

ENKI'S PUZZLE

CHAPTER 9



FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Enki's Puzzle 9

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Written by RawlyRawls

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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.



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.

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.

“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.



"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.

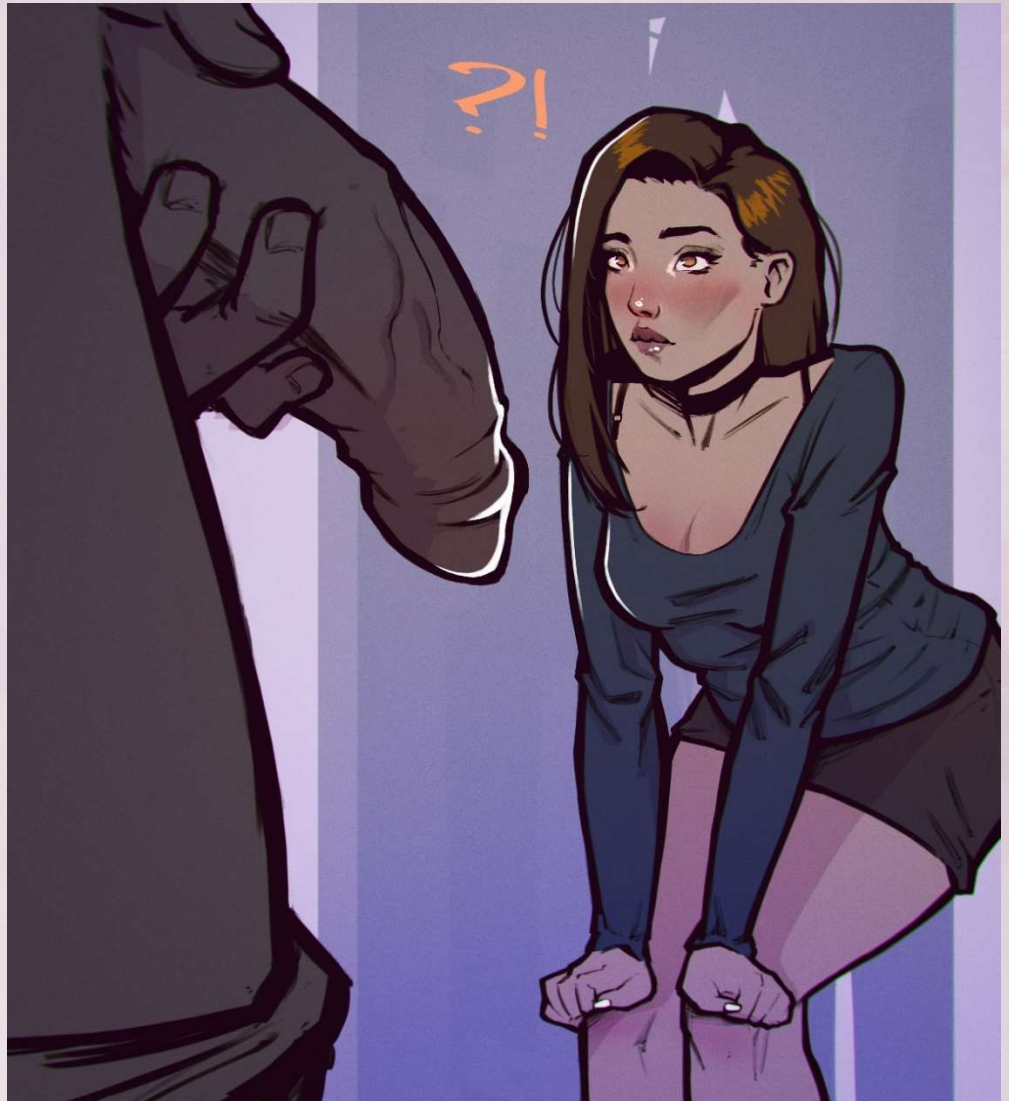
"Let's talk inside," Kate whispered and looked around at the neighbors' houses. She led him in and closed the front door behind them. She stared into his eyes, biting her bottom lip. "I want to do something for you, Nicky. Since ... um ... you've done so much for me." She glanced down at the front of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

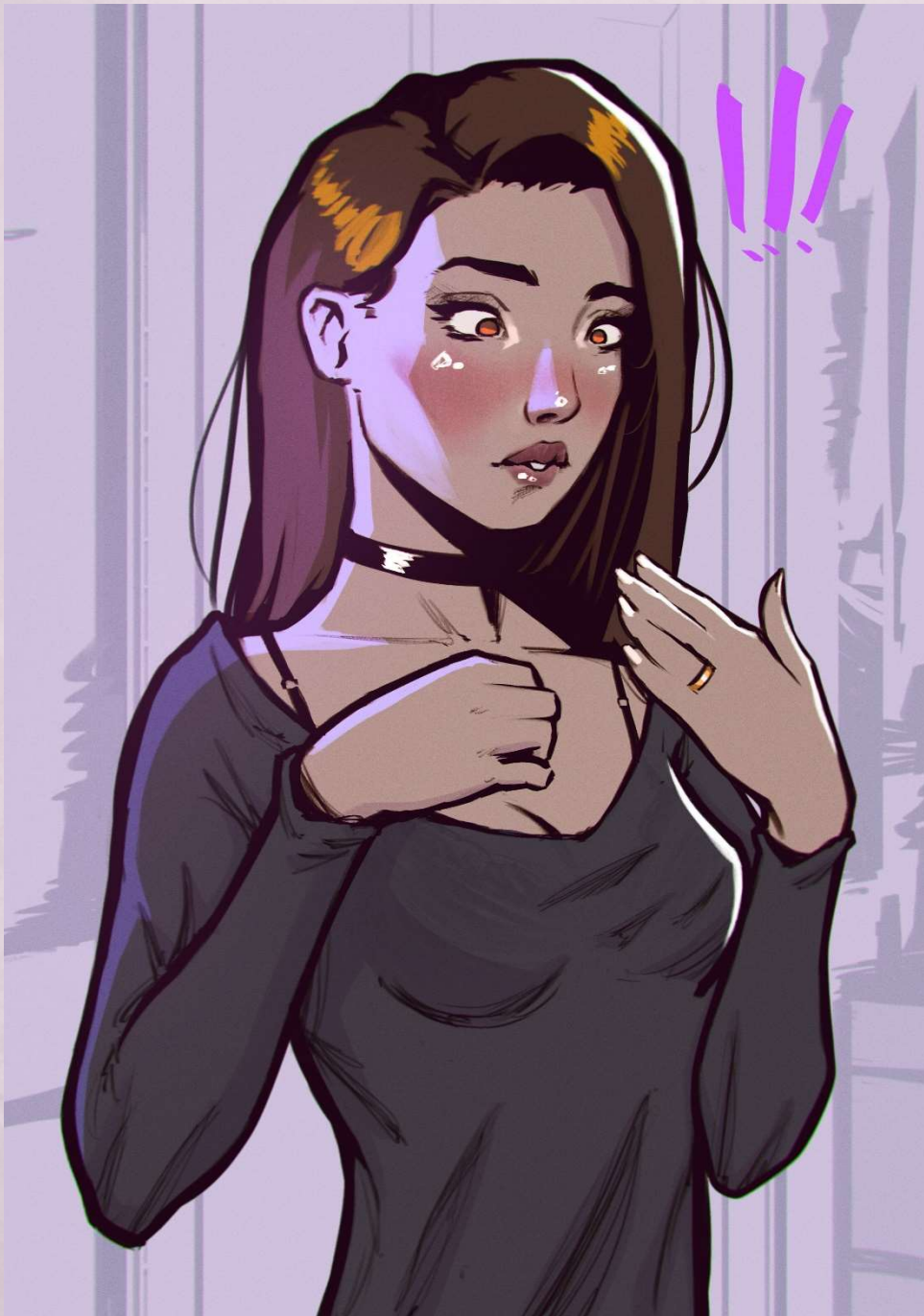
"So long?" She couldn't help asking the question. She thought teenagers couldn't last two minutes.

"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.

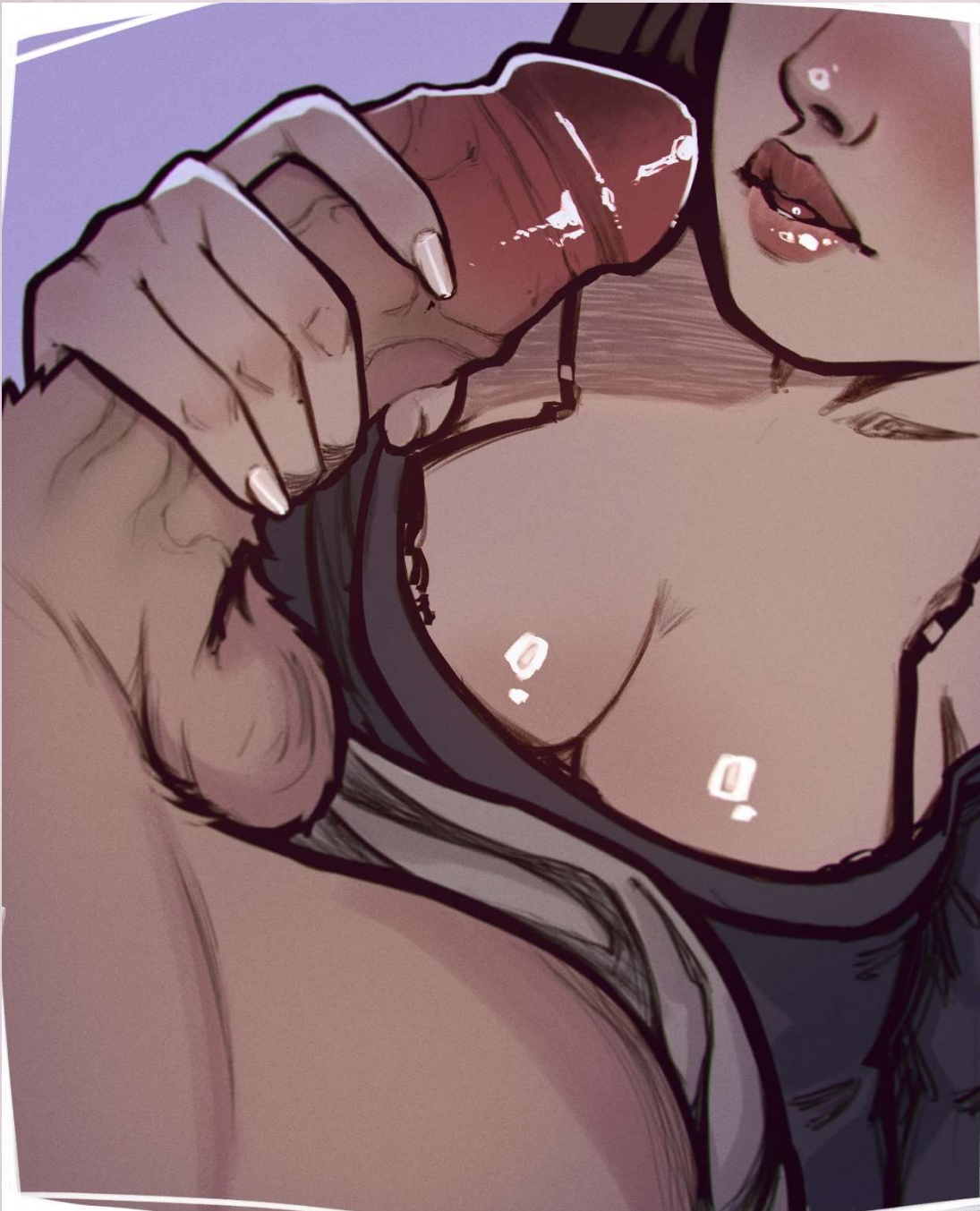
Soon, they were on the couch in the dim light of the basement. They’d agreed on another Star Wars movie, but that seemed beside the point. Before the opening crawl had finished, their lips were locked together. Kate’s tongue quickly explored his mouth. His hands went up to her blouse and cupped her boobs. 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.

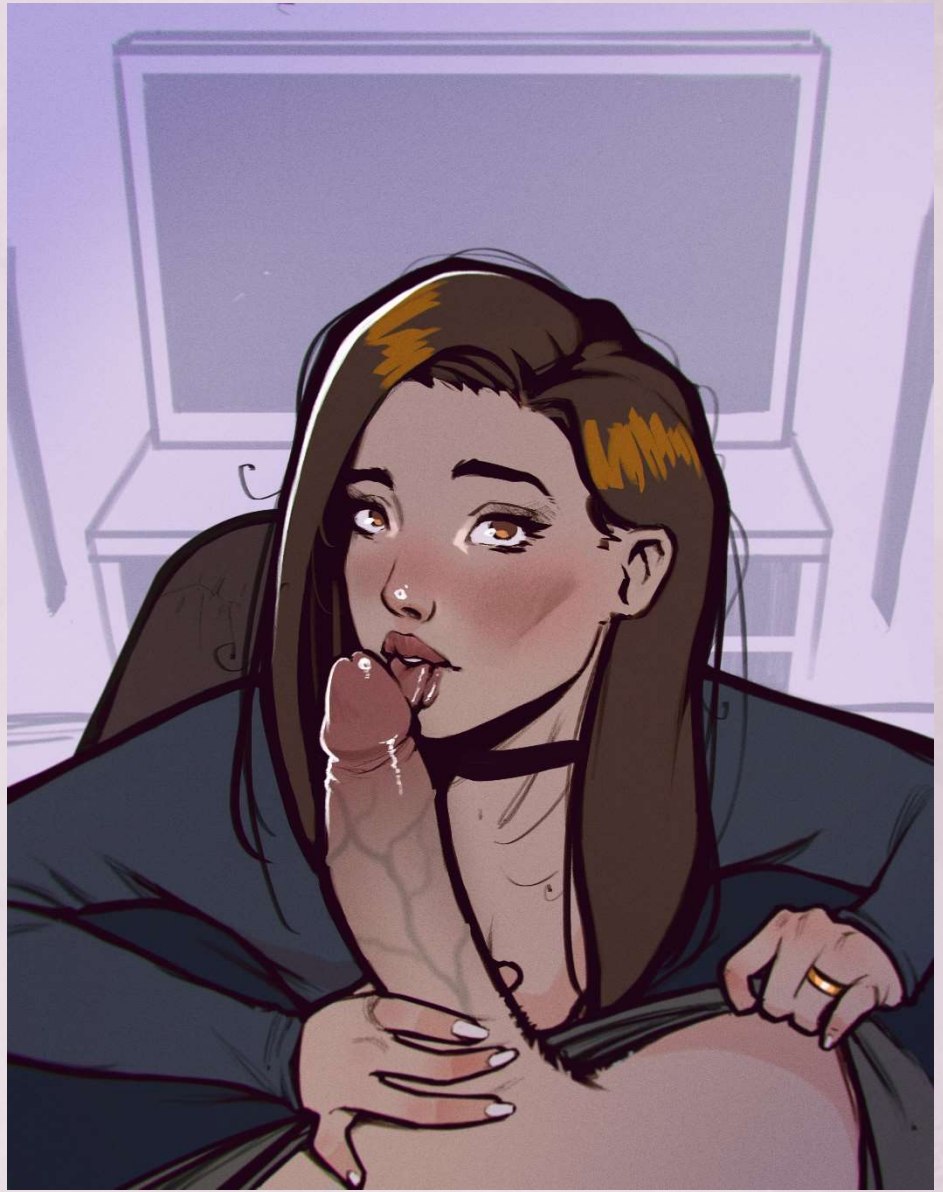
"I know, silly. But does it feel good?" Her smile was a bit lopsided as she glanced up at his face, and then stared back at the penis in her hands. It was so thick, she had a hard time encircling the shaft.

"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.

“Gggggpppphhhhh.” 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.

“Mmmmmpppphhhhh.” 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

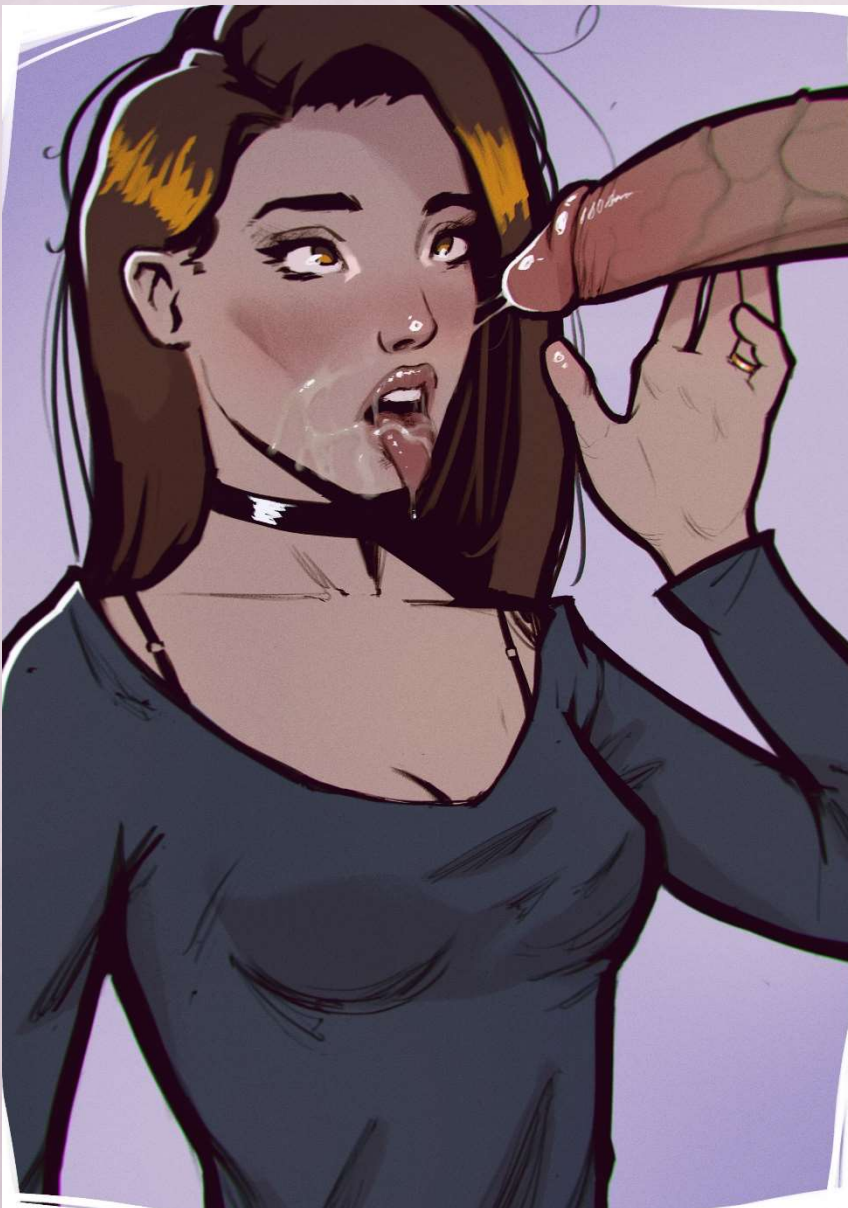
the air. Sperm fell onto her face and blouse. She kept pumping him in disbelief, watching the geyser erupt. Then some got in her eyes, and she pumped him blind. She kept going until his hands softly touched hers and stopped her.

“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.