick." Fred eyed the leaves in his son's hair and his obvious limp. "You're no longer allowed to climb trees. Remember the time you broke your ankle? I don't have time to take you to the hospital today."

"Me either." Which was why he hobbled past his dad into the house. "We're home," Nick shouted. "Dad and I are home." If his father discovered Alyson sucking on his wife's boob, someone would be going to the hospital. Nick wouldn't let that happen.

"You've been such a weirdo lately." Fred followed him into the house. "I'm starving."

"There's some pasta on the stove," Nick said absentmindedly. "Mom ... Alyson ... Dad and I are home," he yelled toward the stairs. He checked the clock. It was one-seventeen. It would be important to note when his dad got home every day. Especially if his mother and sister were going to be ... doing stuff.

"Stop shouting. What's wrong with you?" Fred walked over to the stove and lifted the lid of a pot. A gluttonous expression crossed his face. "Did you or your mother make this?"

"We made it together." Nick smiled when his mom entered the kitchen. "Hey, Mom. I didn't make it to Brayden's today."

Kate was still tucking her blouse into her jeans when she walked over to her son. She gave him a long hug. "You didn't want to play games with your friends today?"

"I did want to. I just rolled my ankle." Nick pointed to his left leg. All his weight was on his right.

"Oh, no." Kate put his arm over her shoulders and helped him to a chair. She sat him down and knelt in front of him. "Does it hurt a lot, sweetie?" She rolled up his pants and took off his sock.

"Ouch. Yeah, it hurts a little." Nick forgot his dad was even there. She looked so pretty bent at his feet, fussing over him.

"How about some lunch, Katie? I'm starving." Fred stood impatiently by the stove.

"There's pasta in that pot. Nick and I already ate." Kate looked up as her daughter entered the kitchen.

"I ate, too," Alyson said with a mischievous smile.

Kate's cheeks turned crimson. Her daughter hadn't been there for pasta. She could only mean her mother's milk. She glanced at Fred, but her husband was blissfully unaware of all the sordid events happening under his roof.

"I'll heat up some lunch for myself," Fred grumbled.

"Why don't we go out to lunch, Dad? That'll be fun." Alyson gave her brother a knowing look and hustled her father out of the house.

"Goodbye." Nick waved to her. Alyson was the best.

"Have fun you two," Kate called as the door closed. With her husband and daughter gone, she focused back on the matter at hand. "Oh, my. Your ankle's turning purple. It looks almost like ..." She was going to say *it almost looks like your penis does when you're really excited*. But that would hardly be appropriate. Her poor son was in pain. "I'll get some ice." She stood and raced to the freezer.

Nick watched his mother closely. Her forehead had a vertical furrow, her lips were pressed tight, and her eyes were round with worry. She seemed more distressed over his ankle than he was. Well, she didn't know that the injury would disappear on the reset. "I'm fine, Mom. Really."

"I don't know, Nicky. Maybe we should take you to the emergency room." She glanced at the ankle as she wrapped a bag of ice in a towel. "It doesn't look good." She knelt in front of him again and applied the cold to his ankle. Succor given, she looked up into his eyes. "What? What are you smiling about? This is serious."

"You've always taken such good care of me. I guess I took you for granted until recently." Nick reached down and brushed a lock of brown hair out of her face. "I'm sorry I wasn't always grateful. You're the best mom in the world. You're smart, funny, and gorgeous. I don't know what I'd do without you. There is nothing else in the world like being close to you."

"Oh ... thank you, sweetie." Kate knew she was grinning like an idiot. She didn't try and stop herself. He always seemed to say just the right thing. "Do you want some Advil? Or ..." She loosely tied the ice bag to his ankle with the towel and ran her hands up his legs. "We could try a different remedy. I read once that dopamine lessens pain. Your father is unexpectedly out of the house for a while. So ..." She paused her hands on his upper thighs, waiting for his permission. When he didn't say anything, she frowned. "I mean, if it hurts too much ... I'm sorry ... I didn't mean ... I'll get the Advil." As she stood, she felt his grasp on her wrist. She turned back to him.

"Yes. A hit of dopamine is just what I need." Nick pulled her back to her knees. "Sorry. You left me speechless for a second. I'm the luckiest guy in the world."

Kate laughed. "Well, that makes me the luckiest gal." She pulled his pants and underwear down tenderly, so as not to hurt him, and left them around his calves. "And there it is again." She playfully bounced his turgid penis from hand to hand. "How's your ankle feeling now?" Her expression was equal parts hope and concern.

"I have ankles?" Nick loved the feel of his cockhead ricocheting lightly off her palms.

Kate's laugh was high and pure. It couldn't quite chase all her worry away, but the joke eased her bunched shoulders. "I can tell from your silly smile that you like this. Did we just invent a new ... thing?" She leaned in closer like she was whispering a secret. "A sex thing, I mean."

"I understood what you meant." Nick laughed, too.

"We get each other, Nicky." She stopped bouncing his penis and pumped him instead. "We really do ... don't we?" She stared into his eyes, but her gaze went glassy. "Um ... let me take care of you." Kate bent her head and took his penis into her mouth. In short order, she was pumping his whole length in and out of her throat.

"Oh ... Mom ... Mom ... you're ... the best." Nick wound his fingers in her hair and helped set her pace.

"Mmmpppphhhhhhhhhh." Kate gurgled and moaned. Her son wasn't the only one getting his hit of dopamine. Or did women have a different chemical? Something about oxytocin rattled in and out of her brain. She couldn't think straight. She held the base of his shaft with her left hand, with her right she reached into her jeans and found her button. Whatever presence of mind she had quickly left her.

"Gggggrrrrrrpppppphhhhhhhhhh." She was going to climax even faster than Nick.

Even with her lovely face distorted by the size of his cock, he could tell she was going to cum. She was in a frenzy. He toyed with the idea of pulling her off and slamming into her pussy. She was so out of it, she might welcome the move. But he knew he'd pay for any short-term gains with a long-term loss of trust. It wasn't worth it. He let her cum with her lips stretched around his dick. And when he was ready, he unloaded down her throat.

Once her son was done shaking, Kate withdrew his penis from her mouth, wiped her chin with the back of her hand, and looked up at the joy beaming from Nick's face. "Now ... how does ... your ankle ... feel?"

"I have ankles?"

"Knock it off." She tried not to smile. "Seriously. Do you ... need to go ... to the emergency room?" She panted, her whole body buzzing. She watched him burst out in laughter. "What?" She gave his stiff penis a little smack. "What?"

"I'm just imagining the doctor asking me what treatment I tried at home." Nick worked hard to contain his laughter.

"If you can laugh about it, I suppose you're alright." Kate pulled his pants back up and stood. She helped Nick to his feet. "Can you put any weight on it?" Her brow creased when he cried out in pain. "That's it. We're going to the doctor."

"No, I've rolled my ankle before in soccer." Nick desperately didn't want to waste the day. "It always feels like this for a while, and then gets way better. This isn't like the time I fell from the tree." It was exactly like that time. "I promise if it feels like this tomorrow, you can take me to the doctor."

Kate pressed her lips together. "Okay. Well, let's get you up to your room to rest." She was thankful that her son was lean and not that tall. It would have been difficult helping Fred in a similar situation, but it wasn't too bad getting Nick up the stairs. She laid him on his bed and tenderly undressed him. She found that his penis had softened. She couldn't help giving the heavy, slumbering serpent a quick kiss when it flopped into the open. Once he was naked, she tucked him under the covers. "Don't go anywhere, I'll get some more ice." She went back to the kitchen.

There was a whole speech Nick had rehearsed for just about this time in the day. He had planned to layer on arguments for how they needed to take their time together to the next level. How it would bond them. How it would ...

It wouldn't work. But he'd seen the maternal look she'd given him on her way out of the room. It was filled with some sort of fierce protective force. Jumping out of that tree might have been the best thing to happen to him. He pulled off the covers and slowly stroked himself back to hardness. It didn't take long. He watched the doorway, knowing exactly what he'd say when his mom came back.

"Okay, sweetie," Kate called from the top of the stairs. "Fresh ice is here. It's Mom for the win. I ..." She stopped in her tracks when she entered his room. His majestic penis stood tall again, leaning as it always did a little to the left. She dropped the ice pack by her feet. "Again?"

"I need you, Mom." That was the entirety of Nick's speech. He let go of his cock and lay spread-eagled on the bed.

"I'll get the lube." Kate turned to go.

"No ... not that." Nick moved his left leg and winced, maybe overselling it a little.

Kate didn't leave, her questioning eyebrows arched.

"I need something different to keep my mind off my ankle." He winced again.

“I can guess what you’re driving at, and we’ve talked about this, Nicky.” She turned toward him and moved toward the bed. “Now that I think about it, jostling you in bed doesn’t seem all that wise. How about my mouth again?” She sat next to his hip, grasped his great girth, and pumped him with her left hand.

The temptation to launch into his prepared speech almost overtook him. But he read the room. She was close, he could feel it. He didn’t want to overthink anything. “This would really help with the pain. I need your pussy, Mom.”

“Oh, my.” She glanced down at his ankle. It was more purple than before. “I ... um ... I ... um ...” A million thoughts raced through her head. She looked back at the ice on the floor. How long did they have until Alyson and Fred got home? Right on cue, Nick’s phone vibrated.

Nick grabbed his phone from the nightstand and opened it. “Alyson says they’re going to a movie after lunch.”

“Well ...” Kate’s hand continued pumping him, completely on autopilot. “I suppose we have the time.”

“And?”

“I thought about buying extra-large condoms. But I didn’t want the temptation.” Her gaze returned to the monstrous penis that dwarfed her hand. “I can’t believe I just told you that.”

“I won’t cum inside.”

A shiver went down her spine. Her eyelids shuddered. “I know ... you’d never mean to ... but ... when we’re in the heat of the moment ... and we’re feeling so good ... it’s hard to ... um ...” She put her other hand on his cock and pumped with one hand atop the other. “If I had seen this penis before we started our hang out time, I would have said it would never fit. But you’ve changed my butt, so ...” Kate was having trouble maintaining her train of thought.

“Get undressed, Mom.” Nick felt something click. He wasn’t sure what it was, but he sensed she’d committed. “You might just heal my ankle completely with this.”

Kate’s laugh was thin and distant as she quickly unbuttoned and pulled off her clothes. Usually, she teased him a little with a striptease, but she was too nervous. Carefully, she mounted him and sat with her hips hovering high above him, giving his great length lots of room under her. “Only this one time, and you tell me if I’m hurting you, and pull out way before you’re ready, and we stop if you’re too much for me, and I love you, Nicky. I love you so much.” The words flew out of her in a quick rush. She leaned forward, gave him a lingering kiss on the lips, and leaned back so that she was crouched over him. “Ready?” A thousand butterflies flapped in her stomach. Was *she* ready?

“Yeah, Mom.” He watched her heavy boobs hang and wobble as she hovered over him. He looked up into her face and saw her chewing her bottom lip. The indecision had not left her. “I need this, Mom.” He watched her bite her lip harder. “You need this, too.” That did it. He smiled when he saw her jaw set with determination.

Kate reached under her, grabbed his dick, and lined it up. “Uuuuugggggghhhhhhhhhh. It’s ... in.” Her legs trembled when his wide head stretched her. She tried to return her son’s smile. “I guess ... there’s no going back now.”

“Yeah.” Strictly speaking that wasn’t true. Unless he solved the riddle, they would wipe the slate clean. But his mother was still living in linear time. Or, at least, she thought she was. He gently massaged her tits, kneading them into her chest. “How does it feel?”

“Huge.” Kate’s voice was tight and reedy. She remembered not long ago when she’d had sex with her husband. She had actually thought he was stretching out her vagina. Now, she knew that was laughable. If she and Nick made a habit out of this, she’d never feel Fred inside her again. Nick would completely reshape her. *Not that we’re making this a habit*, she reminded herself. “Oooooohhhhhhhhhh ... it just keeps going ... ugh ... and going.” She slipped down on him little by little. If this was a mistake, and it very well might be, it was the most glorious mistake of her life.

“You’re almost there. I’m almost ... all the way inside your pussy.” Nick stared between her legs. He had always marveled at the way her ass engulfed his dick. Where did it all go? The same was true for her throat. Whenever her nose touched his pubes, it boggled his mind that she could swallow all of it. Now, it was her pussy’s turn. He had the same sense of wonder as he watched his cock disappear. She had completely given herself to him. “I think ... your pussy is ... even tighter ... than your ass.”

“You’re so ... bad ... Nicky.” Kate’s mouth hung wide. Her left eyelid twitched partly closed, but her right was open. Her pupils dilated despite the bright room. “I still ... can’t believe ... I let you ... uugggghhhhhh ... talk to me like that.” Her hips came to a stop. She had hit bottom. Her butt rested on his tumescent balls. His penis pushed at a novel place inside her. Her body made several shuddering, out-of-control lurches.

“Ride it, Mom.” Nick’s confidence soared. He still had seventeen days to go, and she’d already put him in her pussy. The deadline was a joke. He might finish the puzzle that today. In fact, it seemed likely. All because he jumped out of a tree.

“Not ... yet ... Nicky.” Kate’s left eye was still wonky as she stared into nothingness. “I ... need to ... adjust.” She shivered again. What was that spot he kept pressing? It was delightful and hurt at the same time. “We’re both ... in a little pain ... right now. Your ... oohhhhhh ... ankle ... and my ... pussy.”

“Take your time.” Nick luxuriated in the sight of her: her tortured face, her trembling, delicate shoulders, her enormous boobs, her dark nipples, the flare from her waist out to her hips, her thighs pressed snugly to his sides.

“How is your ankle ... uuuggghhhh ... now?” Kate experimented with rocking her hips. It was too much for her. She stopped.

“All I feel is your pussy, Mom.” This was true. His sole focus was on her tight warmth.

“Mother of the Year ... award ... right here.” Kate’s laugh was brief and shallow. She rocked her hips again, undulating her whole body on top of Nick. It went better. She continued. “Oooooohhhhhhhh.” I think ... I’m already ... going to ...” The steady movement knocked his penis up against that perfect spot repeatedly. “Yeah ... Nicky ... it’s happening ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” She threw her head back and let out a true call of the wild. Before things had changed with Nick, she’d never made such sounds. Now it was almost an everyday thing.

Nick watched his mother with reverence. This woman who loved him more than anything was a goddess. Her staggering beauty sent his mind reeling. It seemed impossible that she would give herself to him like this. But here he was with his mother’s high-pitched scream filling his ears. When her orgasm passed, she rode him again. He watched her body writhe like a snake. Take the sex out of it, he would never have guessed his sweet mother could move like that. Add the sex back in, and it made his head want to explode.

“Ohhhhhhhhhhh ... my. That was ... sooooooo ... good.” Kate smiled at the aftershocks of ecstasy that bounced through her nerves. But her smile quickly faded as pleasure ramped back up. She put her hands on her son’s strong, compact pectorals and lifted her hips a little at the end of each undulation, sliding about halfway up and back down. “This is ... so strange.” She gazed at the pleasure written on his face. “When I ... married your father ... I thought I would never be with ... another man. But ... uh ... uh ... uh ... without knowing it ... we made the man ... that would break ... our vows.”

“Are you ... ugh ... workshopping ... a new fantasy ... Mom?” He held tightly to her thighs, feeling her muscles move under her smooth skin.

“Maybe ... oooohhhhhh ... I am.” Another brief smile passed over her lips like a summer storm. “We have ... so many ... going.”

“Yes ... *meine Frau*.” Nick’s mind let go of all plans he had mustered coming into the day. He would just let things happen. It was all working out.

“*Ich liebe es ... deine Mutter ... zu sein.*” Her pleasure swelled.

“What does ... uh ... uh ... that mean?” Nick’s hands moved around to her ass. He squeezed her round cheeks. He thrilled at her fullness and femininity. *She really could be a goddess, a fertility goddess.* He squeezed tighter.

“It means ... my little apple thief ... that ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... I love being your mother.” With those words, she hit another climax. Her screams echoed around the room. When she descended from those ecstatic heights, she wiped sweat from her brow and smiled down at him. “You’ve got a firm grip ... on my caboose. Do you like it ... sweetie?” Her smile widened when he earnestly nodded an affirmative. “You want to watch it ... while you take my pussy?”

“I love when you ... say ‘pussy,’ Mom.”

“Anything ... for you, Nicky. Pussy, pussy ... pussy, pussy, pussy.” She laughed. “Well ... you didn’t answer ... my question.”

“I don’t think ... I can do doggy ... with my ankle.” He shrugged at her, enjoying the slow rhythm of her hips.

“I didn’t forget about your ... ankle.” Kate stopped her hips and lifted herself off him.

“Oh ... goodness ... what have you done to me?” Her vagina felt so odd when he plopped out of her. She squatted above him, holding her pussy lips apart with both hands. “Does it ... look okay?”

“It looks fine, Mom.” Nick had spent a lot of time up close and personal with her pussy. It had never looked as it did right then. Her lips were swollen and her hole gaped.

“Totally normal,” he lied.

“Thank goodness.” She turned around and slid his penis back inside.

“Oooooohhhhhhhh. It feels so stretched ... I was just afraid ... it was maybe ... oohhhhh ... *too* stretched.” Soon, she was bouncing on him, mindful not to jostle his bad leg too much. She tried to avoid looking at the swollen, purple ankle. When her eyes did find it, she reminded herself that she had completely taken his mind off the injury. “Do you like ... the view ... Nicky?”

“Gorgeous ... Mom.” He gave one cheek a smack.

Kate shrieked and laughed. “Go ahead ... but not ... too hard.” She looked over her shoulder as he gave the other cheek a smack. “I can’t believe my ... big butt ... brings you so much ... joy.”

“Believe it ...” He took hold of her ass and sped up her motion. “I could never grow tired of ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... watching this.” He was bewitched by the tidal bouncing and wobbling. His orgasm surged toward him. “Oh ... Mom ... I’m going to ...” He didn’t see the suddenly anxious look on her face, and when she tried to pull off him, he pulled her ass back down without thinking.

“Nicky! Nicky! Stop!” Kate’s heart thundered in her chest. She could see he was about to put all his potent stuff inside her. “*Nick!*” Her son didn’t respond, lost in his own pleasure. She twisted herself awkwardly, stuck as she was mounted in reverse, and slapped Nick in the face. She could see shock register in his eyes as he loosened his grip on her butt. Kate pulled herself off him moments before his sperm began flying into the air. She quickly retreated from the bed, picked up her blouse, and covered herself with it.

Nick watched her retreat. What a nightmare. Nick was helplessly cumming while Kate had a look of fright and revulsion on her face. His climax had taken over, but his mind remained clear enough to simultaneously feel shame. She didn’t want it.

Kate stood a few feet away and watched jet after jet of thick white stuff sail through the air and land on her son and his sheets. It was a stark reminder of how much he contained in those oversized testicles. If she was fertile, he would certainly have gotten her pregnant. And it was a very bad time of the month. When he finished, she shook her head slowly. “I want you to know ... that I’m as much to blame as you are. We made ... a huge mistake today. I ... I don’t know ... what else to say. Stay in your room ... and think about how close we just came ... to disaster.” She turned and walked to the door.

Nick watched her bare butt go. She still had red handprints on her cheeks. When she slammed the door, Nick grabbed his pillow, placed it over his face, and screamed. They hadn’t “come close” to disaster. This *was* disaster. They had only sixteen more days to get it right.

## Chapter 30

With sixteen days left, Nick broke his ankle on purpose. While his sister was drinking his mother's milk, he jumped from the tree again. The day progressed very much like the today before. In a fierce outpouring of motherly protection and sympathy, Kate gave him her pussy. But like the day before, he failed to close Enki's deal. He was again left screaming into a pillow after his mother fled his bedroom.

The today after that was almost a perfect copy. The today after that, he jumped but didn't break his ankle. He didn't manage any vaginal sex. He broke his ankle the today after that, but again came up short. Nick was in a rut as pressure mounted. The days dwindled and he didn't know what to do.

With a purple, swollen ankle, Nick rested in his sister's arms in her apartment. There were only eight days left. On that particular today, his mother had hopped off and finished him with her mouth before he got close to seeding her. Failure hurt, but at least Kate wasn't furious with him at the moment.

"It's hopeless. Mom is going to forget us." Nick's voice broke the stillness in the room. He stared at flickering candlelight.

"Would it cheer you up to hear me tell Chris to shove it?" Alyson held him a little tighter, running her fingers through his hair. They were both naked. Cum dripped onto the sofa from her pussy. She didn't care. This wasn't the last today.

"Nah, you don't need to." Nick shook his head slowly.

"You really are upset. I was sure you'd want to hear that." Alyson sighed. "It's for the best anyway. I already did it. I called him after Mom and I did our thing this afternoon. I told him the wedding was off, and that he didn't treat me right."

"You did?" Nick twisted in her arms to look into her eyes. "Have you ... been calling him every today?"

Alyson nodded slowly, biting her bottom lip. "I have."

"But what happens if we get through? I mean I almost ... you know ... with Mom. It almost happened."

"Exactly. What happens?" She placed her index finger on his forehead and tapped slowly. "Think about it, dummy."

"So ... you want to end it with Chris? This is for real?" The news did cheer Nick. His sister wanted his baby, and there would be no more fiancé to deal with. The more he thought about it, the better Nick felt.

"I'm done with him. It feels so good to tell him every day that he's an asshole." Alyson loosened her grip on her brother as he squirmed to face her, his heavy dick slapping against her tummy.

"Why the change?" He kissed her bare breast, working his way down to her nipple.

"I had an epiphany when we called him ... that other today. Ooohhhhhhhhhh ... you're hungry again." She cradled his head, feeling the weight of his cock against her thigh. She moved her hips a little, trying to angle it toward her pussy.

"Mmmppppphhhhhhh." Nick drank from his sister and lined his dick up. Her pussy was warm and tight, just like their mother's. The two women were so alike in many ways. He hunched his hips forward and slid more of his cock into her.

"Chris would have ... come between us ... and I can now ... ugh ... see ... ugh ... ugh ... that I had a blind spot ... uggghhhhhhh ... toward him. He didn't ... treat me right." She placed her hands on Nick's back and spread her legs as his rhythm picked up.

Nick released her nipple and placed his hands on her shoulders, pinning her to the sofa. "Maybe ... I'll take a ... gap year ... and live here. Would you like ... that?"

"Maybe ..." Alyson's eyelids fluttered. "Maybe ... you can apply ... to the U ... and we can live together ... while you work on your ... undergrad, and I ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... work on my doc."

"Maybe we can convince ... Mom to live with us." Nick laughed. "I'll devote myself ... to you and the babies ... in my gap year. You won't have to ... take too much time ... off from school."

Alyson felt too good to return his laugh. She let the pleasure surge through her. "You're going to be ... the best dad ... ever." She thrust her hips and trembled out an orgasm.

Words left them and they rutted on the sofa with only the sounds of their grunts, moans, and the slapping of skin. When Nick came to his shuddering climax, Alyson held him tightly to her breast, gritting her teeth and soaring in her own pleasure. They panted in each other's arms for a while.

"Should we go to bed?" Alyson ran her fingers down his back, feeling small, hard muscles flex as he shifted his position a little.

"I just want to stay inside you until the day resets." Nick nuzzled her neck.

"How are we going to solve the puzzle? Only nine days left." She tried not to think about failure.

"Only eight left." Nick sighed. "I don't know. We'll try the same thing, I guess. Maybe one little detail is missing." Nick went over the day in his head. "Mom wakes me up. We

have lots of morning sex. That butters her up for the afternoon. I leave. You show up and ... do what you do with her. Dad gets home. You take Dad out for lunch and a movie. I show up with a broken ankle. More sex with Mom. And then ... what?"

"Maybe you need me to be there when you and Mom do it?" Alyson felt silly even suggesting it.

"That would be amazing. But it would never fly." Nick was tired, his ankle throbbed, but he didn't want to move from atop his sister. "Maybe I stay after morning sex and we both drink at the same time from her?"

"That wouldn't work. Mom and I talk about Chris and Dad during that time. She always brings it up, so I think it's important. It wouldn't happen with you there. But we could try that again after the todays are over."

Nick murmured his assent. That sounded wonderful. "So, what do we do differently?"

"You could compliment her more."

"I do that a lot already. Any more and she'd think I was angling to get something from her." Nick's cheeks warmed with shame. "Which I am."

"Make her squirt first?" Alyson shuddered, trying to picture her mother's ecstasy while her pussy erupted in a geyser.

"Done that. I've read the room. I've gotten really good at it. I honestly don't know what else I can do."

"You'll think of something. We'll think of something." She clenched her pussy around his cock in an oddly reassuring gesture and purred when she felt him flex his dick in return. She did it again, and they carried on that back-and-forth for several repetitions.

"I don't know. I just wish we had more time." Nick held Alyson tighter, knowing they were about to be separated by the reset. His internal clock could sense its approach. "Maybe we should try and explain it to her. We know what she's going to do. Remember how I first explained it to you? Well, you don't remember that because that day reset, but you remember one of the times I explained it to you. We could -"

The world turned to blackness. Nick slowly opened his eyes. He was in bed and his mother was doing the same thing she did to start every today, getting ready for anal sex.

"Time to wake up, Nicky." Kate put a bottle of lube next to his phone on the nightstand. She couldn't help noticing that he had unread messages from his sister. She reminded herself that she trusted them and ignored the phone. She sat on the edge of the bed, pulled down his covers, and kissed his exposed cheek. Like most teenagers, he was sleeping in the most awkward position, his face half-buried in the pillow.

“You’re about to say ‘I wish I could still sleep like that.’” Nick sat up in bed.

“Well, good morning, sunshine.” She smiled at him. “How did you know what I was about to say? You’re right, by the way.”

“If I hadn’t interrupted you, you would have told me that ‘These days, if I don’t use my knee-pillow and sleep on my side, I’m not able to walk the next day.’”

Kate laughed. “That does sound like me. Anyway, your father is playing golf right now. So, if we’re going to be smart about all this, we should use our time wisely.”

“... going to be smart about all this, we should use our time wisely,” Nick finished in sync with his mother.

“What’s going on, Nicky?” Kate frowned. “Is this some sort of prank?”

Nick tried valiantly to explain Enki, the puzzle, and his repeating days. He watched as her expression hardened little by little.

When he finished, she picked the lube up off his nightstand. “I don’t like this joke, Nick. I had something special planned for this morning, but maybe I’ll take a raincheck. Think about how others feel before making fun of them.” She quickly headed for the door.

“I’m not joking. Wait ... Mom.” Nick slumped back to his pillow when the door slammed. He looked over at the window. Written in condensation, quickly fading, was the number seven. “And now today is fucking ruined.” He got up, brushed his teeth, and tried to talk to his mother, but she wasn’t interested. The look in his mother’s eyes told him that this today was toast. He would have six more days to figure it out. He left the house and headed to his sister’s apartment.

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“I don’t feel well, Mom.” Nick slowly uncoiled and sat up. He blinked at her beauty.

“Oh, no.” Kate sat on the edge of his bed and put her hand to his forehead. “You don’t feel hot. Your father is playing golf right now. I came in here thinking that if we’re going to be smart about all this, we should use our time wisely.” She nodded at the bottle of

lube. "But if you're not well, maybe we can do something more lowkey. We can always have some of our special hangout time another day." She kissed his cheek.

"Sure. If you don't forget." Bitterness entered Nick's voice.

"Oh, I wouldn't forget something like that." The familiar vertical line in her forehead formed, and her eyes were full of worry. "You sound like you need some rest. I'll make you something nice for breakfast. When you're feeling up to it, come on down." Kate kissed him again, retrieved her lube, and left the room.

Nick didn't bother looking at the number six fading on the window. He turned over, buried his head in his pillow, and did the unthinkable. He went back to sleep.

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"What the fuck are you doing?" Alyson shook her brother awake.

"What?" Nick rolled onto his back and blinked at his sister's beauty.

"I said ..." She gave him a very deep frown and folded her arms over her chest. "What ... the fuck ... are you doing? You can't be sleeping. Not now. We only have six days left."

His sister's expression sobered Nick some. He sat up. "I don't know what to do." He shrugged.

"Well, I'm supposed to be having my alone time with Mom right now, and you're supposed to be breaking your ankle and what not. So ..." Alyson tapped her foot.

"So?" Nick yawned and stretched.

"So, get dressed. It's your big day. Go break a leg." Alyson's anger passed when she saw the hopelessness spread on his face. "Sorry, Nicky. If you need a day off, you can take one. It's okay. We have more time." She sat on the edge of his bed and stroked his hair.

"I took the day off the previous today, too. Remember?" Nick blinked away tears. "We're not going to get it done. She's going to forget us. We're going to forget each other. I'd kill myself, but what's the point? I'd just end up restarting on the next today."

"Shh. Don't talk like that." Without thinking, Alyson took her left boob out of her dress and bra and pushed her nipple into her brother's mouth. "There you go. Drink up. You'll feel better in a minute." She spoke in a low soothing voice, continuing to stroke his hair. "We'll figure it out, Nicky. I promise. And we'll live together after you graduate, just like we planned. Mom will visit all the time. Think about how great that will be, okay? We'll figure it out."

“Mmmmmppppphhhhhh.” Nick didn’t want to open himself up to hope, but the warmth of her milk spread serenity from his belly outward. The tension in his shoulders eased. He reached up with his hand and gently massaged her tit, coaxing the flow.

“There now,” Alyson cooed. “Are you feeling better? I was hoping –” The door opened and Alyson turned her head expecting the disaster of their mother discovering her tit between Nick’s lips. Her eyes opened in horror when she saw it was an even worse catastrophe. Her father stood there, his face red with rage. Time had gotten away from them. He was home already.

“What ... the fuck ... is happening here?” Fred bellowed. He stormed into the room, grabbed Alyson’s hair with his left hand, and pulled her to the floor. He reached for Nick with his right hand.

“Dad ... Dad ... I can explain.” Nick hopped out of bed before his father could grab him. He was only in his boxers, and his soft dick bounced around as he dodged Fred. Now fully awake, adrenaline surging, Nick wrenched his father’s grip from Alyson’s hair. She quickly scampered behind her brother, her boob still free and bouncing wildly.

“I knew ... there was something wrong ... with you.” Fred hunched his shoulders like a Neanderthal and lumbered toward his son. “I always knew ... you two ... were sick.”

“Stop ... Dad.” Nick backed up in a circle around the room, keeping his sister behind him. She stood and grabbed his bare shoulder. Whether she was using him as a shield or trying to hold him back from rushing their dad, Nick didn’t know. He thought about the last time this had played out. He had broken his hand and their mother had cradled their father’s unconscious body. “I’m not going to hit you, Dad. Just leave, okay?”

“Fucking pervert.” Fred swung a meaty fist at his son.

Nick ducked. “Run, Alyson. Get out of here.” But his sister’s hand didn’t leave his shoulder. They continued to back in a circle around the room, Fred prowling after them.

~~

Kate’s blood froze when she heard her husband scream and curse. She ran toward the commotion, taking two stairs at a time. When she arrived at Nick’s room, she let out a pure, animal scream of her own. Her husband had pinned her son to the floor and was pummeling him with his fists. Her daughter was unsuccessfully trying to pull Fred off. Animal instinct kicked in, and Kate rushed her husband, tackling him and rolling on the floor. “Stop ... Fred ... stop.”

“Get off me ... bitch.” Fred slapped his wife in the face. Her shriek of pain lessened some of his rage. He let go of his wife and sat back on his knees.

Kate scrambled to her son. “What have you done?” She glanced back at her husband with seething hatred, and then cradled Nick’s head. Her son had several cuts on his face and deep, red bruises were already forming.

“Mom?” Nick blinked up at his mother. The room spun around him. “I didn’t hit him ... this time. But I couldn’t let him ... hurt Alyson.”

“Shh. It’s okay.” Kate stood and slowly helped Nick to his feet. “Help me move him, Alyson.”

“I’m sorry, Katie.” Fred made no move to help. “But you didn’t see what they were doing. They were asking for it.”

“Shut up, Fred.” Kate hissed. She draped Nick’s arm over her shoulders and helped him toward the door.

“What are we doing, Mom?” Alyson supported Nick’s free arm.

“Don’t come back here, whore.” Fred pointed a finger at his daughter.

Alyson wanted to say something brave, but instead she burst into tears. This was about the time on the other todays when she’d be having a pleasant but boring lunch with her father. She reminded herself that it would all disappear at the reset. They would have five more chances to do better. This today was certainly rock bottom.

“I said, shut up, Fred.” Kate’s voice quavered with fury. She looked at her daughter. “We’re taking Nicky to the hospital.”

“No ... no ...” Nick struggled in his mom’s grasp. “Not the hospital. We can’t waste today.”

“It’s already wasted.” Alyson, still crying, glanced back at her father as they left the room and shepherded Nick downstairs. “Let’s just get you someplace safe.”

“Not the hospital,” Nick muttered.

“I think he’ll be okay, Mom. Let’s take him to my place.” Alyson wiped away her tears as they got him into the minivan. “He doesn’t want to go to the hospital.” She didn’t add that it didn’t matter, since the day was doomed. Nick wanted to be with them, and there was no downside to that.

“Look at me. Look at me, Nick.” Kate draped his mostly naked body with a blanket she kept in the van and settled him in the passenger seat. “How many fingers am I holding up?” She held up eight fingers.

*“Acht, meine Frau.”* Nick smiled. His teeth were pink with blood. “A little bit of cider, and I’ll feel much better.”

“Okay.” Kate smiled with relief. He was already improving. “We’ll get you cleaned up at your sister’s place. Buckle up, mister.” She closed the door, told Alyson to get her own car, and grabbed her purse. She was quite happy that she didn’t catch sight of Fred as they went about their escape. She didn’t think she could handle even looking at her husband.

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“I’m okay, Mom.” Nick watched his mother closely as she drove. Her face was creased with worry.

“That may be, but I’m not.” Kate gave him a quick glance and stared back at the road. “I don’t know what’s gotten into your father.”

“He’s always been like this.” Nick waited for her to respond, but they drove on in silence. “Anyway, I’m okay.”

“Does it hurt to breathe? Do you have a headache?” She wracked her brain for symptoms of internal trauma. “Anything feel broken?”

“Naw ... just beat up.” Nick shrugged.

Kate’s lips pressed into a thin line. Other than getting Nick cleaned up, she had no idea what she was going to do about any of it.

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“Step into the shower. I’ll clean you.” Kate pulled down Nick’s boxers gently, so as not to disturb any bruises he might have on his legs.

Alyson stood leaning her back on the wall, watching her mother and brother closely. Her bathroom was already steamy.

“I’m fine. I’m eighteen and perfectly capable of cleaning myself.” Nick ached all over. When he stepped under the water he winced, becoming acutely aware of all the various cuts and abrasions on his body. “Really, Mom. I’m fine.”

"I'm happy that you think so. But I'm still your mom." Kate pulled the sleeves of her dress up past her elbows, put soap in her hands, and scrubbed his body gently. She was happy he didn't protest. When she got near his penis, she looked over her shoulder at Alyson. She gave it a cursory scrub and turned his hips to rinse it under the water. She knew it was best to clean under his foreskin, but she would leave that be for now. Very carefully, she cleaned around his cuts, turned the shower off, and offered him a towel. She spent the next ten minutes meticulously putting antibiotic and Band-Aids wherever necessary. Whenever he winced, she would back off a second, and then go back to work.

"He's going to need some clothes." Kate looked over at her daughter.

"I have some of Chris's things." Alyson shrugged.

"No way." Nick shook his head and winced. A muscle in the back of his neck bothered him.

"You can have some of my clothes." Alyson raised her eyebrows in challenge to her brother's stubbornness.

"Yeah, sure. Better than Chris's." Nick stood with the towel wrapped around him, feeling incredibly grateful to be with two women that loved him.

Alyson smiled for the first time since her father had entered Nick's room. "I'll go find something." She opened the door and left the bathroom.

"Nick?" Kate watched the front of his towel with interest.

"Yeah, Mom?"

"Why are you growing right now?" She pointed at the tent rising in the towel.

"Oh, sorry. I can't help it." Nick looked down, vaguely embarrassed. The day was doomed so nothing really mattered. "I was just thinking about how lucky I am to have you taking care of me."

"It's hard even after everything that happened today?" Kate stared in wonder. "You're a machine. You look like you've been through a blender, but if that's working, I suppose you're going to be okay." She leaned close to him and whispered, "Would you like me to take care of you later when your sister isn't around? It might take your mind off what happened."

Nick gazed at his mother's beauty, marveling at the situation he found himself in. His string of broken ankles had prepared him perfectly for that moment. "I would love that. Nothing would heal me faster than some hang out time with my cider frau."

"That is good," she said in a German accent.

“Some shorts and a t-shirt. Best I could do.” Alyson returned to the bathroom, tossed the clothes to her mom, and spotted Nick’s erection. She quickly looked away, pretending she hadn’t seen it.

“Can I lay your brother down in your bedroom?” Kate tried to be casual. “I think I’ll stay with him until he’s asleep.”

“Yeah, sure. I’ve got some chores to do.” She gave Nick an encouraging smile and walked off down the hall toward the kitchen.

“Okay, let’s get these on you.” Kate helped Nick into Alyson’s clothes. The t-shirt fit fine. The shorts were ridiculously short and did nothing to hide his massive erection. “Well, you look fine. Just fine.” She patted his chest. “Let’s get you settled in your sister’s bed.” Before he could argue, she took his hand and led him into Alyson’s bedroom, closing the door behind them. She could hear Alyson emptying her dishwasher in the kitchen and knew the apartment wouldn’t offer much privacy. “My, these are thin walls.”

“I guess.” Nick got into bed when his mother pulled back the covers. “We’ll have to be quiet.”

“Maybe your sister will go out for a bit and ...” Kate held her hands palms up.

“You offered, Mom. And it would help me feel better. I might even nap afterward.”

Kate bit her bottom lip and stared at his bandaged face. Her husband had really done a number on him. Her heart swirled with rage at Fred and fierce maternal protection toward Nick. She checked to make sure the door was locked and put a finger up to her lips. “Okay, but you have to promise to be quiet.”

“Thanks, Mom. I promise.” Nick was stunned that the day he had thought was a burning hellhole of a crater, had somehow turned around. He pulled the ridiculous shorts down to his ankles.

“I’m going to keep my clothes on in case your sister comes knocking.” Kate crawled onto the bed and placed herself on her side with her elbow resting next to his hip. She gripped his shaft, gave a few pumps, and placed her lips on the wide head of his penis. She would clean under his foreskin after all. She bobbed her head, with each stroke taking more of his length down her throat. His soft groans thrilled her. She was truly helping him the best way she knew how. And, it hit her – she was helping herself, too. There was no room for Fred’s poisonous deeds in her head now. The whole world narrowed down to Kate and her son. She cupped one of his overripe testicles and worked her magic.

“Aaaahhhhhh ... Mom ... that’s so goooooooooooooood.” He wove his fingers into her hair. He heard his sister’s voice from the living room through her thin bedroom door. He could make out every word.

“Hello, Chris. No ... no ... you listen ... no ... you listen to me.” Alyson was counting on her thin walls. She prayed her mother and brother could hear her.

Kate slowed her pace and then stopped. When her son pushed on the back of her head, she tried to tell him to wait. “Wwwwwaaaammmmmmppphhh.” But she didn’t pull off him. She could hear Alyson talking to Chris, and it sounded bad. Slowly, she continued blowing her son, while eavesdropping on her daughter.

“You never listen to me. You treat me like I work for you. You don’t see me as a person ... or ... as a woman.” Alyson was shouting now. She had had this conversation so many times. Yelling at Chris was as good as therapy. It was almost a shame that she would only have five more todays to tell him off. “You don’t understand what I’m saying? Let me be clear. We’re through, Chris. No wedding. No more grading your papers. I’m not clay for you to mold ... oh yeah? Fuck you, Chris!”

Kate’s eyes went wide as she continued to fellate Nick. Her mind swirled with conflicting emotions. She could feel Nick trembling under her. He was going to cum while his sister ended her engagement. The thought was like wildfire inside her. She bobbed her head faster, with shorter strokes. She knew she could only have the head in her mouth when he exploded or she’d choke.

“I should have seen it a long time ago.” Alyson worked herself to her finale. “Oh ... you think I’m a cunt? You’re a conceited ... myopic ... asshole, Chris. Goodbye forever.” She disconnected and threw her phone across the apartment. It didn’t matter, she would get a new phone on the reset.

“I’m going to cum ... Mom ... I’m cumming ... ahhhhhhhhhhhh.” Nick bucked his hips and unloaded. He had just listened to his sister’s breakup, and now the only sound was his mother gulping his sperm. Could a day be both heaven and hell? It sure seemed like it.

## Chapter 31

“What are you thinking about, Mom?” Nick watched her absentmindedly stroke him, her gaze somewhere in the distance. The small amount of cum she hadn’t swallowed squelched under her hands.

“Oh, I was ... um ...” Kate had been thinking about her marriage. “Why did your father ... hit you, Nicky?”

“He caught Alyson trying to make me feel better.” He saw her eyes go wide. “It wasn’t like that. She just had her boob out. We were safe.” It wasn’t a total lie.

“Your father caught you ... kissing your sister’s breast?” She scrunched up her face. When he nodded, she chewed her bottom lip. “I would have been upset if I walked in on that, too.” She caught the hard look on his battered face. “But your father went too far. Way too far. I can’t believe ...” Her voice faded away. “Why didn’t you hit him back?”

“I told him I wouldn’t hit him, Mom. I didn’t want to hurt him.” That was true, although he left the reason unsaid. He didn’t want her in agony over his father’s unconscious body like she had been in that lost looping day. “I made sure to keep myself between Dad and Alyson. I was her human shield, I guess.”

“I’m proud of you. You were so brave.” Despite her words, she didn’t smile. Instead, she gnawed on her lip with more vigor. Her thoughts were fixed on what to do about her husband. “I want you to know that I’ll do whatever I can to make this right. Are you feeling better after what I did ... with my mouth? Are you ready for a nap?”

“I’d feel a whole lot better if we did something else.” Nick shrugged.

“Oh, okay. Of course. We can ask your sister to go out ... maybe we can say we need something ... and ...”

“Hey, Alyson.” Nick called through the thin door.

“Yeah?” Alyson called back.

“Do you mind going out for a while?”

“Okay. I’ll be back in a couple hours.” Alyson took a few minutes pretending to get ready. She opened her door, slammed it, and crept back into the living room. Sitting in her trusty cushioned armchair, she rubbed her legs together. She knew exactly why Nick would ask for alone time with their mother.

“That was easy.” Kate looked around the room. “A mother shouldn’t ever ask this, but do you know if your sister has lubrication?” She watched him shake his head. “Maybe some oil from the kitchen?” She let go of his penis and stood. “A cider frau must be

resourceful when left to her own devices at the orchard,” she said in a German accent. “Oh.” She squealed when he seized her wrist and pulled her back to bed. “Careful, you’ll open your cuts if you ... mmmpppppphhhhhhh.” Her tense shoulders relaxed as her body melted into the kiss. Her tongue, shy at first, uncoiled and danced with his.

Nick ran his hands over the back of her dress, enjoying the dip and rise of her waist out to her hips and ass. He broke the kiss. “We don’t need oil, Mom. I want to feel even closer to you. I want you to feel me.”

“I know what you’re driving at.” Kate pulled her dress over her head. She could feel his rigid hardness bumping into her hip. “I actually thought about buying extra large condoms for you, but decided we shouldn’t go there.” Regarding his frown was physically painful, accompanied as it was, by his beaten face. “You can have my butt anytime.” She playfully slapped her panty-clad backside. “Isn’t that good enough?”

“I don’t want us to hold anything back, Mom. You shouldn’t give something to Dad that you don’t give to me.” He held his hands up to his face as if it was on display. “I mean, look what he did.”

“Your father ...” All of her objections rang hollow. They floated away like dust in the wind. “Okay. We can do it this one time.” She slid her panties down her legs and tossed them to her daughter’s floor. She prayed she wouldn’t squirt with that giant penis in her vagina. How would she explain the mess to Alyson? She had never taken anything so big and had no idea what it would do to her.

“I don’t want it to be a one-time thing, Mom.” Nick noted her giddy body language while she removed her bra. He saw the way her eyes darted to meet his and then turned away several times. He read the room. He could ask for what he wanted. His father had driven her here. All he had to do was close the deal. “If anyone deserves this, we do. We’re perfect together, aren’t we?”

“We are.” Kate’s voice was high and reedy. She took hold of his penis and pumped him again. Not that her son needed it, he was ready. His penis seemed perpetually ready. “You’ll have to pull out ... of course.”

“About that.” Nick removed her hands from his cock, maneuvered her onto her back, and spread her legs. He lowered his tongue to her pussy. Her lips were wet, but not yet enflamed and gaping. After their failed coupling on earlier today, he knew how destroyed her pussy would look once she allowed him access. “I want ... to cum ... inside.” Putting two fingers inside her, he focused his mouth on her clit.

“Ohhhhhh ... ooohhhhhhhhhhhh ...” Kate’s hands moved about uncertainly in the air. She wanted to cradle his head, but didn’t want to bump one of his injuries. “I’m afraid of hurting you ... and your father just ... he just ... he might have killed you ... if I

hadn't been there." Her mind swirled with wonderful and dire thoughts. She had never been more confused. "You can't ... you can't ... do it inside."

Nick lifted his lips from her clit. He continued stroking her, running his fingertips along ridges inside her pussy. He looked up past her boobs as they hung to either side of her chest. His eyes locked with hers. He could see the anger, confusion, desire, and maternal protection tugging her in different directions. "It's one night, Mom. Not much of a risk. And it would bring me back to a good place after what Dad did. He wanted to kill me. But this would be a symbol ... of new life." He saw words forming on her lips, but he dove back to her clit before she could respond.

"Oooooohhhhhhhhhh ... Nicky ... what are you doing ... to meeeeeeeeeeeee?" Kate finally decided what to do with her hands. She cupped her heavy boobs and held them tight as her body shook through a massive orgasm. When she was on the other side of her climax, she thanked God under her breath that Alyson was out of the apartment. If her daughter had still been there, she would have surely heard Kate getting off.

"I love you so much, Mom." Nick moved his fingers into position. He knew exactly where her g-spot was. How funny that her pussy had been such a mystery to him at one point. It was more familiar to him now than the streets he grew up on. "Cum for me ... cum for me ... yes ... that's it."

"Oooooohhhhhhhhhh ... gosh ... that spot ... nnnnnnnngggggghhhhhhhhhh." She lifted her head and watched his svelte, muscular arm shake with his movements. Her eyes narrowed. The whole universe narrowed. Her body flopped on the bed. She saw him remove his fingers just as her geyser exploded. He knew her so well.

"Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii." She threw her head back and let the ecstasy take her where it willed.

"Wow ... Mom ... I'm covered." Nick wiped her spray out of his eyes.

"Oh ... my ... oh ... my ..." Kate sat up on her elbows. "Are the Band-Aids okay? Does my stuff sting?" It was such a stupid thing to say, she almost hit her forehead with her hand. When he smiled, she did the same. "I'm sorry. I'm just worried about you." She sat up on her knees and wiped her stuff from around his bandages. Her hand went tenderly to his mouth. "I didn't even think about your bruised lip. Does it hurt?"

"It's okay, Mom." Nick put one hand behind her head and one on her ass. He moved her onto her back. "I can't say the same for Alyson's bed, though."

"Hopefully, it won't soak through the sheets. We'll wash everything before she gets ..." Kate drew in her breath when Nick rested the wide head of his penis on her vagina. She looked down between her legs at its great, veiny length. "You really think ... we should?" By asking the question, she was ceding her authority to her eighteen-year-old son. As his mother, she should bear the burden of such a momentous decision. But she

was so much more than just his mother now. She was his cider frau. His woman. And she needed to hear him say what he wanted again. The moment had swept her off her feet.

“I want to put this all the way inside your pussy, Mom. I want you to feel my heat ...” Nick thought out his words carefully. He had been at her entrance on so many todays, but had never gone about it in this way. It was amazing how different circumstances changed how they both felt about the same act. “I want you to feel my heat in your core. But I won’t put it in until you ask.”

“Oh ... gosh ... how did we end up here?” She looked at his wounds, thought about the vile deeds of her husband, and set her jaw. “I want you to put it in. I’m not sure about the rest. I don’t know if you shooouuuullllldddddd ... oooooohhhhhhhhhh ... goooooosssshhhhhh.” She clutched the sheets on either side of her and watched his cock slowly disappear inside her. “Just ... the other day ... I thought your father was stretching ... me. I was ... soooooooo ... wrong. *This* ... is ... stretching.”

“Does it hurt?” He marveled at her face. Her expression was that of a woman in the middle of a Herculean effort. He knew she could take it, but even so, at the moment it seemed tenuous. A thought occurred to him. He was getting to resize her pussy for the first time again and again. It was like getting to take her virginity multiple times, but much better. If everything worked out, he might look back on this last round of loops much more fondly than he would have thought.

“Yes ... it hurts ... but it’s okay,” Kate said through clenched teeth. “You’ve come ... back home.” She looked down past her heaving chest and saw that it was almost all the way in.

“That is ... the hottest thing ... I’ve ever heard.” Nick couldn’t fathom why he had resisted this moment before the final set of todays. “You’re so tight ... and wet ... and warm.” He looked down to see their pubic hair touching. “And you want me ... to ... cum inside you?” He pulled his hips back and then eased back into her. Her eyes bulged with his movement, but she didn’t tell him to stop.

“I don’t ... know. If it ... makes you happy ... maaayyybbbeeeee ...” Each thrust of her son’s hips set off an earthquake inside her. Pain and pleasure fought with each stroke. “Oh ... gosh ... If we ... uh ... uh ... uh ... do this ... often enough ... ugh ... ugh ... I’ll never ...” Pleasure was winning the battle inside her. His penis hit a spot that made her spread her legs wider and holler like a demented yodeler.

“Dad doesn’t deserve you.” Nick picked up the pace. He concentrated on the long slide of each stroke and the weight of his hips driving her ass into the mattress. “Alyson ... realized it with Chris ... ah ... ah ... ah ...” He placed his right hand on her left hand,

bracing his upper body. His left hand went to her chin and held her face so that their eyes met. “Men like that ... get nothing. You’re going to ... give him nothing.”

“I don’t know ... Nicky. But ... ugh ... ugh ... I know ... ugh ... that I’m going to give you ... everything.” Kate’s toes curled in the air and her legs trembled uncontrollably.

“You’re making ... me ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.”

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Her mother’s screaming and the creaking of Alyson’s bed wove into a cacophony. Naked, Alyson sat on her chair, her hand a blur on her clit. She could hear Nick masterfully plumbing Kate’s depths with his dick and his words. The things he said, and elicited from their mother, drove Alyson crazy.

Looking down at the stain spreading between her legs on the chair, Alyson wondered if it might be permanent. In the loops, she never worried about such things. But now ... she thought about her phone and regretted tossing it across the apartment. However, there wasn’t much room for regret. Her mother was screaming out a cascade of orgasms, and Alyson was getting close to another of hers. She thought about Nick seeding them both in the same night. Her climax was upon her, driving away all thought.

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“Oh ... my ... you’re gonna ... do it. Oooohhhhhhhhhh ... my ... you’re ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... going to ... do it.” Kate was stuck on that refrain. She scissored her ankles behind Nick, pulling him in with each thrust. Her hands were on his ever-flexing back. She dug her nails into his hard muscles. “... Gonna do it ... oh ... my ... you’re ... do it ... gonna ... to ... oooooohhhhhhhhhh.” Her brain swirled in a haze of ecstasy.

“I’m going to cum ... Mom ... I’m going to cum. Do you ... want it?” Some part of Nick’s mind readied himself for her frantic escape, or a slap to the face. She made no move to stop him. Indeed, she pulled him in even harder, staring at him in adoration with half-lidded eyes.

“I ... ugh ... ugh ... want to ... feel it. Fill me ... fill me ... fill me ...” Kate hunched into her son. Both of their hips fell out of rhythm.

“Oh ... God ... here it ... comes.” He gazed down at her savage grace as she accepted him. “I’m ... cumming ... I’m cumming ... Mom ... Uuuuuuuggggggghhhhhh.” He growled out his ecstasy, his hips an erratic blur. Stars burst before his eyes. He was part of her, erupting, spreading new life inside his mother.

Kate had come into the day thinking she had crested every possible mountain on her road to discovering pleasure with her son. She had been deeply mistaken. Feeling the heat of his release on the back walls of her womb ascended her into a novel paradise. Her body flailed and thrashed, and her mind expanded until every part of creation seemed to vibrate along her nerves. She was too far gone to hear herself, but if she had, she would not have recognized her own wails.

“Oooohhhhhhhh ... Mooooooommmmmmmmm.” Nick’s hips slowed. He expected his orgasm to slow to a stop, but his body shuddered out one blast after another. Finally, his hips settled against hers. Even then, he was surprised by one final quaking explosion. With that done, he rested his cheek against her delicate neck, and tried to wrap his mind around what had just happened. “I think ... I turned your pussy ... into a lake.”

“Oh ... gosh ... oh ... gosh.” Bolts of electricity continued to move through Kate. She held him gently, remembering that he was injured. “You’re drowning ... me. I can feel it ... drowning me ... from the inside out.” Her brain worked through rationalizations, finally settling on how unlikely it was that she was fertile. Sure, it was not a great time of the month, but it would be bad luck if she was ovulating just then. And they were due for some good luck after what Fred had done. Duly rationalized, anxiety’s tenuous grip slipped and drifted from her mind. “So ... warm ... Nicky.” Her hands moved down to his butt and gripped hard. She was sure he hadn’t hurt his backside.

“Drowning you ... in cum ... Mom. I’m drowning you ...” Nick sighed. His cuts hurt where they rubbed up against her, but he couldn’t care less.

“I’m melting ... just melting.” She kissed his soft hair, smelling the nondescript shampoo she always bought for him. “And you’re still ... so hard ... inside me.” A wave of joy swept through her when she felt him flex his penis. “Oh ... wow ... I’ve never felt that ... before.” She took another deep breath, catching the scent of their mingling sweat. “Do it again.” She giggled when she felt his penis give another lurch inside her. “My son ... is so talented.” She kissed his hair some more.

“Look at ... what else ... I can do.” Nick’s hips started up again. The splashing of her cum-filled pussy resounded.

“Oooohhhhhhhh ... what are you doing to me?” She dug her nails into the resilient flesh of his ass. “Maybe ... we should switch ... to my backside. We can use your stuff ... as lubrication. It ... uh ... uh ... sounds like there’s more ... than enough of it.” When he

pulled out of her, she sighed with relief. If he had insisted, she would have let him douse her womb again. She let him turn her onto her belly and press her legs together. She stared at Alyson's cheap, college-student sheets. "Be sure there's enough of your stuff to make it slick. It would really hurt if ... uuggggghhhhhhhhhh ... wrong ... place ... Nick." He was in her pussy again. At this new angle, he seemed to poke directly at the backside of her bellybutton.

"I want to ... stay in your pussy." Nick got into rhythm quickly, propping himself up with his hands on her back and watching her ass ripple and shake. "Do you ... want me to ... uh ... uh ... uh ... pull out?"

"No ... ugh ... you can ... keep going." Kate bit the sheets and gripped the edge of the mattress with her fists. He was pummeling her vagina even harder than before. "But ... go easy. Your father ... isn't built ... like you. I haven't ... ah ... ah ... ever done it ... like this. I'm still getting used to ... ooooohhhhhhhhh." A spot on the inside of her belly lit up like fireworks and another novel orgasm seized her.

~~

Listening to her brother finish inside her mother was the most erotic thing Alyson had ever experienced. But she knew how to top it. Alyson stood, wiped off her hands, and found her phone. The screen was cracked, but it still worked. She set the video to record and tip-toed down the hall. If today was the last today, she would have a chronicle of what happened for posterity. She opened the door as quietly as possible and peeked in. One look told her that caution was unnecessary. A herd of elephants could have run through the apartment, and the rutting couple wouldn't have noticed.

Alyson mouthed the words *Holy shit*, and nearly swooned. Her knees turned to jelly. With her free hand, she supported herself on the doorframe, holding her phone up with her other hand to capture the moment. Her mother was face down on the bed blubbing incoherent words into the mattress like a maniac. Her feet were up in the air behind Nick's ass, seesawing with every impact she absorbed. Her ass bounced back and forth, wobbling uncontrollably. Her hair spread wildly in every direction. The muscles in her slender back and arms tensed spasmodically.

The moment didn't need to be recorded. It was burned into Alyson's brain for all time. Her brother's lithe, athletic form moved like a cracking whip with each thrust. The length and width of his cock looked comically large repeatedly reappearing from Kate's pussy. The fire in his eyes combined with his battered face looked downright frightening. That made Alyson's knees even weaker. Her stomach turned over and over as she watched them mate. And *mate* was the right word. Nick had done it. Their

mother would have his baby. Alyson was watching the process of creation. She leaned her shoulder on the doorframe and moved her free hand to her pussy. It was almost too much. Alyson felt her mind drift away on a carnal tide.

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As Nick humped into his mother, something nagged at his enflamed mind. It took him a long time for the thought to come to the fore. But when it hit, he knew he had more work to do. The puzzle wouldn't be complete unless he cleared the weeds. This might be his best chance to get through today. He doubted he could completely replicate the events that had led to that moment on a future today.

"Mom?" Nick pulled out of his mother. He almost smiled as she shimmied her ass up at him and mewled at his withdrawal. "Where's your ... purse?" As he looked about the room, he noticed that the door was open a crack. He guessed that his sister had been peeking. He wasn't going to mention it to his mother, so he stepped across the room and closed the door.

"It's ... on your sister's ... dresser." Kate squirmed, the emptiness at her son's absence felt cataclysmic. "Will you ... come back to ... bed?"

"Yeah." Nick rummaged in her purse and pulled out her phone. He thought about how best to proceed. He was so close, but he didn't want to scare her off. Freeing her of her husband wasn't the same as the end to Alyson's engagement to Chris. His mother was still on her belly when he hopped back on the bed. He turned her onto her side, lifted one of her legs high into the air, and scissored her with his legs.

"What are you ... aaaaahhhhhhhhhhh ... I've never ... done this before." She gazed adoringly at her son as he thrust into her. He moved with such confidence, holding her leg to his chest. He tossed something onto the bed in front of her. "My ... ugh ... phone?" In this position, he found previously hidden places inside her. Clearly, her vagina was no longer a mystery to him. He had explored all its secrets in a single afternoon.

"I want you to ... uh ... uh ... text Dad." Nick wasn't about to ask her to call him. She was too far gone and he'd become suspicious the second he heard her voice. "Tell him ... you're not coming home ... tonight."

"Yes ... okay ... I need to stay with you. You need lots of rest ... after what he did ... and what we're ... ugh ... doing." She looked at his injuries, trying to catalogue them, but her thoughts were too frayed. She turned her attention to the phone and began texting her husband.

“Tell him ... he has to apologize ... for hurting me ... or you won’t ... ever go back ... to him.” He could easily predict the odds of his father saying “sorry.”

Kate’s fingers paused mid-swipe on the screen. “I don’t ... ugh ... know.” Her breasts hung to the side and swayed with their movements next to the phone.

“Look at me ... look at me ... Mom.” Nick slowed his pace so he wouldn’t jar her vision too much. He let her get a good long look. “What he did to me was terrible ... can’t you see? The least he can do is ... apologize. This is ... what you taught me ... about being a man. Own ... your mistakes. If he can’t ... do that ... you can’t go back.”

Kate worked hard to concentrate, still looking up at what Fred had done to Nick. He’d almost killed their son. Fred needed to apologize. Nick was right. She couldn’t stay with a man who wouldn’t do that. “Okay ... I’ll text him.” Kate did as her son asked, finished the text, and put the phone down next to her breast.

“Thanks ... Mom.” Nick took her slow and steady while they waited. He could see her eyes slowly rolling upward and her mouth go slack. When the phone vibrated, she didn’t even respond. “He texted ... back.”

Kate corralled her focus and picked up her phone. She read the words over and over again, trying to absorb their meaning.

“Well ... uh ... uh ... what did he ... say?” Nick could tell from her expression that he’d been right.

“He ... apologized ... for upsetting me.” She looked away from the phone and stared unseeing at the wall. She couldn’t bear to look at her son. “But he ... said ... that he would never ... say sorry to you ... or ... Alyson. And then ... he used some bad ... language.”

“Dad isn’t ... a good person ... Mom. Do you see?” He sped up his hips. The moment was changing. He could feel it. His mother was at the edge of her Rubicon. “Do you ... uh ... uh ... uh ... see?”

“Yes ... Nicky ... yes ... I see. You’re ... right. I’ll tell him ... I’ll tell him ... it’s over.” Kate ended her marriage via text with her son’s long cock sawing in and out of her stretched vagina. It all seemed inevitable to her, like there was no other way for the day to have gone. “It’s ... done.” She gently tossed her phone to the other end of the bed. “I don’t know ... what will happen ... now.” She squealed when he moved her to her back, spread her legs, and took her in the missionary position again. “But we ... have each other ... we have ... each ... other ... ooooohhhhhhhhhh.” She felt his strong hands snake between her butt and the mattress, cupping her cheeks firmly. “Drown ... me ... sweetie. Drown me ... from the inside ...” She didn’t have long to wait. Her body stiffened, her mind

splintered, and she thrust her hips up into his when she felt his heat spread through her womb again.

“Cumming ... Mom ... I’m ... aaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh ... cumming.” Nick was ready. The future was opaque, but there was a future now. He was sure of it. As he unloaded inside her pussy for a second time, he could feel the long line of todays falling away. They would have a future. And they would have each other.

They howled together, two souls becoming one.

After his orgasm, Nick pulled out of her and rolled onto his back. He stared at the ceiling, his thoughts in a whirlwind. She lay beside him, her legs still splayed, his cum leaking out of her. Time passed. Eventually he mustered the energy to speak. “How are you feeling, Mom?” He heard only her even breathing. “Mom?” He propped himself up on an elbow and looked at her. She was sound asleep. Apparently, she was the one that needed a nap. He cuddled up next to her, placing his soft cock on her hip, and watched her chest gently rise and fall.

## Chapter 32

“Sleep tight,” Nick whispered. He covered his mother’s naked form with a blanket, kissed her forehead, and climbed out of bed. He didn’t bother to cover his own nakedness. His fat, slumbering cock swayed between his legs as he left the bedroom and softly closed the door behind him. Dusk dimmed the windows. There were no lights on in the apartment. Nick stepped from shadow to shadow, entering Alyson’s living room. He found his sister sprawled on an armchair, one of her legs dangling over a cushioned arm, and her head resting on the other chair arm. She turned her head and smiled when she saw him. His breath caught at the sight of her beauty. “Well ...” He held his hands palms up and shrugged. “I guess that’s it.” He tried and failed to hold back his own smile.

“You’ve been quiet for almost an hour. I was going to send in a search party.” Alyson put her phone on the ground carefully. The screen was cracked, but it was working, and she wanted to keep it that way. It was obvious that whatever they did mattered, and she was a poor student who couldn’t afford a new phone at the moment. Especially since Chris wasn’t going to be spending money on her anymore.

“Mom’s asleep.” Nick sat on the couch facing her and put his feet up on the coffee table.

“I bet she is. You humped her into oblivion.” She gave him a sagacious nod. “A woman’s mind wasn’t built to withstand what you dish out, Nicky. Trust me, I know. She’ll probably be mush when she wakes up.” Alyson laughed.

“Quiet. I want her to sleep.” Nick put a finger to his lips.

“Sorry.” Alyson left the chair and sat next to her brother on the sofa, resting her head on his shoulder. “You know, we only have a few more hours, and the puzzle isn’t solved yet. Maybe we should take advantage of Mom’s nap and knock over the last domino.” She walked two fingers slowly down his lithe, muscled chest, hopping from one hard ab to the next. “Mom’s cum is still on your dick, Nicky.” She walked her fingers onto his penis and poked at the flaking white stuff.

“It’s my cum, too.”

“Yeah, and it’s combined. It’s lovely.” She pulled back his foreskin. “Oh, my God. It’s still wet under here. This is amazing.” She shuddered. “Your cum ... and Mom’s cum.” She ran her fingers around the fat head of his cock as it grew.

“What’s a concoction like that missing?” Nick pulled her onto his lap. He gently kissed her breasts.

“My cum ... it’s missing my cum.” Alyson’s voice was low and breathy. As she stroked his full length, her hand looked so small trying to encircle his shaft. “You ... me ... and Mom. All together ... in my pussy.” She lifted her hips, lined him up, and slowly let gravity push him inside. She slid down his cock very slowly. Their eyes locked.

“I can’t wait to ... ugh ... live with you.” Nick breathed in deeply, smelling her beguiling scent.

“Enki was right ... all along.” Alyson wanted to hug his head and smother him with her boobs, but his injuries argued against that. Instead, she gripped his shoulders tightly and let her hips find a rhythm. “You’re going to be ... the best dad ... for our ... baby.” Squelching sounds filled the room. The thought of all their cum mixing together sent electric shocks through her body. She bit her bottom lip to keep from crying out and climaxed.

Nick watched her face twist in an effort to hold in her pleasure. “Shhhhhh.” He put a hand on her mouth when she lost that battle, and a scream leaked out of her. She stopped bouncing and trembled on top of him. He could feel her pussy gripping his dick spasmodically. After a few moments, her body quieted, and she continued her ride. “Enki is an ...” Nick was going to say “asshole,” but he thought better of insulting the god. Enki seemed to know everything that was happening, even when Chirpee wasn’t around. “Enki was right ... about some things. There’s nothing better than ... being inside you ... and Mom.”

“Ugh ... ugh ... and making babies ... Nick.” Her words were muffled by his hand. She opened her mouth and sucked in two of his fingers. She gently bit them and swirled her tongue around them. “There’s nothing better ... than the thought of us ... making babies ... in me ... and Mom. Uh ... uh ... uh ... right?” The words came out garbled around his fingers.

“Yes ... yes ... ah ... ah ... ah ... it’s amazing. I ...” Nick cut himself off before he got too loud by shoving her nipple into his mouth. He drank her sweetness while she undulated on top of him. His cuts hurt where the bandages rubbed against her flesh, but that barely registered. His sister’s milk, her pussy, and the rhythm of her hips were all that mattered. His hands snaked around and held her ass, his fingers digging into her flesh. He was ready to hold her as deep as possible when his orgasm arrived. He wasn’t just supposed to cum in her. After all, he was supposed to get her pregnant.

They humped on the sofa for a while longer, both trying to keep the volume of their grunts and moans below the threshold that might wake their mother. Eventually, Nick squeezed his sister’s ass tighter.

“I’m gonna ... cum ... gonna ... cum.” With his grip on her ass, he took over their rhythm, smashing her vagina down on him at an accelerating pace.

“Yes ... yes ... end the puzzle ... Nicky ... end it ... and fill me ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” Alyson threw her head back, her face twisting in ecstasy. Her brother’s warmth filled her womb. She let him slam her down and hold their pelvises together, pushing his hot stuff as deep as it would go. Her scream died out as breath left her, her height of pleasure sounding more like a gasp than anything else. It was a moment of pure creation, and nothing else mattered. The act swept Chris and her father completely from her mind. Everything would work out, because she and Nick were building their future together. Her orgasm receded, and she could still feel Nick bucking spasmodically under her. Alyson’s head lolled to the side, and she blinked. Her mother was standing in the hall wearing one of Chris’s shirts. Kate was staring at them, her mouth forming a rictus of shock.

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Waking up alone in her daughter’s bed caused Kate a good deal of confusion. She tried to find her bearings, looking around the room. When she sat up, she winced. Her sore vagina brought back a flood of memories. Had she and Nick really gone all the way? Twice? She reached down and felt his stuff still leaking out of her. She shivered when her fingers measured a wide gap where her tight vagina had once been. He had resized her. “It’ll go back to normal,” she whispered to herself.

Her thoughts went to her husband, and whether he would be able to feel her the next time they had sex. More memories from the day came back to her. After decades of marriage, she had dumped Fred. He had almost murdered Nick, and couldn’t be bothered to apologize. She wouldn’t have to worry about sex with her *ex*-husband anymore. She expected to find dread in contemplating her ruined marriage, but found only relief. She was better off. And her children were certainly better off. Kate placed a hand on her belly. Would she have three children now? The odds were low. But still, if it did happen, she had no doubt that the new baby would be better off without Fred, too.

The room was chilly when she climbed out of bed. She went to Alyson’s closet and pulled out one of Chris’s large shirts. She buttoned it up and stepped groggily to the door. Where had Nick gone? Knowing him, he was probably fixing them dinner. Well, she wouldn’t let him cook alone. When she opened the door, she was surprised that the lights were all off. The only luminance fell in through the windows. She took a step and stopped, hearing the rhythmic squeaking of the sofa. Her mind balked at the obvious explanation. “They wouldn’t,” she muttered. But of course they would. They were young and Nick was ... insatiable ... irresistible ... kind ... a mind-reader ... the perfect man. He was all those things.

"I'm gonna ... cum ... gonna ... cum." Nick slammed his sister's ass down, planting himself deep.

Kate's eyes went wide and her mouth fell open when she stepped out into the open and saw her son seeding her daughter. She witnessed something no mother would ever expect. Nick's eyes were shut tight, his face full of the intensity she knew from experience accompanied his climaxes.

"Yes ... yes ... end the puzzle ... Nicky ... end it ... and fill me ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii." Alyson flung her head back, at her brother's mercy. Kate could see he had complete control of his sister. She stared at them while they jerked and shuddered to a finish.

Kate was as still as a statue until Alyson locked eyes with her. Then, her body went into action. "Oh, my gosh. Oh, my gosh. I told you ... I *told* you not to. I told you." Without thinking she ran to them, raining down slaps on them both.

"Ow ... Mom ... stop ... you're hurting me." Nick held his hands up to protect his already battered face. His cock was still buried deep in Alyson. His sister held up her arms to defend him, too.

"No ... no!" Kate ceased her violence. She stared at her hands like they'd betrayed her. "I'm sorry ... I just ... I'm sorry." Tears formed in her eyes. She stared down at them. They were still locked together, Nick's sperm sealed inside Alyson. "I can't ... I can't ..."

She turned and ran back to the bedroom, dove onto the bed, and buried her face in the sheets. She covered herself with a blanket and sobbed, not knowing what to do.

"Shit. How do we fix this?" Alyson slowly lifted herself off him. She winced at the wet sloppy sounds her pussy made as it let him go.

"We should let this day loop and try again." Nick ran his hands through his hair and sighed. "We can't go into tomorrow like this. She's going to be furious at us forever."

"We did everything, Nicky," Alyson said softly. She sat next to him and mirrored his sigh. "Unless, maybe she'll go back to Dad? She hasn't cleared the weeds yet, has she?"

"No, she told him it was over."

"When? After you two did it?" Alyson could hear her mother sobbing from the bedroom.

"During." Nick shrugged.

"Jesus ... fucking ... Christ." Alyson shook her head. "I don't know how you pulled that off." She stared at him. "Well, how *did* you pull it off?"

"Forget that for now. We have to find a way ..."

Nick felt very much like he was watching a fire start, and he had only a few minutes to extinguish it before it spread

beyond his control. "Never mind. I'm going to talk to her. I think you should come, too." Nick stood and offered his hand to his sister. She took it, and he pulled her to her feet.

Once in the bedroom, they found their mother crying under the blankets. Alyson threw on a sweatshirt and pulled on some leggings. Nick put back on his sister's ridiculous shorts and shirt.

Nick sat on the edge of the bed and placed his hand on his mother's hip. "I'm sorry you found us like that. Do you have questions? Do you want to yell at us?"

"I don't know ... I don't know." Kate, still blubbering, rolled onto her back. She wiped tears from her eyes. "Did I hurt you? I didn't mean to hit you ... I'm not like your father. I'm so sorry."

"I know you're nothing like Dad." Nick tenderly rubbed tears off her cheek. "I know you're sorry."

"I am ... I am ... sorry." She blinked at her children, looking from one to the other. Her gaze fell down to Alyson's belly. Kate looked down to the where the covers concealed her own tummy. Nick's swimmers were in both of them right at that moment, searching ... searching ... for ... an egg. Would they find one? Two? "Why ... is ... is ... this happening?" Her weeping came to a trembling conclusion. She took a deep breath.

"I've tried to explain it before ..." Nick glanced at his sister. She pressed her lips together and quickly shook her head. "How about we just say that there is still a little magic in the world, and the three of us are lucky enough to have found some."

Kate tentatively arched an eyebrow. "That's ..." She took a deep, shuddering breath and thought about it. "That's stupid, Nicky." But a slight smile crept onto her face.

"It is stupid. You're right. But do you remember the person I was before our hang out time started? Do you remember our relationship? Do you remember how I got along with Alyson?"

"You were a jerk." Alyson nodded.

"You were so distant." Kate's voice was hushed. She pulled the covers up to her chin. "So much like your father."

Nick studied his mother's face. Her deep, brown eyes searched his. Her jaw relaxed. The creases in her forehead smoothed. He read the room. She might never be able to grasp who Enki was, or what he had done, but she could wrap her mind around relationships. The back and forth between mother and son, between sister and brother. He could feel in his bones that she was open to accepting the inevitable future. "This ..." He reached for his sister's hand and squeezed it. With his other hand, he pulled back the covers and took his mother's hand, holding it firmly. He could feel her trembling ever so slightly.

He held up the four hands in front of him. "This connection is what matters. I have found a way to love you ... both of you ... more deeply than I ever thought possible." He saw his mother shiver at the word "deeply."

"We aren't supposed to ... I mean ... we can't get pregnant, Nicky." Kate wondered at the inflection of her words. The lilt in her voice made it sound almost like a question.

"Those rules exist." Alyson's face was very earnest. She sat next to her brother. "But they don't apply to us. Don't you see, Mom? We could be happy together. The three of us. Together."

"The three of us," Kate whispered. The layers of her resistance were falling away. "But ... you can't have a baby. What about your PhD?" She was well aware that she was no longer arguing the issue of Alyson having her *brother's* baby, but the more general problem of baby care for a young, professional woman. That was a profound switch.

"I'll take a gap year." Nick held back a smile. They were rounding the corner with their mother. "I'll help with the baby, and then go to school at the U with Alyson. I'll live here."

"Oh ... gosh." Kate listened to the steady thump of her heart. They had planned it already. "But ... but ... you'll need to find a wife. And you ..." She looked at Alyson's serene face. "I understand that Chris wasn't right for you. But you'll need a husband."

"We'll figure it out, Mom." With her free hand, Alyson took her mother's free hand and squeezed. The three of them now formed a circle. "We've got each other, and we'll figure it out." She leaned forward and kissed the delicate back of her mother's hand. "The three of us can deal with whatever comes if we're together."

Taking his sister's cue, Nick lifted his mother's other hand and kissed it.

Kate's cheeks turned crimson. She looked at these two beautiful, adoring young people and melted. Her doubts didn't disappear, but she swept them all into a corner of her mind that she instantly labeled *we'll figure it out together*. "You two are very special. If you weren't, I would never ... do this." She sat up and slowly unbuttoned her borrowed shirt. When her breasts were out in the open, she stuck out her chest. "Go ahead. I want both of you to drink." Her confidence wavered at making herself so vulnerable. "If ... you want."

"I'm hungry." Alyson glanced at her brother. "Are you hungry?"

"Starving." Nick dropped the hands he had been holding, took hold of his mother's left breast, and lowered his mouth to her nipple. Out of the corner of his eye, he could see his sister doing the same with their mother's right boob.

“Oooohhhhhhhhhhh. This is all I need ... right here.” Kate cupped the back of their heads and listened to them gulp what she had to offer. Calm fell over her. Her nerves tingled with pleasure, radiating from her nipples through her body in waves of contentment. “The three of us ... together.” She became aware of the wetness between her legs. Even with the shock of finding them together, her excitement hadn’t left her. The day had taken her on an insane journey into carnality that she would never have believed existed if she hadn’t found herself in the middle of it. She cooed and held her children tight. Nick at eighteen, and Alyson at twenty-two, had grown into perfect people.

When Alyson had her fill, she unlatched from her mother’s breast and looked up at her. She had never seen her mother look so tranquil. Alyson moved her face slowly closer to Kate’s. She could hear her brother still drinking as she softly touched lips with her mother. She backed up and raised her eyebrows in a questioning look. “Together?” She remembered all too well that her mother had once slapped her for an attempted kiss.

“Together.” Kate had never felt more open and vulnerable. Nor had she ever been so trusting. She closed her eyes and parted her lips.

Mother and daughter kissed deeply. Alyson could feel them both steadily winding up. First their tongues were unsure, but as they played, she could feel their confidence soar. Then, their hands found each other’s bodies. Alyson ran her fingers through her mother’s hair, and kneaded Kate’s free breast. Kate had one hand still holding her son, but with the other she massaged the back of her daughter’s neck. When Alyson’s hand crept down her belly, Kate didn’t stop her. When it found her vagina, she did nothing more than spread her legs wider and offer a muffled moan.

Nick pulled off his mother’s breast. He had been so absorbed in her sweet warmth that he hadn’t noticed the make out session. Not wanting to disturb them, he sat back on the bed and pulled off his sister’s clothes. He tried to take the scene in as he stroked himself. The women’s curves took his breath away, especially where the swell of a hip or breast collided with the same of the other woman. The urgency of their movements, and their soft muted groans drove him wild. He stared at his sister’s slender arm as it worked furiously. He could see that she had two fingers inside their mother. Based on their position, he could guess what Alyson was trying for. Sure enough, after a few minutes, their mother convulsed, Alyson removed her hand, and Kate screamed bloody murder, squirting all over the bed. Nick would never forget the first time Alyson found their mother’s g-spot.

The orgasm took a long time to pass. Kate’s eyes finally blinked the world back into focus. The sight of Nick masturbating while watching her nearly set her off again. “What should we do ... now?” She planted a quick kiss on Alyson’s lips.

“I want to see you and Nicky together, Mom.” Alyson sat back and undressed. She thought about saying that she wanted to witness conception but guessed her mother wasn’t ready for that.

“Really?” Kate bit her lip as her son crawled on top of her. “Oh ... my ... oh ... my ...” She gave one quick glance at Alyson, and then all her attention went to Nick. “You can use my wetness for lubrication. My butt ... my butt ... Nicky?” She stared down between her legs, in awe of his wide head rubbing her splayed pussy lips. “Or ... I suppose ... it wouldn’t really matter if ... eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” She was quite sore from earlier, but her body didn’t put up the same resistance. Before she knew it, her toes were curling in the air, and Nick was slamming into her.

“From now on ... we can ... uh ... uh ... uh ... do this ... whenever ... we like.” Nick placed his hands behind her knees and doubled Kate over. “We won’t have to hide from Dad ... or Alyson ... or ... anyone. You can be ... my cider frau ... whenever you like. How ... does that ... sound?”

“It sounds ... oooohhhhhhhh ... good ... Nickyyyyyyyyyyyyy.” Kate tried to use a German accent, but she was too far gone. She tossed her head back and forth and came on his giant penis. Her hands clawed at his back. Her legs trembled under his steel grip.

“Holy ... fuck ... balls.” Alyson rubbed her clit. Nick was hitting their mom’s pussy so hard that the shock of it lifted Alyson’s butt off the mattress in rhythm with his strokes.

“Yeah ... holy ... fuck ... balls.” He looked over at his sister with a wide grin. Sweat dripped down his forehead and glistened on his body.

“You have her ... Nicky ... you have us.” Alyson listened to their mom’s incoherent babbling. The woman was rolling from climax to climax.

“We have ... each other ... ugh ... ugh ... Alyson. All three ... of us.”

“Yes. God, yes!” Alyson leaned forward, intending to drink from her mom’s boob some more. But it was pressed under Kate’s thigh. So instead, she turned her mother’s twisted face toward her and kissed her on the lips. Kate was too far under the influence of Nick’s cock to return the kiss, but Alyson didn’t mind. It was enough to kiss her mother while she became one with them. *We’ll conceive on the same day.* A chill went down her spine. Her hand moved furiously between her legs.

When Nick announced that he was cumming, his mother and sister joined his grunts with their own frenzied screams. It felt to Nick like one shared orgasm. Afterward, they collapsed in a heap on the bed.

Much later, Alyson rode Nick in reverse with a slow, steady pace. Kate lay on her side in bed next to them, watching with wide eyes.

“Isn’t she pretty ... Mom?” Nick slapped Alyson’s butt.

“She’s beautiful.” Kate reached out and caressed the curve of the cheek Nick had just struck. Tentatively, she gave it a little pat and watched tiny ripples spread from her hand.

“That feels ... ugh ... good ... Mom.” Alyson looked over her shoulder. “Harder?”

“Really?” Kate did enjoy it when Nick smacked her butt. He was firm, but never too rough. She supposed Alyson liked it the same way. “Okay.” She slapped her daughter’s butt a little harder. The smack sounded loud in the quiet room. “Like that?”

“Yeah ... that’s perfect.” Alyson’s hips sped up, like she was a spurred horse. Her mother slapped her ass again and again, and each time Alyson picked up the pace. Soon, she was riding Nick hard, undulating her hips and belly. “Gonna ... *cum!*”

Kate watched Alyson climax in awe. A few minutes later, when Nick shot his stuff inside her, she offered no protest. Whatever happened, they would figure it out together.

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Much later, the three lounged in bed together, their limbs and lives perfectly entwined. The room smelled heavily of sweat and sex. The Dobsons hung on the edge of sleep, but none of them wanted the day to end.

“I want in on your German game,” Alyson said lazily.

Nick chuckled. “That’s fine by me. I’m the apple thief, and Mom’s the cider frau. Her husband left her all alone on the farm.”

“Don’t forget. Since it’s apples, I’m at the orchard.” Kate smiled and ran her fingers along Nick’s flat stomach.

“Of course.” Nick nodded like the distinction mattered.

“I suppose there could be a cider fraulein.” Kate giggled. “Maybe she lives at the next orchard over, and she’s worried that I’m all alone. She stops by to check on me.”

“Oh, I like that.” Alyson used her best German accent. Which, she had to admit, wasn’t very good. “Is the cider fraulein willing, or will she run?”

“We play the game different ways depending on our mood.” Kate brushed along the contours of Alyson’s breast with the hand not occupied by her son. “That’s one of the

things that I love about your generation. You're free to choose. No one jams a square peg into a circular hole."

"I mean, that sounds kinda dirty, Mom. If I had a square peg, I would try it." Nick laughed and the women joined in. When their giggles died away, there was a moment of silence.

"I think I'd like to run from the apple thief the first time." Alyson stared at her dark ceiling, imagining. "What did you choose, Mom?"

"I ran." There was mirth in Kate's voice. She yawned. "I think I'm going to close my eyes for a few minutes. Don't mind ... me." She yawned again.

Alyson spent a long time planning out all sorts of fun the three of them would have together. With complete trust, she could ask for whatever she wanted without fear of rejection. "What's your favorite fantasy, Nick?" She was greeted with nothing but the sounds of their even breathing. "Nick?" She sat up and looked. Her mother and brother were both asleep.

Carefully, Alyson untangled herself and rose from the bed. She shivered and threw on a shirt. Quietly, she left the room, padded down the hall, and retrieved her cracked phone. There were several texts and missed calls from Chris and her father. But that's not what she stared at.

It was the time of day that captivated her.

The loop of today's was over. It was one-seventeen in the morning. They had solved the puzzle. Alyson rubbed her belly. She was giddy, and thought about waking Nick to celebrate. She decided against it. He must have been exhausted. He needed his sleep.

Too amped to go to bed, Alyson sat in her stained armchair. She found the video of Nick taking their mother from behind earlier in the day. She watched it with the volume low, and moved her hand down to her clit. She would savor the moment. It wasn't every day that you solved a puzzle thrust upon you by an atavistic Sumerian God.

## Chapter 33

“You sure you don’t want me to go home with you?” Nick held his mother’s hands, studying her closely. She was dressed in her outfit from the day before. Her hair was clipped back on the right side. She wore some of Alyson’s makeup. Nick looked down at his own ensemble and grimaced. His sartorial options were limited since he refused to wear Chris’s clothes. He was dressed ridiculously in his sister’s shorts and shirt.

“Who knows what your father would do if he saw you?” The lines in Kate’s face deepened into a frown. “I’m still your mother, and my first duty is to protect you.”

“What about you, Mom?” Alyson tugged at her oversized sweatshirt. “Who will protect you?”

“I can handle your father. I’ve been doing it since before you two were born.” Kate kissed her son gently on the lips. She dropped his hands. She pecked Alyson on the lips, and gave her daughter’s butt a gentle pat. “I’ll have all his stuff out of the house in two days. Then I’ll change the locks. Then you can come home, Nicky, and life can go on normally.”

“Normally?” Nick raised an eyebrow.

“Life can go on with us ... *together*.” The frown lines on Kate’s face disappeared. A faint, lopsided smile tugged at her lips. “It might not be normal, but it will be wonderful. And it’s ours.” They said their goodbyes. With a womb full of her son’s sperm, Kate left to go kick her husband out of the house they had shared for two decades.

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Kate was true to her word. Fred was out of the house that day, all his stuff was gone within two, and the locks were changed before Nick came home. Fred was served divorce papers shortly thereafter.

Alyson still lived in her apartment and didn’t drop the ball on her work at the university. But she spent a lot more time at home than she used to.

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“*Guten Tag, Frau Dobson?*” Alyson used a truly terrible German accent. It was so much fun. She wore the most over-the-top Oktoberfest outfit and moved up the stairs slowly. She could hear pounding from above. “It is me, the fraulein from the orchard next door. Hello?” She arrived at the top of the stairs and stopped. “I want to check on you since your husband has been away at the market for so long. Frau Dobson?”

“I hear someone ... visiting ... ugh ... ugh ... your orchard?” Nick had his mother bent against the wall. He took her ass from behind, her St. Pauli Girl dress bunched around her waist. “Is there another ... apple thief ... coming for your ... cider?”

“No ... uh ... uh ... uh ... that is the fraulein ... from down the lane.” Kate still had the best accent of the three. “Don’t let her ... see me ... so debauched.”

“I care not ... ugh ... for your reputation ... among the apples.” Nick smashed into her ass, staring at the impossible sight of his disappearing and reappearing oiled dick. How it fit in there, he’d never know. He’d tried with Alyson several times in recent weeks, but she wasn’t able. As far as he knew, his mother would be the only woman to ever take him up the ass.

“She’s coming ... I can ... ugh ... ugh ... hear her. She’s coming ... closer.” Kate could hear Alyson approaching the door, calling out like a clueless busybody. It was perfect. “We still have time ... to hide this ... horrible act ... from her.”

“Frau Dobson? Are you in trouble? What is that I hear?” Alyson stepped into the open door, put her hand to her mouth, and shrieked. She might have been overacting, but she didn’t care. She was throwing herself into the role.

“We have ... no excess time.” Nick pulled himself out of his mother and turned toward his sister, his long, thick cock on full display.

“*Heiliger Strohsack!*” Alyson stared at the monster cock. “How could you ... Frau Dobson?”

Still leaning against the wall, Kate did her best to look mortified. “He is an apple thief. He takes what he wants when my husband is away.”

“No ... I mean ... how could you fit that ... in your butt?” Alyson made a point of staring at her gaping asshole. “He has defiled you.”

“Oh ... I ... um ...” Kate’s checks turned crimson for real.

“I take what I want.” Nick walked toward his sister, his dick swaying before him.

“I am no thief.” Alyson dropped to her knees. They had played this game several times already. She had run the first few times. Now she wanted to be a horny fraulein, ready to go. “But I will be happy to drink the cider of another.” When his dick was within range, she took hold of it and pumped. She opened her mouth wide.

“Wait ... no ... it’s been in my butt.” Kate lost her accent, stood straight, and stared. Her dress dropped back down around her ankles. “You ... can’t ...” But her daughter did.

“Mmmmmpppppphhhhhhhhhh.” Alyson rolled his cockhead with her tongue. She looked over at her mother and winked. Then, she started the blowjob in earnest.

“Your father would have thrown a fit if I’d ever tried anything like that.” Kate sat on the edge of the bed and absentmindedly straightened her costume. “He would have puked his guts out.”

“I’m not Dad.” Nick smiled over at her, cupping his sister’s head with his hand.

“Thank God for that.” Kate nodded.

“We can thank one of them, at least,” Nick said.

“Your generation doesn’t have any hang-ups.” Kate smiled. “It’s beautiful, really.”

An hour later, costumes were on the bedroom floor. Kate lay on her stomach, breathing heavily. Her eighteen-year-old son reclined on his back next to her, his dick slowly returning to its slumbering state. Her twenty-two-year-old daughter was on her other side, her fingers crawling up Kate’s thigh.

“I see the thief has stolen your once-tight hole as well as your apples.” Alyson’s German accent was thick and hokey. She spread her mother’s ass and looked at the leaking cum trickling down toward Kate’s pussy. She pushed two fingers into Kate’s butt and listened to the cum squelch.

“Ohhhhhhhhh ... Alyson ... what are you doing?” Kate’s words were muffled by the mattress. She turned her head to the side. “You ... like that?”

“You are more beautiful than the most perfect Holstein apple, Frau Dobson.” She bent low and kissed Kate’s left butt cheek. She did it again, and again, enjoying the supple curve of it. She nibbled a little on her mother’s flesh, while her fingers pumped in and out of the cum-filled asshole.

“Oh ... gosh ... oh ... gosh ... I love ... my new life.” Kate trembled as her daughter worked her up to a fabulous orgasm.

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Nick applied to the U and got in. He was all set for his gap year. High school graduation approached. Kate and Alyson’s bellies swelled. Enki had done exactly what he’d set out to do, but the god hadn’t even shown up to take a victory lap.

One morning when the three Dobsons were in the kitchen getting ready for the day, Nick cleared his throat. "Prom is coming up." Nick looked over at his women sitting next to each other on the opposite side of the table. They both stopped chewing breakfast and stared at him with wide eyes. "And I was wondering ..." He cleared his throat again. "Would you be my date, Alyson?"

"Oh, thank goodness." Kate swallowed her food. "I thought you were going to ask me."

Alyson slowly finished chewing, wiped her mouth with her napkin, and cocked her head at him. "I don't think it's a good idea. I've already had my prom. You should enjoy spending time with your friends. Don't look at me like that. You're very charming. Why not ask a pretty girl at school? You don't have to marry her."

"There's no one I want to ask." Nick's face plainly showed the lie.

"What about Maggie Chalmers?" Kate said softly. She knew it was a delicate subject. He had never shared what ended their relationship.

"It's complicated." Nick hadn't even tried to talk to Maggie since he'd been erased from her mind by Enki. He had hoped maybe the god would have a change of heart once the puzzle was complete, but whenever he saw her, she ignored him completely.

"You don't have to ask Maggie." Alyson gave him a reassuring smile. "But you can't ask your pregnant, single, older sister." She rubbed her belly. "I can't drink anyway."

"You're right." Nick nodded. He wasn't crestfallen, but he wasn't thrilled. This wasn't how he'd wanted the conversation to go. "I'll ask someone at school."

Nick asked Georgie, a blue-haired, sweet girl in his class. She turned out to be an excellent date. She was quick and funny. They even kissed during the post-prom party.

~~

"We're going to be late. Are you ready, Nicky?" Kate called from her room. She straightened her loose-fitting dress in the mirror.

"Do you know how to tie a tie?" Nick yelled back.

"Your father would have been good for something after all," Kate whispered to herself. She rushed to his room but found that Alyson was already there.

"You only graduate once, Nicky. Let's make sure you look very dapper." Alyson wore her hair up and fit nicely into a recently-purchased maternity dress. She slowly knotted his

tie into a half-Windsor, working hard to remember what Chris had shown her. The pink tip of her tongue showed between her lips as she concentrated.

“He does look handsome, doesn’t he?” Kate folded her arms and smiled. “Oh, look. There’s a chickadee on the windowsill.” She listened to the bird’s two-toned song. “I think I’ve seen that little guy before.” Something in the room suddenly changed. The world seemed to slow around her. Her gaze moved back to her children. It took a moment to register what had gone wrong. Right next to them, leaning haphazardly against the wall, was a giant man. No, he was only part man. The rest of the creature was ... a tree? He had leaves and twigs shooting out from all over his naked body, even from the giant penis that hung between his legs. Kate screamed and lunged for Nick and Alyson. She pulled them away from the monster, trying to cover them with her arms. She shepherded them toward the door, but it closed on them. She pulled on the knob, but it wouldn’t turn. “Come on ... come on.” She looked over her shoulder.

Laughter filled the room like old creaking branches on a blustery day. “I forget sometimes that my appearance can be frightening, but there is no need to cringe. Does my great age upset you?” Enki’s craggy face twisted into a smile. “I would like to see how these hold up when you reach six thousand years old.” He reached out and gently poked one of Kate’s breasts to make plain his meaning.

“Don’t touch her.” Nick slapped the god’s hand. It had the substance of something heavier and larger than it was. He wasn’t able to budge it, but the god withdrew his finger all the same.

“I would not have expected this greeting.” Enki looked hurt. “Why are you not thankful for all I provided?”

Alyson swallowed the words *fuck off*. Like all gods, Enki seemed to have thin skin. She didn’t want to make things worse. “Thank you, Enki,” she said through clenched teeth.

“Oh, you are very welcome.” His creaking laugh filled the room again.

“What ... what ...?” Kate finally found her voice. “What is ... this?” All the explanations her mind could conjure failed her.

“We tried to explain it to you before, but you never believed us.” Nick put his arm around her protectively.

“We did try.” Alyson did the same from Kate’s other side.

“I don’t know what’s happening.” Kate’s teeth chattered. She was in shock.

“Explain it to her now. She will listen.” Enki nodded sagely.

“We’re late for my graduation.” Nick wanted to end this as quickly as possible.

“Your graduation will wait for you.” Enki waved his hand as though performing a magic trick. “Tell her.”

Slowly, Nick and Alyson explained it all to their mother. The riddles. The answers. The endless todays. They even included their schemes to meet the puzzle’s demands, although they rounded off the rougher edges. When they were done, they waited more than a minute for her to respond. Their muscles bunched with tension. Chirpee danced on the windowsill. Enki stared at Kate with a flinty smile.

“Really? That’s ... that’s ... crazy.” Kate turned her head from one to the other. Everyone in the room was nodding. “I don’t have the words.” She glanced at the god. It may have been preposterous, but the deity was standing right before her. She pulled Alyson next to Nick so she could look at them both at once. “I believe you. But ... you shouldn’t have lied to me.”

“You’re right. I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have lied. Once I found out it was more than a kiss, I tried to tell you. I tried a bunch of times.” Nick leaned into his sister for support.

“Well ... I suppose I could have tried listening to you.” She looked over at Enki. “Why didn’t you show up and back Nick up? I would have believed him if you were standing there ... like ... this ...” She waved a hand at his long, twisted body.

“This was better.” Enki didn’t elaborate.

“Better for you, maybe.” Kate’s face darkened. “Why did you do any of this? You tortured my children. You’re sadistic. Aren’t you ashamed of yourself?” Kate furrowed her brow, frowned, and put her hands on her hips. “You should apologize.”

Alyson leaned her lips to her mother’s ear and whispered. “He’s touchy, Mom. And he’s a god ... I think ... we should just say thank you.”

“He messed with my children, Alyson.” Kate’s face was red with anger. “You said the looping days were torture.”

“They were ...” Nick’s tension ratcheted higher. He was worried the god would horribly punish his mother. “They were *not* torture. I didn’t mean it like that. The point is that Alyson and I are happy now. The three of us are together. Nothing else matters. I’m very grateful.” Nick glanced at Enki out of the corner of his eye.

“You’re a bully, just like Fred.” Kate didn’t take her eyes off of Enki. “You’re going to leave my family alone. Forever.”

Enki’s slow, rasping laugh filled the room. “You are not the first mother to favor my gifts with rage. You won’t be the last. My work here is done.” He pointedly looked at Kate’s belly and then at Alyson’s.

“Wait.” Nick could tell he was about to disappear. “What about ... Maggie?” Before he could finish the sentence, the Sumerian god vanished. “Shit.”

“I am *livid*.” Kate bunched her fists.

“Maybe we should forget graduation.” Nick loosened his tie.

“Not on your life. It’s your special day.” Kate turned to her son and kissed him on the cheek. “Alyson, fix your brother’s tie. Nick, don’t argue with me. We’re going right now. I’ll process this all later.”

As Enki had said, they made it to Nick’s graduation in time. Kate put her feeling aside to focus on celebrating Nick. After the ceremony, when Nick was out with his friends, she let the anger wash back over her. She sat on the sofa, Alyson’s cheek resting on her boob while they watched a movie. Kate couldn’t follow the plot. Her mind ran a mile a minute. Men hadn’t changed for six thousand years. From Enki to Fred, they were controlling monsters who wouldn’t apologize. The tightness in her chest lessened as her thoughts turned to Nick. Men *had* changed. He apologized. He was kind, caring, and a good listener. There was hope for the future. She had her special man. And she had her amazing daughter. She squeezed Alyson. Things would be fine. She wouldn’t cry over spilled milk.

“I’m hungry, Mom.” Alyson looked up at her mother with adoring eyes.

“Yes, of course.” Kate lowered her dress and bra. She sighed as Alyson latched on to her nipple. Her anger faded more and more. She stroked Alyson’s silky hair. “I wonder how your brother’s night is going.”

“Mmmmmpppphhhhhhh,” Alyson said into the swollen boob.

“Yeah, he’s probably having a great night.” Kate smiled and tried to concentrate on the movie.

~~

Maggie Chalmers was at the party with Nick. He tried to muster the strength to talk to her, but he couldn’t do it. Maybe losing her was the price he had to pay for all the wonderful things that had happened to him. For every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. Well, maybe not equal but certainly opposite.

When Brayden dropped him off at home that night, Nick was in a funk. He entered the dark, quiet house and shut the front door softly. It was the end of high school. The end of his chances to fix things with Maggie. The end of living in his childhood home. He

couldn't wait to move in with Alyson, but it would be very hard to leave his mother in that big, empty house. He looked around in the gloom, seeing the faint outlines of family portraits. Tears welled in his eyes. Everyone else was already asleep. Nick went to his mother's room, undressed, and climbed into bed.

"Nick? How was the party, sweetie?" Kate rolled over and placed her arms around her son. His skin was cold, so she rubbed her warmth against him.

"Things are ending, Mom." His cock hardened. He'd recently asked her to sleep in the nude, and she had accommodated him every night since. "It sucks. I don't like endings."

"I know how you feel." She paused while waiting for her brain to wake up. "Everything ends, Nicky. Even that awful god's loops couldn't go on forever. But we have new things to look forward to. Everything ends so that there is room for new things to grow." Kate took his hand and placed it on her round belly. "Aren't you still excited about this?"

"Yes ... it's just hard." Nick tried to hold back his tears.

"I know." Kate put her hand to his cheek and wiped away the wetness. "I have a surprise for you. I want you inside me while I tell you about it." She rolled onto her back and pulled him on top of her.

"Should I get the lube?"

"I want you in my pussy, Nicky. I'm already wet." She guided his penis in.

"Oooooohhhhhhhh ... I'll never get used to ... how big you feel ... when you first ... enter me. Oooooohhhhhhhh."

"What's the ... surprise?" Nick pressed himself against his mother's curves. His hips found a rhythm. Pleasure spread through his nerves, burning away his sorrow.

"I'm going to ... sell the house ... this summer." She tilted her pelvis upward in time with his hips to meet each thrust.

"Oh ..." Nick frowned despite the coupling. This was another ending. He'd spent his whole life in that house. And he wouldn't even be able to go back and visit.

"Don't ... ugh ... look so glum ... sweetie." Kate smiled and stroked his cheek.

"Remember? Endings ... lead to ... new beginnings."

His frown vanished. He could tell that the sale wasn't the big news.

"You've already guessed, haven't you?" Kate thought he looked so handsome smiling down at her in the moonlight. She didn't wait for him to respond. "I'm going to buy a place in the city ... with ... uh ... uh ... enough room for all of us. You and Alyson ... can live with me."

“Wow ... Mom ... that’s ... awesome.” He lifted her legs in the air so he could hammer her. “The three of us ... together. It’ll make ... baby care ... easier for Alyson ... too.”

“It’s ... uh ... uh ... perfect ... right?” Her smile lost some of its edge as her orgasm approached. Her expression twisted with ecstasy.

“You’re the best ... mom ... ever.” Nick humped his mother for a long time.

Much later, he lay in bed next to her, listening to her soft breathing. He imagined the future and loved what he saw.

~~

“Alyson, you’re going to be late for class.” Nick hollered across their new place.

“Sorry, I overslept.” Alyson rushed into the kitchen and grabbed a bagel and cream cheese that Nick had made for her. “Where’s Gail?” She looked around for her daughter’s bassinet.

“Mom’s feeding both babies right now. You’re good.” Nick gave her a thumbs up. “Are you seeing Chris today?”

“He’s teaching the class, but I’m not going to see him.” She scowled. “I plan to look right through him.”

“That a girl.” Nick gave her an encouraging smile. “And the puzzle?”

“In my pack.” Alyson took a bite of bagel and tossed Nick her backpack.

Nick unzipped the pack and pulled out the metal cube. When they finished the puzzle, it had closed, hiding the black stone inside. Despite their best efforts, they hadn’t been able to open it again. Four markings glowed faintly, just as they had the first time he’d seen it. He looked at it from a few different angles and dropped it back in the pack. “Let me know if you have any big breakthroughs.” One of the babies cried in the nursery. “I should probably see if Mom needs help.”

“Should I ...?” Alyson looked pained to leave her daughter crying.

“We got this.” Nick gave her another thumbs up. “You’re going to be late. Have a great day.”

“You too.” Alyson picked up her pack, kissed her brother on the lips, and hustled off to school.

~~

“What do you mean, it’s gone?” Nick stared at his sister.

“Someone swiped my backpack. The puzzle was inside.” Alyson held her hands up in defeat. “It’s gone.”

“Your research?”

“I still have that, but it’s mostly trash, hard to do anything serious without turning the puzzle on.” She sat down on the sofa next to her brother and put her head on his shoulder. “Maybe it’s for the best. It was a dead end. Now I can pivot away from Enki back to my original focus. My advisors will be relieved.”

“Yeah, it’s probably for the best.” Nick sighed. He wondered where the puzzle was now.

~~

“Can you watch the little ones, Alyson?” Kate poked her head into her daughter’s room. “They’re playing in the living room.”

“Yeah, sure.” Alyson put down her book and got up.

Kate thanked Alyson and went to find Nick. He was in the bathroom, fixing his hair. She stepped in with him and closed the door. “You look very handsome for your first day of college.”

“Am I behind everyone? Taking a year off seems wild now. I’ll be old.” He tried to laugh off his anxiety.

“You’re nineteen. That is *not* old.” Kate turned him around and dropped his pants and underwear. “I’m old. You know what they say about old dogs and new tricks.” She dropped to her knees and stroked the rising cock before her. It was so cute how it curved just to the left.

“What do they say? You can’t teach an ...” Nick watched his mother slowly swallow his semi-hard dick. When her nose hit his pubic hair, he leaned back against the sink and smiled. “Oh ... *that’s* what they say.”

Kate deep-throated her son for about ten minutes. She then stood, turned around, and lifted her dress. “Go ahead ... sweetie. It’ll take the edge off ... your first day.”

Fully hard now, Nick lined himself up and slid his cock into her sloppy pussy. He took hold of her hips and slammed into her. "Can I ... cum inside ... today?"

"Not today ... ugh ... Nicky. I'm not ... safe." Waves of ecstasy washed over her. They had talked about her going on the pill, but she kept putting it off.

"Okay ... Mom." Nick watched her ass bounce. Ten minutes later, he was ready. "Gonna ... cum."

Her son's massive erection and his skill with it turned Kate's mind to mush. She wasn't thinking clearly when she screamed out, "Do it ... ugh ... inside." She pressed her fingertips into the wall, practically taking out divots. "Put another ... baby ... in *meeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!*" It was probably not how most mothers sent their sons off to their first day of college, but it worked for the Dobsons.

~~

College agreed with Nick. It turned out that it didn't matter much that he'd skipped a year. He met people and enjoyed learning again. Some days he had lunch with Alyson in her office. Some days they did more than eat lunch together. He did see Chris from time to time. Both men pretended not to see one another. But Nick always had a little smirk on his face as he walked by that asshole.

It wasn't until a couple weeks into the semester that he spotted Maggie. He hadn't realized that she was attending the U. But there she was, a sophomore, walking up ahead with a group of friends. Nick's heart leapt into his throat. He had thought she was gone forever, but here she was. Without thinking, he followed her. After a few minutes, he remembered the time her mom had threatened to call the cops, and he turned right around.

A few days later, he saw her again sitting under a tree, messing with her phone. *What the hell. She'll haunt me forever if I don't at least try.* He walked over and sat about six feet away from her. He pulled out his phone and texted his mother. Kate texted back support and lots of random emojis for good luck. Nick took a deep breath. "Hey, Maggie. I'm Nick. We went to high school together."

"What?" Maggie looked up with a distant smile on her face. "Oh ... hey ... Nick. Good to see you."

"You don't remember me, do you?"

"Sorry." She scrunched up her face and shook her head.

“It’s fine.” Nick made small talk with her about their mutual friends and their teachers. After a while, there was a lull in the conversation.

“So, I should probably get going.” Maggie stood and tucked her phone into her bra. “Nice meeting you ... again. I’ll see you around.”

“Wait, Maggie. Do you like riddles?” Nick didn’t want their brief contact to end.

“Sure.” She looked back at him and shrugged.

*“Fruit of the poisonous tree grows rotten. The virtuous tree bears ambrosia. Cut back weeds and sow a harvest worthy of Enki.”* Nick watched her face closely.

Maggie pressed her lips together in thought. “I’ve heard that somewhere before, but I can’t remember where.” She walked over and sat on the grass near Nick. “What’s it mean?”

“Do you have a little while? I can tell you the story. I promise you won’t be bored.” Nick cocked his head. “I know you hate how boring life can be. Or you did ... in high school.”

“That sounds like me.” Maggie chuckled. “But I honestly don’t remember telling you that.”

“It’s cool.” Nick nodded. He read the room. Or, perhaps, he read the lawn area. She was interested. All he had to do was tell the most interesting story of all time. Lucky for him, he had just the tale. “It all started when I messed with this ancient Sumerian puzzle that my sister was studying. The thing was a metal cube. I tried to solve it like a Rubik’s cube, and it lit up with glowing, red light. Heat surged out of it.”

“No shit.” Maggie’s eyes were wide. “Go on.”

Nick continued. On a pleasant afternoon, sitting in the sun, he told her the story of Enki’s Puzzle.

THE END