

# CHAPTER 23



# ENKI'S PUZZLE

# FICTION

## Rawly Rawls

### Enki's Puzzle 23

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Written by RawlyRawls

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"Good morning, Mom." Nick walked into the kitchen. His mom was drinking coffee, leaning on the counter. His dad was looking at his phone at the kitchen table.

"Morning, Nicky." Kate tried not to think of her masturbation fantasies from the night before. She cleared her throat. "You look rested."

"Hello, Nick." Fred looked up from his phone.

"Dad." Nick nodded to his father. He saw there were dishes on the counter, so he opened the dishwasher and started loading.

"You're always doing your mother's chores these days." He shook his head and turned his gaze on Kate. "Since Nick's got the dishes covered, want to go upstairs with me for a few minutes, Katie?" He waggled his eyebrows at her. "I've got some time before work."

"What? Oh." Kate glanced quickly at Nick, embarrassed for what she had done the morning before. She must have been really angry with him to make her son hear her lovemaking with Fred. "I ... um ... have a headache, dear. I think I'll just drink my coffee and space out for a few minutes."

"Fine." Fred watched his wife walk off to the living room. He caught Nick smirking. "What are you smiling at?"



"Nothing, Dad." Nick shrugged and finished putting away the dishes. "Just thinking about Maggie."

Fred's face softened. "It's easy to lose yourself in a new girlfriend." Fred stood and slid his phone into his pocket. "It's like a drug. Don't let this Maggie chick distract you from what's important."

"I won't, Dad." What was most important to Nick at the moment were his mother and sister.

"Good." Fred nodded and went off to brush his teeth.

When his father was safely on his commute to work, Nick wandered into the living room. He found his mom sitting on the sofa and daydreaming. Her steaming mug was still cupped in her hands. "Dad's gone," Nick said.

"And you should be leaving, too. Almost time for school." Kate looked him over. How had she created such a thoughtful, handsome young man? "Have you heard from your sister?"

Nick shook his head.

"I'll have a talk with her." She said this as much to remind herself as to tell Nick. "Did you ... um ...

did you take care of yourself last night?" She eyed his pants, but he didn't have that large tent that accompanied his erections.

"Yep. And this morning." Nick figured it was best to be honest.

"Really?" Kate's face went slack. It was impossible not to think about him handling his enormous penis.

"Three times before dinner last night." Nick screwed his eyes upward like he was thinking. "Three more times after we kissed. And twice this morning."

"Oh, my." Kate blushed. "That's a lot, even for an eighteen-year-old."

"Is it?" Nick shrugged.

"I suppose you're satisfied now? I don't want you running around with your hormones out of control." This was dangerously close to playing into her fantasies, but she couldn't help it. "We both know what can happen when you don't think straight."

"I haven't even talked to Alyson." Nick frowned. "I'm sorry I messed up. But I haven't had sex with anyone else. And I don't have any plans to."

"What if ... what if ... you *made* plans." Her vagina flooded.

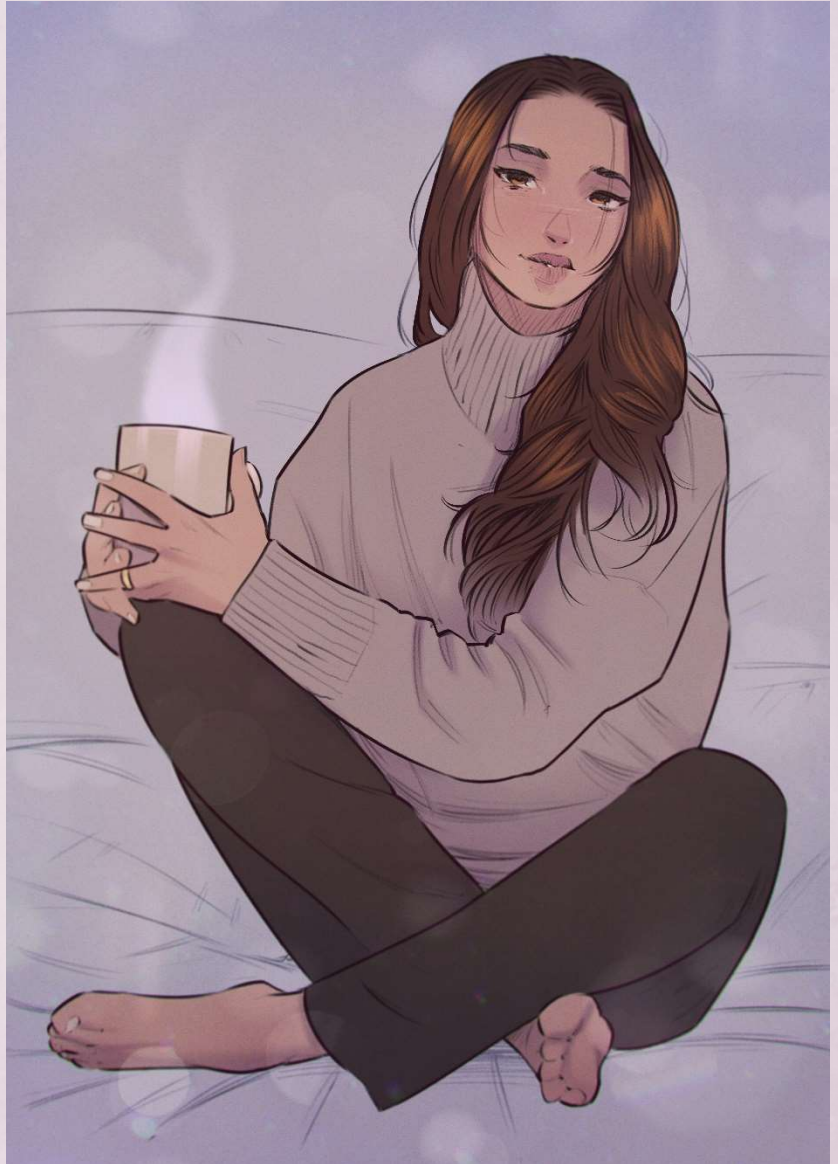
"That's not possible. Maggie and I are just kissing. Mostly. You're not talking about Alyson. There's nobody else. I don't see ..." Nick stopped and read the room. His mother was staring at him with an intensity he wasn't used to. "What do you mean, Mom?"

"I spent a lot of time thinking after I went to bed last night. At first, I thought you were making bad decisions because I had encouraged our hangout time." Kate put her coffee down on the table. "But now I wonder if it was because I wasn't taking good care of you. You clearly have a lot of energy that needs ... release. Alyson was going through whatever she was going through, and she was right there. She wasn't responsible. But what if you had someone responsible who could ... you know? At least, until you have an official girlfriend."

Nick said nothing. He simply stared at his mother. The faint ticking of their mantle clock filled the room.

"Never mind, Nick. It was a silly thought. Of course, you -"

"Are you talking about sex, Mom?" Nick tried to compose himself. His palms grew clammy. She would never. Would she?



"Well, I ... sort of. Something safer than sex." Kate's heart pounded in her ears. This was crazy, but she wasn't turning back.

"You mean ... with a condom?"

"No ... no condom ... I mean ... if you're interested, I could show you." She swallowed hard. It was hard to read his expression. She braced herself for a rejection. Maybe he'd call her a hypocrite or worse.



"Okay!" Nick nodded. "Whatever you want to show me, that sounds ... perfect. I mean, it would really help with ... um ..." He didn't want to say his sister's name and derail his mother's train of thought. "You could call in sick for me. I'll go take a shower."

"Wait." Kate held up her hand. "You should go to school. I need time to think about this. And if we do it, I want it to be perfect."

"You're sending me to school?" Nick's emotions roller-coastered.

"I see that you're hard again. And I am sorry, but that can't be helped." Kate chewed her bottom lip. "I'll tell you what. Instead of skipping class with Maggie like you've been doing, you can skip school at lunch and come home. We'll eat here. Sound good?"

"Yeah." Nick looked at the clock. He was going to be late, but he didn't want to leave the room.

"Run along, Nicky. I'll see you for lunch." She waved him out of the room.

They said their goodbyes. Kate heard the door slam closed. Maybe she shouldn't have sent him to school, but she needed to get everything ready. She had a lot to do in a few hours, and first on the list was to masturbate. She couldn't recall ever being hornier.

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Maggie was understanding when Nick told her his mother needed him at home. If she was disappointed, she didn't show it. She got Nick to promise to text her later and let her know how it went with his mom. Nick promised, but wasn't sure he'd tell her. It depended on what his mother had planned.

He jogged back home while his friends went to lunch. That wasn't easy with a hard dick, but he managed by tucking it under the waist of his pants. Nick was huffing and puffing when he entered the front door. "Mom! I'm ... home." He hung up his backpack and took off his shoes.

"I'm in the dining room, Nicky." Kate was so excited, she felt like her head was going to explode. She sat and waited for her son.

"Wow ... Mom ..." Of all the things he'd been expecting, this hadn't made the list. But it made sense. She loved fantasies, and he'd talked about it more than once. He looked around. There were apples all over the kitchen. She had a glass of something golden and sparkling in front of her. "You're the cider frau." Nick smiled. Well, this wasn't nearly as good as sex. He felt she'd been leading him on a bit. But it was wonderful. She was dressed like the St. Pauli Girl and would have fit in perfectly at Oktoberfest.

"Do you like it?" Kate's cheeks grew hot. Fred would have shot her down for looking ridiculous. But she reminded herself that the apple fell far from the tree where Fred and Nick were concerned. He wasn't much like his father.

"I love it!" Still sweaty and panting, Nick walked around the table and kissed her on the cheek. He then straightened and stood awkwardly, not quite sure what to do. All of this meant that he was obviously the apple thief. Should he grab some apples?

"Sit down, Nick. We'll play our game after lunch." While her son seated himself, Kate stood and brought their schnitzel to the table. "Would you like some apple cider?"

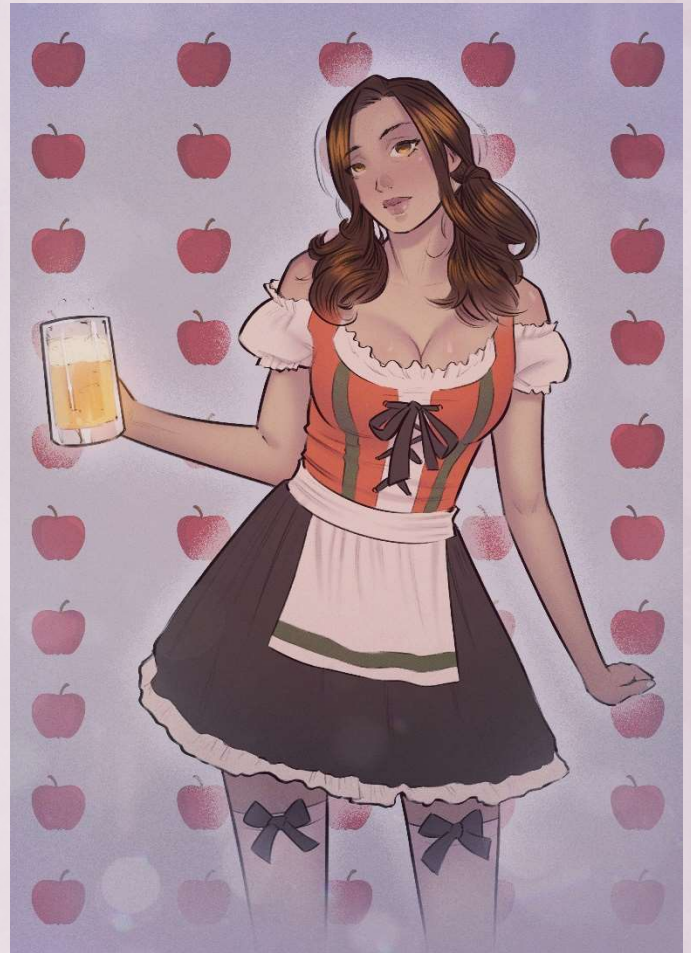
"Well, of course." Nick laughed and watched his mom sway her hips across the kitchen.

"The cider's pretty good." She fetched him a bottle and a glass, pouring it at the table. She sat down, smiled at him, and picked up her fork and knife. "So, tell me more about the apple thief and cider frau."

Nick took a bite. "This is delicious, Mom." He couldn't remember her making German food before. "It's pretty simple. The cider frau's husband is off on a trip to the market, leaving her all alone on their farm."

"If it's apples, then it's an orchard, Nicky." She ate a bite of schnitzel and smiled.

"Right. She's all alone, and lonely, at the orchard." Nick nodded. "She sees a man in black creeping around outside. And now, this is the fun thing about the fantasy. She can go out and confront him, get the upper hand, and ... um ... use him for her pleasure. Or, he can spot her spying on him and chase her. She'll run from him, and he ... well ... you know."



"I see." Kate took a drink of cider. "I love that young people these days understand that power in the bedroom can go both ways. That's so refreshing."

"It wasn't like that for you?" Nick was genuinely curious.

"It wasn't, no." Kate cut into her meat. "But I still have time to extend my horizons ... I hope."

"So ... um ... which version do you want to do?" Nick's dick was so hard it hurt. Even if all he was getting out of this was a blowjob from the cider frau, it was going to be so hot. Or maybe the woman of the orchard would force him to eat her pussy. That wouldn't be too bad either.

"I think ... well ..." Kate knew exactly what she wanted, but thought it best to play it a bit coy. "Maybe I could try running from the apple thief." She let out a nervous giggle.

"Okay then." Nick laughed along with her. "I'm pretty fast, so I think I'll catch you."

"I hope so." Kate changed the subject. The rest of the lunch they made small talk about school, Kate's sister, and Maggie. After lunch, Nick took a shower and dressed himself in black.

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It was silly, but Nick loved being silly with his mom. He tiptoed into the kitchen with a pillowcase and started loading up the apples. When he looked across the room, the cider frau stood in the doorway, one hand to her mouth and one on her breast. "I thought you were at the market," Nick said.

"My husband went ... yes. Please leave, Herr Thief." Kate used a heavy German accent. She was really into it.

"I will leave ... *after* I've taken what I want." Hearing his mom, Nick tried a German accent, too. He took a threatening step toward her.

"Oh ... no ... take only my apples." Kate was having so much fun. "Do not take ... *me!*" She turned and ran from the room. She could hear Nick's footfalls through the kitchen and hall. She ran up the stairs, looking back and shrieking when she saw him leaping up the stairs two at a time. She turned down the hall and ran into her bedroom, throwing herself onto the bed.

"I have you cornered." Nick walked into the room. He stood very straight, trying to make himself appear taller than he was.

"Oh ... my ... what will you do with me?" Kate turned over on her back and propped herself up on her elbows. Her breasts rose and fell under her costume as she watched him approach.



"I stole into your orchard to feast." Nick climbed onto the bed and spread her legs. "I will steal under your clothes to do the same." He lifted her dress and put it over his head. He was happy to find that she didn't have panties on. Slowly, he kissed his way up her inner thighs. He could feel her trembling under him. Eventually, his lips made their way to her sopping pussy. "You are dripping, *meine Frau*." He went to work.



“Oooooohhhhhhhhhh ... my husband ... the cider herr ... would never ... oohhhhhhhh ... do such a thing.” And neither would her real husband. But the apple thief was a prodigy at oral sex. Kate threw her head back onto the mattress and let out a long wail. He was already bringing about her climax. When she came down from her orgasm, he was building her to another one. She felt his fingers slip inside her, and she gripped the blanket on either side. “You are ... ravenous ... my ... apple thief.” He brought her to several more sensational climaxes. When he came out from under her dress, she could see that she’d squirted all over him. She loved that he didn’t mind that. It reaffirmed all her feelings about him.

“I have eaten and eaten, but I am not satisfied.” Nick pulled down his pants and underwear.

“After what you did for me, how can I not return in kind?” With her German accent still going

strong, Kate rolled over, got on all fours, and took him into her mouth. Demonstrating skill that she thought no other cider frau would possess, she quickly had his whole shaft down her throat.

"Oooohhhh, Mmomm ... I mean ... Cider Frau. That's ... perfect." Nick laced his fingers in her hair and helped her bob her head on his dick. "You're a lonely frau ... and need something bigger ... and better ... than your husband."

"Mmmpppphhhhhh." Kate nodded as she sucked him. Her hand went to her vagina.

"You would probably suck off any brigand that ... ugh ... showed up ... at your orchard."

"Nnnppppphhhhh." Kate shook her head but kept blowing him.

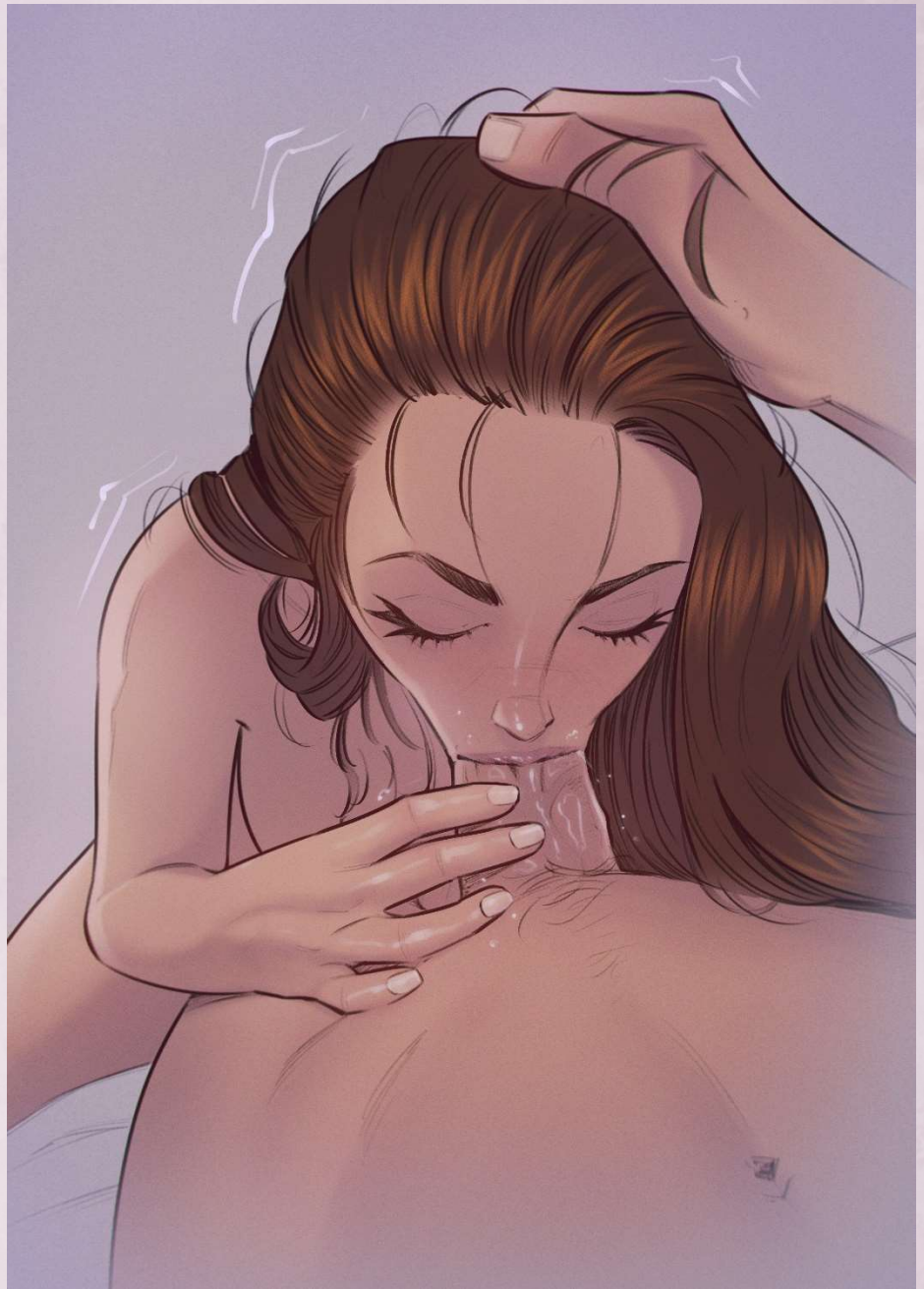
"You're going to drown ... in cum ... and you won't even remember ... your husband's name." Nick's hips jerked. "He won't recognize you ... when he ... returns from the market ... and finds you sticky ... and covered." His atrocious German accent fell away as his orgasm got closer.

"Mmmppphhhhh." Kate took him with long, slobbering strokes. She bounced her nose up against his curly hair again and again. When he was ready, she pulled out until just the head rested on her tongue. She thrilled to hear his grunts when his salty stuff filled her mouth. She had tamed the thief. It was easy to see why this fantasy was so popular. When he was done, they both fell to the bed, catching their breath. She leaned her head on his shoulder.

"That was ... great ... Mom." Nick could sense their little game was over. Now, she'd want to do something like go for a hike or play cribbage. He knew her well enough to know that after something like this, she liked some bonding time that didn't involve bodily fluids. "Thanks for planning something so special. I know I really screwed up yesterday. You're right, this was just as good as sex. And safer." He chuckled as he played with her hair.

"Oh ... you're not getting off that easy, mister." Kate's German accent was gone. She sat up and smiled down at him. "Take off the rest of your clothes." She climbed out of bed, and slowly removed her costume.

"Cool." Nick pulled off his shirt and socks and watched her closely. Her body never ceased to take his breath away when it came into view. He stared shamelessly at her tits while she finished undressing.





“What we’re going to do next is very special, Nick.” Her voice suddenly turned serious. “Not many women will do this for you. Especially because of your size. I’m doing this because I know your hormones are going a bit crazy.” She didn’t add that hers were, too. “And I feel you’ve been very mature about your mistake.” She went into the bathroom and came back with a bottle of lube. She smiled at his confused expression when he saw it. “Also, what I’m doing is the responsible way to handle this. There’s no chance of an accidental pregnancy.” She turned her back to him and shook her butt a little. “What do you say?” As the high from her climaxes faded, her nerves took over. *What if he said no?* She would look like such a fool.

“Mom ... I ...” He blinked at her lovely round bottom. “Do you really mean ...?”

“I mean you can try my backside.” She looked over her shoulder at him. “Although, we’ll have to see if you fit. I promise I’ll try my best. And you have to promise you won’t try and put it anywhere else.”

“I ... I ...” He watched her slowly climb back on the bed, her breasts swaying beneath her. “I promise.”

Kate sat cross-legged next to him. “You’re always so hard for me.” She squirted some lube in her hands and worked it onto his penis, trying to control her shaking fingers. She massaged his thing thoroughly, getting the slick stuff under his foreskin and all the way down his shaft. “I want you to know you’ve earned this, sweetie. You were so open and honest about your ... mistake. Thank you for talking it through with me.” He looked even bigger than the cucumber. She hoped all the anal she’d had with Fred, along with the thick vegetable, had loosened her up enough. “You’ve gotten awfully quiet, Nick.” She mounted him and held his slippery penis with her left hand.

“I ... just ... can’t ...”

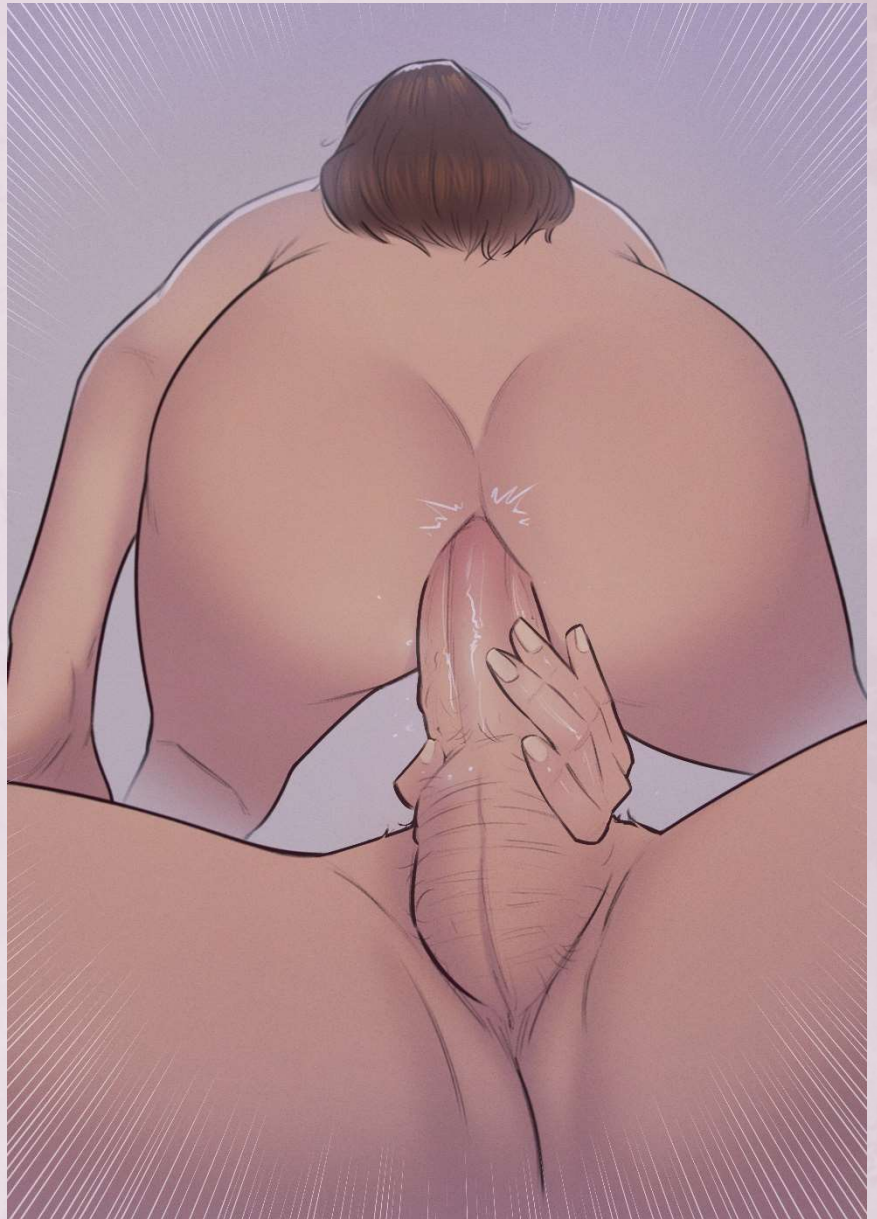
Kate paused above him and frowned. “Are you upset? Most men think this feels just as good as regular sex. Your father prefers it, I think.”

“I’m not upset, Mom.” Nick looked into her eyes. He tentatively ran his hands along her thighs. “I’m happy ... and excited ... and ... um ... surprised.”

"Okay, good." A smile chased away her frown. "I'll work on adding to all those feelings. Now, hold still. This could take a ... oh ... while." Gingerly, she lowered her hips a little, guiding him to her buttohole. He wouldn't go in at first, but then her sphincter gave way and the head entered her with a plop. "Ohhhhhhhhhh ... gosh ... that's stretching ... me." She closed her eyes and focused on her breathing.

"Are you okay, Mom?" Nick didn't like the way she was wincing. This expression was distinct from the way her face usually twisted with passion.

"Yeah ... it's good," she said without breathing. She slid a fraction of an inch down his shaft. "Aaaaahhhhhhhh ... gosh ... you're big." It was huffing and puffing time for Kate. She let go of the slick shaft and held her hands in the air, unsure of what to do with them. "Never forget ... I did this for you. I am maybe the ... only woman ... who will ever do ... thisssssssss." She slid down a little more. The pain lessened. She became aware that she was clenching on him, and worked to relax her butt. She took long, deep breaths. When she opened her eyes, she almost laughed at the war of concern and pleasure on her son's face. "I'm fine ... really ... I've always liked ... it ... back there. It's just ... different ... with you."



"Okay." Nick didn't know what else to say. His eyes wandered down her body and fixed on the triangle of hair, her glistening pussy lips, and the cock steadily disappearing below. "It feels ... good ... Mom. Really ... tight." He didn't mention that his sister's pussy felt just as tight. He wanted to give his mother a sense of pride.

"I knew ... you'd like ... it." Kate's grimace shifted into something softer. "Is it better than kissing your girlfriend ... ugh ... behind the bleachers?"

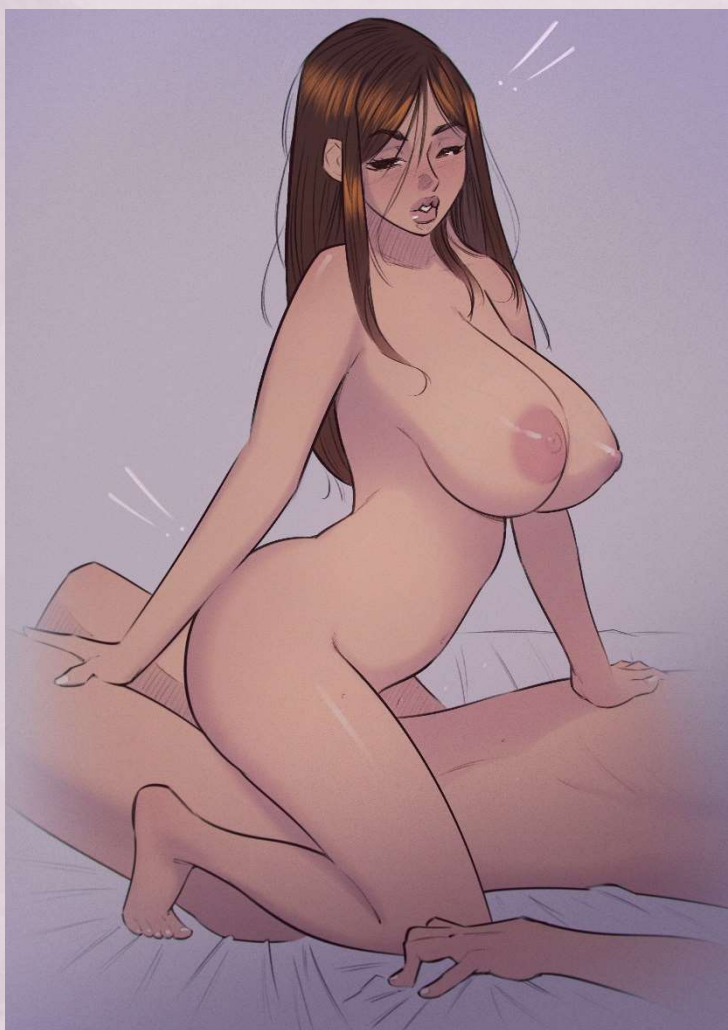
"Maggie's cool ... Mom ... but this is ... amazing." He gripped her thighs tighter. His pleasure slowly mounted.

"Is it better ... than what you did ... with your sister?" She hated herself for asking, but the words fell out of her mouth.

"It's ... ugh ... different." He could only see the base of his shaft. He was almost all the way inside his mother's butt. His cock twitched at the thought.

"Oh ... I felt that." Kate smiled. "Once I start moving ... it will be both different ... ugh ... and better. I promise." She hit bottom and rested there, with her butt on his thighs. There was hardly any pain. He was hitting some cluster of nerves that she had just become aware of. Even the cucumber had somehow missed that spot. Waves of pleasure spread through her core. "Okay ... Nicky ... here ... we ... go." Her feet were planted on either side of his hips. She was ready.

"Okay." Nick held his breath. He saw her legs flex. She went about halfway up and slowly slid back down. He felt more confident that her expression was pleasure and not pain. "Wow ... Mom ... I can't believe ... you're doing this."



"Me ... ugh ... either." Kate moved at a languid pace. She was adjusting, but it was hard to tell if she would ever be able to take him any faster. She dug her nails into his stomach and moved her hips up and down.

Nick stared at his disappearing and reappearing cock. The sight drove him crazy. He wished she could see it, too. "Why ... are you only going ... halfway? Does it ... still hurt?"

"No ... it's good." She gave him a quizzical look. "I thought ... I was going ... all the way. I'll have to ... get used to ... your length." On the next upthrust, she went further and further. She kept expecting him to fall out. Eventually, he did. Her hips were up so high. She stared down at his thing as it flopped on his belly. "Sorry ... this is new ... for me ... too." She reached down, pulled his penis upright, and nudged it back inside her butt. After a few more thrusts, she figured out how far she could go without him falling out. Her pace increased. "Ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... oh ... Nicky." Her swollen breasts awkwardly flopped on her chest. She reached up and held them tightly.

"Your ... pussy looks ... lonely ... Mom." Nick moved his right hand to her neglected clit. It wasn't easy staying with her button as her hips went faster and faster, but he managed to rub it with his thumb.

When his mother leaned her head back and let out an incoherent scream, Nick was sure it was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen.

"Aaaaauuugggghhhhhh ... Nicky ... I think ... I'm going ... ooohhhhhhhhhhhh." Kate convulsed. Her hips stopped thrusting and rotated, moving his penis to previously untouchable spots inside her. "Yeeesssssss." Her vagina spasmed and her butt clenched. This was better than she'd dreamed. Within a minute, she was back to her impossibly long thrusts, looking down to where she'd squirted on her son's tight chest and mesmerized face. "Is it ... uh ... uh ... uh ... better?"

"It's better ... Mom." Nick was smitten. He knew he would spend the rest of his life trying to replicate this moment. "I want ... to drown you ... in cum ... Mom."

"The ... cider frau ... will take it ... up her butt." Kate's German accent returned, along with a wide smile.

"Inside?" Nick blinked up at her. "Are you ... ah ... ah ... sure?"

"That's why ... we're doing it ... back there." Another orgasm swept toward her. "It's ... ugh ... safe." There was a strange high-pitched keening in the room. Kate was making noises she'd never made before. The next climax took her. When it was past, she humped her son with new vigor. Her legs burned with the effort, but her body refused to slow down.

"I'm ... going to cum in you ... Mom." He stared up at her transcendent beauty, trying to burn the image into his brain. "I'm going to ... ugh ... ugh ... cum ... in your ass."

"Yes ... Nicky ... yes ... yes ... ugh ... ugh ... yes ... yeeessssssss." She rode him hard through his orgasm, listening to his savage, ecstatic growls. Her eyes never left his face, studying every detail of his pleasure. She had done this to him. She had given him his heart's content. His expression said it all. And what was more, she had done it responsibly. Her hips slowed to a stop. She panted on top of him, letting his final spasms die out. "How was ... that?"

"Crazy ... wonderful ... amazing ... the best ... thing ... ever." Nick panted. His body felt like it would melt right into his parents' bed. "Can we ... do that ... again?"

"Not ... today." Kate winced as she pulled up, and he fell out of her with a sloppy plop. She would be sore later, but she'd done it. "I'll need to rest ... a little. But ... I don't see why ... we couldn't do it again ... sometime. You're not going to get anything ... like that ... from your girlfriend. And your hormones ... obviously ... need an outlet." It thrilled her to say those words. She climbed off the bed. Clenching her butt tightly, she waddled to the bathroom, trying not to leak on the carpet. Kate grabbed a towel, pressed it between her cheeks, and sat on the edge of the tub.

Nick got up and followed her to the bathroom. "What are you doing?" He leaned against the door.

"Trying not to make a mess." Her gaze fell to his penis. "You're still hard."

"I can't help it." He shrugged. "And you look hot sitting like that."



“Oh, stop it.” Kate laughed. She chewed her lip as she thought things over. “If you really need some more relief, come here.” She beckoned him over. When his penis was in range, she leaned forward and took him into her mouth. She felt so dirty doing such a thing after what they’d just done. In no time at all, she had him all the way down her throat.

Twenty minutes later, Kate was swallowing Nick’s cum from one end, while it leaked from her other end. She was a completely debauched cider frau. She wouldn’t have wanted it any other way.

