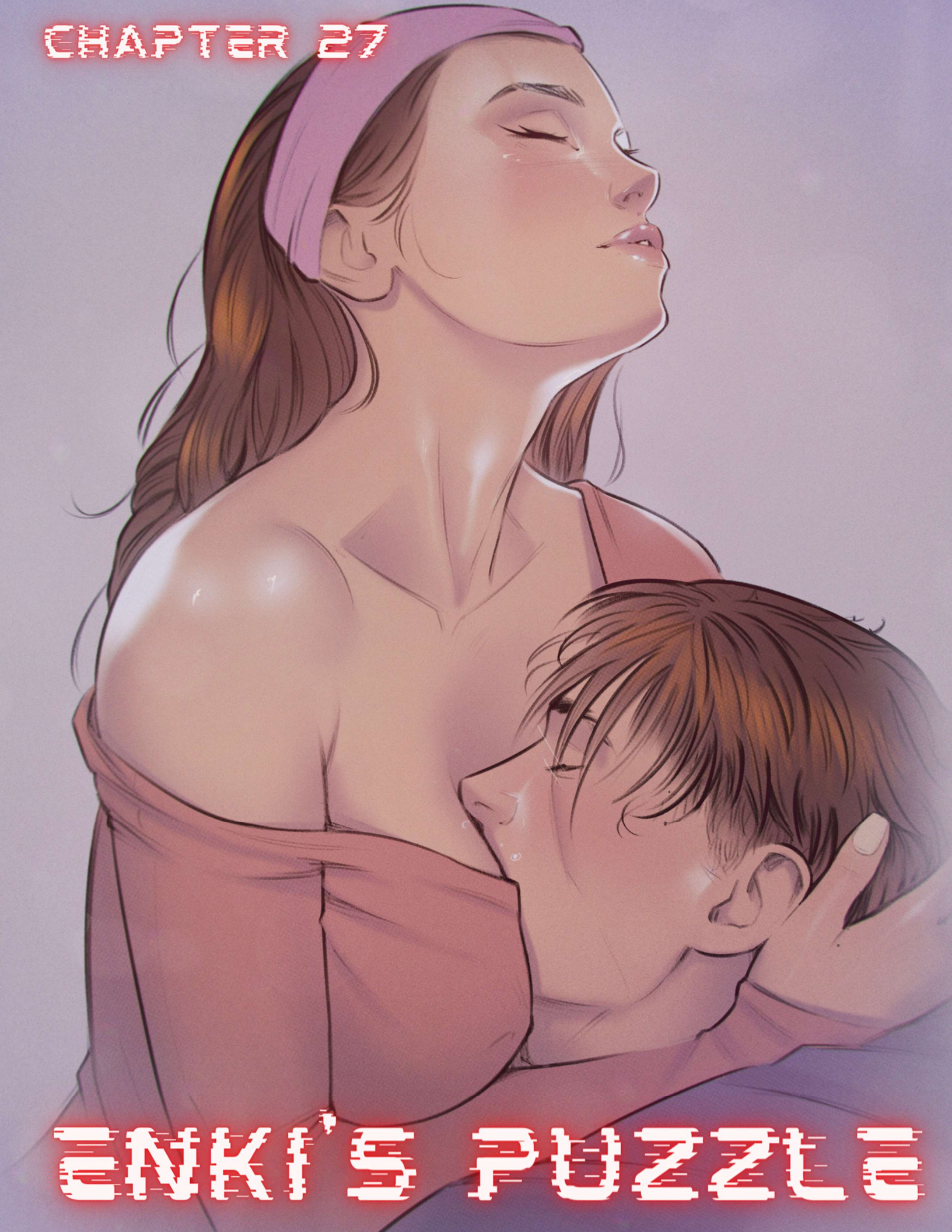


CHAPTER 27



ENKI'S PUZZLE

# FICTION

## Rawly Rawls

### Enki's Puzzle 27

Illustrations by TenderMinDD

Written by RawlyRawls

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Whistling as he entered the house, Fred set his golf clubs by the door. Something smelled lovely. "Are you cooking, Katie?"

"It wasn't me, dear," Kate called back from the dining room. She had the most relaxed, languid smile on her face when her husband walked into the room. Her belly was full of Nick's penne and pancetta sauce. Her backside was full of his spunk. Fred really was silly for leaving her all alone with such a man. "Nick made us lunch." She sipped her glass of wine and wiggled her butt into the cushion of the chair. She didn't hurt at all. Her body had fully adjusted to her son's size.

"You didn't wait for me?" Fred eyed the empty bowl in front of his wife.

"Sorry, I worked up an appetite this morning. Lots of chores." She smiled pleasantly. The sour look on her husband's face couldn't cloud her day. "But there's lots more on the stove."

"Where's Nick?" Fred looked around the kitchen suspiciously, like someone might be hiding, ready to pull a prank. Even without Nick in the room, Fred felt his wife and son were sharing some sort of inside joke. His shoulders tensed at the thought.

"He took the bus into the city. He's visiting Alyson. I don't think he'll be home until late." Kate sipped her wine again, enjoying the way her body buzzed.



A covetous look entered Fred's eye. "Well, then. How about you try on that new lingerie I bought for you?"

"You are such an animal, Fred." Kate laughed. "We already did it more than once this week." She lifted the wine bottle and poured him a glass. "I think you wore me out the last time. I need some time to recover. Why don't we have a nice lunch, and then you can help me in the garden?"

Fred's face darkened at the rejection. He knocked the freshly-poured wineglass over. Spilled wine fanned out and dripped from the table onto the floor. "Maybe you should eat and drink a little less. I'm going to take a shower." He stormed from the room.

"Well, someone's a Grumpy Gus." Kate stood, retrieved some paper towels, and cleaned the mess. Despite her husband's tantrum, a smile lingered on her face. Life was too good to worry about Fred's bullshit. She silently chided herself on her use of profanity. Nick really was rubbing off on her.

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"Oh, God. I feel so weird around you."

Alyson picked up a *New Yorker* magazine and fanned herself with it. The apartment was perfectly cool. "I can't stop thinking about you ... and Mom ... and what we did yesterday. I'm full-on obsessing, Nicky."

Nick raised an eyebrow. "Good to see you too, Alyson." He seated himself on the couch.

"I'm sorry. I'm going crazy." She was wearing a lowcut dress that she'd bought before her boobs had grown. It had seemed a good idea when she was getting ready for her brother's arrival, but now she felt ridiculous. She went into her room, grabbed a sweater, and pulled it on. She returned to the room and sat on the other side of the couch. "I don't know. Are you my side-boyfriend, my brother, something else?"

"I'm Nick. The same Nick as always." His face got serious.

"That's not true." Alyson giggled nervously.

"I suppose you're right. I *have* changed." He shrugged. "Before we get into Mom and everything else, did Enki visit you?"

"Not since the last time we talked." Alyson frowned. "I guess that means he visited you. What did he want?"

Nick told his sister about the visit and the threat. When he was done, they sat in silence.

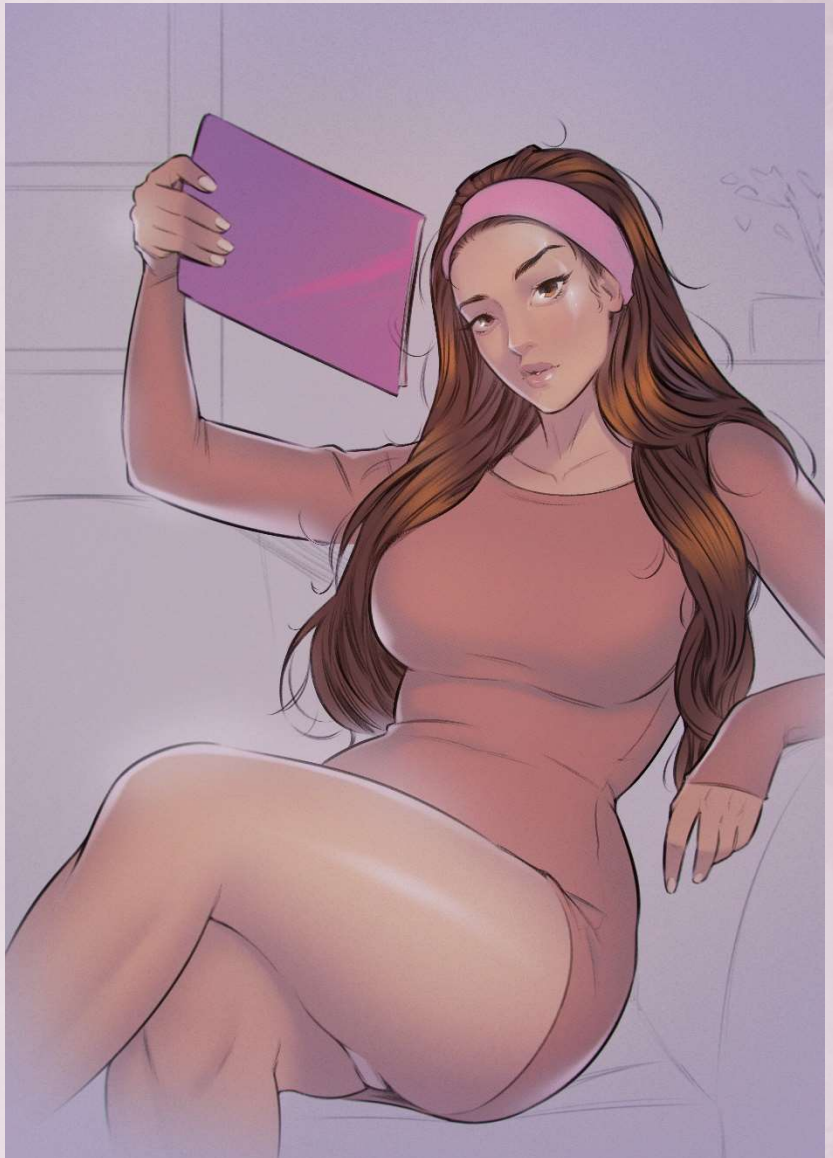
"So ... you're going to knock me up?" She offered a weak smile. Her stomach did cartwheels. Her mind was a chaotic web of thoughts and emotions.

Nick laughed. "Very funny." His laughter died when he saw her sober expression. "No, Alyson. Of course not. That'll never happen."

"Right ... never ..." She nodded and tried not to think about what it would be like to carry his baby. She shivered.

"The plan is to talk Enki out of it. He already got what he wanted. You're right. I'm a changed man." Nick gesticulated as he talked. "Next time he shows up, I'll convince him to let us off the hook."

"Okay, good." Alyson asked him some probing questions, but her brother really did seem to know what he was doing. Nick's sincerity convinced her. Finally, there was a pause in the conversation. She looked into his eyes. "Chris and I are looking at venues for the wedding next weekend."



"That's ... nice." Nick took a deep breath. This was a minefield for him. "I'm sure you'll find something lovely."

"You hate him, don't you?" Alyson's eyes darted as she examined his clenching jaw and the vertical line forming on his forehead.

"I ... don't ... hate him." Was that a lie? Maybe not. Maybe he only loathed Chris. "I just want you to be happy."

"You're so sweet." Alyson scooted closer to him. "If you were my sister, I'd ask you to be my maid of honor. But then ... I guess ... if you were my sister, you wouldn't have this." She put her hand in his lap. "Are you hard because of me?"

"Yes." Nick nodded slowly.



Alyson squeezed his erection. "Speaking of things Chris and I are doing together ... we did anal for the first time."

"Gross, Alyson. Why would I want to know that?" Nick pressed his lips together, but didn't stop her rubbing him through his pants.

"Because I did it for you, Nicky," she whispered. "We promised Mom we would be safe. And that's what you two are doing to be safe. So ... I thought ... I should start getting ready."

"You used Chris to get yourself ready for me?" Nick decided this was actually something he could stand to hear more about. "That's amazing. It truly is. How did it go?"

"It felt like the first time you and I had sex. It hurt at first, but then ... I don't know ... it still hurt but ... um ... I liked it?" She shrugged her shoulders. "I think Chris was too excited. He was a little rough even when I asked him to calm down."

"You're testing me, Alyson." Nick used every ounce of willpower to avoid saying anything untoward about his sister's fiancé.

"You can't be jealous, Nick. I'm going to

marry him someday, and you have a girlfriend *and* Mom."

"I'm not jealous, I'm angry that he doesn't listen to you." Nick's face reddened as he imagined his sister's pleas falling on deaf ears.

"Oh, okay. Well, I don't think he'd ever done that before. So, it's understandable that he was excited. You have to cut him some slack, Nicky. You two are going to have to learn to get along." She frowned and looked down at her hand still squeezing her brother's junk. This was not how such a conversation was supposed to take place.

"I ... uh ... was ... um ... never mind." He thought it time to change the subject. "You haven't offered me anything to eat or drink."

"You want to raid my kitchen? I don't have that much in the fridge right now. Are you hungry or thirsty?" She started to get up to get him something, but he pulled her back to the couch.

"Both." He nuzzled her boobs with his nose through her sweater.

Alyson giggled. "Teenagers are always so hungry. Did you notice the dress I wore for you? I mean before I put a sweater on."

"Hard not to notice two amazing boobs when you put them out there like that. You're gorgeous, Alyson." Nick lifted the hem of her sweater over her head. She raised her arms to let him take it off.

"Hey ... what are you ...?" Uproarious laughter burst from her when he motorboated her cleavage. Her brother made the most ridiculous undulating, humming sounds. "Okay ... okay ... you like them ... I get it. That tickles ... okay ... that's enough." When he backed away, she quickly lowered her dress and unclasped her bra.

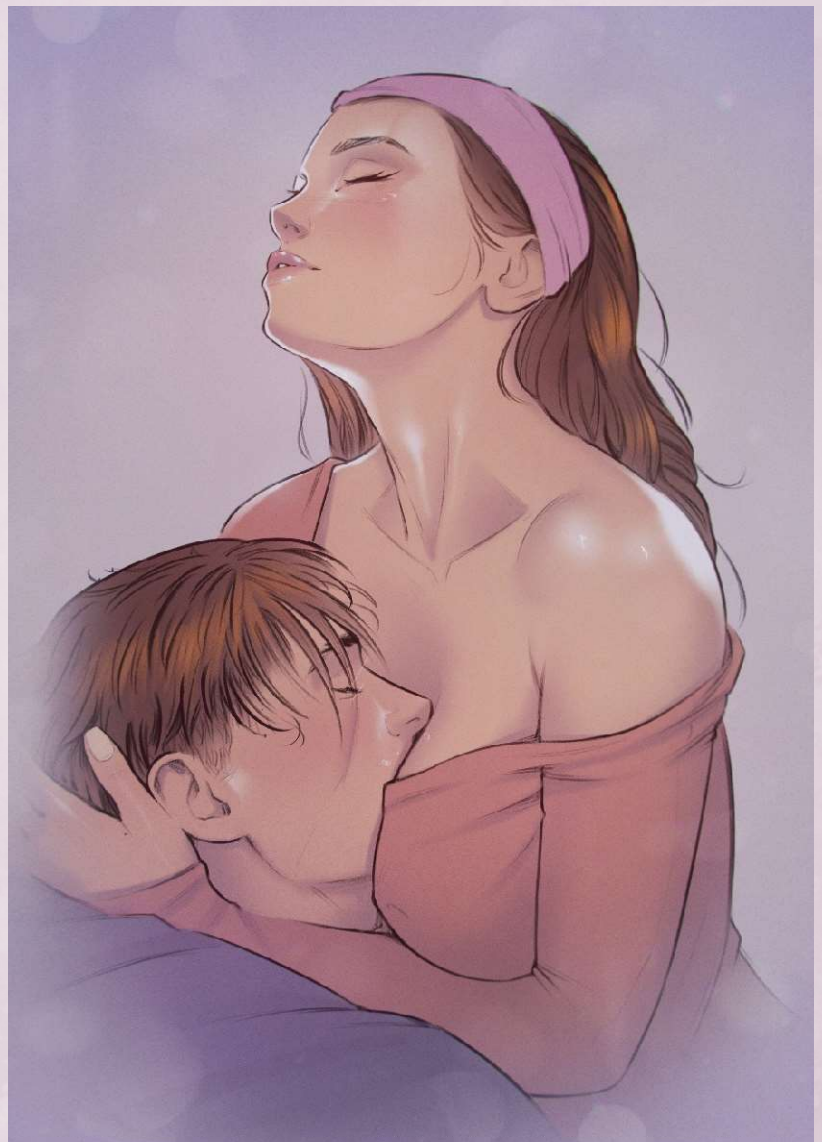
"These little blue veins are adorable. They make you seem so vulnerable." He traced his fingertips along the meandering veins under her alabaster skin, stopping at her thick, dark nipple.

"They are vulnerable. So be nice, Nicky." She cupped the back of his head and pulled his mouth to her boob.

"Always." Nick latched on and drank the sweet richness she offered him.

"You're really going to try and change Enki's mind? We're not going to solve the last riddle?" Alyson brushed his hair away from his forehead, smiling down at his peaceful face. They had come so far since he had convinced her that the loops were real.

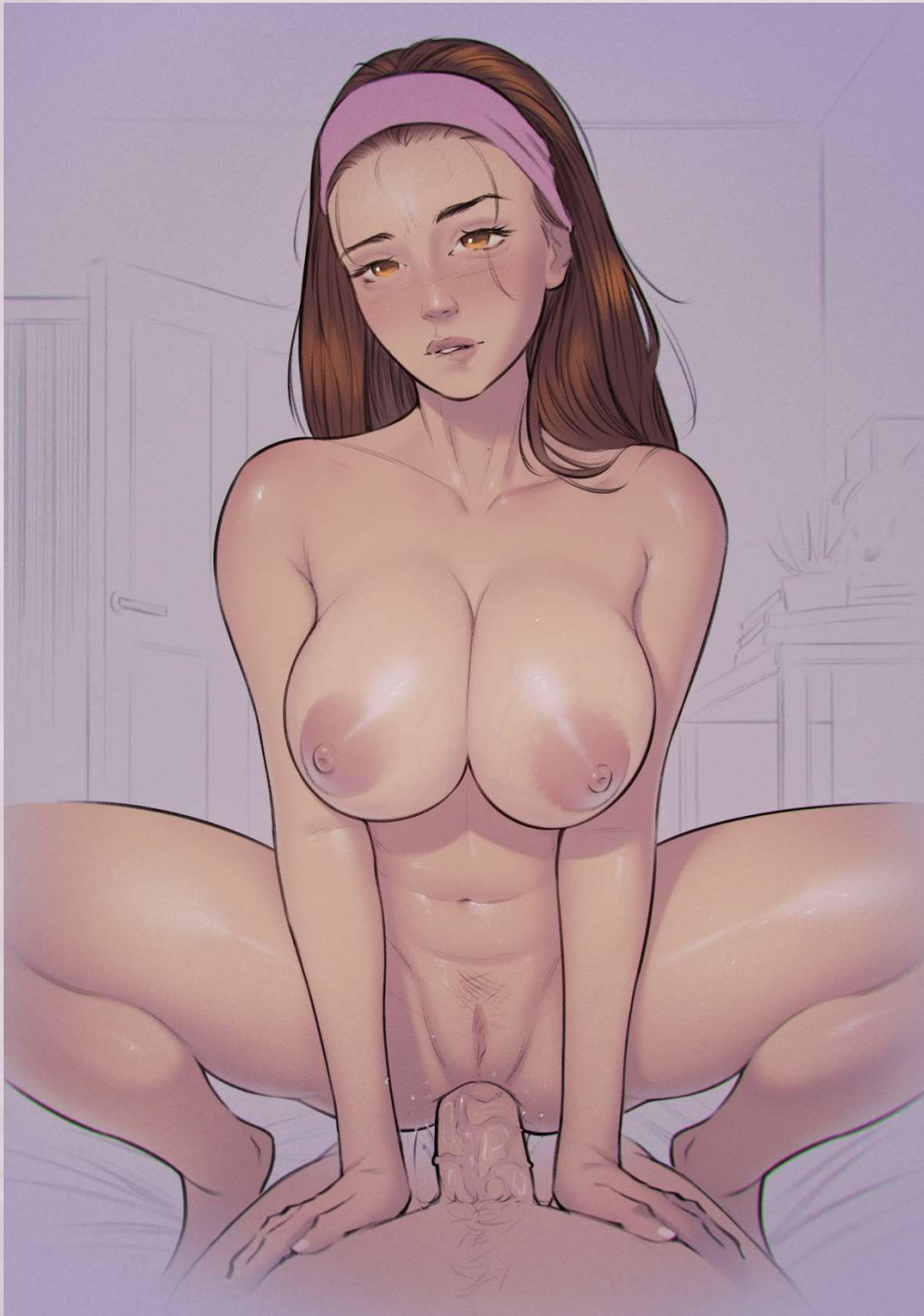
"Mmmmmhhhhmmmmmmmm." Nick nodded as he drank.



"You're right ..." Alyson's voice lilted with a soft, dreamy inflection. "But Enki has been right so far ... maybe we should just ... I don't know ..."

"Nnnnnmmmmmmmmmm." Nick shook his head into her breast. He held her other tit and gently squeezed. He released her breasts and sat up. "There are a million reasons we can't."

"It was just a thought." She tried to smile, reprimanding herself for getting carried away. Nick was right. Enki would see reason. "I have some Kama Sutra oil at the ready. Want to see if I can do what Mom can do?"



In her bed ten minutes later, Alyson squatted on top of her brother. She trembled and bit her bottom lip. Her brow was creased with pain and determination. Sweat beaded all over her body. "It's too big ... Nicky ... is it all the way?" She looked down at him in desperation.

"It's hard to see. I'm not sure it's even halfway." Concern was written all over Nick's face. His sister wasn't responding the way his mother had. "Do you want to keep going?"

"No ... no ... I don't." Alyson lifted herself up and removed his dick from her ass. She dropped to the bed next to him on her belly and put her hands over her butt. "Jesus ... that hurt ..."

"What do you need?" Nick jumped from the bed.

"Get me ... an ice pack ... from the freezer. Ooohhhhhh ... God ... I think you broke me." Alyson groaned and buried her face in the sheets.

Nick hustled to comply, his dick still hard and swinging as he jogged into the kitchen

and jogged back. "Got it." He handed her the ice pack and watched her press it between her cheeks. "You going to be okay? I mean ... do I need to call an ambulance or something?"

"I don't think you actually broke me." Alyson laughed bitterly into the mattress. "Sorry I'm such a wuss. Maybe this isn't for me. I guess I'm more of a party-in-the-front type of girl." She sighed and rolled onto her side. The ice pack was helping. "Really glamorous, right?"

"I love you no matter what, Alyson." Nick smiled and kissed her forehead.

"I know you do." She returned the smile. "Are you going to tell Mom what happened?"

"Not to make light of your misfortune, but this hits one of Mom's fantasies pretty hard." Nick raised an eyebrow at the look of shock on Alyson's face. "She loves it when Maggie doesn't satisfy me. She says things like 'if your girlfriend can't do it, then I better,' or 'I guess I have no choice if your girlfriend can't get it all out of you.'" The siblings laughed together. "When I tell her we tried anal but you couldn't, I'm guessing she'll go wild."

"Does she talk about me during sex?" Alyson removed the ice pack and gingerly moved to sitting cross-legged.

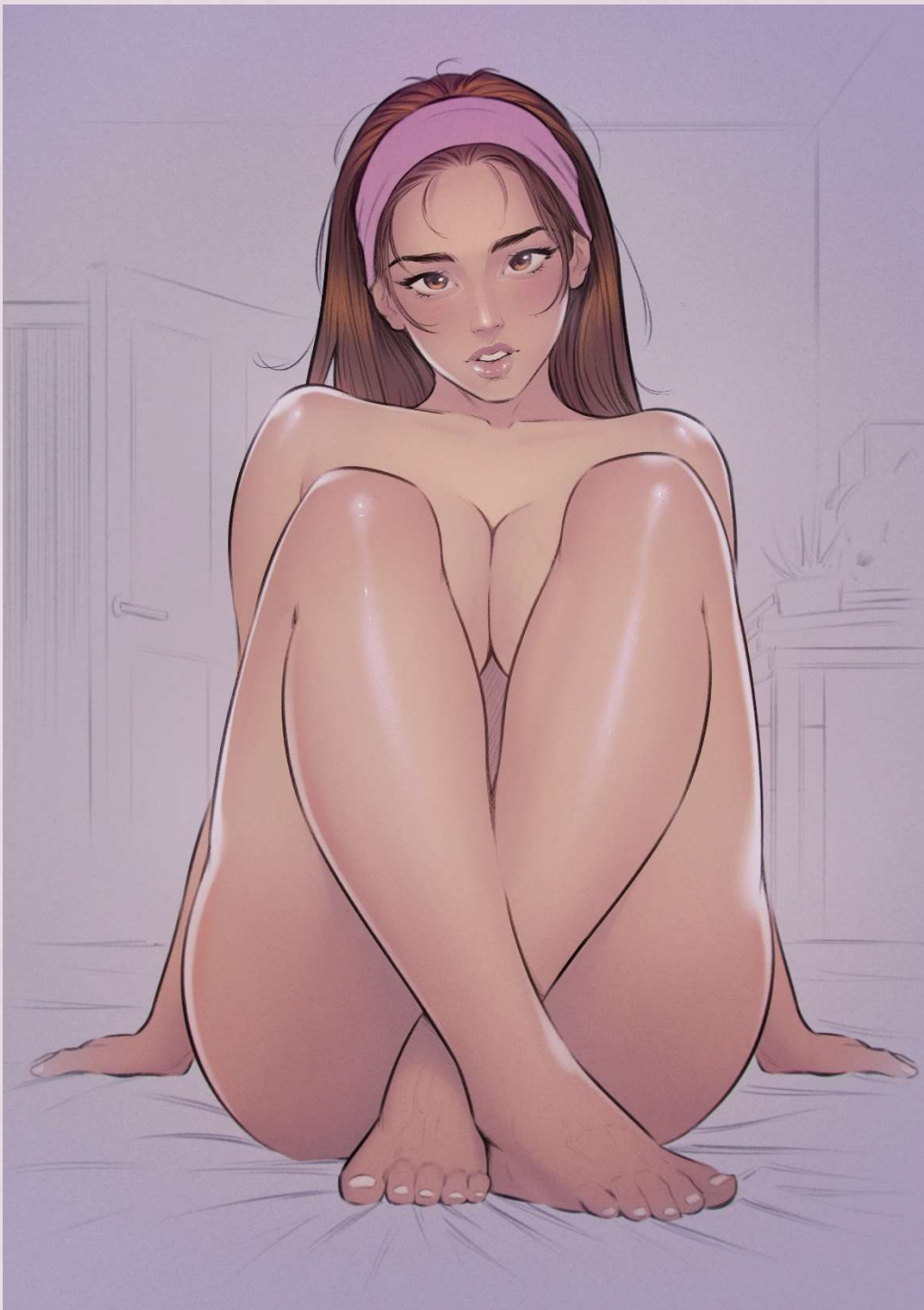
"Um ... once or twice ... maybe." Nick's smile was sheepish.

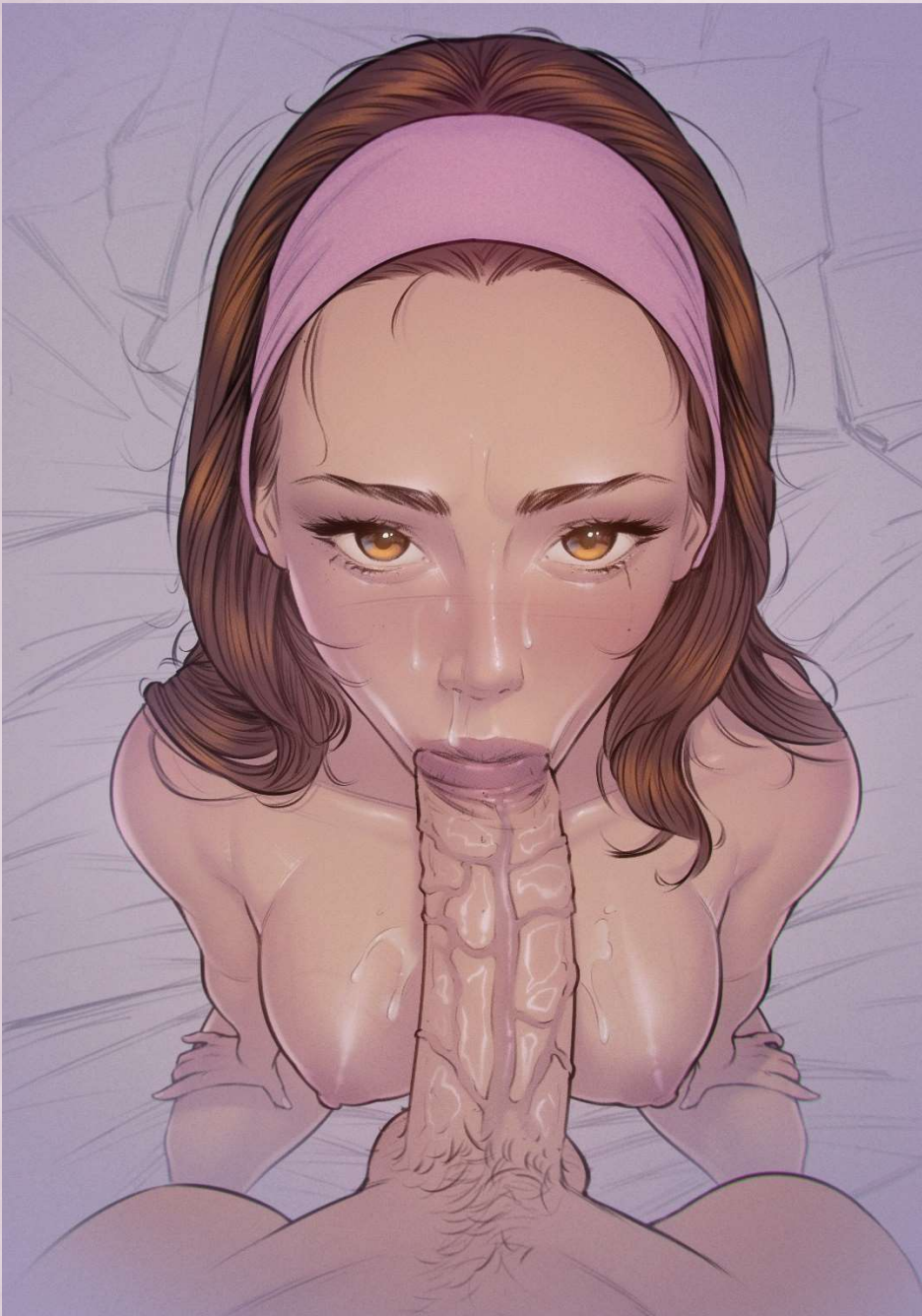
"Oh ... man ... that's some wild stuff right there. Our straitlaced mother doing and saying ..." She shook her head. "I'm really wet, Nick. Do you think you could go down on me?"

"It's the least I can do after the ... um ... discomfort I caused."

"You're such a gentleman." Alyson opened her legs and carefully leaned back.

"Ohhhhhhhhhh ... that's good ... yes ... gentle ... gentle ... yeeesssssssss." By the time her first orgasm hit, her butt wasn't bothering her at all.





Nick accepted an awkward blowjob from Alyson after he was done making her cum. He needed some relief, and she could probably use the practice since they weren't going anywhere near her pussy or ass in the future. If nothing else, the grit and determination written on her face as she bobbed her mouth on the head of his cock and pumped him with her hands was endearing. She couldn't swallow it all so he came all over her. That was also a lovely sight. They showered and checked their phones. Alyson had several texts from Chris asking her to come over and grade papers for him. Nick still had heard nothing from Maggie. He had been texting her all day. But he did have a Baby Yoda GIF from his mom. The little green guy was sipping a drink. He had no idea what the message meant. He shook his head. The way she texted was often inscrutable.

"I'd offer you a ride home, but Chris needs me over at his place grading papers." Alyson raised her shoulders in apology.

"No problem. I'll see if Maggie can pick me up. If not, I'll take the bus." They said their goodbyes and Nick walked toward the bus stop. He

ventured a call to Maggie, but she didn't answer. He texted her again, but nothing. He walked on in the growing dusk. Streetlamps turned on all around him. A car slowed next to him and pulled to the curb. He looked and saw Alyson smiling and waving him over.

"Chris can grade his own papers. Maybe I'll have dinner with the family tonight. Want a lift?" Alyson's heart warmed at the way her brother's face lit up.

"Sounds good to me! Thanks, Alyson." Nick hopped into the car. On the drive, they talked over what their approach should be to change Enki's mind.

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They were early for dinner, and their parents were out, so Nick and Alyson headed upstairs.

Nick stopped in the hall and held out his hand to halt his sister. "Listen ..." There was creaking laughter coming from his room. It sounded like tree branches swaying in a stiff breeze. "Enki's here."

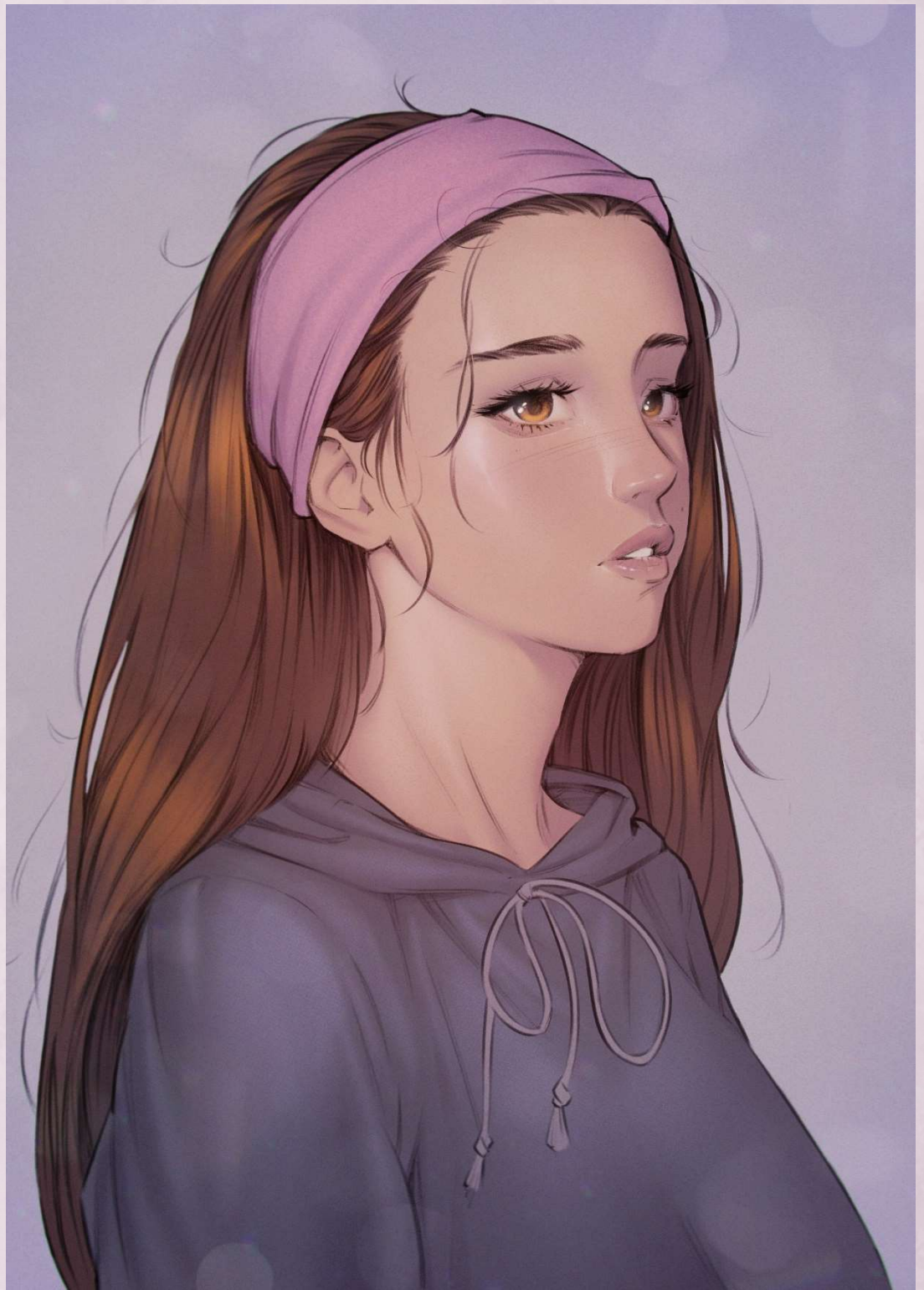
"Already?" Alyson's face blanched. She reached out and tightly held Nick's hand. "It's fine ... it's fine if he's here. I'll help you convince him. Better to get this over with." The faint, surreal laughter gave her goosebumps. She prayed this would be the last time either of them met the Sumerian god.

"Right." Nick squeezed his sister's hand, drawing strength from her. "I'll explain that I'm a better person and how happy I am with you and Mom."

"And how happy we are with you." Alyson's voice was barely audible.

"That, too." Nick took a few deep breaths. "Enki's already succeeded. We don't need to find out about the rotten fruit or do something we'll all regret. He'll see that." He wondered about the laughter spilling out from the cracked door to his room. What did the god find so funny?

"Ready?" Alyson's spine tingled with foreboding.



“Ready.” Nick led his sister into his room. “I’ve been thinking a lot about the last riddle, Enki and I...” His voice dropped away. Enki’s massive, arboreal form leaned against the wall near Nick’s bed. Nick stared at him for only a second, until he realized that his bed was occupied. Maggie lay naked and writhing on the blanket, her eyes rolled back in her head. As Enki’s laughter fell away, Nick could hear his girlfriend moaning and whimpering. “What ... the fuck ... did you do to her?” He dropped his sister’s hand and rushed to help Maggie, but Enki casually knocked him to the floor with a backhanded swipe of his leafy hand.

“Nick!” Alyson dropped to the floor and held her brother protectively. His lip was bleeding, and his eyes were filled with hate.

“Did you not think the Magnificent Enki could hear your plans?” Enki wagged a gnarled finger at them, ignoring the writhing woman next to him. “I know the truth. That you chose not to follow through. That is unacceptable. I am not persuaded by the disputations of mortals. You were a fool to abandon the last riddle, and now you will pay.”

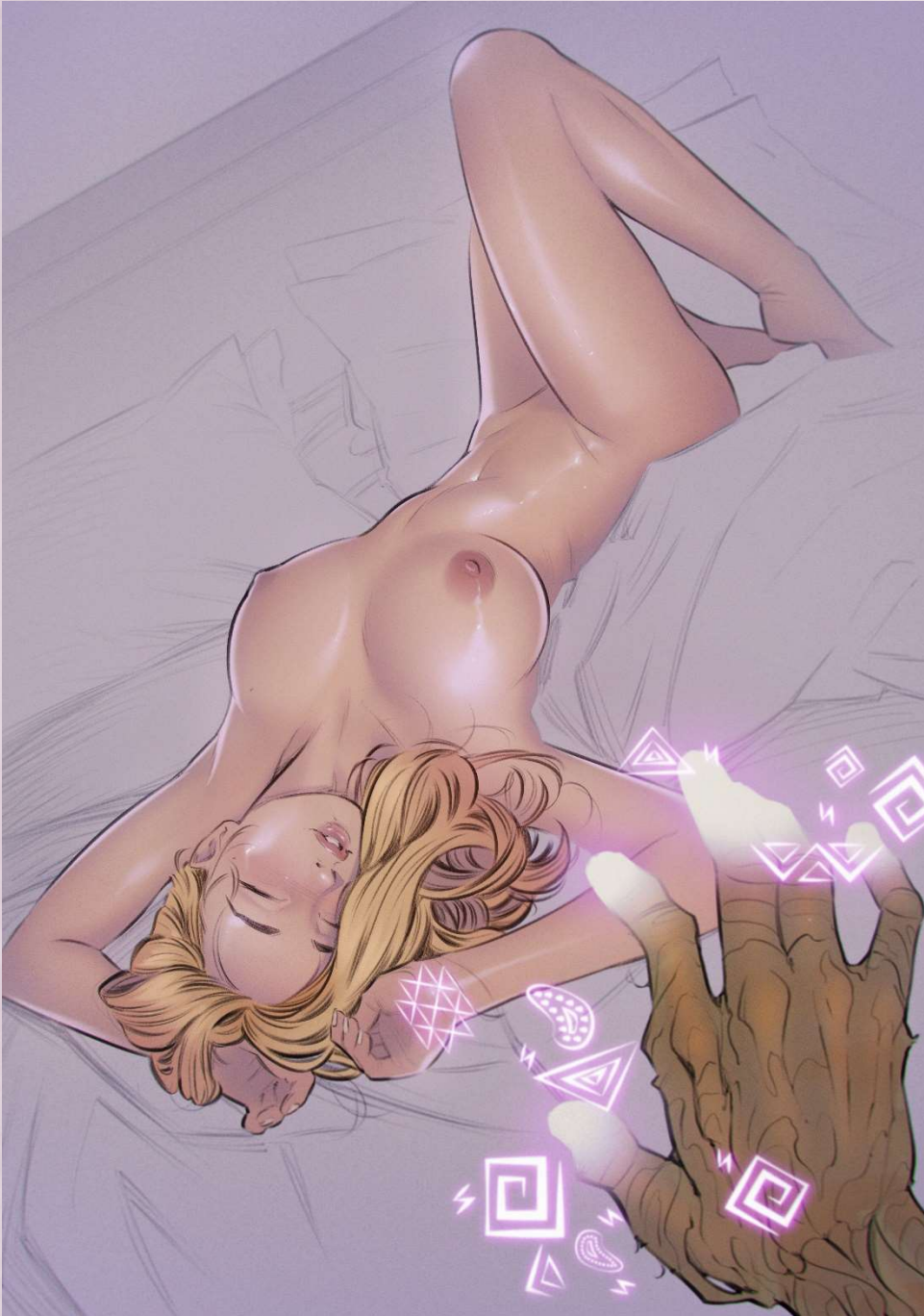
“What have you done to her?” Alyson cringed at the sight of the delirious woman.

“The same I will do to your mother and all who care for you and Nicholas.” Enki rubbed his lichen beard with satisfaction. “I have cleansed her mind in a river of my consciousness. She no longer has any memory of the Dobsons, nor will she ever again pay any of you any heed. Least of all you, Nicholas.” Enki zeroed his focus on Nick.



“You’re hurting her.” Nick tried to get up, but his sister held him back. He struggled but stopped when he saw Enki’s smoldering eyes. “Just ... like ... Dad.” Nick had been hit before. The taste was bitter in his mouth.

"I have not hurt her. I have cleansed her of your impurity. When I return her to her life, she will have no memory of me, you, or any of this." Enki inclusively swept his hand around the room.



"Oh ... my ...  
uuuuggggghhhhhhhhhhh." Maggie spasmed in ecstasy. Thrusting her hips off the bed. Her boobs flopped madly on her chest, glistening with sweat.

"So ... we ... um ... solve the puzzle or this happens to Mom?" Alyson's grip tightened on her brother. "She forgets us completely? That's not possible."

"I am not done." Enki leaned closer to them. "Today will repeat itself eighteen times. If you do not solve the last riddle by midnight on the final recursion, Kate Dobson will lose all memory of her children. You will not remember each other. All your friends and family will be ghosts to you. If you solve the riddle, the puzzle will close and revert to its original state. No more arguments. No more trickery. Fulfill your destiny or become no one."

Nick could see he was wrapping up. "Wait! Don't do this. Maggie didn't do anything. She's not part of this. Don't -"

In the blink of an eye, Nick found himself dreaming of loss and ruin. He was pulled out of sleep by a sweet, familiar voice.

"Time to wake up, Nicky." Kate 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."



Nick sat up with a start. He looked wildly about the room. Maggie, Enki, and his sister were gone. But his mom's smiling face greeted him. She was wearing the same clothes from that morning. On the window, there was the number eighteen written in condensation, as if someone had just blown on the cold glass. It quickly faded from sight.

"Are you okay, Nicky? Was it a nightmare?" Kate cocked her head, her forehead furrowed with concern. She put a hand on his shoulder. "Perhaps I can take your mind off it. Your father is playing golf right now. So, if we're going to be smart about all this, we should use our time wisely."

"I'm sorry, Mom. I can't. Not now." He jumped out of bed and quickly dressed, struggling with his morning wood. "I have to go."

"What's wrong?" Kate stared at him with wide eyes. This was not what she'd been expecting. Not in the least.

"I can't talk about it now." Nick grabbed his phone. "Gotta go." He dashed out of his room, down the stairs, and frantically

put on his shoes. With phone in hand, he opened the front door and ran out into the street, heading toward Maggie's house. He called his sister as he ran. "Pick up ... pick up ... pick up." The call went to voicemail. He prayed she was only sleeping. He didn't know whether she was stuck in the loop with him or not. He texted Maggie, which wasn't easy to do while running. When he didn't get a response, he called her, but got her voicemail. Ten minutes later, he was sweating, gasping for breath, and knocking on Maggie's front door.

After a minute, Maggie's mom answered. "Yes? What can I do for you?"

"Hi ... I'm Nick ... Maggie's boyfriend ... is Maggie home?" Nick panted.

A look of confusion and distaste curved her mouth downward. "Maggie, honey, there's a boy here to see you." When Maggie arrived, her mom stepped back into the hall and stood watching warily.

"Yes?" Maggie blinked at Nick in puzzlement.

"Maggie!" He had to restrain himself from hugging her. "Do you remember me?"

Maggie looked at him thoughtfully. "Um ... no. Is this a prank or something?" She looked past Nick out to the street and swept her eyes over the bushes.

"I'm your boyfriend. Enki did something to you. But maybe I can -" The words pouring out of Nick were abruptly cut off.

"Stop." Maggie stepped back. "Mom? I don't know this boy."

"Maggie ... I ..."  
Nick sputtered.

"Leave at once, young man."

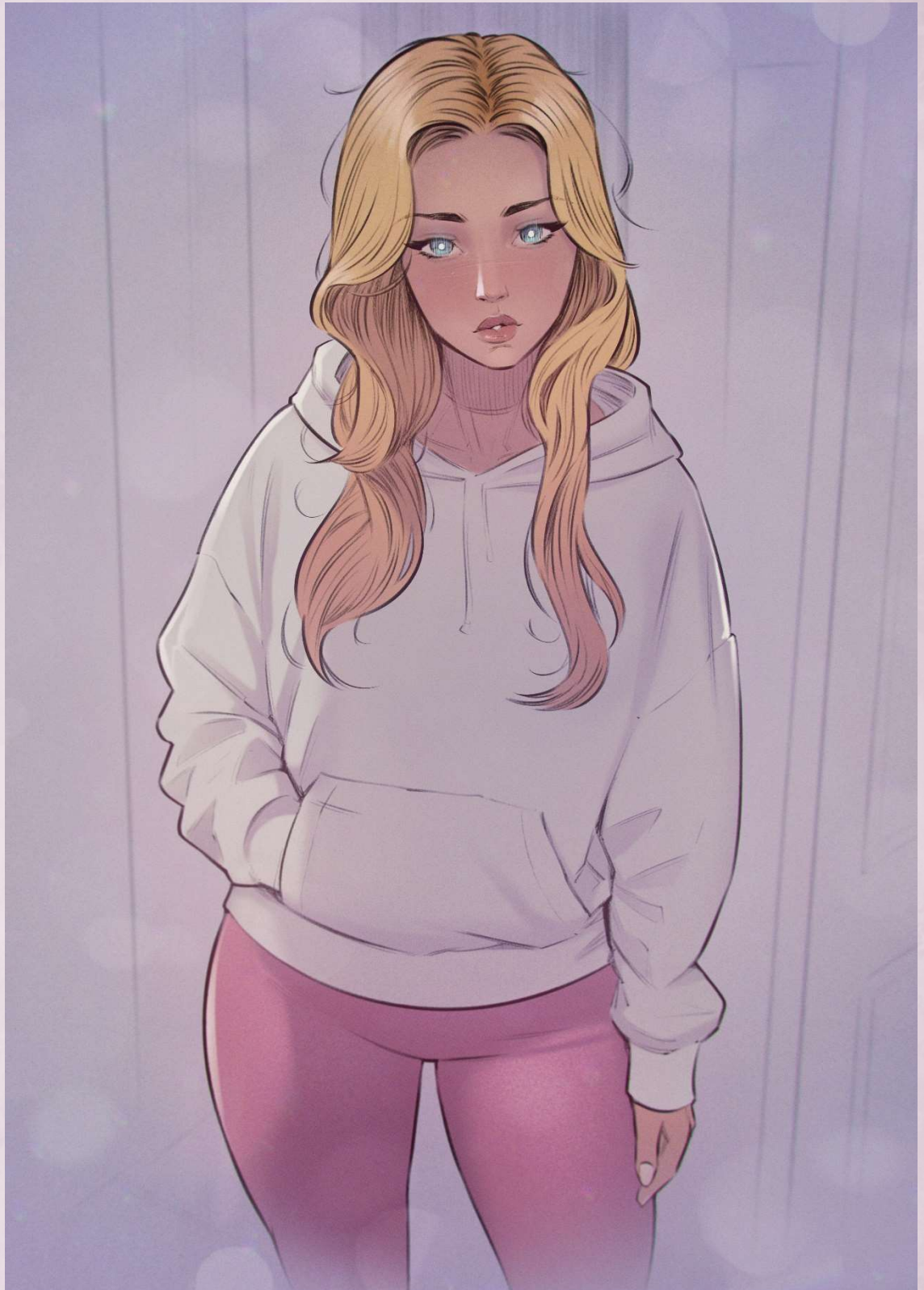
Maggie's mom took hold of the door.

"This isn't funny. If you come back, I will call the police." She slammed the door in his face.

"Shit." Nick walked back toward the street in a daze. His phone rang and he quickly answered it. "Alyson? Do you ...? Oh, thank God. Come meet me ... I'll be at the park on Fern and Elm."

A while later, Alyson's car pulled up. She parked, got out, and walked over to where her brother waited for her on a bench. "From the look on your face, I'm guessing you spoke to Maggie?"

Nick nodded, watching a woman throw a ball for her dog.





“And Enki gave her a mindwipe or whatever he did?” Alyson sat next to him and rubbed his back.

Nick nodded again. Tears collected in his eyes.

“I’m so sorry, Nicky. I know you two had a special connection.” She paused to give him time to say something. When he stayed silent, she continued. “And it’s obviously still Sunday. So, we’re looping again.” She kissed his cheek. “We can do it. I don’t mind.”

“Do what?”

Alyson took a deep breath and slowly let it out. “You can ‘sow a harvest’ with me. I’ll just tell Chris it’s his. It’ll cause me some issues with school, but ...” She waited. Still nothing. “Well, we have to, right? I don’t know how we’re going to convince Mom, though.” They quietly watched the woman and her dog.

“I’m glad you’re here with me.” His fingers snaked out and intertwined with hers. “I don’t know if I can do it. I mean, even if we could convince Mom. I don’t know ...”

Alyson put her free hand on his jaw and slowly turned his face toward hers. “Look at me. Look at me, Nicky.” Her gaze met his. “I

want this. You’re the kindest, most thoughtful ... hottest guy I’ve ever met.” She dropped her hand from his face to her belly and rubbed. “When we had sex without a condom ... I think ... I wanted it then. I put myself in that situation ... on purpose ... maybe.”

“No way.” Nick’s words lacked conviction.

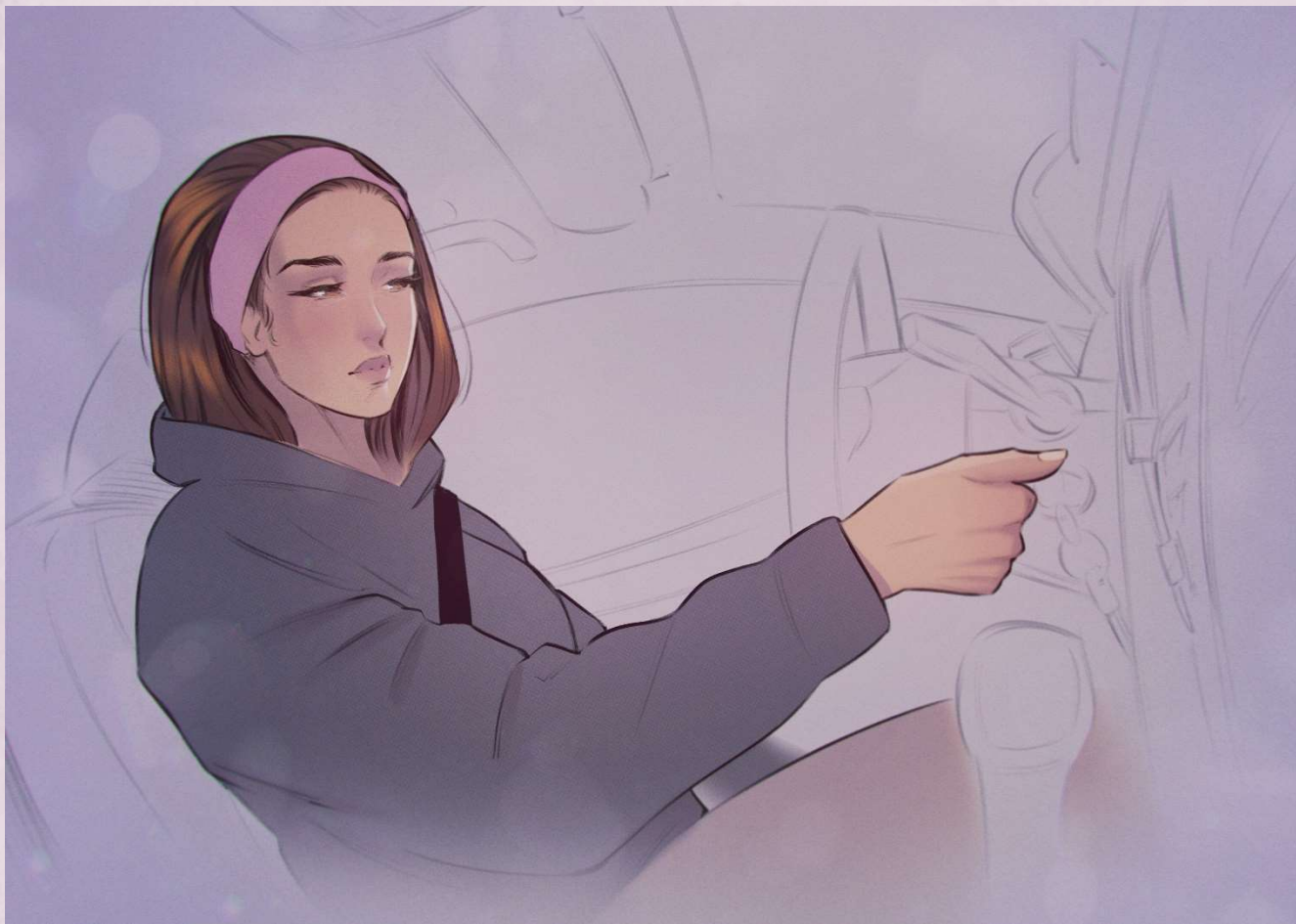
“I bet Mom feels the same way. Or at least something similar. That must be why Enki’s doing this. We are the two people that know you the best and love you the most. We have a chance to make a new life with you.” She nodded down at the tent forming in his pants. “See ... you like that idea. All three of us are in this together. When Mom and I talked on ... yesterday ... I mean Saturday ...” Alyson tried to remember the way they talked about days in the loops. It could get confusing. “When we talked in my room, she was worried about me. But she was especially worried about your future. But if she knows Dad will help raise the baby, maybe –”

“I don’t want Dad raising any more kids.” Nick found the conviction he’d been missing.

“Okay, sure. We’ll figure it all out.” Alyson stood and pulled him to his feet. “Let’s go back to my place, and we can have fun today. We can get my part of the puzzle over with and focus on Mom for the other seventeen days.” She turned and pulled him back to her car.

"I don't think it'll work like that." Nick was slowly warming to the idea. Alyson was right. His sister and mother knew and loved him best. His blood pumped harder thinking about creating new life with them. His sister always had a compelling way of speaking to him. "Let's say ... I'm on board. I would need to do it with you and Mom on the same day. Otherwise, the day loops and resets."

Alyson got into the driver's seat and started the engine. She had never been wetter. They were going to try to get her pregnant. She steadied her breath, trying to control her heart rate as she drove out of the parking lot. "You make a good point. Let's practice today. It'll help keep our minds off everything. Afterward, we can brainstorm about Mom."



"You really want this?" He looked over at her in awe. This was his amazing big sister. He could throw caution to the wind with her. He *was* throwing caution to the wind.

"I do, Nicky." She nodded earnestly.

"What about Chris? You were planning venues and stuff."

"Chris will have to share me with you." She frowned a little at that. "What he doesn't know won't hurt him."

"Right." Nick wasn't going to say it, but there was no way Chris should be raising a kid. Nick recoiled at the thought of his own father or Chris parenting an innocent baby. And then it hit him like a bolt out of the blue. *Fruit of the poisonous tree grows rotten. The virtuous tree bears ambrosia. Cut back weeds and sow a harvest worthy of Enki.* Chris and Fred were poisonous men. Poisonous trees. They were weeds to be cleared from around the women Nick loved. Not only would he need to knock up his mother and sister, he would have to help them free themselves of their men. Nick shuddered. Enki had set a nearly impossible task before him. And he had only eighteen days to get it right.