

ENKI'S PUZZLE



CHAPTER 17

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Enki's Puzzle 17

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It was a pleasant dinner. Kate drank plenty of wine and spoke in a cascade of hurried words about all sorts of trivial subjects. She brought up the soccer game tomorrow, and how much she was looking forward to seeing Nick play. She hadn't attended his soccer games for a few years, and the siblings exchanged a surprised glance at this. The more she drank, the more Kate talked about how fine a man Chris was and how lucky Alyson was to have him. She didn't make much eye contact with her daughter while she made small talk about the garden, yoga, and other sundry topics.



After dinner, Nick and Alyson helped their mother clean up and followed her into the living room where she picked up a book and curled on the couch. She gave Nick a tight smile before putting on her glasses. With Alyson home, Kate clearly didn't want to mess around with him. The siblings went up to Nick's room and sat in awkward silence for a while. Nick was on his desk chair, and Alyson sat cross-legged on his bed.

"So ..." Nick rubbed his forearm absentmindedly. He was so used to their physical intimacy, it felt strange to sit alone with her and keep his distance. "Are you coming to my game tomorrow, too?"

"It's in the afternoon?"

Nick nodded.

"Chris wants me to go to the gym with him in the afternoon." Alyson sighed.

"You're not going to do that." Nick frowned. "So, I'll see you at the game?"

"I feel like I shouldn't stand up Chris. We'll see, okay?" Alyson watched her brother nod, and they sat in silence again. After a

while, she made eye contact with him. They both blushed. "What did you and Mom do today?"

"Um ... we made a Bolognese sauce." Nick feigned innocence.

"You know what I'm talking about." Alyson rolled her eyes at him. "We're waaaay beyond being coy."

"I thought you were patching things up with Chris and didn't want to stay in the loop ... so to speak." Nick wasn't quite sure what she wanted, but he wanted to give it to her.

"Yes, but now there's another riddle. Well, actually there's a riddle to get to a riddle. And ..." Alyson shrugged.

"I thought we were ignoring the last riddle. The dog ate our homework, remember?" Nick was getting a little annoyed. He wanted to spoon her and go back to the way things were, but he didn't know what she wanted.

"Just tell me about Mom, okay?"

Nick wasn't going to argue. He loved telling his sister about what he'd been up to. He remembered how she used to twist her face in disgust when he told her about his progress with the riddles. Now, her mouth hung slightly open, and her eyes got quite dreamy. Eventually, he finished recounting the day. The way Alyson looked at him seemed to beg for a kiss. He kept his butt in the chair, not wanting to violate any of her new rules.

"She's big like me now? With milk? I can't believe I didn't notice." Alyson felt warmth in her belly. Her panties were soaking.

"She's not like you. Her boobs look more like ... I don't know ... mom boobs. They hang a little more."

"But you said they were gorgeous." Alyson cocked her head at him.

"They are. They're perfect mom boobs. And yours are perfect, too. Just different." Nick felt the land mines all around him. He hated talking about bodies.

Alyson's laugh was kind. "I was just curious, don't have a stroke." She leaned back. "I sort of wish I could see them. I can't believe I fell for the oversized sweater trick. That's my trick."

"Maybe you're supposed to see them." Nick rolled his chair a little closer to her. She still had her *kiss me* face on. "We don't know why Enki gave her milk."

"Maybe he was just being perverted."

"Well, that's a given." Nick nodded and moved his chair a little closer still.

"Everything Enki does is perverted."

Alyson looked over at her brother, her lips still parted. He was right next to the bed now. "Well, are you going to kiss me or what?"

"I thought you said ..." Nick sat frozen in his chair, hesitating.

"Sometimes you need to read the room, Nicky. Take a risk."

"Okay." He playfully lunged from his chair and took her in his arms. They giggled together as they fell sideways on the bed. He cut off their laughter with a kiss. Her tongue was as lively and playful as ever. So, she wanted him to kiss her, even when she'd asked for space. He was learning new things outside the loops. He wasn't sure about the subtleties of "reading the room," but he was excited to learn more.



Alyson joyfully let his fingers knead her boob, his desire never clearer. It thrilled her to be wanted. Eventually, she broke the kiss. "We need an alarm or something ... in case Mom comes up here."

"We could just go to your apartment."

Alyson wrinkled her nose at him. "You think Mom's going to let you sleep over?"

"It's the weekend." Nick was feeling more confident. "I'll kiss you while you think about it." They made out for a while longer. Now working under her shirt, he pulled her bra cup out of the way. Her tit was so wonderfully malleable.



She pushed her brother away. "Okay, let's see what she says." She fixed her bra, straightened her shirt, and got off the bed. "Go grab what you need for a sleepover."

"Right." Nick grinned at her. He retrieved his toothbrush and a change of clothes, stuffed them into his backpack, and met his sister downstairs.

They found their mom still curled up in the living room. Kate took off her reading glasses and put down her book when she saw them. She smiled at Nick, still avoiding eye contact with Alyson. "What's up?"

"I'm going to spend the night over at Alyson's apartment," Nick said.

"Really?" Kate raised her eyebrows. "What about the game tomorrow?"

"I'll be back by then." Nick put his arm around Alyson's shoulders. "She'll drive me."

"And what about the party tonight? I bet you still have time. You could take Alyson with you." Kate turned her eyes toward her daughter. "Maggie Chalmers invited Nick to a party."

"Theeee Maggie Chalmers?" Alyson was impressed. Women were noticing the new Nick. Nevertheless, she didn't want to go to a high school party. She wanted to spend some alone time with her brother and forget all about what a jerk her fiancé had been. "I mean ... we could go."

"Alyson and I are just going to hang out at her place." Nick saw his mom's eyes narrow. He shouldn't have used the same euphemism that his mom used for all the naughty stuff they were doing together. "You know, some video games and pizza and talking about stuff," he added quickly.

"Well ... have fun." Kate watched Nick carefully. "I wish you'd reconsider going to the party."

"Maybe next time." Nick headed toward the door. "Bye Mom, love you."

"Love you, Mom." Alyson followed him out.

"Bye, you two." Kate watched them go with a frown. Was it possible that Alyson and Nick were ...? She shook her head. It was impossible. And even if they'd go for it, there's no way Nick would have had the time to do dirty things with both his mother and sister. Kate had kept him very busy recently.

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On the drive into the city, Alyson and Nick traded guesses about what *anoint the cube with joined exultation and receive the riddle within* meant. They spent a long time arguing about it.

Nick finally settled on what he thought had to be the answer. "Mom has milk for a reason, Alyson. Enki wants us to mix the milk and put it on the cube."

"I don't know, Nicky. The clue said 'joined exultation.'" Alyson spun the wheel and turned down her street.

"That means your boob feels good, right? See, it fits." Nick shrugged.

"Oh my God. I can't believe we're talking about this." Alyson shook her head. "It does feel good, dummy. But I'm not exultant. That would mean that it feels really, really good. I don't think that's it." She parked the car in her spot and turned off the ignition. "Who cares. The dog ate our homework, right?" She got out of the car.

"Right." Nick got out, too. He looked down the street and saw Chris walking toward them down the sidewalk, lit by a streetlamp. "The dog," Nick whispered under his breath.

"What?" Alyson locked the car. She hadn't noticed Chris yet.

"Look who's here." Nick pointed at her fiancé.

"What the fuck, Alyson?" Chris wobbled a little as he made his way toward them. "You stood me up for your little shit of a brother?"

"Hey, man." Nick stood up straighter. He flexed his hand, remembering how much it had hurt when he'd punched his father.

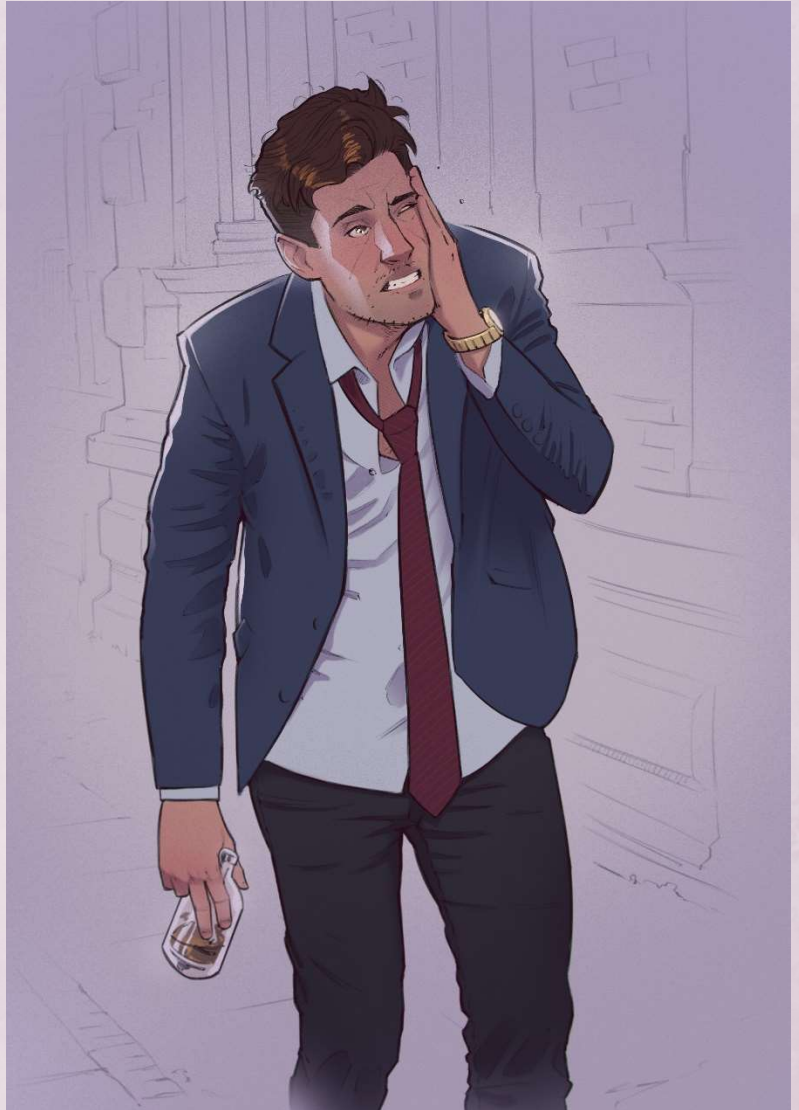
"It's okay, Nicky." Alyson held out her hand as if to hold Nick back, but he hadn't moved.

"What are you talking about, Chris? We didn't have plans tonight."

"We did, we did." Chris's speech was slurred. "I thought you were off cheating on me with some ... stud. But you're babysitting your brother. Can't get a real date?"

"Go home, Chris. You're drunk." Alyson took Nick's hand and dragged him quickly to the door of her apartment building. She entered the code and the door clicked.

"Look, I'm sorry." Chris stopped his pursuit about ten feet away from the siblings. "It's just you've been sort of cunty lately and -"



"Stop!" Alyson held tight to Nick's wrist as her brother lunged toward Chris. "He's drunk. He doesn't mean it."

Nick wasn't about to fight his sister to fight her fiancé. He relented and let her pull him into the apartment building.

Alyson stuck her head out of the door. "Go home, Chris. We'll talk tomorrow." She closed the door before Chris could respond.

"Does he have the code? Or a key?" Nick didn't feel like sleeping anyplace Chris could sneak into.

"No key. Come on." Alyson pulled him up the stairs to her apartment. She listened intently, but didn't hear the click of the door behind them. She fumbled her keys out of her purse, dropped them, and Nick handed them back to her. "Thanks." Her hands shook as she put the key in her lock and opened the door. They darted inside and she locked the door after them, leaning heavily on it.

"Are you okay?" Nick unclenched his fists when he saw how pale and drawn his sister's face was.

"No ... no ... I'm not." Her purse vibrated. And then vibrated again. She pulled out her phone, saw it was Chris texting her and reached her arm back to throw the thing across the room.

Nick put his hand on hers and kept her from doing something she might regret later. He put the vibrating phone back in her purse.

"Oh ... Nicky ... I'm sorry you had to see that. He's normally very sweet. He just had too much to drink." She blinked her tear-filled eyes, her lips parted. The look of concern on his face helped calm her down.

"I'm sure you'll handle it how you think is best." It took every ounce of willpower not to rip into Chris. He paused, took a deep breath, and read the room. He leaned in and pinned her against the door with his body. He could feel her melting into him. He kissed the tears from her cheeks. "And I'll always be here for you, no matter what happens."

"Thank you ... Nicky." She ran her hands over his back, scratching at his shirt with her nails. When their tongues entwined, she forgot completely about Chris. Nick somehow knew exactly what she needed. She

jumped into his arms, wrapped her legs around him, and let him carry her over to the sofa. They fell on the cushions together, lips still locked, and made out for a long time.

Eventually, clothes came off. Shirts, pants, shoes, socks. Nick kissed his way down her body, pulled off her panties, and spread her legs.

"I really thought this wasn't going to happen again." Alyson marveled at the intensity and reverence in his face as he gazed at her pussy. She opened her legs wider for him. "And here we are. After only a few days we ... oooooohhhhhhhhhh ... I'm so wet ... Nicky." She pressed her head back into the cushion and let him go to work. "Oh ... Nick ... oooooohhhhhh ... Nick ... right ... there." Her hips bucked with her first orgasm as he worked her with his fingers and tongue. "Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii." Her whole body shook and her toes curled. When she'd recovered, she luxuriated in rolling waves of pleasure. "You're ... ugh ... so good ... ugh ... so good ... to meeeeeeee." She came again.

Nick brought his sister to a series of orgasms. He savored the pleasure he gave her. His cock pulsed hard and ready, the head sticking out beyond the waistband of his boxers. But he didn't even think about getting his dick involved. It was enough to be the cause of so much joy. Her screams of ecstasy echoed around the room. When he found her g-spot, she nearly wriggled off the couch, squirting all over. Nick imagined Chris listening, defeated and deflated, at the apartment's front door, or maybe on the street below.

"Okay ... okay ... that's too much ... Nick." Alyson panted and pushed his head away from her pussy. "Look at you. You're ... a mess. My God." She laughed when she saw how wet his face was.

Nick laughed along with her. "Feel better? Still thinking about him?"

"Who's him? I forgot ... already." Alyson reached behind her back and removed her bra. Her smile widened when she saw how the new view affected Nick. "I want to do something nice for you. You like these, right?" She cupped her breasts and jiggled them a little. She was not disappointed by his response.

"Yes!" Nick jumped on her, buried his face in her tits, and motorboated her.

"That's ... not ... what I meant." Alyson's laugh was uproarious, almost as loud as when she was cumming a few minutes before. She pushed him away from her boobs. "Ew, you got them wet." They both laughed at that, too.

"It's your fault." Nick sat up on the sofa and watched her drop to her knees in front of him. "What were you thinking of doing?"



"Chris doesn't like these, but you do." She took hold of her boobs, pressed them together, and bounced them a little for him. "What do you want?"

"I feel like this is a trick question." Nick wanted to keep the comparisons going with Chris. But he didn't know how to do it without killing the mood. "I love your tits, Alyson."

"And I love making you happy, Nicky." Alyson leaned forward and wrapped her boobs around that monstrous cock. She also loved the thing's heft and its veiny, aggressive aspect. But she didn't feel like saying that out loud. She spit on the shaft and moved her breasts up and down. "How's that?"

"It's lovely." Nick exhaled slowly. He and Alyson were back together. And her dumb fiancé was locked outside. What could be better? He thought of his mother. Well, there was that. "Keep ... doing that ... Alyson." They hadn't turned on any lights, but there was streetlight falling through the windows. It created long shadows around them, and gave her face an almost supernatural look as she stared down at his cockhead. "You look ... so hot ... like that."

"Thanks ... Nicky." She was completely enamored of him. Taming his wild cock with her boobs gave her such a rush. If she hadn't already been Niagara Falls, the moment would have soaked her. "You have been ... so good to me ... through all this." She kept stroking him with her boobs and looked up into his shadowed face. "You supported me ... when I ... needed it." Her spit and his cock made a squelching sound between her breasts. She tried not to let it distract her. "You gave me ... space ... when I asked ... for it."

"I love you ... Alyson." Nick was having one of those moments of gratitude for Enki's meddling.

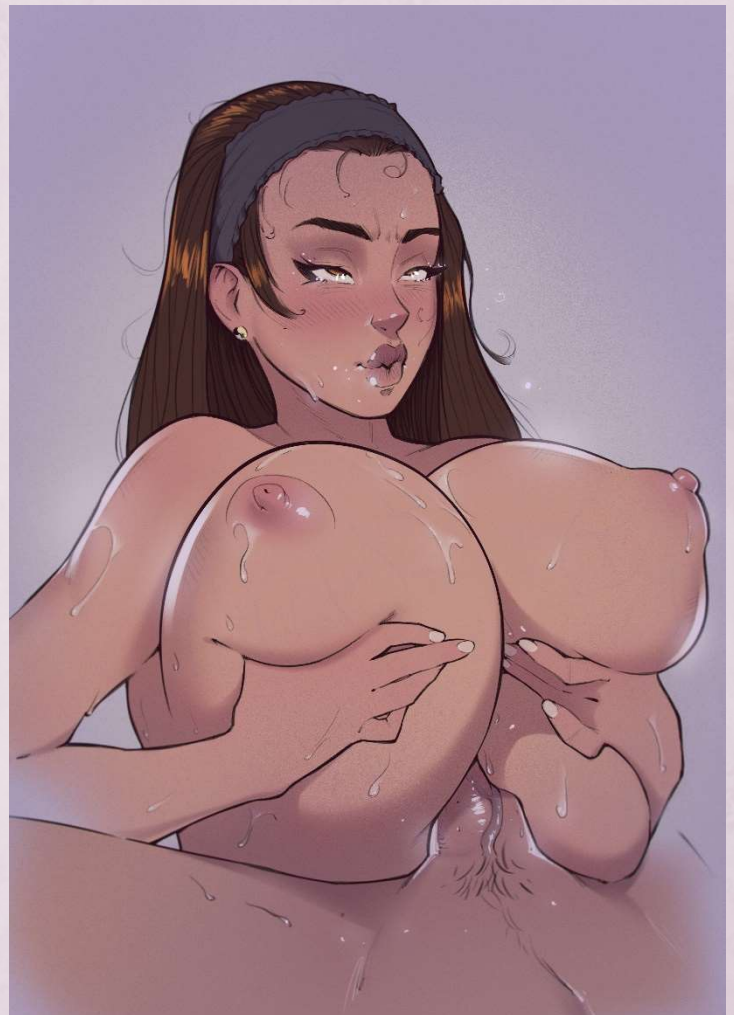
"I love you ... too ... Nicky." Suddenly, Alyson stopped her work, stood up, and pulled Nick roughly from the couch by the hand. "Come on ... we're going to try something." She led him into her bedroom and closed the curtains. She sat him down on the bed and walked out to the bathroom.

"Um ... Alyson ... what's going on? You sort of left me high and dry." Nick sat patiently waiting, his cock standing at attention, bouncing slightly with his pulse.

"If this works, you'll be happy with me. I promise," she called from the bathroom. She found what she was looking for and returned to the bedroom, her hands hidden behind her.

"You are so beautiful." Nick's eyes widened to take in the sight of her tits bouncing and shaking in the gloom. "Can we get a light or something?"

"Yeah, sorry." Alyson moved over to her dresser, lit a candle, and turned to face her brother. Her hands were still behind her back. "I just want you to know, you deserve this."

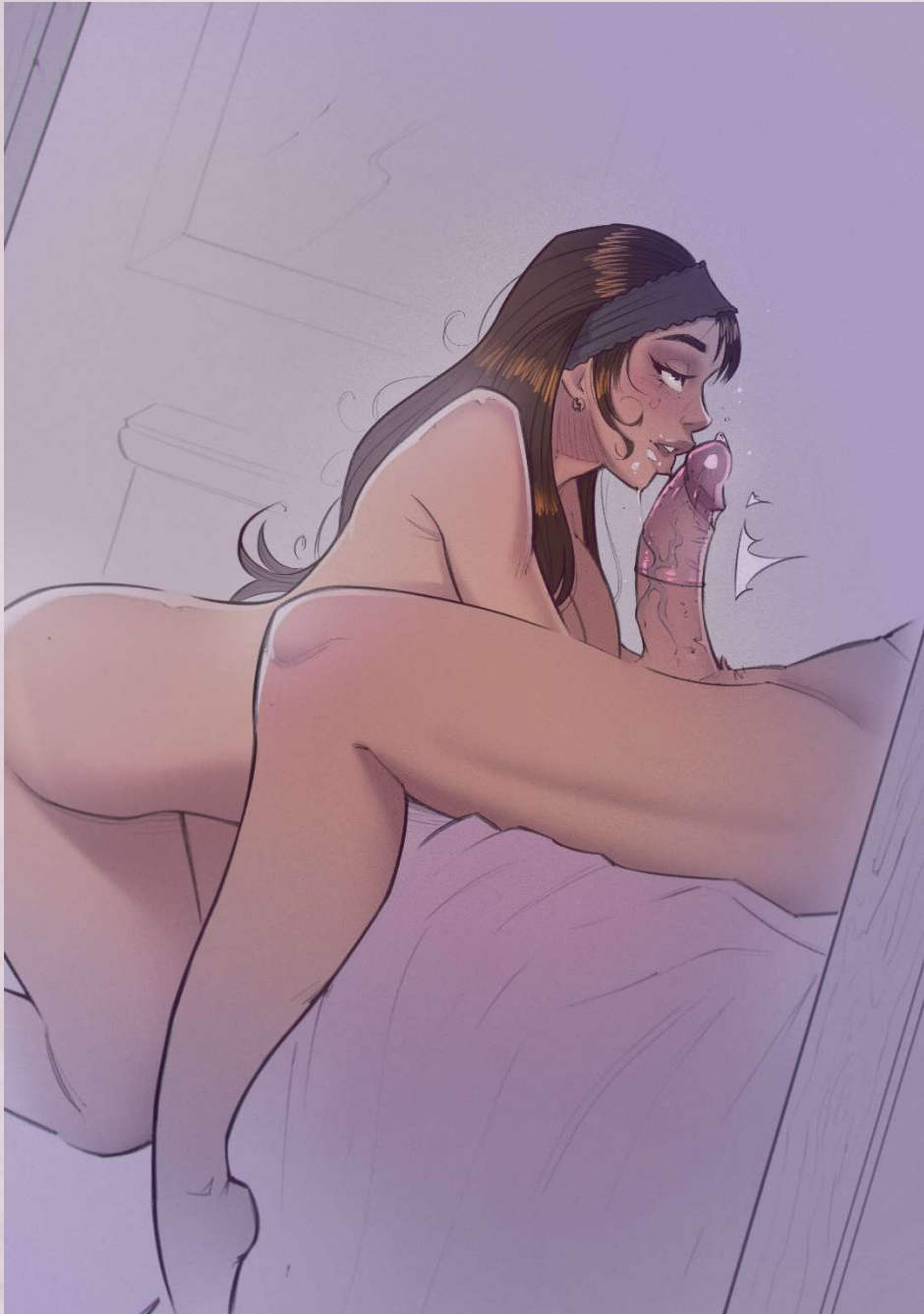


“Deserve what?” Nick raised his eyebrows, genuinely confused. His gaze lifted from his sister’s tits to her sparkling, brown eyes.

“This.” Alyson pulled a foil packet from behind her back and held it up like it was the Holy Grail.

“Um ... wow.” Nick was at a loss for words. Did she really mean it?

“That’s it? All you can say is ‘wow’?” Alyson smiled. She had hoped he’d be tongue-tied.



“When you first saw my dick, you said it was too big, or something like that.”

“Are you trying to talk me out of this?” She put her hands on her bare hips and frowned. “Because that’s what it sounds like.”

“No, let’s do it.” He decided not to mention that this was his first time. He’d never made it this far with Jess.

“You know how to put one of these on?” Alyson tore the foil packet. Her body buzzed with anticipation and fear. She had no idea if she could actually take him but was about to find out.

“I think so.” Nick reached out his hand to take the condom.

Alyson moved over to him and slapped his hand away. “We’re playing with fire here. ‘I think so’ doesn’t cut it.” Her voiced carried some playful sarcasm. She bent down, giving him a good view of her dangling breasts, and slowly rolled the condom onto him. The latex looked thin, straining to hold a size it hadn’t been made for. It only went down about a third of his length. She frowned. “Chris is pretty big, I thought this would fit better.”

“I’m bigger than Chris?” Nick smiled, but she didn’t return the smile.

“My bad. Let’s not talk about him.” She pulled her engagement ring off and set it on her nightstand. A nervous smile returned to her lips when she turned back to Nick. “I’m not sure this will work. But I am sure I want to try. We both deserve something special after all we’ve been through. You with me?”

"I'm with you." Nick nodded and moved to the center of the bed. He guessed she'd want to be on top, so he lay on his back and waited.

"Right. Here we go." She took one last look at the overtaxed condom. "Just to be safe, pull out beforehand, okay?" She crawled onto the bed and mounted him, holding her hips high over him so that his cock had room below her.

"Got it." He reached up and kneaded her breasts. He wasn't sure what he was supposed to be doing, so he focused on her boobs.

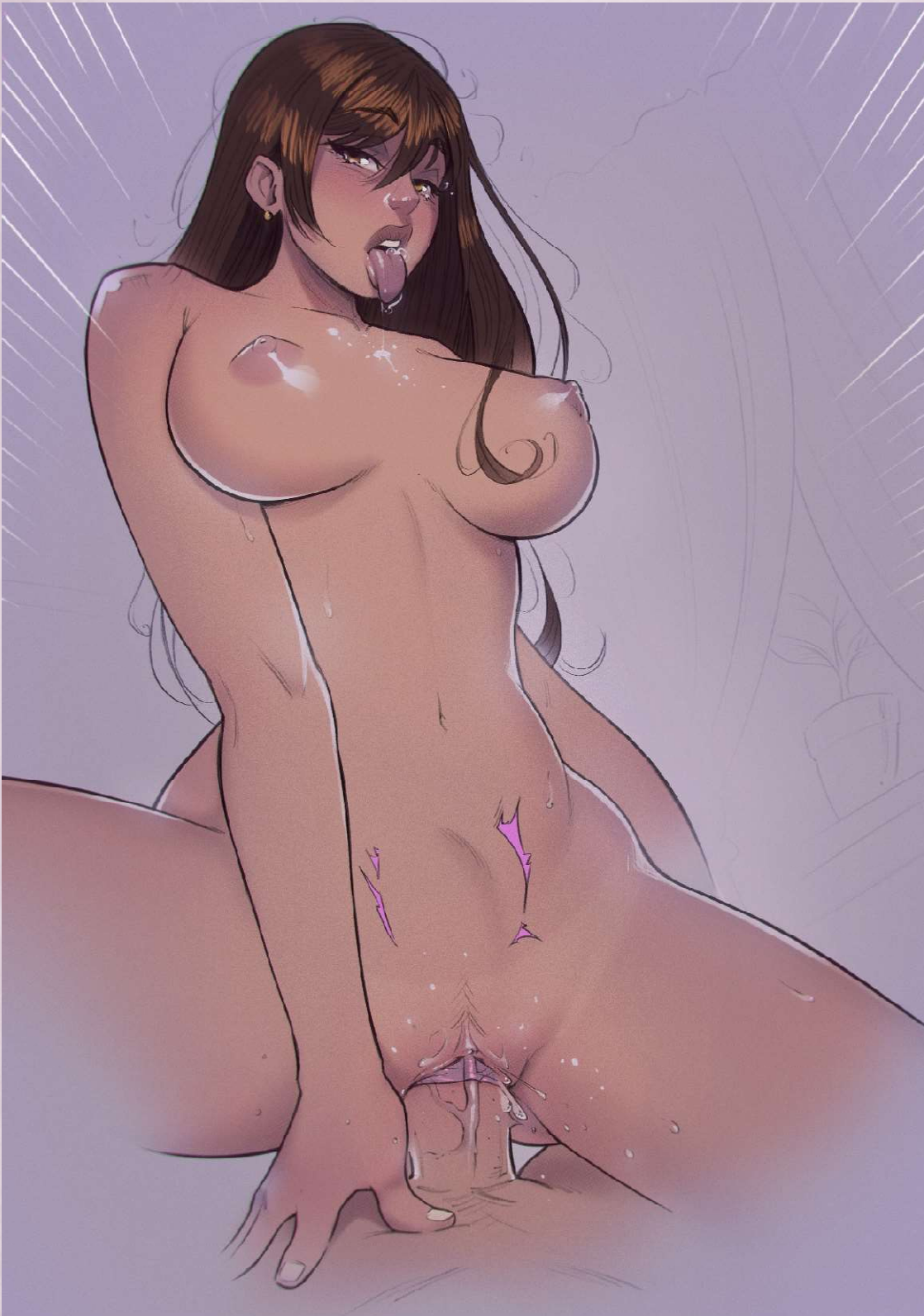
"I'm going to go ... really slow." Alyson reached under her and held his cock. She had no second thoughts. "God ... damn ... you're huuuuuggggee." She lowered her weight and felt him push at her opening. The pain did not surprise her. Her breath became shallow and muscles tensed all over her body. "I don't ... know ... if this will ... work."



Unconsciously, Nick slid his hands down to her hips and applied steady downward pressure. "You're doing ... great ... Alyson. You're perfect. Best ... sister ... ever."

"Uuuugggghhhhhhhhh." Her brother's words increased her determination. He was now really stretching her. Maybe he'd already ruined her pussy for Chris, but she found that she didn't care. Nick and his steadily digging cock were all that mattered. "It's ... ooohhhhhh ... really ... deep."

"Keep ... going." Nick found he couldn't feel much with the condom, so he looked down between her legs. His dick was past the halfway point. He cast his gaze back to her anguished face. She would adjust, wouldn't she?



It took over ten minutes to slide the whole thing in, but finally Alyson sat on her brother with an expression that was equal parts pain and triumph. Her body trembled and her mind felt as stretched and thin as that condom. "How does ... it ... feel?"

"Amazing." Nick was stretching the truth a little. It was amazing to see her sitting on top of him, knowing how deep he was. He could feel her pussy gripping him. But he could tell the condom was dulling his senses. Sex had to be better than what he was getting. He chose not to worry about it and enjoy the way his sister awkwardly began moving her hips on him.

"I think ... ugh ... Enki ... might have ... overdone ... it." Alyson slid up his shaft and back down. "Wait ... wait ... it's ... uh ... uh ... uh ... starting to feel ... good." Her hips sped

up. The sounds of their grunts and her butt smacking his thighs filled the room. "Oohhhhhh ... Nicky ... what are you doing ... to me?"

Something changed. A world of sensations opened up to Nick. The condom didn't seem to bother him anymore. Ecstasy flooded through him. "You're so ... tight ... Alyson."

"Not ... for ...
loooooonnnnnnnngggggggggg."
Her hips stopped and her
body convulsed. Alyson had
enjoyed a very satisfying sex
life for a number of years, but
the feelings deep inside her
were entirely new. She came
hard. "Yeessssssssssssss,"
she hissed. There was very
little pain now. Her hips went
right back to work on the
other side of her orgasm.
"Suck on them ... suck on
them ..." She pushed her
boobs into his face.

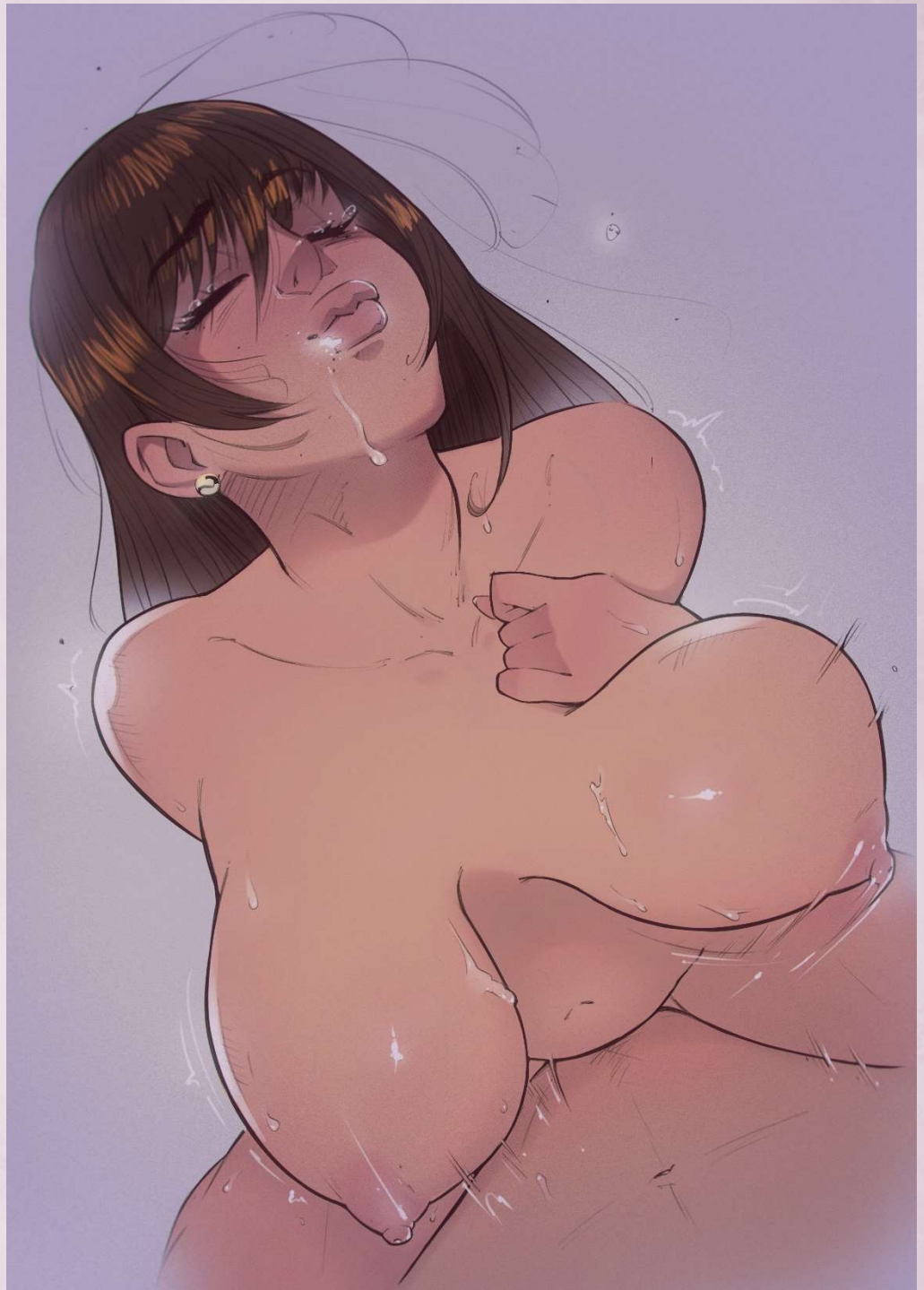
Nick wasn't going to argue.
He drank from her left nipple
while he massaged her right
tit. He listened to her
skyrocket again and felt her
body shudder. After a while
she leaned back, placed her
hands on his thighs, and took
him with long, frenzied
strokes. From that position he
could see what his dick was
doing to her grasping, pink
pussy. He could also see that
the condom was broken. He
looked up past her bounding
breasts. "The ... ah ... ah ... ah
... condom's ... ugh ...
broken."

"Don't ... cum ... in ... me."
She didn't look down at her
brother or slow her hips. There was no time. She was going to cum again. It felt like he was penetrating her
soul. "Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii."

"Okay." Nick thanked his lucky stars that he'd already cum so much that day. His mother didn't know it, but
when she had gotten him off earlier, she had kept her daughter from taking unprotected sperm hours later.
What an odd twist of fate.

"I'm ... getting ... tired." Eventually, Alyson's hips slowed to a stop. She looked down at Nick's happy face. "I
can't believe ... you fit."

"Should we ... stop now?"





“We ... can't stop ... I want to take care of you ... too.” She climbed off him, her eyes bulging at all the white froth. At first, she thought he had cum, but it was all her. That level of cream was new to her, too. She pulled the broken condom off his cock. “We'll try a bigger one ... next time. Have you done it from behind before?” She got on her hands and knees and gazed at him over her shoulder.

“No.” He should probably tell her she'd taken his virginity. But that wasn't the moment for it.

“Okay, I'll help you in.” She reached her hand under her pussy, waiting for him.

“Don't worry, I'll pull out.” He shuffled up behind her. The way her hips and ass flared out from her waist was just about the most alluring thing he'd ever seen. She

was his. She was giving herself to him. He felt her hand take his cockhead and guide him into her pussy.

“Just take hold ... of my hips ... and do ... oooooohhhhhhhh ... your thing.” She let go and her shoulders fell to the mattress. She was too tired to stay up on her arms. “Yeah ... like that ... oohhhhhhhh ... shit ... Nickyyyyyyyyyy.”



They humped without words. Nick's focus was on her rippling ass and his mounting pleasure. "Alyson ... I'm ... gonna ... cum ..."

"Outside," she squeaked but did nothing to dislodge him.

"Aaaaaahhhhhhhhh." Nick pulled himself out and stroked his slick cock. He erupted with a series of grunts, spraying her curving back.

"Yesssss ... yesss ... yessssssssss." Alyson wiggled her butt and clenched the blanket in her fists. This was what they both needed. This was what all those loops had built toward. She was covered in Nick's hot cum. All she could think was how lucky she was that he'd given it all to her. When he finished, she felt him fall to the mattress. She fell on her side facing him. They stared at each other in the candlelight, huffing and puffing.

"Does it ... hurt?" Nick couldn't help but worry for her.

"A little." Alyson gave him a reassuring smile. "But it also

feels ... amazing." Her panting subsided. She could feel his cum running sideways down her back toward the blanket. "Nick?"

"Yeah?"

"Was that your first time?" Alyson bit her lip.

"Yeah."

"Oh." She wasn't sure how she felt about that. She'd been sure he and Jess had done it. "How was it?"

“Perfect.” He scooted closer to her and kissed her. She responded eagerly. They made out for a little while until he pulled back. “You said you wanted to do something special. Well, this was fucking exceptional.” He could smell the pungent, tropical scent of his cum on her. He thought back to the way she’d wiggled under him, accepting his seed. “I couldn’t be happier. But I am a little sleepy.” He nuzzled his face into her breasts and sighed.

“Me too.” She ran her fingers through his hair. “By the way,” she mumbled. “That’s what exultation feels like.” They fell asleep like that, covered in sweat and cum, on top of the blankets. That was the end of Friday.

