



ENKI'S PUZZLE
CHAPTER 7

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Enki's Puzzle 7

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Written by RawlyRawls

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“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 Nick 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.”

“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.

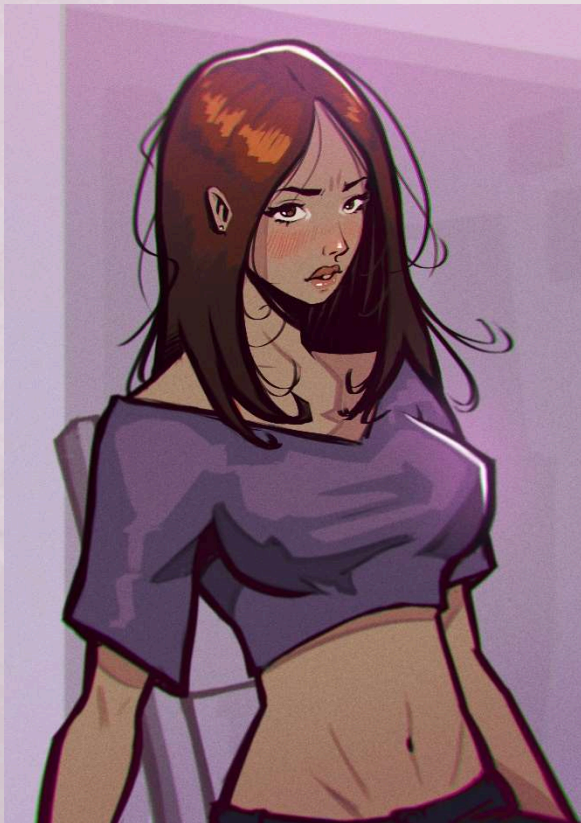
“Why is she taking a nap at seven thirty?” Alyson whispered to her eighteen-year-old brother.

“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.

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.

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.

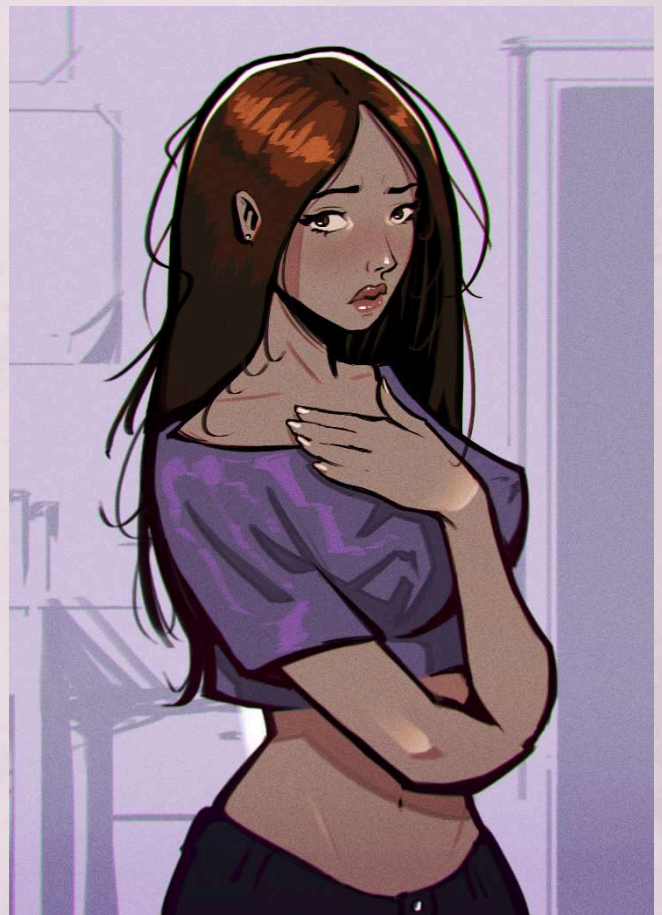
"Wait, what?" Nick looked at her. She was already wearing her oversized sweatshirt and jeans. That wasn't right. What day was it? He had been so sure. Had he passed through to Wednesday somehow? Was it over? He felt unsteady on his feet, and he sat down on the floor. He looked up at Alyson. Her brown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

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 *verboden*. 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.