

ENKI'S PUZZLE



CHAPTER 14

FICTION

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Enki's Puzzle 14

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What a strange morning. Kate had woken feeling feisty and had somehow shoved most of her husband's water bottle down her throat. She fellated the foot-long thing while masturbating in the bathroom. Only a half-hour later, she moved around the kitchen, getting things ready for the day like everything was normal. Things were not normal. Her whole body vibrated. She wanted to see if she could perform the same feat with her son's mighty penis.

"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 Alyson looked tired and withdrawn. Her heart went out to her daughter. Her son's penis could wait. She put her hand to his forehead again. "Actually, Nick. You feel fine. You can go to school."

"I can?" Nick raised his eyebrows.

"I was wrong. Your temperature feels totally normal." Kate eyed Nick nervously. She didn't want him to think this was a rejection. But Alyson obviously needed her. "Alyson, why don't you stay here today and we can have some mother-daughter time?"

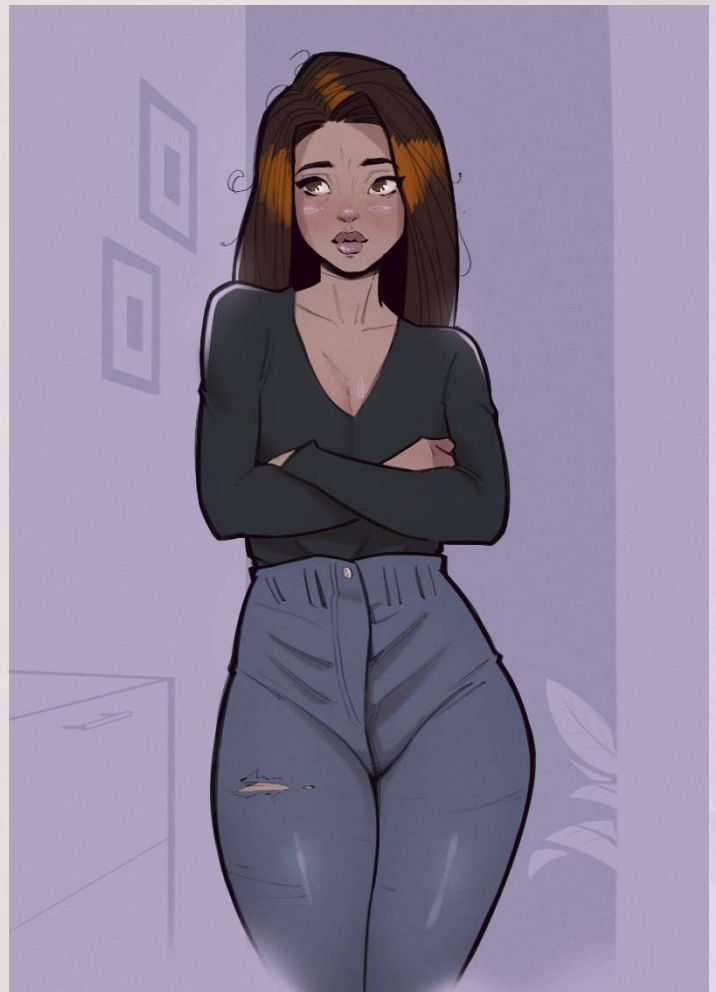
"Oh, sure, Mom." Alyson stared at her untouched breakfast. Getting slapped by her mother had taken the sexiness out of Enki's game. She sighed. Even so, she knew she had to try, and this was another opportunity. But she needed Nick to mess up for things to work. She thought it over.

"Okay, I'll go to school." Nick was so relieved. Maybe he could make it to Friday without his mother's rage that he'd slipped it inside her. His shoulders unknotted.

"Actually, Mom. I have to go into the city for a couple hours. But I can come right back. Want to hang out at ten?" Alyson could see her brother wanted out of the house, but he wasn't going to get off the hook. "Maybe you should drop off Nick at school today a little late, just to make sure he's feeling okay."

"That's an excellent idea." Kate's face brightened. She would get to mess around with her son and still be there for her daughter. How perfect. "We should make sure Nick's healthy before we send him off into the world." Her husband didn't even bother to look up from his phone during the conversation.

"Sure, sounds great." Nick slumped in his chair. "Got to make sure I'm not sick." He glared at Alyson. An hour later, he was sliding his cock between his mother's thighs as they stood naked in her bedroom. He angled up and entered her like the other times. She freaked out right on cue. Kate ended their session, quickly got dressed, and told him to ride his bike to school. Nick did, but it wasn't easy with his undiminished erection. It was odd struggling with both a monster hard-on and nausea. He wanted to throw up. But his body wanted to finish what they'd started in her bedroom.



That evening, Alyson came into Nick's room with tears in her eyes. She closed the door behind her. "We have to be quiet. Dad is watching the game in his room."

"It didn't go well?" His heart went out to her. Nick knew exactly what it was like to be forced to make a move on his mother get roundly rejected, doomed to see nothing on the horizon but endless repetition. "Come here." He stood up from his desk chair and opened his arms.

"She slapped me again." Alyson rushed into her brother's arms. "It was awful." Alyson's body shuddered with sobs. She didn't want to talk about it, and thankfully, Nick didn't press her. He simply held her until her tears subsided. How did he always know just what she needed?

"Want to cuddle?" Nick guided her to the bed and they lay down in each other's arms. He tenderly kissed away the tears on her cheeks. "Maybe we should try something else?"

"I'm sorry. I'm a mess, Nicky. I won't let you down. We'll get out of this loop." Without thinking she planted a kiss on his lips. When he kissed her back, her body nearly melted. Chris didn't seem to want her changed

body, and her mom certainly didn't want her. But she could feel the desire in the way his tongue explored her mouth. After a while, she broke the kiss and looked deep into his eyes. "I'll figure it out."

"I'm sure you will. We're both miserable right now, but we have each other." Nick leaned forward and tenderly nibbled on her pouting bottom lip. They kissed again.

Nick's door opened.

"Your mother is upset about something and ..." Fred's jaw dropped when he saw his children with their bodies wrapped around each other on the bed. His cheeks turned crimson, and his brow furrowed. "What the fuck is going on here? You're kissing? I mean ... what ... the ... fuck!"

Nick pushed away from Alyson and sat up. "Alyson was sad about Chris, so I was -"

"I knew something weird was going on in this house." He turned his rage on Alyson. "Is this why you're having problems with Chris? You're cheating on him with your own brother?"



"It's not like that ... ow!" Alyson squirmed when her dad grabbed her hair and dragged her out of bed. "Let ... go!"

"Let go of her, Dad." Nick jumped to his feet.

"I'll deal with you in a minute. First, I'm going to punish your pathetic sister." Fred dragged her toward the door.

"Stop!" Nick cried out in frustration. He was eighteen, but felt so diminished when faced with his father's quick temper. His hands balled into fists. Everything would reset on the next today. But he couldn't wait. At that moment, Alyson was in pain. Nick lunged at him and threw a wild punch. His father was bigger than him, but Nick was strong and quick from soccer. The punch landed on the side of his father's head. The big man toppled like a felled tree, hitting the carpet with a thud.

"Oh, Nicky." Alyson slowly stood, rubbing her scalp. She looked down at her father. He was out cold. "You did that for me?"

"Yeah, I guess so." Nick held his right hand awkwardly. He was pretty sure he'd broken something.

"Oh, no. Fred!" Kate stood in the doorway. "What did you do?" She raced into the room and fell to her knees. She cradled her husband's unconscious head. "What did you do to him?"

"Sorry, Mom. He attacked Alyson." Nick stared at his mother, unsure what to do.

"What's happening to this family?" Kate rocked her husband slowly.

"We're all going crazy."

"Come on, let's go." Alyson could see something was wrong with her brother's right hand, so she grabbed his left one. "We don't want to be here when he wakes up."

"But, Mom ..." Nick let his sister pull him out of his room. She was right. They didn't want to be there and everything would reset the next today. "I'm sorry, Mom." Nick called over his shoulder as they descended the stairs.

"We'll sleep in my car." Alyson grabbed her purse, and they exited the house.



"What about your apartment?" Nick opened the car door and got in the passenger side.

"When Dad wakes up, he might look for us there." Alyson got in and started the car. She drove them to a quiet street and parked behind some trees. She turned off the engine and climbed into the backseat. "Come on, Nick. Snuggle up. The faster we go to sleep, the sooner we can put all this behind us." She could see him hesitating, like maybe he wanted to run home and fix everything. That was impossible. "You did the right thing."

"Yeah." Nick climbed into the backseat, careful to avoid using his damaged hand. "I just couldn't let him hurt you."



"Thanks for that."

Alyson's scalp still hurt. She pulled him into her arms and they wiggled together, trying to get comfortable. "It's weird, Nicky. Sometimes I feel like you're the best boyfriend I've ever had."

"I'm your brother, dummy." Nick didn't think he'd be able to sleep with the pain in his hand and the awkward position. But when he rested his head on her breast, he changed his mind. Her body was comfort personified.

"I know ... but still ..."

Alyson yawned and tried to forget everything. Soon, the car was filled with the gentle sounds of sleep.

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The sweet, two-toned song of a chickadee woke Nick at dawn's first light. He blinked his eyes and stared up at the ceiling. "Fucking Thursday again."

Chirpee hopped on the windowsill and sang at Nick through the open window. The way he bobbed his head made Nick think that he agreed. Thursday was cursed.

"Not broken anymore." He held up his right hand for the bird to see. "But I don't want to face another today." The bird flew off into the morning. Nick dragged himself out of bed and stumbled into his sister's room. Without waking her, he lifted the covers and climbed in. He snuggled up next to her and listened to her breathing.

"Nick?" Alyson woke to the delightful feeling of her brother's hard body pressed up against her.

"Yeah?" Nick squeezed her just below her boobs.

"I can't try it again today." Panic welled up in her when she thought about the nightmare of the today before.

"Me either." Nick didn't know what the alternative was, though.

"Let's go to my apartment right now. Leave a note for Mom saying that I'm taking you to an early breakfast and dropping you off at school or something." All she could think about was hiding with her little brother. "We can just lie low. Maybe play some video games. Watch a movie. There's no rule that we have to work on Enki's puzzle every today."

"Yeah, I didn't work on it every day during the first loops. I took a lot of days off to ... relax." He thought about how many looping days he'd spent masturbating after Enki had changed his balls. "But we can't take the day off forever. We'll go crazy."

"I know." Alyson carefully pulled his arm off her, got out of bed, and dressed. "But we can do it today."

The siblings got ready and left the house before anyone else rose. They spent a quiet day at Alyson's apartment. Nick texted their mother his whereabouts when she started sending frantic messages after school. They played video games. Read some books. And didn't talk at all about the nightmare from the day before. When it was time for bed, they crawled under the covers together. Nick hoped she'd changed the sheets since

the last time Chris had visited, but didn't want to ask. Together, they drifted off to sleep.

That kicked off a whole string of today's where Nick and Alyson left the house first thing and spent the day at her apartment. No one ever bothered them beyond their mother's texts. As time passed for them, but not the rest of the world, the trauma of that terrible Thursday faded. They started to laugh more. And Nick, who had been taking care of his enhanced sexual needs by himself in his sister's bathroom, started to wonder if Alyson might be interested in more than cuddling again.



“What do you think of Mom’s fantasy?” Nick looked over at his sister as she moved her fingers on the controller. They were sitting on her sofa, building a small village in Minecraft. It was some fifteen todays into their retreat from the puzzle. Every day they played the game, working on the perfect castle far away from everything.

“Oh ... um ...” Alyson gave him a sidelong glance. “Well ... it was kind of hot ... I guess ... for her.”

“What about for you?” Nick’s gaze fell down to her boobs. Since it was just the two of them, she hadn’t been wearing her oversized hoody. Her breasts stretched the fabric of her top.

“I’m not giving you a blowjob again. Nice try, dude.” Alyson rolled her eyes at him. “Not even if I’m trying to distract you from Minecraft.”

“Why do you assume I’m talking about you doing stuff to me?” Nick slipped off the sofa and crawled over to her. He sat on the floor between her legs and lifted her skirt to her waist. “What about it? Do you think you can build our castle with me down here?”

“Well ... um ...” Alyson nodded very slowly. She had appreciated their low-key cuddling since that nightmare of a day. But she’d missed the things Nick could do to her. Butterflies flapped in her stomach, and her pussy gushed.

“Well, keep playing. Let’s see if I can separate you from your precious Minecraft.” It was a ridiculous thing to say. Video games weren’t the same for Alyson and Nick. She didn’t get sucked in the way he did. Rather than move right to her vagina, he decided he’d go with ridiculousness. He spread her legs and tickled the insides of her thighs with his fingertips.

“What ... are you ... doing?” Alyson burst out laughing. She wiggled, but didn’t really try to get away.

“I’m distracting you.” Nick gave her an exaggerated mock frown. “Now try playing the game.” The sound of her laughter lightened his heart. They should have been goofing off together more over their looping seclusion.

“Stop ... stop ... stop ... tickling me.” Alyson tried to hold on to the controller, but it wasn’t easy.



“Okay, fine. I’ll stop.” Nick slid his fingers up her thighs and pulled her panties to the side. He thought about eating her out, but he wanted to watch her. He wanted to see her happiness. He slid two fingers inside and gently massaged her inner walls.

Alyson’s laughter died away instantly. “Ohhhh ... Nicky ... that’s nice.” She lowered her hips, moving her pussy toward him on the sofa. She knew she was going to leak onto the unprotected upholstery. What did it matter? The stain would be gone on the next today. They locked eyes as he manipulated her. All she could think was that her brother was infinitely more handsome and caring than she had thought before the loops. “Oooooohhhhhhhhhhh.” Her hips bucked when his other hand found her clit.



“Don’t forget to play Minecraft, Alyson.” Nick could see it was no use. She wasn’t putting up as much of a fight as he had when their mother had swallowed his cock. Oh, well. It wasn’t his fantasy anyway.

“I don’t ... ugh ... care about ... Minecraft.” She tossed the controller onto the floor and leaned her head back into the cushions. Through half-closed eyelids, she watched her brother work her pussy. He had come a long way from trying to poke a hole through their mother’s g-spot. “I’m already ... going to ... cum ... Nicky. Uggggghhhhhh ... I can’t believe ... how good ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhh.” She tossed her head back and forth on the cushion when he hit her g-spot. She felt his fingers slip out of her as she lost it completely. When she opened her eyes again, his face and shirt were drenched. “Did I ... do that?”

“You soaked me.” Nick laughed. “That was hard work. I’m hungry.”

“Okay ... fine.” Alyson pulled off her top and removed her bra. She cradled Nick’s head when he latched onto her nipple, running her fingers through his silky hair. She let him drink from one boob and then the other. When he

finished, she smiled at his satisfied expression. “Things aren’t too bad on Thursday, after all.”

“No, they’re not.” He nodded in agreement.

“I suppose you’d like me to return the favor.” She leaned forward and kissed him on the cheek, tasting a little of her own tanginess there.

"I don't have milk." Nick pretended to look confused.

"You don't really have boobs either." She reached out and felt him up through his shirt. His chest was tight muscle. She had come to love his soccer body. "But ..." Her hands slid down to the enormous cock poorly concealed in his pants. Alyson couldn't compete with her mother on the blowjob front. There was no shame in admitting she couldn't swallow the giant thing. But she did have the assets Enki had given her. She felt so feminine and desired as she worked his cock with her boobs. The little grunting sounds he made were adorable. It thrilled her to know she was the cause. When he came, she couldn't help giggling with delight.

After they had showered and dressed again, Nick joined his sister in the kitchen to help her cook dinner. One of the bummers of spending the same day in the same place was running out of different things to eat. Nick knew this well from his early loops. It didn't help that Alyson didn't really stock her fridge well. But neither of them wanted to leave the apartment, so they made kale salad and frozen pizza again.

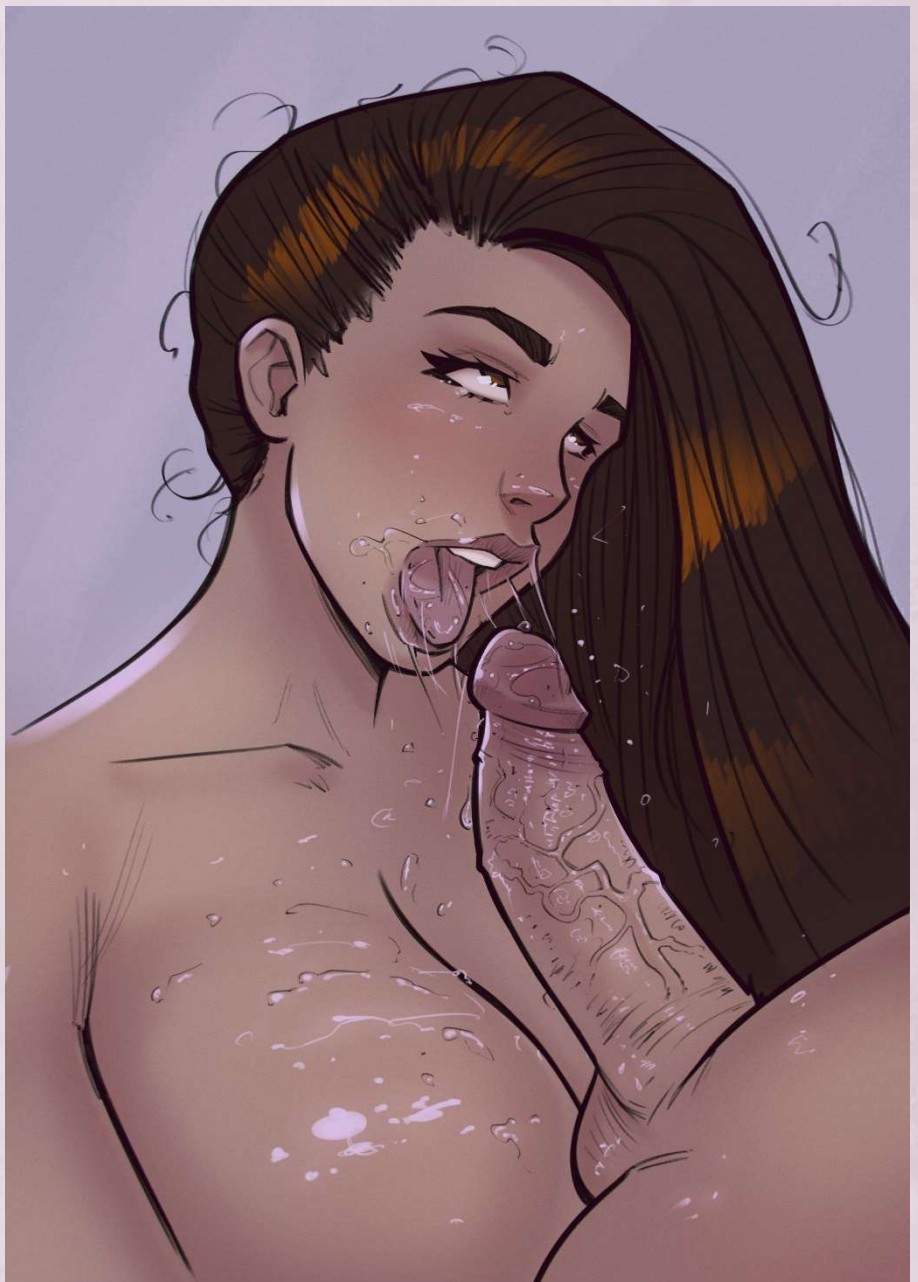
That night, for the first time in weeks, they both wore smiles on their faces as they fell asleep in each other's arms.

In the todays after that, they spent much of their days giving each other pleasure. Their father's attack, and Nick's punch, faded further from their minds. Happiness crept back into Thursday. They never progressed beyond the acts they were already comfortable with. Alyson did get better at licking the head of his monster, occasionally taking it into her mouth.

Many todays passed. Neither sibling talked about completing the circle to solve Enki's final riddle, but Nick spent time thinking about it. One day, as they lay naked in his sister's bed, Nick broached the subject. "I think I've got a way to solve the puzzle without freaking Mom out. You wouldn't have to kiss her. And I wouldn't have to *accidentally* slip it in."

"You want out of Thursday?" She leisurely reached over and ran her fingertips along the bottom of his cock. Even as it slept, it was a veiny giant. She could feel his cum slowly drying on her breasts. "I thought we were just hitting our stride."

"We can still have fun after the loops, Alyson. I'm not going anywhere."



“Mmmmm.” She wasn’t so sure. Once they were done with all this, she would have to go about repairing her relationship with Chris.

“I was thinking that we can stick around the house in the morning. I’ll pretend to go to school.” Nick turned his head and gave her a hopeful look. “Want to give my idea a try?”

“I suppose.” Alyson sighed. It was probably time to try to break out of Thursday. Better to do it before they grew sick of each other. “What’s the plan?”

“I have two things to try. If the first doesn’t work, I think the second one might.” Nick told her about his plans.

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On the next today, the siblings went downstairs while their parents slept. Alyson had searched the internet for how to hand express breast milk. She found it difficult at first, but she eventually got her milk to flow.

When Kate came down a while later, Nick was ready with her coffee. He made it just the way she liked it with plenty of milk and sugar. Kate said it was delicious. Once they were sure she’d finished the mug, the siblings left the house, picked up the puzzle from Alyson’s office, and holed up at her apartment.

When they lay in bed that night drifting off to sleep, they both wondered if Friday waited for them.

It did not. Chirpee woke Nick as he always did on Thursday. It was time for Plan B.

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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’s eyebrows were knit in deep thought.

“I would love to, Mom, but I remembered I have a big test today.” Nick frowned in disappointment.

“You would love to be sick today?” Fred looked up from his phone. “Unless you’re burning up, you’re going to school.”

“That’s what I said.” Nick had a hard time looking at his father. This man may not have hurt Alyson, but a very similar version had. “I’m going to school.”

“Oh, okay.” Kate looked back and forth between the men. She couldn’t really argue with them. Her shoulders slumped a little. “Well, no need to get the thermometer. You’re probably fine.”

A while later Kate and Alyson sat in the kitchen sipping coffee. The men had already headed out into the world.

“There’s something I want to talk about, Mom.” Alyson kept her fingers crossed under the table.

“Oh?” Alyson’s voice pulled Kate out of her reverie. She had been thinking about water bottles and other things similarly sized. “What’s up, sweetie?”

"I went on a new birth control pill a little while ago, and my breasts have grown." Alyson eyed her mother. She remembered her brother's plan. *Keep it clinical, always clinical.* She removed her sweatshirt, revealing a tight top with her bra underneath.



"They do look bigger, now that you mention it." The tight top her daughter was wearing left little doubt about her growth. That explained why she had been wearing baggy sweatshirts around the house. The poor thing was embarrassed. "Maybe you should talk to your doctor?"

"I have. And I have an appointment coming up. But I want your help with something." Alyson removed her top. "There's something else going on that's really weird."

"Um ... I think you should just talk to your doctor." Kate stared at her daughter's bra. It wasn't pretty, but it was doing

yeoman's work supporting her boobs.

"I need you for this. The doctor can't help. And you've always been there for me. I mean, really, you're the best mom in the whole world." Alyson worked on the compliments. Nick had said to compliment her plenty. She saw her mom's face soften and her cheeks turn rosy. "Can you please help with my stupid boobs?"

"Okay, I'll look at them." Kate sat very still with her hands in her lap. She watched her daughter remove her bra. When those heavy, young boobs fell into view, Kate was instantly envious. They were outlandishly large and they hung beautifully on her chest in the most alluring way. She coughed to clear her throat. "Ahem ... do they hurt?"

"They do hurt my back some." Alyson nodded. She tried not to smile. So far things were going swimmingly.

"I can imagine." Kate tried hard not to stare. She raised her eyes to meet Alyson's. "What do you need me for?"

"You've always been so patient. Thanks so much for helping. It means the world to me."

"Of course, I'll do anything for you and Nick." Kate should not have said that, because that made her think of her son and what they did the day before. Her vagina was suddenly wet. She felt impossibly awkward.

"I know. We know. Nick and I love you so much." Alyson took her left boob in hand and began expressing her milk.

"What are you doing?" Kate was more than surprised. Her fingers, still resting in her lap, fidgeted with her ring.

"That's the strange thing, Mom. There's milk." The milk didn't flow at first, but with a little work, there was clearly milk dribbling down her breast.

"I don't ... I don't understand." Kate's eyes went wide. "This might be a serious medical condition, Alyson."

"The doctor said this was rare, but it sometimes happened." Alyson stopped expressing and held her boob. "That's not even the strangest part. It tastes ... well ... I can't describe it."

"What? You've tasted it?"

"Sure. You must have done that when you had me and Nick, right?" Alyson stood and walked around the table. She stopped a couple feet away from her mother. "I figured all mothers did that."

"I guess. We all do it, but ..." Kate couldn't take her eyes off her daughter's enlarged boobs. It didn't help that her eyeline was now even with Alyson's breasts.

The milk was still flowing from the left one. "It's not supposed to taste like cow's milk. It's supposed to be different. I'm sure your doctor will have all the answers."



"Can you taste it, Mom? I'm really nervous about all this, and your opinion would be really helpful." Alyson brushed some droplets onto her finger and extended it toward her mother.

"I couldn't." Kate's wide eyes regarded the milk on the offered finger.

"Please, Mom. It's really important to me." Alyson kept her voice steady and even. "You just said you'd do anything for Nick and me." She hoped this would remind her mother of what she'd already done for Nick, making this seem like a small step by comparison.



"Oh, okay. I guess." Kate opened her mouth and let her daughter put the milk on her tongue. It tasted rich and sweet. That was how she remembered her own milk tasting. "It tastes fine. You can stop worrying about it. Maybe the doctor can put you on a different birth control, I -"

"You're so amazing. I don't know many other moms that would do this for their daughters." Alyson smiled. "But it really does taste odd. Here, try some more." She put more on her finger, which her mom accepted. And then more. She did this five times. This was another part of Nick's plan. Let her get comfortable with tasting the milk. Rather than taking one big step, they wanted her to take several small ones.

On the sixth offer, Kate pushed Alyson's hand away. "It tastes good, sweetie. I don't need any more to know that. You're perfectly healthy. I mean, other than producing milk in the first place."

"Hmmm." Alyson put her hands on her hips, still standing right next to her seated mother. "I don't think you're getting enough to taste it. It really is strange. Do you think ...? No, never mind."

“What?” Kate’s heartbeat thundered in her ears. She instinctively knew what Alyson wanted from her. Would she do it if her daughter asked? She didn’t know.

“It’s just ... I can’t have the doctor taste it, obviously. And Chris and I aren’t getting along. You’re really the only one who can tell me for sure.” Alyson took hold of her right boob and held out the nipple in a gesture of offering. “Could you drink from the source, please? Just so I know for sure.” She figured Enki was somewhere laughing it up as he watched her try to solve his stupid riddle.

“I ... I ...” Kate leaned forward. Her brain was fogged over with steamy thoughts of Nick and this odd

request. She couldn’t think straight. She latched on to the one salient thought she could find in her brain. Her daughter needed her help. As she pressed her face into the soft flesh, she considered the inimitable day she was having. When she had felled that water bottle, all she could think of was trying to drink from Nick. Instead, the sweetness of her daughter’s milk flowed over her tongue. She felt Alyson’s hand cradle the back of her head as she drank.

“That’s good, Mom. Thank you so much ... oh ... thank you.” Alyson applied very slight pressure to the back of her mom’s head. Just enough to give her the message that she shouldn’t stop. She could hear her mother gulping. If this didn’t get them out of Thursday, she didn’t know what would. The moment was absolutely perfect.



Kate lost herself in the warm sweetness for a little while, but then remembered she was at her daughter's breast. She leaned back and wiped her lips. "Um ... it tastes fine, sweetie. I mean, better than fine. It's delicious." She caught herself leaning in for more and quickly stood up. "You can tell the doctor that it tastes normal." She walked quickly to the doorway. She was having one of those spells where she needed to take care of herself right away. "But ... um ... don't tell your doctor I said that." She rushed up the stairs.

"I won't, Mom." Alyson called after her. She was thrilled. It had worked. "You can come out now, she's upstairs," Alyson whispered.

"You did it." Nick stepped in from the living room where he'd been hiding. "I mean, wow."

"Are you really going to mess around with her today? This could be our last Thursday." Alyson could see the excitement on his face.

Nick didn't answer. But he did give her a wolfish grin.

"Okay. I get it. But don't stick it in or do anything else to mess things up." Alyson picked up her bra and put it on. "I feel like we solved it. This is it, Nicky. The end of Enki's puzzle."

"I feel it, too." Nick nodded in agreement. He moved toward the stairs, following his mother's trail. "I won't mess up. What are you going to do?"

"I'll go get the puzzle from my office." She pulled on her shirt, followed by her sweatshirt. "Then I'll come back and ... um ... hang out while you're ..."

Nick stopped in the doorway. "You want us where you can peek in?"

"I better not, Nicky." A surge of loss hit her. This would be the end of all their intimate time in the loops. She would have to focus on Chris now. "I'll see you for dinner." She put on a brave smile.

"Sure. See you for dinner." Nick waved and left the room.

She watched him leap up the stairs and stood by herself in the kitchen for a long time. She could still feel the pleasure of the breastfeeding she'd given her mom. How odd that it was all over now. Eventually, she turned, grabbed her purse, and left for the city.

