

ENKI'S PUZZLE



CHAPTER 18

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Enki's Puzzle 18

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Written by RawlyRawls

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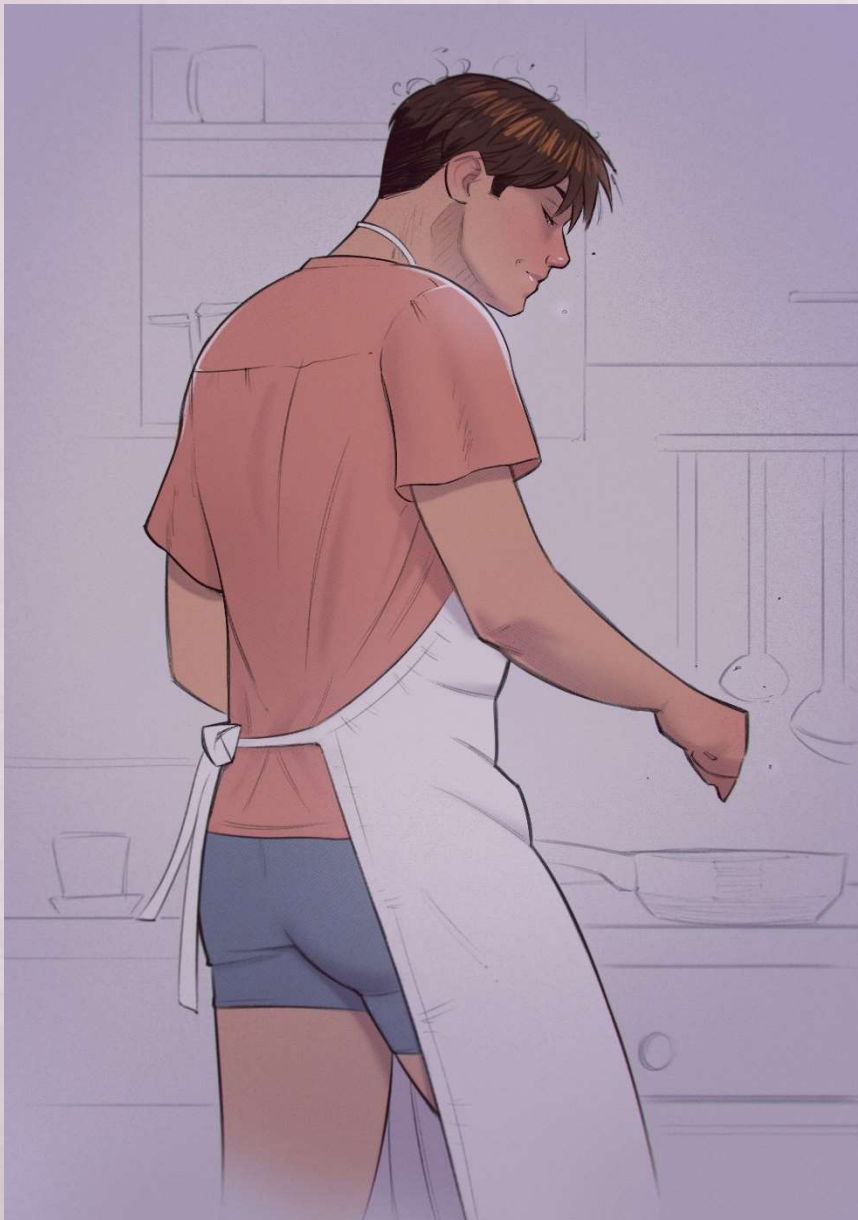
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The smell of sizzling bacon pulled Alyson from her dreams. Her eyes fluttered open. She was alone in a messy bed. The covers were half on the floor, and she could only find one pillow. It looked like she'd had a fight. No ... not a fight. She rolled onto her back. Her brain, slow to start the day, tried to process the information before her. Chris hardly ever woke up first and never made breakfast. What a nice surprise. She looked over at her nightstand and saw her engagement ring. She reached for it, and found that she was sore everywhere, even her pussy. Especially her pussy. The night before came rushing back to her.

Was it real? Had she actually taken her brother's virginity? Outside the open door, she could hear someone moving around her kitchen humming to himself. There was one way to find out if she'd dreamt the night before. "Nick? That you?"

"Who else would it be?" Nick called through the apartment.

"Holy shit." Alyson whispered. She took her pillow, stuffed it over her face, and screamed. She had no idea how to feel about anything. Her eighteen-year-old brother had been inside her. Without a condom. It had been amazing. And ... more than a little insane. Her heart fluttered. She screamed into the pillow again.



"Did you say something, Alyson?" Nick's voice echoed into her room.

Alyson removed the pillow, slipped her engagement ring back on, and dragged herself out of bed. "No. I didn't say anything. I'm getting up." She pulled on one of Chris's oversized shirts and a fresh pair of panties. Walking wasn't easy, each step a painful reminder of what she'd done the night before. "This is what the day after feels like," she whispered to herself. "No more loops." She looked for her phone and then remembered Nick had put it in her purse when Chris kept texting. She groaned, chewing on her lip. "You cheated on Chris. You're such a slut, Alyson."

"What's that?" Nick poked his head through the doorway, smiling.

"Nothing." Seeing his face put Alyson at ease. Her worries melted away. "I can't believe we did that." A big, stupid grin spread across her face.

"Me neither." Nick moved the spatula in his hand like he was spanking an ass in front of him. They both laughed. "Now I see what all the fuss is about. Sex is just about the best thing ever, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is." Alyson gingerly walked over to him and kissed him on the cheek. "You know how to make breakfast now?"

"Mom taught me lots of new things in the loops." Nick made a silly face at her and turned back to the kitchen. "Come on, breakfast is ready."

"Where did you even get bacon?" She followed him into the kitchen. Her little round table was set with a tablecloth and a vase of flowers. "And flowers?"

"I walked to the store this morning. I thought you might like it." He paused and glanced at his sister. "Don't look at me like that. It's not that big a deal. I didn't have any money, so I used yours."

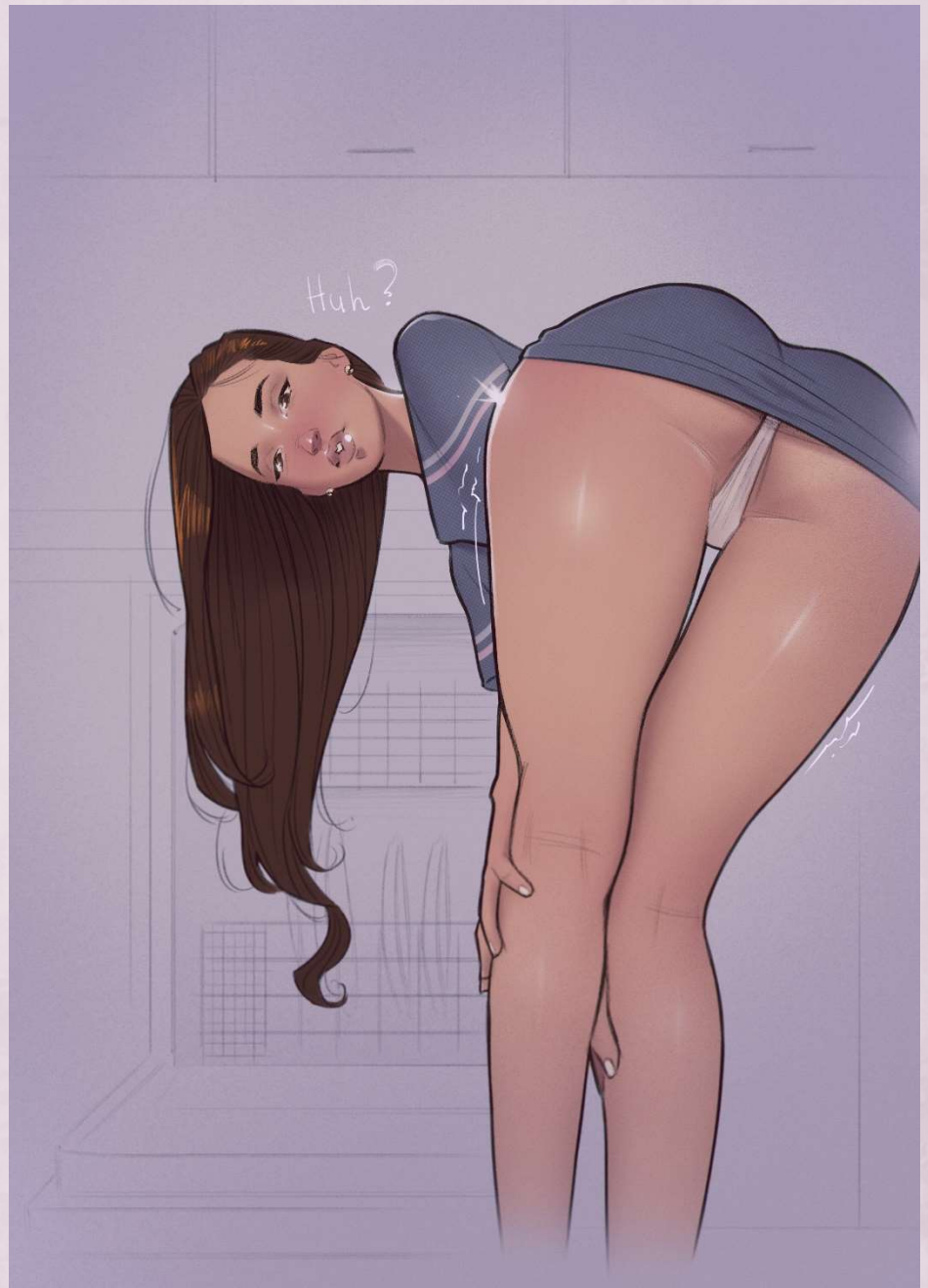
The grin didn't leave her face. "There was a time when I would have been furious that you spent my money without asking."

"Lucky for me Enki came along." Nick pulled out a chair for her and served breakfast. He didn't mention that he'd spotted Chris sleeping in his car a half-block from the apartment. Or how gratifying it had been to witness his slumped form in the backseat after the night Nick had inside Alyson's apartment. And ... well ... inside Alyson. It served that asshole right. Nick smiled at his sister and sat down. He watched her delicately put a forkful of hash browns into her mouth. "What do you think?"

"Oh, it's delicious." She took another bite and another. "You're a good cook, Nicky."

"Thank you." Nick felt warm and fuzzy all over.

They found themselves to be ravenous and ate in silence for a while. Each sibling had multiple helpings. When they finished, they cleared the table together. Alyson bent over to load the dishwasher. She didn't think about how that exposed her butt until she felt his hands work under the elastic of her panties and take handfuls of each cheek. "What are you doing, Nicky?" She stayed bent over for him.



"I just can't believe I get to touch something so perfect." He kneaded her supple flesh.

"What about Mom? You touched her butt, too."

"I can't believe that either." He pulled her shirt onto her back to get a view of the flair from her waist out to her butt. It was every bit as alluring as he remembered.

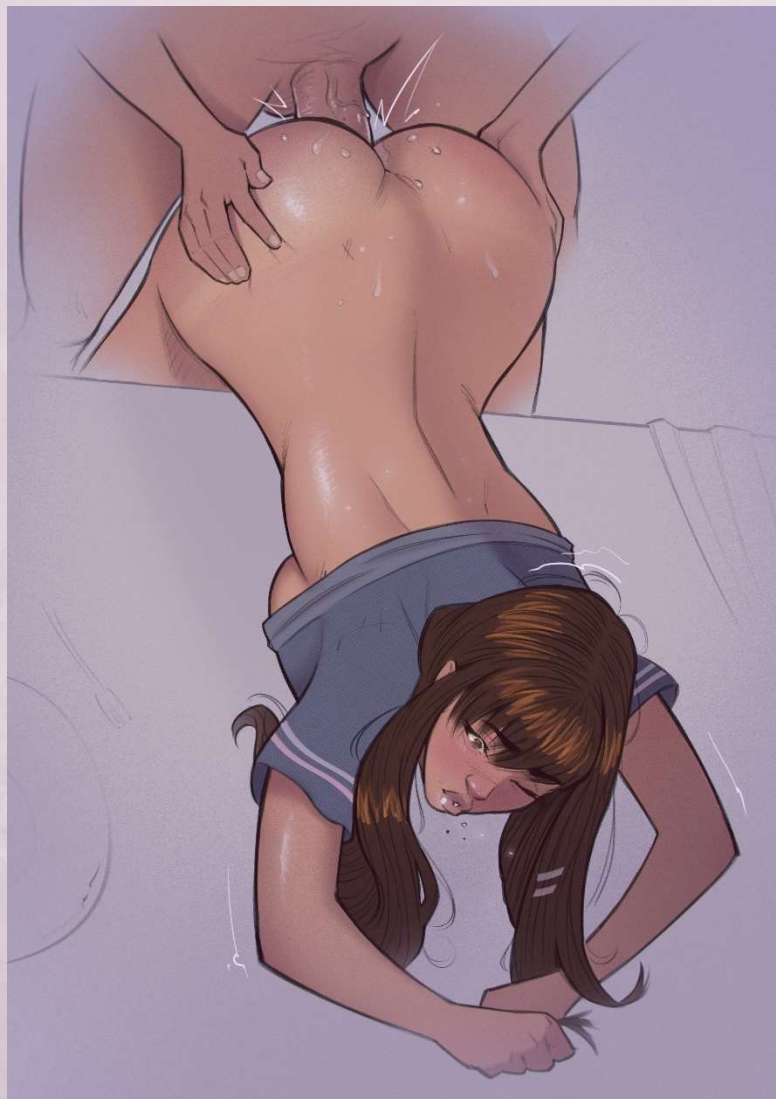
"This is so weird, isn't it?"

"Shh. Quiet, Alyson." He pulled her panties down and maneuvered her so that her hands were on the countertop. "I'm reading the room." He pulled down his boxers. His cock slapped her ass with a heavy thump. He could see the anticipation on her face in a warped reflection off the backsplash tiles.

"Okay ... but go slow." She shivered as his cock slid over her ass. "Do you think you know how to ... uuuuuuhhhhhhhh ... get it in ... oooohhhhhhhhhh ... fast ... learner." It hurt, but not enough for her to make him stop. She remembered the joy from the night before and willed her body to adjust to him again.

"Are you okay?" He could see her tensing up like he'd shocked her.

"Just ... sore ... keep ... going." Alyson pushed back at her brother. He filled her inch by inch. Whenever she was sure he was all the way in, he'd sink a little more. "Uuuuhhhgggggg ... God ... you're ... ugh ... in my ... belly ... Nicky." Finally, his heavy balls came to rest on the back of her thighs. They stood like that for a



while, brother joined to sister. Alyson grunted and Nick panted. "Are you going ... to ... ugh ... start ... or what?" Alyson wiggled her butt into his hips. The pain ebbed. She was still sore, but pleasure surged through her.

"Are you ... ready?" He gripped her hips. Without waiting for his sister to respond, he pulled his dick almost all the way out of her, and slammed back in. He did it again and again. She sounded like she was sobbing. "Should ... I stop?"

"Oh God ... no. Don't stop ... it's good ... Nicky ... really ... really ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." Alyson's scream was high and operatic. She didn't care what the neighbors would think. She came hard, her pussy clutching his fat girth. He humped her right through her climax. She came out the other side, gripping the counter and gritting her teeth. "You're turning me ... inside ... uh ... uh ... uh ... out." She absorbed the shock of each thrust, wishing he would grab her hair. But he was a newbie. He didn't know.

"I wish you ... could see ... ah ... ah ... ah ... what this looks like ... Alyson." He stared down at the froth on his cock and the tight pink envelope of her pussy. Her rippling ass mesmerized him.

"Me ... too ... Nicky ... ooooohhhhhhhhhh." She came again. The pain hadn't completely left her like it had the night before, but it seemed to be adding to her pleasure.

Nick humped next to the open dishwasher for a long time. He had slept in her bed. He had shared a wonderful breakfast with her. And now she had given herself to him again. Whatever the post-loop world had in store for him, he was ready. "Bring ... it ... ugh." He addressed that sentiment to both Enki and the world at large.

"I'm ... bringing it ... Nicky." Alyson pushed back harder on him, squealing and gasping. When he announced a little later that he was about to cum, she didn't even think to tell him to pull out. Thankfully, her brother had a solid head on his shoulders. For the second time, he came all over her back, soaking Chris's shirt in the process.

"Wow ... that was ... amazing." Nick whacked her pale ass with his softening dick. "Hey ... is that Chris's shirt?" When she nodded, he didn't say anything more about it. But spoiling Chris's stuff gave Nick an extra endorphin shot.

Alyson carefully took off the shirt and used it to mop up the exposed part of her back and ass. She straightened, kissed her brother on the cheek, and gingerly headed for the bathroom. "I'm going to take a shower."

"We could shower together." He pulled up his boxers.

"No more sex today, Nicky. You're going to break me." She smiled at him and disappeared into the bathroom.

Nick sighed and finished cleaning up.

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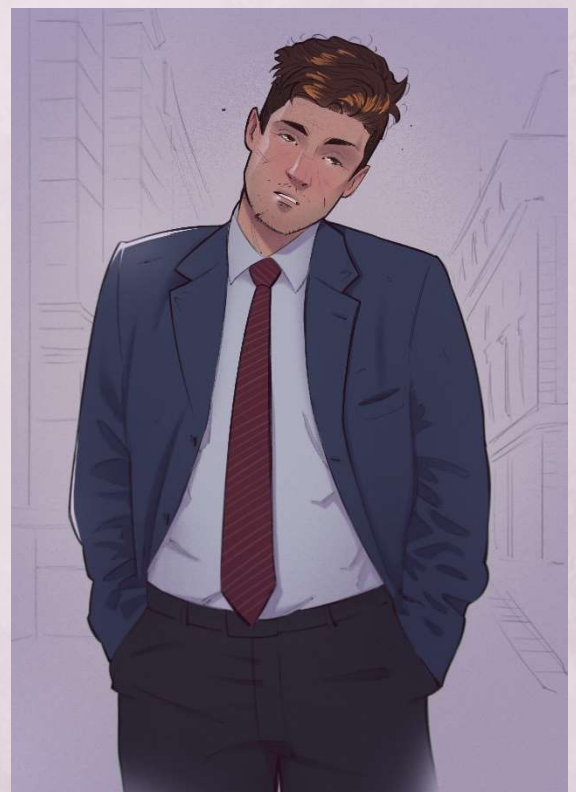
The siblings left the apartment around ten in the morning, leaving plenty of time for Nick to go home and get ready for the game. They were joking and laughing when they stepped on the sidewalk. Their laughter died when they saw who was waiting for them.

"I'm sorry, Alyson." Chris looked terrible. His clothes were wrinkled, his eyes were red-rimmed, and his hair was a mess. "I've been doing some real soul-searching this morning. And I'm sorry."

Alyson stopped about five feet away from her fiancé. She kept Nick behind her. "You're sorry, and ...?"

"I promise to treat you better." Chris smiled when he sensed an opening. He could tell she'd forgive him. "I've been a jerk about some things lately. There's been pressure from the faculty chair. I've been riding you hard."

Nick snickered at that.



“Shh, Nicky.” Alyson put a hand on her brother’s shoulder. Her heart beat faster. Nick wouldn’t actually tell Chris what had happened, would he? She turned to him and held out her keys. “Why don’t you drive yourself home? Chris and I need to talk.”

“What? No ... I’ll drive home with you.” Nick glanced back and forth between his sister and Chris. Red-hot jealousy seized him. The old Nick would have had an outburst, but he kept his mouth shut.

“Go home, Nick.” Alyson pushed the keys against his chest. “Chris will drive me home later and I’ll pick up the car.” She looked at her fiancé, and he nodded. She turned a searching gaze back to her brother. “Please, Nick?”

“Okay.” Nick took the keys. “I’ll see you at home.” He could see Chris smirking at him from behind Alyson. Nick turned and quickly walked away before saying anything he would regret. He got in the car and drove off without even looking in their direction.

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The spin move was one of Nick’s favorites. He lost the defender with it and streaked down the sideline, dribbling the ball. This was the corner of the field where his mom stood cheering for him. Not many people showed up to high school soccer games, so he could hear her clearly.

“Goooooo ... Nicky ... yyyaaaaayyyyyy!!!” Kate jumped up and down, realized she was bouncing too much even with her oversized sweater, and settled for clapping wildly instead. She watched her son’s powerful leg muscles propel him over the green, the soccer ball just ahead of him. She hadn’t been to one of his games in so long that she didn’t know what an excellent player he’d become. What a thrill.



A defender cut over to intercept. Nick would usually go into an extra gear to beat the defender to the penalty box, but he hadn’t played a game with so much junk between his legs. His jockstrap barely held everything. He wasn’t as fast as he used to be.

“Go ... Nick ... go ... Nick ...” A group of girls some twenty feet past his mother were chanting Nick’s name.

Nick looked over and saw that it was Maggie Chalmers and her friends. What was even happening? They had never been to a game before. A bit dazed, Nick tried to cut inside the closing defender, but he missed his angle and went flipping over a slide tackle. Nick sprawled out on the grass and lifted his head to watch the defender pop up with the ball and send it back the other way.

Maggie and the other girls kept on clapping and cheering. His mother now had her hands pressed to her face and her shoulders tensed; the elemental posture of a mother who just watched her child eat turf. Nick waved to show her he was okay, got back to his feet, and jogged back toward midfield.

After the game, Nick hung his head and walked over to his mother in his grass-stained uniform. They had lost four to one. There were several plays he could have made differently. But he wouldn't get the chance to fix things on the next today. He sighed and looked up. Chris and Alyson were standing next to his mother. Chris had his arm protectively around Alyson's shoulders. Nick's own shoulders knotted up.

"I'm sorry I missed the game, Nicky. Chris and I had some stuff to talk about." Alyson gave Nick a look of warning. He was not to mess with Chris in any way. "How'd it go?"

"We lost." Nick stopped a few feet from them.

"But Nicky played really well." Kate beamed at her son. "I'm so proud of you, Nick."

"Thanks, Mom."

"Anyway, I'm taking Alyson out to Zeitgeist tonight." Chris eyed the field like it was personally wasting his time. "We have to get going or we'll miss our reservation."

"Oh, Zeitgeist. That's fancy." Kate smiled. "Have fun, you two."

"I already picked up my car at the house, Nick. Thanks for understanding." Alyson offered him an apologetic smile.

"Sure." Nick felt the less said the better. They exchanged goodbyes and Chris and Alyson walked off arm-in-arm.

"Let's go get you a shower." Kate rubbed Nick's back. The hard muscles under his uniform made her squirm a little. She blushed. "You played great today."

"Sure, Mom. Thanks." He was still seething about Chris, so he didn't notice Maggie approach them.

"Hey, Nick. Good game out there." Maggie gave him her thousand-watt smile and waved. "We had fun watching you guys play."

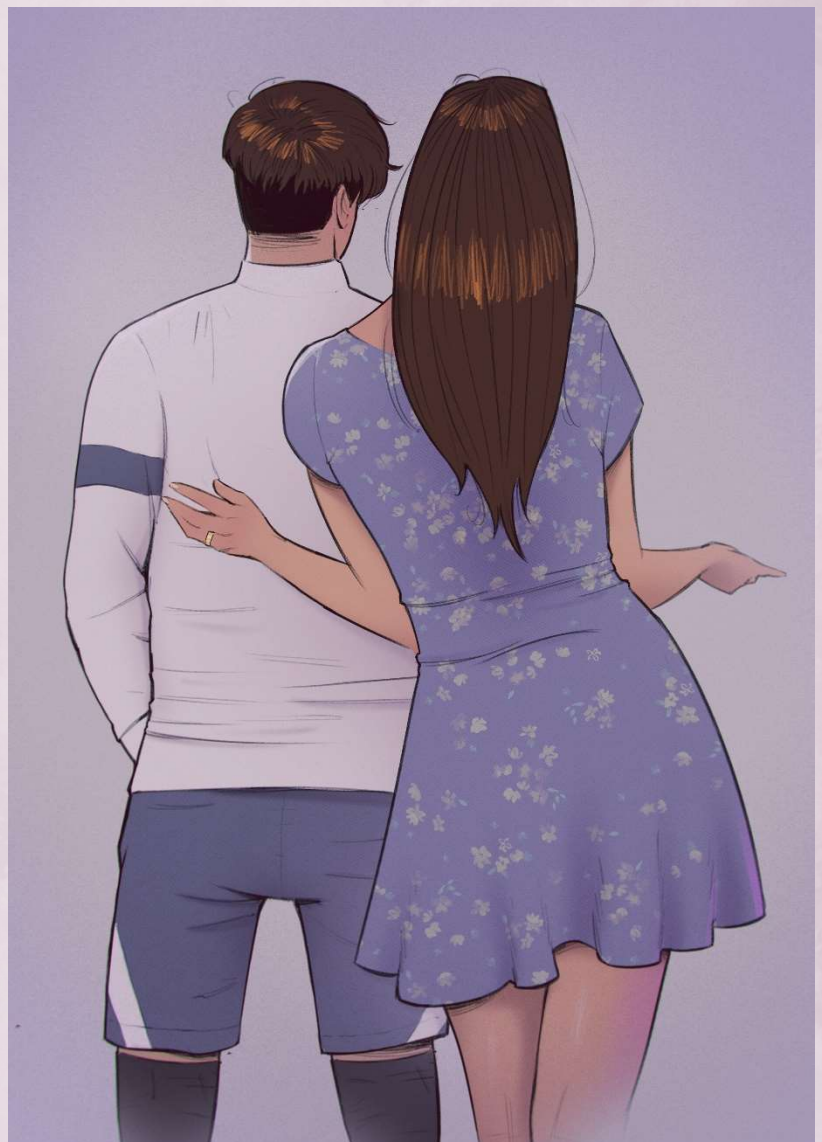
"Um ... thanks, Maggie." Nick stood there like a dummy.

"Okay, well, see you on Monday, I guess." Maggie gave him one more wave and turned to walk toward her friends.

Kate rolled her eyes. "Go talk to her, Nicky," she whispered.

"Mom." Nick was suddenly feeling flustered. Too many things were happening at once.

"Don't 'Mom' me, go talk to her, mister." Kate gave his perfectly sculpted back a shove.



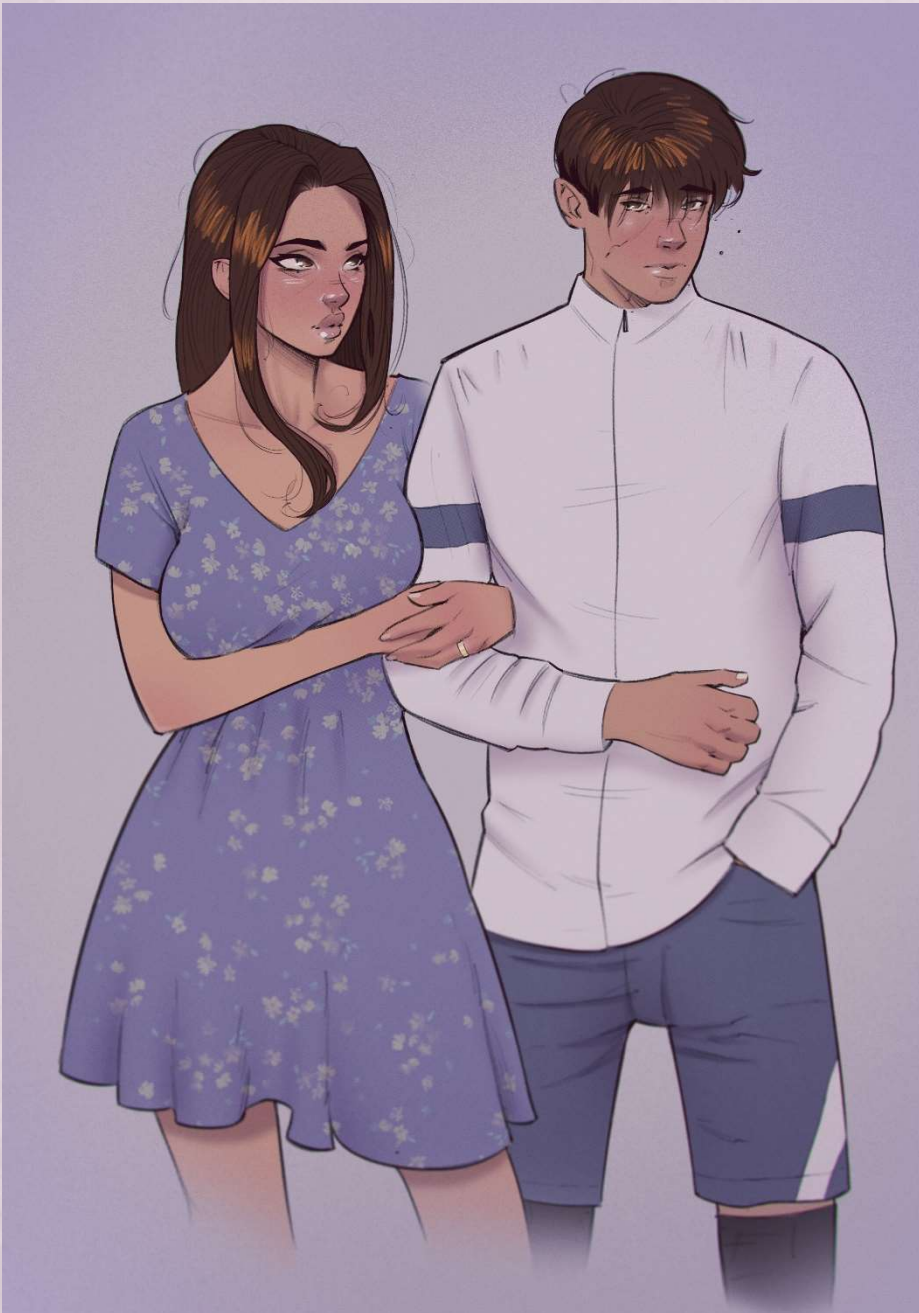
Nick jogged over to Maggie. "Hey ... Maggie ... I'm sorry I missed the party last night."

"Oh, that's okay." Maggie turned back toward him.

They made awkward small talk for a few minutes, and then said their goodbyes. Nick jogged back to his mother.

"Was that so bad?" Kate couldn't suppress a smile. From Maggie's body language, it was obvious the young woman was interested in her son.

"Not so bad." It had actually sort of cheered him up to talk to Maggie. "Let's go home."



"Okay, sweetie." Kate walked with her son to their minivan.

On the ride home, silence filled the air. Kate looked over at Nick. "Are you upset about the game, Nicky?"

"No." Nick shook his head. He told her about running into Chris the night before, how drunk he'd been, and how he'd used the c-word. He didn't tell his mother what had happened later that night.

The c-word! Kate was scandalized. "I can see why you're worried about your sister." She nodded her head, thinking. "Men can sometimes do that sort of thing, especially when they've been drinking."

"They shouldn't, Mom."

"You're probably right." She bit her lip. "And I know you never would. It was lucky you were there for your sister when that happened."

"Yeah."

"I'm just thinking ..." Kate continued to bite her lip. "You're obviously upset about what happened. And I'd like to help you feel better. What can I do to turn this day around for you?" She glanced at him hopefully.

"You want to hang out when we get home?" Suddenly, things didn't seem so dire. Nick took a deep breath.

Kate changed course, turning the car down a side street. "Your father's home right now. So, we can't really ... hang there." A smile threatened to spread on her lips. "But what if we hung out for a while ... in the car?"

"Really?" Nick couldn't believe his luck. "But won't someone see us?"

"I may or may not have been thinking about this for a few days, sweetie." Kate giggled. She couldn't help it. "No one goes near the old Hollywood Video store. The parking lot behind it should work well." In a few minutes, she parked the minivan in the back of the weed-filled parking lot. She switched off the engine and turned toward her son. "You look so handsome in your soccer outfit." She brushed his hair off his forehead.

"It's a uniform, Mom. Not an outfit." The anticipation built for Nick. His cock was painfully confined by the cup. He tried to adjust it casually.

Kate leaned in toward his face but didn't kiss him. She inhaled deeply. "And I love the way you smell."

"That's sweat." Nick wasn't totally sure what she was doing. Was this another fantasy of hers? He gave her room to go with it.



"Yes, sweat and grass. It smells so ... manly." She closed her eyes and inhaled again. She slowly exhaled, smiling. Her eyes opened, half-lidded. "Speaking of manly ... um ... shall I reward you for your game?" She pulled down his shorts and stared at the top of his penis sticking out from underneath the cup.

"We lost today. I'm not sure I deserve a reward." Nick was now sure she was living out some fantasy.

"I'm rewarding your effort, Nicky." She pulled the athletic supporter down his thighs. "There it is." Kate caressed his penis, feeling the protruding veins with her fingertips. "This is so beautiful, sweetie. You're a very lucky young man."

"Thanks ... Mom." Nick leaned back in his seat and looked around the parking lot. There was no need to worry. His mom was right, no one came back there. "Wow ... Mom ... that feels ... really good." He put a hand on her head as her warm mouth enveloped his dick. She steadily pushed down until her nose hit his pelvis, and then she started her familiar long strokes. Now that Nick had experienced sex, he could safely say that this was a very close second.

"Mmmpppphhhhhhh." Kate's breathing

whistled through her nose. The musky scent of her post-game man drove her wild. All fear about her changing body had been washed away by the deluge of pleasure she'd found with Nick. It was a blessing that she could take him all the way down her throat and a blessing that he was equipped to fill it. She reached under her dress and rubbed herself through her panties as he groaned above her.

The minivan rocked gently in the parking lot. The sun fell toward the horizon. Nick got close. His mind had only enough room for the perfect blowjob. He wasn't thinking about Alyson, Chris, the game, Maggie, Enki, or anything else. "I'm going to ... cum ... Mom." He knew she didn't like the word, but she only hummed with joy around his dick. He pushed on her head with one hand and reached down for her ass with the other. Even under her dress, the round expanse of her butt drew him. He squeezed her left cheek.

"Hhhhhhhmmmmmmmmmm." Kate was near her own orgasm, too. Her hips hunched again and again, her hand rubbing her vagina fiercely. Her panties were saturated. She regretted the decision not to take them off. A sudden thought hit her. What was she going to do with all the sperm? Nick made so much, and if she let him spray like she usually did, the car would smell like teenage sperm for days. She was always such a planner, but this was all spur of the moment. She made up her mind to swallow it all. She would have to.

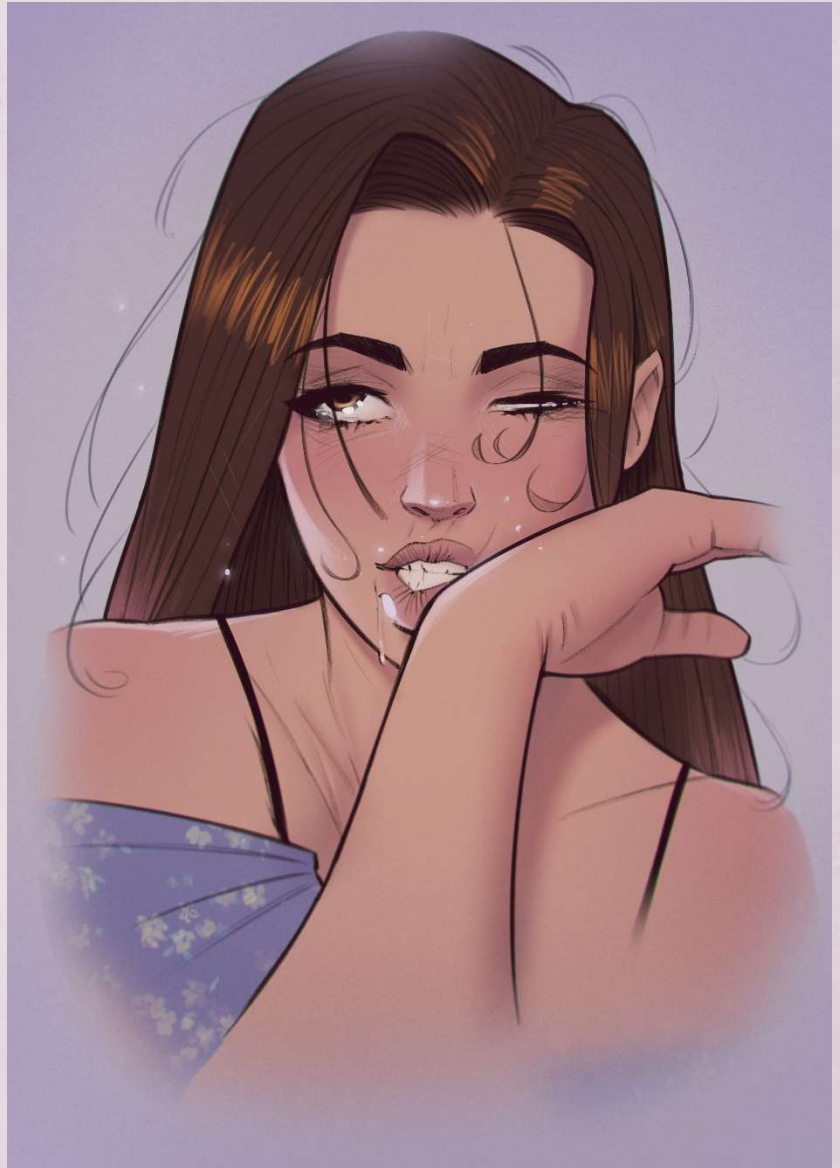
"Mmmmmpppppppphhhhmmmmmmmmmm." She moaned her encouragement. She was ready.

"Oohhhhhh ... Mooooommmmmmmmmmm ... uuuggghhhhhhhhhhh." Nick shuddered when he released. He could hear her gulping his cum. The sound sent him to new heights.

Kate felt like she was swallowing a gallon of sperm. How did he play soccer with all that stuff weighing him down? Eventually, the flood receded and stopped. The pride she felt at neatly drinking all of it sent her over the edge. She had her own trembling orgasm bent over in the front seat, her mouth still around his massive penis. When it was over, she removed her mouth from him and sat up, wiping her lips with the back of her hand. She then held her belly. She could feel the warmth of his sperm spreading in her stomach. "I wasn't planning ... to do ... that," she panted. "Should we go ... home ... now? Want to help me ... make dinner?"

"Not yet." Nick eyed the swell of her breasts. Her oversized sweater did only a passable job at concealing their size. "After the game ... and the blowjob, I'm really thirsty ... and hungry."

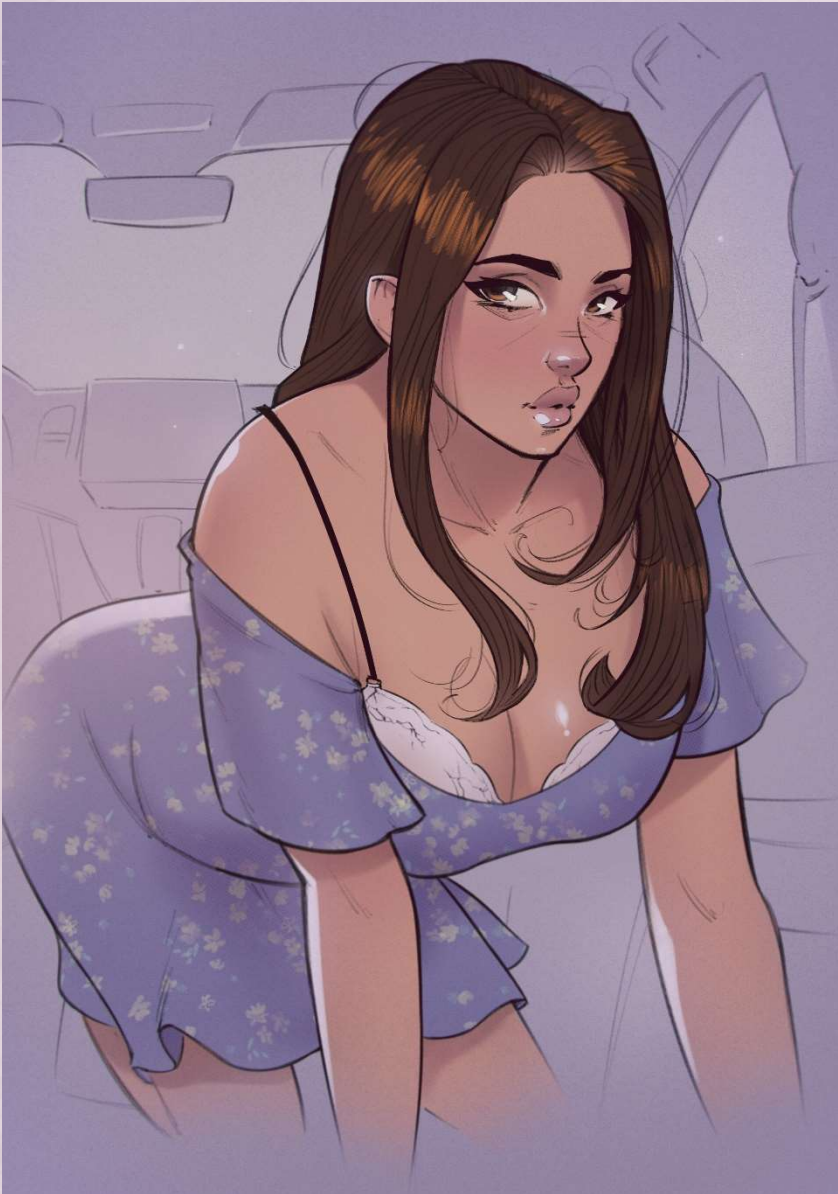
"Don't be ... crude, Nick." Kate pulled the sweater over her head. "Don't use the word 'blowjob.'" She lowered her dress and her boobs dropped out into the open. She still didn't have any bras that fit, so it was easy access for the time being. "Come here." She cradled his head as he leaned into her lap. She hunched forward a little, so he could rest while he drank. There wasn't much room to maneuver with the steering wheel where it was, but there was enough. She sighed when his lips found her nipple. "Yes ... that feels good ... Nicky." She stroked his hair and let him drink as light faded from the sky.



Nick wanted to drown in the warm, dulcet flavors of his mother. But he wanted other things, too. He pulled off her nipple and looked up into her soft face. "I know we're late, but would you like to get into the back with me?"

"I don't know ..." She watched him pull his shorts and cup all the way off. He took off his cleats. She wondered at how strong and ridiculous he looked climbing into the backseat with his socks, shin pads, and uniform top still on. She resisted the urge to smack his tight, pale butt.

"We won't be that much longer." Nick looked deep into her eyes. "And I'm still feeling bad about what happened last night."



"That wouldn't have happened if you'd gone to the party." She looked back at him. Nick sat in the first row of seats, his penis pointing a little to the left as it bobbed with his pulse. "And maybe you'd be with Maggie Chalmers right now instead of me."

"Thee Maggie Chalmers?" Nick smiled. "Why does everyone have such a hard-on for her?"

"I don't have a hard-on for her." Kate, her boobs still free, climbed into the backseat. "But she is very smart, charming, and pretty. And her parents are great people." If it was awkward for Nick to climb in back, it certainly was for Kate. But she managed it. She sat next to Nick and ran her hand along his thigh. "But Maggie isn't here right now, is she?"

"No, she's not."

"Can I kiss you, sweetie?" Kate looked at him a little abashed. "I know I just swallowed all your stuff, so I understand if ... mmmpppphhhh." She relaxed into the kiss. Teenagers these days didn't have the hang-ups of the generation before. Fred would never have kissed her after she'd had her mouth on his penis. Their tongues entwined, Nick's hand went to her boob, and her hand curled in his hair. They made

out for a while. Night settled around them. In the front, Kate's phone beeped. After a few minutes, it beeped again. She broke the kiss. "That's probably your father wondering where we are." She leaned her top half into the front and reached for her purse.

Nick couldn't help himself. Her ass was right in front of him. He lifted her dress and kissed her left cheek and then her right.

“Yes ... cum ... yes ... cum ...” Kate was vaguely aware that she was using naughty words. That thought sharpened her mind just enough for her to consider the disaster if he erupted all over her backside and the minivan. “Wait ... wait.” Kate turned around, fell to her knees on the floor, and lowered her mouth onto his penis. When he exploded, she swallowed everything again. The minivan and her dress were spared.



They took a while to collect themselves. Eventually, they dressed, got back in front, and Kate started the minivan. They drove home in silence, both smiling broadly. Kate hoped that her husband wouldn't mind that they'd completely missed dinner. She found she wasn't hungry after all that Nick had fed her.

