

# ENKI'S PUZZLE



CHAPTER 15

# FICTION

## Rawly Rawls

### Enki's Puzzle 15

Illustrations by TenderMinDD

Written by RawlyRawls

This is a work of fiction written solely to entertain. If you want to read more of Rawls's work, please visit: <https://rawlyrawls.com>. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, businesses, companies, events, or locales is entirely coincidental. All characters in this work are 18 years or older. Enjoy!

Also join our DISCORD server <https://discord.gg/TWuZA82gWg> if you want to chat with us, ask questions, or post related stuff!

To see more of TenderMinDD's art:

<https://patreon.com/tendermindd>

Lost in a fantasy of heavy, milky boobs and long penises, Kate worked her vagina. She lay on her bed, the covers thrown to the floor. The sheet was already stained where she had squirted from her first orgasm.

When she heard a faint click, she opened her eyes and shrieked. Kate quickly stopped what she was doing, reached over the side of the bed, and pulled the blanket over her. "Goodness ... Nick ... you need to knock. I'm so sorry ... that you had to see that." She held the blanket up to her chin.

"Jeez, Mom. It's only me." Nick stepped into the room. "You look like you've seen a ghost."

"I didn't mean for you to witness me doing that. We need locks on the ..." Kate gripped the blanket tightly, as if she thought her son would rip it from her bed. Instead, he sat down near her feet. Her eyebrows arched. "Why aren't you at school?"

"You were the one that said I should skip this morning. 'You look a little feverish, Nick. Would you like to stay home from school today?' Remember?" Nick laughed as her face relaxed. "And you don't need to be embarrassed about what you were doing. We all do it. Right? We've done it. And we're about to do it again."

"We are?" Still gripping the blanket to her chin, she watched him slip under the side of it by her feet. "Wait ... Nicky ... I'm all sticky from what I was ... ooohhhhhh ... just doing ... and ... ooohhhhhh ..." Her knuckles turned white. How was an eighteen-year-old so good down there? He knew exactly which buttons to push and when. Her legs spread wider on their own. Before she let out the groans and screams of pleasure welling up inside her, she thought of something. "Is your ... ooohhhh ... sister still ... here?"

"She went ... to the ... city." Nick said, between kisses on his mother's inner thighs. His fingers worked her pussy. She was as wet as he could remember her. Had Alyson gotten her so worked up? Nick knew better than to ask.





“Ohhhhh ... thank ... goodness ... she’s not ... here.” Kate let out a long wail. Her hips spasmed. She was about to squirt again, all over Nick. She was so happy it didn’t bother him. “Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” When her son’s tongue found her clit, pleasure pushed all thoughts out of her brain.

After a series of orgasms that left her warm, fuzzy, and discombobulated, Kate looked up to see her son straddling her. The covers were back on the floor. Mother and son were both naked. He sat lightly on her belly, letting his heavy penis sway just above her chest. She could see it jerk ever so slightly with his pulse. The beauty of the veiny thing tugged at her mind, pulling her toward it. “It’s ... gorgeous ... Nicky.” She reached out and ran her fingertips along the shaft. She wiped some of the clear fluid from the head. The quantity astounded her. “Come here. I’ll take care of you, sweetie.” She grasped the penis and gently pulled him toward her mouth. All she could think about was that her

husband’s water bottle and her son’s manhood were about the same size. She was going to blow his mind.

“You look happy, Mom.” Nick wasn’t lying. His mother glowed, her eyes bright and dreamy.

“I am, Nicky. You make me so happy. So ... very ... very ...” She opened her mouth and took in the head. She could feel his wrinkly balls resting against her chest. “Gggggppphhhhhh.” Kate gagged and choked when she tried to swallow him like the water bottle.

Seeing what she was attempting to do, and knowing that she was well capable of doing it, Nick offered advice. “You’re in the wrong position. I think you need to straighten out a little to get more inside.”

“Mmmppphhhhh.” Kate wondered how he knew she was trying to get more than the head in her mouth. Was this something teenage girls did now? Had cute, little Jess, his ex-girlfriend, tried that with his enormous monster? Keeping the head in her mouth, she took hold of his hips and pushed him onto his back. Her lips never left his penis. She followed him and ended up on top. Her son’s advice was good, with a straighter neck, she pushed more and more of him into her throat. There was no more gagging or choking, just the thrill of taming Nick’s wild thing. Soon, her head was thrusting all the way down and back up again. The first couple times she hit her nose painfully, but she quickly figured out how to ease up at the bottom of each stroke.

“Ohhhh ... Mom ... I can't believe ... you're doing this ... again.”

She reached for his hand and put it on the back of her head. She wanted to feel his desire. It thrilled her when he twisted his fingers in her hair, pulling and pushing her with persistent force. She could tell he loved it. And she loved it. She tried to picture a more perfect moment. All she could come up with was suckling at Alyson's breast not all that long ago. At that thought, her vagina gushed anew. She reached down and fingered herself while giving the blowjob of her life.

Before he came, Nick pulled his mom on top of him for a sixty-nine. It was so familiar to him now, but she was experiencing it for the

first time. The way she hummed around his dick signaled her approval. When he came, she tried to swallow but ended up sputtering and letting his cum fly.

When they had regained their senses, Kate offered to wash Nick in the shower. Nick declined the offer. It wasn't easy to turn her down, but he didn't trust himself. Instead, they stripped the bedding together, showered separately, and met in the kitchen for a late lunch.

After lunch, Nick indulged his mom's video game fantasy in the basement for a third time. Or first time, depending on how he looked at it. Just like the last time, she baked cookies for the event, but they went uneaten until much later. After the blowjob in the basement, Nick took care of his mom's pussy again. By the time they cleaned and dressed, they still had an hour or so before Kate needed to start dinner. She suggested a walk.





Together, the two of them took a long, pleasant stroll into the nature preserve near their house. Kate did most of the talking, telling him things she'd never before shared about his aunt and grandparents. He was such a good listener. She was surprised when he slapped her butt good-naturedly a couple times. She told him it was okay, so long as no one was around. And there wasn't anyone else about. She supposed he was excited from all they had done together. And how could she blame him? She was excited, too. Of course, she wasn't going around smacking any butts. But she wasn't a teenager either.

When they returned home, they both had color in their cheeks and had broken a light sweat. Mother and son cooked dinner, set the table, and opened up a bottle of wine. Kate offered him a glass. She figured if he was going to behave with maturity, she would treat him with maturity. They were laughing and drinking in the kitchen when Alyson returned home. The mood changed instantly when they saw her tears.

"Did you talk to Chris?" Nick could guess what had happened.

Alyson sobbed, nodded, and ran up to her room.

"Oh, dear. I better go talk to her." Kate put down her wineglass.

"No, I've got this." Nick set his half-empty glass next to hers. He smiled at her surprised expression. "Alyson and I have grown closer lately. You rest here. If I need the big guns, I'll call you in."

"Okay." Kate sighed. It would be nice if she didn't have to handle every one of Alyson's relationship hiccups. Her daughter didn't always have the best judgment with men. She had hoped Chris would be different. "I'll be here." She offered her cheek and he kissed it.

Nick found Alyson in her room. "So, what happened, Alyson?"

"It ... was ... the ... same ... thing," Alyson sobbed. She took several deep breaths. "He said I had let myself go ... even before the wedding ... so it meant I didn't care if he was attracted to me. I should have ... waited to talk to him ... until my boobs went back to normal tomorrow." She gestured to her breasts with disgust.

Nick thought about that. He was suddenly gripped with fear that Enki would return his dick and balls back to “normal,” as Alyson said. She had mentioned it before, but now that he was on the edge of Friday, the idea hit with more force. He tried to think of it from his sister’s perspective. “We don’t know what will happen tomorrow. Maybe we’ll go back to how we looked before, maybe not. Whatever happens, I think you’re beautiful. And Chris will see that.” *Or more likely, he won’t. But I will.* Nick wisely kept the last part to himself.

“Thanks, Nicky. You’re right. He loves me. Even if I don’t change back, he’ll see past my boobs.” Alyson wiped some tears away. “He might even grow to like them, like you do.” She could see her brother’s kiss-me face from a mile away. Her body longed to lean into it, but instead she put a finger to his lips. “I can’t go into Friday still doing that stuff with you.” She watched the disappointment wash over his face. If only he knew how much it pained her, too. “I’m sorry, Nick. But you understand.”

“Yeah, sure.” Nick stood up and took a deep breath. “Dad should be home soon, let’s go down to dinner. I’m sure everything will turn out okay with Chris.”

The family ate dinner together. Fred did most of the talking, revolving around work and basketball.

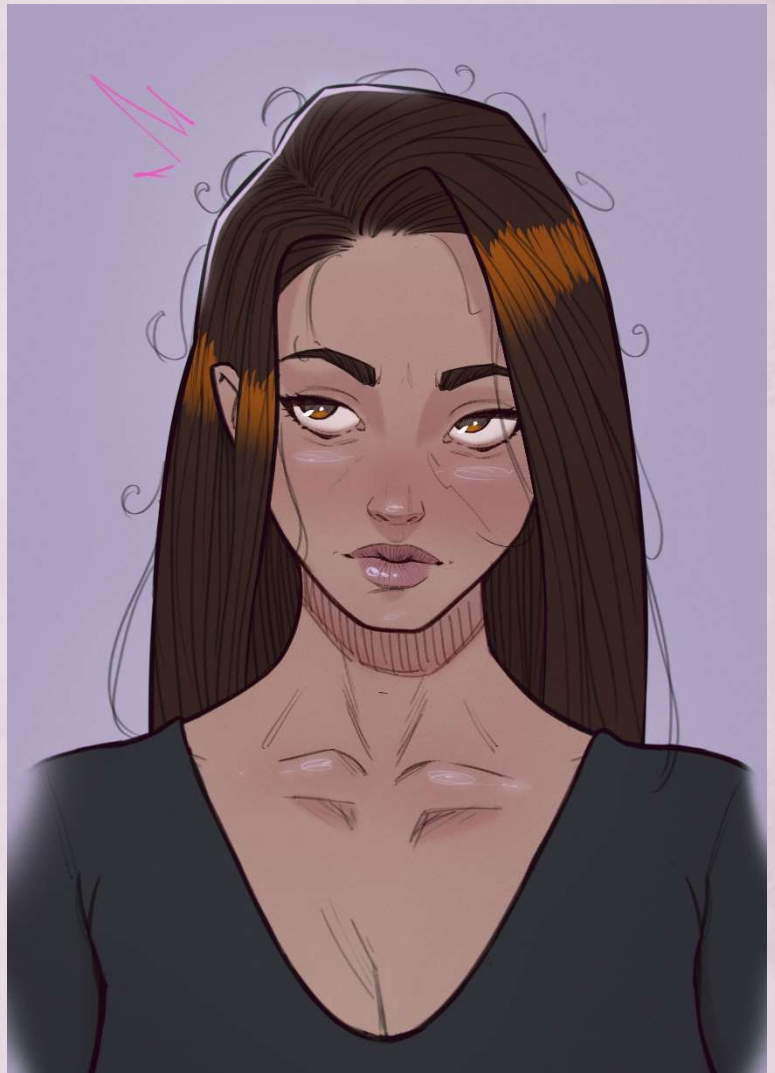
Nick had not forgiven his father for hurting Alyson. It didn’t matter that the puzzle had erased that particular day. He remembered with satisfaction the way his dad had thudded to the floor and the pain of that punch. While his mom smiled at him with knowing glances, it occurred to Nick that he was going off to college in the not-too-distant future. Could he just leave his mother with his dad? But what were the alternatives? He’d seen the way she’d cradled his father’s unconscious head. His parents, in their own way, loved each other. This was a new puzzle, every bit as difficult as one of Enki’s riddles.

After dinner, Fred went upstairs to watch the game on his phone. Alyson went to bed early, saying that she “wanted Thursday to be over and done.” Nick and Kate cleared the table and loaded the dishwasher. They both continued to sip their wine.

“Is something wrong, sweetie?” Kate looked over at her son from her spot by the sink and frowned. “You’re so quiet all of a sudden.”

“No, Mom. It’s fine. I think you just wore me out today,” he lied.

“Shh.” Kate threw a dishtowel at him and looked over her shoulder toward the stairs. Her cheeks turned crimson. “None of that while they’re home,” she whispered. Despite her heart suddenly thumping with the fear of being overheard, she was happy to hear he wasn’t having second thoughts about what they’d done. She was more sure than ever that it was a very good thing.



"Sorry, Mom." Nick checked over his shoulder, too. Seeing that the coast was clear, he slapped her butt.

Kate frowned at him. "Not while they're home."

Nick laughed. "Sorry, Mom." He leaned over and bumped his hip against hers. "It won't happen again."

"Thank you, Nick." The smile returned to Kate's pretty face.

"Um ..." Nick looked around the kitchen. She'd just made it perfectly clear she didn't want to mess around with his father at home. And seeing as how he wanted to live to see Friday, he had to agree with her. It wasn't worth the risk of getting caught. "Want to watch a movie with me in the basement?"

"Nick, I just said ..." She gave him an exasperated look.



"No, I mean for real." He picked up his wine and walked toward the basement. "A movie. Nothing else. I hear *Casablanca* is good."

"Oh ..." Kate picked up her glass and the bottle. "That sounds lovely. Let's do it." She followed him. Mother and son watched all of *Casablanca* and finished off the wine. And, as Nick said, they did nothing else.

When the movie was over, Nick gave his mother a chaste kiss on the cheek. "I guess this is goodnight. If there's a Friday tomorrow, can I play hooky again?"

"That's a funny thing to say. Of course there's a Friday tomorrow." Kate led the way up the stairs, aware that his eyes were probably on her butt. Her confidence and pride swelled at the idea. "And no, I don't think you should miss too much school." A good mother wouldn't encourage her son to cut class. Well, not too often, at least. She expected him to argue.

"Sure. I understand." Nick had missed every Thursday of school. She was right, he couldn't keep skipping. "I'll be home around three thirty," he said hopefully. They walked through the kitchen, and ascended the stairs to their bedrooms.

"I'll be here." Kate's palms got clammy at the thought of tomorrow afternoon. "We can hang out," she said as nonchalantly as possible. She arrived at the top of the stairs and turned to Nick. "Goodnight. Get some good sleep. Tomorrow is another day."

"I hope so." Nick resisted the smack he wanted to give her butt and blew a kiss at her. He marched to his bathroom, brushed his teeth, undressed, and went to his bedroom. Tomorrow would be another day. He could feel it. He lay his head on the pillow and was asleep almost instantly.

~~

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. "No, no, no, no, no. If you're waking me up, that means it's Thursday again."

Chirpee hopped on the windowsill and sang at Nick through the open window. The way he shook his little head made Nick think that he disagreed.

"Please ..." Nick leaned over and checked his phone. He nearly shouted for joy when he saw it was Friday. He looked over at the bird. "That was a cruel joke waking me up two days in a row." His head fell back on his pillow. "Enki's puzzle is over." He sighed. "What now?" A sudden thought hit him and he reached for his dick. It was still the oversized thing Enki had given him. Thank goodness. His hand reached into his underwear, ready to start the new day with a release when a voice froze his movement.

"Who said my puzzle was over?" The deep voice came from over by the windowsill. "There is a saying humans have: Assumption is the mother of all fuckups." This was followed by some self-satisfied chortling.

Nick's blood ran cold. He sat up quickly. A tall man leaned on the wall by the window. Nick blinked. Was he still dreaming? The naked person was something of a tree, with leaves and twigs all over him. Nick looked down at the long, twisted cock hanging between his legs. Even that appendage had twigs branching from the shaft. He averted his gaze and looked back up the misshapen form. The man was knobby and crooked everywhere. His beard and hair seemed to be made of moss.

"It's lichen, not moss." The creature rumbled another low laugh. "Greetings, Nicholas. I am the Magnificent Enki."

"You are ...?" Nick's mouth hung open.

"The Sumerian god. I'm sure I remember your sister going into some detail about my many exceptional deeds and qualities." Enki's smile was as slow and crooked as he was. "Don't gape at me like that, Nicholas. It doesn't suit you."



Nick closed his mouth and stared at the naked god leaning on his wall. He searched the empty window and thought of a question. "Where's Chirpee?" He couldn't bear thinking that the god had hurt his constant companion.

“Ha! You thought you had tamed a wild creature?” A deep rumble emanated from the god again. His laughter sounded something like the distant sea. “The bird was my emissary, human. I would not hurt him.” He patted a leafy twig over his heart. “I made a mistake on the first day, however. I was somewhat unfamiliar with glass. I sent him to his death over and over, but I am thankful you corrected my mistake.” He nodded his head.

“But I thought you were created by Siyankov a hundred years ago. There was glass then. Why didn’t you know about it?” The room inexplicably darkened. Nick got the sense that Enki did not like the question.

“That man recreated my puzzle, but did not summon me. I was created by no man.”

“Got it.” Nick thought about how best to change the subject. “Thank you for making me a better person. And also ... for ... um ...”

“Bringing you closer to your family?” Enki nodded. “I would offer you congratulations, but you are not

finished. You solved my riddles six. You passed the first test, but there is one more.”

“Oh, boy. I’m stuck in Friday now?”

“You guess incorrectly. Time is an arrow again.” Enki smiled. “But you must solve the final riddle.”

“Um ... okay.” Nick didn’t feel like solving any more riddles. “Sure, I’ll check out that riddle as soon as I can.”

“Your journey is not complete.”

“Right. You’re totally right about that.” Nick nodded vigorously. He wondered how he could get Enki to leave him alone. “I’m really grateful for all you’ve done. So ... thanks again.”

“Solve the final riddle and become the man you were meant to be.” Enki nodded solemnly and disappeared.

Nick sat up in bed for a long time staring at the window. Eventually, Chirpee fluttered onto the windowsill and sang. “You work for him?” Nick frowned. The bird cocked its head. “Sorry you died all those times,” Nick said.

Chirpee bobbed his head in gratitude.



~~

“Nick? Did we make it?” Alyson could feel her brother poking at her shoulder. She opened her eyes and sat up. “Is it Friday? I ...” She turned and screamed. There was a tall, naked tree-man standing next to her bed. His giant branch of a dick was just a foot away. She scooted away from him until her back was up against the wall. “What the fuck?”

“I am Enki.” The tall creature backed away and held out a hand in a peaceful gesture. “I am here to further your journey.”

“Is it ... is it ... is ... it ... Friday?” Alyson’s teeth chattered. Her fingers shook where they clutched at her blanket. She had always considered herself a brave person, but she’d never had a god materialize in her room before.

“It is. Congratulations. You have successfully passed the first test.” Enki nodded slowly, with magnanimity.

“First ... test? We passed ... all six ... if it’s really ... Friday.” Alyson reached for her boobs. They were still enormous. “Will you ... change me ... back?”

“There is one more riddle you must solve.” Enki looked at the closed door and disappeared.

“What? What’s ... the riddle?” Alyson looked around the room, but no one was there.

Nick burst into his sister’s room. “I just saw motherfucking Enki!” He found his sister already awake, pale, and staring at him with wide eyes.

“Me too.” Alyson relaxed a little with Nick there and the god gone. She tried to take some deep breaths.

“You saw him, too? Did he mention another riddle? Was he naked with a big old tree dick and lichen pubes?” Nick paused. “It’s Friday, by the way. And Enki said there would be no more looping.”

“Just hug me, Nicky.” Alyson held out her arms.

“I thought you said ...” Nick got on the bed, crawled over to her, and put his arms around her.

“Nothing else, okay? Just hold me.”

And that is exactly what Nick did. They hugged in silence for a half hour and then rose from the bed. It was time to meet a new day.





Something was off. Kate felt a heaviness resting on her forearm. She opened her eyes, still disoriented by a lurid dream. Curious about what was on her forearm, she peeked under the covers and gave a little shriek.

“Katie?” Fred rolled over in bed next to her. “You see a mouse or something?”

“A bad dream, dear. Go back to sleep.” She pulled the covers to her chin until he was snoring again. Then she peeked again. Her boobs had grown overnight. There was no denying it. They were stretching her pajama top and resting on her arm. Her pulse quickened. Maybe it was a dream. She pinched one boob and bit her lip to keep from shrieking again. They were real.

Once out of bed, Kate ran for the bathroom as silently as she could. Her boobs bounced in an uncomfortable and unfamiliar way. A million thoughts raced through her mind as she closed the door and stripped out of her top. Was this related to her recent masturbation habits and inexplicable blowjob skills? Did drinking her daughter’s milk do this to her? Was it finally time to see a doctor? She stared at her reflection in the mirror, aghast at the size of her breasts. Horrified

as she was, she was reminded of suckling Alyson the day before. A mixture of fear, confusion, and arousal hit her all at once.

On impulse, Kate lifted her left breast. It was heavy, and her nipple was dark. It looked something like it had when she’d breastfed her children. But it was quite a bit larger now. Without thinking, she hefted the nipple higher. She’d never been able to suck her own breast before. Fred had often lamented this fact.

Her lips closed around her own nipple for the first time. Sweet milk hit her tongue. She opened her eyes wide in surprise and closed them as the warm happiness of the feeding crept over her. Her milk tasted better than she remembered from all those years ago. It was enrapturing, just like Alyson’s milk had been. She stood in the bathroom gulping her milk, losing herself in the in act.

A knock on the door pulled Kate out of her trance.

"You done in there, Katie? I gotta piss like a racehorse." Fred sounded impatient.

She dropped her breast and looked around the bathroom for something to cover up with. Her pajama top wasn't going to hide anything. "One second." She'd already decided she would hide her boobs from Fred as long as she could.

"Never mind. I'll piss in the hall bathroom." Fred left the bedroom.



"Thank God." Kate peeked out of the bathroom. He was gone. She rushed to the closet and tried to put on several bras before giving up. Instead, she put on a snug top that might offer a micro fraction of support, and then the baggiest, old sweater she could find. She pulled on a skirt and went to look at herself in the mirror. The sweater helped, but her front clearly sloped out dramatically where it hadn't before. She sighed.

"What are you wearing that for?" Fred stood outside the closet staring at her.

Kate held her breath. Would he notice?

"Wear one of your regular dresses." Fred walked into the closet and started dressing himself.

"I like this sweater." Kate slowly exhaled. He hadn't noticed. "And why do you care what I wear? You're going to work."

"Fine, suit yourself." Fred shrugged. "As long as tonight you put on that little number I got for your birthday. The one with the red lace. Deal?"

"We'll see, dear." Kate didn't know if that lingerie would fit her in her current state. "I'll go get breakfast ready." She stepped past him and went downstairs. When she arrived in the kitchen, Nick and Alyson were sitting at the table fiddling with the puzzle Nick had broken several days before.

"Is this the last riddle?" Nick said to Alyson.

"Good morning." Kate turned her back on her children when they looked up, pretending to busy herself with the fridge.

"Morning, Mom," the siblings said together. They looked up at her and then went back to the puzzle.

"That has to be it. I'll take it to Chris this morning." Alyson slipped the puzzle into her purse. She got up. She was about to kiss

Nick on the cheek, thought better of it, and tousled his hair. "I should get going."

"I could go with you. Two heads are better than one. Maybe we'll think of something together." Nick kept thinking over the god's visit, trying to ferret out clues from his memory.

"You're going to school, young man." Kate said over her shoulder. She was facing the counter now, ostensibly waiting for the toast to pop. "We talked about this."

"Yeah, sorry." School was the last thing he wanted at the moment. No, pissing off his mom was the last thing he wanted. If the loops were really done, there were consequences again. He would go. "Bye Alyson, text me when you know something."

"I will. Bye." Alyson waved to her brother. "Bye, Mom."

They returned her farewell and watched her leave.



"I'm not hungry. I'm going to brush my teeth." Despite all the morning's excitement, he still needed to relieve his balls at least once before going to school. He ran upstairs, almost knocking his father down on his way.

Kate felt like a spy concealing a state secret as she shepherded her men out into the world without giving them a good view of her chest. She leaned against the wall when Nick and Fred were gone, trying to breathe. She had somehow done it, but the thought of continuing the charade made her want to faint. She'd have to tell Nick when he got home. That thought actually cheered her up. It would be good to tell someone, and he was such a good listener.

Back upstairs in her bedroom, Kate took off her clothes. She pulled the covers off the bed and lay on her back, thinking of how Nick had discovered her the day before. Soon, she had a nipple in her mouth, her left hand holding her boob. The fingers of her right hand moved in little circles on her clit. She should have been going to the doctor, but instead she was climaxing.

