

CHAPTER 28



ENKI'S PUZZLE

# FICTION

## Rawly Rawls

### Enki's Puzzle 28

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Written by RawlyRawls

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"This is going to be very special so maybe I should light some candles ... maybe we need some music ... and I'll need to change." Alyson let them into her apartment and rushed about, tidying at random. "It's a special day ... I should wear something special." She stopped in the kitchen, a half-full water glass in her hand. She cocked her head at her brother quizzically. "Do you like lingerie? I mean, I assume all guys do. But you're different from other men." A million butterflies flapped their wings in her belly. She and Nick were really going to go through with it.

"Sure, I like sexy underwear for special occasions." Nick thought about it. "I mean, I guess I do. Jess never wore anything like that. And ..." He didn't want to bring up Maggie. He was trying hard not to think of the frightened, confused look on her face that morning. "Mom wore a cider frau outfit. I loved that." He smiled at the memory.

"I bet you did." Alyson put down the glass and frowned. "I don't have anything like that. In fact, I shouldn't have offered. I don't think I have anything that fits me now." She gestured to her boobs, well hidden under a sweater. "Well, there is one thing. Want to see?"

"Yeah, sure." He watched her walk quickly to her room. She was bouncing off the walls. Nick guessed that she was nervous. He was, too. "Should we talk more about this?" he called toward the bedroom. "I mean ... before we ..." His eyes widened when she reentered the living room, wearing a long, see-through nightgown.

"I don't think we need to talk about it. We've talked it to death." She twirled for him. "What do you think?"

"Wow, Alyson." He stared at her curves through the light, airy fabric. "Just ... wow."

Alyson's cheeks reddened. "That's exactly the reaction I was going for. Now ... music ... lights ... and ..." She grabbed some matches and went back to her room. When she was ready, she called to her brother. "Come on in, Nicky."

Nick stood in the living room, unsure of what to do. "Coming." Was it rude to walk in there in the clothes he'd thrown on that morning when she was dressed up for him? He figured it was. So, he quickly undressed and folded his clothes on her sofa. The sight of his rigid dick made him think of all Enki had done to him. But the Sumerian god wasn't forcing this. Or at least that's what he told himself. This was his and his sister's choice. He saw Alyson's phone on the coffee table. He picked it up and walked slowly into her room. There was still daylight outside, but she'd drawn the curtains. He could see her lying on her bed in the flickering candlelight. Her legs were spread wide. Her dark triangle of hair felt like a singularity pulling him in. "Holy shit." He put the phone on the floor by her bed.





"Yeah, holy shit." She bit her bottom lip, suffering a moment of doubt. "Was that a good 'holy shit' or a bad one or ...?" Her gaze fell to his cock and she knew it was good.

"This is only practice. Nothing we do really matters right now." He climbed onto her bed and settled his face next to her pussy.

"If we both remember, it matters. It ... ooohhhhhhhhhh ... yes ... you're so good at that." She pulled her nightgown up so she could see the top of his face as he licked her. "Yes ... a finger ... right there ... ooohhhhhhhh." She arched her back and pressed her head back into the pillow. "Oh ... Nicky ... oh ... Nicky ... I'm already going to ... aaaagggghhhhhhhh ... cuuummmmmmmmm." She clutched the sheets tightly and spasmed.

It was almost nostalgic for Nick to have his sister squirt in his face. The more he thought about their journey together, the more he was sure they were destined for this. Even without Enki's meddling, he would be lining up his unprotected cock to enter her, sliding slowly inside. He stared down at her tortured face as he spread her pussy. They always had a

special bond. "Why not this?"

Alyson shook her head side to side, watching his monster enter her. "My pussy was meant for you ... ugh ... meant for this. There is no ... reason ... why not." She hunched her hips up to him, trying to bring him in faster.

"What do you want, Alyson?" He bottomed out and held himself deep inside her.

"A baby." She squeaked. Lights shot across her vision. She locked her legs behind his tight butt.

"You want ... uh ... my baby?" Nick found a slow rhythm with his hips. Now that he had given in to the idea, this was a fantasy that sang to him. *Not a fantasy*, he corrected himself. Before the eighteen loops were up, he would plant a baby inside Alyson. She would swell with their progeny.

"Yes ... Nicky ... your baby ... yes ... your baby ... yeeesssssssss." Her eyes rolled back, and she came again. Even with his slow rhythm, her orgasm swept through her. The thought of what they were sharing together was too much.

"Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii." Her fists tightened and her muscles went taut. The sound of her sheets ripping joined her cries and the soft music in the background.

"You look so beautiful right now." Nick thought she looked crazed. And to his eyes, there was nothing more mesmerizing. His hips accelerated. When she started to relax, he continued pressing her buttons. "Do you want your fiancé to be ... ah ... ah ... ah ... the father of your child?" He wondered if he'd pushed her too far. But her gaze was dreamy, without any challenge.

"Ugh ... ugh ... ugh ..." She heard her brother, but chose not to answer.

"Do you ... want ... Chris?" Nick put his hands behind her knees, pushed her legs up in the air, and pounded her harder, smashing her hips down into the mattress with each thrust.

"I don't want Chris ... I don't want Chris ... I don't want Chris ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii."

Alyson's mind shattered as her next climax crested. When she recovered, her brother flipped them over while they were still locked together. It was her turn to ride him.

Nick waited for her to find a rhythm. Once her eyes glazed over, he reached over the side of the bed and retrieved her phone. Without her paying the least attention, he placed her thumb on the screen reader. He navigated to her contacts and opened up Chris's page. "Alyson ... hey Alyson."

"Ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... in my ... belly." Her hips undulated quickly, forcing his cock to careen deep inside her.

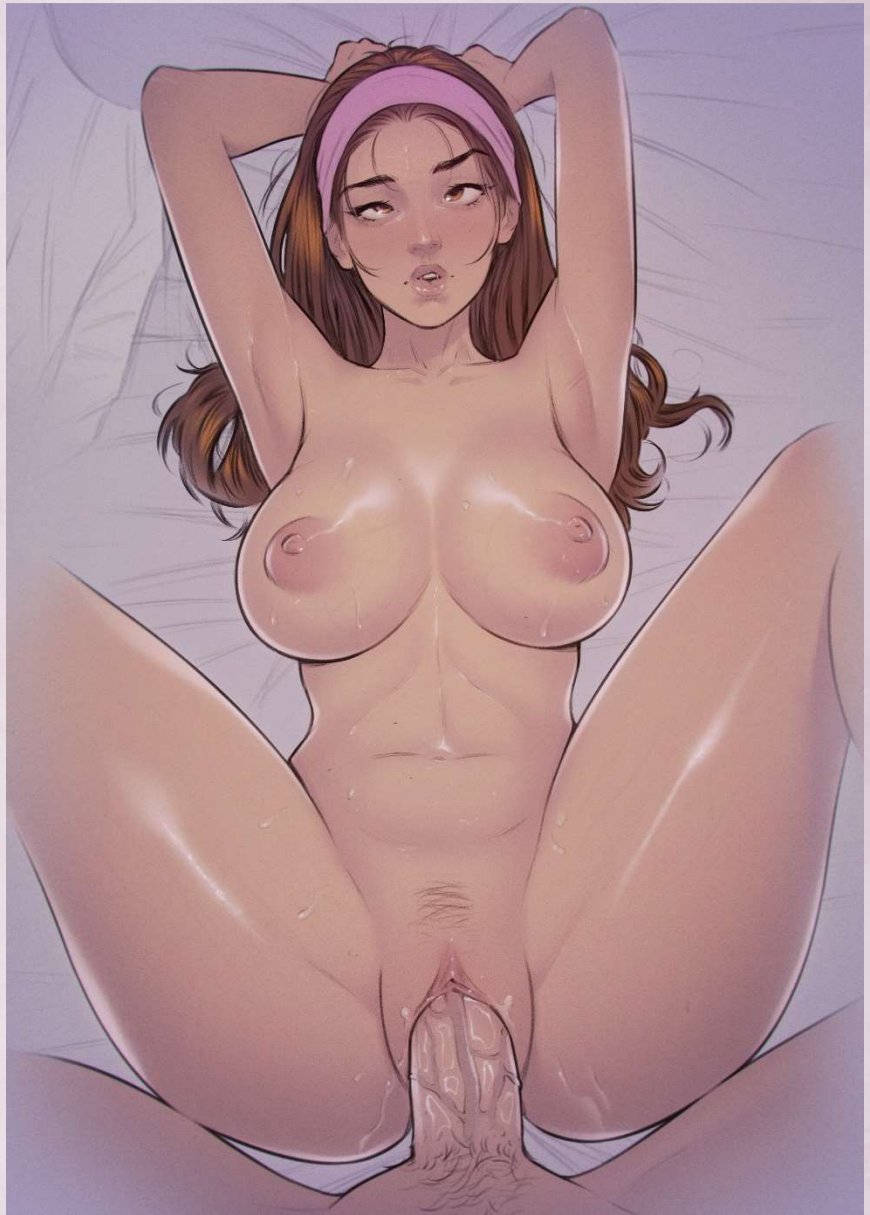
"Alyson ... look." He held up the phone with one hand and playfully smacked her bouncing boob with the other.

It wasn't easy for Alyson to focus. She slowed her hips to decrease the pleasure. Her eyes fell to what Nick was holding. She blinked, comprehension dawning in her mind. "What are you ... ugh ... doing with my phone?"

"Chris." He pointed at the screen.

"Chris?" Her brow furrowed. Her expression wavered between confusion and bliss.

"I want you to ... call Chris ... and tell him ... it's over." Nick had planned this part on their drive over.





“No ...” Alyson’s mouth formed a perfect circle of horror at the thought, but she couldn’t bring her hips to stop.

“Nothing would make me ... hotter than to hear you tell ... him off.” Nick smiled up at her. “You deserve to do it. He deserves it. And the best part is ... he’ll never know. The loop will ... reset.” He watched the horror leave her face. Her jaw set firmly.

“You’d really like that?” She watched him nod. He was so damn earnest. “Okay.” Alyson finally stopped her hips and moved up to dislodge him. But her brother’s hand held her waist and pulled her back down. Her eyebrows arched in surprise. “You want me ... to call him ... with you inside me?”

“The loop will reset. This isn’t the last today.” He tightly gripped her waist and got her back in motion. Soon she was riding him again.

“You’re ... right. He does deserve ... ugh ... to hear it ... at least once.” Alyson took the phone from her brother. “Even if ... he won’t remember.” This was a massive admission and it

had just slipped out. She had always defended Chris vociferously to her family, but something had clicked inside her. She had admitted what her fiancé deserved, and Nick had heard her. She could tell from his understanding eyes that he’d really heard her. “He hasn’t ... always been ... good to me, Nick.”

“I know, Alyson.” He loosened his grip on her waist with one hand and cupped her boob with the other. “Now you can let him know.”

“Yes ... yes ...” Her finger hovered above the call button. “But you have to ... be quiet. He can’t know ... about us. Even in the ... ugh ... loop.”

Nick nodded, showing much more confidence than he felt at the moment.



“Just this one time ... so I can get it all off my chest.” Her finger hit the call button, and she put the phone to her ear. Her hips rocked steadily as she put a finger to her lips for silence. “Hello Chris? Yes ... no ... no ... just listen. I’m sick of the way ... uh ... you treat me like I work ... for you. I’m sick of the way ... that you ... want me to be ... perfect ... all the time. No ... no ... *you* listen.” Alyson suddenly felt fierce. Her rhythm on top of her brother sped up. The bliss of sex, releasing bottled up words, and the wickedness of doing it while humping Nick made her lightheaded. “You *never* listen!” she yelled into the phone. “The wedding is ... ugh ... off. Find someone else ... to grade your papers. We’re through.” She slammed her finger on the disconnect button and let out a crazed laugh. With a lazy wave of her arm, she threw the phone across the room. “I can’t believe I did that! I can’t believe ... ugh ... ugh ... *we* did that.” She moved from rocking to bouncing on Nick, sliding along his full length.

“I’m so proud ... of you ... Alyson.” Nick looked up at his big sister in awe. She had done it. “Chris is toast.”

“Chris is ... toast. Chris is ... toast. Chris is ... ugh ... ugh ... toast,” Alyson

chanted. A massive orgasm swept through her. She tensed, arching her back. When it was past, she went right back to riding Nick. “I never thought ... I’d carry your baby ... ugh ... ugh ... but I’m going to. You deserve it ... Nick ... not Chris. You deserve ... to take me ... whenever you want. To ... plant ... your ...”

With a loud grunt, Nick erupted. He launched his hips into her and emptied his balls as deeply as possible. His hand held her firmly in place as he shuddered and grunted.

“Aaaaaaaahhhhhhhhh.” Alyson didn’t often cum back-to-back, and certainly not at that level of intensity. She clawed at the flexing muscles in her brother’s chest. Her cries and wails were almost as guttural as Nick’s. Only one thought fixed in her mind. *Nick deserves to fill me.*

When their orgasms subsided, they were both sweaty and panting. Alyson tightly hugged her brother, her head buried in his neck. “That was ... amazing.” She slowly sat up, gently wiggling her hips. She could feel that he was still hard. “Oh, no.” She looked at the scratch marks on his chest. “You’re bleeding.”

Nick laughed. “You always liked putting Band-Aids on me.”

"I still do." She got off him, wincing at the squelching sound her pussy made as they parted. Normally, she would have done her best not to drip cum everywhere. But the loops made leaking irrelevant. She took a certain pleasure when she looked back from the bathroom and saw the trail she'd left in the hall. "Well, come on. Let me patch you up." She beckoned him to follow.

"Yeah, okay." Nick's whole body buzzed. He got out of bed and walked down the hall. He let her bandage the four long scratches running down his chest.

When he was mended, her hand dropped to his penis. "Do you think we need more practice?"

"What would Chris do?" Nick didn't mind pushing this new angle. He had tiptoed around that jerk for so long.

"Well ..." Alyson took a deep breath. "He would either demand a blowjob, or go right to sleep."



"That's not cool." He turned her around so she could watch herself in the bathroom mirror. "That's not my style. I think we should see about giving you twins."

A shiver ran down Alyson's spine. "Yes ... I like that much ... uuugggghhhhhh ... better." It felt like a century since they'd first had sex. She remembered that he'd had trouble finding her hole. Now, he slid right in. She gripped the counter and thrust her ass back to meet his slamming hips. "Twins ... twins ... ugh ... ugh ... twins. Give me ... twins."

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Copious amounts of cum leaked from Alyson onto the sofa as she watched Nick make them dinner. The kitchen was behind her so she twisted, rested her arms on the sofa back, and leaned her chin on her forearm. They were both still naked. It gave her great joy to watch his long, fat cock hang between his legs, swaying back and forth as he moved around cooking. "I don't want this day to end." She sighed, her muscles pleasantly vibrating.

"You mean *this* today?" Nick looked over at her and smiled. "Me either. And on the next today, I have to do the impossible. I would rather stay in this moment forever." He stirred the frying gnocchi with a spatula.

"Tell me how today starts. What does Mom say? Tell me everything," she said.

As he put the finishing touches on dinner and served at her table, he related how both todays had started with their mom waking him up. How the sex went the first day. How it ended. What they talked about. And how he ran out on her on the second today. By the time he finished, Alyson was seated across from him, still naked, sipping wine.

"We have to change the paradigm with Mom." Alyson's eyes narrowed as she considered the road ahead. "She's viewing what you two are doing through a narrow lens."

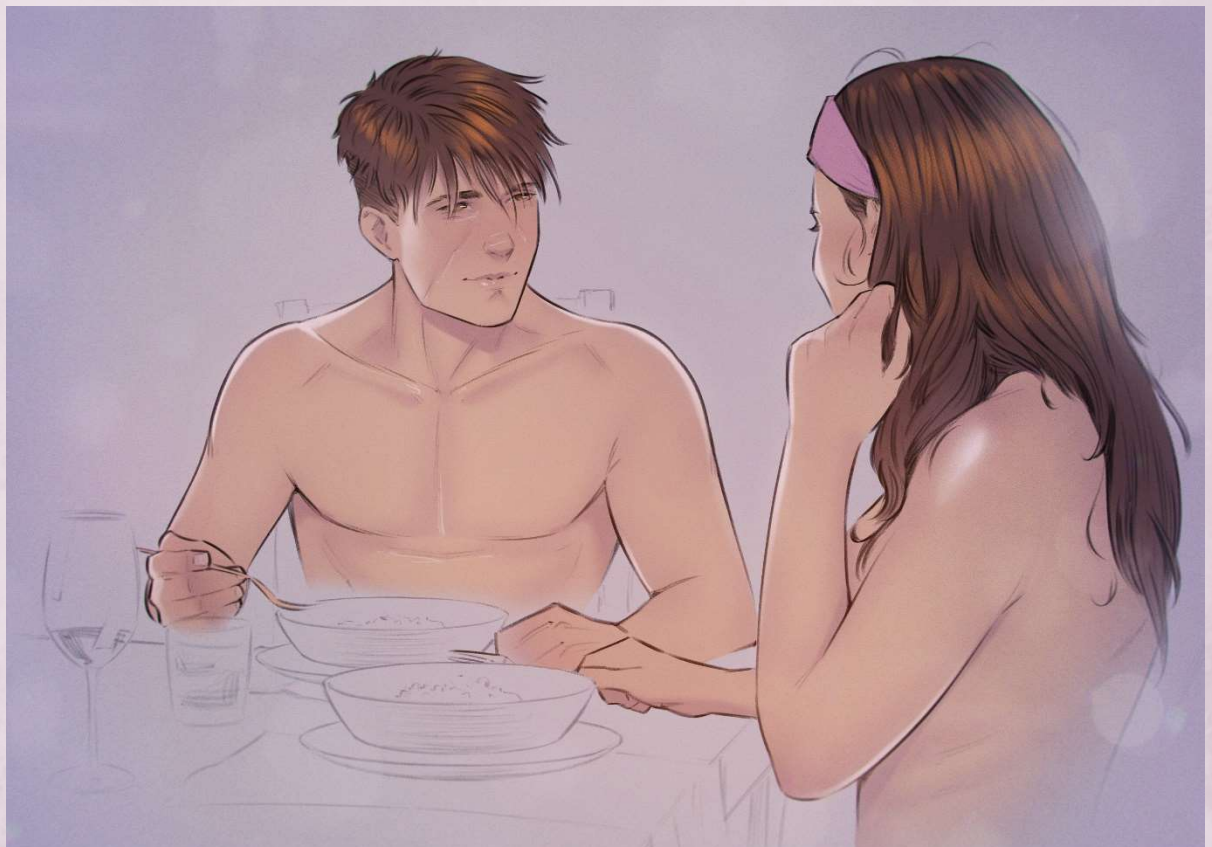
"Sure. Agreed. But how?" Nick dug into his food. He was ravenous.

Alyson tasted a little of everything on her plate. "This is really good, Nicky. How did you learn to make Romesco sauce?"

"From ... Mom," he said between bites.

"Mom's a great cook. I should have learned from her." Alyson dug in. "But I wasn't ever interested, I guess."

They ate and made small talk for a while. Once they were finished, Nick cleared the table and joined his sister on the sofa. They spooned quietly, thinking separate thoughts. His dick hardened between her thighs.



“Have you checked your phone?” Nick had his face buried in her hair. He inhaled the floral scents of her shampoo and the earthy aroma of dried sweat. “Did Chris call back?”

“I think I broke my phone.” She shrugged and wiggled her butt back into him. “He’s probably left a million messages. What does it matter?”

“It doesn’t.” Nick would have loved for her to hear Chris foaming at the mouth over the breakup, but he could tell it wasn’t going to happen. “Want to go for triplets?” He pulled his hips back and angled his cock toward her pussy.

Alyson giggled. “I don’t think it works like that. You don’t add a baby every time you cum.”

“So, we’ve got no chance at quintuplets then?” He entered her. Her vagina was such a sloppy mess that it didn’t even put up the initial resistance he was used to.

A gasp at his entry stifled her laughter. “Just do whatever you want ... with me. I’m yours ... Nicky ... my pussy is ... ooooohhhhhhh ... yours.”

That was music to Nick’s ears. They humped while spooning for a while. He then turned her onto her belly, opened his legs around her thighs, and went back to work. Watching the delicate back muscles tense and bulge with each orgasm hypnotized him. He was in a nirvana-like state, approaching another climax, when a loud knock on the door rattled his nerves.

“Open up, you fucking bitch. I know you’re in there, Alyson,” Chris screamed through the door.

“Shit,” Nick whispered. “Does he have a key?” His hips stopped. He could feel his sister go rigid with panic under him.

“No. He only has the code to the building,” she whispered back. “Nick? What are you ... ugh ... doing?” She couldn’t believe it, but he had resumed humping her at a slow, methodical pace.

“Let him whine.” Nick ignored the muffled, angry screams and gently kissed her back. “What does it matter?”

“I know you’re in there, cunt. You can’t leave me, bitch. You can’t.” Chris pounded on the door.

“He’s not taking ... uh ... uh ... it well.” Nick pounded into his sister.



"No ... ooohhhh ... he's not." Alyson clutched at the cushions. Her brother was going to give her an orgasm while her ex-fiancé cursed her out from the building's hall.

Nick was quiet for a while, letting Chris dig his own grave. Right as Chris was calling her a "pathetic cunt loser," Alyson bit the cushion and screamed out her climax. By the time another of the building's tenants chased Chris away, she was trembling her way to another one. He had never been more grateful to Chris. Voice messages be damned. Alyson had heard all his vitriol firsthand, while Nick took the sting out of it with his cock. "I think ... he's gone." They hadn't heard anything from Chris since he'd been escorted out. Nick's orgasm was getting close. He put his hands on his sister's lower back and watched her tight butt wobble with each thrust. "How do you ... ugh ... feel about him ... now?"

"I don't ... ah ... ah ... ah ... care about ... any of that." Alyson looked over her shoulder to see her brother's face tight with determination. "Just ... cum in me ... cum in me ... I don't care ... oooooohhhhhh ... I don't ..."  
She bit her lip and watched his body spasm. She felt his heat explode inside her. Was there ever a more beautiful sight than the derpy expression on her brother's face when he came? "Filllllll ... meeeeeeee," she hissed through clenched teeth.

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Hours later, brother and sister lay side-by-side in bed. Alyson's sweaty leg was draped over Nick's sticky thighs. Nick's fingers languidly played with her boob.

"I don't want to start over," Alyson said into the darkness.

"What about Chris? You'd be happy if today was for keeps?"

"You know what I mean." At the moment, she really was ready to give up on Chris. She assumed sanity would return in time, or maybe not. She had always known how different her two men were, but the contrast between them had never been more stark. To hide her momentous thoughts, she playfully slapped at his chest, forgetting about the scratches. She heard him stifle a groan. "Sorry about that." She leaned over and kissed an uninjured part of his pectoral. "What happens if we never fall asleep? Can we keep going forever?"

"The day resets at midnight." Nick sighed. "It's not going to work with Mom on the next today. I can feel it. She won't go for it."

"Well, it doesn't have to work on the first go." Alyson had her doubts, too. "But it makes sense." She went over the plan. "Do your thing with her in the morning. I'll show up for lunch. Give us time to talk. Then I'll take Dad out and you can spend the rest of the afternoon making it happen. If you need more time, I'll keep Dad occupied until late."

Nick squeezed her boob in appreciation. "You're the best. I literally couldn't do this without you."

"Well, obviously." Alyson's hand found his heavy penis. She squeezed him back. "Once more unto the breach, dear brother?"



Nick rolled on top her, his dick engorging. "Once more." He smiled and kissed her. When midnight rolled around, they were still humping. It was the perfect way to end the day.

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"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 eighteen-year-olds, he was sleeping in the most awkward position, his face half-buried in the pillow. "I wish I could still sleep like that."

"Morning, Mom." Nick opened his eyes. To his mind, it felt like moments ago he'd been fucking his sister. Now he basked in his mother's beauty. Eighteen versions of this Sunday wouldn't be too bad. Except, of course, for the fear of failing. *Seventeen versions*, he corrected himself. "You look radiant. I am the luckiest son on Earth."

"And I am the luckiest mom." Her smile widened. "What a greeting! Whatever did I do to deserve this?" It sounded rhetorical, but the question demanded an answer. Her happiness in life fell beyond all expectations.



"You are smart, sweet, beautiful, kind, and an amazing listener." Nick sat up. On the window, there was the number seventeen written in condensation, as if someone had just blown on the cold glass. It quickly faded from sight. Behind it, Chirpee bounced on the ledge.

Kate saw storm clouds quickly darken his expression. "Are you okay, Nicky?" She followed his gaze, but only saw a nuthatch outside the window. *It's a chickadee*, she corrected herself.

"I'm fine." He tried to put some enthusiasm into his voice, but the reminder from Enki had jarred him. "Just thinking about school tomorrow. Maybe I'm a little under the weather."

Her brow furrowed with concern, Kate turned back to Nick and put a hand on his forehead. "You don't feel warm. 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."

"That sounds amazing." He took her hand from his forehead and kissed it. This was the point two todays ago where he had asked about her pussy. He and Alyson had agreed that he wouldn't broach the subject until after lunch.

"There is no better time than when we're alone together. I live for hanging out with you." He kissed her hand again, his lips lingering on her ring. The ring his father had given her. Cutting back the weeds and cutting down the poisonous tree would have to fit into this day somehow.

"You're sweet." Kate laughed and took her hand back. "But remember, your girlfriend is just as important. Speaking of which, how did it go last night with Maggie?" She watched storm clouds spread across his face again. "Did ... did something happen with Maggie?" Her mother's intuition was picking up something distressing.

Nick tried his best to smile. "Everything's great with her. Well, there is one problem."

"What?" Kate's heart skipped a beat. It had been going so well. She prayed Maggie hadn't lost interest in Nick. Teenagers could be so fickle.

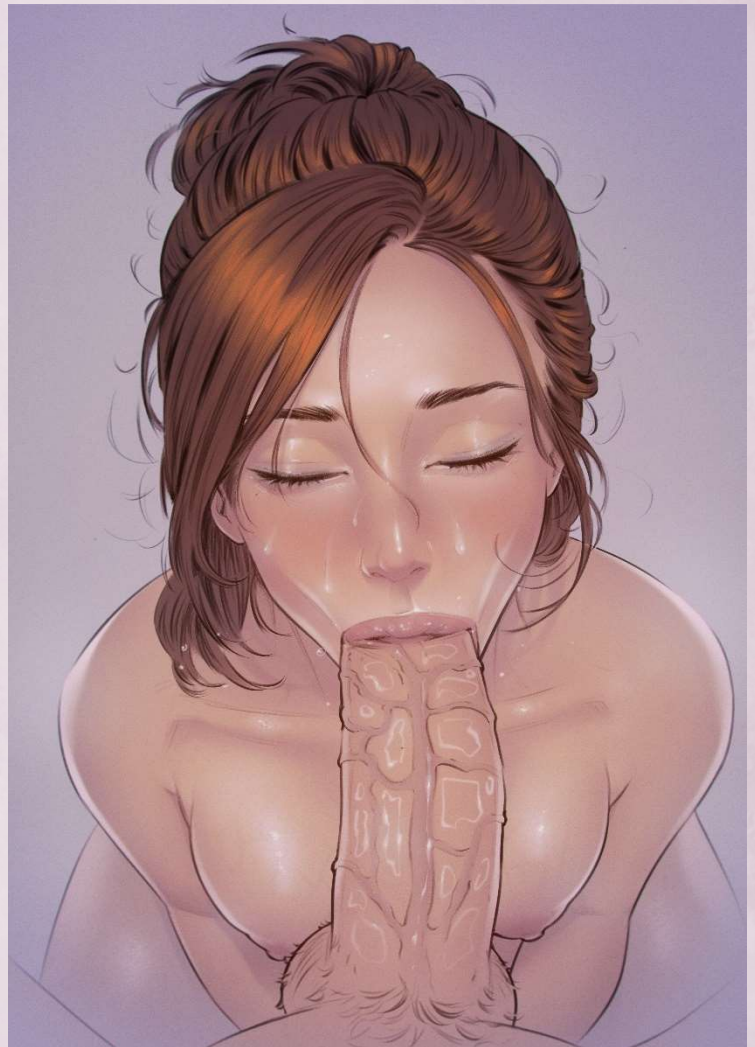
"I made her cum three times ... but we didn't have time for me." Nick's smile widened. "What does the cider frau have to say about that?"

"Well, thank goodness. You had me worried for a moment there." She began to undress. "*Das ist nicht* what a son should be telling his mother," she said in a thick German accent, beginning to undress. "But do go on." She slowly removed her bra, teasing him by dropping one and then the other boob. His expression was still clouded, but she could see happiness winning out. It filled her with joy that the mere sight of her could turn his mood around. Of course, she would circle back at some point and find out what was bothering him. But she could tell he didn't want to talk about it. He was so mature for eighteen that he had earned some space when he wanted it. She trusted that he would initiate the difficult conversation when he was ready.

"Let's just say that she forgot all about taking care of this." He pulled his blanket down. His hard cock pushed up past the waist of his boxers.

"Oh, my. I always forget how big you are until I see it." She sat next to him and leaned forward, placing a tender kiss on the wide head. "You're going to forget all about that girlfriend of yours, I promise."

His mother's words stung. But she didn't know what had happened. Or what would happen to her if he didn't solve the puzzle. He watched her suck him into her mouth and slowly slide his dick down her throat. "You're amazing, Mom." And she was. Nick wouldn't lose her. He couldn't. But there was nothing to do about it at the moment. Well, there was one thing. He pulled her pussy over to his face and made sure they had the best sixty-nine ever. He almost forgot about his troubles when her legs shook on either side of his head, and he heard her moan around his dick. He massaged her ass cheeks, relishing her tremors as she climaxed on top of him. A short while later, he emptied himself down her throat.



Of course, their “hang out time” didn’t stop there. She lubed him up and rode him on the bed, taking his second load up her ass. They humped for hours all around his room and eventually in the shower. They were finally rinsing off to get ready for lunch when she proudly told him, “My butt isn’t sore at all anymore. I’ve adjusted to you, Nicky.”

Nick drank in her blissful smile and kissed her deeply. He was truly happy that her ass had accepted him. But he and Alyson had to change the paradigm, and they had to do it quickly. She would have to somehow shift her focus from her butt to her vagina. He would have to go from being her hang out partner to the father of her next baby. He still couldn’t believe it would ever happen. As he pressed his lithe body up against her soft, round one, for the first time he realized he might actually want it to happen.

