

ENKI'S PUZZLE



CHAPTER 20

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Enki's Puzzle 20

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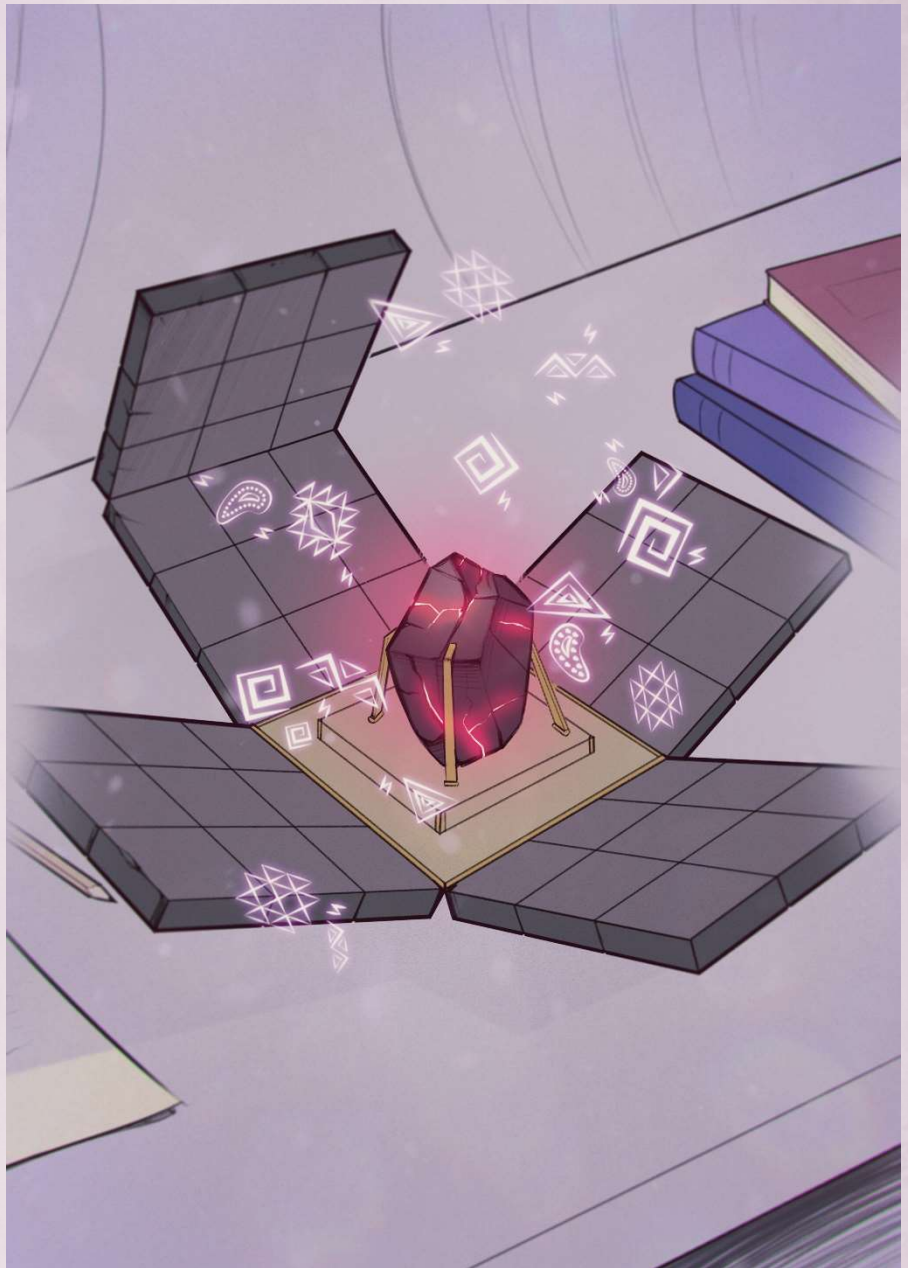
A pulsing glow cascaded out of the open puzzle. "What is that?" Nick stared at a black, faceted gem with red veins that was bracketed inside the cube. The veins were the source of the light.

"A weird crystal?" Alyson still held her brother's heavy dick in her hand. She squeezed it like she was holding his hand. "Do you think it's dangerous?"

"I don't know." Part of his brain urged caution. Maybe they should put the thing outside? But the rhythmic pulses of red light were mesmerizing. Nick continued to stare at it. It was fine, they had been around the puzzle for a while. "It's not dangerous."

"Yeah, probably not." Alyson leaned closer, her boobs hanging below her.

"It's pretty." Nick looked down at his dick. His sister's hand was now slowly pumping him. He could hear the wetness of their combined cum squelching in the quiet room. He hadn't lost his erection after sex, and there seemed little chance of his dick going soft anytime soon. "There's an inscription in Sumerian cuneiform." Nick pointed to a line of symbols engraved around the inside of the cube.



"The last riddle. We'll need Chris to translate." She had only planned on having sex with her brother the one time. The excuse had been to anoint the cube. But now, she needed him inside her again. She leaned forward and kissed his hard chest, her hand moving faster on his penis.

"We can't give the puzzle back to Chris." Nick let his sister push him onto his back. He could no longer see inside the puzzle, but he could see the red glow on the ceiling.

"We won't." Alyson put a finger from her free hand on his lips when she saw he was about to protest. "Shh. Don't worry so much. We'll find another way to translate it. You can help me. Sound good?" She straddled him.



Nick nodded up at her. Her hair draped over half her face. He pulled it behind her shoulder. "You're beautiful, Alyson." He read the room. She didn't have a kiss-me face. Her expression was less dreamy and wilder. Was this her fuck-me face?

"Since you already did it inside, there's no harm in doing it again." Alyson lifted her hips and placed him at her entrance. She was so sloppy that he slid right in. There was no pain at all.

"No harm? You said it was safe." He didn't want to get his sister pregnant. Worry creased his forehead.

"I said I was as safe as I get." Alyson laughed. She really should have been more concerned about ... well ... everything. But she felt too giddy to care. Amazing sex was a hell of a drug. "Don't fret, Nicky." She undulated on top of him, grinding their pelvises together. "As safe as I get' is pretty safe. You know me. I wouldn't take any ... uh ... uh ... stupid risks."

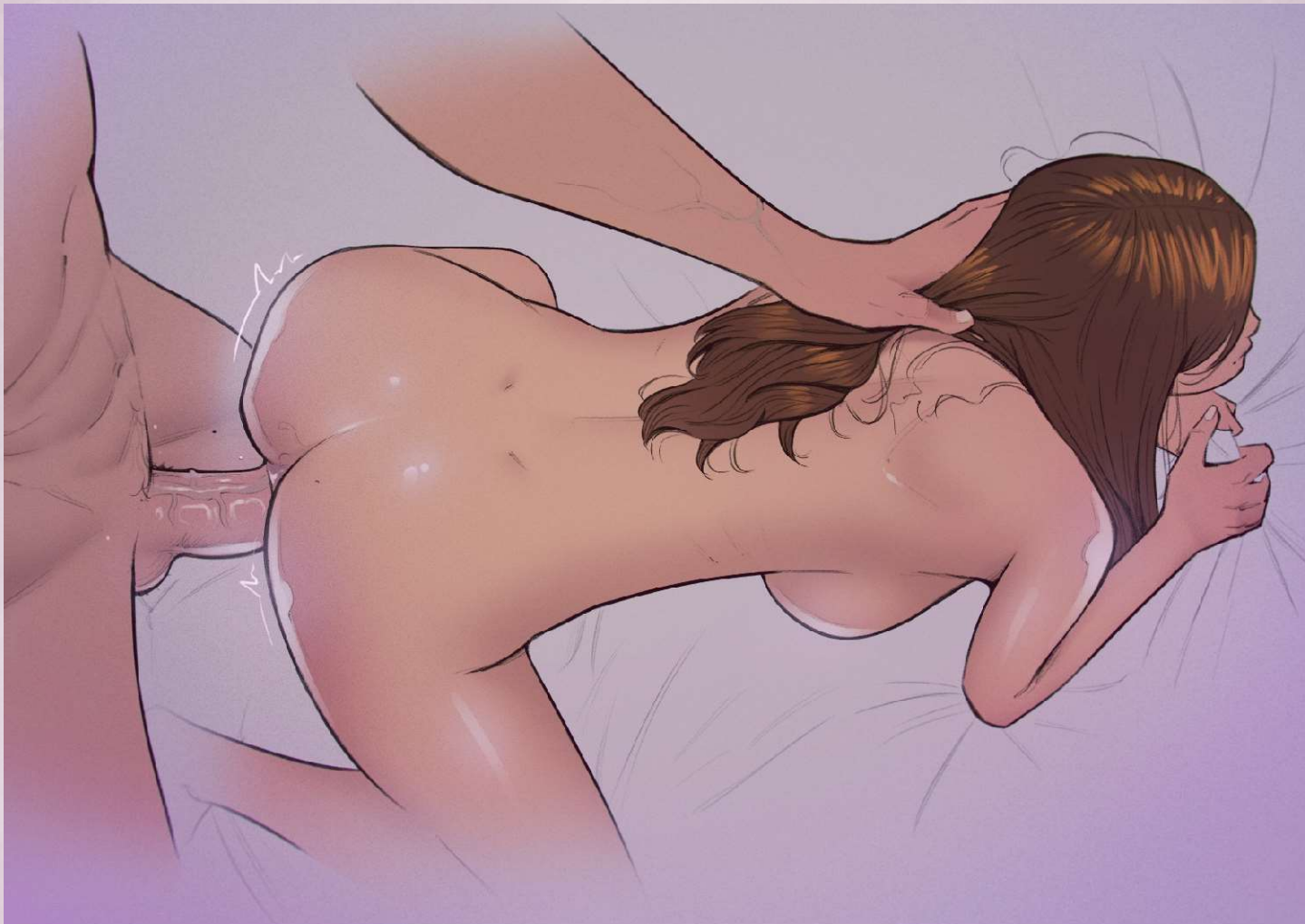
That was true. "Yeah ... right ..."
Nick let the anxiety pass. They'd be fine. He leaned up and latched his mouth onto her nipple and drank.

"Ooohhhhhh ... Nicky ..."
Alyson wrapped her arms around his shoulders and held him tightly to her breast. She wondered what would happen to them. She certainly couldn't go on humping her brother after she married Chris. She thought about all the time in the loops they had wasted not having sex. Why hadn't she seen what could be with her brother? She didn't understand her past, and she couldn't chart her future, but she could surrender to the moment. "Ohhhh ... shit ... Nicky ... you're deep." And she chose to surrender completely.

They lost all track of time. Nick came inside Alyson and they barely paused. The light outside her window faded. Nick stood behind Alyson with his hands on her hips. "You're so ... tight ... Alyson."

"Not ... ugh ... anymore ... I think." Alyson needed to teach him about holding her hair. That was the only thing between what he was doing and perfection. "Sometimes ... Nicky ... uh ... uh ... uh ... a woman ... wants you to ... pull her hair."

"You want me to ...?"



“Yes ... yessss ... please.” Alyson’s eyes rolled back when he bunched her hair in his hand and steadied her head. “Not ... too rough ... yesssss ... like that ... ooohhhhhhhhhhh.” She slammed her ass back into him and came again.

When his sister stopped screaming, Nick thought he heard something troubling. He used all his willpower to stop his hips so their slapping skin and her squelching pussy wouldn’t mask the sound. “Shit ... the garage door. Mom and Dad are ... home.” He pulled out of her, and his sister slumped to the floor.

"Oh ... Nicky ... I think ... you've broken my ... brain." She looked up at him and smiled.

"Mom and Dad ... shit." Nick picked up his clothes, grabbed the puzzle, and turned to leave. He paused when his sister didn't get up. He couldn't leave her naked and leaking on the floor. He grabbed her blanket with one hand and threw it on her. "I gotta go."

"Okay." Alyson nodded but didn't move.

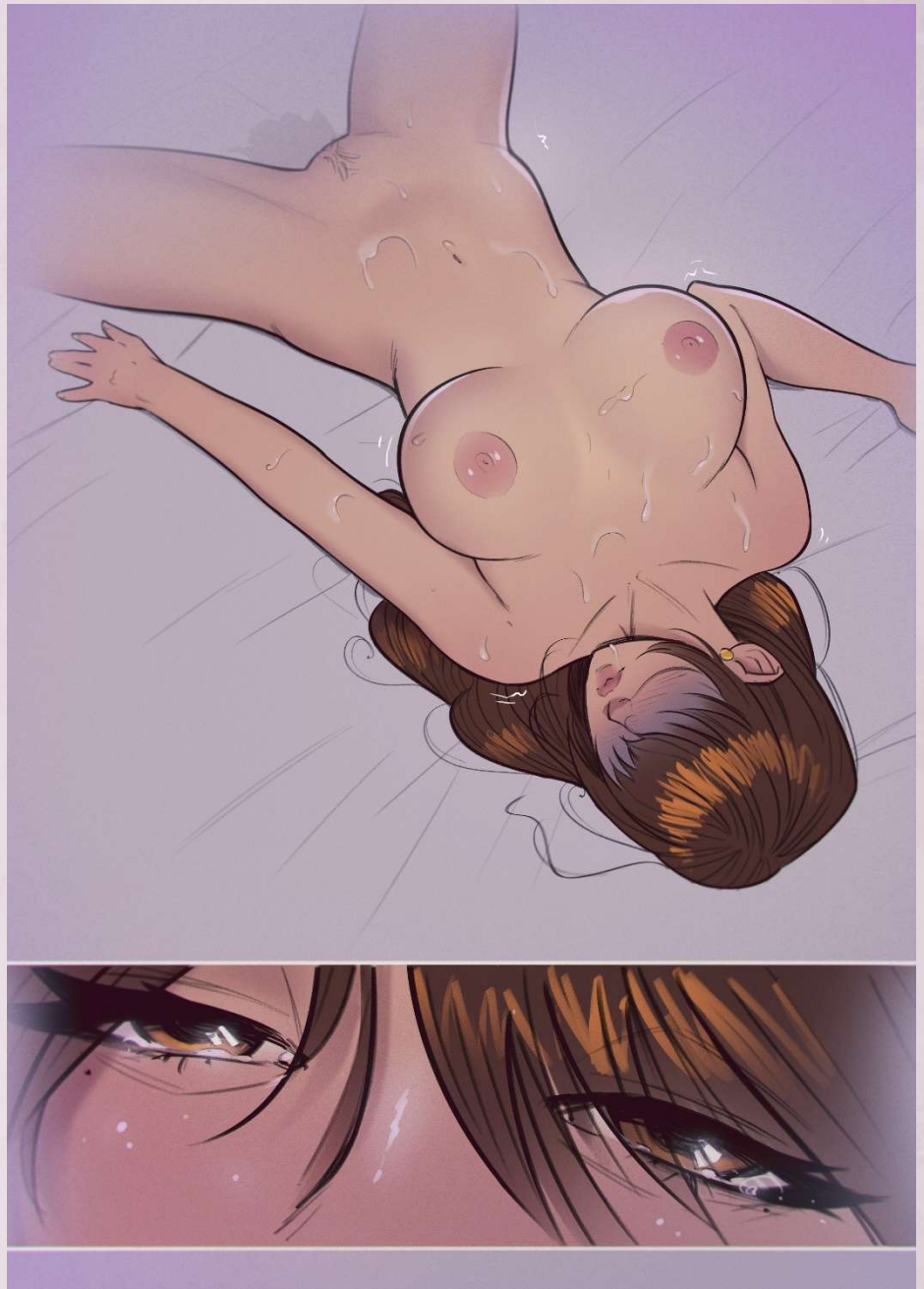
"Jesus." Nick wondered if he really had broken her brain. The threat of their father finding them should have been enough to light a fire under Alyson. "Put some clothes on ... when you can." He left the room quickly. He could hear a door close downstairs. He darted into the bathroom and turned on the shower. He dropped his clothes and tried to close the puzzle. He found it closed, but wouldn't latch shut. A thin line of pulsing light shone through a seam in the metal. He put it on the sink and sighed. His cock was still hard and he wasn't going to put that third load in Alyson. Maybe next time. He stepped into the shower and got under the warm water. He was quickly fapping like crazy.

"You taking a shower, Nicky?" Kate's voice came through the door.

"Yes ... I'll be out ... in a minute." He stopped pumping.

"Okay, dinner will be ready soon. Come on down when you're finished doing ... whatever you're doing in there," Kate said.

"Sure, Mom." Nick waited and listened. After a few seconds, he figured the coast was clear. He went back to fapping, imagining that his mom had joined him in the shower, and that she wanted him to pull her hair, too. He came while thinking about her round butt rippling with each impact from his hips.



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“What did you go shopping for?” Nick addressed the question to his mom, trying not to look at the smug smile on his father’s face. He bit on a Brussels sprout and chewed. His sister, somewhat recovered from the afternoon, put her hand on his thigh under the table.

“Oh ... um ...” Kate’s cheeks turned red. “We went clothes shopping.”

“Cool, can you show me what you got after dinner?” Alyson’s voice had a dreamy quality to it.

Fred laughed. “They’re not the kind of clothes you can show to your kids. Right, Katie?” He raised his wineglass to his wife.

“Um ... right.” Kate tentatively clinked her glass against his and looked down at her food. “Sorry, Alyson.”

“Oh, that’s okay, Mom.” Alyson looked at her brother and frowned. “I need to head back home after dinner anyway. Chris and I are going to the gym.”

“You’re going to the gym? That’s ...” Nick took a deep breath. Was God, or Enki, or whoever testing him? “That’s cool that you two are working out together.” He had wanted to say

something about Chris controlling her. No good would have come of that. “You know what? I’m going to text Maggie Chalmers after dinner. I might even call her. I’ll see if she wants to hang out after school sometime this week.”

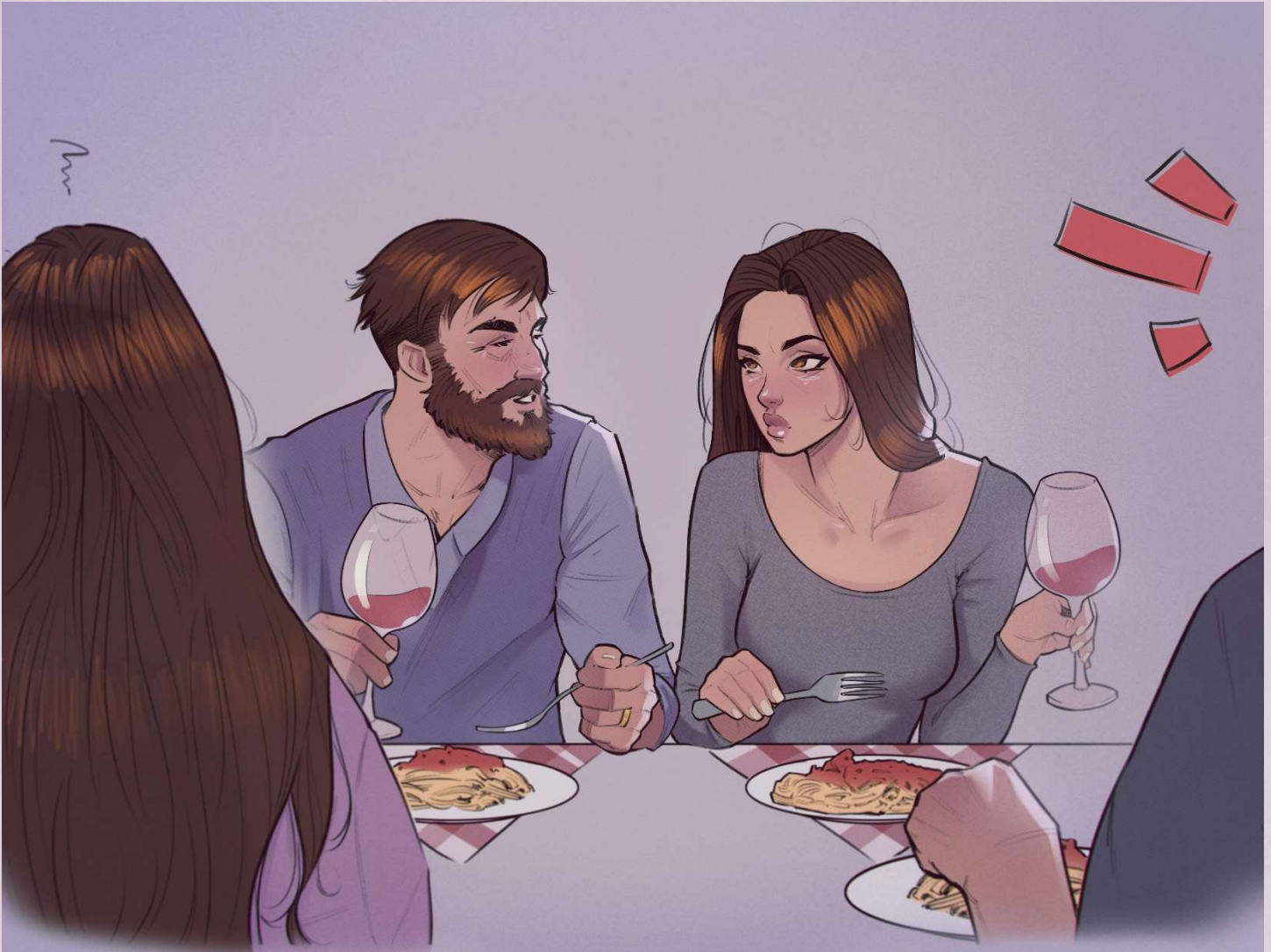
“Oh, that’s nice.” Kate found herself with the completely unreasonable notion that maybe Nick shouldn’t date. She reminded herself that it would be healthy for her son, and probably a lot of fun to boot. What mother wouldn’t want her son to date Maggie?

“Yeah, that’s great, Nick.” Alyson wondered at the hypocrisy of her sudden rush of jealousy. How could she be jealous of Nick when she was running back to her fiancé?

“Way to go, Nick. She’s a hottie.” Fred chuckled. “Don’t blow it with her.”

Kate hit her husband's shoulder. "Don't talk like that about eighteen-year-old girls." She swallowed hard, thinking about how much farther she'd gone with an eighteen-year-old boy than calling him a hottie. "Nick will be just fine, Fred. I saw them together at the soccer game yesterday. Maggie looked smitten."

The comment was met with awkward silence. The conversation was dominated for the rest of dinner by Fred.



When dinner was over, the family quickly dispersed in different directions.

Rather than helping his mom with the dishes, Nick went upstairs to text Maggie. He spent the rest of the night in his room. It turned out that Maggie was witty and funny, and she was free to hang out after school the next day.

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Nick read the room the next morning as he ate breakfast. His mom was either angry with him or feeling awkward. While his dad was still upstairs, Nick decided to find out which. "Are you upset with me, Mom?"

"Goodness, no." Kate turned from the sink and regarded him. He was so handsome and full of life. She hated herself for wanting to keep him all to herself. "We can't really talk with your father home." She lowered her voice. She could hear the shower running upstairs. "I just feel bad about letting you see your father and me the other day. And ..." She forced herself to smile. "That's all. I'm excited for your date with Maggie today."

"It's not a date. We're just hanging out after school."

"You should bring her by here. I'd love to say hello." Kate's jaw clenched tight. She rinsed out her bowl and put it in the dishwasher.

Nick could see the tension in her shoulders. She wasn't telling him everything. He didn't know what to do. "Yeah, we could hang out here and do some homework in my room or something." He stood and brought his plate to the sink. His mom was still bent over, fussing with the dishwasher. The shower turned off upstairs, but they still had plenty of time before Fred came down for breakfast. "Do you need anything from me, Mom?"

"No, I ... oh ..." She flinched when he gave her a playful slap on the butt. She stood up and turned toward him. "Look, Nicky. We have a complicated relationship to navigate right now. I totally understand if you want to back off. We can still cook together, take walks together, and talk together without ... that other stuff. Maybe if we simplified ...

mmmmpppphhhhhhhhhh." Kate melted into her son's arms when he kissed her, their tongues intertwining.

Judging from the way she kissed him back, Nick had read the room correctly. He lowered his hands to her butt and squeezed great big handfuls. She pressed up against him. There was no doubt that she could feel his hard dick pressing into her. They kissed for a couple minutes, and then he stepped back. It was best not to push his luck.

"Oh ... my ..." Kate put a hand over her heart. She could feel herself gushing in her panties. With a quick glance at the stairs, she tried to compose herself. "I ... um ... yeah ... well ... we shouldn't do that ... should we?"



"It's okay, Mom. Dad won't be down for a little while." Nick took a deep breath. They smiled at each other like idiots. "I just want you to know how I feel. I hear things are complicated for you. That's true for me, too. But I wouldn't trade our closeness for anything."

"Thank you, Nicky." Kate's blood pressure lowered. The tension left her shoulders. She wetted her fingers with her mouth and wiped some lipstick off Nick's lips. "Can't have you going to school with your mom's lipstick on." She giggled.

"I'll see you this afternoon." Nick playfully smacked her butt again and went to get his backpack. "Bye, Mom."

"Bye sweetie." Kate watched him go to school. She couldn't wait until Fred was out of the house. She desperately needed to masturbate.

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"I like your house, Nick." Maggie followed him through the front hall and paused in front of some family photos. "Your mom is really pretty."

"Um ... thanks." That was drifting into uncomfortable territory. "She's around here somewhere." Nick could smell something baking. He stepped into the kitchen. "Mom?"

"I'm in here, Nicky." Kate's voice came from the living room. The teenagers found her on the sofa reading. Kate took off her glasses when they entered and smiled. "Hello, Maggie. Nice to see you."

"Hello, Mrs. Dobson." Maggie stood straight with a pleasant smile on her face. "Something smells wonderful."

"I'm baking some cookies in case you two get hungry." Kate could see she was making her son uncomfortable. "Why don't you run along, and I'll put them out on the kitchen table for you when they're ready."

"Thanks, Mom." Nick appreciated that she had the sense not to bring the cookies to his room.

"Sounds great, thanks." Maggie bobbed her head and followed Nick upstairs.



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It was so quiet in the house. Kate tried to keep herself busy, but the waiting was killing her. She scrolled on her phone for a while and talked herself out of bringing a plate of cookies up to Nick's room. She went for a walk. Nick's door was still shut when she got back. Were they actually doing homework? Were they making out? How could something so potentially big for Nick be happening so close by without her have the foggiest clue what was going on?

At around five, she started preparing dinner. She put on some music and tried not to think about what they were doing upstairs. As Kate diced garlic, Nick and Maggie appeared. They both wore wide grins and flushed cheeks.

"There you are." Kate looked up from the cutting board and tried her most maternal smile.

"Successful homework session?"

"Yeah, it was great." Nick walked Maggie through the kitchen.

"Bye, Mrs. Dobson." Maggie gave her a pleasant wave. "It was great seeing you again."

"Want a cookie for the road?" Kate nodded at the plate of oatmeal chocolate chip on the counter.

"Sure, thanks." Ever gracious, Maggie grabbed a cookie, waved again, and let Nick walk her to the door.

Nick returned to the kitchen a few moments later. "Okay, you were right." He stepped up behind his mom and put his hands on her hips.

"What about?" Kate continued chopping garlic even though it was sufficiently diced.

"When you said I should hang out with Maggie. She's great. You were right."

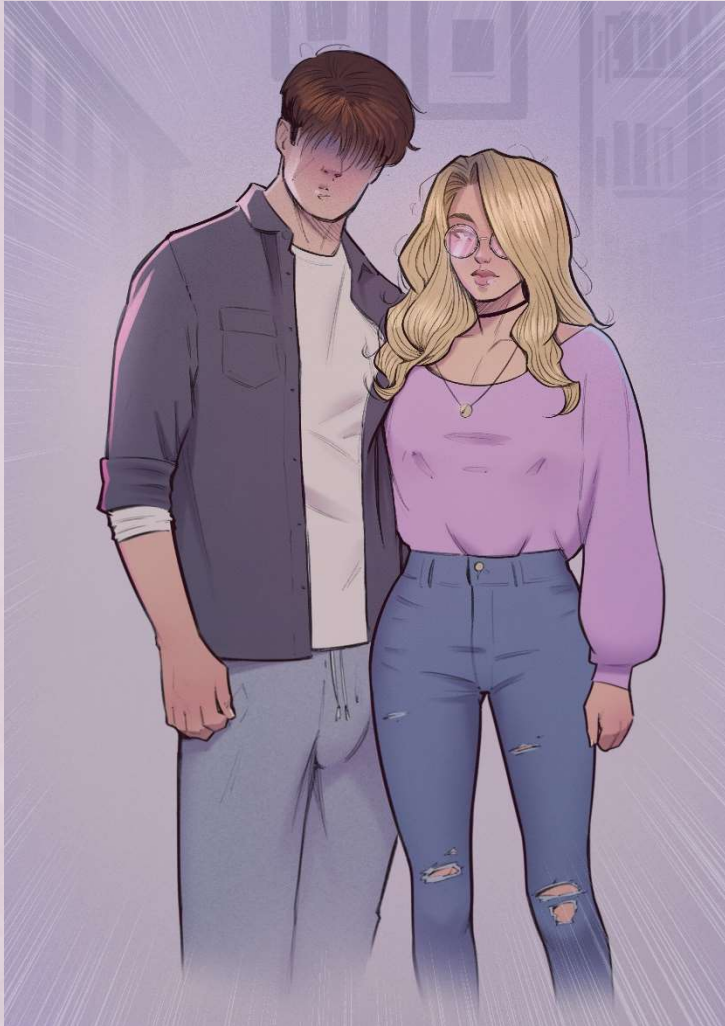
"You're poking me with your thing, Nicky." Kate tried to concentrate on her food prep, but she could feel his hard penis pressed up against her butt cheek.

"Did she get you all worked-up and leave?"

"Well, it was sort of our first hangout, Mom. We only kissed." He reached up and pulled her hair.

"Ow ... sweetie. Don't do that." She put down the knife and turned around when he released her hair. "Am I supposed to do something about what you have in your pants?" She smiled and knelt before Nick.

"I could go take care of it in my room." Nick was a little confused about the hair pulling, but decided he'd ask his sister what he did wrong later. At any rate, his mother didn't seem to be holding it against him.



“Did you two get any homework done?” Kate pulled down his pants and underwear. Her eyes widened when she saw how hard he was. He looked even bigger than usual. “I mean real homework.”

“Honestly, no.”

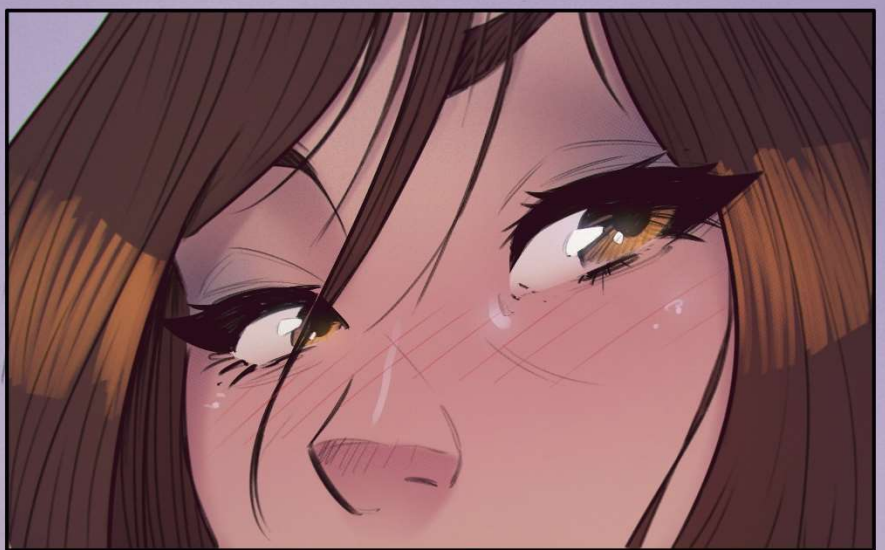
“Well ... you’ll have to be ... fast then ... so you can do your ... homework ... and I can ... get dinner ready,” she said between licks of his turgid head. Stroking him with her hands, she looked up and locked eyes with him. “I suppose if your girlfriend can’t finish you off, I’ll have to do it.”

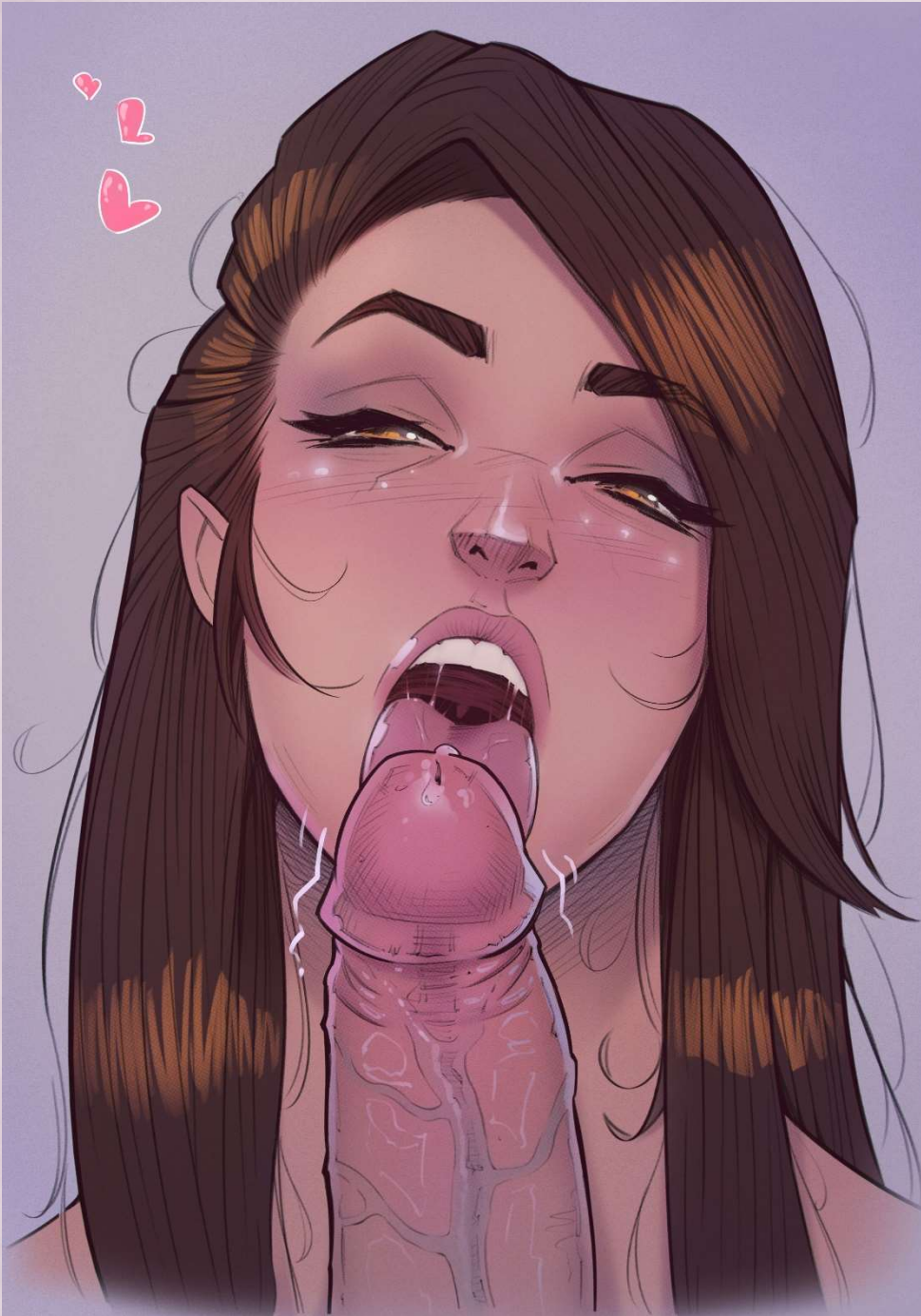
“She’s not my ... oooohhhhhhhh ... girlfriend ... Mom.” Nick was nonplussed.

“Mmmmmppppphhhhhh.” She took him down her throat with skill that would have been inconceivable to her before she’d started fooling around with Nick. Her nostrils flared. His earthy, masculine scent mixed with the acrid tones of the freshly-chopped garlic. His groans urged her on. After a few minutes she pulled her mouth off him and looked up into his eyes. She placed her face next to his long penis, so that it went past her right cheek, her eye, and ended above her forehead. “Gosh ... Nicky ... it’s longer than my face.”

Nick didn’t know what to say to that. “Yeah ... Mom.”

“About that stuff you said on Saturday.” She pumped him with her left hand as she spoke. “About drowning me ... in your stuff. Maybe you could say more about that? And also ... about how your cute girlfriend left you high and dry. You know ... and I have to take care of you?” She was asking a lot, but Nick was so accommodating with her fantasies. Very much unlike Fred and his failed train robber roleplay.





Nick understood immediately. "Maggie ... didn't make me cum, Mom. I feel like I'm ... going to explode." He moaned as she took him back in her mouth with deep, purposeful strokes. "I need you to ... finish me off ... because she only kissed me. I have so much ... ugh ... for you. You're going to drown in cum ... every ... single ... day."

"Mmmpppphhhhh." Kate saturated her panties. He was driving her crazy. Had she ever been so desperate to make a man burst?

"I'm going to ... cum ... Mom ... aaaahhhhhhhhhhh." It was true. His time with Maggie *had* gotten him worked up. He watched his mom's forehead crease and her eyes shut tight as she swallowed shot after shot. When he was done, he pulled back. He watched her pink tongue lovingly give his cockhead one last lick. "Wow ... thanks, Mom. You know how to take care of me ... when my girlfriend ... doesn't."

"She's not your girlfriend, sweetie. Not yet." Kate stood up, smiled, and straightened her dress. Her belly felt so full. "And our little game is over, okay?" She

winked at him. "Don't look so disappointed." Kate pulled up his underwear and carefully tucked away his semi-hard thing. She pulled up his pants, buttoned them, and zipped him up. "We'll play more games later," she whispered, kissing him on the cheek and ruffling his hair. "Now, I need to make dinner, and you need to go do some real homework."

"Yeah, okay, Mom." Nick shook his head. He gave her butt a pat on his way out of the kitchen. He realized he had been making a mistake. He had been applying his lessons learned about women universally. But his mother and sister were different people. It seemed glaringly obvious in hindsight.

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The evening passed and Alyson did not respond to any of her brother's texts. Maggie, on the other hand, texted back and forth with Nick. His mother cooled toward him with Fred home. There was so much for Nick to juggle. Every avenue before him seemed murky, fraught with dangers that he could no longer loop out of. He did some research on women's cycles, and felt less sanguine about his sister's assurances about being safe.

When he settled in bed for the night with the lights out, Nick could see the silhouette of Chirpie staring at him through the closed window. He got up and opened the window. "Sorry about that. I didn't know you were there."

The bird sang two quick notes, gave him a reproachful look, and flittered into the room, landing on his dresser. It settled in next to the puzzle.

"My mind is too full. I can't remember everything." Nick climbed back into bed and looked at the chickadee. "But I promise to remember the window. Sorry."

Chirpie bobbed his head in agreement.

"Good night." Nick saw the faint pulsing ribbon of red light through the seam in the puzzle. "You're here to remind me about the last riddle, right?"

The bird bobbed his head.

"Tomorrow. I'll do something about it tomorrow. I promise." Nick rolled over on his pillow and was asleep in a matter of minutes.

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There were a million questions at school about Nick's hangout session with Maggie the day before. He deflected and deferred his friends' queries, much to their dismay. He did tell them that he thought he'd see her again. And this was true. Maggie caught up with him as he was heading to the bus after school.

Maggie slowed her car and rolled down the window. "Need a ride?"

"Hi, Maggie. I'm heading into the city to visit my sister." Nick shrugged his apology.

"Like I said, need a lift?" Her smile was wide and warm.

"Really? We're studying something at the U. It'll be boring."



"Life isn't boring if you enjoy the company." Maggie really was smitten by Nick Dobson. She had always gone after whatever she wanted. The world didn't seem too keen on resisting her. "Get in."

They made small talk on the drive, parked, and walked together to Alyson's office. When she wasn't there, Nick sighed, and led the way to Chris's office. Sure enough, he found his sister reading papers while her fiancé messed around on his phone. Nick knocked on the half-open door.

"Oh, hey, Nick." Alyson looked up from her work, glancing quickly at Chris with a look of worry. Chris didn't look up from his phone. She turned her eyes back to her brother. "What are you doing here?"

"You didn't get my texts?" Nick waved halfheartedly at Chris. His greeting was returned with even less enthusiasm.

"Sorry, no," Alyson lied.

There was a moment of silence.

"This is my friend, Maggie." Nick made the introductions.

"Nice to meet you, Maggie." Alyson stood and walked to the door. "I'm going to hang out with Nick and Maggie a little." She looked over at her fiancé. "I'll be back."

"I have my seminar in the morning. I'll need those papers graded tonight." Chris frowned at her.

"I'll be back, I promise." She knew Nick was there about the puzzle, but didn't mention it.

"Fine." Chris rolled his eyes.

Alyson escorted them out of the room and back toward her office. "I sometimes help him with grading. He has so much to do."

"Oh, yeah. I can imagine." Maggie was nothing if not polite. She leaned in close to Nick and whispered in his ear, "That dude is a bit of an asshole, isn't he?"

Nick grinned and nodded. The more he got to know Maggie, the more he thought everyone might be right about her.

"Sorry I didn't respond to your texts, Nicky." Alyson opened her office and let them in. She eyed Maggie cautiously. Maggie smiled brightly back at her. Alyson wasn't exactly sure how to proceed with the young woman there. "Did you want to translate the ... um ... puzzle now?"

"Not with Chris." Nick pulled the puzzle out of his backpack and handed it to Alyson.

"Yeah, I know. It'll be hard, but I have the books here to do it." Alyson opened the puzzle and looked at the glowing mineral inside it. "Well, let's get to work."

The two women didn't take long to warm to one another. Maggie seemed to have a knack for translation, often leading Alyson in the right direction. They laughed together with excitement as they deciphered more and more of the riddle.

Nick sat and watched them work for a couple hours. He wasn't all that helpful, but he was happy to see them get along. It was well past dinnertime when they finished.

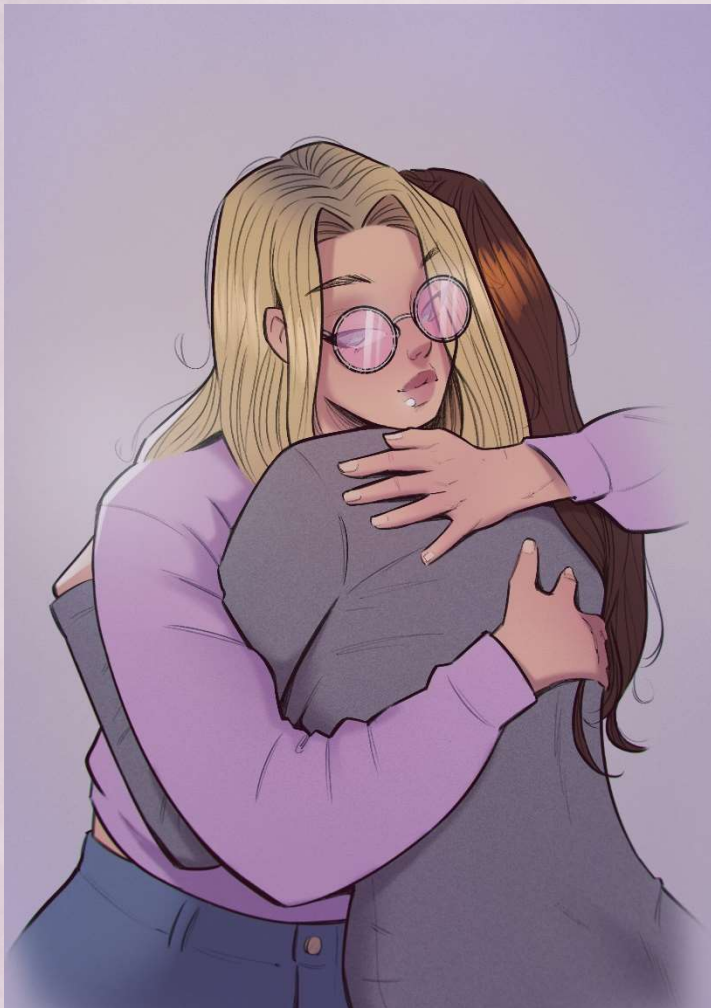
"We did it!" Maggie was feeling strangely elated. Puzzling things together had been a ton of fun. "So, what's with the glowing light?"

"We're not sure." Alyson shrugged. "It's a mystery for another day, I guess."

"So, what's it say?" Nick was eager to hear what Enki had in store for them.

Alyson looked down at their notes. "*Fruit of the poisonous tree grows rotten. The virtuous tree bears ambrosia. Cut back weeds and sow a harvest worthy of Enki.*" She looked up at Nick to gauge his reaction. "We might be off on a word or two, but I think it's mostly right."

"I have no idea what that means." Nick scratched his head.



"Well, it's a riddle, silly." Maggie laughed. "We can talk about it on the way home." She looked at her phone. "And I should probably head home now. My mom will kill me if I'm out too late."

"Mine, too." Nick picked up the puzzle and put it in his backpack. "I'll hold on to this, okay?" He didn't trust his sister to keep it away from Chris.

"Yeah, sure." Alyson nodded. She didn't trust Chris not to find it and take it back if she left it in her office or apartment. "It was really nice meeting you, Maggie." She stood and gave Maggie a hug.

"Aww ... it was nice meeting you, too." Maggie squeezed Alyson and stepped back. "That was fun. We should do it again someday."

"Yeah, for sure." Alyson didn't tell her it was the final riddle in a long ordeal that had recently culminated in her brother spewing in her unprotected pussy. It seemed better to leave some things out.

Nick and Maggie said their goodbyes and left Alyson to grading Chris's papers. They walked back to the campus parking lot, making small talk about school. Once in Maggie's car, she grabbed Nick's shoulders and kissed him deeply. They made out for long

enough that the car's windows fogged. Without thinking about it, Maggie rubbed his dick through his pants. The size of it sent shivers down her spine. He was every bit as big as she'd suspected. It took a lot of willpower to pull away from him and start the car. She rolled down the windows. "Okay ... okay ... well ... your sister seems nice."

"Yeah, we're really close." Nick's heart thumped in his chest. He tried to adjust his erection to a more comfortable position. His mom was going to have to help him when he got home. He prayed his dad was out watching the game with his buddies or something.

"I really like you, Nick. I'm glad we're ... spending time together." She flashed a smile at him.

"Me too, Maggie." Nick settled into his seat as they pulled out of the parking lot. They made small talk on the ride back. She dropped him off at home with a last, parting kiss. As Nick walked to the front door, he realized they hadn't talked about the riddle at all. It was just as well. How could she help him if he couldn't tell her about the six other riddles and everything else that had happened?

Nick opened the front door. "I'm home!" He didn't get a response, so he went to go find his mother.