

ENKI'S PUZZLE



CHAPTER 16

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Enki's Puzzle 16

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"Hey, Nick. How's it going?" Maggie stepped in front of Nick in the hall. People rushed past them on their way to the next class. Her smile didn't carry her usual confidence. She hugged her books against her chest, glanced down quickly, and then back up to his eyes.

"Hi, Maggie." Nick had wanted to get through the day without anything happening. Maggie Chalmers talking to him was definitely a thing that was happening.

"I'll see you in class." Brayden gave his friend a not so subtle you-lucky-dog look, slapped Nick on the back, and left him with one of the prettiest girls in school.

"Wait, Brayden ..." But his friend wasn't coming back.

"So, I heard you and Jess broke up." Maggie's nervous smile persisted.

"And I was watching you in PE. I thought you looked really ... cool." She glanced down at his dick again. She could see the outline of it off to the left side. How had she never noticed how big he was until she watched him play basketball? "We're having a party at Ginny's house tonight. Want to come?"

"I'm sorry, I'm late for class, I ..." Nick did a double take. "Did you just invite me to a party?"

Maggie giggled. "Yep. You can bring some friends if you want. Just thought it would be fun to have you there." She decided he was cute when he was flustered. He stared at her without saying anything. "Okay, well, hope to see you there." She stepped around him and continued on down the hall.

"Yeah, okay." Nick turned and watched her go. Was this some new test from Enki? Nick didn't trust anything at the moment. Maggie Chalmers was talking to him and inviting him to parties? The bell rang. He was still standing there like an idiot. He hustled off to class.

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Nick's friends teased him about Maggie. *Was he in love? And, Would they get invited to the wedding? And, most importantly, Could they tag along to the party?*

"I promised my mom I'd hang out with her tonight," Nick said. They booed that heartily. He had to suffer through chants of "Little Nicky momma's boy" the rest of the school day. If he could explain to them what it was like to hang out with his mom, his friends might have better understood. But since that was impossible, he took the ribbing.

After school, Nick walked home. He texted Alyson to see what Chris had said about the puzzle, but got no reply. He thought about his mom, sister, and Maggie. He convinced himself there was no way he could go to the party, but he kept seeing her sweet, nervous smile in the hall. Thunder boomed in the distance. Dark, pregnant clouds rapidly moved in from the west. Ominous weather brought black thoughts. Whatever Enki's final test was, it was sure to be difficult and maybe even torturous. Could he ignore the final riddle? Put it off until later? The clouds opened above him and heavy rain fell. Nick ran the rest of the way home, despite how difficult it was to run with his engorged cock.

"Mom, I'm home." Nick stepped inside the door and carefully hung his backpack on a hook the way his mom had asked him to. "Mom?"



Kate appeared in the hall, still wearing her oversized sweater. "You're soaking wet, Nicky. There's a puddle under you. Let me get a towel."

While she was fetching a towel, Nick went to the laundry room, changed out of his wet things, and tossed them in the washing machine. He stood on the cold linoleum, naked and shivering, but with a wide smile on his face. He couldn't wait to see his mom's reaction when she returned with the towel.

"Nicky?" Kate said from the front hall.

"I'm in here, Mom." Nick flexed his chest and abs in what he hoped was a sexy pose. It was probably only silly, but making his mom laugh was almost as good as making her hot.

"Oh, gosh, Nicky." Kate stopped in the doorway and threw the towel at him. "Why are you standing like that?" She could feel her cheeks heating up. Her son's penis was so large that just the sight of it would have scandalized any woman. And his muscles were so defined and tight. She wondered that such an amazing man would want her at all. She folded her arms over her breasts.

"I was just being funny, Mom." He picked up the towel and wrapped himself in it. "Or sexy. Whatever ... you know?"

"You are very handsome, sweetie." Kate averted her eyes. "Now put that away." She waved her hand at his penis. "We have to talk."

"Am I in trouble?" Nick dried his hair and tried to wrap the towel around his waist. But his dick made it difficult. Instead, he draped the towel on his cock. A peal of thunder shook the house.

"You're not in trouble." Kate put her hand over her mouth to cover her smile when she noticed what he'd done. How could he hold that heavy towel up with only his big ... thing? She shook her head. "You're very charming as a towel rack. Now go get dressed and let's talk."

"I thought we might do something first?" He wiggled his hips. The cantilevered towel bounced about.

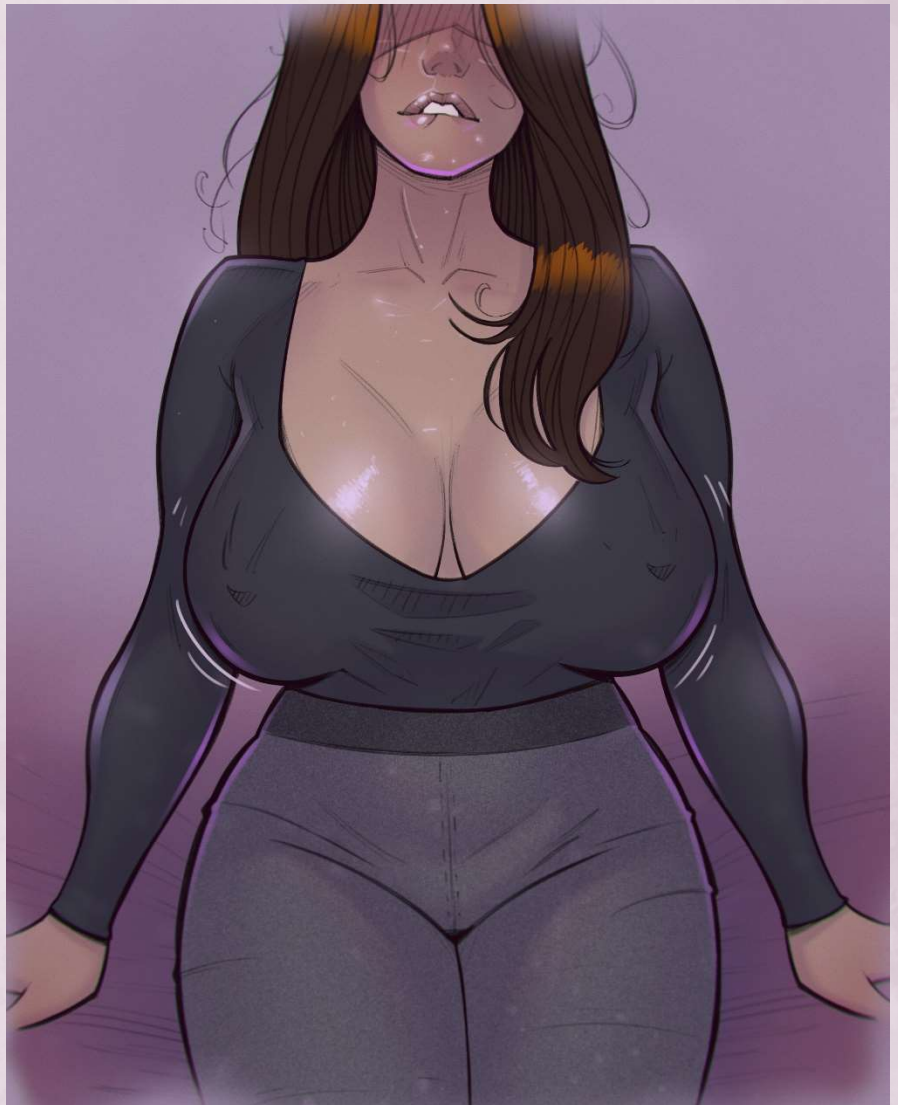
"Go get dressed, and we'll talk. I'll be in my bedroom." Kate turned and left him in the laundry room.

Nick frowned. "Okay." He removed the towel, walked to his room, and threw on a t-shirt and some sweatpants. Worry began to drag on him. He had cursed his looping days, especially in the beginning, but now he looked back on them fondly. Whatever his mother wanted to talk about, he could work through it over and over until he had the correct response. Now, he had one shot to get things right. That terrified him. His cock softened, he took a deep breath, and he traveled the short distance to his mom's room.

"Sit down, Nicky." Kate sat on the edge of her bed, and patted the blanket next to her. She had removed her sweater, wearing only a tight top and yoga pants. Since her bras didn't fit her, she didn't have one on. Lightning flashed in the room, followed quickly by more thunder.

"Sure." Nick's gaze zeroed in on the front of his mom's top. He sat next to her, unable to pull his concentration from her boobs. She was huge! A flash of lighting accentuated the shadows cast by her tits.

"You've obviously already noticed my problem." Kate's voice was soft and halting. "I don't know what's happening to me. Ever since we started with our special relationship, I've been ... going through changes. I don't know if it's some sort of midlife crisis or ..." She bit her lip. Was he even listening to her? "I wanted to talk to you about it because it's been so wonderful to talk to you lately. But I probably shouldn't burden you."



Nick pulled his eyes away from her stretched top and looked up into a face filled with worry and doubt. Shame flooded through him that he was ogling her boobs while she was having a crisis. Enki may have improved things on the whole, but the god's methods were shit. Not that Nick would ever tell him that to his face. "I'm sorry, Mom. I was just surprised by the ... difference." He put his hand tenderly on her shoulder. "What do you need from me?"

A crooked smile formed on her face. "That's my sweet guy. I just want you to listen." And Kate vented to her son. She talked about his father, and how worried she was that he'd be angry with her. Maybe he'd think she'd spent their money on a boob job, or otherwise blow up for Lord knows what reason. She told him that at the same time her insecurities as a mother had been amplified and mollified by recent events. Things had never felt better between them, but she knew it was all so crazy. And speaking of crazy, she wondered if maybe she was quite literally going insane, and that the last week hadn't really happened. Maybe she was in an institution somewhere hallucinating.

Nick let her talk uninterrupted for more than a half-hour. Eventually, she wound down, and they sat together in silence. He wasn't sure what to say. This was the moment he had to commit himself to an action. He took a deep breath. "You're not going crazy, Mom. You know Alyson's puzzle that I broke?"

"Yes."

"Well, it was actually ... um ..." A crack of thunder shook the house. He thought over the long, twisted story of what had happened to their family. There was no way he could actually tell her. "Never mind. I was going to tell you this theory I have about the puzzle being magic. But ... it's dumb."

"You're such a man now that I sometimes forget you're only eighteen." She patted him on the thigh. "Maybe you should write your story down. It's good to be creative."

Nick winced at that. Things were turning in the wrong direction. He needed to change course. "I'm here to tell you that you're not going crazy."

"I'm not?" She bit her lower lip. "I want to believe that. But, I mean, look at these." She hefted her breasts and let them drop. "And you and me." And Alyson. She wished she could tell him about Alyson's milk.

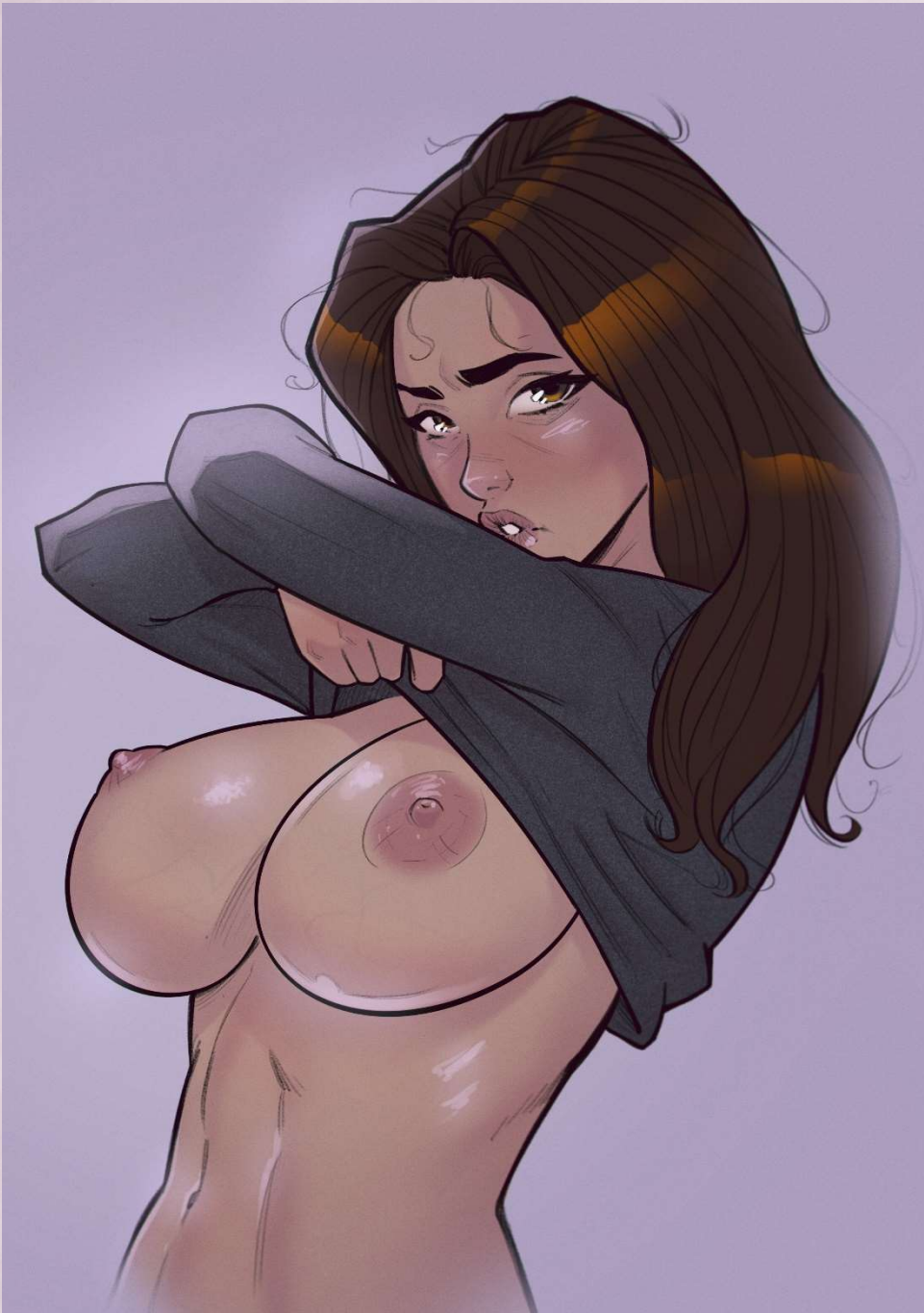
"You're not crazy. I'll prove it to you." Nick leaned toward her. He could see her mind whirling behind her eyes, but she didn't stop him. This was such a familiar act now. He kissed her on the lips. Softly at first, and then with more passion. Just as she was really beginning to respond, he pulled away from her. "See?"

"See ... what?" She blinked, breathless. The tension had drained out of her.

"That was real. You can't hallucinate a kiss like that." Nick nibbled on her ear and listened to her squeal.

"Yes ... you're right ... Nicky. You are definitely ... real." Kate reached down and felt his hard stomach. "Oooohhhhhhhh ... don't suck on my ... neck." How would she ever explain a hickey to her husband? Thankfully, Nick only kissed her on his way down to her chest. "Wait ... don't ... I don't think you should ..." She hadn't yet explained her milk to him. She didn't know what his reaction would be. She pushed him away. "It's getting late. Maybe I should just take care of you with my mouth and we can cook dinner. I think your sister is coming home again. And your father should be home in an hour or so." It didn't even phase her that she would so matter-of-factly offer Nick oral sex.

"Can I see them, Mom? It might help if you showed them to someone." Nick folded his hands in his lap over a raging erection.



"You can be more direct, Nicky. I know you want to see them. But ... um ... you see ... I'm lactating for some reason," she said in a rush.

"Fucking Enki." He had no idea why the god would have done that. Maybe Alyson was supposed to drink from her now?

"Inky?" Her pulse beat in her ears. Was that some teenage slang for gross? She felt like throwing up all of a sudden. She needed Nick to want her.

"Oh, that means *awesome*. It's slang." Nick could still feel this conversation teetering on the edge of a razor. Why hadn't he just accepted her offer of a blowjob? But now he was already committed. "Maybe I could try a little milk?"

"You ... would like that?" Kate was already lowering her top. Those had been the magic words. He loved her so much. She pulled the top below her boobs, and turned her shoulders toward him. She arched her back so they wouldn't look too saggy. "What do you think?"

This was tricky. How to respond?

Again, he wished he had more than one chance to get this right. "They're as beautiful as they were before, Mom. Different, but every bit as magical. You take my breath away." Her nipples were now fat and dark. He could see more delicate blue veins running just under her pale skin. Her boobs hung more than they used to, and the slope of them perfect, too. His gaze moved up to her face and, he watched her try to hold back a wide smile with little success. "You're gorgeous, Mom."

"You're so sweet. You still want to ...?" She lifted the left one for him. When he nodded with hunger, she giggled. "How would you like to do this?" When Nick had played with her breasts before, it had been in the heat of the moment. This was quite different but no less exciting. The look of desire in his eyes kindled flames deep inside her.

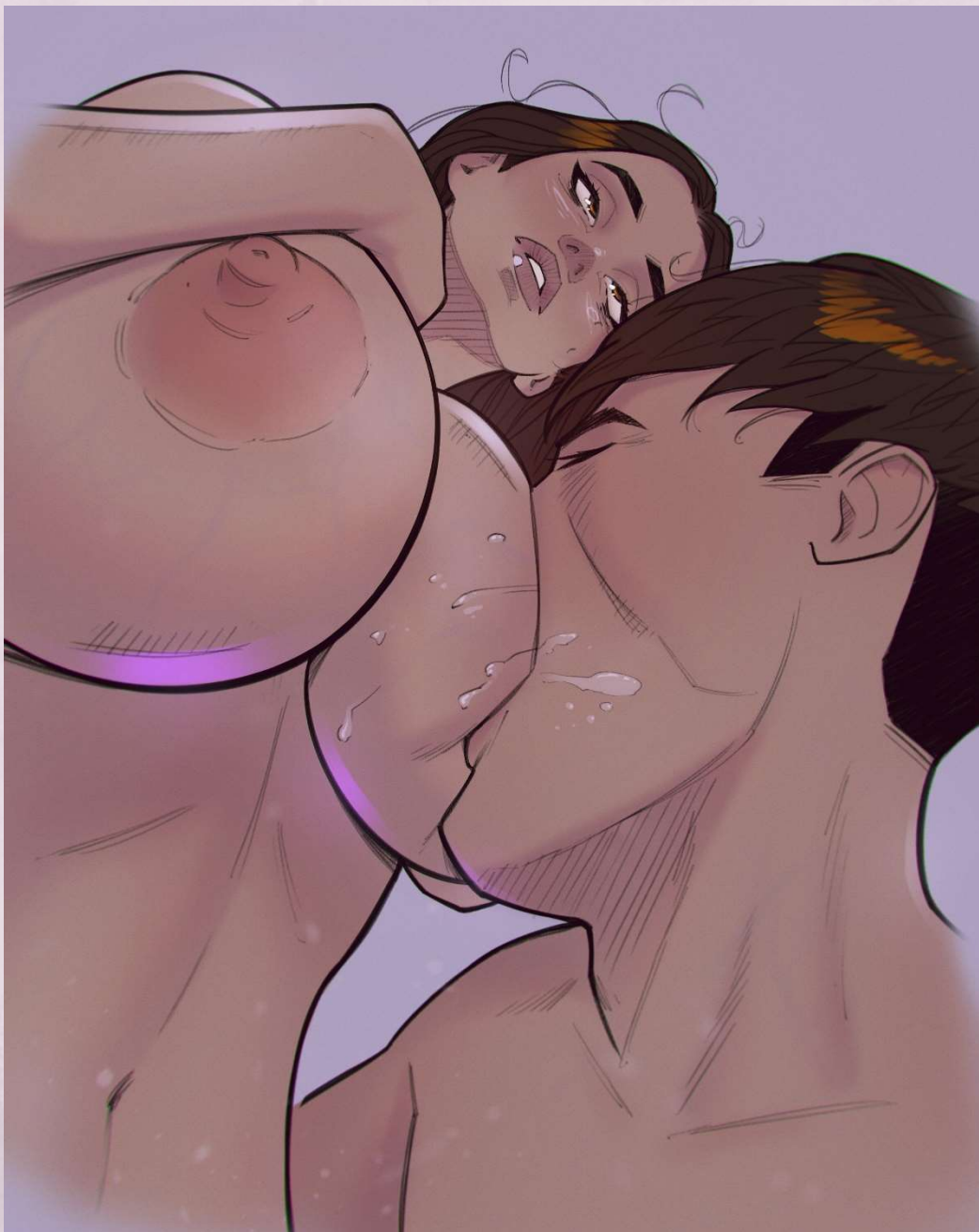
"Maybe with you on your back." He pushed her to the bed, and she fell with a playful shriek. "I love the way they hang to the side." He climbed on top of her, pushed her legs together, and straddled her thighs.

"You do?" Her head swam in all the adoration. She scarcely believed she deserved it. "You can do whatever you like with them, Nicky. You can ... oooooohhhhhh ... yes ... like that." She cradled his head when he bent down and took her left nipple into his mouth. Fred always used too much teeth when she let him play with her breasts. But Nick, not surprisingly, used just the right amount. What couldn't he do? She had raised the perfect man. She ran her fingers through his thick hair. "How ... how does it ... taste?"

"Mmmppppppphhhhhh." Nick didn't stop drinking, but he gave her a thumbs up with his left hand. Her soft laughter filled the room.

Kate's phone rang on the bedside table. "Shoot! Sorry, Nicky." She tried to push him off, but he was glued to her breast. "Fine, stay there." She laughed again and reached for her phone. "Double shoot, it's your father. I have to answer." She rubbed his head one last time. "Be quiet, okay?"

Nick gave her the thumbs up again.



Her finger hit the screen and she took the call. "Hello, Fred ... Yes ... um ... I was just feeding Nick a snack." Her cheeks turned bright red as soon as she said it. She hadn't planned to be so dirty, but the double entendre had just come out. "No ... I'll make dinner ... okay ... Sure, you can go out with them ... uuuummmhhmmmmmm ..." She reined herself in. "I'll see you when you get home ... Love you, too." Kate ended the call. "Your father is going to the game with his buddies. He won't be home for dinner."

Nick finally released her nipple. Her warm sweetness lingered on his tongue. "Awesome, we have more time to hang out." He kissed her breasts, nibbling and licking his way between them.

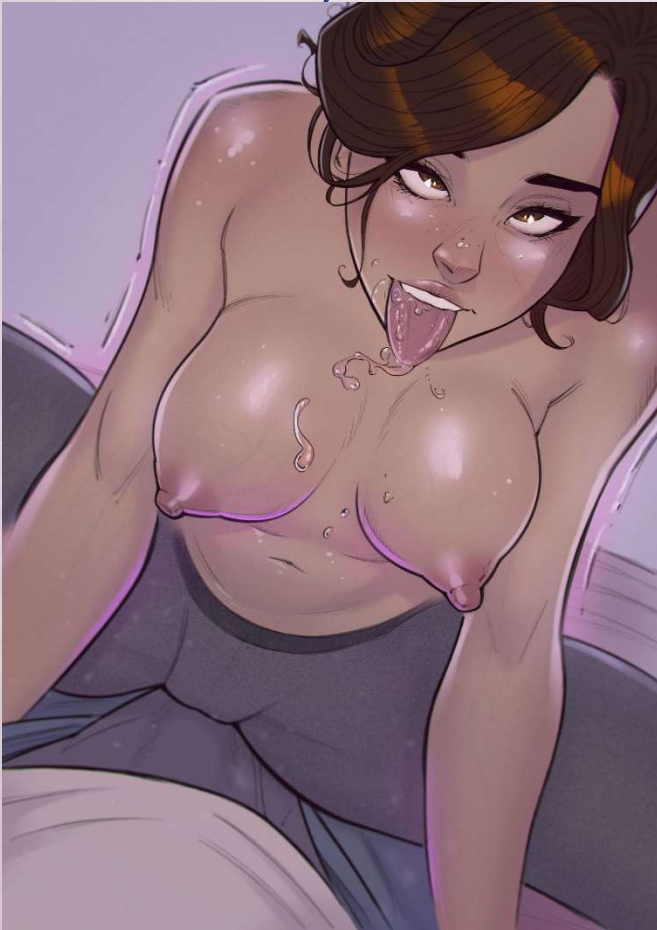
"Alyson could come home anytime. Oooohhhh ... I like when you do ... that." Kate's hand fell to the blanket, the phone still in her grasp but forgotten.

"Why don't you ... text her ... to see how much ... time ... we have," he said between kisses. He wormed his hand under her yoga pants and panties. She was very wet and ready for him.

"Yeahhhhhhhh ... okaaaaayyyy." Kate's hips bucked a little as his fingers entered her. As she texted her daughter, she wondered if he'd make her squirt in her pants. Well, at least that would be easier to clean. She sighed when his mouth finally found her other nipple and latched on. They writhed together as she texted back and forth with Alyson. "She says ... ooohhhh ... that she'll be here ... after dinner. She's talking to Chris. Maybe ... around eight."

Poor Alyson. Nick could feel in his bones that no good would come from a talk with her fiancé. But that was a problem for later. He removed his fingers from his mom's pussy, spread her knees, and rubbed his dick between her legs. "We have ... ugh ... lots of time then."

"Oh ... gosh ... you're so big ... sweetie." She pulled off his shirt and ran her hands over the tight bunches of muscles in his back. "Maybe we shouldn't ... rub like this?"



"It's okay, Mom." Nick leaned down and sucked on her lower lip. He kissed her, and then pushed himself up so he could look down at her. "We're both wearing pants ... ugh ... so ... it's fine." He gazed down at her boobs swaying back and forth with their movements. He could watch that motion for hours, or days, or long loops of days.

"I guess ... you're right." Her hands slipped down his back and cupped his hard butt. She could feel his long heavy shaft press against her vagina, and his fat testicles thump up against her with every thrust. This was as close to sex as she'd ever get with Nick, so she figured she might as well enjoy it. "Drink ... uh ... uh ... uh ... some more ... Nicky. Oooohhhhhh ... yeeeeessssssssss." His penis pressed against her clit just in the right spot and pleasure pulsed from her breast. She orgasmed under her son, her fears about her changing body long forgotten.

After Kate climaxed a few more times, they switched positions and she rode him. They still had their pants on and tops off. She leaned forward and placed her hands on his flexing chest. "Thank ... God for ... soccer ..."

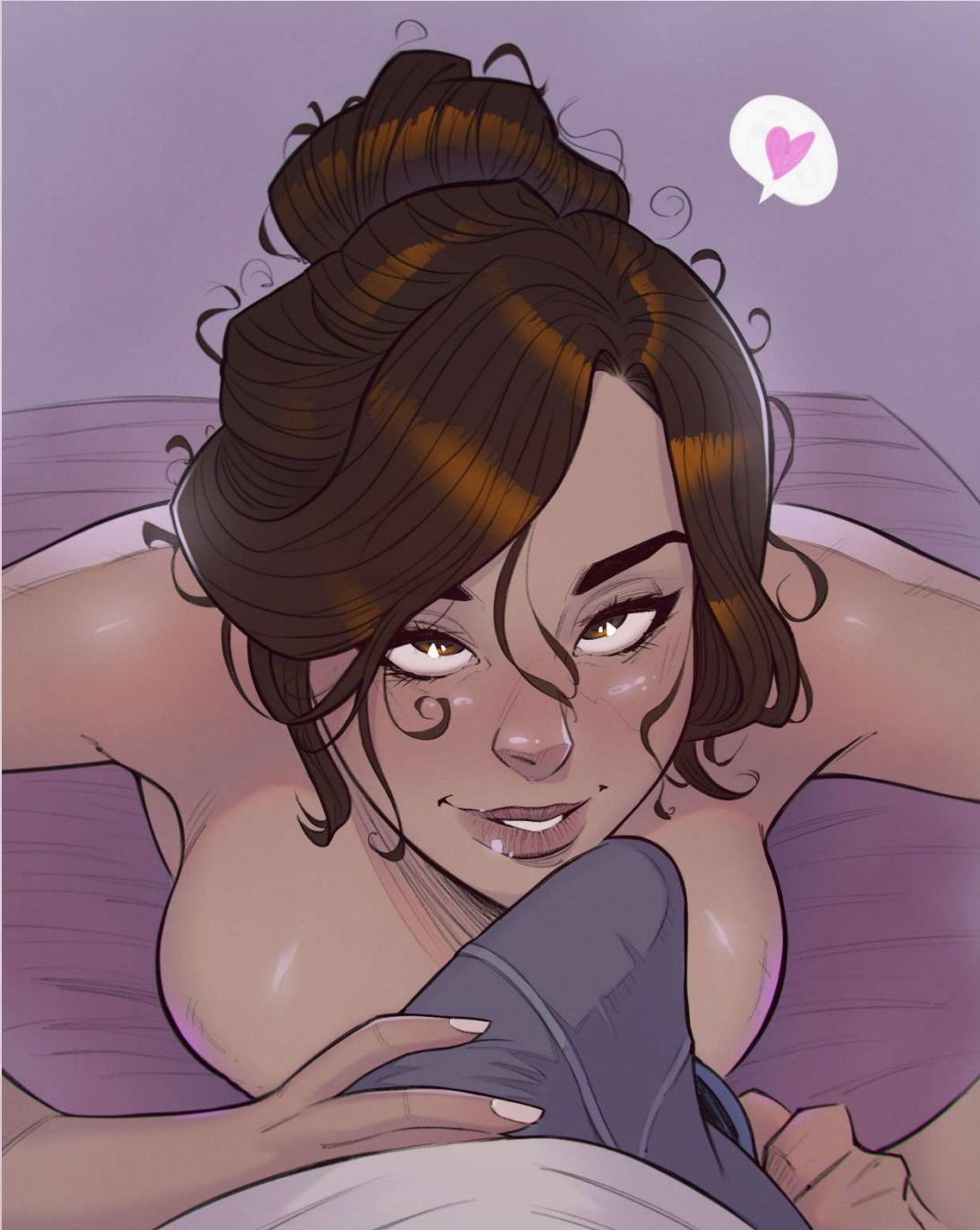
“What ... Mom?” Nick mostly watched her boobs bounce and shake as they hung above him, but he spared some time to take in her twisted expressions as she rode one ecstatic wave after another. “Did you say something ... about soccer?”

“I love ... your body.” She smiled at him with dreamy eyes.

“And I love yours.” Nick smiled back.

“We’re quite the pair.” Kate scratched his skin softly with her fingernails. “Would you like to finish ... uh ... uh ... soon?”

“Yeah.” Nick nodded.



“Okay.” Kate dismounted her son and pulled his pants and underwear down his legs. She lowered her mouth and tasted his saltiness. She took hold of his penis with both hands. Her blowjob began in earnest.

“Ohhh ... Mom ... Mom ... Mooooommmmm ...” Nick didn’t think he’d ever find another woman who could work the same magic that she did with her mouth. Well, of course he couldn’t. It was Enki’s doing. He was always less annoyed with the Sumerian god when his mother lovingly shoved his whole dick down her throat. He was smitten by the outward curve from her waist to her hip to her round ass. He could see her breasts smushed against his thigh. “I’m going to ... cum ... Mom.”

“Mmmpppphhhhhhh.” Kate knew better than to let him spray directly into her throat. She pulled up, keeping only the head in her mouth and pumped him savagely with her small hands. His saline warmth erupted in her mouth. She managed to swallow some of it before becoming overwhelmed. She closed her eyes tightly and let him finish all over her face, hair, and breasts. She listened to his grunts die down, and she stopped pumping him, now, only holding on to the massive thing. A distant peal of thunder reminded her of the passing storm. He started laughing, and she couldn’t help but join in. They laughed together, as she wiped the sperm out of her eyes. “What? What’s ... so ... funny?” she said between giggles.

“I’m just ... so happy ... Mom.” Nick leaned his head back on the bed. It was true. He’d never been happier.



"Me ... too ... sweetie." She leaned forward and pressed her ear onto his chest, listening to his laughter and watching his heavy, softening penis bob and shake. She caressed his stomach with her fingertips. "It's Friday night, any plans with your friends?"

"No plans." Nick sighed. "Let's get cleaned up, and I'll help you with dinner."

"Sounds good." Kate sat up. "Want to take a shower with me?"

"I'll use my own shower." Nick picked up his clothes and walked toward the door. "See you in a few."

"Okay." Kate wondered why he didn't want to shower with her. After everything else they'd done, it seemed so tame. She shrugged, got up, and went to her bathroom.



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“How was your day at school?”
Kate chopped onions in the kitchen. She glanced at Nick as he diced tomatoes. When did he learn to cook so well? He was full of mysteries.

“Something did happen today. When I said I didn’t have plans tonight, that wasn’t entirely true.”
Nick grinned at her.

“You talk to Jess?”

“Not Jess, no. She didn’t like my ... penis, remember?” Nick had told that lie with such alacrity, that it rolled right off his tongue. He suddenly felt guilty. It didn’t used to bother him when he lied to his mom.

“I remember.” Kate couldn’t blame the girl. It was frightening from a certain perspective. “Enough suspense, what’s the news?”

“Maggie Chalmers asked me out to a party tonight.” He stopped dicing to gauge her reaction.

“Theeee Maggie Chalmers?” Kate put down her knife and stared at him in disbelief. Everybody loved Maggie. She was the smartest, friendliest, prettiest girl at school. Her parents were the sweetest people. And she had asked her son out? “What time is the party? What are you going to wear?”

“Be cool, Mom.” Nick laughed. “I’m not going. I’d rather hang out with you. And I want to see Alyson.” He went back to his tomato work.

Kate stared at him for a while. “If what we’re doing is interfering with you being a ...” She smoothed out her dress and chose her words carefully. “If our hang out time means you’re missing out on opportunities that every teenager should have ... like dating, and going to parties, and being stupid with your friends ... if it’s a problem ... then ...”

“Mom,” Nick said in an exasperated tone. “I didn’t want to go to the party.” He put down the knife, stepped over to her, and kissed her on the cheek. “Our hang out time is the best thing that ever happened to me.



Maggie can't hold a candle to that." He smacked her butt and went back to his cutting board. He slid the tomatoes into the food processor.

"See, that's just the sort of talk that worries me. I mean, it's *Maggie Chalmers* we're talking about. I can't have you -" Kate was interrupted by the front door opening.

"I'm home." Alyson closed the door behind her, walked down the hall, and followed her nose to the kitchen. "Late dinner, huh?" She had clearly interrupted something. Her mom looked like she was in the middle of a thought. That was good, maybe nobody would notice that she was working hard not to cry.

"We didn't want to eat without you," Kate lied. It was better than saying that they'd gotten carried away dry humping. "What's wrong, Alyson?"

"Nothing ... nothing ... I'm fine." Alyson waved a hand at them and blinked back tears. She wasn't going to cry. Friday was a new day. Her life was starting again. She wasn't going to spend her time crying like she had in the loops.

"Can you finish cooking dinner, Mom?" Nick left the counter and guided his sister out of the kitchen.

"Sure thing," Kate called after them.

Nick took her to the living room and sat her down on the sofa. They were out of earshot of their mother. He almost said, *What did Chris do now?* But he caught himself. "Tell me about it." He placed her hand on his thigh and held it there.

Still decidedly not crying, Alyson told him that she'd waited to see Chris until after his office hours. He'd mentioned her frumpy clothes and weight several times. She'd asked him if he wanted to go to couples counseling with her and he'd laughed it off. "And then I showed him the puzzle. He read it as *anoint the cube with joined exultation and receive the riddle within.*"

"For fuck's sake, why can't Enki ever say anything clearly?" Nick frowned. "He must mean -"



"That can wait, Nick." Alyson squeezed his hand. "Chris took the puzzle from me and wouldn't give it back. He said when he'd given me the project, he hadn't known how interesting it was."

"I'm sorry, Alyson." Nick's mind retreated to the safety he knew. "We can get it back on the next today, and keep it away from him."

"There is no next today, Nick." Finally, the tears broke through and rolled down her cheeks. "Chris has the puzzle. We're screwed."

"Right. Of course, I forgot for a second there." Nick worked at controlling his anger toward Chris. He thought things over. "You know what? Good. Let him have it. We can forget the last riddle. If Enki comes to bother us, we'll just tell him your fiancé stole the puzzle from us so we can't anoint shit. We're off the hook."

"I don't know." Alyson's tears stopped. Maybe he was on to something.

"It's a classic 'the dog ate my homework' scenario." Nick nodded to himself. "Fuck it."

"Okay, but what about all my research? I was going to make a name for myself with that puzzle."

"I'm not sure about that." Nick stood up and pulled her to her feet. He gave her a long hug, careful to respect the boundaries she'd placed on their relationship. He refrained from kissing her tears away. "But we'll figure something out. You were a rising star before all this. You don't need that puzzle to do awesome research." He wasn't sure what she was doing besides the puzzle, but it sounded good.

"Thanks, Nicky." She kissed his cheek and wiped the tears from her face. "You're right. Let's forget about it. And maybe Chris will change his mind and give it back. Maybe he'll change his mind about a bunch of stuff."

"Yeah, maybe." Nick smiled hopefully. He wasn't going to offer any opinions on Chris. "We're making a Bolognese sauce tonight. It's going to be amazing. Let's go help Mom in the kitchen. Maybe she'll open some wine. Sound good?"

"Yeah, sounds good." Gratitude for her sweet brother filled her with warmth. She followed Nick back into the kitchen.

