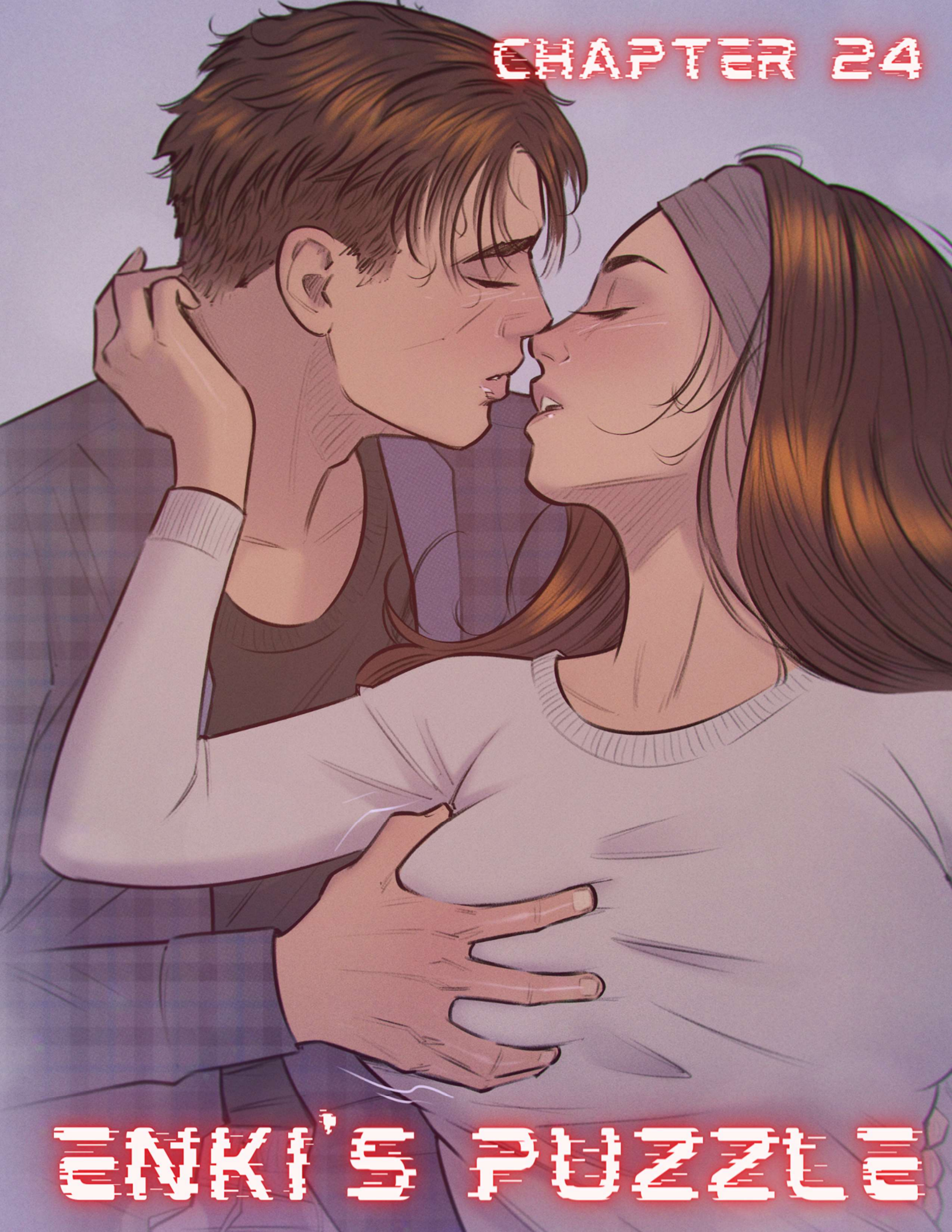


CHAPTER 24



ENKI'S PUZZLE

# FICTION

## Rawly Rawls

### Enki's Puzzle 24

Illustrations by TenderMinDD

Written by RawlyRawls

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“So, how does this work? Does Enki see whatever you see, Chirpee?” Nick lay on his bed, his hands behind his head. He was alone, except for the chickadee hopping around his open window. The bird didn’t look at him. “Okay, then. Can you answer a question? Did what Mom and I did today solve the riddle? If you don’t know, can you ask Enki for me?”

Chirpee offered his customary two-toned response and fluttered off into the night.

“Good talk.” Nick waved goodbye and shut the window. His phone vibrated and he picked up expecting a message from Maggie. She’d been quiet ever since he’d left school early to come home for lunch with his mom. No texts at all, which was unusual. He wondered if she was mad. The text was not from Maggie, however. It was from his mom asking him to come downstairs. Nick jumped out of bed and went down to the living room. He found her lying on the sofa.



“Thanks for coming down, Nicky. Are you planning on going out with friends tonight?” Kate didn’t get up.

“Yeah ... I ... um ...” He shrugged.

“It is Friday. Teenagers usually go out on Friday night.” She raised an eyebrow at him. “Are you going to see Maggie?”

“I didn’t have any plans.” He’d had such a crazy day, he’d forgotten it was Friday.

“Your father isn’t home yet.” She eyed his pants. He wasn’t hard, so that was good. Maybe she’d actually satisfied his voracious appetite for the day.

"Sure, Mom." Nick nodded. "Sorry about that. Since he's not home ...?" He raised his eyebrows.

"Not tonight, Nick." A slight smile creased her lips. "You really did a number on me. Or maybe I did a number on myself. The point is ..." Kate moved on the sofa. She was quite sore. "I need a little rest."

"Yeah, sure." Nick gazed at his beautiful mother.

"Why are you staring at me like that?" Kate's cheeks turned crimson.

"I'm very lucky ... that's all." He shuffled his feet as his cock stiffened in his pants.

"I'm lucky, too. How many moms have eighteen-year-old sons that can ..." She waggled her eyebrows suggestively. "... cook. And that's why I texted. Do you mind putting together a quick dinner for you, me, and your father?" She nodded toward the kitchen. "That is, if you're not going out."

"Yeah, sure." Nick nodded. "Anything I can get you while you rest?"

"A glass of wine might take the edge off." Kate watched him go and sighed. What she had with her son was worth a very sore butt indeed. She picked up her phone and called Alyson again. Her daughter still wasn't answering her calls, but it was a mother's duty to try.

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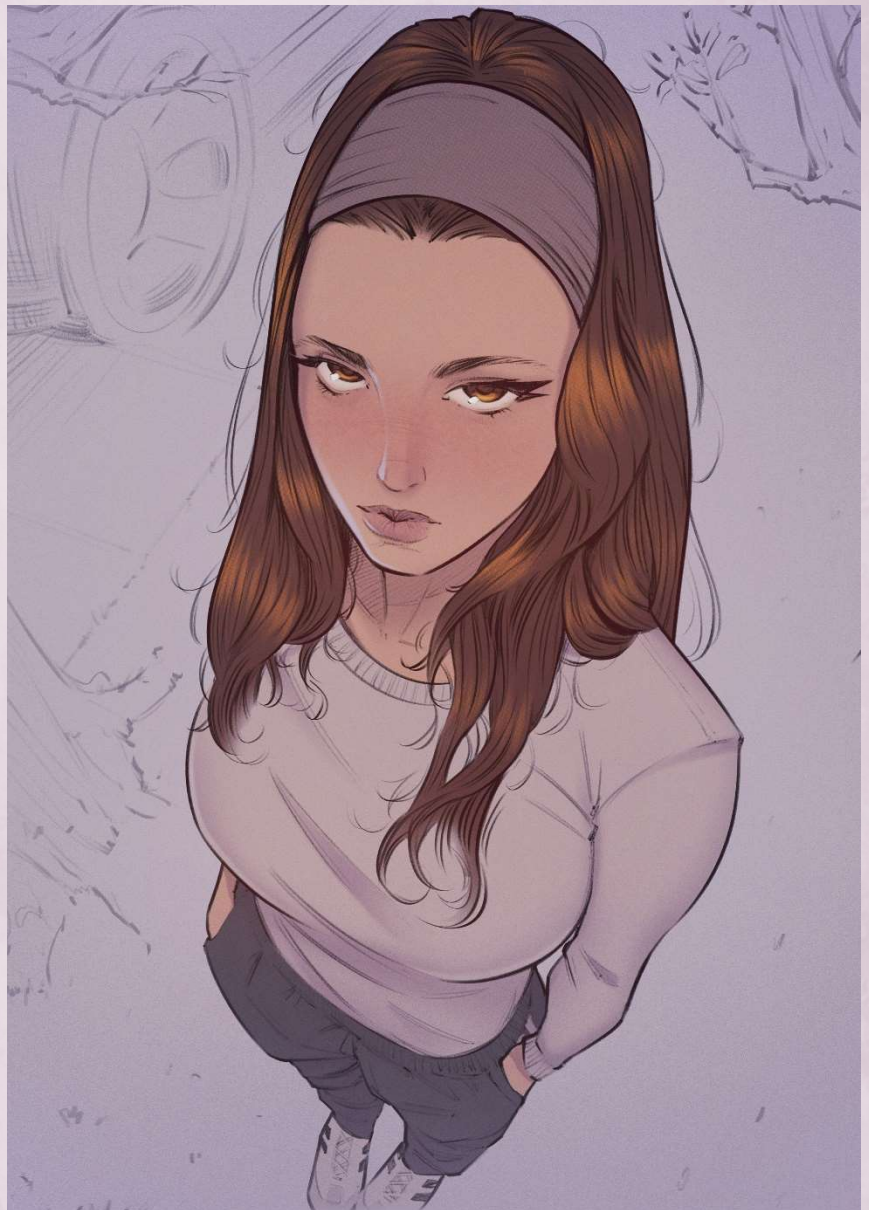
Dinner was a sauce of pureed tomatoes, garlic, rosemary, and oregano over penne pasta. Nick knew his mom liked it *al dente*, so that's how he served it. She complimented him profusely on his culinary skills. Even Fred acknowledged it was delicious. After dinner, Nick cleaned the kitchen, kissed his mom on the cheek when she turned in early, and settled in his room to play some games on his computer.

A *clack* at the window got his attention. At first, he thought Chirpee wanted in, but he couldn't see the bird. He opened the window, looked out, and saw his sister looking up at him from the shadows. "Are you throwing rocks at my window?"

"Yes." She nodded.

"This is your home. You can come in without throwing stuff."

"I'm not ready to face Mom. I think I'd die if I had to look her in the eye right now." Alyson bit her lip. "Is she mad? Did she really let you have it?"



"Well ... I will say that she doesn't want me seeing you." Nick held up his phone. "You could have just texted."

"Yeah, but throwing pebbles at your window seemed like more fun." She beckoned him down. "Come on down, we should talk."

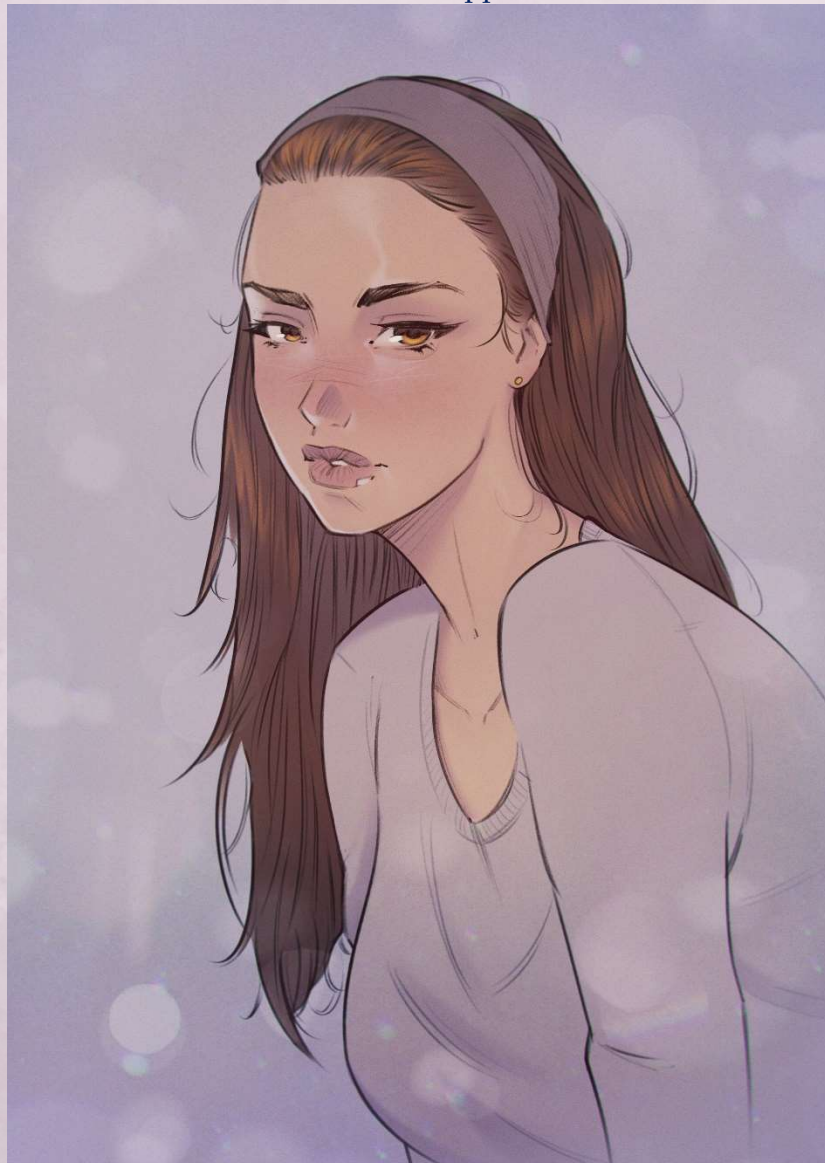
Nick nodded. "I'll be down in a minute." Nick quietly walked through his house. His mother was asleep, and his father was watching the game, so stealth wasn't really required. He met his sister outside and they walked a few blocks to her car. On the way, Nick paused when he thought he saw Maggie's car parked on a side street. But she'd have no reason to be there. He shrugged and followed his sister. They got into her car.

"Want to ... come over tonight?" Alyson licked her lips nervously. "Chris is having a guys' night out."

Nick sat in the passenger seat, trying to control his hormones. He reminded himself that his lovely mom had given her ass to him that very day, along with lots of talk about responsibility. Even sitting with Alyson was more than she'd allow. "Let's just talk here. I promised Mom I wouldn't visit your place."

"Yeah, that makes sense." Her face fell, but she smiled bravely. "So, what happened? Is she barely speaking to you or what?"

"You know the cider frau and the apple thief?" Nick couldn't help but smile. He was going to blow his sister's mind.



"Yeah, sure. That Oktoberfest thing. Chris and I tried it once. He wasn't really into it." Alyson shrugged and caught the smirk on her brother's face. "No ... she ... didn't." Her eyes widened. "She did? So, you're back to blowjobs from Mom even after she caught us, like nothing happened?"

"Not quite." Nick couldn't hold back a goofy grin. "Hold onto your butt, Alyson. You're not going to believe this." He launched into the story and told her everything that happened since she'd run out of the house the day before. When he finished his story there was silence in the car. "Well? What do you think? Your jaw's on the floor, by the way."

Alyson slowly closed her mouth. Nothing had prepared her for her brother's news. And he told it all so matter-of-factly, like it was an everyday thing for a teenager to stuff his enormous cock up his prim mother's ass. She was gushing thinking about it. This was it. Her family had sunk to the lowest depths of depravity. "And you ... you ... you ..." It was hard to think clearly. She waved her hand in front of her face. "Is it hot in here?"

"It's actually cold." Nick pulled his flannel shirt tighter around him.

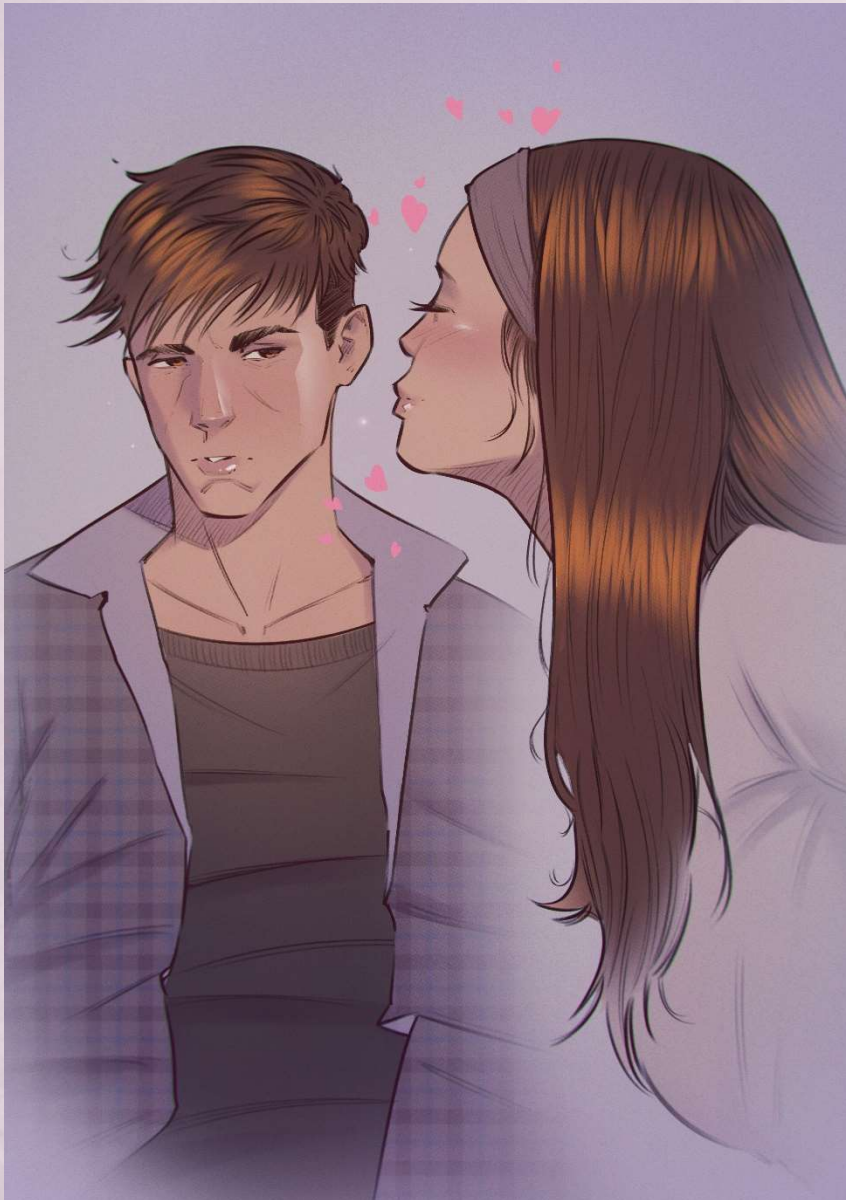
"So ... um ... you ... came in her butt?" She watched him nod, his stupid grin unrelenting. "Did you save any of it? After it leaked out, I mean?"

"What? Gross." Nick shook his head. "What are you even talking about?"

"Not for me, doofus." Alyson laughed awkwardly. "After what we did last time, I thought if you put some of your stuff from Mom on the puzzle, we might be done with Enki."

"Ooohhhh." Nick wondered what their mom had done with the towel. Knowing her, it was probably already laundered. "I didn't. But the last riddle didn't have anything about anointing, so ..." He thought about it.

"Wouldn't hurt to try. Next time we do it, I'll save some and slap it on the puzzle."



"Next time?" Alyson's heart fluttered. Of course there would be a next time. Her brother was unstoppable. She leaned toward him, her lips parted.

"We can't, Alyson." Marshaling all his willpower, Nick turned his head away from the kiss.

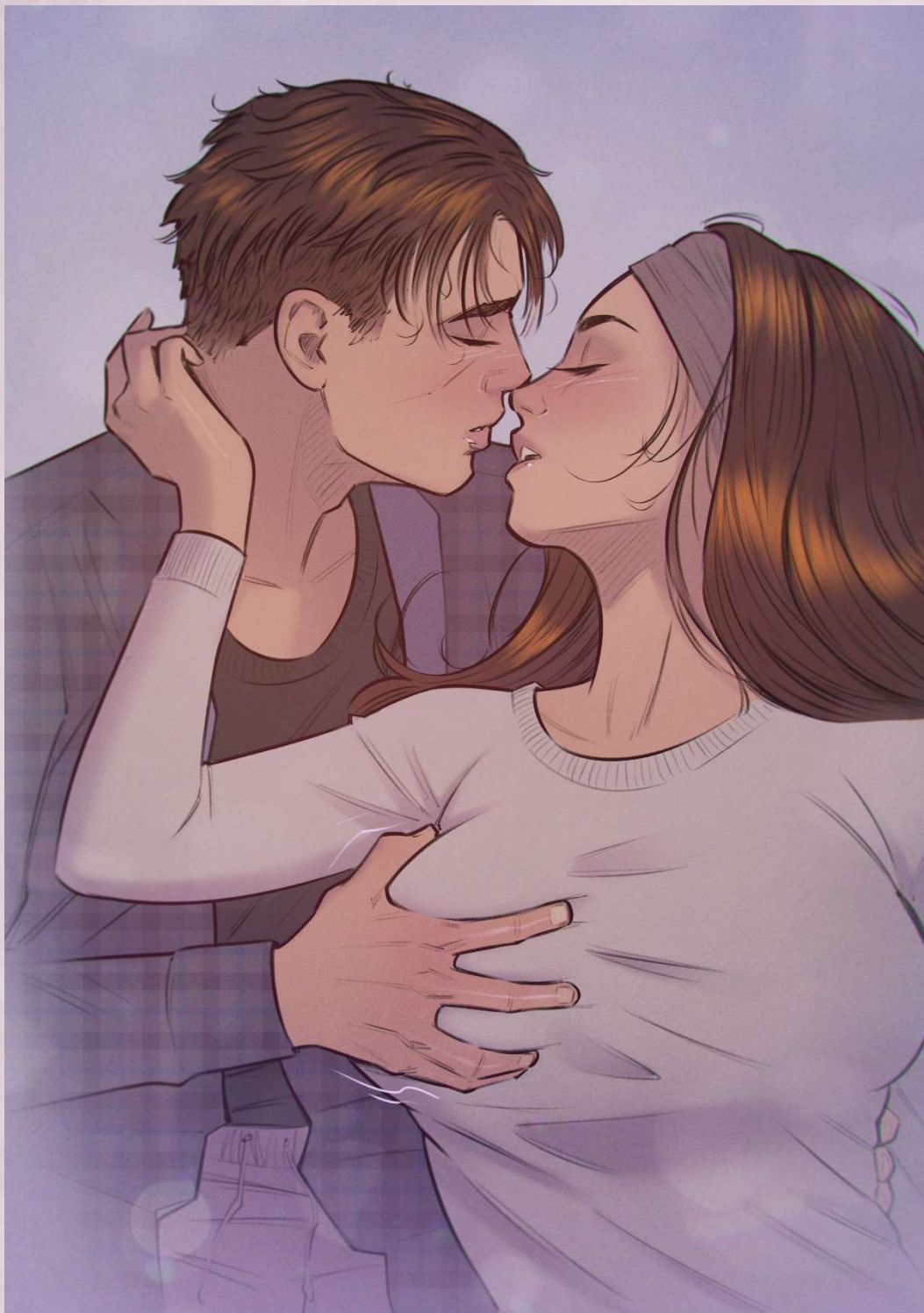
"Right." She backed away and nodded. "Can we ... do stuff later? Or ... is this the end of all that?" A pit in her stomach formed.

"Mom's right. What I did was stupid." Nick exhaled slowly. "I was really dumb doing it without a condom. I was thinking with the wrong head. If you talk to Mom about it, and make her feel better, we can do stuff again. But maybe nothing too crazy."

"Sometimes you sound like the older sibling." Alyson sighed. "You talked to her and had sex with her. What's the worst that could happen if I talk to her?"

"That's the spirit." Nick reached out, meaning to nudge her shoulder playfully, but instead he nudged her right boob. It was an honest mistake. Of course, he didn't remove his hand but instead felt her up through her sweater.

"Maybe ... Nicky ... you could give me a kiss for courage? I'll talk to Mom tomorrow. The thought of it terrifies me." She parted her lips and leaned toward her brother again. He didn't move away this time. She met his eyes briefly and could see the hunger there. "A kiss from you would make me brave enough ... to ... mmmppphhhhh." They locked lips and she slipped her tongue into his mouth.



Nick massaged her boob and reached for her thigh with his other hand. They would kiss and nothing more. They both needed it, and there was no harm in a little make out session. Soon, her hand was rubbing his cock through his pants and his was rubbing her pussy through her jeans. Their tongues played, and the windows fogged up. He didn't ever want to stop, but he didn't want his mom checking in on him and finding his room empty. He broke their kiss and pulled his hands away.

"Wow ... that was ... nice." Alyson's eyes fluttered open. "A little more?"

"After you talk to Mom." Nick removed her hand from his lap.

"Okay ... okay ... sure." She tried to regain her composure. She was sure that she'd soaked her jeans all the way through. He had set her on fire. "Well, we should say goodnight then. I have to go home and ... have a little me time." She had never needed to masturbate

more. She wondered if she might stick a toy up her butt and pretend she was her mom. Of course, she didn't have any toys near Nick's size. That was probably a good thing.

"Sure." Nick opened the door and stepped out on the sidewalk. He bent to look back into the car. "I love you, Alyson. You'll get it sorted with Mom."

"I love you, too." She smiled, waved, and started the car.

Nick closed the door and watched his sister drive away. When her taillights disappeared, he started walking home. He jumped when he heard a voice behind him.

“Hey, Nick. Wait up.”  
Maggie walked out of the shadows.

“Um ... hey Maggie. What are you doing here?” Nick stopped. His eyes lingered on her boobs bouncing under her sweater as she hurried to catch up with him. It was hard to remember a time when he wasn’t surrounded with beautiful women.

“I wanted to surprise you tonight. You know, the old *throw a pebble at your boyfriend’s window* gag?” She smiled, trying to hide her nerves. Butterflies flapped in her stomach. “But your sister beat me to it.”

“Oh ... yeah ... she was just ... um ...” Nick blinked at her. Had she been watching him with Alyson? His stomach sank.

“I wasn’t snooping, I promise. Your sister arrived right before me, and I was just ... sort of curious. Why wouldn’t she use the front door, you know?” Maggie looped her arm in his, and they walked down the sidewalk together. “Let’s have a talk, okay?”

“Um ... okay.” Nick had no idea where this going. She had almost certainly seen him kiss Alyson. Her demeanor was chipper, but whatever came next couldn’t be good.



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Alyson made it home in record time. She stripped as she slammed the door to her apartment. Within minutes, she'd shoved a manageable, six-inch toy up her butt. She had done a little bit of ass play with Chris, but not much. She certainly would never let her fiancé stick his dick back there. The *little* dildo felt huge. She lay on her bed and imagined what Nick and their mom had looked like together. Her free hand found her clit.

"Oh ... Nicky ... my ... Nicky." Alyson thought about what Nick had told her. He

and her mom had humped wildly, and he'd deposited a gallon of his stuff inside her. What was it like to have cum in your butt? How dirty was her mom? That question was easy to answer, because Kate had given him a blowjob afterward. Her sweet, prim mother was head-over-heels for Nick. There was no other way to explain her behavior. And they were certainly going to do it again ... and again. Alyson imagined her brother and mother humping all over the house Alyson had grown up in. It was too much. Her butt squeezed her toy while she came. Anal sex ... was *great!* She rested for a minute, and went right back toward another orgasm. It was going to be a long night.

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"*Fruit of the poisonous tree grows rotten. The virtuous tree bears ambrosia. Cut back weeds and sow a harvest worthy of Enki.*" Maggie looked ahead as they passed Nick's house and kept walking, still arm-in-arm. "I've been thinking a lot about that puzzle and the riddle we translated. So, I did some research on Enki."

"You ... what?" Nick was having a hard time keeping up with Maggie's train of thought.

"I cut school right after you left, went to the library at your sister's school, and read up on the puzzle." Maggie laughed, like this was all perfectly natural. "I knew you were special when I noticed you in gym the other day, but I had no idea what a trip getting to know you would be. Ivo Shandor? Artur Victorovitch Siyankov? This shit is crazy. I don't mind if my boyfriend is interested in the ancient Sumerian god of cum. It's fascinating!"

"It is." Nick was quite aware that she'd called him her boyfriend twice now. That would be headline news, if she hadn't been researching Enki. He put it on the back burner.

"I thought I'd surprise you tonight with what I'd found out. But you surprised me!" She stopped and turned toward him. When he didn't turn, she took his shoulders and made him face her. They were in the shadows between streetlamps, but she could see the amazement on his face. He was right to be amazed, it wasn't every eighteen-year-old high school senior that could figure this all out. "When I saw you kissing Alyson, I realized something. This shit isn't just crazy, it's real. I can feel it in my bones. Enki's real. So ...?"

"So?" Nick didn't want to lie, but he didn't want to tell the truth either. He watched their breath steam and billow in the frigid air.

"So, you're like the prince in the story, right? He had to answer the riddles and he slept with his mom and sisters." Her face was bright with anticipation. She looked around to make sure they were alone. There wasn't another soul in sight. "Are you the prince, Nick? Have you kissed your own mom?"

"What would you do ... if I told you everything?" He turned and walked toward a nearby park.

"Honestly?" She hustled to catch up with him, grabbing his hand. "I'd cream my panties, Nick. My life was utterly boring before I met you. This is fantastic. Please tell me it's real."

"Oh, it's real." He sat on a bench, staring out at a dark playing field. They were far enough away from the street that only moonlight lit their surroundings. "Okay. Well, I suppose I should start at the beginning." And that's what he did. He told her about how he'd messed with the puzzle when his sister had brought it home, which started a cascade of repeating days. He told her about the riddles. About his changing feelings for his mother and sister. About the hopelessness of being caught in the loops forever, and the elation of finding the answer to a riddle. He stopped his story before the moment he and his sister had sex. That might be going too far.

"I wouldn't have believed any of this, if I hadn't seen the way you made out with Alyson. I still don't really believe it. It's nuts." She rubbed up next to him, her hand moving gently on his lap. He was huge and hard. "You really went down on both of them? You ... you like that?"

Nick laughed. He couldn't help it. Some of the tension left his shoulders. "Yeah, I *really* like that. So, that's your big takeaway?"

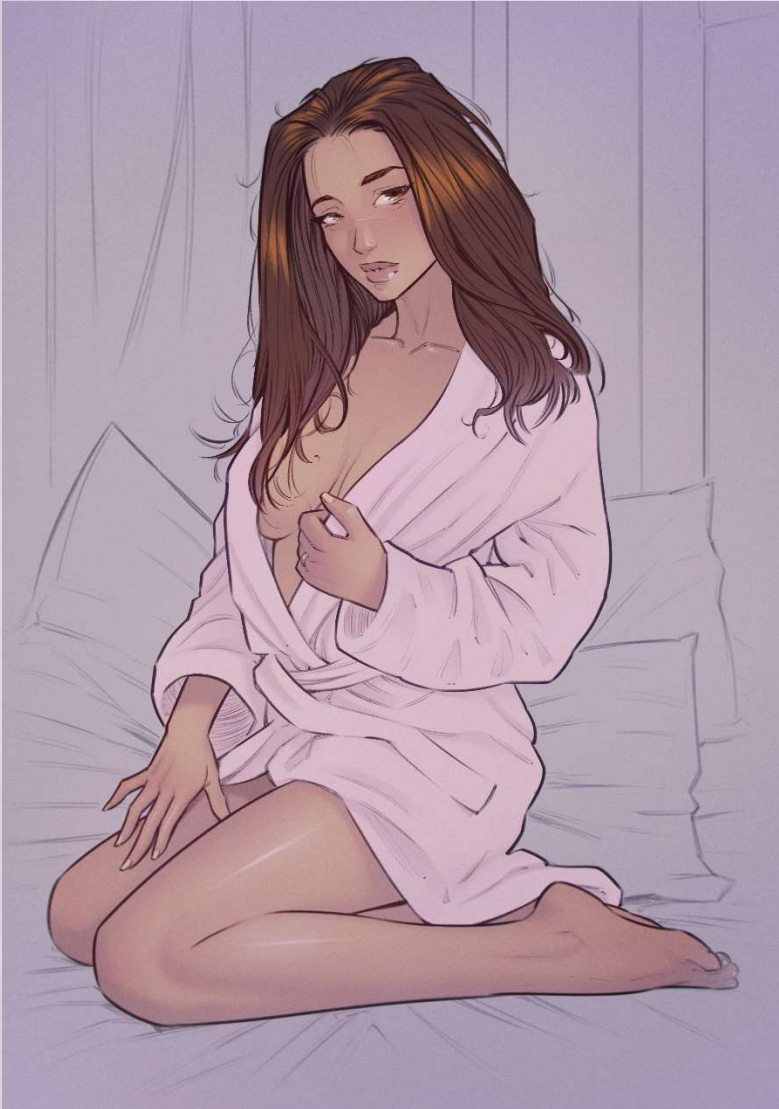
"No, smart guy." She picked up his hand and put it on her sweater. She was pleased when he squeezed and massaged her boob. "But did you really want me to ask how good your mom and sister are at blowjobs?"

"My mom is amazing. My sister is working on it." Nick was feeling more comfortable. Everyone had been right about Maggie Chalmers.

"I see." She leaned in and kissed him. After a few minutes, she pulled back. "I don't think you finished the story. What happened next?"



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Kate woke up in bed all alone. Her husband was still watching television. She wondered if she should pay Nick a visit. She tried to convince herself that it wasn't a good idea with Fred home. But she got out of bed anyway and threw on a robe. She would just give Nick a sweet, goodnight kiss if he was still awake. She wanted to see him before going back to sleep.

Out in the hall, the light from Nick's room filtered from under his door. She walked toward it, still sore. She knocked on the door softly, but there was no answer. "Nick ... sweetie?" Nothing. She opened the door and peeked in. He wasn't in his room. The window was open again and it was frigid in there. She crossed his room quickly and closed the window. She'd have to talk to Nick about his habit of leaving the window open. "Where are you, Nick?"

A quick search of the house revealed only her husband. Her son wasn't there. Kate had a bad feeling. She texted him, but he didn't answer. She called Alyson, but she didn't answer. Her anxiety rising, Kate lay on the cushion under the bay window and stared out at the street. If Nick had snuck out with Alyson, she was really going to let him have it.

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"It's crazy." Nick couldn't see the blue in Maggie's eyes in the moonlight. But he could make out her eager expression. He felt her unzip his pants.

"I'm not running away screaming ... yet." For the first time, she held his cock without anything in the way. He was too thick to circle her fingers around. The butterflies in her stomach flapped harder. She was glad she wasn't standing, because she felt weak in the knees. "Tell me something crazy."

"I had sex with my sister."

"Oh ... my ... God. I fucking knew it." Maggie pumped his dick. It was dry, but she didn't feel comfortable spitting on it. How funny that after all they'd just shared, she would balk at that. She hoped he didn't mind a dry handjob. He certainly wasn't complaining.

"It just sort of happened." Nick told her parts but stopped short of telling her about anointing the puzzle with cum from Alyson's pussy.

"So ... the dick in my hands right now ... was in your sister's pussy?" She just about melted when he nodded yes. "Wait ... she has a fiancé. And your dad is still with your mom, right?"

"Yeah."

"You don't mind ... that part of it?" She kept pumping his cock. She had met Chris, and he seemed like an asshole. All the better.

Nick thought through this part of things. "Do you still want to be with me? I can't blame Enki for everything. I feel like ... like ..." The cold air and warm hands on his dick made it hard for him to concentrate. "Even though I'm doing what I'm doing, I feel like I'm a better person than I used to be."

Maggie leaned in close to his ear and whispered, "This version of Nick Dobson is driving me crazy. Do you think you'll have sex with your mom? I mean ... she is really pretty ... and ... ohhhhh ..." Maggie shuddered and stars shot across her vision. Her pussy contracted several times. She hadn't known she could feel that way without someone touching her.

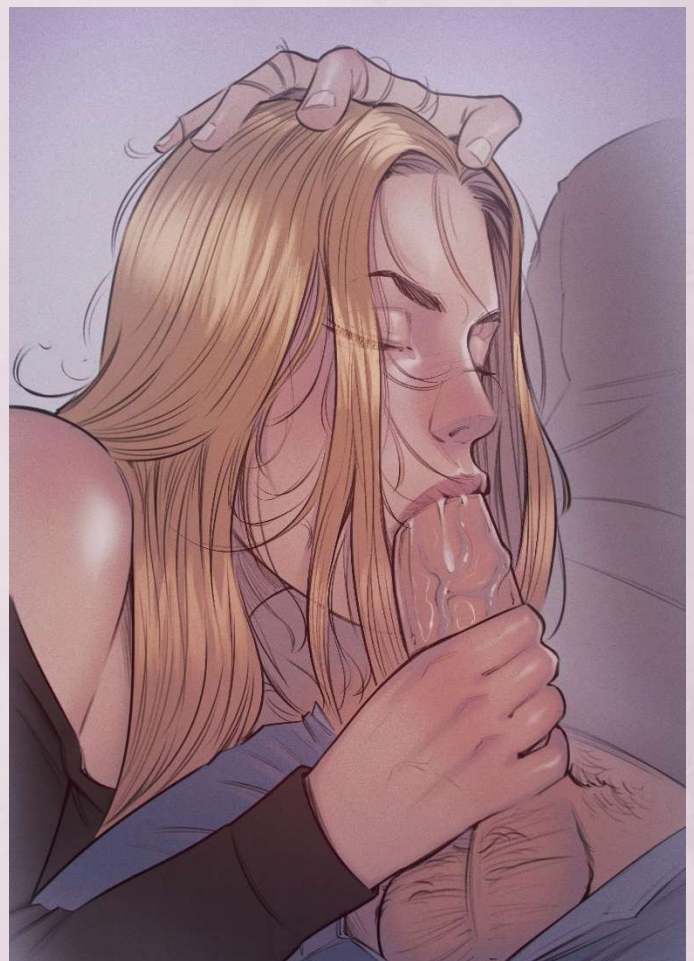
"I ... um ..." He couldn't bring himself to admit it.

"Well, maybe it's too big for her." Maggie kissed his ear and slowly lowered her head. "I'm surprised that your sister could fit it inside. Could she walk afterward?"

"Yeah, but she was a little sore," Nick mumbled. He watched her hair fall around her face as she moved her mouth toward his dick. "She said it was easier the second time."

"The *second* time?" She lightly brushed her lips along the massive head, licking the saltiness of his precum off her lips. "The dick that I just tasted was in your sister's pussy, multiple times. Oh ... my ... God ... I can't believe I'm ... mmmpppphhhhhh." Maggie opened her jaw wide and sucked the head of his dick into her mouth. She'd only done this a few times, and not with anyone like Nick. She wasn't sure what would feel good to him, so she kept two hands on his shaft and pumped hard. Boys always liked that. Then she realized his dick could accommodate her two small hands and mouth all at once. Stars flew before her eyes, she shuddered, and her pussy contracted again.

"That feels good." Nick put his hand lightly on the back of her head and looked out into the darkness. The night sounds around them mixed with her humming, slurping, and gurgling. An owl called from a nearby tree. He wanted to tell her about his mother. Maggie had taken all the other news so well. The right time to confess to anal sex with your mom, however, is not while your girlfriend's bobbing her head on your cock for the first time. That seemed like a no-brainer.



Maggie popped her mouth off him. "Tell me more, Nick. Did your sister like it? What did she say?" She licked the head and continued her blowjob.

"Ugh ... sure ..." Nick told her about how Chris's condom had broken and how he'd had to pull out. He told her about the positions they'd tried. Judging from the sounds Maggie was making, she was enjoying the story. And Nick was, too. It was amazing to share with her, and for her to so obviously love it. His confidence grew. He had been forced by Enki to bed his mother and sister. But maybe it had been the right thing all along. Maybe life could be ... perfect ... sometimes. "Maggie ... ugh ... I'm going to cum."

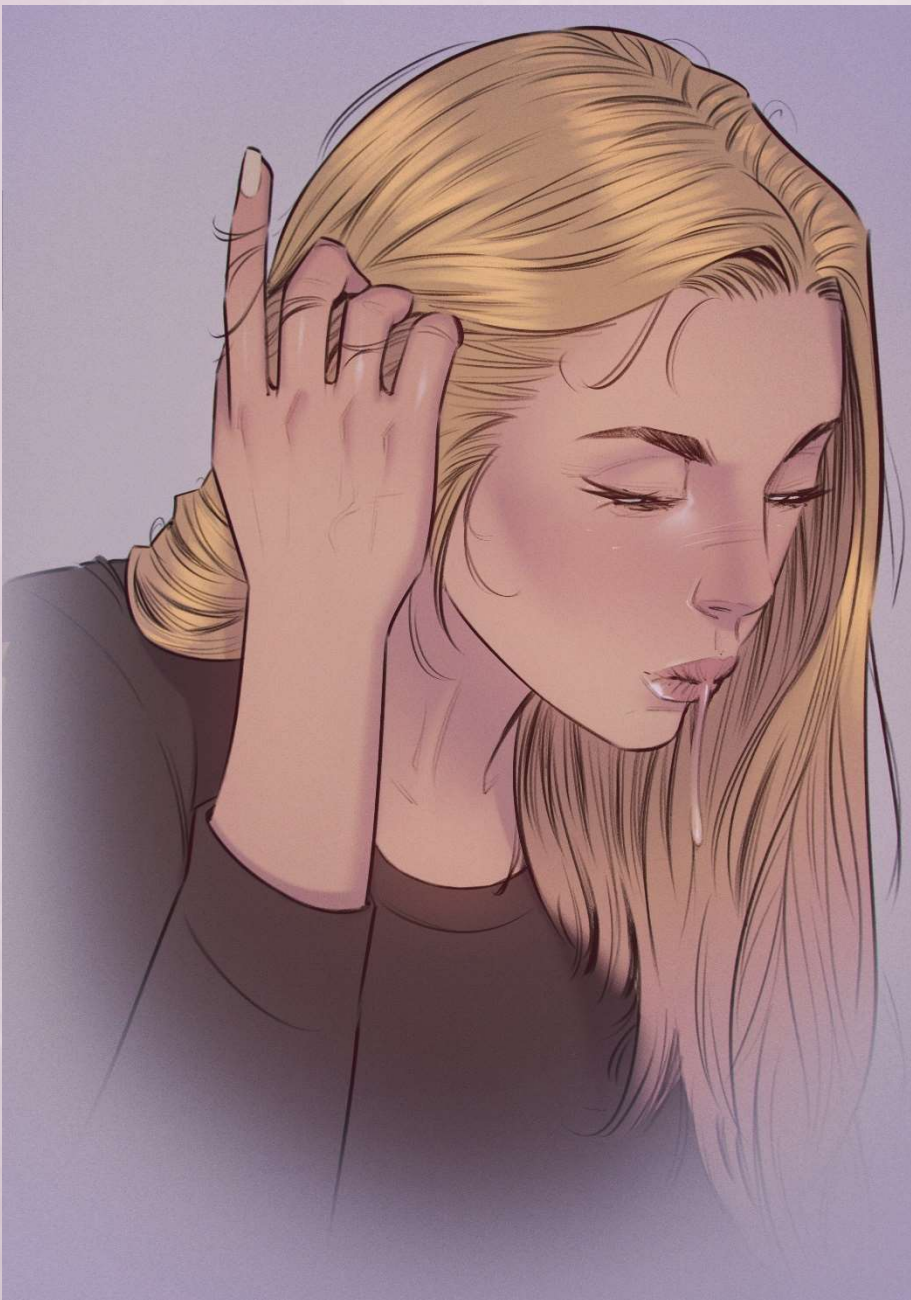
"Mmmppppphhhhhhh." Maggie had always spit before, and that was her plan now. She kept her lips locked around the head and pumped him hard with her hands. His grunting had turned from a soft, gentle sound to something almost ferocious. She desperately wanted to make him explode. And she succeeded. When the first salty jet hit her tongue, she moaned. Then another jet hit the back of her mouth, and another. Her cheeks puffed out. She kept pumping him while his grunts echoed around the park. He was shooting too much. She hadn't expected that. Her mouth was full. She lifted her head and quickly moved back before he

could accidentally spray her face. She pumped him through a few more shots, and then his orgasm finally subsided.

Nick melted into the bench. He looked over at her, and saw her pull her hair back and spit onto the ground. When she was done, she wiped her mouth and looked at him. He could just make out her wide grin.

"I'm sorry. I'm a spitter." Maggie's face got serious for a moment. "Does your mom swallow?" She felt lightheaded when she saw him nod. "Wow. You said she was good. Maybe someday I'll try it." She cocked her head as Nick slid off the bench and knelt on the ground. For a brief moment of panic, she thought he was going to propose. But instead, he took off her shoes, pulled off her pants and panties, and spread her legs. "Are you going to ...? Ohhhhhhhh ... Nick ... you don't have to ... oh ... wow." Bolts of electricity moved through her as he licked and sucked on her pussy. "Where did you learn ... to do that? Oooohhhhhhhh."

"Mmmppppphhhhhhh," Nick said with his tongue tasting her sweet tanginess for the first time.



"Never mind ... ooohhhhh ... I know where you learned that ... it's good ... it's really ... gooooooooooooood." Maggie was already so wound up, it only took her a few minutes to cum. She was a quivering, sobbing mess on the park bench. But Nick didn't stop, he brought her to ever more fervent climaxes. By the time her fourth orgasm was about to crest, she was babbling about his mother, sister, and Enki's rivers of cum. Her mind seized when she went over the top one final time. As she became aware of her surroundings again, she found that Nick was sitting next to her. She leaned back from him when he tried to kiss her. "I've never tasted myself before." She put a hand up to his hard chest.

"Would you like to?" Nick smiled at her. He supposed that her cum was glistening on his face in the moonlight.

"Do you like it?" Maggie couldn't believe how at ease he was with her pussy. Other boys always seemed so squeamish.

"You taste great, Maggie."

"Okay." She released his chest and leaned forward. She tasted different than she'd expected, not very much like him. But it was zesty and delicious. As they made out, she licked his lips, and ended up cleaning off his face with her tongue. Eventually, she pulled back. "Wow. That was amazing."

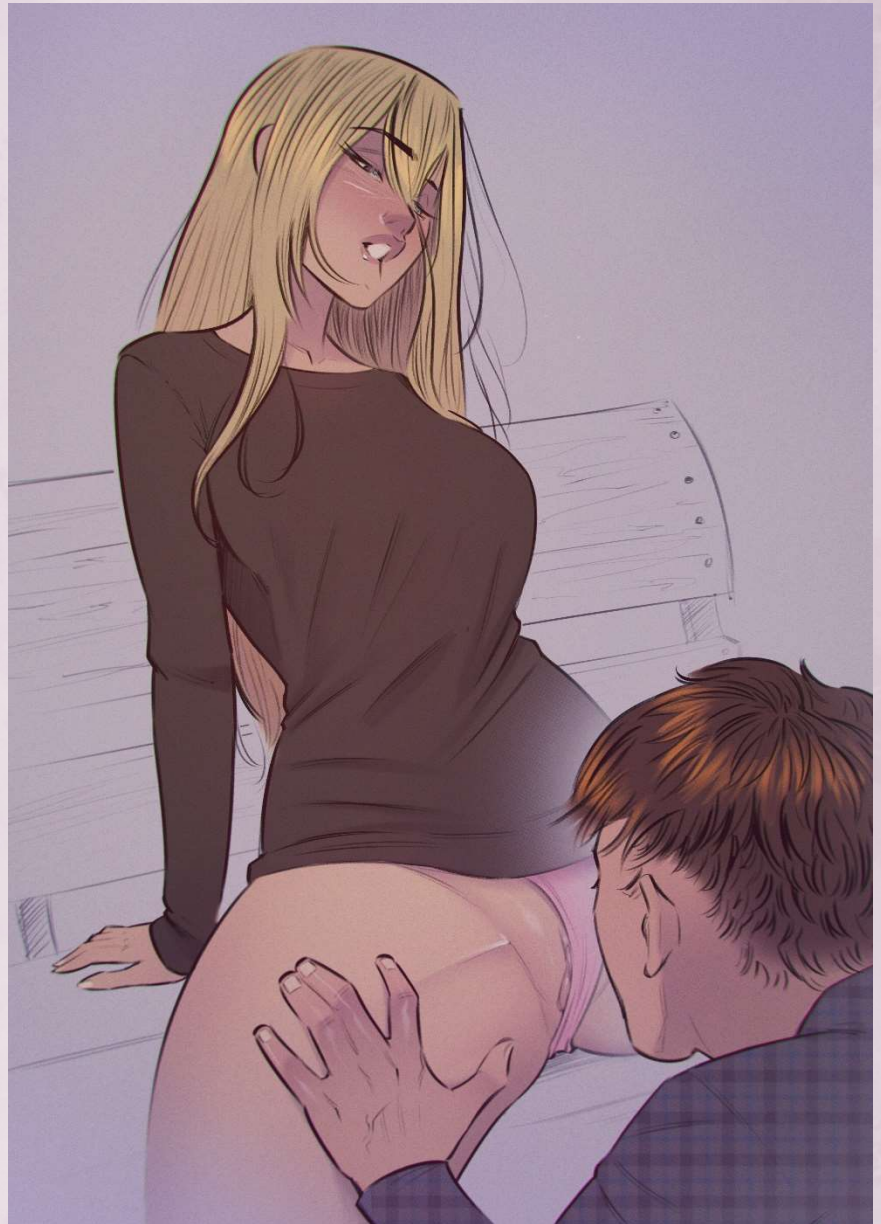
"Yeah, it was." Nick helped her back into her pants and panties. When he pulled up his own pants, he found that he had splattered cum on himself. There was nothing to do about it, so he dressed and promised himself a shower when he got home. They stood in silence and walked arm-in-arm back toward his house.

"I promise I won't tell anyone about Enki, or any of it." Maggie giggled. "Not that anyone would believe me."

"That's probably for the best." Nick nodded. "And it would be good if we only talked about it in person, when we're alone."

"So, you're going to keep me up to date?" Maggie's body gave an involuntary shudder. "Are you ... going to do stuff with your mom tonight?"

"She already went to bed." Nick suddenly realized that having Maggie in the loop complicated everything. He shrugged. His life was already complicated. What did a little more chaos matter? "And my dad's home."



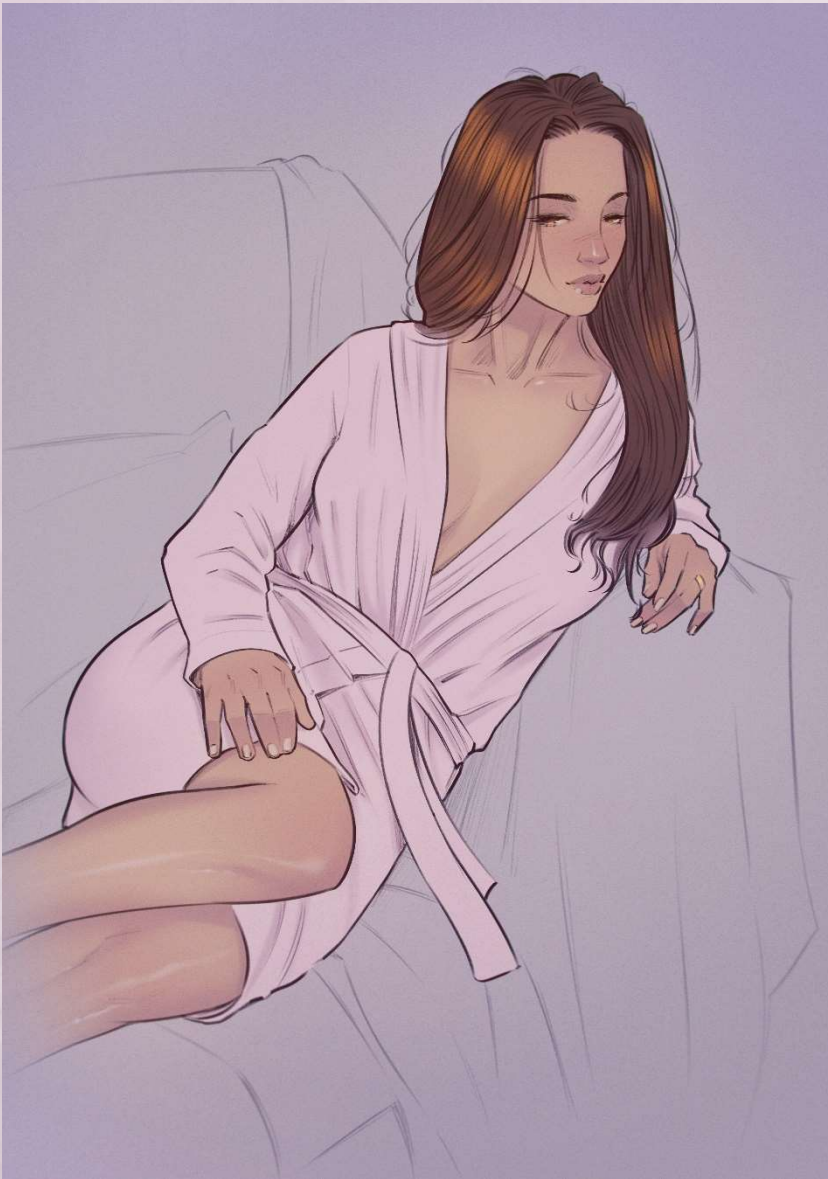
“Oh, okay.” She would have to ask him more about his father later. She had so many questions. But she could tell that Nick was done talking about things for the moment.

“I’ll walk you to your car.” Nick squeezed her arm. “Want to get together tomorrow? I like having a girlfriend.”

“I think you like having three girlfriends.” Maggie laughed. “Sure, let’s hang out tomorrow.”

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Finally, Kate spotted her son walking with a woman down the sidewalk in front of their house. For a second, rage filled her. She thought it was Alyson. But her shoulders relaxed when they passed under a streetlamp and she saw it was Maggie.



She watched them pass the house and keep walking down the street. She was nervous he might leave with her and go out all night. Spending time with Maggie was one thing, but she couldn’t have him losing himself in a girl. Kate had just given her son something incredibly special so that he wouldn’t make any more dumb mistakes.

When Nick reappeared on the sidewalk walking back to their house, Kate leaned back in her chair and exhaled. He must have walked her to her car like a gentleman. She would have a talk with him when he got inside to find out what they’d done. But she felt confident he was making more responsible decisions.