

CHAPTER 22



ENKI'S PUZZLE

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Enki's Puzzle 22

Illustrations by TenderMinDD

Written by RawlyRawls

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"Every time ... ugh ... you eat me ... it gets ... better." Alyson ran her hands through her brother's hair.

"Tell me ... more ... about ... Mom," Nick said between licks. While he was munching on his sister's pussy, she told him how she had gotten their mother to drink her milk again, how the two of them had napped together, and how Kate then fed Alyson.

"That ... was it ... Nicky." Alyson shuddered when he moved up to her clit. In the loops, she had to teach Nick the basics of oral. Her knowledge had come mostly from Chris. Now, Nick could teach them both a few things. Not that she'd tell her fiancé that her brother was opening a master class in oral sex. "When you came home ... you interrupted us."



"Can you ... imagine ... if Mom was down here ... instead of me?" He sucked her clit gently into his mouth.

"Oh ... shiiiiiiiiiiiiit ... yeeesssssss." Alyson could imagine it very well indeed, and the thought sent her mind spiraling. *Her sweet mom lapping her pussy.* Alyson's legs shook violently, and she came on her brother's face.

Afterward, they washed up, dressed, and chatted in Alyson's room.

"So, you think Mom's okay?" Nick sat cross-legged on her bed watching his sister swivel side to side in her desk chair. "You don't think Dad did anything?"

"No, I'm pretty good at reading her. She wasn't hiding anything. Just a pulled muscle." She waved off his worries with her hand. "Let's talk puzzle."

Nick wanted to ask her about Chris. He was hoping things might have soured between them. But she seemed to be leaving him out of their conversation on purpose. "As I remember it, the riddle goes *Fruit of the poisonous tree grows rotten. The virtuous tree bears ambrosia. Cut back weeds and sow a harvest worthy of Enki.*" He was used to memorizing the

riddles from his time in the loops when it was pointless to write anything down. "I've been thinking about it a lot." Nick rubbed his chin. "And I have no idea what Enki means. You?"

"I've been thinking about it, too." Alyson nodded and smiled. She liked her brother's somber, contemplative face. It aged him beyond his eighteen years. "We're meant to sow and reap. Obviously, my mind went to pregnancy. But even Enki wouldn't be crazy enough to ask you to knock up Mom."

"Never gonna happen." Nick nodded. He twisted his face in disgust, so that his sister would know he would draw the line somewhere. "And even if I was willing, she'd never in a million years let me. Yesterday, she put me between her thighs, and you should have seen how strict she was about keeping my dick there."

Alyson's eyes widened. "She did what now?"

"I didn't tell you?" Nick said casually. He laughed and regaled her with the story of how he'd humped their mom's thighs in the bathroom, while their father watched TV in the basement. "The trick with Mom is to appeal to her fantasies."

"Go on." Alyson's hand snaked under her dress and rubbed between her legs.

"It's pretty wild, actually. Who knew she was so kinky?" Nick told her about their mother's interest in outcompeting video games, in finishing what his girlfriend couldn't, and drowning in cum. He also mentioned they had a future date playing "apple thief and cider frau."

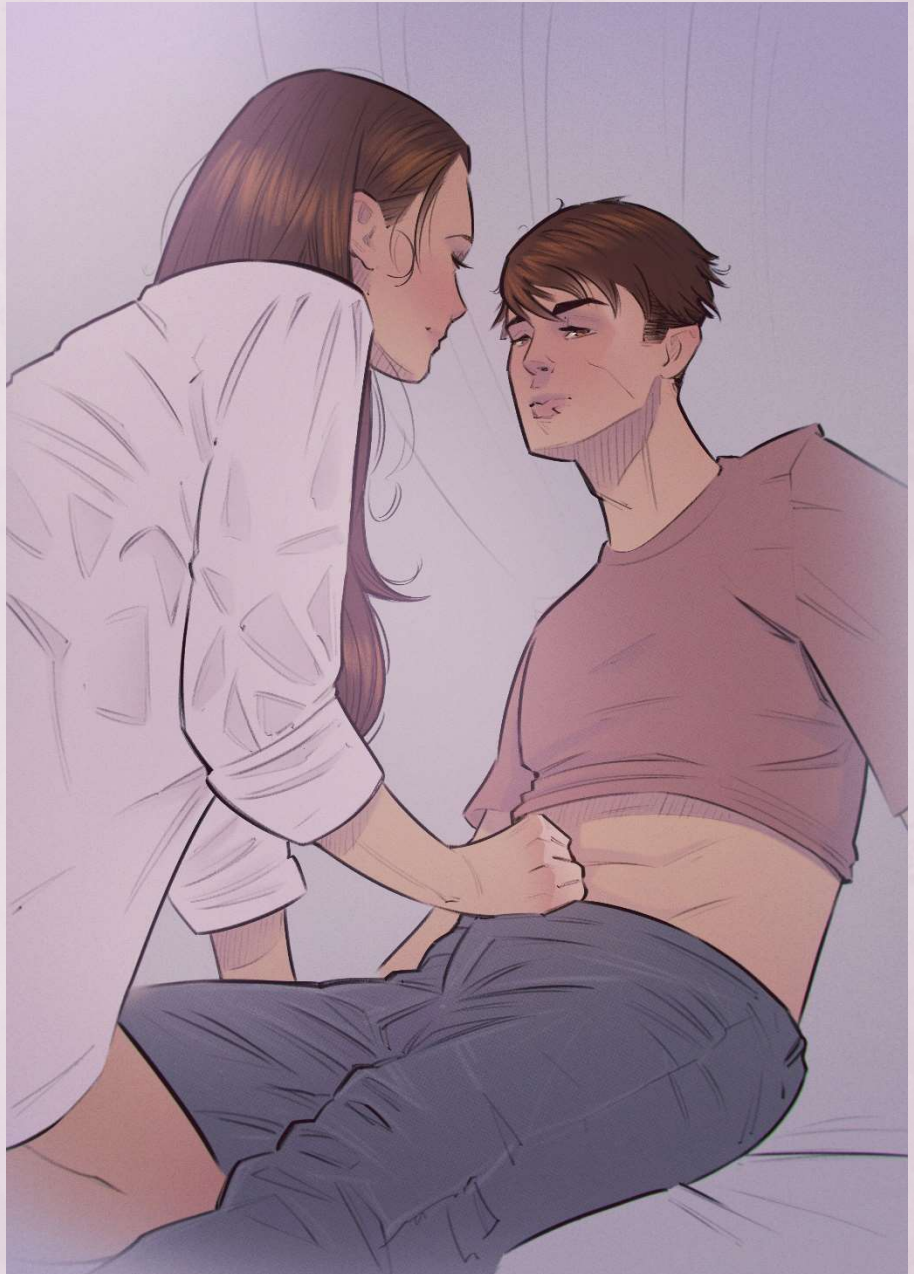
"I don't know what the hell a 'cider frau' is, but I want to see Mom dressed as one." Alyson undressed again. Speaking of wild, she couldn't get enough of what was happening at home. "Did she really ask you to drown her in cum?" Alyson pulled off her panties.

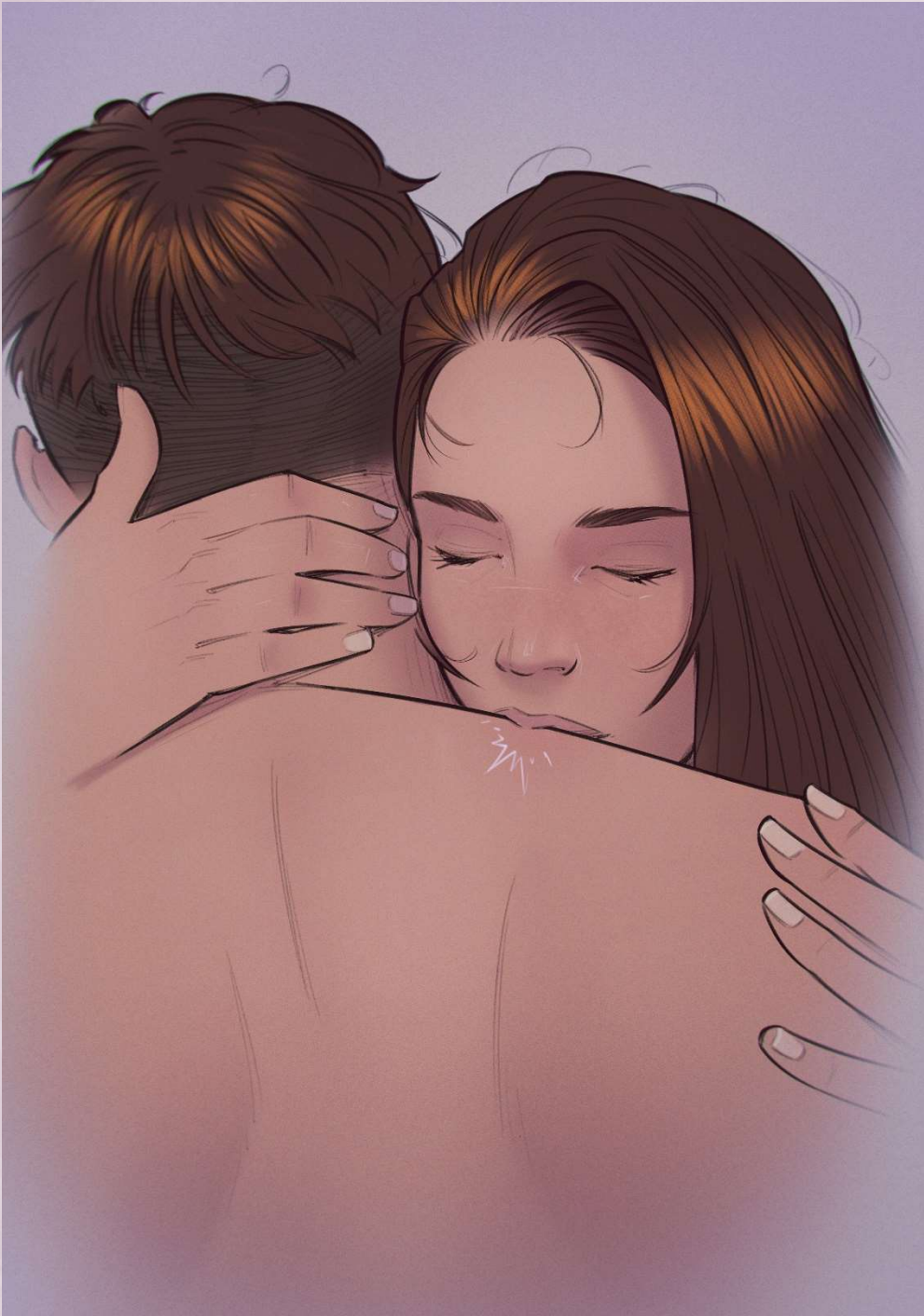
"She did." Nick watched his naked sister climb onto the bed and start removing his clothes. "And I'd love to talk about it with you while we're naked and everything ... but we were pressing our luck earlier. We shouldn't do this with Mom home. She'll die if she catches us."

"I'm sorry, Nick. Of course, you're right." But she pulled his shirt over his head and ran her fingers along his abs. "I'll be quick." She released his cock, happy that it was fat and hard. "Just keep telling me about her fantasies."

"Maybe we could go to your place?" Nick wasn't used to being the responsible one. "And are you still safe?"

"Shit ... what time is it?" Alyson looked at her phone. "I have to be at the gym in an hour." She mounted her brother and slid his cock inside her. "I don't think ... I'm safe ... anymore ... so ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... pull out." Her hips found the familiar rhythm, taking him with impossibly long strokes.





“Ugh ... okay ...” Nick stopped protesting. His sister’s tits bounced in his face and her pussy gripped his cock. His smaller head slipped into the decision-making driver’s seat. “Do you want ... to ... ugh ... drown in my cum ... too?”

“Oh ... my ... God ... yeeessssss.” She bit down on his shoulder to keep from screaming. An orgasm swept through her. A few seconds later, her hips went back to work. “Nicky ... Nicky ... promise me ... you’ll drown me ... uh ... uh ... when you’re ready.”

“You ... ugh ... want to drink it?” Nick was starting to wonder just how kinky the women in his family were. He didn’t think this was all Enki’s doing.

“Drown ... me ... uuuggggggghhhhhh.” Alyson let her head fall back and came again. She might have been a little too loud with her second climax, but it was hard to care in the moment. Her hips paused for the orgasm and then started back up.

The door swung open. "Is everything all right ...?" Kate froze with her hand on the handle when she saw what her children were up to. Her hand went to her mouth. "Oh ... gosh ... ooohhhhhh ... no."

Alyson froze, too. She was facing her mother. "Mom ... I'm sorry ... it's ..." She panted, not knowing what to say.

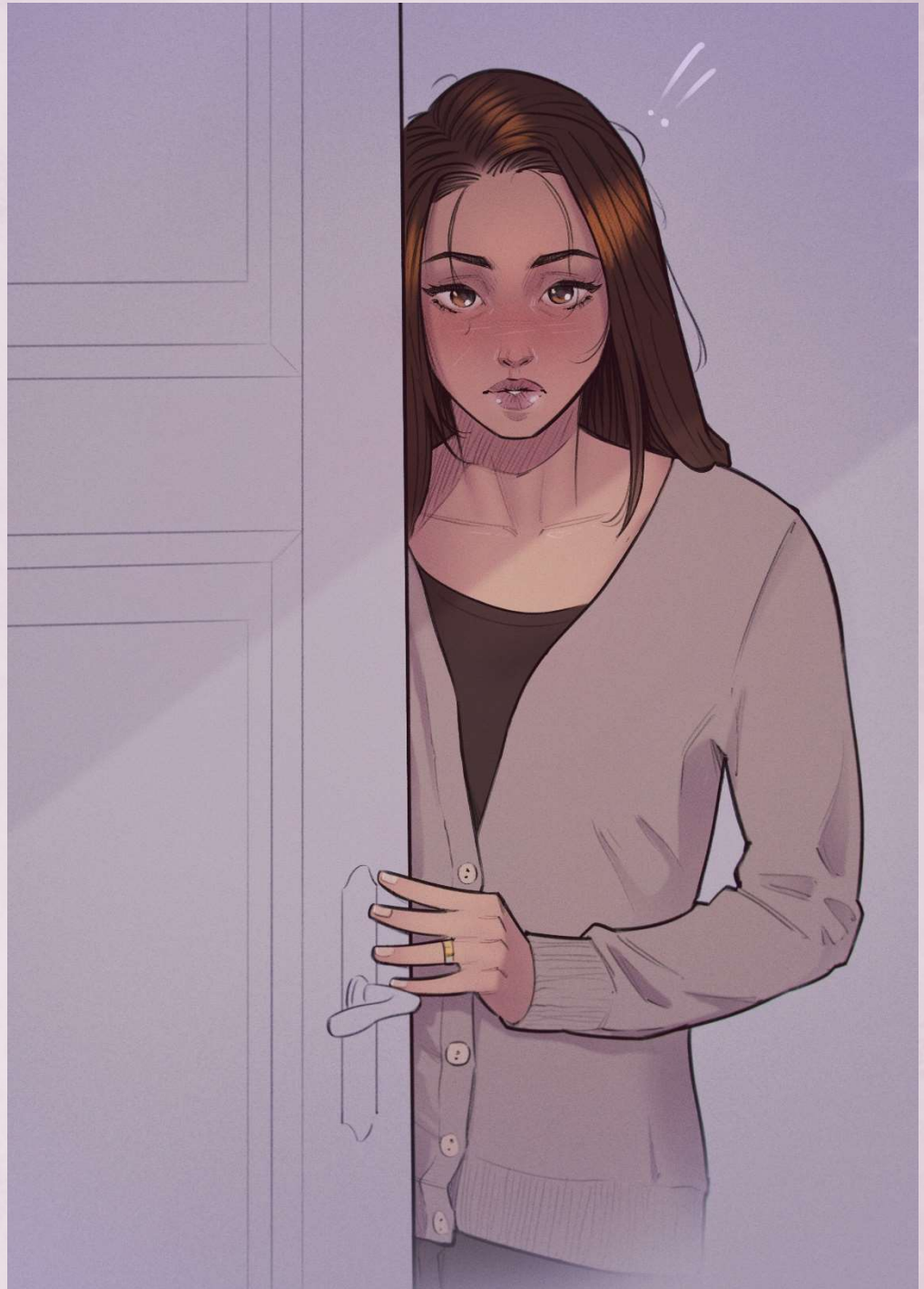
"Oh ... gosh." Kate shook her head steadily. "You ... um ... well, get off him. Get off your brother. If your father found you instead of me ... oh ... gosh." She watched Alyson dismount from Nick. Kate stepped further into the room to see his penis. "Oh ... no ... not even a condom ... oh ... gosh." Kate felt lightheaded. Was this her fault? Had she somehow done this to them with all the games she'd been playing with Nick?

"Let me explain, Mom." Nick wrapped himself in Alyson's blanket as his sister hastily dressed. "We were stuck in time loops. The same day over and over. And we got closer because of it. And it seemed ..." He lunged and caught his mother as she fell sideways.

"We killed Mom. Shit, shit, shit." Alyson stared at Kate. "I didn't mean to."

"I think she fainted." Nick could see Kate was still breathing.

"What do we do?" Alyson, her dress halfway on, rubbed her hands together in anguish. "I miss the loops, Nicky." She meant it. There was no way to know how this would play out, but it wouldn't be good. Of that, Alyson was sure.





“Mom? Mom?” Nick caressed her cheek, holding her on his lap. They were perched on the edge of the bed.

“Nicky?” Kate’s eyelids fluttered open. She looked up at her handsome son. All she could think was that she should have seen this coming. She pushed away from him and slowly got to her feet. She wavered and almost toppled over again but caught her balance. “You two may not spend any time alone together. Ever again.” She looked from one to the other. She wasn’t being a hypocrite, was she? No, she wasn’t. She would never let Nick put his thing in her vagina. Alyson should have known better.

Silence filled the room.

“Mom ... what Nick said about the loops sounds crazy.” Alyson finished putting on her dress. “But it’s true. My puzzle is magic. He accidentally started it and -”

“Do I look stupid, Alyson?” Some color came back to Kate’s face. Her eyebrows knit together. “Stop it with that nonsense. Go back to your apartment. Nicky, you’re

grounded in your room.”

“But -” both siblings started.

“You could have gotten pregnant!” Kate screamed at the top of her voice. Her life was hurtling downhill without any brakes. She needed to assert control. “Go, Alyson. Go, Nick. Now!”

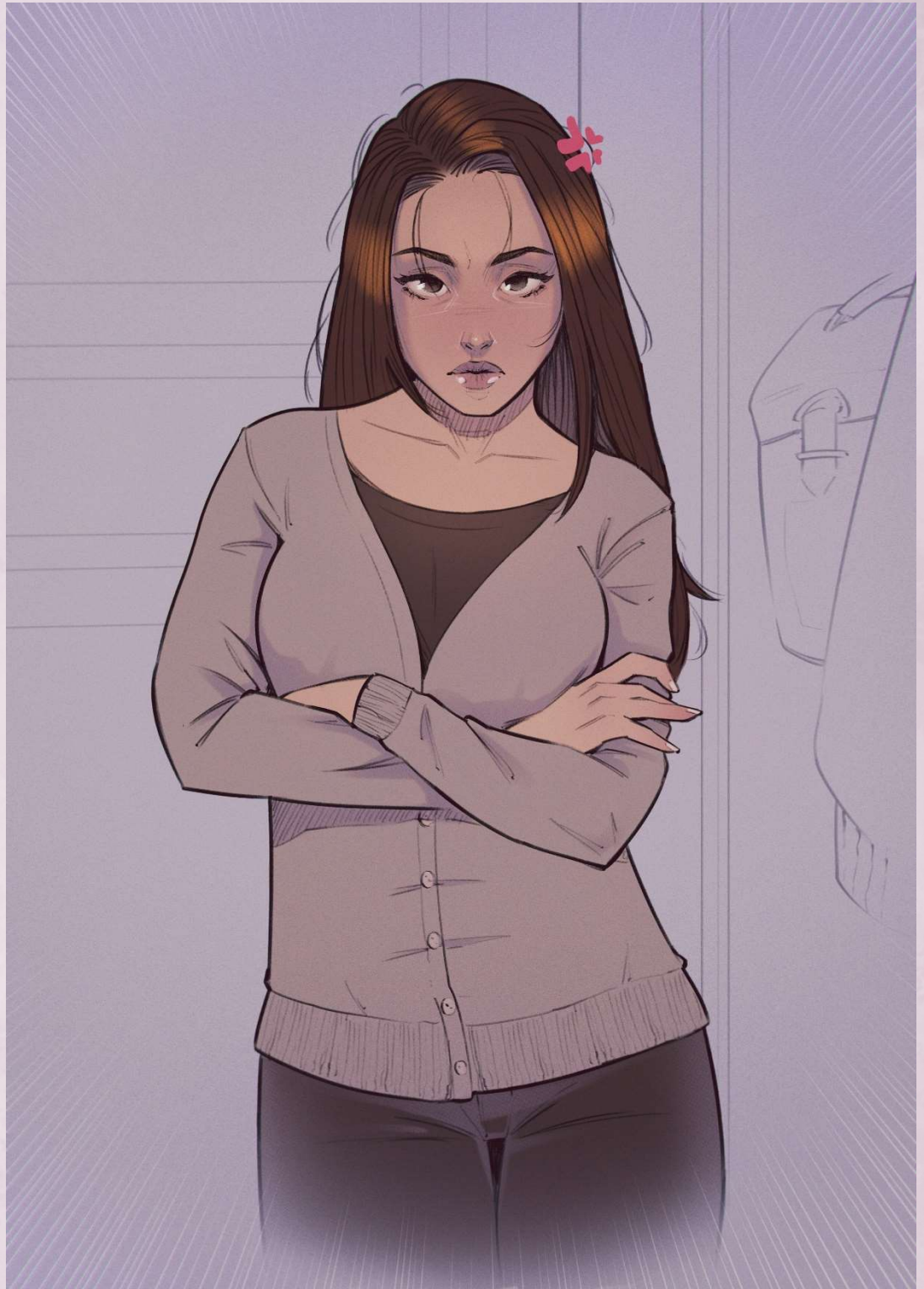
Alyson and Nick exchanged a glance. She left the room first, hurrying off to meet Chris at the gym.

Nick stood, still wrapped in the blanket. “Mom ... I ...”

"You need to keep it in your pants, Nick." Kate crossed her arms. "I'm rethinking everything right now. I know your hormones are going crazy, but you have to be smart." She cut him off before he could say anything. A sudden burst of rage hit her. "She can't have your fucking baby, Nick. She's engaged. She's working on her degree. She's your fucking sister!"

Nick shut his mouth tight. She had cursed twice in four sentences. This was the angriest he'd ever seen her, including all those years he'd been a jerk to her. "I'm sorry." He hung his head and walked back to his room, taking his sister's blanket with him. He slumped onto his bed and looked up at the ceiling. He checked his phone. There were a bunch of messages from Maggie. He tossed the phone on the floor. Birdsong directed his attention to the window. "Not today, Chirpee. I think I need to be alone." He didn't open the

window. Instead, he closed his eyes and wondered how royally he'd screwed things up. His stomach turned over and over. Maybe if he went to sleep, it would be today all over again.



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Nick slept through dinner. No one knocked on his door to wake him. When he finally woke, the next day was upon him. There was no loop, just reaping what he'd sown. The thought reminded him that he and Alyson hadn't made any headway on the riddle. What did it matter? Enki could wait.

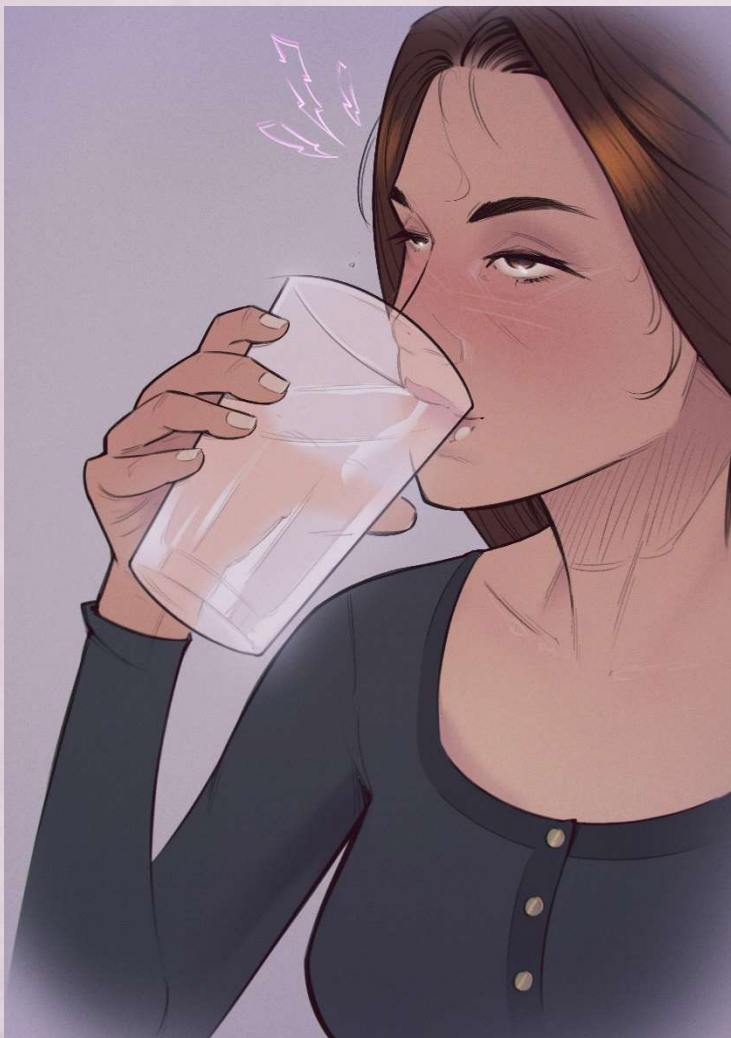
Fred looked up from his breakfast when his son arrived in the kitchen. "Your mother said you were sick. Feeling better?"

"She said I was sick?" Nick scratched his head. It made sense, if Kate told his father that Nick was grounded, he'd ask why, and obviously she didn't want to tell him.

Fred stared at his son like he was a moron.

"Yeah, I was pretty sick last night." Nick muffled a cough with his arm. "I'm feeling better."

"Good. Don't want you missing any school." Fred nodded with satisfaction and went back to reading his phone.



"Yeah." Nick poured himself some cereal and sat down. When his mom entered the kitchen a few minutes later, she didn't even look at him.

"Morning, Mom."

"Hello, Nick." Kate's voice was cold as ice. She filled up a glass at the sink, drank the water, and put the glass down, never looking at her son. She hadn't the faintest clue what to do with him. "Fred, would you like to join me upstairs for a few minutes?"

"I'm reading, Katie." Fred didn't look up from his phone.

"I'll make it worth your while." She forced a smile. It was petty and twisted using Fred to punish Nick. But it was also quite satisfying.

"Well, okay. I could spare a few minutes." Fred got up with a smirk on his face and hurried upstairs.

"Don't be late for school." Kate followed her husband. Her butt was feeling much better after the cucumber incident. Maybe she'd let Fred get really lucky.

It was still early, but when Nick heard the thumping coming from his parents' bedroom, he quickly packed his stuff and walked out the front door. He took a meandering walk, cutting through the nature

preserve he and his mom had hiked recently. Nick was quite surprised when a tree stepped into his path. When he saw Enki's knobby face, Nick's shoulders slouched, and he stopped dead in his tracks.

"The weeds multiply, young one." Enki seemed to be eyeing a birch tree nearby like it might be a rival. He didn't look at Nick. "Fruit of the poisonous tree grows rotten."

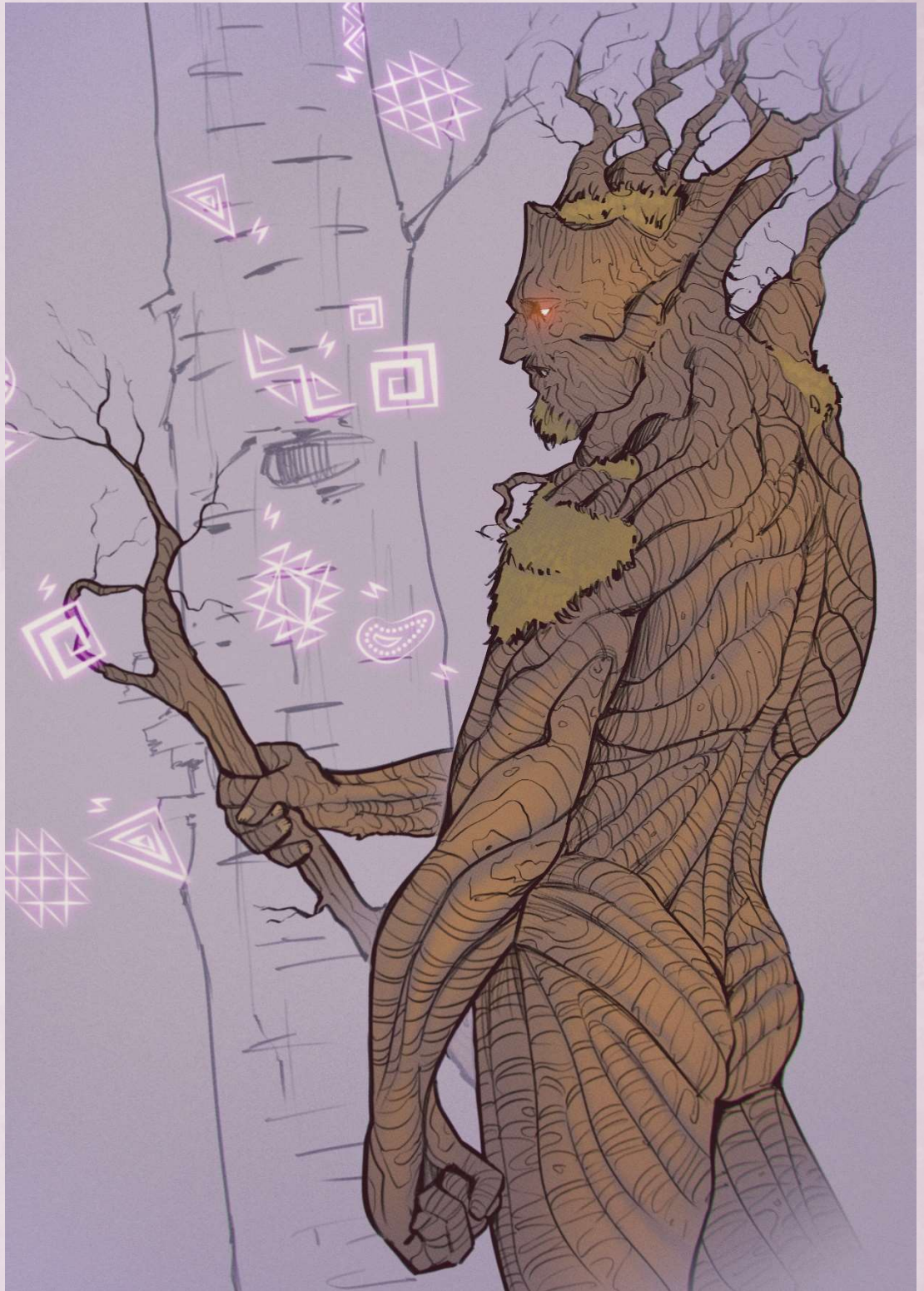
"I don't understand." Nick shook his head. "Can we just be done? No more riddles?"

Enki's face slowly turned toward Nick. His gaze burrowed into the youth. "Do you think this all a game? A triviality that we can start and leave incomplete?"

"No?" Nick shrugged.

"Use your gifts and set things right." Enki seemed to lose interest in Nick. He turned his gaze back to the birch. "Then solve the last riddle. If you do not claim victory, I will." The god vanished.

"What the fuck does that mean?" Nick's mind swam with competing thoughts. Nothing made sense. He didn't know how to set things right, but he figured he could start by checking in on his sister. He texted *you okay?* Nick continued on his walk. By the time he had to turn off his phone at school, she hadn't texted him back.



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“What’s wrong?” Maggie sat next to Nick on the bleachers. The day before, he’d kissed her like his life depended on it. Today, they stared out at the empty field. “Did I do something? Because I want you to know you can talk to me about anything.” She gave him an encouraging smile.

“I’m sorry, Maggie. It’s not you.” Nick took her hand and held it. “I hurt my mom’s feelings last night, and I feel ... terrible.”

“Oh.” Maggie frowned. “You and your mom are really close, right?”

“Yeah.”

“Want to tell me what happened?” She was certain that he didn’t, but it was always worth giving him the option. Most boys were a closed book, but she found Nick to be fairly open and emotionally intelligent.

“I wish I could. But it’s complicated.” Nick felt so comfortable around her that he almost let it all spill out. Of course, she’d think he was insane if she heard half of what he’d done in the loops and afterward. “Maybe you could help me forget?” He leaned toward her and kissed her on the lips. Her breath was warm and sweet.

Maggie looked around. They were all alone. No one went out there during third period. “I know how to distract you.” She took his hand and slipped it under her sweater. She smiled when he squeezed gently. He wasn’t a rabid dog like most boys when she allowed them to feel her up. He rolled his hands around her bra, and flicked his thumb on her nipple for one teasing moment. She shivered. He knew what he was doing.

They made out until the bell rang. Then they collected their backpacks and went to class. They couldn’t cut all day.



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Soccer practice wore Nick out, but he was happy that it delayed his inevitable return home. Whatever was going to happen with his mom, it was going to be bad. He could feel it in his bones. Whether she gave him the cold shoulder, or screamed at him, he didn't see how she would forgive him.

As he was walking home, Maggie pulled her car up next him and offered him a ride. He declined. "It's time to face the music." He leaned into the car and tried to smile.

"If you survive tonight, I promise to give you more distractions tomorrow." Maggie's smile shone like a beacon.

"You're the best." He waved her on and watched her car drive away. He wondered if she ever struggled with anything. Nick hung his head and plodded home.

Usually, he would announce his arrival when returning home. But instead, he slunk in through the front door, quietly hung his backpack on a hook, and took off his shoes. He found his mom curled up on the sofa in the living room reading a book. The glare from the window reflected off her glasses, making it hard to see her eyes. "Hello, Mom. You look cozy."

"Hello, Nick." Kate didn't look up from her book. "Run along and get your homework done. I'll start dinner soon."

"I can help with dinner."

"Not tonight." Kate sighed. "Run along, Nicky."

Nick sat down on the edge of the armchair opposite the sofa. "Look, I have no excuse. What I did was stupid."

Kate took off her glasses and looked over at him. "She's your *sister*, Nicky." Her voice was soft and barely carried in the room. "And if you're doing something like that with her, what are you doing with other girls? I'm not ready to be a grandmother. And you're not ready to be a father."

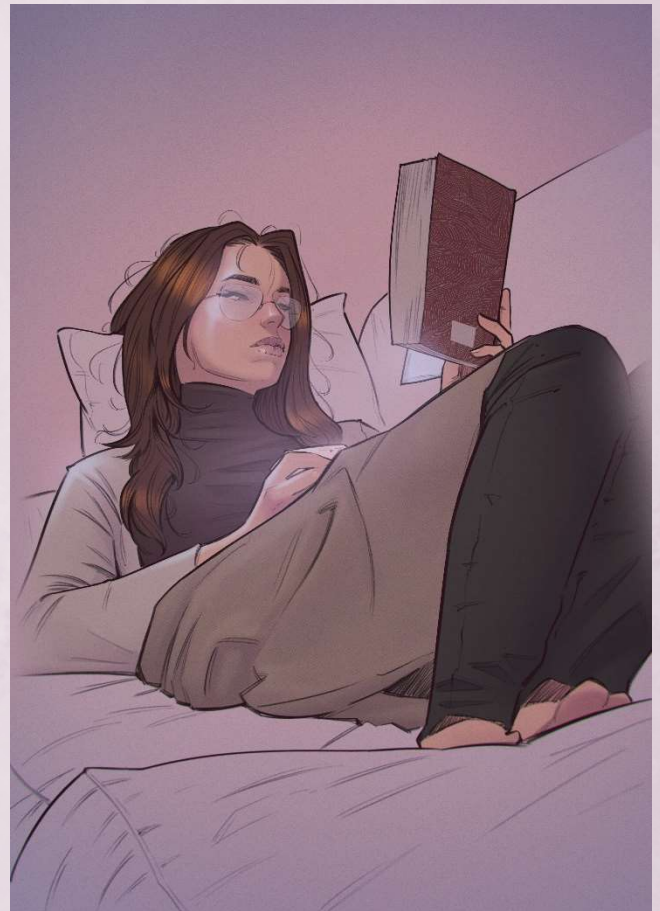
"I agree." He nodded, happy at least that she was making eye contact with him. "Maggie and I haven't done anything like that. And you know Jess and I never did because of my size. A lot of crazy things happened with me and Alyson. It threw us together."

"Your sister took your virginity?" Kate had thought he was some Lothario. But maybe she'd had it all wrong.

"Well ... yes ... but ..." He knew she would shut down if he launched into an explanation of Enki and the loops. "It's my fault. I shouldn't have let you down like that."

Kate chewed on her lip. She found her bookmark, closed the book, and put it on the coffee table. "You must be so confused about us. And then your sister ... I keep forgetting that you're only eighteen. You've matured so much recently."

"What do you need from me, Mom?"



"You see, that's the maturity I'm talking about." She continued to chew on her lip. "I need you to go do your homework and give me some time to think." When he didn't move, she waved her hands at him. "Go on. When you're done, you can come down and help me make dinner."

"Okay." Nick nodded, his face still solemn. He left and went up to his room. When he checked his phone, he saw that Maggie had texted *Do you still live?* Nick texted back a shrugging emoji. He really wasn't sure. But his balls ached. He had been so preoccupied with everything that had happened, he hadn't cum once that day. Now that he thought about it, that had to be some kind of record since Enki had changed him. He could do homework later. He fired up the computer, found some porn, and fapped for an hour.

He came three times before heading downstairs to help with dinner. Kate had classical music playing while she chopped celery. Nick saw potatoes by the sink and went to scrub them without saying a word. When he was done washing, he brought them over to her cutting board.

Kate eyed her son speculatively. "Tell me how it happened." She picked up a potato and quartered it with the knife. "I know your sister is having issues with Chris and ..."

Kate took a deep breath. "You have to promise you won't tell anyone what I'm about to tell you. And that you won't ... judge me."

"I promise." Nick leaned against the counter and watched her chop. He had no idea what she was going to say.

Kate took several more deep breaths. "Your sister sort of ... tried to ... um ... seduce me. I think she made up an excuse to have me ..."

Kate couldn't find her voice all of a sudden.

"You two kissed?"

"No. Goodness, no. But I did ... drink from her breast. And she drank from mine. Maybe whatever has given us milk is driving all our hormones haywire." She glanced at him, and then back at the potatoes. "I'm not like this, Nicky. I mean, I wasn't ever like this with you and Alyson. But ... I'm ... I don't know." She sighed. "You must think I'm a hypocrite."

"What Alyson and I did was worse." Nick was glad the conversation had moved on from how it happened with Alyson. He wasn't sure how to answer that one.

"Yes, it was." Kate nodded enthusiastically.

"Much worse. But ... um ... I've made mistakes, too."

"Was our hangout time a mistake?" The words fell out of his mouth. He immediately regretted them. What if she said it was?

Kate continued dicing. After a few seconds, she shook her head.



"It's not?" Nick exhaled. "It's the best thing that ever happened to me."

A surge of jealous heat hit Kate. She almost made him say that she was better than her daughter. But that was ludicrous. "So, we've both made mistakes with Alyson. I'm going to have a long talk with her. But I meant what I said yesterday. I don't want you two alone together. Got it?"

"Yes, Mom." Nick nodded. It wasn't a sustainable promise, but he'd give his mom some time. Alyson wasn't answering his texts anyway.

"And you have to promise me that you'll always use a condom with Maggie, or any other girlfriend. You have to be safe." Kate looked over at him. He was hanging on her every word, his face full of remorse and caring.

"I promise." He could do that one. He wondered if he and Alyson would have kept using condoms if one hadn't broken the first time they had sex. That was no excuse. He could have bought bigger ones. "Dad will be home soon. I'll set the table."

"Set it for two. Your father is watching the game with his buddies tonight." Kate watched him go about setting the table. "Are you ... hard, Nicky?" The outline of his thing was unmistakable in his pants.

"Sorry, Mom. It's a Pavlovian thing. With Dad being out of the house, it would usually be hangout time for us." He moved stiffly as he laid out the silverware.

"Well, not tonight, sweetie." The muscles that had been tight and bunched in Kate's shoulders since the day before finally relaxed. It was good to talk with Nick. And as she searched her thoughts, she found that it was an incredible relief to tell him about Alyson. Her son was such a good listener. Her heart warmed toward Nick. She suddenly had a hard time remembering the anger that had so consumed her.

They had a pleasant dinner together. She offered him wine, and they each had two glasses. He complimented her cooking and her beauty to the point where she blushed profusely. He told her about making out with Maggie. Kate scolded him for cutting class, but she didn't really mean it. She had called in sick for him recently. He was a good student and old enough to take responsibility for missing a class or two. After dinner, they cleared the table and cleaned the kitchen.

"Thank you for talking with me, Nicky. I feel better now. I know you'll make good decisions going forward." Kate leaned over the dishwasher as she filled it with dirty plates. She yelped when she felt a light slap on her butt. She didn't scold him for that. She smiled.

"Thank you, Mom. I thought ..." He put his hand on her back and gently ran his fingers along her arched spine. "I thought you might stay mad at me forever."

"I'm your mother, Nicky." She straightened and turned toward him. "There's no way I could stay mad at you forever." She stepped closer to him. Her lips parted. She had meant to take a break from all their crazy stuff, but he looked so handsome, and she felt so close to him. She tilted her chin a little to the side and waited.

Nick read the room. She had said nothing was going to happen that night. But her kiss-me face was unmistakable. "Dad's probably not going to be home for a while."

"That's right."

"My girlfriend left me high and dry today, Mom." Nick put his hands on her hips.

"None of that business right now, sweetie." She leaned her face closer. "Just kiss me."

“Okay.” Nick pulled her up against him and locked his lips on hers. He was surprised when she wrapped her arms around his shoulders and her tongue eagerly greeted his. Given everything that had happened, he thought she might be a little more reserved. He wasn’t going to complain. She was an amazing kisser.



They made out in the kitchen for a long time. Eventually, his hands wrapped around her and kneaded her ass through her pants. Her hands ran through the back of his hair. Sparks flew between them.

Kate’s ringing phone pulled them out of their trance. She broke the kiss and retrieved her phone from her purse “It’s your father.” She looked down at the monstrous bulge in Nick’s pants. “Hello? Yes, dear ... No, it’s fine.” While her husband told her he’d be late, Kate continued to stare at Nick. “Yes ... I’ll be in bed when you get home ... good night.” She disconnected.

“We have more time?” Nick tried not to look too eager.

“We do, but ...” She went back to chewing her lip. “I’m not ready for anything else tonight. This has all been too much. I see that you’re hard and need some attention, but I can’t give it to you. I’m sorry, Nick. You’ll have to take care of it yourself.”

“Yeah, no problem.” His face fell.

“I’m going to go to bed early. I suggest you do the same.” She walked over, gave him a kiss on the cheek, and slapped his tight, young butt. “Don’t be too hard on yourself. You’re a good guy, Nicky.” She kissed him once more on the cheek, turned, and walked toward the stairs. “Good night.”

“Good night, Mom.” Nick watched her rolling butt disappear through the doorway. She had blue-balled him, and he didn’t blame her one bit.

Nick climbed the stairs, brushed his teeth, and went to his room. He opened the window for Chirpee, grabbed his phone, and turned off the lights. There was still no word from Alyson, but Maggie had sent several funny texts, no doubt trying to cheer him up. He wrote her to let her know it seemed like everything was going to be all right: *My mom and I made out tonight, some real sensual moments, seems like we'll be okay.* He sent it.

Maggie responded *as if, hahaha, as long as you two are close again, haha. Glad it worked out. Thinking of you.* Below was a photo of her topless. Nick stared at the picture. She was gorgeous. Her tits were large and hung a little to the sides with wide, dark areola. What had he done to deserve this? He knew better than to send her a dick pic back. Instead, he complimented her profusely and said good night. He came twice more looking at the picture, while alternatively thinking about Maggie and his mom. He tried to keep Alyson out of his thoughts for the moment.

In her bedroom, Kate masturbated fiercely. She lay on her back, working her clit with one hand and fingering her butt with the other. She thought about only one man. "Yessss ... Nick ... forget about your sister ... you can have ... my ass," she whispered into the darkness and came.

