

ENKI'S PUZZLE



CHAPTER 19

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Enki's Puzzle 19

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The apprehension in the minivan as they drove home was palpable. Kate parked in the garage and turned toward her son. She smiled, as much to reassure herself as him. "We probably shouldn't have missed dinner, but I don't regret hanging out with you, sweetie." She ran her fingertips across his cheek.

"He's going to be mad, isn't he?" Nick knew the answer, but wanted her to tell him he was wrong.



"Well, we did miss dinner. Usually I cook for him, so ..." Kate shrugged her shoulders. She got out of the car.

"Usually we cook together." Nick got out, too, and followed her toward the door.

"I do love cooking with you, Nick." Her smile flickered like a flame about to go out. "We've shared so many wonderful things." She inhaled, opened the door, and stepped inside.

Fred waited for them in the kitchen, an open pizza box on the table in front of him. Anyone who knew the man, could see a storm was brewing. Kate and Nick certainly knew him well.

"Sorry we're late, Dad. I just had a rough night last night and Mom was -"

"Are you two hungry?" Fred cut off his son and waved at the half-eaten pizza.

"We ate while we were out." Kate was telling a half-truth.

"If you want a slice, take it up to your room." Fred glanced at his son. "Your mom and I have to talk."

"If you'd let me explain, Dad." Nick balled his hands into fists, his shoulders tensed. "You see, Chris showed up -"

"It's okay, Nicky." It was Kate's turn to cut him off. "You're a bit ripe from the game. Go take a shower and relax. I'll check in on you in a little while."

Nick dropped his cleats by the door and slowly walked upstairs. He could hear his parents' raised voices. He was in a such a state that he didn't notice the large tree in the middle of his room until he bumped into it. Startled, he stopped, blinked, and took a step back. The tree had a face, arms, and a dangling, twiggy cock.

"You have no dog." Enki blinked slowly down at Nick. A scowl spread across his leafy face.

"What?"

“Those creatures that have so tamed humanity that you follow them around with bags for their shit. You are familiar with these animals?” Enki cocked his head at Nick.

“Yes.” Nick could still hear his parents shouting downstairs. This was a terrible time for the god to show up babbling nonsense. A revelation hit him. He had become so inured to insanity working its way into his life that this god was an annoyance more than anything else. He took a deep breath. Despite what was happening downstairs, he needed to tread carefully with Enki and treat the situation with respect. “Yes, I know about dogs.”

“Dogs are a clever species. They have outmaneuvered their ancestors. When I made the rivers run with life, their population was small. Now dogs number some nine hundred million and wolves only two hundred thousand.” Enki scratched his lichen hair. “And your family does not harbor one of these clever animals?”

“We don’t have a dog.” Nick nodded. “I’m really grateful for all that you’ve done for me. Did you need something, or is this just a friendly visit?” He heard the familiar two-tone call and saw Chirpee hopping on the windowsill.

“If you do not provide for a dog, how can one have eaten your homework?” Enki held out his hands, palm up. Sprigs and leaves shot out all over his arms.

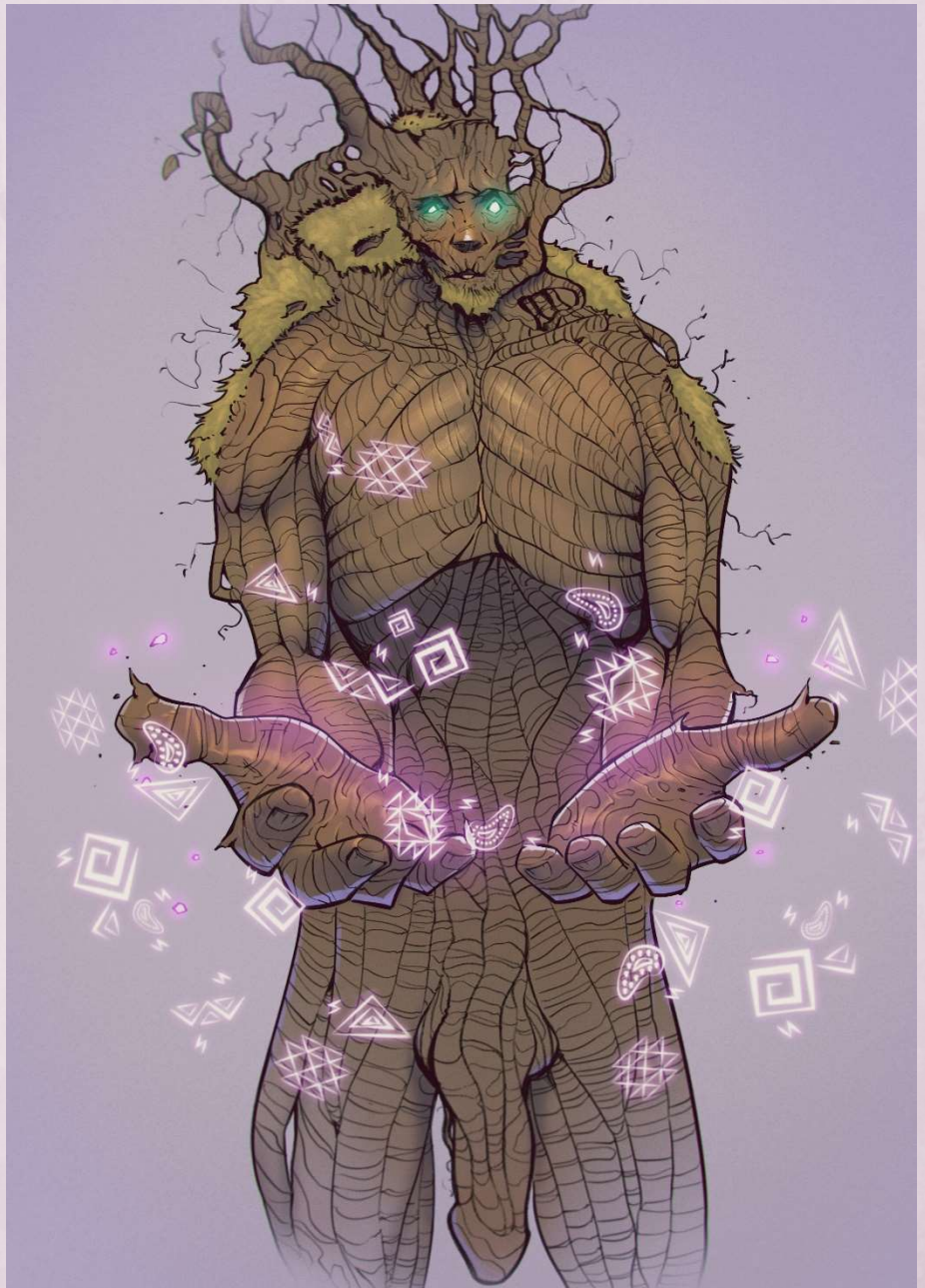
Nick opened his mouth and closed it. He breathed slowly, the air redolent of pungent forest smells. “Oh,” he said at last.

“I am old, but do not think me eternally patient.” The god leaned down and inspected Nick’s face closely.

“Okay.” Nick didn’t know what else to say. He could no longer hear his parents bickering. Maybe their fight was over.

“And do not ignore Maggie Chalmers.” Enki nodded sagely. “Her charms include intelligence, humor, and beauty.” The next moment, Enki was gone.

“The fuck?” Nick looked over at Chirpee. “Even gods love Maggie? Don’t tell me you have a hard-on for her, too.”



The bird bobbed its head as if offering its agreement.

“Fine.” Nick waved a dismissive hand at Chirpee. He turned and stepped out into the hall. He couldn’t hear anything from downstairs. The crisis was over, and he did want a slice of pizza. Nick quietly walked down the stairs but stopped outside the kitchen. His parents were still talking.



“Not here ... Fred ... oohhhhhhh ... Fred ... Nick is home.” Kate’s voice sounded pained.

What was his father doing now? Nick’s shoulder muscles bunched. He thought about how much the punch in the loops had hurt. It would be worth it if his mom was in trouble. He stepped out into the doorway to confront his father, but stopped when he saw them. Both their backs were turned toward him. His mother was leaning her hands against the counter, pushing her ass back as his father humped her from behind. Nick’s jaw hung open. His anger evaporated.

“You like that ... uh ... uh ... Katie?” Fred held his wife’s hair.

“Yes ... Fred ... it’s ... oooohhhhhh ... good.” Kate had always felt that surprise make-up sex was the best sex with her husband.

Nick stepped back behind the doorway. His heart suddenly constricted in his chest. How could she? But ... but ... they were married. She wasn’t cheating on Nick. She was just being a good wife. At least they could have done it somewhere that wasn’t in the open. Nausea seized Nick as he listened to their grunts. Things were

coming at him too fast. Was this what vertigo felt like? As he stumbled back up the stairs, he heard his father grunt in triumph.

Nick found his bathroom, fell on his knees in front of the toilet, and threw up. When he was done, he turned on the shower. He did his best to let his mind go blank as the hot water streamed over him. It was all too much. His sister and Chris. His mother and father. The amazing Maggie Chalmers. The last riddle. Nick wanted nothing more than to start Saturday over and fix everything.

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"Nicky? Are you awake?" Kate quietly closed the door and padded into her son's moonlit room. She wore only an oversized flannel shirt and panties. "I promised I'd check in on you, and your father has finally gone to sleep."

Nick was indeed awake, but he lay motionless in his bed, his eyes closed. He faced away from her, toward the wall.

"Well, you had a busy day," Kate whispered. She bent over his bed and pulled the blankets up to his shoulder. "Get some rest." She kissed him on the cheek.

"I saw you and Dad." Nick opened his eyes, but didn't turn toward her. He stared at the wall.



"What?" She sat on the edge of the bed. It was so cold in his room with the window open.

"I saw you two having sex in the kitchen, Mom." Nick rolled over and stared at her shadowed face.

"Oh no." Kate put a hand to her mouth. Her cheeks got very warm. "I'm so sorry, Nick. I told him not to do it. But he was angry about dinner, and it seemed the easiest way -"

"You're such a ..." Nick was about to say something he knew he'd regret. He took a deep breath. There was a long pause while she waited for him to speak. He could see how tense she was. What did he want in that moment? He could vent anger, but would that make any of their lives better? Imagining his mom growing cold and distant from him again made him even more nauseated. "You're such a ... thoughtful woman, Mom. So, I was surprised by what you two did. I was hurt and ... grossed out when I saw that."

Kate pulled his blanket back down and held his hand. He was so mature. More mature than his own father. "I totally understand. You shouldn't ever have to see that." She knew her hands were

clammy, but she squeezed his fingers all the same. "I promise I won't ever do that again when you're around."

"Do you have to do it with him again? I mean, ever?"

The only sound in the room was their breathing. His was slow and even, hers was faster and shallow.

"I'm married to your father, Nick. I love him." Kate struggled with how best to handle this. She had no one to blame but herself for all of it. She and Nick had gotten carried away. They were practically having an affair. Despite his maturity, he was only eighteen. How could she not think he would get possessive? "You have to respect my relationship with him. And married people show their love through sex ... sometimes. Your father and I will still have sex. But it doesn't have anything to do with our special relationship, right?"



"Right." Nick sat up and pecked his mother on the lips. "Sorry, of course you two will still do that. Just don't let me see, okay?" He kissed his mom again and ran his hand up her side.

Kate leaned back from the kiss. "I promise it will never happen again. And speaking of things never happening ..." She put a finger to his lips. "We can't do this while he's home."

"I've had a rough couple days, Mom." He cupped her boob through her flannel shirt. "Can we make an exception? You said Dad's asleep. Maybe if I could drink for a few minutes, I'd feel better." Nick slowly unbuttoned her shirt.

"Oh ... gosh ... I shouldn't say yes ... but ..." She shivered when the cold air hit her exposed breasts. Her nipples stiffened. "You *have* had a rough couple days. Come here." She pulled him to her nipple and sighed when he latched on. The world was right when her sweet Nicky was back at her breast. She cradled his head in the darkness and listened to him steadily swallow her milk. Her

free hand slid under the blanket, inside his underwear, and took hold of his penis. It didn't surprise her that he was hard. He was almost always hard around her. "I'm just going to ... touch you for a minute." What was the harm? Fred was sound asleep in their bed. Her hand stroked his mighty penis.

After he'd had his fill, Nick pulled away from her soft tit. "I want you, Mom." He kneaded her boobs with both hands.

"You have me, sweetie." Her hand sped up. She hadn't intended to bring him off while Fred was in the house, but she couldn't leave Nick high and dry. "What do you want?"

"You don't understand. Sometimes, I want you so much it hurts."

"I'm your mother, Nick. Being a mom means loving someone so much it hurts every single day. I understand perfectly." She pulled the blanket off him, lowered his underwear further down his legs, and took him into her mouth.

Nick thought about pulling her into a sixty-nine, but remembered what he'd seen in the kitchen. Not tonight. Instead, he reached down and dug the fingers of his left hand into the soft flesh of her round ass. "Are you going to swallow it again, Mom?"



"Mmmppppphhhhhhh." Kate paused her deep strokes to nod without taking his penis out of her mouth. She massaged his fat testicles.

"You ever swallow three of Dad's loads in a day?"

"Nnnnnppppphhhhhhh." She paused, shook her head, and continued.

"I'm going to feed you so much cum, Mom." He placed his right hand on the back of her head and gently pushed, helping her with the rhythm of her blowjob. "I'm going to drown you in it. Every day ... a ... tidal wave of ... ugh ... cum."

“Mmmppphhhhhhh.” Kate wasn’t one for dirty talk, but her son’s words were driving her crazy. She slipped a hand between her legs and found that her vagina was drenched. Was he really going to drown her ... in his stuff? She shivered and went to work on her clit.

“I’ll drink from you ... and you’ll drink from me ... ugh ... I’ll drink from you ... and ... I’m cumming ... Mom.” His hips jerked up. His hand forced her head down on his dick. It was lucky she had such an accommodating throat, or he would certainly have choked her.

Kate pulled back so that only his head was in her mouth. She couldn’t swallow if he was too deep. The first fiery splash hit her tongue, and she gulped it down. More and more of his salty seed filled her up. She wondered how he could still have so much after their time in the minivan. Her fingers continued to work her clit while she listened to him sigh and moan.

“Oh ... Mom ... drink it ... all ... uuuuggggghhhhhhh.” When he finished, he pulled her off him and let go of her hair. Her face fell to his thigh. He could see her pre-orgasmic expression twisting in the dim light. He realized she was masturbating. Sensing a vulnerable moment, he pushed her a little further. It would be cathartic to turn his earlier trauma into some sort of power play. “You like drinking my cum, Mom?”

“Yes,” she croaked. It didn’t occur to her to tell him to stop speaking so crudely.

“Did you cum with Dad tonight?”

“Ohhhhhhhhh ... Nicky?” She looked up at him, her hand spinning little circles on her slick clit. Shouldn’t they try and forget Fred at the moment? What did he expect her to say?

“Did you?”

“Nooooooooo.” Her hips bucked uncontrollably. She drooled on his thigh. A massive climax was close.

“But sucking me is enough to get you off?” He went in for the kill. “You want to drown in my cum, don’t you?”





"Oooooohhhhhhhhhhh ... Nicky ..." Kate convulsed as the orgasm took her. She could feel herself squirting on his bed. "Oooooohhhhhhhhhhh." She bit his thigh to keep from screaming. He was hitting buttons she didn't know she had. Had she always been this dirty, or was her son transforming her? She didn't know. She didn't care. There was nothing but ecstasy.

"Not so hard, Mom." Nick tried to ease her mouth off his thigh. Eventually, as her orgasm passed, she unclamped her jaw. He rubbed the spot. That was going to leave a mark.

"Sorry ... sorry ... sorry ... Nicky." Kate didn't know if she was apologizing for the bite, what happened with his father, what they just had done to his father, or all of it. She sat up and licked her lips, tasting the saltiness of him. "You've had quite a day. Get some rest now." She stood up and let out a little yelp when he slapped her butt. "None of that now." She wagged a finger at him.

"Sorry, Mom. Your butt is too perfect, I can't help myself." Nick was tired. He rested his head on the pillow and looked up at her. It wasn't just her ass, everything about his mother was perfect. It did hurt his heart to look at her. He

wondered if she truly felt that way every day about him and Alyson.

"You say such silly things, Nicky." She bent down and pulled his covers to his chin. There was a wet spot near his hip where she'd squirted on the blanket, but she would clean that tomorrow. "You said a lot of silly things tonight. I know it's been a crazy couple days."

"You don't know the half of it." This was true. It was about twenty-four hours ago that Nick had lost his virginity. How much of all this was Enki, and how much was just a runaway train? It was hard to separate any of it anymore. "Goodnight, Mom."

"Goodnight, sweetie." She kissed him on the forehead and quickly turned to go before he could rile her up by saying more silly things. She left his room, silently entered her bathroom, and showered. After she was clean and dried, she brushed her teeth for the second time that night.

When she was finally in bed next to her snoring husband, she looked up at the shadows on the ceiling, gently rubbing her belly. Could she still feel the heat of Nick's stuff in her stomach? She had eaten so much sperm that day. Her son was a machine. And so was she, it seemed. He had promised to drown her in his stuff. The thought sent shivers down her spine.

Despite all the chaos that surrounded them, both Kate and Nick fell asleep with smiles on their faces. Mother and son were thinking about one another like beacons in a storm.

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An argument woke Nick in the morning. He stretched, sat up, and listened to his dad's deep voice and his mom's high one overlapping each other in a frenzied staccato. He got up, dressed, and opened his door.

"And now you've got giant tits." Fred's voice echoed down the hallway.

"Don't talk like that, Fred. It's hormonal, I can't help it." Kate sounded exasperated. "I thought you always wanted them to be bigger."

"The size isn't the issue, Katie. They're great, don't get me wrong," Fred bellowed. "It's your sneaking around. You're hiding things from me, wearing oversized clothes, and pretending everything is normal. I'm your fucking husband. When you grow giant tits, you tell me."

"Stop talking like that, Fred. Nick will hear you. And I didn't tell you because it was embarrassing and I didn't know how you ..."

Nick closed his door and went back to bed. It seemed his mom could handle it. And Nick needed to release his first load of the day. He put on some headphones to silence their yelling, pulled out his dick, and thought about drowning his mom in cum.

After breakfast, Nick went over to his friend's house for a while. He and Brayden played video games, while Nick fended off questions about Maggie Chalmers. It was fun, relaxed, and delightfully far away from anything Enki-related. For a little while, Nick almost felt like a normal teenager.

Sunday's tranquility proved ephemeral when Nick got home in the early afternoon. His sister's car greeted him in the driveway. Alyson herself grabbed him by the arm the second he stepped inside the house.

"Ow ... Alyson. What gives?" He let her pull him through the house. "Where's Mom and Dad?"



"They went shopping." Alyson dragged him up to her room, closed the door, and grabbed the puzzle from her bedside table. "I got it." She held it up and smiled.

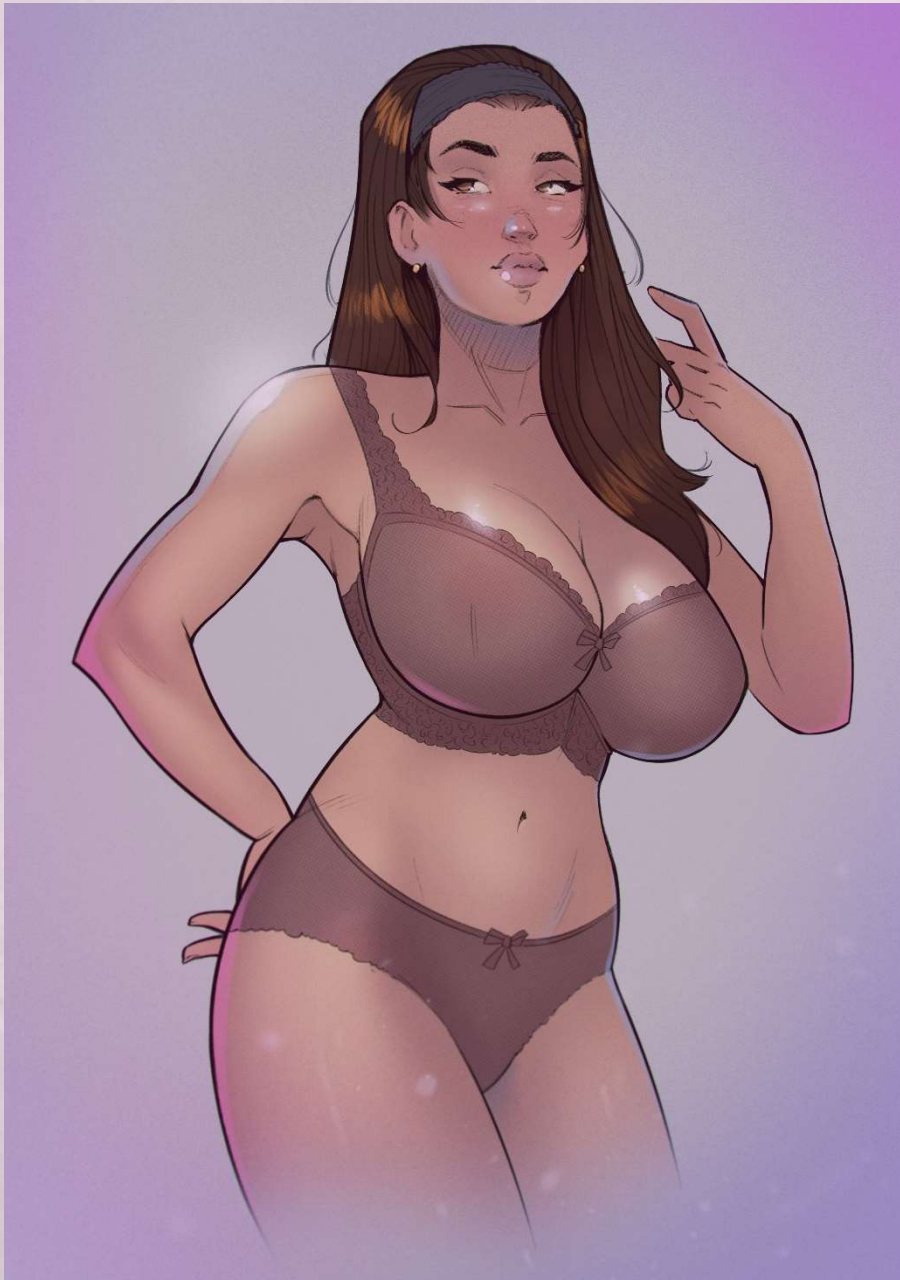
"Did you steal it from him?" Nick eyed Enki's puzzle suspiciously.

"Um ... after the night we spent together ... Chris felt like putting me back on the project." Alyson frowned at her brother's expression. "Don't look like that, he's my fiancé."

"No, it's fine." Nick's shoulders slumped. He tried hard not imagining what Alyson had done for Chris to put him in such a good mood. It probably looked a lot like his parents in the kitchen the night before.

"And I knew I needed to get the puzzle, because Enki visited me yesterday. We can't ignore him." She handed Nick the puzzle.

"He visited me, too." He took the cube from her and examined it. It hadn't changed since the last time he set eyes on it. "He wasn't buying 'the dog ate our homework' bit."



"Right, and I know how to get us to the final riddle." Alyson's face was bright with enthusiasm. She barely registered Nick's frown.

"How?" Nick looked at her skeptically.

"Remember what I said Friday night?"

"You said a lot of things Friday night." Nick's frown deepened. It was painful to think about how perfect that night, and the morning after, had been. He took a deep, calming breath.

"After we did it for the first time, I said 'That's what exultation feels like.' And I meant it." Alyson pulled off her oversized sweater and tossed it on her chair. "*Anoint the cube with joined exultation and receive the riddle within.* Right? So, clearly the 'joined exultation' is our joined orgasms. And we have to put that on the puzzle." She pulled off her blouse and wriggled out of her skirt.

"Um ... Alyson ... what are you doing?" Nick could feel his cock stirring as more and more of her lovely form came into view. He noticed that she had a new bra. If she was buying new clothes, did that mean she was accepting that her boobs might not go back to normal?

"Mom and Dad aren't going to be gone forever. They said they'd be home around dinner." She looked at the clock by her bed. "So that only gives us a couple hours." Alyson reached behind her and unclasped her bra. She let it fall and shook her shoulders back and forth. She hadn't expected it, but she could tell her brother needed a little enticing. His expression brightened some as he watched her tits shaking. Alyson pulled off her panties, removed the blanket from her bed, and sat down on the sheet.

Nick stared at her like she'd just performed a brilliant magic trick. "You ... want to have sex again? But I thought you and Chris were ... good again." He worked hard to avoid saying anything bad about Chris. No good would come of that. This wasn't anything like when he'd ribbed his mom about his dad earlier.

"Oh, that reminds me." Alyson removed her engagement ring and put it on her bedside table. "I'd feel weird doing this with the ring on." She fell onto her back, her boobs wobbling to either side of her chest. "Chris and I are really good. He understands what he did wrong. But ... we need to do this for the puzzle." She spread her legs, giving her brother a prime view of her pussy. "And even without that, we couldn't make what happened a one-time thing. Or ..." She giggled. "I mean, a two-time thing with the morning after. It's too special to give up on, right?"

"Right." Nick carefully put the puzzle next to her engagement ring and pulled off his shirt. "I didn't expect this." He pulled off his pants and boxers in one, swift motion. A wide smile crept across his face. His heart thumped heavily in his chest.

"What about a condom?"

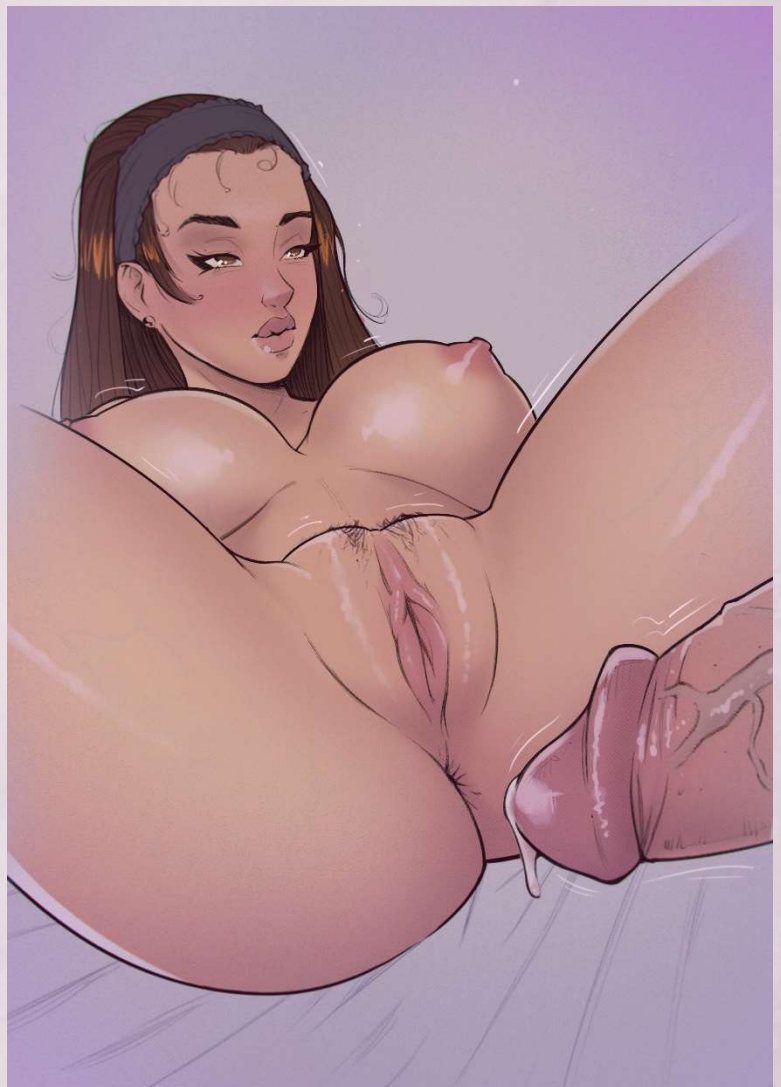
"That's the whole point, isn't it?" Alyson put her hands behind her knees and grinned at him. "I'm telling you it's okay. I counted the days. Right now is as safe as I get."

"Are you sore?" Nick took off his socks, hopping on one foot and then the other. His hard dick bounced around wildly.

"I'm not gonna lie." She nodded. "I am. But I feel way better than yesterday."

Nick thought about asking if she was sure about this but decided not to second-guess her. Alyson was a smart, successful woman, and if she wanted him in her pussy, that's where he'd be. "You look so beautiful." He jumped between her legs and made her bounce on the mattress, her tits swaying on her chest. They laughed.

"You think you can get it in on your own this time?" Alyson's gaze fell from his laughing face to his hard chest and abs, to his massive, swaying cock. Her brother was breathtakingly lovely. The whole twenty minutes Chris had been inside her the night before, she had thought only about Nick. Her brother had changed her perspective so entirely that sex with her fiancé had gone from scalding hot to lukewarm in a day's time.



"Maybe." Nick lined himself up and pushed his hips forward. He was torn between watching Alyson's fluttering eyelashes and her obscenely spreading pussy.

"Oooohhhhhhhhhhh." Alyson was in heaven. She gazed at the length of his cock just entering her, the patch of brown hair at its base, and his narrow hips. Her little brother was perfect ... except for ... "What's on your ... ugh ... thigh?" She nodded at a red mark on his pale skin.

"What?" Nick looked down and could see the bite mark clearly. "Oh ... Mom bit me."

"She ... bit ... you?" Alyson tensed as more of his dick entered her. He felt even bigger than she remembered. It was mostly pain so far, but she'd wait that out. "Like ... with her ... teeth?"

Nick shrugged like it was no big deal. Secretly, he was quite proud. "She didn't mean to." He pushed about half his cock into Alyson and paused. She gritted her teeth and breathed fast. "She was cumming, and her face was right there."



"Jesus ... Nicky ... you're going to have to tell me ... ugggghhhhhhh ... all about that ... later." She hunched her hips toward him, hoping to get the painful part over with. Soon, it was all the way in. "Oh ... shit ... you're deep." The first tentacles of ecstasy played with her nerves.

"Here goes, Alyson." Nick started with slow, gentle thrusts. but it wasn't long before the bedframe was squeaking and slamming against the wall. Once he was confident her cries were all pleasure and no pain, he slid his arms under her, grabbed her ass, and really let her have it. Her incoherent screams barely sounded like his sister. It was sweet music for Nick. Over the course of the next half hour, she had a string of orgasms. The pressure for Nick grew and grew, until he was ready. A distant part of his mind wanted to ask her if she was sure it was safe. But he didn't ask. "Gonna ... cum ..."

“Ooohhhhhhhhhh ... yeeessssssssss.” She locked her legs around her brother’s tight butt and dug her nails into his back. “Do it ... ugh ... do it ... ugh ... Nicky ... uuuggggghhhhhhhhhh.” When his hips dropped their rhythm and he gave a low growl, she knew he was giving it all to her. Her mind exploded in a frenzy of bliss.

A while later, her orgasm subsided and reality intruded. She felt his solid weight on top of her. He was lighter than Chris, but somehow more substantial. “We should ... try ... it ... okay?”

“Huh?” Nick panted heavily, his face buried in the crook of her neck. He breathed in the sharp scent of her sweat and the floral fragrance of her shampoo.



“The puzzle ... Nick. We should ... try the puzzle.” She caressed his back, running her fingertips down the slight curve up to his butt. She smacked it. “There might be ... a time limit ... or something.”

“Okay.” Nick roused himself and pulled out of her with an audible plop. He prayed she would let him cum in her again. Maybe she could go on the pill or something. “What ... do we ... do?” He sat up, staring down at the semen leaking from her yawning, pink hole.

“Here.” Alyson picked the puzzle up from the floor where he’d dropped it. “Let’s try ... this.” She held it in her left hand. With her right, she grabbed his frothy dick and slapped it against the cube, making sure to smear a good amount of their combined cum on the metal.

A loud click filled the room. Both siblings were transfixed by the puzzle. A red pulsing light leaked out of the seams of the cube, and then the puzzle opened. Something glowed inside.

“What is it?” Nick’s eyes were very wide.

“I have no idea.” Alyson glanced at her brother and then back to the open puzzle. “I think it’s the last riddle.”