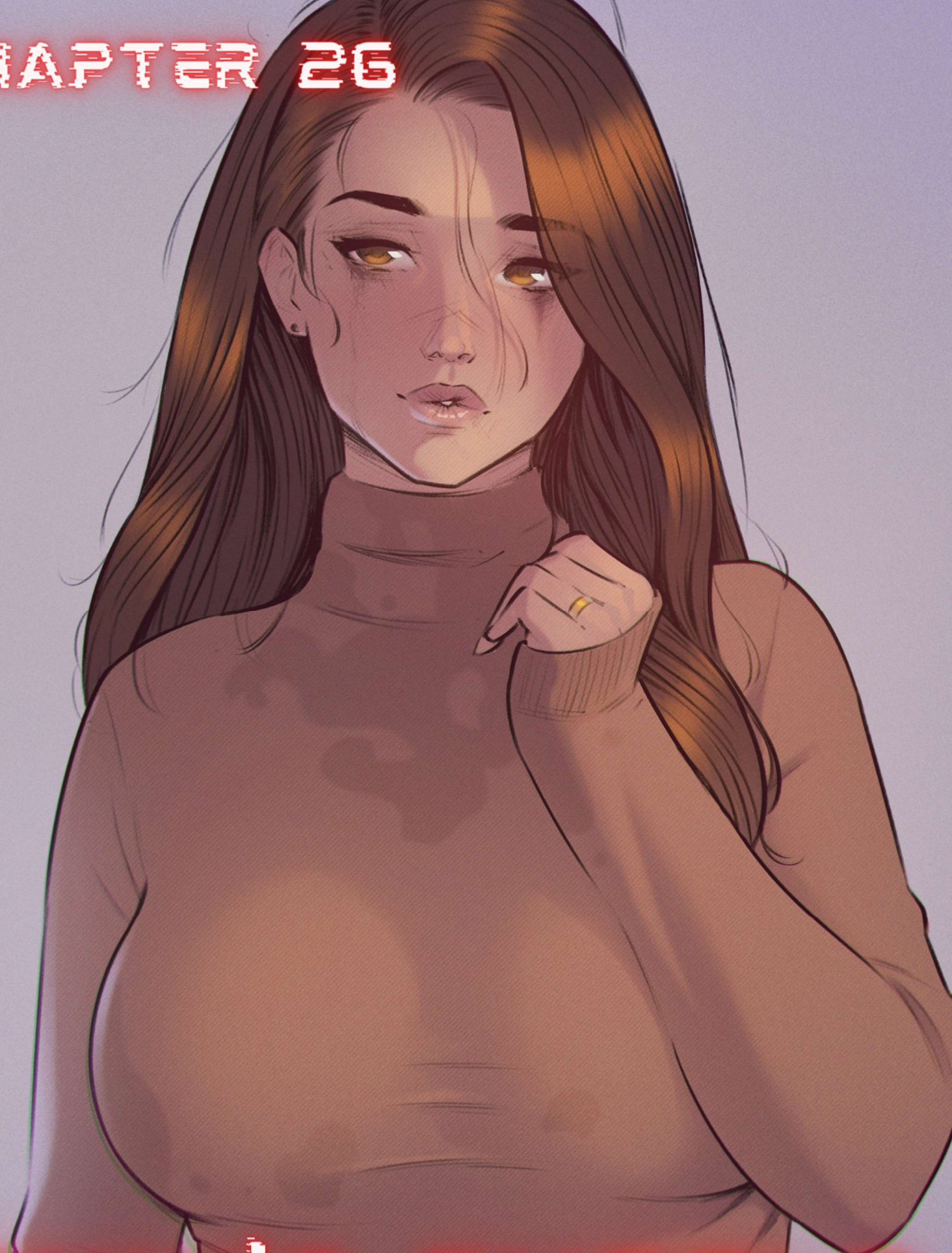


CHAPTER 26



ENKI'S PUZZLE

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

Enki's Puzzle 26

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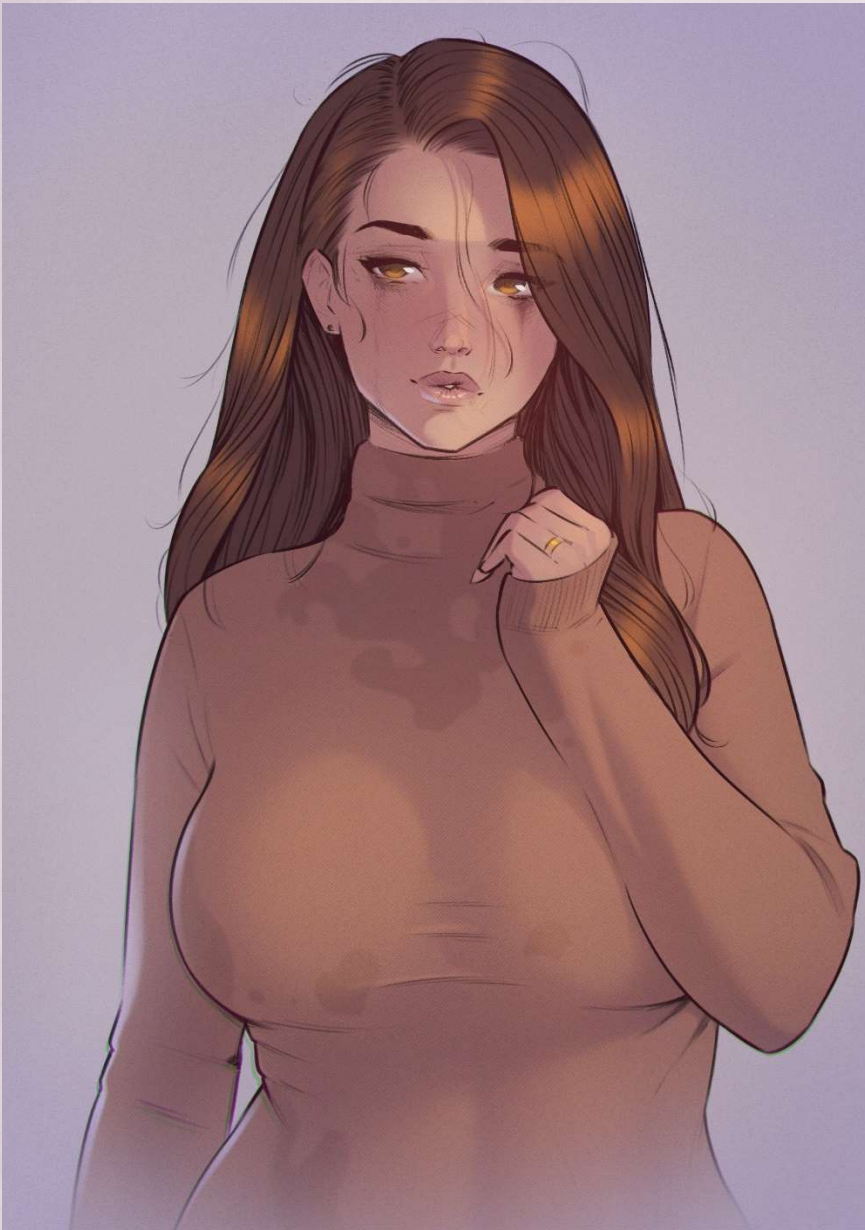
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"I can't believe we did it four times." Kate sat in the driver's seat, her hands on the wheel. The garage door closed behind the minivan. She turned off the engine. "I'm an absolute mess." And she was. She was sticky from sweat and her panties couldn't hold back the deluge of sperm that leaked out of her butt. She was sure it was soaking into her dress, too.



"Sorry about that. I had a lot stored up. How do you feel?" Nick agreed, she was a mess. He had been enjoying how disheveled she looked on the drive home. Her mascara was running, and her dress was wrinkled and bunched awkwardly around her boobs.

"Well ... Nicky ... honestly?" She turned her head slowly to regard her son. "After we do something crazy like that ... I have this moment of panic sometimes. I ... um ... I ..." She took her hand off the wheel and brushed some hair from his face. He looked a mess, too. But that was normal. He was an eighteen-year-old boy. He was always coming home dirty and sweaty. "I can't believe I'm sharing this with you. I'd never admit anything like this to your father."

"That you panic?"

"Yeah. I don't worry about how you'll react, Nicky. That's why I can tell you that I have these moments of worry. But then I look into your eyes, like I'm doing right now ..." She stroked his cheek with her fingertips. "And I know I've made the right decisions. This works for us. I see what a wonderful man you've become and my doubt melts away." She kissed him but her lips didn't linger. "Now, I

need your help. Your father can't see me like this. I need you to go into the house and distract him while I slip by and hop into the shower."

"Distract him?" Nick raised his eyebrows.

"Just make sure he doesn't see me." She nodded encouragement. "Okay?"

"Sure, Mom." Nick smiled and got out of the car. He walked into the house. The sound of the television greeted him. He followed it to the basement. He could hear the horn of a basketball game. This was going to be easy. "Hey, Dad. How's the game ...?" When he'd descended enough stairs to see into the basement, he stopped. His father wasn't sitting on the sofa. Instead, there was a huge leafy creature sitting with his legs crossed.

"Come down, Nicolas." Enki put his arm along the back of the sofa and looked at Nick over his shoulder. "We have to talk."

"Where's my dad?" Nick stood at the bottom of the stairs.

Enki shrugged in a slow elaborate motion. "You have lost your way. Why do you not labor over the final riddle? It is the key to everything."

"I've been really busy. Thanks to you." Nick tried to smile, but Enki unsettled him. As he walked around the sofa, he could see the soft, twisted cock hanging between the god's legs. It was a long, gnarled thing, with twigs branching from the shaft. He averted his gaze and looked at Enki's lichen beard, which had some sort of insect scurrying inside it. "You know ... my mom, sister, and girlfriend."

"I only gave you the tools. You built your current life." Enki raised an eyebrow. "However ... I might destroy what you've built if you refuse to make progress on the puzzle."

"I'm really trying." Nick blinked. It took a second for the threat to sink in. "You ... what?"

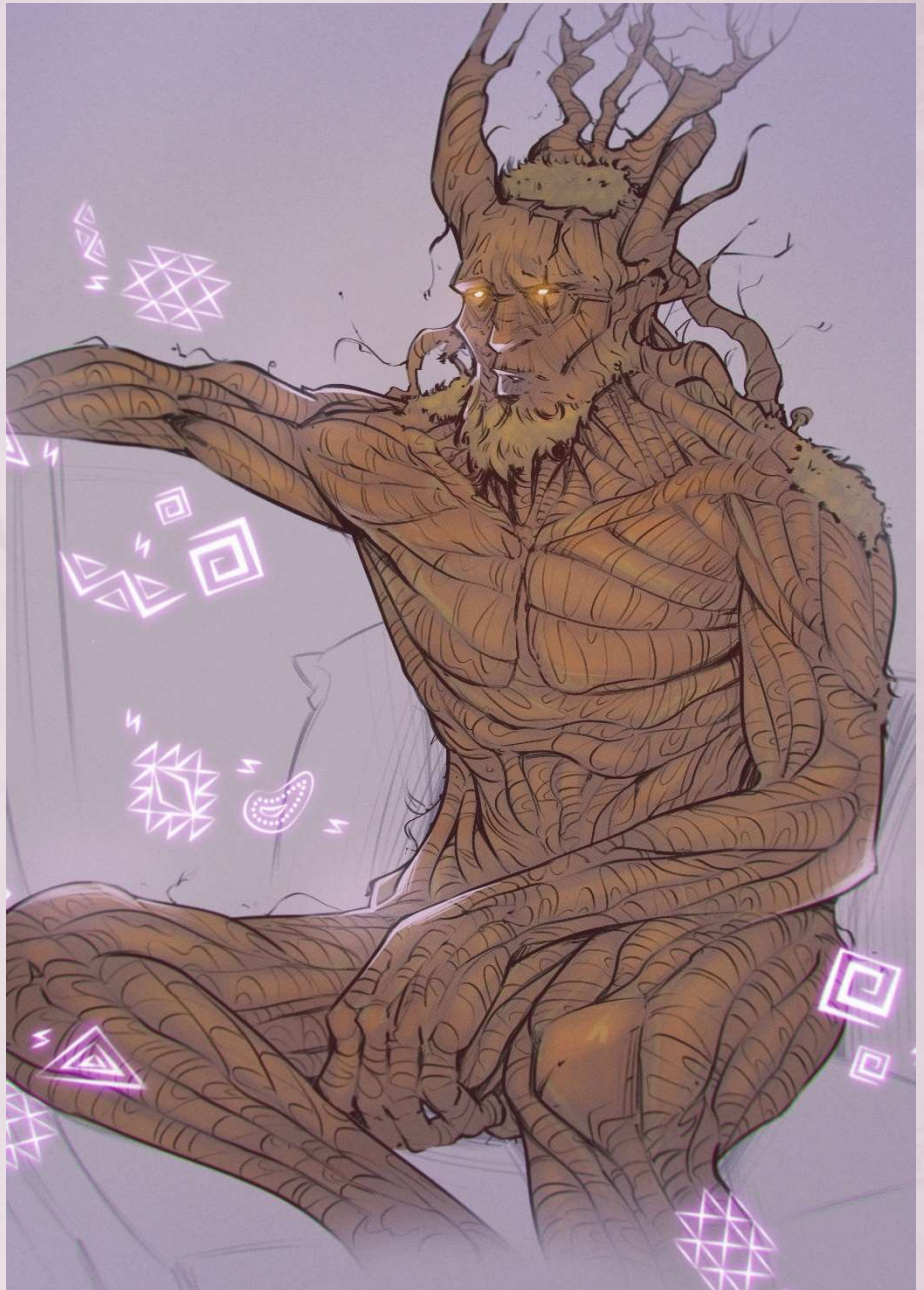
"I can tell that this will be difficult for you." Enki frowned. "If I give clues, will you promise to have solved the puzzle when next we meet?"

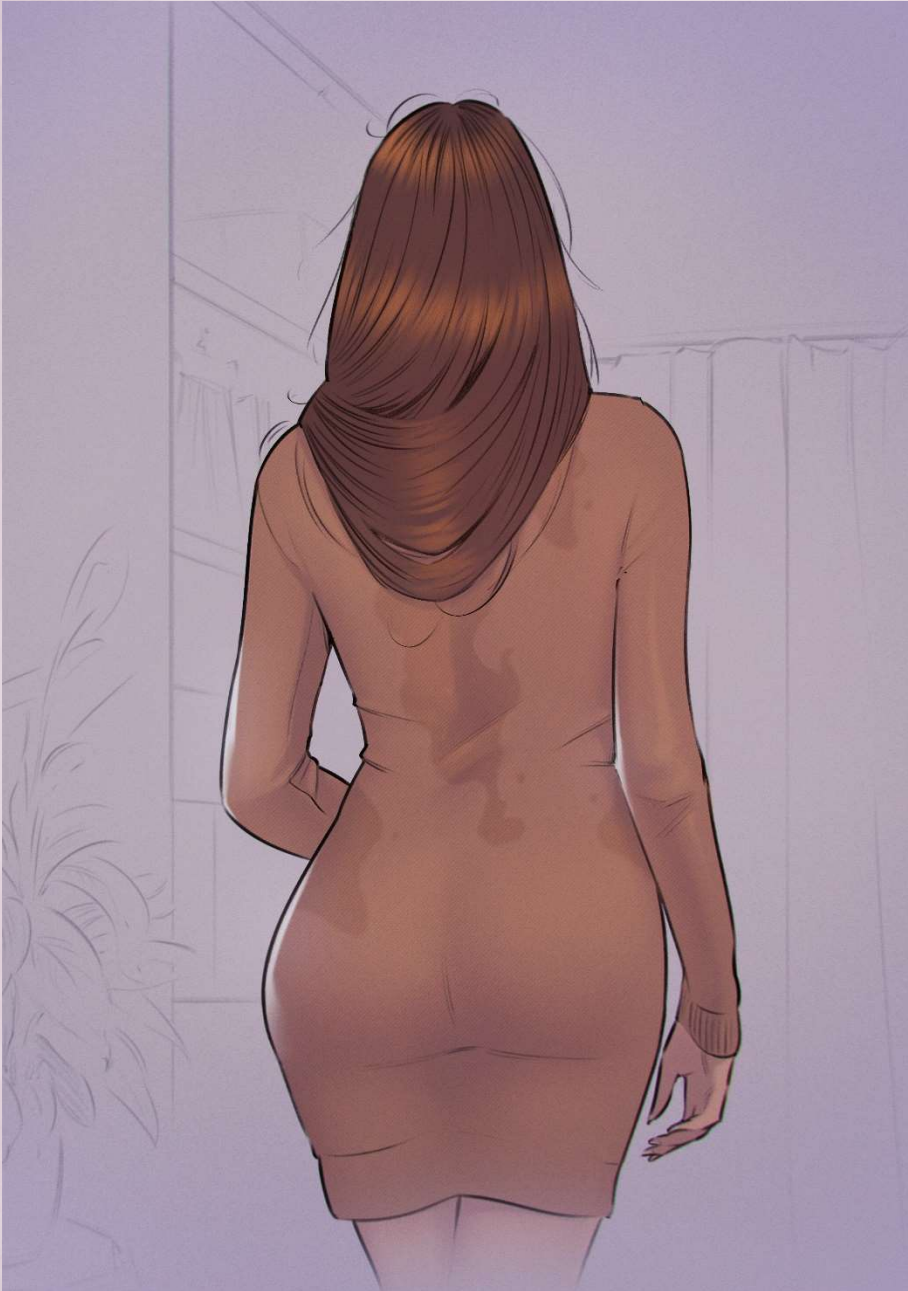
"Well, I mean, that depends." Nick glanced at the television. The basketball game reminded him that he was supposed to be distracting his father. He couldn't let his parents run into one another. That would be a colossal disaster.

"Even now, you are distracted." Enki shook his lichen-covered head slowly. "*Fruit of the poisonous tree grows rotten. The virtuous tree bears ambrosia. Cut back weeds and sow a harvest worthy of me.* The first clue is that your father and your sister's fiancé are the subjects of the first sentence. The second is that your future as it intertwines with that of your sister and mother is the subject of the second and third sentences."

"Wait ... you mean." Nick's eyes widened. "That's crazy. There's no chance I'm going to 'sow a harvest' with my mom and sister."

Enki's laughter creaked like an old tree on a gusty night. "You will solve the riddle by the next time we meet, or you will wish that you had." With that, the god vanished.





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“The coast is probably clear,” Kate whispered to herself. She got out of the car and felt the back of her dress. It was indeed sticky and wet. Why did she keep getting herself into these situations? She would never cheat on Fred under normal circumstances. But her relationship with Nick wasn’t a normal circumstance. She promised herself she would plan better so she wouldn’t have to sneak through her own house like a furtive apple thief. She entered the house through the garage door and quietly shut it behind her. She could hear the television on in the basement mingling with Nick’s voice. He was doing what she asked.

Slipping her shoes off, Kate listened intently. All she could hear were the sounds from the basement. She quickly clasped her hands in prayer and promised to be more careful in the future. Tiptoeing across the kitchen, she made sure to miss the floorboards that squeaked. She went upstairs, going slowly and pausing to listen often. She felt so guilty walking down the hall. Her poor Fred. He would just explode if he found out what was

happening. Kate paused, listening. Were those grunts coming from her room? Stealthily, she moved down the hall and looked into her bedroom. Her husband was on the bed with his pants down. One hand held his phone, his other hand pumped his penis. She stared at the penis, unable to stop comparing it to the size of his son. How had she ever thought Fred was large? Her gaze moved to the phone. He was watching a dirty movie!

Fred noticed movement in the doorway and turned his head. He dropped his phone in surprise. “Katie ... I ... um ... didn’t know when you would be home ... so ...” He pulled up his pants.

“I didn’t mean to barge in, Fred.” Kate turned and ran down the hall. She raced right into her son’s arms.

“I didn’t find Dad. I was looking for him in the basement, but ...” Nick’s words faded away when he saw his mom’s ashen face. “What is it?”

“Your father is in our bedroom,” she whispered.

"Sorry to give you a surprise, Katie." Fred's voice echoed out of the bedroom. "Sometimes you just need to rub one out."

Nick gave his mother a disgusted, questioning look. She nodded meaningfully. He looked around. He had to hide her. If his father got close to her, there would be no disguising what they'd been up to. "In here." Nick shoved his mom into the hall bathroom and closed the door.

"Katie? You still out there?" A few seconds later, Fred walked out of the room, stuffing his shirt into his pants. He stopped and frowned when he saw his son. "Um ... hey ... Nick ... have you seen your mother?"

Nick shrugged, trying not to let a smirk take hold of his mouth. His father looked so embarrassed. That was something new to behold. "I think she's in the bathroom." He leaned on the wall. "I'm going to wait. I've been hanging with Maggie. I need to take a shower."

"I'll talk to her later," Fred mumbled. He passed his son and paused sniffing the air. "Having fun with Maggie, are you?"

"Don't even start on how hot she is, Dad." Nick crossed his arms.

"Sorry." Fred lowered his eyes and walked downstairs.

An apology? That was novel coming from his father, too. When he was sure his dad was gone, Nick knocked on the bathroom door. "He's gone."

Kate opened the door and peered out. "Thanks, Nick," she whispered. "That was quick thinking. Let's never put ourselves in this position again, okay?"

Nick nodded. "Did you really catch him ...?" Nick pantomimed pumping his penis.

"Don't be gross, Nick. Think of how embarrassing it must have been for him." She couldn't help but notice the long strokes Nick took with his pretend penis. She slapped at his hand to get him to stop. "I'm going to clean myself up. I suggest you do the same." She hustled off to her bedroom.

Nick watched her go, staring at her round ass. Seeing the large wet spot on the butt of her dress brought his dick to life again. "I did that," he whispered to himself as he went into the bathroom. His expression was filled with smug satisfaction as he undressed. But then he thought of Enki and what the god had said. His happiness evaporated into a frown. "How do you tell a god 'no thanks?'" he asked his reflection in the bathroom mirror.



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Dinner was awkward for Nick. His mother stared at her plate. His father barely said two words. Nick cleaned up the dishes and told them he was going out. He figured his mom could smooth things over while he was gone. They both looked relieved to see him go.



Maggie was at a party and had texted him an invite earlier. In turn, Nick invited his two best friends. Brayden and Tom wouldn't forgive him if Nick went to a party without them. He walked over to their houses and picked them up. He let his friends do the talking, mostly about which girls might be there, as they strolled to the designated house.

When they got to the party, Nick let his friends wander off in search of girls. He hunted for Maggie and found her in an animated conversation with Brad Gaskins. She was laughing and moving her hands around as she explained something to him. Brad was a big guy and hadn't always been friendly to Nick. Nick wasn't sure if he should walk up to them, let them talk, or what. He kept his jealousy in check, reminding himself how amazing she'd been about his mom and sister.

Maggie spotted Nick standing there like a lost puppy and waved him over. "You know my boyfriend, Nick," she said to Brad.

"Sure." Brad scowled, made up an excuse, and walked away.

"Dear me. I do believe you scared big ol' Brad Gaskins away." She kissed him on the

cheek. "You're so frightening."

"I didn't mean to interrupt." Nick rubbed the back of his neck. Possessive thoughts kept trying to short-circuit his brain. He took a couple deep breaths to let those feelings dissipate.

"You're jealous." Maggie laughed and took a sip from her red cup. "You're my boyfriend, Nick. I wouldn't step out on you. Not for Brad Gaskins. He's boring. You're not. A man would have to be incredibly interesting to tear me away from you." She watched his frown melt away. "Let's find a quiet corner and talk." She took him by the hand and led him through the house. They found an empty bedroom upstairs and closed the door behind them. Maggie kissed him on the lips, her tongue eagerly darting into his mouth. By finding a quiet place "to talk," what she'd really meant was "to make out."

They fell onto the bed and groped and kissed for a long time. After what seemed like hours, they parted lips and Maggie, somewhat breathless, regarded her boyfriend. "So, how did it go at your sister's place today? Everything work out?" When he tried to remove his hand from her breast, she guided it back in place. Her smile broadened when he gently squeezed her boob.

"You're not going to believe it." Nick laughed.

"I would believe anything at this point. If Enki himself wanted to meet me, I wouldn't be surprised." With bass from party music coming through the walls, Maggie listened to Nick's story.

He omitted anything that had to do with sex with his mom. He was working up to sharing the news about that part of his life. He just couldn't bring himself to tell her that he'd spent the afternoon with his dick in his mom's ass.

"You and your sister on each boob?" Maggie's hips squirmed. "I'm overheating." She unzipped her jeans and slid them off her legs. "Would you maybe want to do to me what we did in the park?" Normally, she'd be more direct about what she wanted, but a guy who enjoyed giving her oral was a novelty.

"Spread your legs, ma'am. I'll take care of the situation." Nick laughed, pulled off her panties, and gently pulled her legs apart. He glanced up at the dazed expression on her face and offered her a sly grin. "Ready?" He didn't wait for a response. He cupped her ass cheeks with his hands, raised her pussy up from the mattress a little, and licked his way along her slit.

"Ohhhhhhhhh ... Nick ... lick me ... lick me ... just like ... that." She ran her fingers through his hair.

The door opened and in stumbled Brayden with Laurie Zan. "Oh, shit. Sorry Nick."





Maggie shrieked and covered herself with a blanket. Before Nick could turn around and see the intruders they were already gone. He looked back to Maggie. "Well ... um ... I guess Brayden will have some questions later."

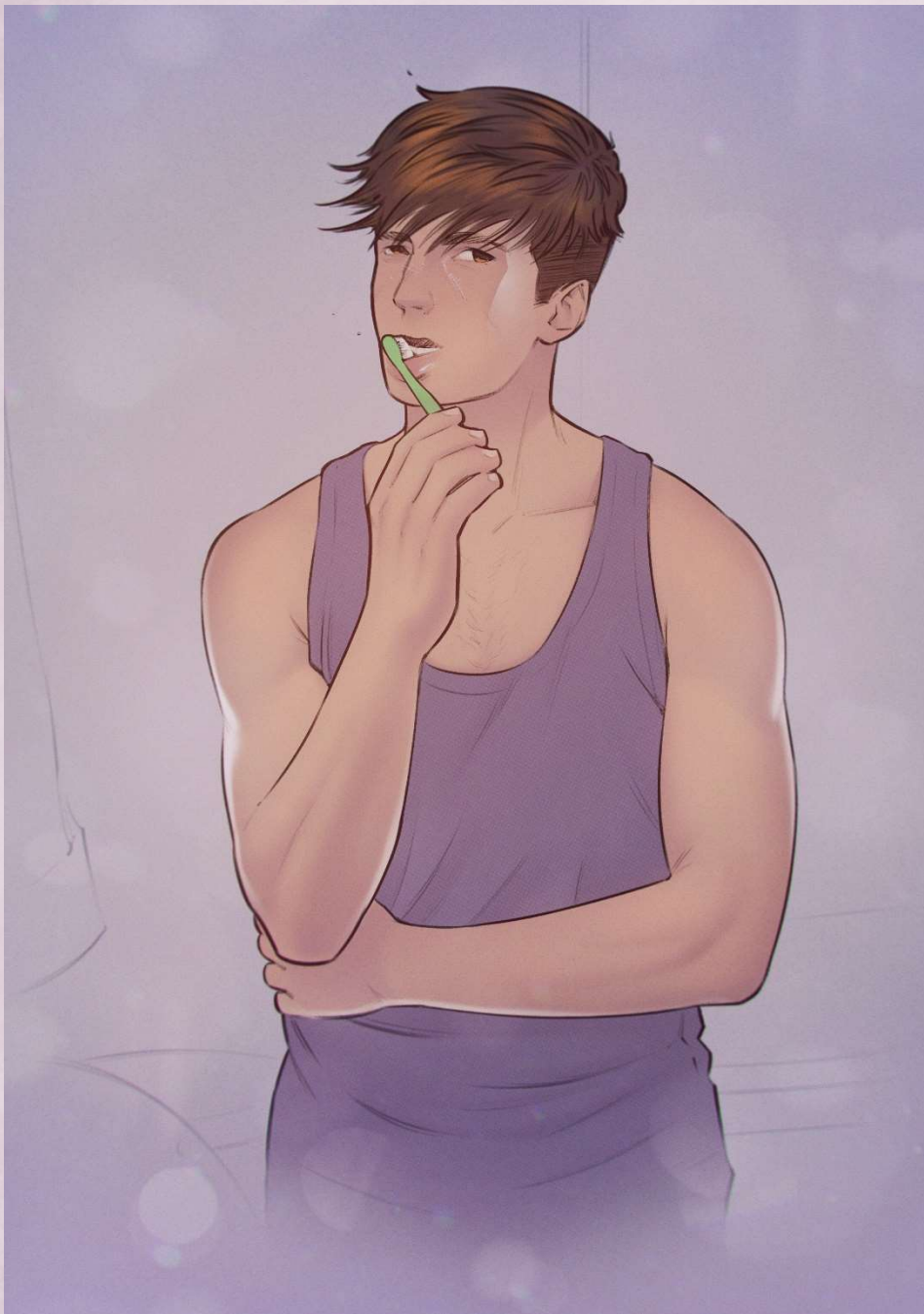
A little drunk, Maggie laughed at the exhilaration of getting caught with Nick between her legs. "Like ... you think he'll be pestering you for pointers? Because you're a phenom. Laurie is a lucky woman if your friend is half as good as you."

Nick laughed along with Maggie and pulled the blanket off her. He slid two fingers inside her pussy. "Well, break time's over. Back to the mines." He took her clit back into his mouth.

"Ohhhhh ... Nick ... yesssssssss." Her legs trembled. "I'm going to cum ... yeeesssss ... that's the spot ... right there ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii." Her boyfriend brought her to three fantastic orgasms before they agreed that

they shouldn't hog the room. They went back to the party and mingled. Eventually, Nick walked home with his friends, who indeed peppered him with questions.

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When Nick got home, he was hoping his mom had stayed up for him. He couldn't wait to tell her that he'd made his girlfriend cum three times and she had not returned the favor. That would have put her fantasies into overdrive. But she was sound asleep.

While getting ready for bed, a sudden burst of panic hit Nick. Enki expected the impossible. He brushed his teeth and thought about the situation. How would Enki punish him if he didn't follow through and solve the riddle? Maybe he'd be sent back into the loops again. He shivered as he returned to his room. Could he take another go through the loops? His muscles tensed at the thought. Chirpee wasn't around, so he closed the window, cutting off the frigid breeze.

Maybe he could talk his way out of it? Maybe he could use his nascent listening skills on Enki and find out what the god really wanted. He felt more confident as he thought about it. Changing Enki's mind was the only thing that made sense. He'd talk to Alyson about it. Maybe she'd have some tips. Maybe Enki had visited her that

night, too. He snuggled into bed and pulled the covers over him. He should talk to Alyson tomorrow. He texted her and put his phone on the nightstand. He hoped she didn't have plans with Chris.

Chris ... his mind went over what Enki had said. He now knew that the second and third sentences had to do with pregnancy. It seemed obvious in retrospect. But the first sentence ... *Fruit of the poisonous tree grows rotten.* That one related to his father and Chris. How? His mind worked it over but came to no conclusions. Eventually, sleep took him.

~~

"Rise and shine, sleepyhead." Kate inhaled deeply. Nick's room smelled heavily of teenager. There was a time when she would have opened the window to air it out. But now, she took several deep breaths, savoring the aroma. She wasn't sure if it was the smell, or the expectation of what was about to happen that made her so wet. She paused and listened to him snore. How funny that her vagina lubricated when she was about to use an entirely different hole. She supposed it was impossible to argue with evolution. "Time to wake up, Nicky." She put a bottle of lube next to his phone on the nightstand. She couldn't help noticing that he had unread messages from his sister. She reminded herself that she trusted them and ignored the phone. She sat on the edge of the bed, pulled down his covers, and kissed his exposed cheek. Like most teenagers, he was sleeping in the most awkward position, his face half buried in the pillow. "I wish I could still sleep like that."

"Like what, Mom?" Nick opened his eyes and slowly lifted his head to regard her.

"Like my body didn't care what I did to it." She smiled wistfully. "These days, if I don't use my knee-pillow and sleep on my side, I'm not be able to walk the next day."

"It seems like your body can do anything." He smiled lazily and rolled onto his back. "I mean ... yesterday in the car, you were ... you know ..." Nick pretended like he was holding a bouncing ass in front of his morning wood.

"Gosh. How did you get so dirty?" Kate blushed profusely. "And ... on that topic. Your father is playing golf right now. So, if we're going to be smart about all this, we should use our time wisely."

Nick sat up quickly. "Yeah. That sounds awesome." He could see Chirpee dancing on the windowsill, looking in. "Mom ... do you think we could ... try your ... um ...? With a condom ... I mean ..." He shrugged, not able to get the words out.

"If you're talking about my vagina, not in a million years." Kate kissed him quickly on the lips and stood. "But I like that you're thinking about condoms. You'll need those with your girlfriend someday. Speaking of which, how did it go last night with Maggie?" She began to undress, enjoying his eyes on her as she exaggerated the wiggles necessary to lift her dress over her head.

"I made her cum three times. But we didn't have time for me." Nick's smile widened. "What does the cider frau have to say about that?"

"*Das ist nicht* what a son should be telling his mother," she said in a thick German accent. "But do go on." She slowly removed her bra, teasing him by dropping one and then the other boob. His expression was priceless. It filled her with joy to see the surprise, anticipation, and hunger he had at the sight of her.

In his own bad accent, Nick told her about the party. He grabbed his phone and texted Maggie while he regaled his mom. She didn't seem to mind when he told her he was messaging his girlfriend.

Kate laughed with delight when he told her about getting walked in on. "Something similar happened to me and your father when we first started dating. But, of course, the roles were reversed." She stopped lowering her panties for a moment. "What?" She laughed. "Don't look at me like that. He's my husband. I can talk about him."

"Maybe you could talk about how silly he is to go golfing and leave his wife in the clutches of a horny apple thief."

"Maybe." She smiled and finished pulling off her panties.

"Well?" Nick pulled his covers all the way off. He was only wearing boxers. The head of his dick stuck out above the waistband, concealing his belly button.

"Wow ... you're huge. It's always a little surprising to see it." She still used her accent. Kate stared at the exposed part of his cock. "Your underwear can't hold you back." She giggled. "My husband is a fool for going off to play his silly game while I am in the house with a horny teenager attached to that thing." She pointed at his penis. "This was all inevitable, really. Especially when your girlfriend refused to take care of you." All her fantasies were merging into one overstimulating need. "Take off your underwear."

"Yes, Frau Dobson." Nick complied. His dick sprung free, pointing at the ceiling. It leaked a small amount of clear fluid.

"Breathtaking ... simply ... breathtaking." Kate dropped the accent, crawled onto the bed, and kneeled between his legs. "You obviously don't need a warmup, but I'd like to start slow this morning. Your neglectful father is playing eighteen." She felt a little bad saying that. Fred didn't neglect her. For that stage of their marriage, he still seemed quite interested in her. They did it at least once a week. But she supposed it was all relative. She had done it with her son four times the day before, and she guessed they'd be in for at least four more by lunchtime.

"Maybe use your boobs?" Nick watched in awe as she took a tit in each hand and wrapped them around his dick. "Oh ... shit ... Mom ... that looks amazing." He dropped his accent.

Kate couldn't wipe the grin off her face. "I guess I'll use them to milk you. And then ... you can use them to milk me."

"Yes ... ugh ... please." Nick thought back to the way his sister had given him a titjob. His mom was much more of a natural at sex. Her movements were fluid and confident. When she lowered her mouth, letting the cockhead glide past her lips on every upthrust, it looked like she'd practiced the move a thousand times. "You're ... a natural ... Mom."



"It ... seems ... so ... Nicky," she said between pumps. "You ... bring it ... out ... in ... me." The boobjob evolved into a blowjob after a few minutes, and she had no more words with his penis so far down her throat. But she thrilled at his words of encouragement and adoration. Soon, she was swallowing everything he had stored overnight. As he came, she put one hand on his stomach, feeling his abs contract. He had such an amazingly hot body. She praised the sport of soccer silently as he tried to drown her with his briny stuff. When



he was finished, she let his cock fall from her mouth. "Still ... hard ... I ... see. Maggie ... must have ... really ... left you ... high and dry." She reached for the lube, her breasts hanging over him. She gasped when his mouth latched onto her nipple. "Ohhhhh ... Nicky." She didn't move, staying on all four fours with her left breast in his mouth.

Nick drank and drank. The moment was perfection, especially when he felt his mother's hand move to his cock, slowly pumping him. He thought back to Enki's last riddle. Surely this was what the god had wanted. The closeness he had found with his mother had to be the puzzle's end goal. Enki would have to understand that he was asking too much. Nick was confident he could make the god see that the puzzle's goal was already accomplished. Nick had even dutifully asked about her pussy and been soundly rejected. That was more evidence to bring to his next meeting with Enki. His mind swirled with these thoughts. But his worries faded with the growing pleasure from his mom's accelerating handjob.

“Okay ... that’s enough ... you’re going to burst.” Kate pulled her breast from his mouth and squirted some lube into her hand. She slathered his penis, mounted him, and lined him up. He slid in easily. “You ... really have ... changed me ... Nicky. Uuuggghhhhhh ... so deep.” With her feet planted on the mattress, she bounced on him slowly at first, then her hips steadily gained speed. Her fingernails dug into his chest.

“You’re ... uh ... uh ... uh ... so tight.” Nick held her breasts, feeling their weight press down with each bounce.

“No ... no ... I’m not ... uuggghhhhhh.” Kate grunted like an animal. “Not ... ugh ... tight ... anymore. I’m ... I’m ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” She threw her head back and screamed, her climax surging through her. He could make her orgasm without any attention to her clit. Her hips slowed, but then sped up again. When she looked down she could see that she’d

squirted all over his stomach and chest. As expected, he didn’t seem to mind. “You’re ... so beautiful ... Nicky. Oh ... my ... I’m going to ... cum ... again. Oooooohhhhhhhh.” She shook her head back and forth, her brown hair flying as her body was wracked by another bout of ecstasy.

“Me ... too ... Mom.” Nick dropped her tits, afraid he might pull on them too hard in his frenzy. His earlier orgasm didn’t diminish the second one in any way. He was sure she’d be leaking for hours.





They humped through most of the morning, both cumming again and again. The sun had risen high by the time they finished. Nick lay on his back, exhausted. Kate curled up next to him, her breasts pushed up against his side, her leg draped over his thighs.

"You get it all out of your system?" Kate played languidly with the faint hairs on his chest.

"Yes." That was stretching the truth, but Nick was going over to his sister's apartment in a few hours, and he wanted his mom thinking he was fully satisfied.

"Oh, good," Kate purred. "I'm going to take a shower and put in a panty liner. Then, how about some breakfast?"

"Sounds good." Nick roused himself and got out of bed. His mother sighed and rolled facedown on the mattress, one leg still bent. The position accentuated the curve of her ass. He gave her a light smack and enjoyed the slapping sound, her rippling ass, and her surprised squeal. "But I'll hit the shower first and make breakfast for you, Mom. You can rest."

"I had breakfast hours ago, sweetie." She felt so cozy on her son's bed. "I was thinking about your breakfast."

"I'll make you lunch then." Nick leaned toward her and gently pulled her asscheeks apart. Was there any greater sight than his cum dribbling out of his mom's asshole? He thought about how she looked riding him. Well, there were all sorts of better sights, but her well-used butt was right up there.

"What are you doing?" Kate didn't try to shoo him away. She knew perfectly well that he was enjoying his handiwork.

"Just admiring the view." He gave her another light smack and walked toward the door. "I'll wake you up in a half hour or so. Love you, Mom."

"Don't be silly. I'm not going to fall asleep. Love you too, Nicky." Kate stretched her sore body. Nick's bed felt so good. She sighed again, listening to him leave. Her eyes closed. Soon, she was peacefully snoring.

