



ENKI'S PUZZLE
CHAPTER 5

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Enki's Puzzle 5

Illustrations by TenderMinDD

Written by RawlyRawls

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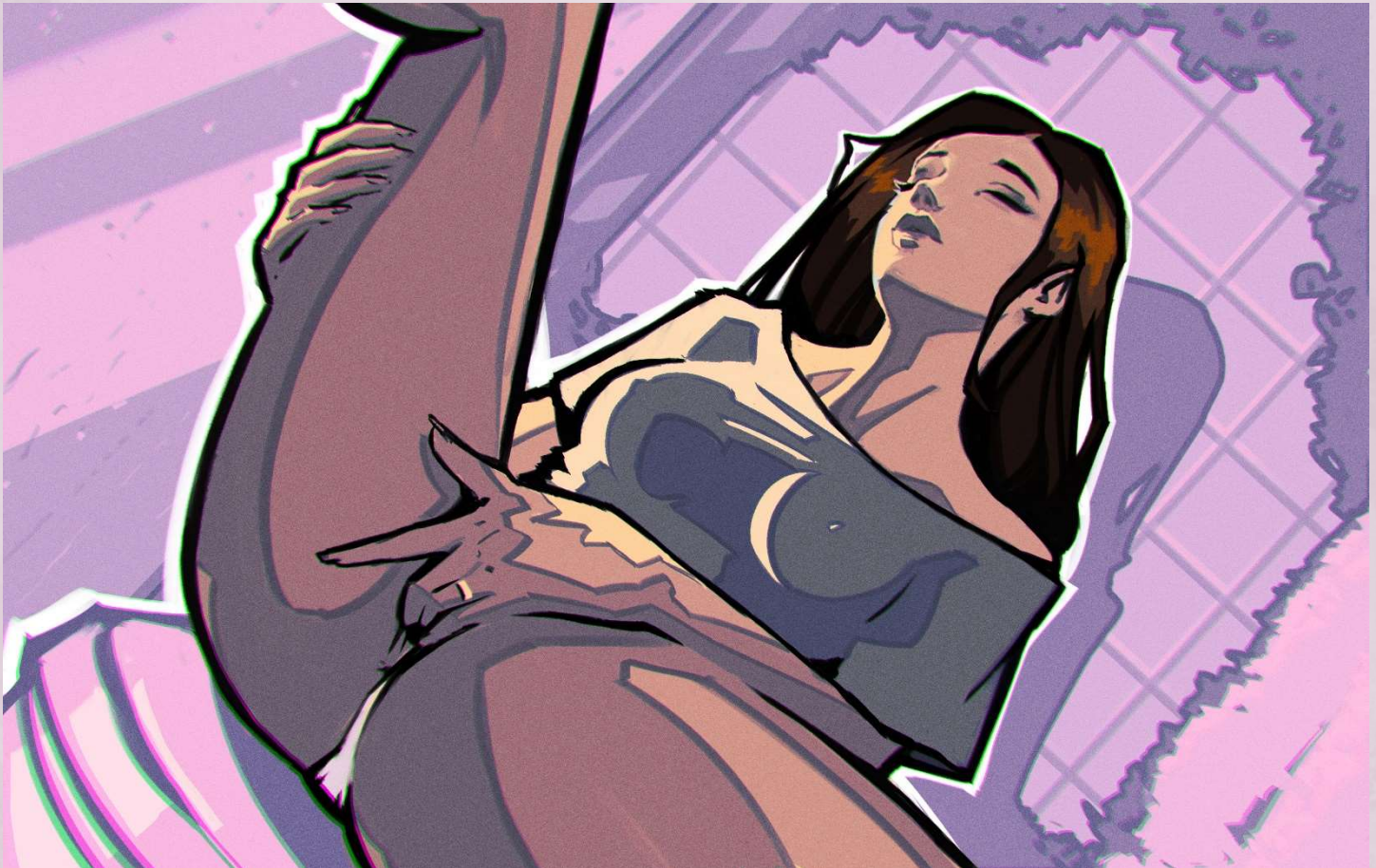
Thump! Kate woke to the sound of a door slamming somewhere in the house. She blinked her eyes and looked at the clock on her bedside table. It was early, five-thirty. She breathed in and out. Well, Alyson went back to her apartment last night with her fiancé. So, that meant Nick was up early and slamming 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 friggd 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 ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhhhh.” 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 ... ffffinne,” 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.

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.

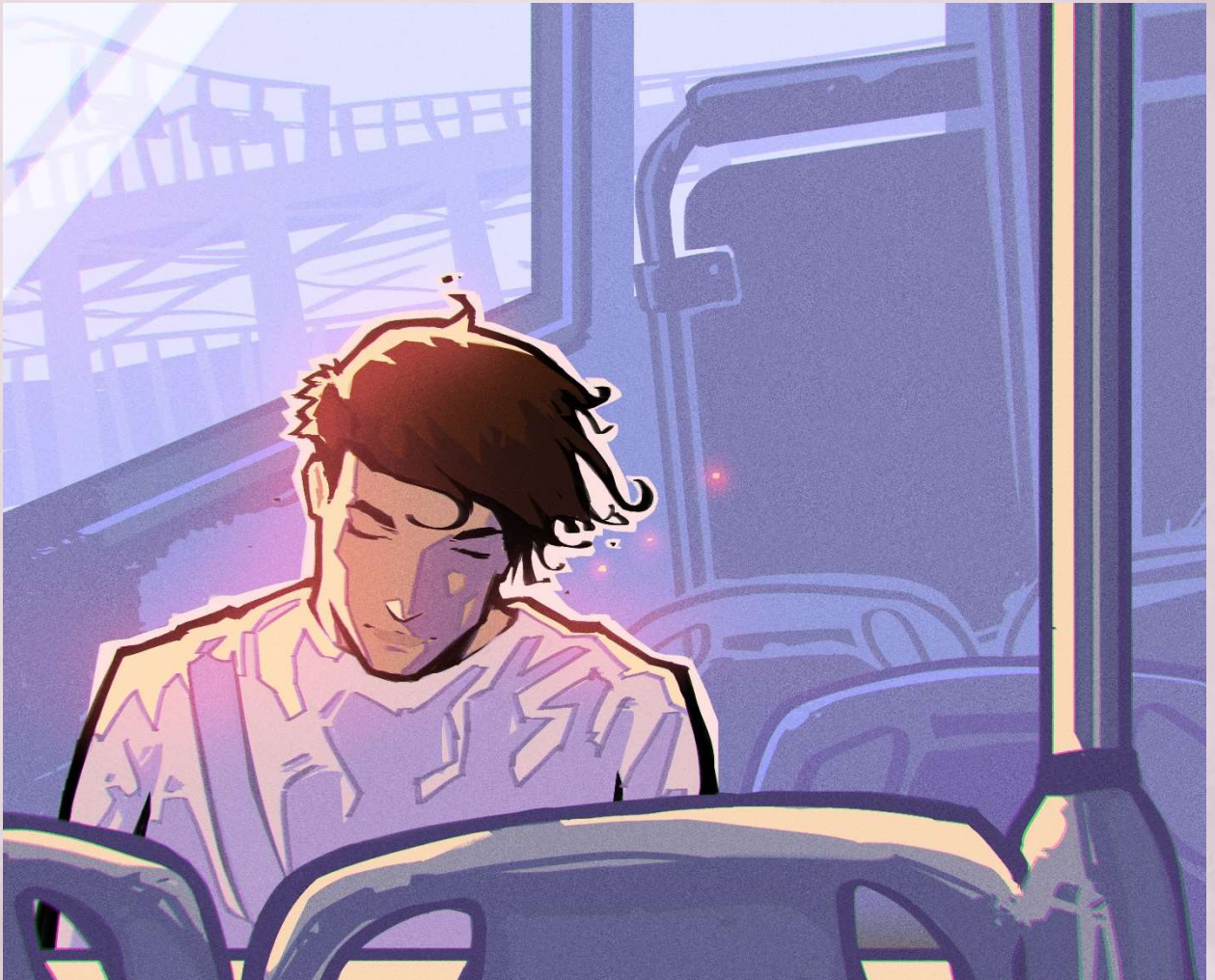
Part of the problem was that his sister had gone back to the city and couldn't run interference for him with their dad. Fred was impossible to get out of the house on a weekday night. And part of the problem was school. He was expected to go, and when he tried to skip, his mom got mad at him. It was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

“Hmmmmm.” 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.

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.”

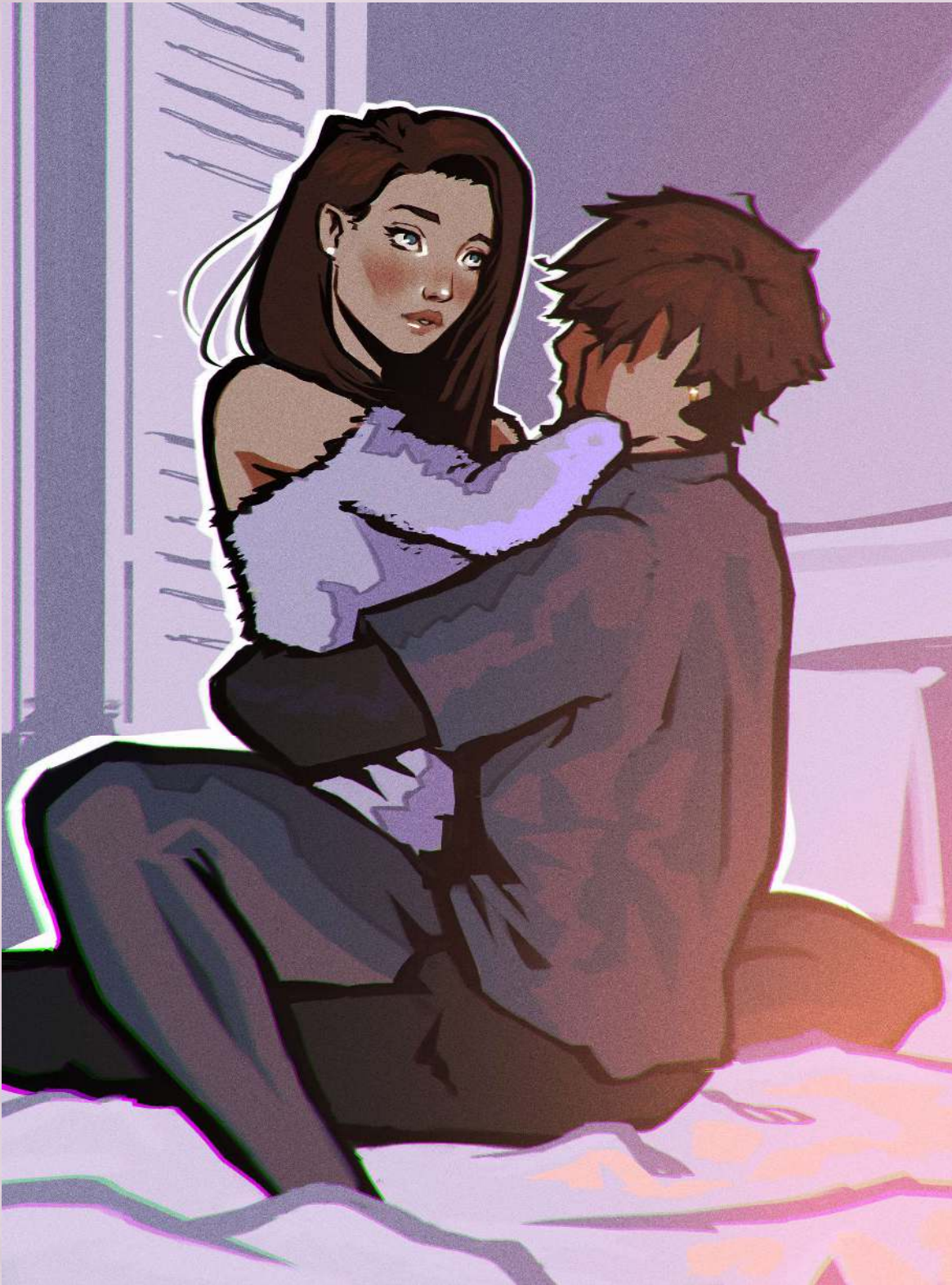
Kate’s worries ebbed for the first time since she’d awakened in that wet spot early that morning. It was such a relief to unburden herself, even a little. “It’s nothing dangerous. I don’t think. Just ... changes. And feeling a little out of control. But ... mmmpppphhhhhhhhhh.” Her son’s lips were on 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 ... aaaaahhhhhhhhhhh." 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.

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?

