

ENKI'S PUZZLE
CHAPTER 6

FICTION

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Enki's Puzzle 6

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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.

“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."

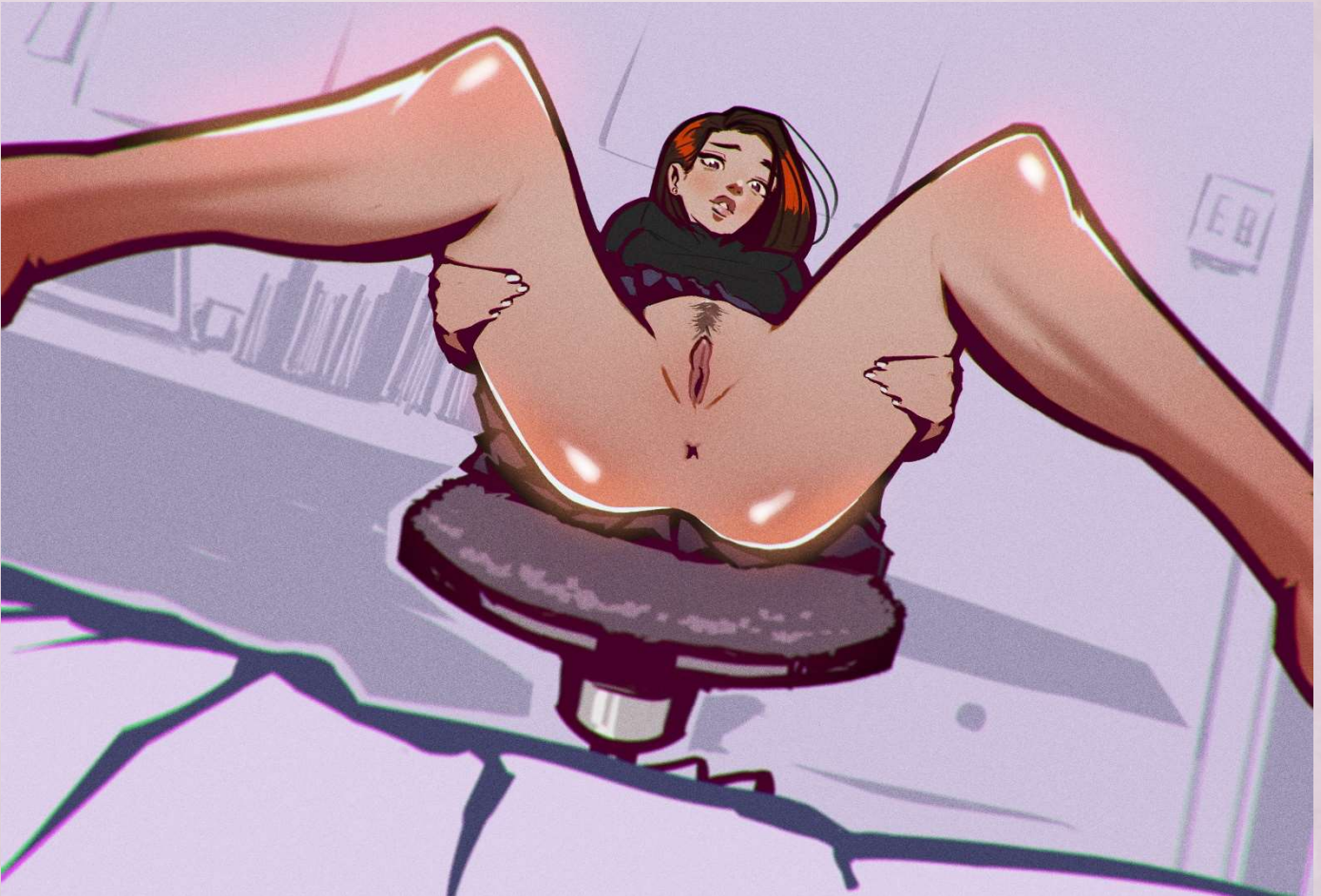
"Did you just hear what I said? I'll show you. I'll help you. Yes or no?" For the first time in years, she had butterflies in her stomach.

"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. “Uuuuuuggggghhhhhhhh ... 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.

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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.

