

ENKI'S PUZZLE



CHAPTER 11

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Enki's Puzzle 11

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"I don't understand." Alyson stared at Nick. She rubbed the sleep out of her eyes and stared again. "It's Thursday?"

"Yeah." Nick nodded.

"So that means ... everything that happened with Chris ... yesterday ... was really yesterday." She pulled the covers to her chin and looked around the room like she expected something to pop out at her. "And he's still mad ... at me."

"Wait ... what?" Nick shook his head. "He called you fat, remember? Aren't you mad at *him*? He called you a cow, Alyson. He's a ..." He took a deep breath. "Relationships are complicated, I guess."

"Yeah, they are." Alyson's pulse slowed and her head felt light. She was in shock. She had thought she would have more tries at Wednesday. Many, many more tries. Things with Chris had just gotten a whole lot worse. She focused on her brother. "And you ... you ... and ... Mom ...?"

"Yeah, she's going to remember the blowjob. It's in the books." Nick sat on her bed. It was still early. He put his hand on her leg through the blanket and gently rubbed. "Don't worry about Chris. He loves you. It'll work out."

"I hope so, Nicky." Alyson rolled onto her side facing away from him and patted the bed behind her. She sighed when he cuddled up to her, his arm snaking just under her boobs. She wiggled her butt into him. It was impossible to miss his morning wood poking into her. "Let's figure out what happened yesterday. We should do some research, and see what the next riddle is before we *do* anything else."

It was clear from her tone that Nick's sister meant, *before you do anyone else*. "Sure, I was thinking that we should do research anyway. We need to figure out what the puzzle's all about."

"I have a bunch of books in my office on loan from a collector. I was supposed to go through them as part of my work on the puzzle. It's probably time to do some reading. And ... we should get yesterday's and today's riddles translated. Which means we'll have to see Chris."

"Do you mind seeing him so soon?" He inhaled the floral scent of her shampoo.



"It should be fine. Today doesn't matter anyway." Alyson hoped Chris would surprise her with compassion, but she suspected this first go at Thursday would be sailing in rough waters. "If we do this, you'll have to leave Mom alone for the day."

"Yeah, I know." Nick sighed. "It's fine."

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"You look a little feverish, Nick. Would you like to stay home from school today?" Kate put her hand on her son's forehead as he ate cereal. "Definitely hot." She glanced at her daughter and husband. Fred was reading his phone, ignoring them. Alyson had a strange look on her face.

"I need to go to school, Mom." Nick loathed the words coming out of his mouth, but it couldn't be helped. He watched a frown crease his mother's forehead. "I feel fine."



Kate glanced at her husband. "Aren't you going to be late for work, Fred?"

"Hmm? No, I have plenty of time." He looked up from his phone and smiled at his wife. "Trying to get rid of me?"

Kate's cheeks flushed crimson. "No, of course not."

"I'll drive Nick to school." Alyson stood and grabbed Nick's hand. She wanted him out of the house before he changed his mind. She was getting the vibe that their mother wanted a repeat of yesterday. "Let's go, Nick." She pulled him out of his chair.

"I wasn't done eating." Nick let his sister lead him toward the door. He picked up his backpack and phone. "Goodbye, Mom."

"Nick's going to visit me in the city after school. I'll pick him up. He'll be home late." Alyson pushed her brother toward the door.

“Oh, okay.” Kate looked quite taken aback. “Come home if you’re not feeling well,” she called after him as they exited through the front door. The door slammed and the house felt incredibly quiet. “You’re going to be late for work, Fred.”

“What?” Fred turned off his phone and took a bite of toast. “I still have time. Want a quickie before I leave?”

“Maybe tonight, dear.” Kate exited the kitchen.

Fred shrugged. That was fine by him.

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They found Chris in his office, grading papers. “Hi, honey.” Alyson tried to put on a sunny disposition. She wasn’t going to get into it with him.

Chris looked up from his desk. “What’s he doing here?”

“Nick’s hanging out with me today. He wants to see what I do all day.” She tried to hold her smile steady.

“What are you wearing, Alyson?” Chris frowned at his fiancée.

“It’s one of my mom’s sweatshirts from the ‘90s. Isn’t it cool?” It wasn’t cool. She knew that. But it draped off her and hid her new boobs well.

“It looks like a potato sack.” Chris smiled like he was joking. He was not.

“We brought some Sumerian for you to read.” Nick worked at controlling his breathing.



"Bring-your-little-brother-to-work-day is adorable." Chris took the puzzle from Nick and examined it. "What did you do to light up all six sides like this?"

"Nothing." Nick knew that this version of Chris hadn't read any of the other riddles. So, he rolled his eyes and let the pompous guy pontificate.

Brother and sister sat silently while Chris marveled at the puzzle. Finally, Alyson said, "Can you please read it for us?"

"Sure. The cuneiform is written in an interesting regional dialect." Chris adjusted his glasses. "It says, *your arrow may have -*"

"Not that one, this one." Nick pointed to one of the two sides they hadn't read yet.

"Um ... what?" Chris looked at his fiancée. "Why does he care?"

"He's always been interested in puzzles." Kate tried not to lose her patience.

Chris shook his head and turned the cube in his hands. "This side reads, *three form a broken circle ... the first must drink life from the second ... the second must drink life from the third ... you begin to understand.*" He looked up from the puzzle. "That's interesting, because Enki is the god of semen." Chris laughed. "He created the Tigris and the Euphrates with a massive fap session. Rivers of jizz." He laughed some more. "The riddle is probably about ancient blowjobs."

"That is funny." Alyson feigned a giggle. Her fiancé was half-right. "How about this face?" She pointed at the side they hadn't yet translated.

"This one reads, *complete the circle ... the future awaits.*" Chris looked up. "Does that make sense to you?"

The Dobson siblings shook their heads at him.

"I'm going to hold onto this. Really interesting stuff. We don't even know what the power source is. Maybe it's something mechanical, and when it was moved it created some energy." Chris put the puzzle on his desk. "I'll translate all the sides, maybe take it down to the lab."

"This is my project, Chris." Alyson looked down at the floor.

"You've got other things going on, obviously." Chris shrugged. "By the way, I got you a gym membership. Maybe we'll hit the treadmill later this afternoon, okay?"

"Yeah, okay." Alyson felt her brother's hand in hers. She had never longed so much for Nick's support.

"We better get going." Nick squeezed her hand and pulled her to her feet.

Alyson could feel the distance growing between her and Chris. They would have to do a lot of work on their relationship once they finished Thursday and got out of the loop. "If you need anything, Chris, I'll be in my office for -"

"Bye." Chris returned to grading papers.

“Goodbye.” She let her brother pull her out of the office and close the door. She turned to Nick.

“Don’t we need the puzzle?”

“We’ll let him have it today. He won’t have it on the next today.” Nick let go of her hand and walked down the hall. “There’s lots of research we can do without it, right? We’ve got those books to read. And we now know all the riddles. Complete the circle ...”

“Sure, right.” Alyson nodded. She stretched her aching back and followed Nick back to her office.

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“This book is interesting.” Nick looked up and blinked. He held an old, leather-bound tome. “It says that the replica was built by Artur Victorovitch Siyankov in the early 20th century. Siyankov was an architect working for a doctor named Ivo Shandor. Shandor was a crazy dude, performed lots of unnecessary surgeries.”

“An architect working for a doctor?” Alyson looked up from her book.

“Shandor was a doctor and an architect.” Nick’s skin crawled thinking about what he’d just learned. “After World War One, Shandor thought the world needed to end. He formed a cult devoted to a Sumerian god to bring about the end of the world.”

“Not Enki.”

“No, not Enki. Some other god.” Nick shivered. It felt like the temperature in the room had dropped several degrees while he told his sister the story. “Victorovitch didn’t like where all that was headed, so he split from Shandor. He traveled for a time, looking for ‘items of power.’ He then showed up with his puzzles in New York. He made three of them. He’s quoted as saying, ‘It’s much easier to destroy than to create. I have taken a steep path, meticulously rebuilding the original puzzle that Enki gave to the Babylonians. Just as it helped those ancient peoples see new light, I pray that I have cast a beam in the growing darkness of this century.’”

“Whoa.” Alyson found that she was holding her breath. She exhaled. “What happened then?”

“Nothing good, I think.” Nick leafed back through the chapter he’d just read. “Siyankov vanished shortly after he returned to New York. Shandor bought everything from Siyankov’s estate, including the puzzles.”

“I knew that book would be useful.” Alyson smiled to herself.

“How did you get the puzzle?”

“The university bought it at an auction a couple months ago. It wasn’t expensive. Just a curiosity.” Alyson shrugged. “They gave it to Chris to study, and he gave it to me. And then he took it back.”

“Don’t worry about that. Today never happened.” Nick leaned back in his chair. The room seemed to warm up again. “How many more books do we have to read?”

“Um ...” Alyson glanced at the stack on her desk. “Five more.”

“Well, let’s plow through. See if we find anything else.” Nick checked his phone and saw a string of missed texts from his mom. Guilt tugged at him. But it didn’t matter. After the current today, his mom would never know she’d been ghosted by him. He’d make it up to a different version of her, he promised himself.



Night had settled outside her office window. Alyson looked up from her last book. "Find anything?" "Just a few more sentences on Siyankov. He claimed to have found the original puzzle in a temple in Mesopotamia. Making some sort of deal with the Hashemite monarchy, he took it somewhere unknown to study it." Nick skimmed through the last few pages of the book open in front of him. He found nothing useful. "He said his power source was different than the original. But didn't say what it was." He looked over at his sister. She looked as tired as he felt. "You find anything?"

"Just some auction notes. The puzzle we have was found by a collector going through an antique store in upstate New York." Her stomach growled. "We should get something to eat."

"Weren't you going to the gym with Chris?" Nick checked his phone again. It was late. His mother hadn't stopped texting him. She probably thought he was avoiding her after yesterday.

"I didn't want to see him again." Alyson stood and stretched. She caught her brother staring at her boobs. Rather than hide them, she arched her back more. Even that dopey '90s sweatshirt couldn't conceal them in that position. "I'll deal with Chris tomorrow. The real tomorrow. Not the next today. With any luck, my body will go back to normal and he'll forget I ever looked like a cow."

"You are the most beautiful cow in the pasture." Nick ducked when she threw a pencil at him.

"Shut up, dummy. Let's go get some dinner." Alyson opened the door, checked the hall just to make sure Chris wasn't around, and led her brother out of the building.

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After sharing a meal at a Mediterranean restaurant, the siblings stumbled into Alyson's apartment. She rubbed her eyes. "You might as well sleep here." She pulled off her mother's sweatshirt and headed for the bathroom. She was already brushing her teeth when Nick joined her.

"You look beautiful." Nick smiled at her from the doorway. He watched her boobs jiggle as she vigorously worked her toothbrush.

Alyson spit in the sink. "Shut up, Nicky. I look terrible." She brushed some more, regarding herself in the mirror. She looked tired and stressed. And her boobs seemed ridiculously large and out of proportion now that the sweatshirt wasn't concealing them.

"I'm still hungry."

Alyson rolled her eyes at him. Eighteen-year-old boys ate and ate and ate. "There's some pickles in the fridge, I think. Or, you could make yourself a peanut butter sandwich." Her words were garbled by the brushing.

"I don't want pickles." He moved over next to her and bent down. He kissed her left tit through her shirt.

"Oh, boy." Alyson spit in the sink again. "You want more of that?"

Rather than say anything, Nick lifted up her shirt and pulled down her bra. He admired the fragile beauty of her pale breast for a second, and then lowered his lips to her dark nipple.

"You're incorrigible." She continued brushing, watching herself and the back of her brother's head in the mirror. What better way to end a strange day than with the absurdity of what was happening in her bathroom? She thought about yesterday's riddle. It was clear that Enki had wanted him to drink her milk. That had been part of passing the day. The other part, of course, was their mother drinking Nick's cum. She shuddered, thinking what she must have looked like with that giant cock in her mouth. Maybe Alyson would get to see for herself. "Okay, big guy." She pulled him off her breast, spit one last time, and rinsed out her mouth. "Want to use my toothbrush?"

"I'm pretty sure the toothpaste will make the milk taste weird." He carefully wiped a dribble of milk from her breast with his fingers.

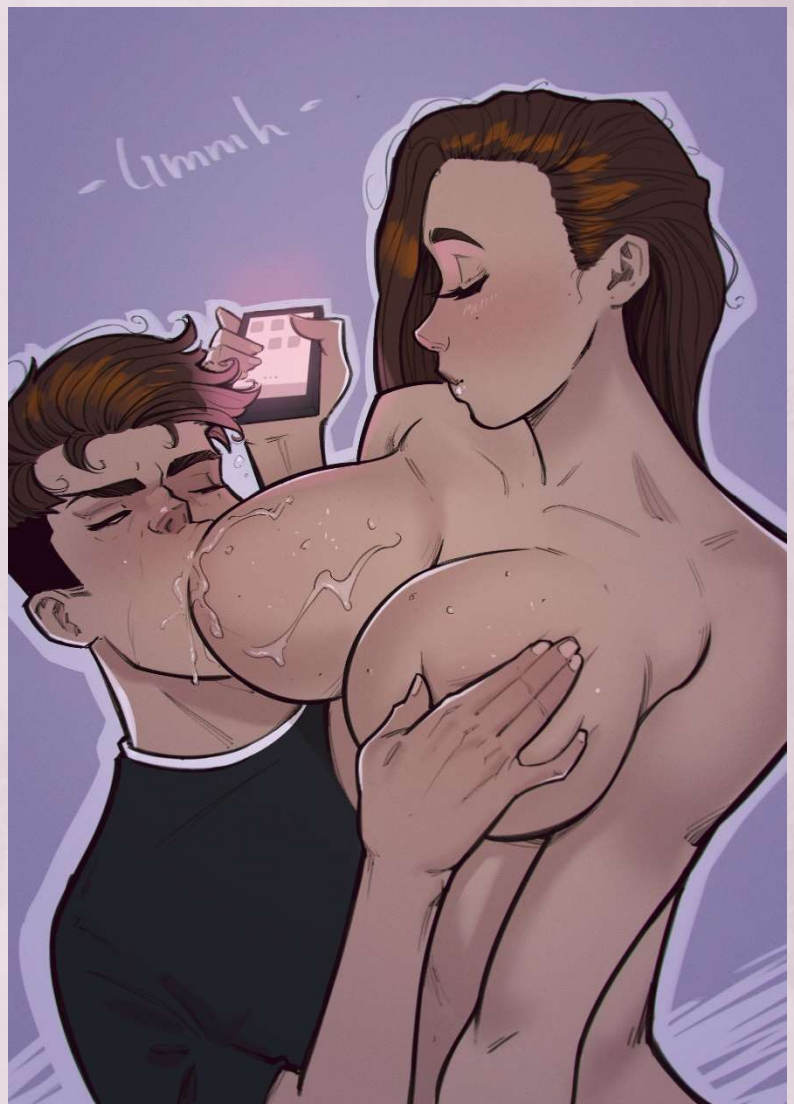
"You're *still* hungry?" Alyson laughed. "Come on then." She walked to her bedroom, took off her pants, and sat upright with her back against the pillows. The shirt had fallen back over her tit, so she pulled it off and removed her bra. "Well, let's get to it."

"Sure." Nick lay down on the bed, putting his head in her lap. The curvature of her magnificent tits loomed above him. She leaned forward a little and guided her nipple back into his mouth. He drank.

"That better, Nicky?" With one hand, she played with his silky hair, with the other, she checked her phone. No texts from Chris. Maybe he'd forgotten their gym date. But she had eleven texts from her mother, mostly trying to find out where Nick was. She was about to respond when her phone rang. "It's Mom. I think she's worried about you. I'm going to answer it."

"Mmmmmmm." Nick didn't slow down his drinking. He loved the feeling of his sister's fingers gently tugging his hair and massaging his scalp while her soft and supple breast pressed against his face. He was in heaven.

Alyson answered the call. "Hi, Mom. Yes, he's here ... He's spending the night with me ... No, I'll drive him to school in the morning ... He was helping me with research at my office ... Yeah, I'll tell him. Love you ... Goodnight." She disconnected.



"Mom says you need to let her know when you're not coming home. Why'd you ignore her today?"

"Mmmppphh." Nick pulled away from her nipple and rested his head on her thigh so he could look up at her. She had the softest expression on her face. "I knew if I talked to her, she'd tell me to come home. I wanted to help you today."

"Don't you want to spend more time with her?" Alyson put down the phone, and rubbed his hard abs through his shirt. She was growing to have a greater appreciation for his lithe soccer body.

"I mean, yeah." Nick lay there, soaking up the attention. He could feel the hand on his belly moving lower and lower. "Maybe on the next today, Mom and I could hang out? We got a lot done today."

"Nicky ..." Alyson stopped her hand before it reached the bulge in his pants. "I ... want to see ... you and Mom together."

"I told you, she'd never let me take a photo." Nick frowned.

"No ... I mean ... um ..." Had she gone completely insane? "I was thinking I could pretend to leave for the city ... and ... um ... watch you two ... without her knowing."

"Oh, shit."

"Yeah, oh, shit," Alyson agreed.

"Okay." Nick nodded, his head rolling on her thigh. "I'll probably go down on her again. And she might give me another blowjob. Is that what you want to see?"

"Yes, please." Alyson's hand continued its descent down his body and took hold of his erection through his pants. "What do you think you have to do to solve the last riddle?" She wondered what else she might see.

"Complete the circle?" Nick shrugged. "Before Chris translated it, I was assuming Enki would want Mom and me to go all the way for the last riddle. But that doesn't sound right."

"Yeah." Alyson's pussy gushed at the mention of *all the way*. "Well, I don't think it would fit inside her anyway." She squeezed his thick penis through his pants for emphasis. It was by the far the biggest dick she'd ever touched. "So, that's probably good. Maybe Enki wants you to sixty-nine or something?" Her hand rubbed his hardness.

"Maybe." Nick moved his head back up her thigh and took her nipple back into his mouth. She continued to play with his hair and rub his dick, but she never removed it from his pants. Eventually, he fell asleep on her lap, his mouth still on her nipple.

“Wow ... Katie.” Fred lay in bed next to his wife, trying to catch his breath. “You went ... crazy ... tonight.”

“Well, it’s been a while, Fred.” Kate had hoped that spending some intimate time with her husband would help dispel the frustration caused by her son. It hadn’t worked. She lay on her belly, waiting for Fred to go to sleep so she could take care of herself.



“I don’t think you’ve ever swallowed my whole dick before.” Fred relished the urgency with which she’d blown him. She had looked like a woman possessed.

“Don’t be crude, Fred.”

Fred laughed. “If I can drive you wild like that, I guess I’ve still got it.” He looked over at her round ass. The years had given her more alluring curves. He approved. He smacked his wife’s ass and listened to her give a little yelp. Fred mused on how time had

been good to them both.

“Yeah, you’ve still got it, dear.” Kate had always thought him a decently sized man. But after handling Nick’s penis, and then fellating the water bottle ... While she was giving Fred oral, he’d seemed downright small by comparison. Her husband had stretched out her vagina during sex. It was good to know his size was adequate. But five minutes wasn’t enough time to satisfy Kate. Fred was taller than her son, but he had none of Nick’s taut muscles. As he started to snore next to her, Kate wondered about the future. She loved Fred, despite his temper. But he didn’t still have it. As her hand moved between her legs, she wondered if he’d ever had it. But then her thoughts turned to Nick. Her mind drifted off into happiness.

"Nick and I are going to do some yoga this morning, you two want to join us?" Kate was already wearing her yoga clothes. She smiled into the kitchen at her husband and daughter. Her son stood next to her in a t-shirt and baggy shorts.

"Yoga's for girls." Fred frowned at her.

"The soccer team does some yoga for flexibility and strength, Dad." Nick looked over at his sister for support.

"And Nick does have a dynamite body, Dad." Alyson took one last sip of coffee and stood. "Don't you think, Mom?"

"Um ... uh ..." Kate frowned.

"Nick needs to put on some mass. He's too skinny." Fred looked back to his phone and ate some toast. "And add a few inches in height."

"I think Dad's a no go, but I'll do some yoga with you guys." When their parents weren't looking, Alyson arched an eyebrow at Nick. He smiled innocently back at her. She went upstairs and changed. She was a little nervous wearing yoga clothes, especially because her shirt didn't hide her boobs all that well. But if it went badly with her parents, she would just cover up on the next today. When she went back down to the living room, there was a yoga class on TV and her brother and mother were both in the downward dog pose. Alyson stopped. Nick didn't have much of a butt, so the pose didn't really highlight his strengths. But her mom, by contrast, looked amazing. Alyson wasn't a lesbian. She was marrying a manly man after all. But she had always admired the feminine form. She just hadn't stopped to stare at her mother's ass before.

“Oh, there you are. Come join us.” Kate watched her daughter upside down through her legs. She guessed from Alyson’s expression that she was impressed with Kate’s yoga skills.

“Yeah, sure.” Alyson rolled out her mat and got in the same pose. Together, the three of them followed the TV instructor’s lesson.

About halfway through, Fred yelled from the other room that he was leaving for work. No one responded.

Toward the end of the session, Alyson was sweating bullets, and her legs and arms shook. Both her brother and mother seemed to be having an easier time of it. She told herself that the weight of her boobs was throwing her off. She wasn’t in bad shape. But when Kate turned off the TV, Alyson fell to the floor and sighed. “That ... was ... fun ...” She lied.

“Yes, it was.” Kate stood, giving her daughter a sidelong glance. “Alyson?”

“Yeah, Mom?”

Nick followed his mom’s gaze. Inwardly, he cringed. She was going to bring up Alyson’s boobs. He prayed she’d be delicate about it. Alyson was so sensitive.

“Have you changed your ... appearance lately?” Kate absentmindedly massaged her neck while she talked. “I mean, did you get something done without telling me?”

“No, Mom.” Alyson sat up and folded her arms over her chest. “I went on the pill a little while ago and they grew. I’ve been hiding them because it’s sort of embarrassing.”



"Oh, I see." Kate breathed a sigh of relief. "I thought maybe Chris had asked you to get surgery or something. I've heard they can grow for some women when they take the pill. I'm glad you're thinking about family planning issues. And ... um ... I think they suit you well."

Nick's shoulders relaxed. That was a good lie on his sister's part. He wondered if she'd been saving that. To make things less awkward, Nick went into the kitchen for some water.

"Thanks, Mom." Alyson unfolded her arms. "I'm thinking about going off the pill. Hopefully they'll go away."

"Well, make sure you use some other protection. And ask your doctor first, okay?" Kate smiled. "Are you going to stick around today?"

"No, I'll shower and head back to the city. I've got lots of stuff to do." Alyson stood. Her legs still trembled from the yoga session.

Kate's smile widened. She was going to have Nick all to herself. They would have such a lovely day. "Oh, okay then. Can I get you anything before you leave?"

"No thanks. I'll go hit the shower."

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The kitchen was quiet as Nick drank his water and Kate sipped her coffee. They could just make out the sound of Alyson's car pulling out of the driveway.

"Aren't you going to say I'm late for school or something?" Nick watched her closely. She looked so pretty in the morning light, her cheeks still rosy from yoga.

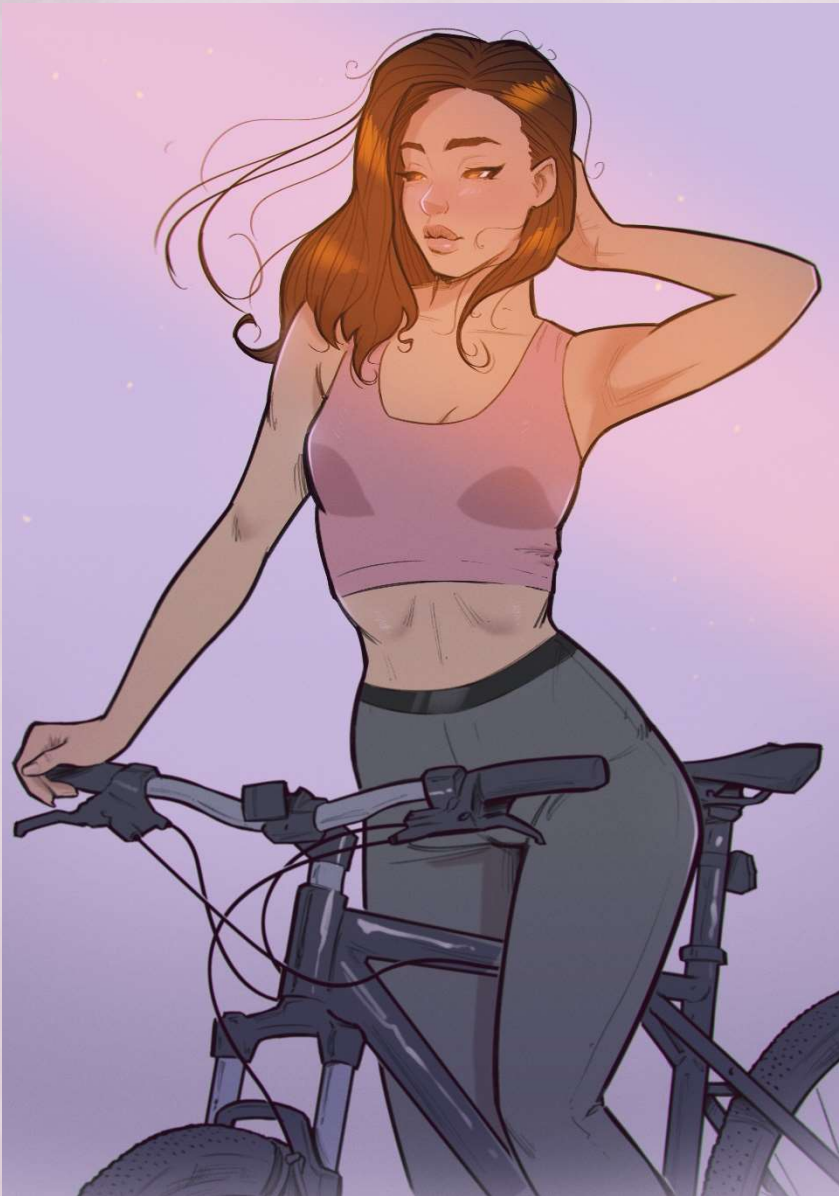
"Remember what I said last night about playing hooky?" Kate took another sip, keeping her eyes on her handsome son. She put the mug on the table. "Would you still like that?"

Nick didn't want to seem too eager. "Sure, what did you have in mind?"

"If you're not too tired from yoga, maybe we could go on a bike ride." Kate studied his face. She didn't want their renaissance to be only about naughty stuff.

"Yeah, let's do it."

"Great. I'll call your school while you get the bikes out of the garage." Kate went to get her phone.



They spent a pleasant hour cruising some of the bike trails in the nature area near their house. Their conversation was all small talk. Kate still wore her yoga pants, so Nick made sure to let her pedal up ahead when the trail narrowed. Her ass looked perfect perched on that little seat. When they got home, they were both sweaty, their endorphins pumping. Once inside they stared at each other, their hair wild from removing their helmets.

Nick broke the silence. "I need a shower."

"Me too." Kate stood still. A warmth spread in her vagina and tummy. Had she ever been this excited to spend time with a man? No. The answer to that was an emphatic *no*. "We could ... um ... shower together. If you want?"

"Yeah, okay." Nick stepped over to his mom and gave her butt a friendly slap. He loved the way it shook in her yoga pants. "I'll wash you if you wash me."

Kate giggled. "You're so bad, Nicky." She led the way upstairs.

They undressed in the bathroom Kate shared with her husband. Her eyes were drawn to the lean, rippling muscles on his torso. That is, until he removed his shorts and underwear. Then her gaze settled a bit lower. He was hard for her. His penis swayed a bit as he took off his socks. She looked over at her husband's water bottle and then back at Nick's engorged thing. They were about the same size. She lowered her pants and removed her bra, leaving her arm over her breasts, a token of vestigial modesty.

"You're really beautiful, Mom." He watched her lean into the shower and turn on the water, getting a good view of her panty-covered butt.

"You really think so?" She had to take off her panties, and that would go easier using two hands. She uncovered her breasts and lowered her underwear.

"I mean, I couldn't really lie about it. Just look." He pointed to his hard dick.

"Yeah, I can see that." She straightened up and blushed. "You're a teenager, so it's probably like that all the time."

This sort of timid flirting was new to Nick. All the times through those loops with his mother she hadn't really flirted before. He didn't know exactly how to respond. He imagined he would get good at it eventually, but he didn't want to spoil the moment. He reminded himself to be confident, to compliment, and to listen. "You're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen."

"Jess is very pretty though." Kate's cheeks darkened some more. What was she doing bringing up his ex-girlfriend? And why was she arguing with him when he was being so enchantingly sincere? "The water's warm, let's get in the shower."

"Okay." Nick followed her in. They were now standing very close together. "Can I soap you up?" He put some shower gel in his hands.

"Yes, please," Kate squeaked. She turned around and let him wash her back. It felt so good to have his hands on her. He spent a lot longer soaping her butt than the task required. When he finished, he sent a little thrill through her by giving her backside a slap. That was the first time he'd slapped her bare butt.

"I'm ready for the front, Mom." He held her hips and gently turned her around. Getting a little more soap in his hands, he rubbed down the gentle curve of her belly, over her hips, and onto her thighs. After a minute, he worked his way back up to her boobs. He gently rubbed and held them. They were, of course, much smaller than Alyson's, but he loved them every bit as much.

"I adore the expression on your face right now, Nicky." Shower water bounced off Kate's back as she watched her son closely. "Let me clean you." She soaped her hands and massaged Nick's skinny, tight body. It made her feel young again to have her hands on such a hard man. And while thinking of hard things, her hands slipped onto his massive penis. She gently played with the foreskin and traced his veins with her fingertips. Without planning to, she leaned her head forward and kissed him on the lips. Soon they were making out while she pumped his penis with her hands. She broke the kiss and lowered herself to her knees, turning him so that the water wouldn't be in her face. "I want to try something."

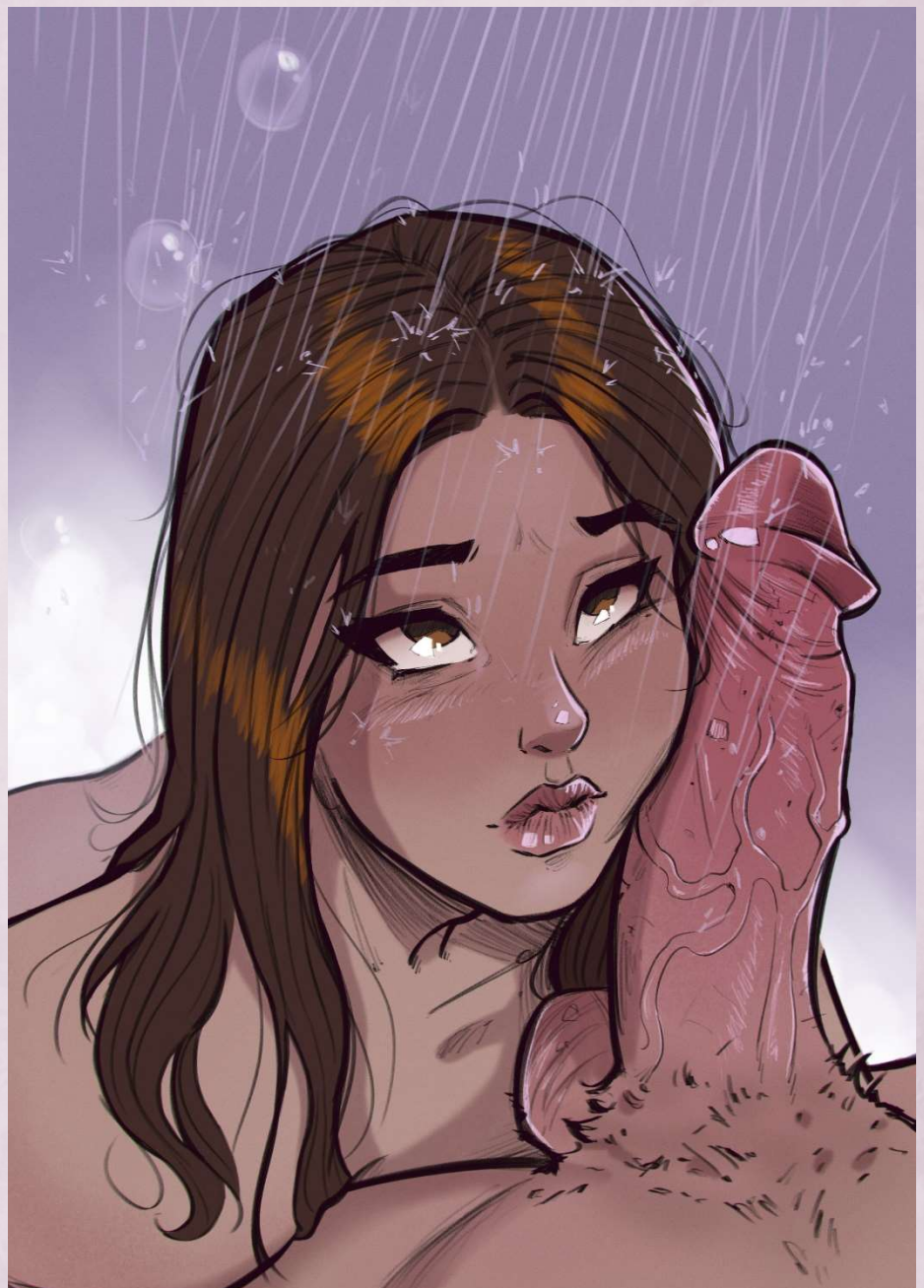


“Sure, whatever you want.” It was obvious to Nick that she wanted to give him another blowjob. He happily leaned back against the tiles and thrust his hips forward. He watched her pretty face distort as she opened up and slid the tip of his dick past her lips. But he didn’t expect what happened next. Her lips kept on sliding. She made a few spluttering sounds, but didn’t gag as she went beyond the head. Within a few seconds, she was halfway down. “Wow ... Mom ... I mean ... what?” When she looked up at him and made eye contact while his massive cock was halfway down her throat, he shuddered. It was the sexiest thing he’d ever seen.

It wasn’t just the water bottle that she could swallow. Something had happened to Kate. She pushed further on him. Lowering her gaze, she watched his little brown hairs get closer and closer. Her nose made contact with his hair, and her chin bumped his heavy balls. “Mmmpppphhhhh, gggggpppphhhhh.” She wanted to tell Nick how wonderful it felt to take all of him like that. But, of course, she couldn’t talk. So, instead, she moved her lips back until they were just sucking on the head, and then all the way forward. She pumped him with her mouth. It took a little while, but she got into a good rhythm, clutching his trembling thighs to hold him steady.

“Holy ... shit ... Mom.” Nick could not believe what he was seeing. His brain barely computed what was happening. Yesterday, she’d struggled to suck his head. Now, on the second today, she was somehow deepthroating him like she’d been practicing for years. It was clear she loved blowing him. And Nick loved it, too. He thought about his sister missing out on the show. Alyson couldn’t spy on them in a closed bathroom. He pulled his mom off his dick. She looked up at him, panting.

“What’s wrong ... sweetie? You ... don’t like ... it?” Kate furrowed her brow in confusion and brushed some wet hair out of her face.



"It's almost perfect, Mom." Nick turned off the water. He was going to get them someplace where Alyson could witness what their mom could now do.

"Almost?" She let Nick pull her to her feet and give her an excited kiss on the lips.

"Yeah, almost. I want to return the favor. At the same time." He took her hand and pulled her out of the bathroom onto her bed. They were still dripping wet, but neither seemed to care. He got on his back. "Come on."

"Oh ... my ..." Kate knew what a sixty-nine was, but had never tried it. "You sure?" He looked even bigger with his giant thing standing up in the air, bending ever so slightly to the left.

"I'm sure." As his mother climbed on top of him, he glimpsed his sister peeking in through the cracked bedroom door. But then his view was blocked by his mother's amazing ass. He felt her mouth slide back onto him. Nick went to work on her pussy. This was going to be the best day of hooky ever. Even better than yesterday.