

ENKI'S PUZZLE

CHAPTER 10



FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Enki's Puzzle 10

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The door to Alyson's room was closed when Nick arrived upstairs. He knocked, but there was no answer. He listened at the door. He could hear crying.

"Alyson?" He knocked again. "Are you in there?" She didn't respond. Nick sighed and turned the knob. None of their bedrooms had locks, so he stepped inside. Alyson was curled up on her bed in the fetal position. Nick closed the door behind him and quietly walked over to her. He sat on the edge of the bed.

"It was awful. He said ... I had gotten ... fat," Alyson said between sobs. "He said ... no one would want to marry ... a cow. He told me ... to exercise more ... and diet."

"Chris said that?" Nick put his hand on her hip. She was wearing her oversized hoodie and jeans.

"Of course it was Chris." She blinked away tears and looked at her brother like he was a bit slow.

"Chris is an idiot, Alyson." Nick's jaw clenched in anger. Maybe he'd waste one of his repeating days by going into the city and punching Chris.

"Of course, he's an idiot." Alyson sat up and wiped her eyes. "How could he say that stuff?"

"You're not fat. You're beautiful." Nick reached out and brushed a tear darkened by running mascara off her cheek. "You were always beautiful, no matter the size of your ... um ..."

"Thanks, Nicky." She ventured a slight smile. "You actually like them better this way, don't you?"

Nick sensed a thorny question. So, he opted for a non-answer. "Well, I never saw them before all this Enki business. Maybe if you had flashed me last week?" He shrugged. When his sister laughed, he joined in.

"It really is ridiculous, isn't it?" Alyson's body shuddered with giggles and then one last sob. She took a deep breath. "What am I going to do about Chris? Maybe we could do some couples counseling when this is all over. I can't tell him the truth, of course." She looked her brother up and down. He looked so poised and handsome with concern for her well-being written on his face. Her eyes drifted down and paused on his pants. "Um ... Nicky ... what's that?" She pointed to some wet, white stuff that clung to the cotton near his fly.

"What?" Nick looked down to see a splash of cum. "Oh, shit. Sorry." He covered it with his hand.

"What were you and Mom doing when I got home?" Alyson's eyes narrowed.

"I told you I was spending time with her today."

"What were you doing?" Alyson suddenly gushed in her panties. Her pulse beat heavily in her ears.

"We were in the basement," Nick said lamely.

"Did she touch you, Nick?" She wasn't sure what she wanted his answer to be.

"I didn't want to tell you yet, because of your issues with Chris." He could see he wasn't going to weasel out of it. He'd just have to tell her. "I went down on her again. And then ... she gave me a blowjob."

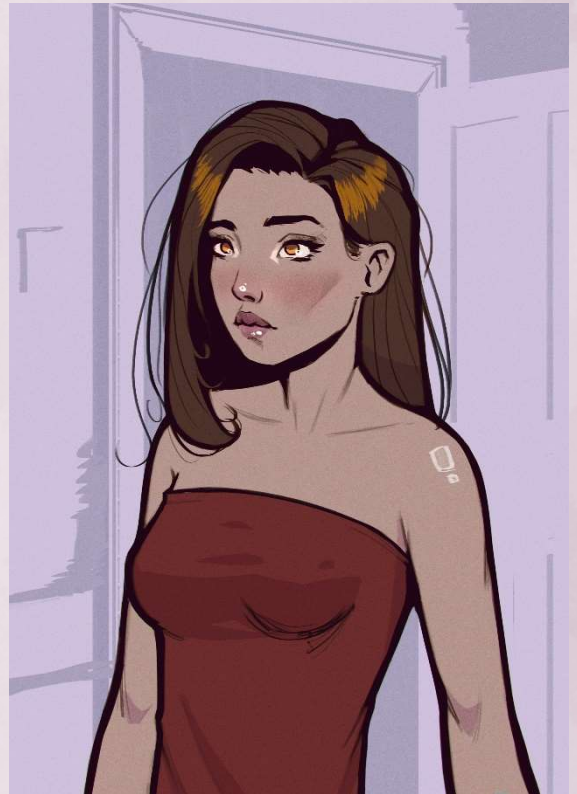
"Jesus Christ." She shook her head, trying to get the image of her sweet mom sucking on that mammoth dick out of her mind. "Jesus ... fucking ... Christ."

Right as Alyson was saying "Jesus," the door opened and Kate stepped in. She stiffened, and her eyes went wide. "Language, Alyson. I brought you up better than that."

Alyson couldn't say anything. She looked up at her mother and stared, her mouth hanging open. Her mom was wearing a nice tasteful dress. Her hair was wet and brushed back, and her face looked freshly scrubbed. Alyson realized her mother must have just washed Nick's cum off her. "Uh ... sorry ... Mom."

"That's okay. I heard you crying when you arrived home. It's good to see you dried your tears." Kate didn't make eye contact with her son. Every time she looked his way, she felt off balance, like the whole world had fallen off its axis. "Would you like to have a mother-daughter talk about what's bothering you?" She clasped her hands in front of her and did her best to smile. Despite brushing her teeth twice, she felt like she could still taste Nick's saltiness. "Nick, would you excuse us?"

"No, Mom. It's okay." Alyson put her hand on her brother's thigh to keep him from getting up. She hoped her mother couldn't tell how hard her fingers pressed into his taut soccer muscles. "Nick was just listening to me talk about Chris. I want to finish talking with him. I'll catch up with you in a little bit, Mom."



"Oh ... okay. Nicky is a very good listener." Kate gave her son a quick glance. Her cheeks flushed. "I'll go bake some cookies. When you're ready, we can talk about Chris over some oatmeal chocolate chip, your favorite. Sound good?"

"Yeah, sure." Alyson nodded. She tried to compose herself. Had the sweet woman she was talking to swallowed her brother's cum or had she spit it out? Her mind reeled. She must have spit it out, that's why it was on his pants. Holy shit, her mom was a spitter. The room was quiet for a moment while they were all lost in their own dirty thoughts.

Kate broke the silence. "Right, well. Cookies incoming. Expect them within the hour." She nodded like that settled everything and left the room, closing the door after her.

"Oh, my God. I'm freaking out right now, Nick." Alyson scooted across her bed so that her back was against the wall. "How did it happen? Was she reluctant? She didn't get scared when saw how big it was? How did it feel? Did you like it?" The words came out of her in a rush.

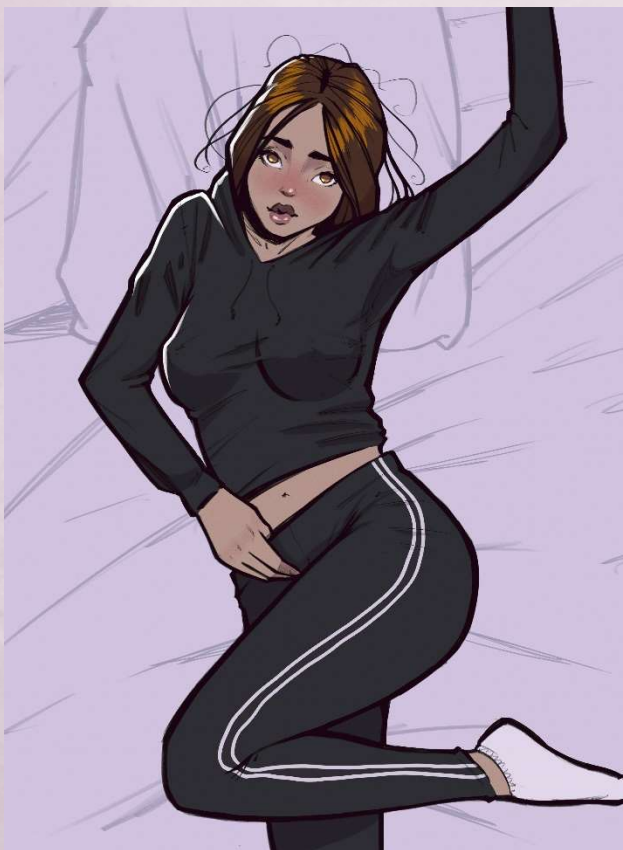
"How about I just tell you what happened from the beginning." Nick unbuttoned his pants and pulled them down.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Alyson tensed.

"I'm not sitting here in pants with my stuff on them."

"Well, change in your room."

"Right, okay." Nick got up, went to his room, changed his pants, and returned to Alyson. "Happy now?"



"Not until you tell me what happened." She stared at her brother like she was seeing him for the first time. As he told his story, her face got very red. Her expression was of deep fascination and awe. The smell of cookies wafted up to them as the story finished up.

"What do you think?" Nick was still hard of course, but he tried to ignore his demanding dick.

"I'm trying not to think. I'm burning up, Nicky." Alyson realized that her hand was rubbing her jeans between her legs. "Mom really did that?"

"Yeah." He nodded. "And it was probably the best thing that ever happened to me."

"I wish you had gotten a picture or something."

Nick laughed. "Yeah, right." He saw she was serious and his smile faded. "There is no way she'd let me take a picture."

"Yeah, I guess." Alyson unbuttoned her jeans and wiggled them down her legs. "Look I know this is crazy. Like really crazy." She tossed her pants across the room.

Nick waited, but she didn't say anything, she just stared at him like a coyote had dropped an anvil on her head. Nick cocked his head. "What? What's crazy?"

"I need to know what it's like. What you're doing with Mom." With her panties still on, she spread her legs. Part of her insanity, she knew, was fueled by her anger at Chris. Wanting to get back at him. Part was the enchantment of her strait-laced mother doing such naughty things. And part, she had to admit, was that she had grown to find her brother's confidence extremely attractive. "Will you do it?"

"Um ..." Nick looked at the door. His mom could walk in at any moment. He didn't like to think what would happen if she caught them. "Can it wait until after they go to bed tonight?"

"When I ask you to go down on me, it's a now or never proposition, Nick." Anticipating rejection, she closed her legs. "You don't need to worry about Mom coming in here. It's only the first Wednesday. Nothing matters. We'll start over with the next today." She searched his face for an answer, and held her breath when he smiled.

"Yeah, okay." Nick crawled up on the bed and spread her legs. "You also want me to do the thing you showed me?"

"Just do what you do with Mom." Alyson's legs trembled under his touch. Her mouth fell open as he pulled her panties aside and lowered his tongue to her lips.

"You have a really pretty pussy, Alyson." He stopped his approach for a second to admire her wetness and the pinkness peeking out from inside. He ran his fingertips through her neat triangle of hair. "I'll show you what I do with Mom."

"Oooooohhhhhhhhhhhhh." Alyson threw her head back. Of course, her fiancé gave her oral. And of course, Chris was good at it. He was good at everything. But her eighteen-year-old brother seemed every bit his equal. She changed her mind when he focused his attention on her clit. Nick was better. She grabbed a pillow, stuck it between her teeth, and rolled her eyes. He was already going to make her cum. One hand held the pillow, the other held the back of his head. "GGggggggpppppphhhhhhhh." Alyson screamed into the pillow.



Nick could sense that things wouldn't be the same going forward. They had cuddled and masturbated together. That had been sweet and somewhat reserved. He had fingered her before. But that had been didactic. As he brought her to four soaring orgasms, he knew they weren't holding things in reserve anymore. He supposed he had Chris to thank. The idiot had sent his fiancé right into Nick's arms and onto his waiting tongue.

Alyson was a quivering mess when he pulled away from her pussy and climbed off the bed. They didn't say anything as she shakily pulled on new underwear and jeans. "Okay ... Nicky ... that was really good." Once she was dressed again, Alyson finally found her voice. "I'm ... going ..." She looked a bit dazed. She tried to collect her wits. "I'm going to go downstairs, eat some cookies, and talk to Mom about ... about ..."

"His name is Chris, in case you forgot." He gave her butt a friendly smack and winked at her.

"Ha ha." She glanced at him, mystified. What had her brother become? "I remember his name." She kissed Nick on the cheek, and went to the door. "Um ... don't stay in here. Go back to your room or something. I don't want you messing with my stuff." He was still her little brother after all.

"Sure, got it." He gave her a little salute as she left. Then, he followed her instructions and went to his room. He fired up his computer. Even after the blowjob and his earlier fapping, he needed another release.

The cookies had cooled by the time Nick wandered down to the kitchen. The women weren't about, so he grabbed a cookie and went looking for them. He took a bite and did a one-eighty back to the kitchen. He pilfered two more. His mom's cookies were the best. When he was adequately provisioned, he went off to explore again.



They were out in the garden. Despite the nice day, Alyson still wore her oversized hoodie. Both women sported wide sunhats and garden gloves. They were on their hands and knees weeding. Nick stopped and admired them for a minute. He had two more faces of the cube to solve. Would one of those riddles demand that he get them naked in a similar position? He shook his head. He reached down and adjusted his swelling cock right before his mom looked up.

"Hello, sweetie." She glanced at the bulge in his pants and smiled nervously. "I see you found the cookies."

"Thanks, Mom. They're delicious." He took another bite.

"We were just talking about you, Nick." Alyson didn't look up at

him. She pretended to be very interested in the weeds in front of her.

"Oh?" Nick ate the last of his cookies.

"We just ... both appreciate how ... mature you've become." Kate measured her words carefully.

"Don't just stand there, gawking. Come help."

"Sure." Nick walked over to them and sank to his knees on the garden bed between the two women. "So, tell us about what you've been reading, Alyson." This was a question that was guaranteed to set his sister off on a long monologue. Nick was happy to let her talk as they worked in the sun. He felt so relaxed. It was such a normal, ever day thing to garden with them. But, then again, he had clashed with both of them so much over the past few years that it never would have happened before Enki's puzzle. Also, he had given both women orgasms that day, and one of them had returned the favor. He supposed the veneer of normalcy was a thin camouflage. But he still enjoyed it.

The rest of the afternoon was much tamer than earlier in the day. Nick helped his mother make dinner, while Alyson sat at the kitchen table and scrolled her phone.

Alyson waited for Chris to text an apology. Guilt coiled around her heart when she thought about how she had spread her legs for Nick. But Chris never texted and her feelings toward him hardened as the hours passed. The guilt faded away. Maybe they would both be better partners on the next today.

When Fred arrived home, Nick set the table. He watched his dad recline in the living room with his bulging belly, complaining about his bad back. Nick mused on why he'd always held his father as a paragon of manhood. Fred had a temper. But anger didn't make you a man. Nick had recently discovered the opposite.

Over dinner, Fred badgered Alyson on why she was home two days in a row. He made it plain that he didn't like Chris. Nick did have that common ground with his father. He looked over to his mother who was staring at him. She quickly looked down to her plate. Well, they had more than their mutual dislike of Chris in common.

After dinner, Nick wanted to invite his mom to the basement for another "movie." But before he could ask, Alyson took his arm and pulled him upstairs to her room. That was okay. Nick would have the next today to spend quality time with his mom. He had all the time in the world. The loop seemed less and less a curse.

"We need to talk." Alyson closed the door behind them and sat on her bed.

"If this is about Chris, I think ..." Nick stopped himself. "Sure, what's up?"

Alyson's blood pressure rose and fell like a rollercoaster as her brother corrected course. It might not have seemed big in the grand scheme of things, but she appreciated him not harping on Chris. "We need to both go into the city on the next today. We need to see Chris. Not because of relationship stuff. He won't remember what happened today. And I won't go into any of that stuff. I'll stay covered up." She pointed to her well-covered boobs for emphasis. "We need to get working on the next riddle. The sooner we're done with the six sides the sooner my body returns to normal." Alyson spoke very fast, her words tumbling over one other.

"Right." Nick frowned. He wasn't sure their bodies would return to normal. Maybe they should do some research on Enki's puzzle. He was dismayed that he hadn't already thought of spending a few looping days looking into it. "When we get through the loops, we'll stop doing stuff together?"

"I mean ... yeah." Alyson blinked in surprise. "It's been really great. But everything will go back to normal. I mean ..." Did he really think they could keep fooling around? "This was all just because of Enki. You're amazing, Nicky. But you need to find a girlfriend after all this. A woman who's a better



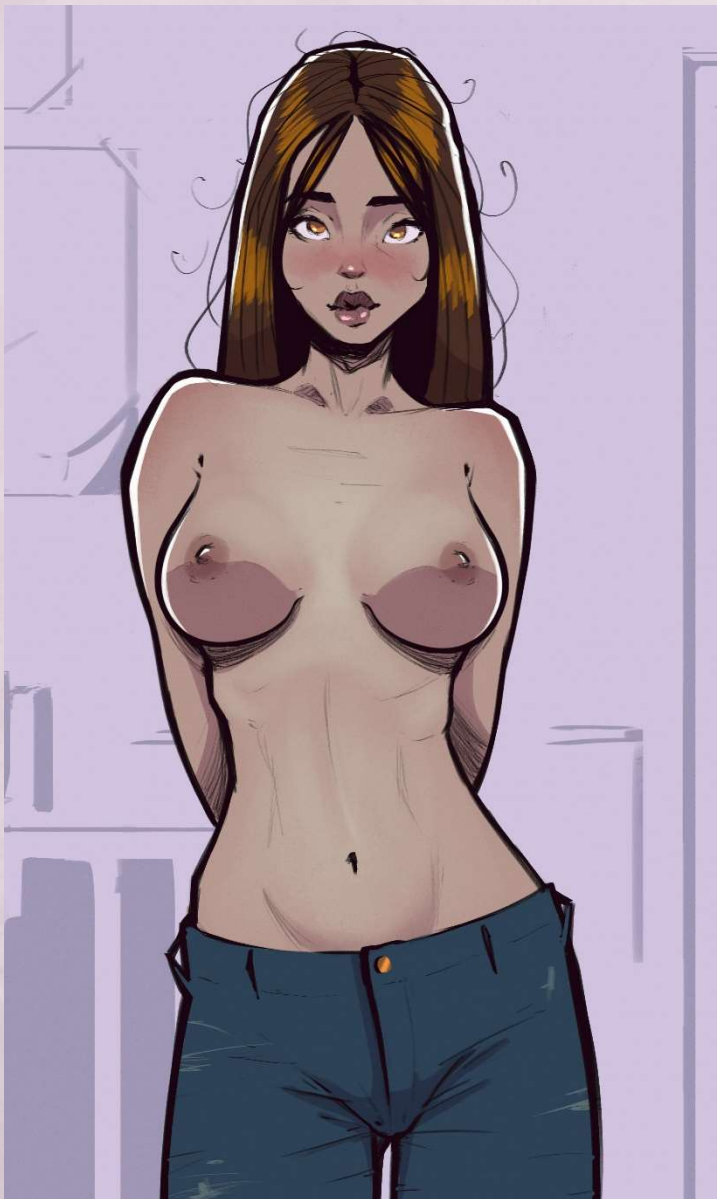
fit for you than Jess." She watched him chew on his lip. God, she felt like she was dumping him. "Look, I don't want it to end either. Today was really ..." She searched for a word and came up empty. "... nice."

"Can we still do stuff while we're in the loop, or is this it?"

"I ... well ..." She'd just assumed they'd keep cuddling and maybe she'd let him between her legs again. But now that he asked, she wondered if it was time to end it. She was being pulled between two men that she loved. And she'd made a promise to Chris. She reached down and fiddled with the beautiful ring her fiancé had given her.

"Because if this is the end, I'd like to make a request." Nick marveled at his calmness. There were consequences with his sister since they traveled through the loops together, but he still felt a supreme sense of confidence.

"What is it?"



"I'd like to touch your boobs. They're gorgeous, and I know I'd always regret it if I didn't ask." When she didn't say anything, he continued. "You were already breathtaking before all this, and now ... you're like a goddess or something. Since we're still in the loop, do you think ...?"

"Chris doesn't seem to think I'm a goddess." Her hands crept to the hem of her hoodie.

Nick didn't take the bait. "I can only speak for myself."

"I'm still making milk." She lifted her hoodie a little and exposed her belly button. "You probably think that's gross."

"No, it's cool." Nick smiled.

"What about Dad?"

"I don't care. We can start over on the next today if he finds us." Nick stepped up close to her and put his hands next to hers. Together they lifted the hoodie over her head.

Alyson took off her undershirt. She stood before him in her jeans and bra. "I know. It's a boring bra. I was lucky to find one in my size." She reached behind and unclasped the strap with trembling fingers.

“No, I like it.” That was the truth. Nick thought it understated, a nice juxtaposition to the amazing tits he knew it contained. He stepped back to get a good view as the bra dropped away. His breath caught in his chest. “Wow.” He hadn’t lied about her beauty. She was literally breathtaking. His pulse quickened. He reached out his hand. His fingertips slid slowly down the slope of her left breast, until they arrived at her nipple. He saw her shoulders shake with a quick shiver. Her nipples were darker than when she’d shown them to him all those loops ago. He gently teased her nipple and inspected his fingers. They came away wet with milk.

“I don’t know why Enki did that to me.” Alyson stared at her brother, soaking up the wonder and adoration on his face. Maybe Chris would like them if he’d only give them a chance.

“Me either.” Nick hefted them, a boob in each hand. He moved tenderly, but with purpose. “They’re heavy.”

“Yeah, that’s why my back’s been sore.”

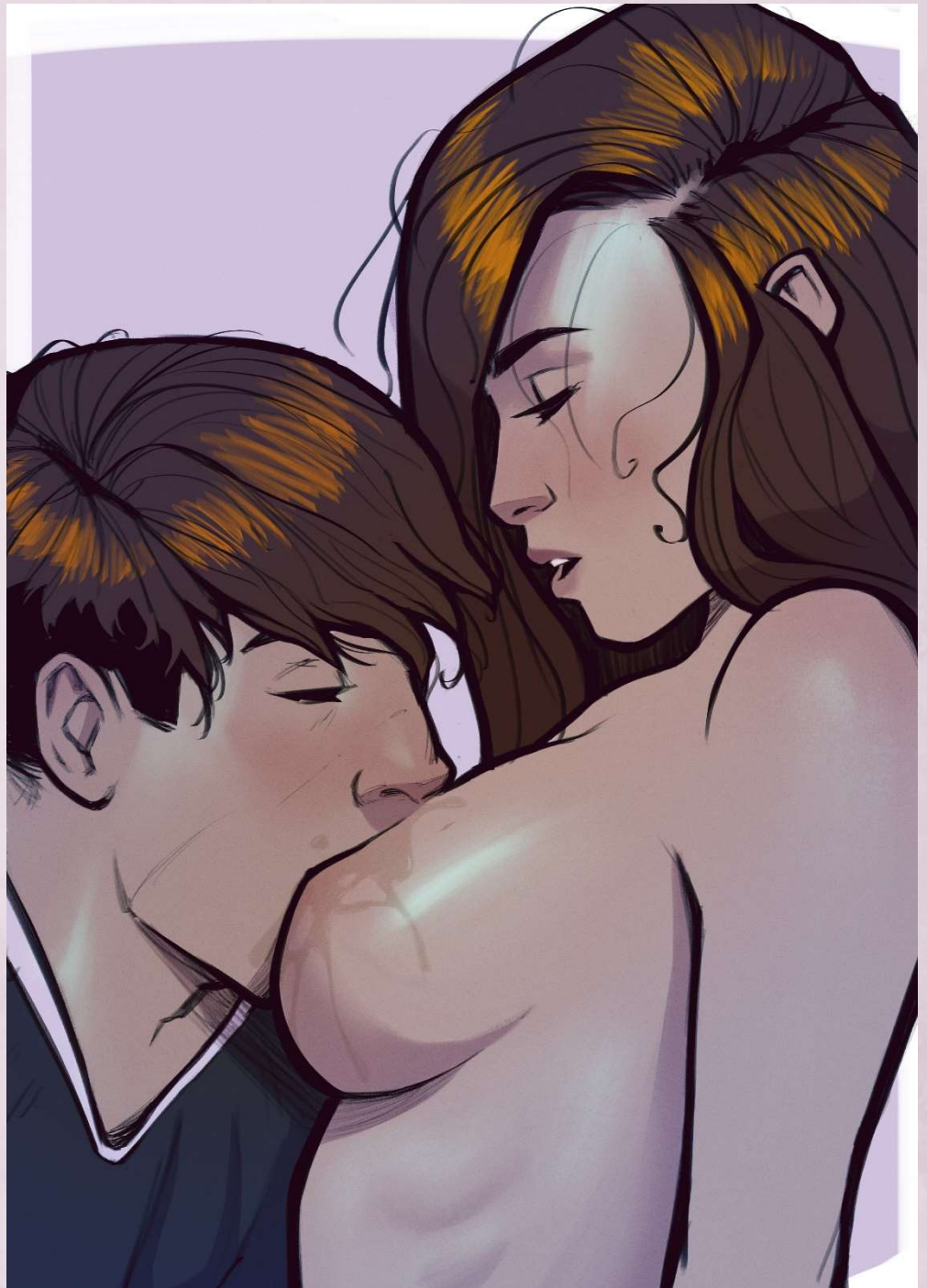
“I could do this all day, every day.” He leaned in a little closer to inspect the blue veins meandering under her alabaster skin.

“You like them that much?” A surge of confidence moved through her.

“I do.” He leaned his face closer.

“Well, don’t get used to them. When this is all over ... oooooohhhhhhhh.”

Alyson squirmed when his mouth found her nipple. Reflexively, she cradled his head with her hand. She could hear him gulping. Her little brother, now a confident young man, was feeding from her. She swooned. Together they fell on the bed, his mouth never leaving her breast. “Oh, Nicky ... you’re making ... me ... wet again.”



“Mmmppphhhh.” Nick heeded his sister’s call. He held her tit with his left hand while he drank. His right hand moved down past her belly, unbuttoned her jeans, and worked under her panties. Soon, he was fingering her and listening to her stifled groans. He really hoped his parents weren’t upstairs because she was getting loud enough that anyone passing in the hall might hear them.

“Oh ... God ... oh ... God ... Nicky ... Nicky ... Nicky ...” Alyson tried to remember if Chris had ever given her such loving attention. “I’m ... ugh ... going to ... cum.” He hit her g-spot, just the way she’d taught him. Her mind and pussy exploded. She squirted all over her panties, soaking her jeans. Her attempt not to scream resulted in a high-pitched, whining sound. She would have been embarrassed by the noise if her mind wasn’t swimming in ecstasy. Just as she was coming down from her high, the moment was shattered.

A soft knock sounded on the door. “Are you okay, sweetie?” Kate’s voice came through the door.

Nick had never moved so fast. He leapt from the bed, pulling his hand from inside her jeans. The doorknob turned. He sat quickly in Alyson’s desk chair as his sister pulled the hoodie back over her boobs. She crossed her legs to conceal the darkness where she’d soaked her jeans. She was still lying on her bed, her brain glitching on the aftereffects of her orgasm.

“Alyson was crying about Chris, Mom.” Nick could see the concern on his mother’s face when she peeked in through the opening door.

“Love can be hard sometimes.” Kate sighed.

Nick waited for his sister to say something. After a few seconds, he said, “Really hard, Mom. Just look at me and Jess.”

“Yes.” Kate’s cheeks turned scarlet. She could read between the lines. He was talking about how his giant hardness had scared his girlfriend away. “Well, it seems you have things handled here, Nicky. Your father and I are going to bed soon. I’ll see you two in the morning.”

“Goodnight, Mom.” Nick waved at her.

“Night,” Alyson managed to get the one word out. When her mother left, she took a deep breath and tried to get a grip. “You sure do have things *handled*, Nicky.” She laughed at the sheer ridiculousness of everything.

“Oh, you’re talking about these?” He held up the fingers that had just been in her pussy and wiggled them. They both laughed for a long time. When their giggling died down, Nick could tell the moment had passed. It didn’t bother him, they had plenty more time in the loop and otherwise. After the day he’d just had, he didn’t think Alyson would be able to stay away. They cracked a few more jokes, and then Nick kissed her on the cheek and went to get ready for bed.

Later that night, Nick was on his phone in bed. The lights were out and sleep reached out to him. But he wasn't yet ready to surrender and meet his second Wednesday. He was trying his hand at research. If the puzzle was a replica, why did it seem to have Enki's power? Who built it? What happened to the original the replica copied? He was coming up empty on Google. When he heard his door swing open, he swung his head and tried to adjust his eyes to the darkness.



"You're still up, sweetie?" Kate slipped into the familiar room and closed the door behind her. "I thought you might be awake after such an eventful day." She crossed the room and sat at the edge of his bed. When he turned off his phone, the only light came from the moon through his window. She shivered. "Why is your window open?"

"Oh, I like the fresh air." He didn't want to explain Chirpee to her. "What's up?" He put his hand on her bare thigh. He realized she was only wearing an oversized t-shirt. His dick stirred under the covers.

"I wanted to touch base with you after ... everything." She put her hand on top of his, letting him know his touch was welcome. "Are you happy with what we did?"

"Yes." He liked that she couldn't talk about it directly, but still wanted to have the conversation. "I feel really close to you." He squeezed her thigh.

"Me too, Nicky." Her palms were sweaty. She removed her hand from

his and wiped it on her shirt. "I'm still trying to wrap my head around all this. I'm not sure what any of this means. I ... um ..." She didn't know what to say. He was so good at listening, and she was tongue-tied.

"It's okay, Mom." He slid his hand up her thigh, but she caught it and returned it to its original position near her knee.

"Not now, Nick." She shook her head in the darkness. "Not while your father and sister are home. But maybe if your sister goes back to her apartment tomorrow, you can play hooky again. That is, if you want to."

"I would love that, Mom. We'll have the perfect day together." His heart raced at the thought.

"I'm sure we will." She bent toward him and kissed his forehead. Kate then pulled the covers up to her son's chin. "I love you, Nicky. I'll see you in the morning." She stood and headed for the door.

"I love you too, Mom," he called after her. Nick had a warm, fuzzy feeling in his chest. He was truly happy. The first Wednesday had been near perfect. He wondered how much better the next today could get. He closed his eyes and drifted off to sleep.

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At dawn's first light, Chirpee woke Nick with his silly two-tone song. Nick sat up and rubbed his eyes. So, this would be his second crack at Wednesday. He inhaled slowly and then exhaled. He blinked and spotted the white and black bird on the windowsill. That was odd, Chirpee hadn't woken him up on the previous today.

What time was it? Had he somehow woken up before his sister could wake him up? He retrieved his phone from his bedside table and stared at it, dumbfounded. It was five-thirty in the morning on Thursday. He shook the phone like it was a magic eight ball, and it had given him the wrong answer. Undeterred, the phone still informed him it was Thursday.

"Holy shit. I solved the riddle without even knowing what it was." And he had.

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Kate pushed the enormous cock into her mouth until his hair tickled her nose. She found that it fit with ease. She could just imagine how pleased her son was with her. It had to be a dream, because no one could actually shove all that penis down their throat, least of all her. Dream or not, it gave her such a buzz to know she was satisfying her son. She took impossibly long strokes, bouncing her chin against his heavy balls with each repetition. Eventually, Nick unloaded.

"Gggggppppphhhhhh." Kate nearly drowned in all that young, thick sperm. She didn't give up and managed to swallow all of it. She pulled off him, a proud smile on her stained lips. When she caught his eye, she jerked awake with a start.

The first graying of the sky filtered in past her curtains. Fred snored in bed next to her. She sat up. Something wasn't quite right with her mouth and throat. She didn't know if it was the aftereffects of the dream or what. She climbed out of bed and went to the bathroom. For several minutes, she stared at her reflection. She looked good. Almost like she was glowing. When she opened her mouth, she didn't notice anything amiss.

She reached her hand to her throat. It felt stretched and sore, like she'd been doing throat yoga for weeks. Her dream came flooding back to her.

Kate's husband always left a water bottle in the bathroom. One of the long, thin ones. Without knowing exactly why, she reached for it and moved it toward her mouth. While watching herself in the mirror, she slowly slid the thing past her lips. And then, she kept going, inch after inch, until most of it was in her throat. The woman in the mirror had wild eyes, and drool ran down her chin. What was happening to her? Yesterday, she had only been able to fit Nick's head into her mouth.

Despite the horror at the morning's discoveries, her hand reached down between her legs. She pumped the water bottle in and out of her mouth, staring at this crazed woman in the mirror simulating fellatio with a huge penis and masturbating at the same time. She wasn't pretending to think of the hunk from her romance novel anymore. Her hips bucked, and she had her first orgasm of the day.

