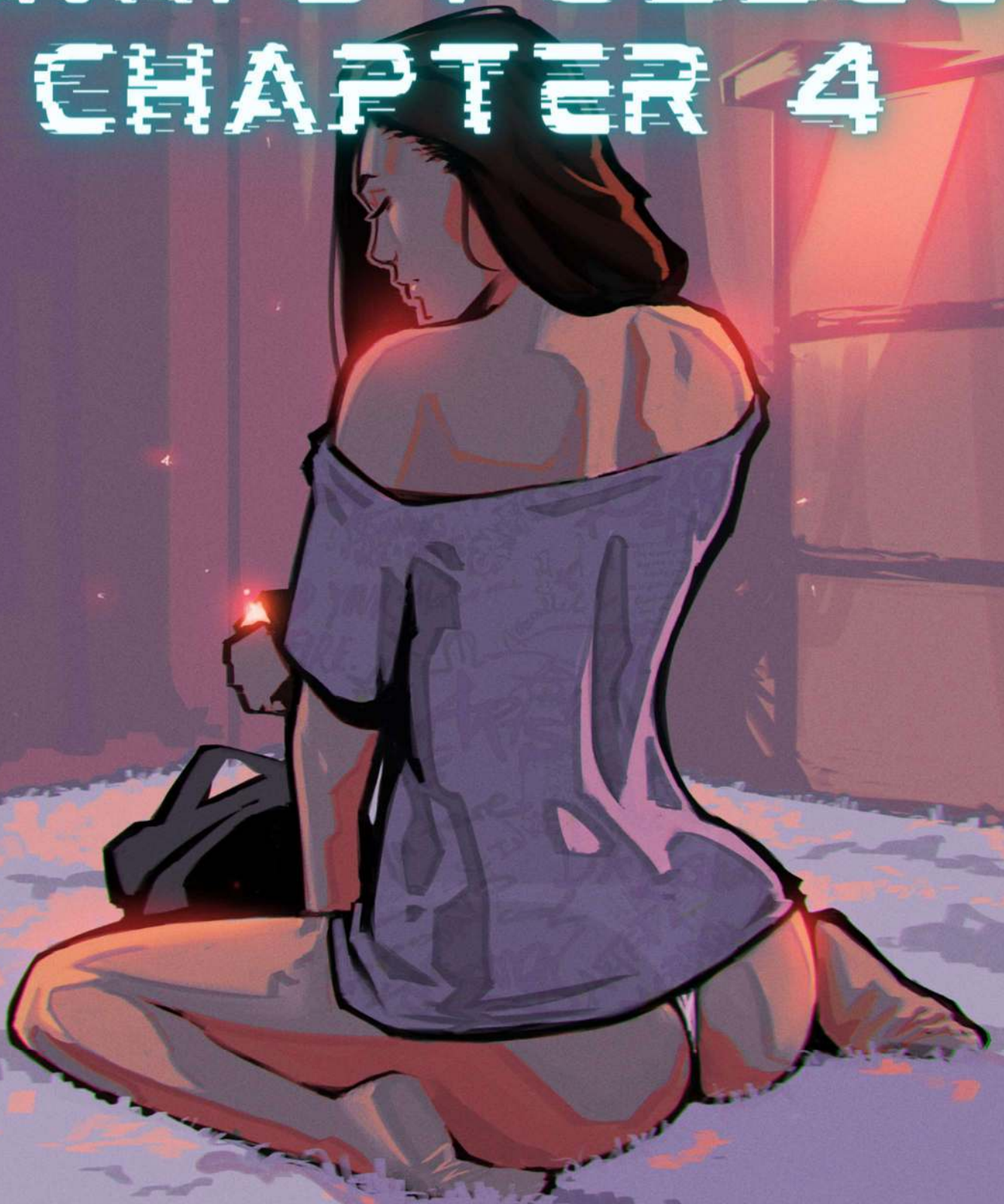


ENKI'S PUZZLE CHAPTER 4



FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Enki's Puzzle 4

Illustrations by TenderMinDD

Written by RawlyRawls

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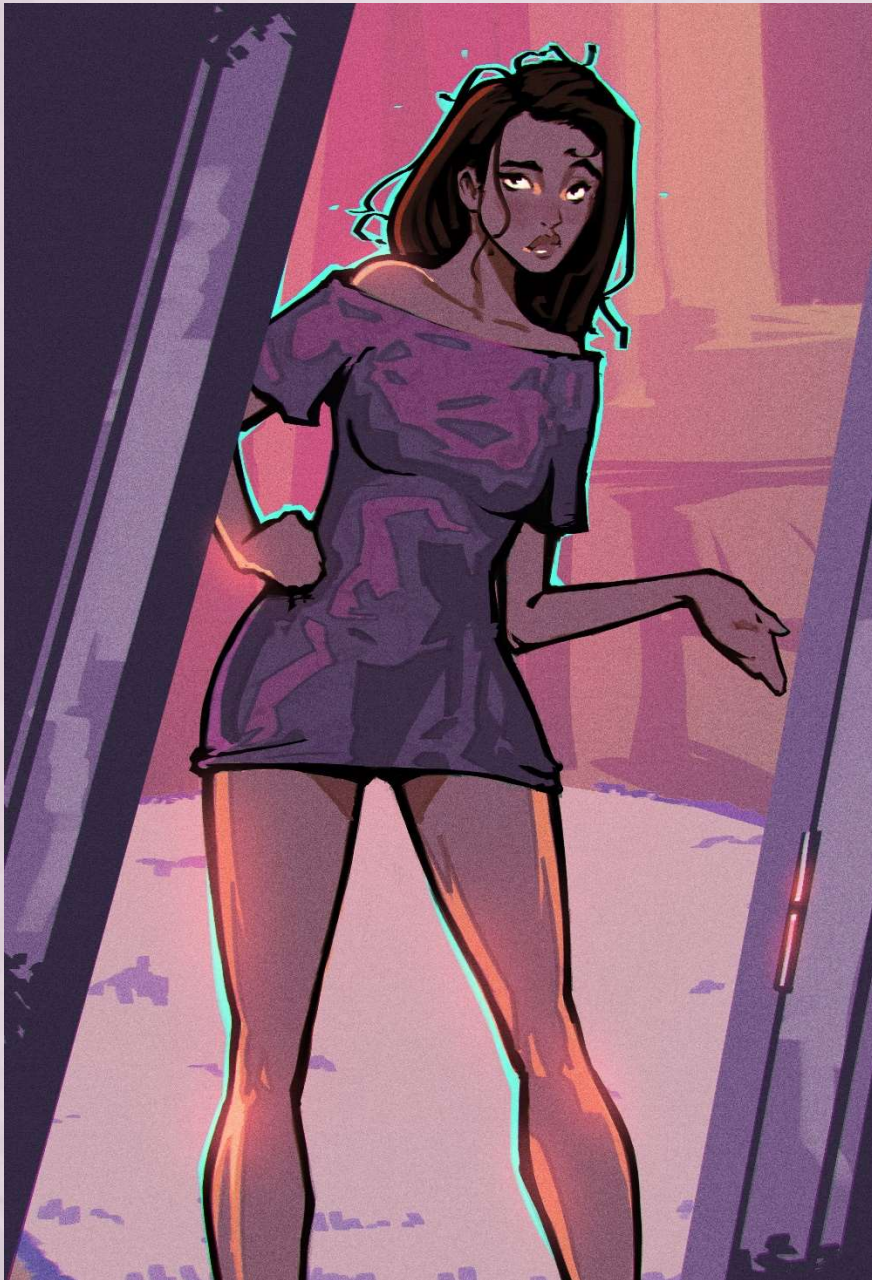
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Just to be sure, Nick spent another lovely day with his mother, got his father out of the house with Alyson and Chris, and made his move in the basement again. Just like the today before today, it was a magical hour or so of making out. As they locked 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 knelt 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.

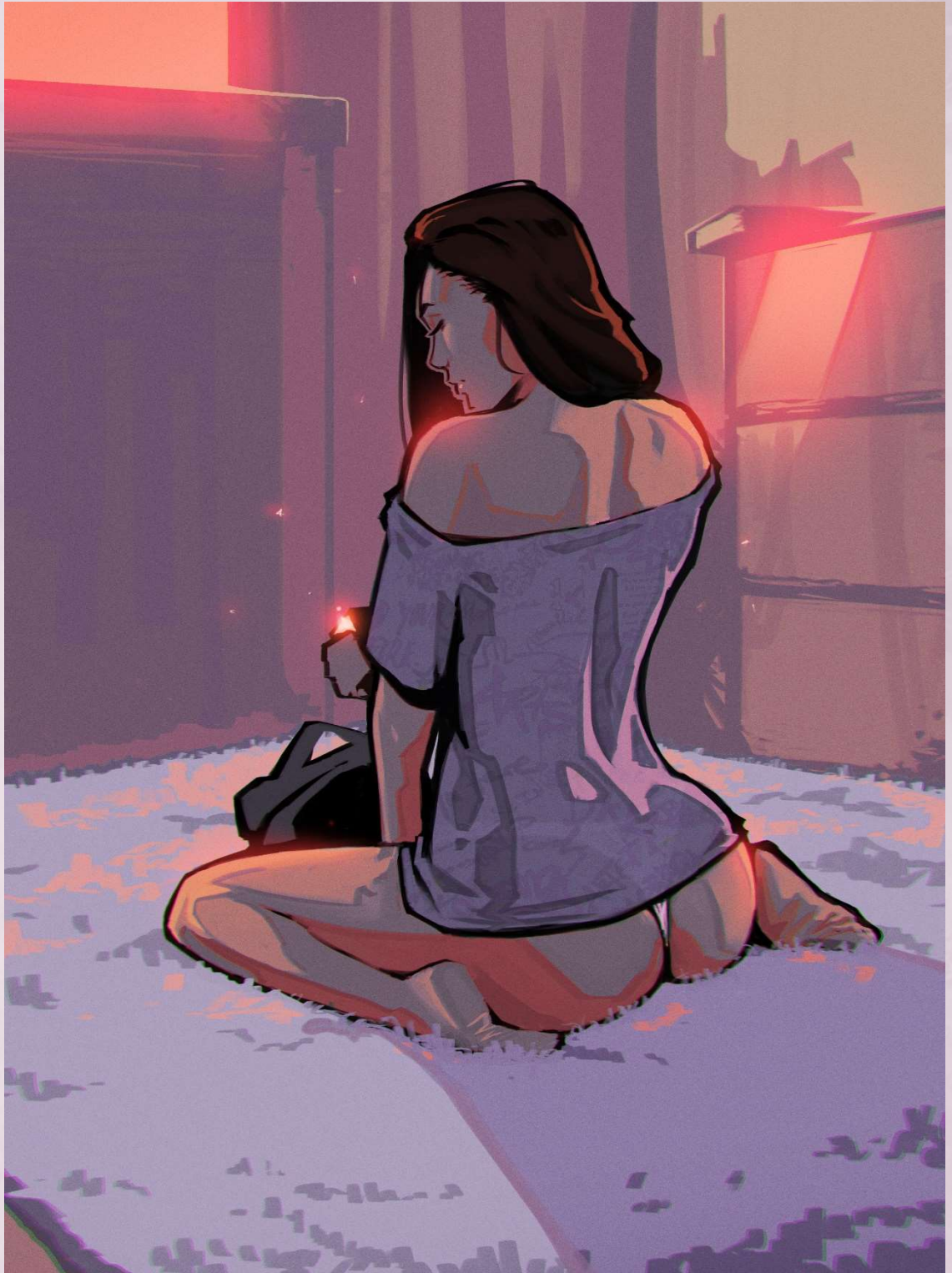
“What is it?” Nick sat forward, his body vibrating with expectation. He just knew it was going to tell him how to break the loop. “Does it say something? Can you read it?”

“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 ... mmmppppphhhh.” 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.”

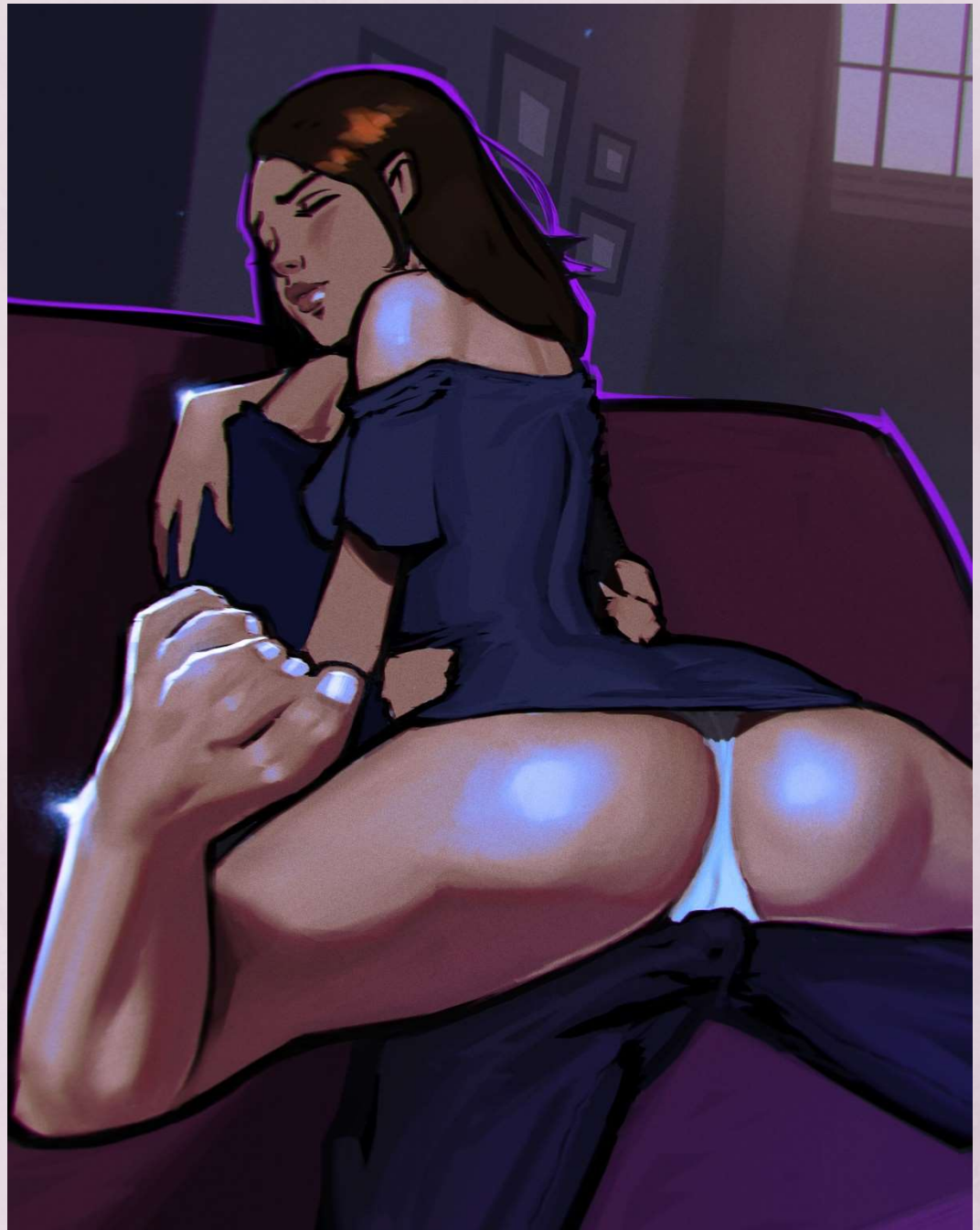
“Oh, sweetie.” She kissed him more fervently. The things he said thrilled her. When his hands went to feel her boobs through her dress, she let him. He deserved it. And when he pulled her onto his lap, she climbed on. The movie’s climatic scene played in the background. The fight on the pirate ship raged. “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.

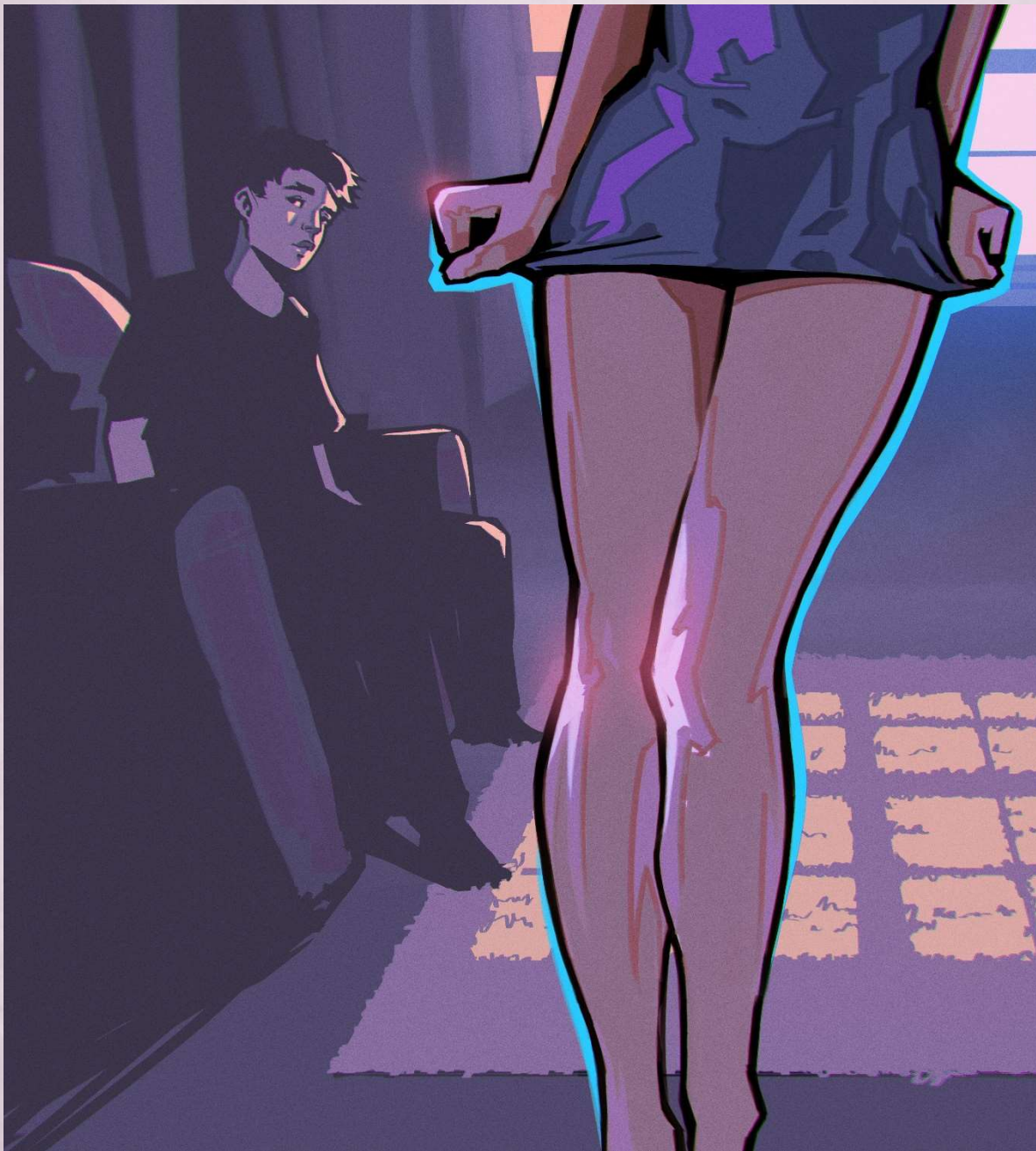


“You’re so kind ... and patient ... and wise. I rely on you, Mom.” Nick was now trying very hard not to cum in his pants. But at the same time, he didn’t want the moment to end. “You make me ... happy. Let me make you ... happy.”

“Yeeesssssssss.” 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 ... “Oooohhhhhhhhhhh.” She squeezed his neck tight and groaned out the best orgasm she’d had since she first married Fred. “Nnniiiiicccccckkkkkkkkk.” 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. “Gggggrrrrrrhhhhhh.” 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.

