

CHAPTER 21



ENKI'S PUZZLE

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Enki's Puzzle 21

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"Mom?" Nick heard the TV in the basement. He descended the stairs and found his dad watching the game. Nick kept his lower half behind the door frame so the tent in his pants would be out of view. "Hi Dad. Where's Mom?"

"I think she's upstairs taking a shower." Fred glanced at his son. "She was bummed you missed dinner. Your mother works hard around here, the least you can do is show up."

"Um ... sorry ..."

"You were with that girl, Maggie, right?" Fred nodded and turned his attention back to the game. "I remember being your age. My old man yelled at me more than once for turning up late." He turned the volume up on the TV. "I think your mom left dinner for you on the counter."

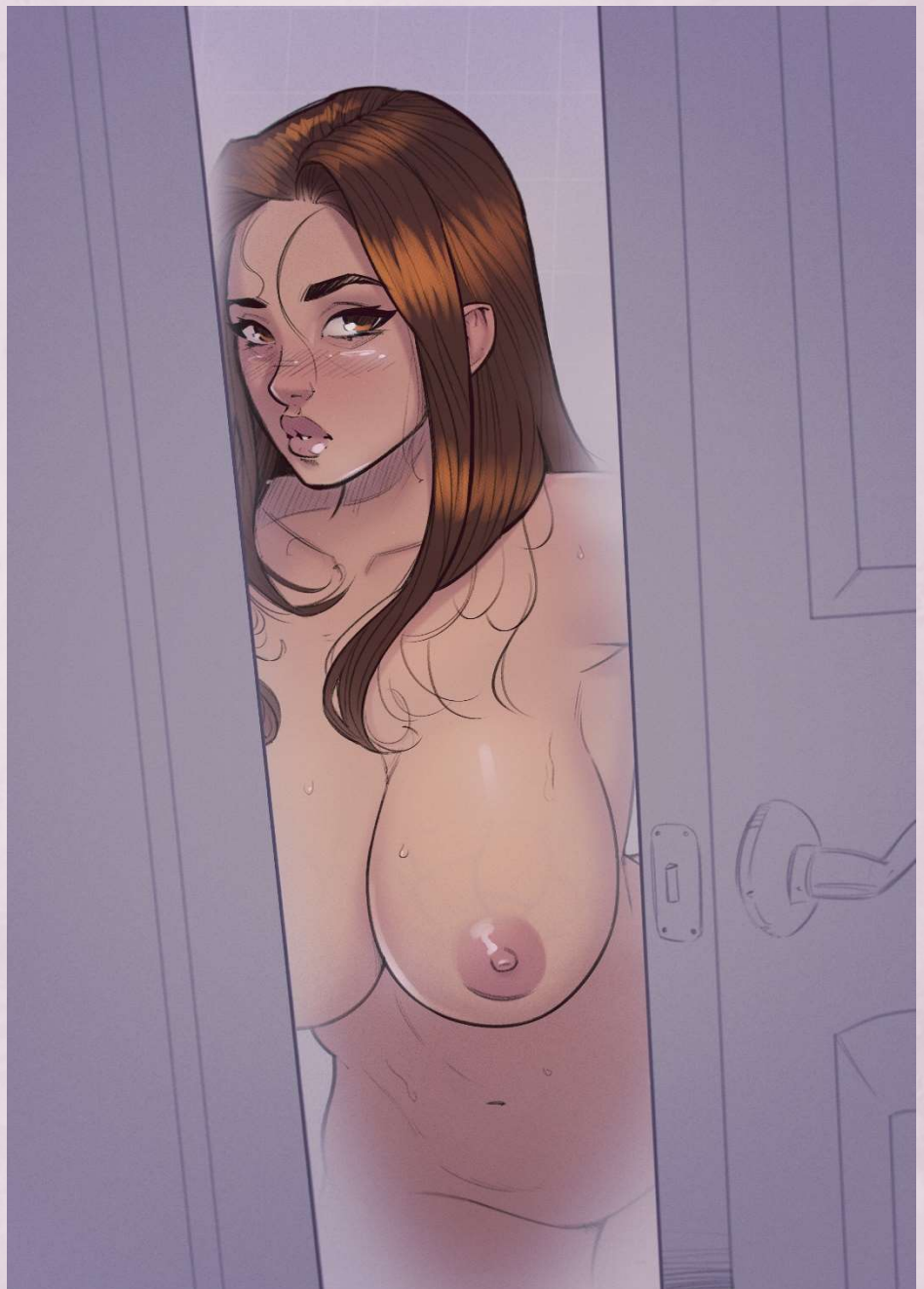
"Thanks. I'll just go to my room," Nick mumbled and left. Once upstairs, he went straight to his parents' room. He let himself in, crossed over to their bathroom and listened. He could hear the shower going. Would she be happy if he surprised her? It seemed less than likely with his dad home, but his hormones got the better of him, and he tried the handle. It was locked. "Mom?" Nick knocked. "Can I come in?"

"No ... Nicky." Kate sounded a little short of breath.

Nick thought about the right way to phrase things. "My girlfriend dropped me off. We made out, but she left me with the biggest ... erection." He tried to say the words loud enough for her to hear through a door with a running shower. He was glad his dad was all the way down in the basement. "I thought I could just play video games and forget about it. But I'm too worked up. And video games can't compete with you." There was a long pause. Nick waited. "Mom?"

The door opened a crack. "What's your father doing right now?"

"He's watching the game. Start of the third quarter." Nick could see part of her large, hanging breast. Lower, he caught a glimpse of her shapely leg through the crack in the door. She was naked and dripping on the floor.



"Oh, gosh." Kate peered at the tent in her son's pants. "I'm going to regret this. Come in." She opened the door wider and quickly closed it behind him. She made sure it was locked. "Your girlfriend left you high and dry?" "Yeah, Mom." Nick quickly undressed. He stared at her teardrop boobs. "And I missed dinner."

Kate thought she knew what he really meant "I don't suppose your girlfriend fed you. Are you hungry?" She pushed out her chest to offer him a nipple and took hold of his penis with her hand. "Oh ... my ... gosshhhhh." She sighed when his lips locked on her breast. "I'll take good care of you, Nicky. Even ... when ... your girlfriend ... can't." She thought about turning the shower off. Normally, she wouldn't waste the



water, but she figured it would help hide what they were doing in case her husband wandered upstairs. Her husband! This wasn't worth the risk. Why couldn't she just wait until Fred went to sleep? "I have to take care of this ... now, don't I?" Her hand worked hard on his penis as he drank. "You're so pent up ... it can't wait, right?"

"Mmmpppphhhhhh." Nick nodded into her breast. He thrust his hips, sliding his dick in her hand. His cock pressed against her belly repeatedly.

"Let's be quick ... quick ..." She could feel his precum smearing on her skin. He smacked his thing into her again and again. She knew she should simply put him in her mouth and finish the job. Instead, she pushed him off her breast and turned around. "You have to promise ... you won't put it in. Only my thighs, got it?" She put his penis between her legs and pressed them together. "Promise ... me ... you won't put it ... anywhere ... else." He had gotten her so worked up, she wasn't thinking straight.

"I ... promise." Nick stared at the delicate curve of her back where it turned into the rolling expanse of her ass. He stood stock still.

"Move your hips like you were doing before." Kate put her hands up on the wall and waited. "Go on, sweetie. Talk to me about ... how you'll cover me. It's okay, I'll rinse off in the shower. I want you to spray my back. I want to feel ... ugh ... the heat ... of it." A shiver ran down her spine when he started pumping his thing between her thighs, rubbing against the bottom of her lips. "Talk to me ... sweetie. Tell ... me."

"My girlfriend ... didn't empty them, Mom." Nick was growing to love her fantasies. "So ... I'm going to ... have to cover you in cum. It'll ... be dripping off you. I'll mark you with it. Dad will wonder why you smell -"

"Don't talk about your ... uh ... uh ... father," she hissed. "Not while he's ... downstairs."

He could tell from her tone that he'd almost ruined the moment. "Sorry ... Mom. It's just that my girlfriend ... drove me crazy ... and left me high and dry."

"Yeeesssssssss." He hips bucked. Kate shut her eyes tight and orgasmed. Her mind left her for a few moments. When it returned, she could tell that she'd squirted all over him. He was incredibly slick.

"Can I pretend ... that I'm inside you?" Nick took hold of her hips. His only point of comparison was his sister. His mom's hips were wider and offered more to hold onto.

"No ..." Kate shook her head and looked over her shoulder. The intensity in his face startled her. "Well ... okay. But only pretend."

"Your pussy is so ... tight ... Mom." Their skin slapped together loudly. "When my girlfriend ... won't finish me ... only your pussy ... will do."

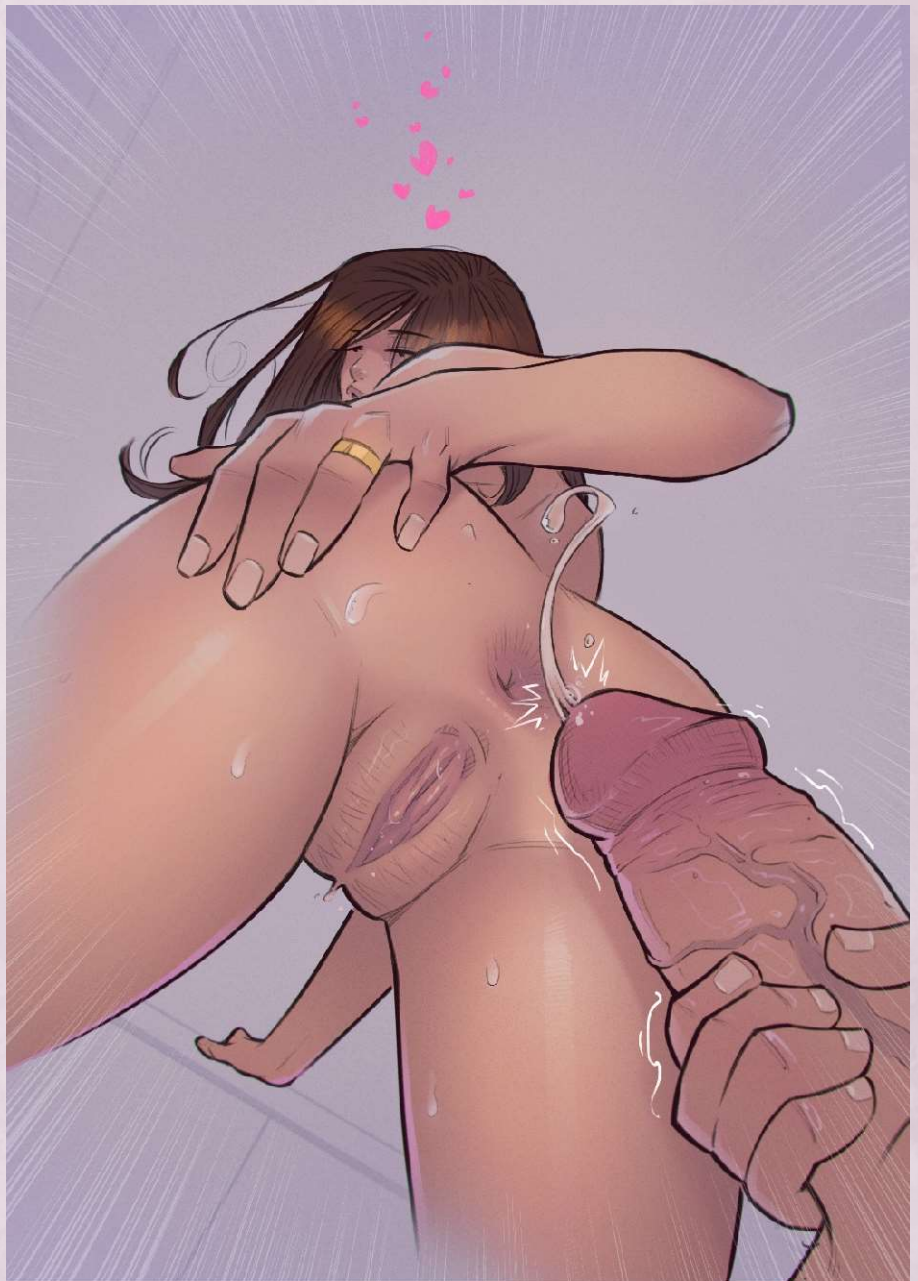
"Don't use ... ugh ... ugh ... the p-word ... Nicky." She was going to climax again just from him rubbing on her lips. How was that even possible?

"Best ... pussy ... Mom." Nick had pushed her successfully on accepting the word "cum." He might get away with saying "pussy." Deep inside, he yearned to stop playing pretend and stick his dick inside her. But he remembered how badly that had gone in the loops. "Gonna ... cum ... Mom."

"Cum on me ... oh ... gosh ... yesssssss." She felt his penis leave the protection of her thighs, and she knew he was finishing himself with his hands. She was so close herself. She wiggled her butt and reached between her legs. Rubbing her clit, she exploded a second after she felt the first hot splash hit her back. "Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii." Her stifled scream sounded very loud in the small, steamy bathroom.

"Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh." Nick unloaded on his mother's backside. When he was finished, she was covered from her hair down to her butt. There was even cum on the wall. He slapped his dick on her wiggling ass as he finished, listening to her mewl. "Wow ... Mom. That was ... amazing."

"Yeah ... honey ... it was." Kate leaned against the wall and panted. Sweat



dripped down her boobs. What had they just done? "Okay ... okay ... I'll clean up in here." The feeling of his heavy penis resting on her butt cheek sent a shiver down her spine. "You have to go ..." She tried to clear her head. The door handle rattled as Nick unlocked it. "Get dressed first!" She turned and helped him pick up his clothes. "If your father catches us ..."

"Yeah ... sorry ..." Nick was normally all smiles after hanging out with his mom. But this time they both wore serious expressions. He dressed quickly.

"This was my fault, Nicky." Kate took a towel and mopped up the puddle on the tile underneath where she had been standing. "I got carried away. I shouldn't have invited you in."

Nick poked his head out of the door. The coast was clear. He looked back at her as she cleaned the floor. "I'm sorry, Mom. You're just ... too perfect. It was my fault, too."

The barest hint of a smile flickered on her face. "Just go! We'll talk later." She watched him disappear out the door. She listened for her husband's angry voice, but of course he was still engrossed in the game. There was only silence. They had dodged a bullet. She sighed, locked the door, and went about cleaning in earnest.



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Kate wore her new lingerie for Fred that night. She wasn't sure if it was guilt, or if Nick had simply wound her up so tight that she craved dirty sex. Whatever the cause, she needed intimate time with her husband. As Fred pulled on his pajamas, Kate sashayed into the room, making sure to sway her hips and jiggle her heavy boobs.

"Wow ... I like the new threads, Katie." Fred admired his wife. "And the new boobs. But I have to go in early for work tomorrow. Can we do this another night?"

"Really?" She tried not to look disappointed. She wondered what Nick would have done if she'd walked up to him dressed as she was. He wouldn't have turned her down. "It's been a while since you went around back." She held up the bottle of lube for him to see. "I thought we could do something special. I don't mind if it's a quickie." Which was good, because it was always a quickie with Fred.

"Your butt?" Fred shook his head slowly. "You drive a hard bargain, Mrs. Dobson." He leaped from the bed and grabbed his wife.

A few minutes later, Kate was on her belly with her husband behind her. "Uh ... uh ... uh ... Fred ... you really like it ... back there?"

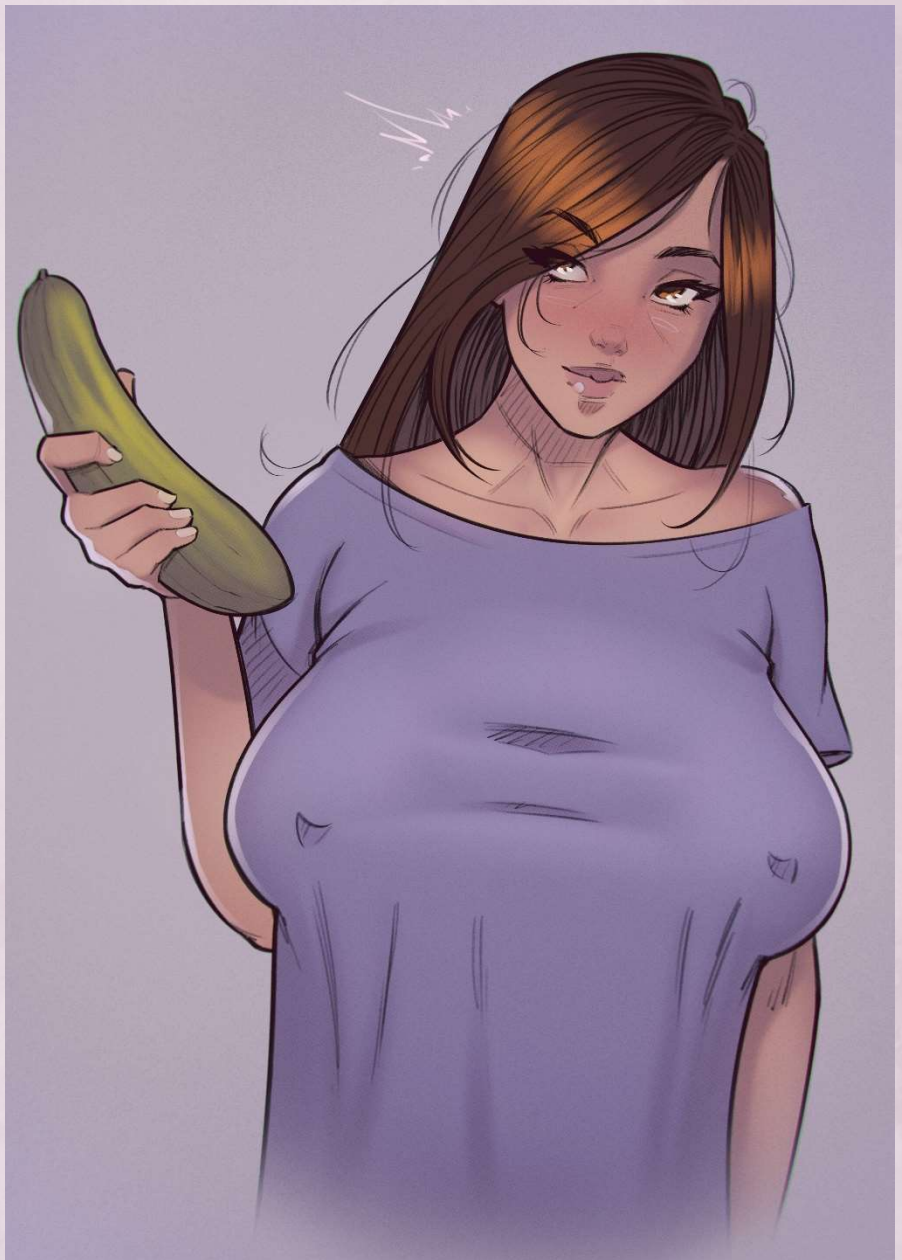
"Heck ... yeah ... Katie." Fred pounded away. It wasn't going to take long. She was so tight. "What's so ... special about ... tonight?"

"Oh ... ugh ... ugh ..." Kate couldn't tell him that she was pretending that Nick was behind her, or that she was flirting with the idea of what it would be like to take her son's enormous penis back there. She felt so full with Fred, but maybe ... she would be able to take something bigger. Maybe ... "I just wanted to feel ... uh ... uh ... uh ... close to you." At least that part was true.

A couple minutes later, Fred finished, rolled off his wife, and fell asleep. Kate waited for her heart to slow down then went into the bathroom and cleaned herself up. The lingerie went into the laundry, and she put on a t-shirt and panties. She felt a little sore when she crawled into bed. How sore would she be if it had been Nick? What expression would there be on his handsome face if she looked behind to see her son thrusting into her butt?

Questions swirled through her head. She climbed out of bed. Her intent was to masturbate in the bathroom, but her feet carried her out of the bedroom. She listened at her son's door, but it was quiet. He was sleeping. He'd had such a busy day. Kate continued down the dark hall and quietly descended the stairs.

Light flooded the kitchen when she opened the refrigerator. The vegetable bin was well stocked. Had she gone completely insane? Maybe. She pulled out a carrot and circled her hand around it. About the size of her husband. She put it back. Behind it waited a large cucumber. "Gosh ... it's almost as big as Nick." Kate pulled it out of the fridge and closed the door. A streetlight gave her ample illumination to move around the kitchen. She washed the large thing in the sink, humming to herself. She dried it, pulled out a bottle of olive oil, and slathered half the cucumber. She shivered as she tried to circle her hand around it. Her thumb and forefinger only just met.



Kate padded silently into the bathroom and locked the door. She would give this a try, it wouldn't fit, and then she could forget all about it. Sitting on the edge of the toilet, she pulled off her panties and lifted the hem of her t-shirt out of the way. She tilted her hips up and moved the cucumber into place. "If your girlfriend won't help you, I'll do it," she whispered to the vegetable, nudging her asshole with its slick, blunt tip. "Oooohhhhhhhhhhhh ... gosh ... that's ... huuuuuuuge." The tip slid in. She hadn't expected to even get that far, but maybe Fred had loosened her up enough.

Little by little she inched the green monster into her butt. She stared down at the thing as it slowly disappeared. When she had gone halfway, she stopped. That was enough. She pulled it most of the way out, thinking she would dislodge it, but instead, pushed it back in. She did it again. And again. And that's how she started humping the cucumber. "Ohhhhhhhhhh ... Nicky ... you're going to turn me ... inside out." She moved her left hand to her vagina, and rubbed little circles on her clit. Her legs trembled and sparks shot through her nerves. Her butt was on the verge of pain, but it didn't really hurt. Had she somehow planned for this? Had she subconsciously tricked her husband into loosening her for this act of depravity?



"Would you rather ... ugh ... be with ... Mommy ... or play your ... video games?" Her voice was hoarse and strained. The hand pumping the cucumber kept a steady rhythm, while her rubbing hand sped up. She could see her thighs visibly shaking. Shooting stars blazed before her eyes. She bit her lip. "Mmmmmpppphhhhhhhh." With several violent jerks from her hips, Kate climaxed. Her vagina squirted across the bathroom, hitting the door. She nearly fell off the toilet. Surge after surge of ecstasy moved through her.

"Holy ... moly ... that was ... intense." Slowly, Kate pulled the cucumber out of her butt with a plop. She was going to be more than a little sore tomorrow. What had possessed her? She

shook her head. Her whole body buzzed as she pulled on her panties and cleaned up what she'd squirted across the bathroom.

On her way through the kitchen, she put the cucumber in the compost bin. She hated to waste it, but she supposed ... she hadn't really wasted it. She washed her hands and went back to bed, exhausted.

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"Are you okay, Mom?" Nick watched his mother move around the kitchen gingerly. "You're walking funny."

"I'm okay." Kate's cheeks turned a shade of deep crimson. She would never tell a soul why she was so sore.

"She'll be fine, Nick." Fred smirked, thinking he was the cause. "Your mom and I just had a little too much fun last night after you went to bed."

"Don't talk like that, Fred." Kate gave her husband a warning look. She smiled at Nick. "It's nothing, sweetie."

"Gross, Dad." Nick looked down at his plate. He dropped his bagel. His stomach turned over. "I mean, whatever." He had told her that they could keep having sex. But he'd also said he didn't want to know about it.

"Your father's just joking." Kate grabbed her toast, put it on her plate, and gritted her teeth as she sat down at the table. Her husband leered at her, and her poor son stared at his half-eaten bagel. "Right, Fred?"

"Just joking." Fred laughed and

looked at the clock. "Oh, shit. I was supposed to leave early today."

"Language, Fred." She watched her husband rush to get ready, and then sprint out the door with not so much as a goodbye.

Mother and son sat in the quiet kitchen, Kate slowly munching her toast.

"I've got some time before school. Would you like to ... um ... hang out?" Nick finally looked up at his mother. She looked quite uncomfortable. "Or we could ... play a game maybe? There's that story that's hot on Reddit right now about the apple thief and the cider frau." Nick smiled as her expression softened. "I was thinking I would be the apple thief, and you'd be the cider frau. But we could do it the other way around."

Kate giggled. "I do think we should take advantage of hang out time when your father is out of the house."

"Great." Nick stood up.

"But ..." She held out her hand, palm forward. "I can't do anything today. I think I pulled a muscle yesterday." She wiggled her butt on the chair and winced. "Sorry, Nicky. Can you take a rain check? I would like to be ... what did you say? The cider frau?"

"Yeah." Nick nodded. His brow furrowed in concern. She looked like she was in pain.

"I might even have the perfect costume. It's an Oktoberfest kind of thing, right?"

"Yeah. That would be awesome." He held his breath. "Are you sure you're okay? Dad didn't ... he didn't ... hit you?"

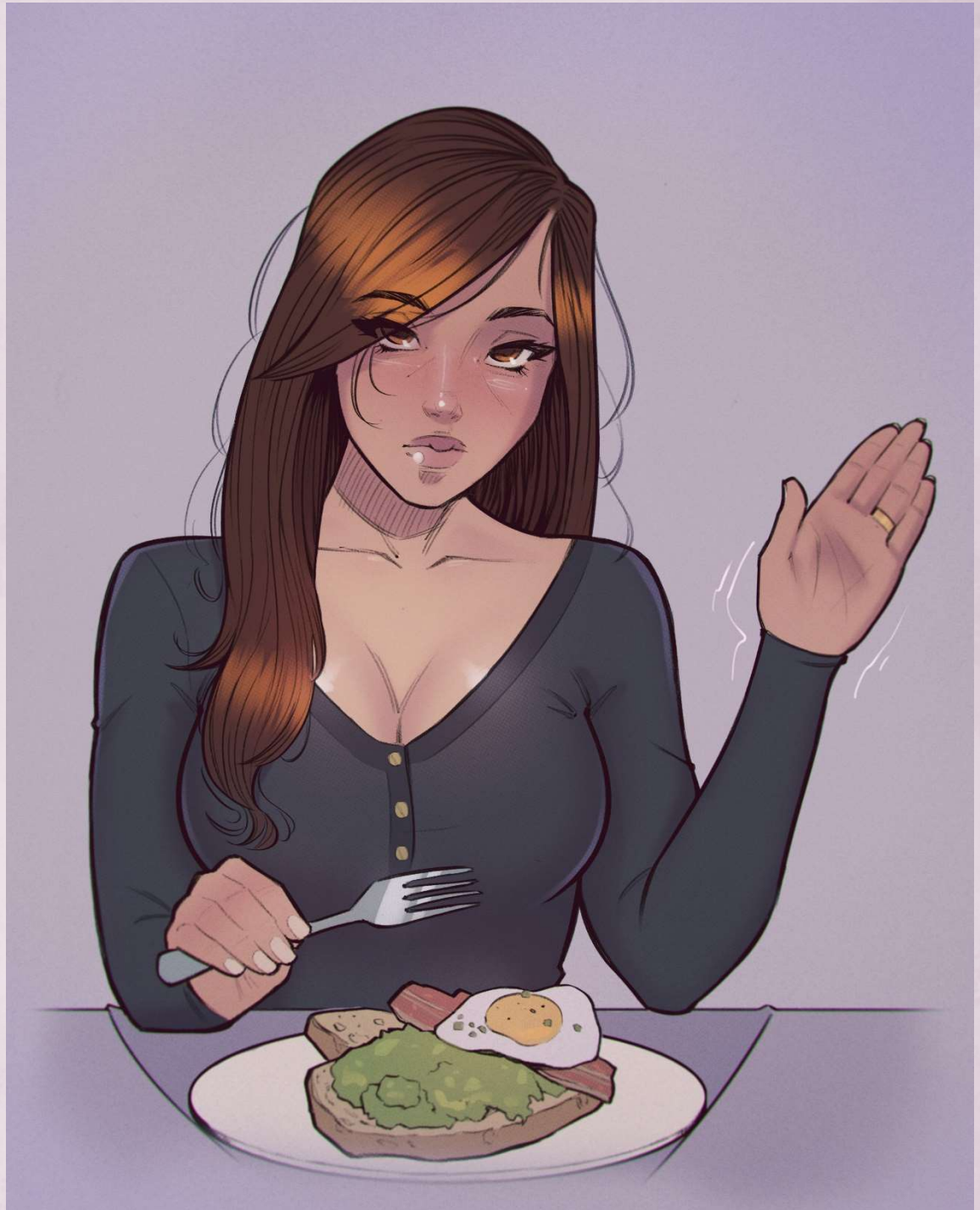
"Oh, heavens no. Nothing like that." Kate sipped her coffee. "Don't even

think that, Nicky. I just went a little crazy with yoga. That's all."

"Okay." Nick nodded. He stepped over to her and kissed her on the cheek. "I'm going to get ready. Let me know if you need anything."

"That's my line." She smiled at him until he left the room. Then she winced again.

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Can you check in on Mom today? She seems ... off. Nick texted his sister as he walked to school. It would be good to get Alyson to swing by the house.

What did you do now? Alyson texted back.

It wasn't me. Nick swiped the keyboard. He could hear a chickadee in the trees above him. *But I do have some stuff to tell you about her. And maybe we could talk about the last riddle. Can you stay until I get back?*

Sure. I'll stop by today. Alyson replied. *Gotta go. At the gym.*

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When Alyson parked in the driveway, butterflies flapped in her belly, her panties dampened, and her pulse beat in her ears. She turned the car off and stared at the front door. Strange that the sight of her family home would cause her body to go haywire. The thought of spending time with Nick was becoming something of an overwhelming force. She would cut it off with him ... eventually. For Chris's sake. She could stop with Nick anytime, she just ... wasn't ready yet.

After exiting the car, Alyson stood in the late morning sun, still staring at the house. She rubbed her sweaty palms on her skirt. A realization hit her. This would be the first time she'd spent significant time alone with her mother since the milk incident. Her heart wasn't beating out of her chest just because of her brother. Could she get her sweet mother to latch onto her nipple again? She walked to the door and let herself in.

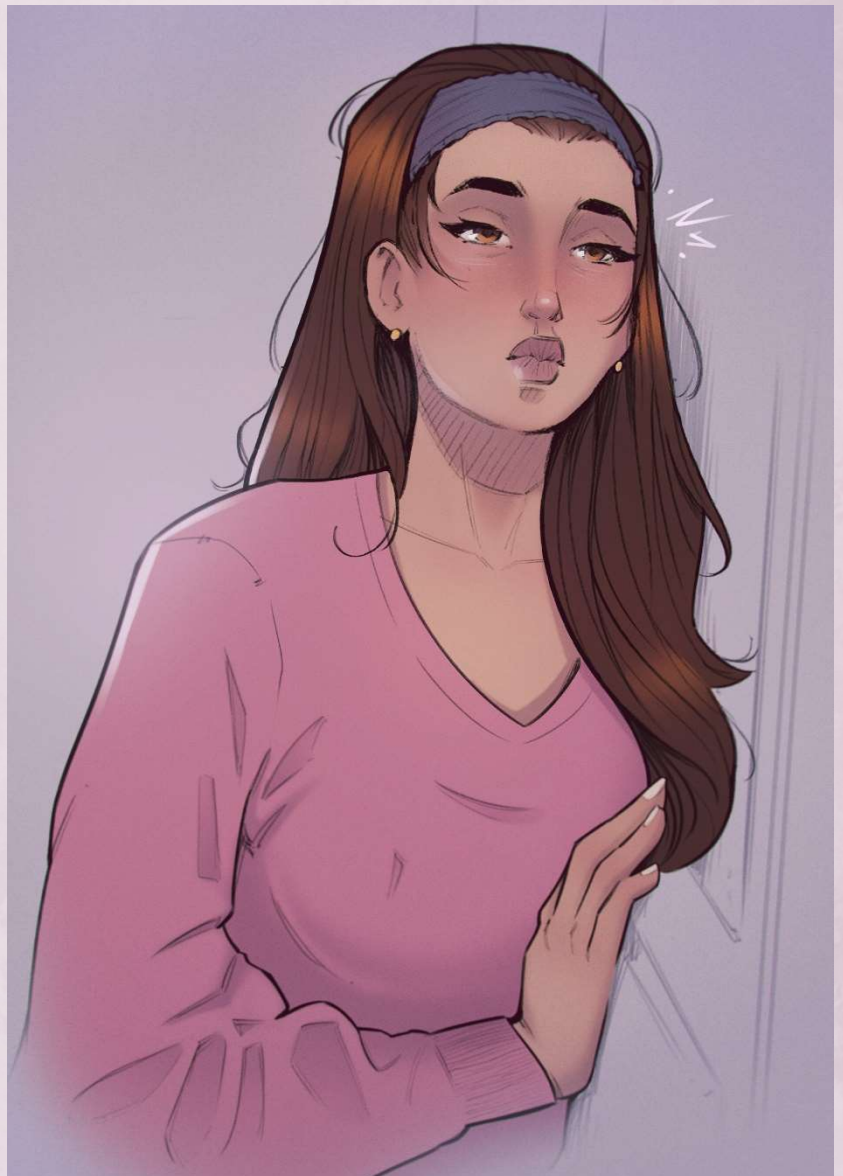
"Mom?" Alyson walked around the first floor, didn't find her mother, and went upstairs. She heard groaning from her mother's bathroom. Her stomach sank. Nick had said she was off. Was her mom sick?
"Mom? You okay?"

"Oh ... Alyson ... I didn't expect you ... so soon." Kate's voice was strained. "I'll be out ... in a ... minute."

"You okay, Mom?" Alyson put her ear against the door. She could hear the shower starting up.

"Give me a little ... privacy in the bathroom ... please."

Alyson shrugged and went to her room.



~~

"Hello, Alyson." Kate hobbled into her daughter's room. Her smile was taut. "Are you staying for lunch?"

"Yeah, Mom. I thought we could hang out." Alyson turned from her computer and watched her mother wince as she sat on the bed. "Nick was worried about you, so I skipped class to stop by."

"Oh ... that's silly. You didn't have to bother." Kate tried to wave the notion away. "Nick was just being overprotective. I pulled a muscle last night. I'm fine. You can go back to work."

"Which muscle did you pull? Did you try stretching?" Alyson got up and sat next to her mother. She tried to control her pulse. This was her mother, and she'd obviously hurt herself. Even so, she couldn't stop staring at her full lips.

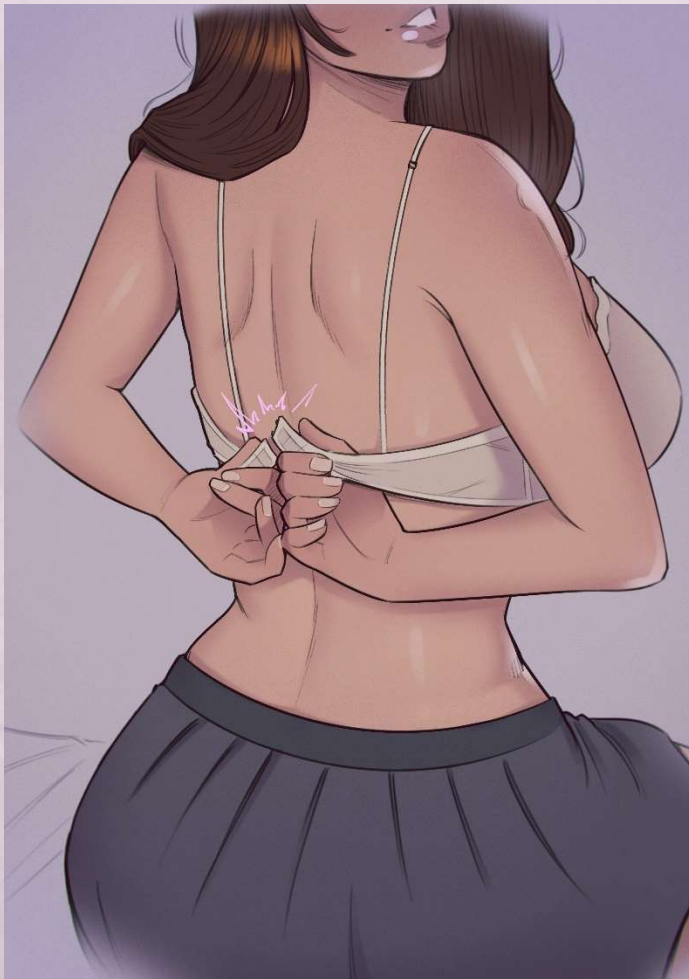
"I'm plenty stretched out, Alyson." Kate nodded grimly. "No mother-daughter yoga today, I'm afraid."

"It's cool, Mom." Alyson lovingly rubbed her mom's thigh. "We can just talk and have some lunch. I'm going to hang around until Nick gets home from school. I want to talk to him."

"You two have gotten very close." Kate raised an eyebrow.

Alyson nodded.

"Has he ... said anything about me?" Kate blushed.



"Like what?" Alyson blinked at her innocently. Their faces were so near that she could feel her mother's sweet, warm breath on her cheek.

"Oh, nothing."

"He has said that he thinks you're the best mom in the world, and he'd do anything for you." Alyson leaned in a little closer. "I feel the same way. You're the best, Mom."

"Thank you, Alyson." Kate sat very stiffly.

"I've been thinking about the other day when you helped me with my problem."

"I'm not sure ... what you mean." Kate put her hand to her mouth and cleared her throat.

"You know, about my boobs." Alyson grabbed the hem of her overlarge sweater and lifted it over her head. Her pulse sounded like the timpani section of an orchestra. "The milk you tasted for me." She reached behind her, unclasped her bra, and let it fall to the floor. "I wonder if you might try some again? I'm still worried about it." The pretense was flimsy. Alyson was letting her hormones take over. The very next time she was alone with her mother, and her tits were out in the open.

"Alyson ... I ... um ..." Kate felt the situation sliding away from her. She stared at her daughter's round, ample breasts. Like Nick, her daughter was so full of life. So full of youth. So ... full. "You want me to taste ... your milk ... again?" Without thinking about it, she found herself tracing her fingertip along the meandering, blue veins. They looked so vulnerable out in the open, so in need of a mother's protection. But instead of covering them up, Kate leaned forward. Life had swept her off her feet, and she didn't know where she'd land.

This time, Alyson wasn't putting much effort into pretending to be clinical. "Oooohhhh ... Mom ... that's good." Lacing her fingers in her mother's hair, she held Kate firmly to her breast. The room filled with gulping sounds.

"Mmmmmmmmm." Kate basked in the sensations of her daughter's dulcet offering. She understood why Nick so happily latched onto her own breasts. Her tongue begged for more of the sweetness, and her belly filled with comforting warmth. Was this going to be a regular thing now? Would she drown in her son's sperm *and* her daughter's milk? She lost all track of time as she drank and drank. Once she had her fill, she pulled off the nipple and rested her cheek on Alyson's soft boob. They curled up together and napped.

Eventually, Kate felt Alyson pushing at her shoulder. Kate blinked up at her.

"Was that good, Mom?" Alyson had expected none of this when she'd answered her brother's text. But everything that was happening seemed set in stone. Her mother was meant to be at her breast. And Alyson was ... meant to be at her mother's, of course. Nothing could be more natural.

"It was ... wonderful." Kate nodded her head and straightened up. A timid smile spread across her face. "But we should stop now." She tried to compose herself. "Your brother will be home soon ... what are you doing?" She watched Alyson unbutton Kate's blouse, but did nothing to stop her.



"Is this a new bra, Mom?" Alyson removed the blouse from her mother.

"Your father and I ... got it when we went shopping." Kate let Alyson take off her bra. Slowly, her daughter leaned down to her boob. "Oh ... Alyson ... I'm not sure we should ..." She saw her daughter's eyelids flutter as she got her first taste, and then Alyson drank. Kate winced as she shifted her weight, and sighed. She ran her fingers gently up and down Alyson's delicate back. "You've always been ... so sweet ... Alyson ... I -"

"Mom! Alyson! I'm home." Nick's muffled voice carried up to them.

Alyson lurched off her mother with wide eyes. "Shit!" She threw on her sweater, and saw her mother fumbling with her bra. "No time, Mom," she whispered. "Just put on your blouse." She pulled the bra from her mom's panicked fingers, and tossed it on the bed. She helped her into her shirt, buttoning it as quickly as she could. Kate's fingers were shaking so much she wasn't much help. They could hear Nick calling out to them as he searched the house. "Okay." Alyson finished buttoning, straightened the blouse and moved over to her desk

chair just as Nick knocked on the door.

"Alyson?" Nick's voice sounded a little worried.

"Come in, Nick." Alyson smiled when he entered the room. She reminded herself that she'd tell him about it later anyway. It wasn't a big deal if he caught them. But judging from her mother's pale face and wooden posture, she felt very differently.

"Oh, there you are." Nick smiled broadly when he saw them. "Are you feeling better, Mom?"

"Yes, Nicky. Thank you." Kate stood stiffly and kissed him on the cheek. "I'm feeling better." She realized they had forgotten about lunch. But then again, maybe they hadn't. Not really. "I'm going to go shower."

"Okay." Nick stared at her blouse. She was clearly not wearing a bra under the thin material, and her left breast was leaking. A dark stain spread over the nipple. Kate didn't seem to realize it as she hobbled out of the room.



"Bye, Mom." Alyson called after her. "Good talk." When their mother was gone, she got up and closed the door. "Holy shit. We have to talk."

"Me first." Nick had a dumb, wide grin on his face. "Maggie and I made out behind the bleachers today during fifth period. I've never done anything ..."

Alyson let him talk, thinking back on her amazing day. She sat down in her desk chair and tried to look like she cared about Maggie Chalmers. Nick's story went on and on. Eventually, she settled on a way to shut him up. She stood and pulled down her skirt and panties. She stepped out of them, sat back down, and spread her legs. Her brother stopped talking and stared at her pussy. Alyson tried to suppress a smile. "Ready to hear about my day?"

