

CHAPTER 29

ENKI'S PUZZLE

# FICTION

## Rawly Rawls

### Enki's Puzzle 29

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Written by RawlyRawls

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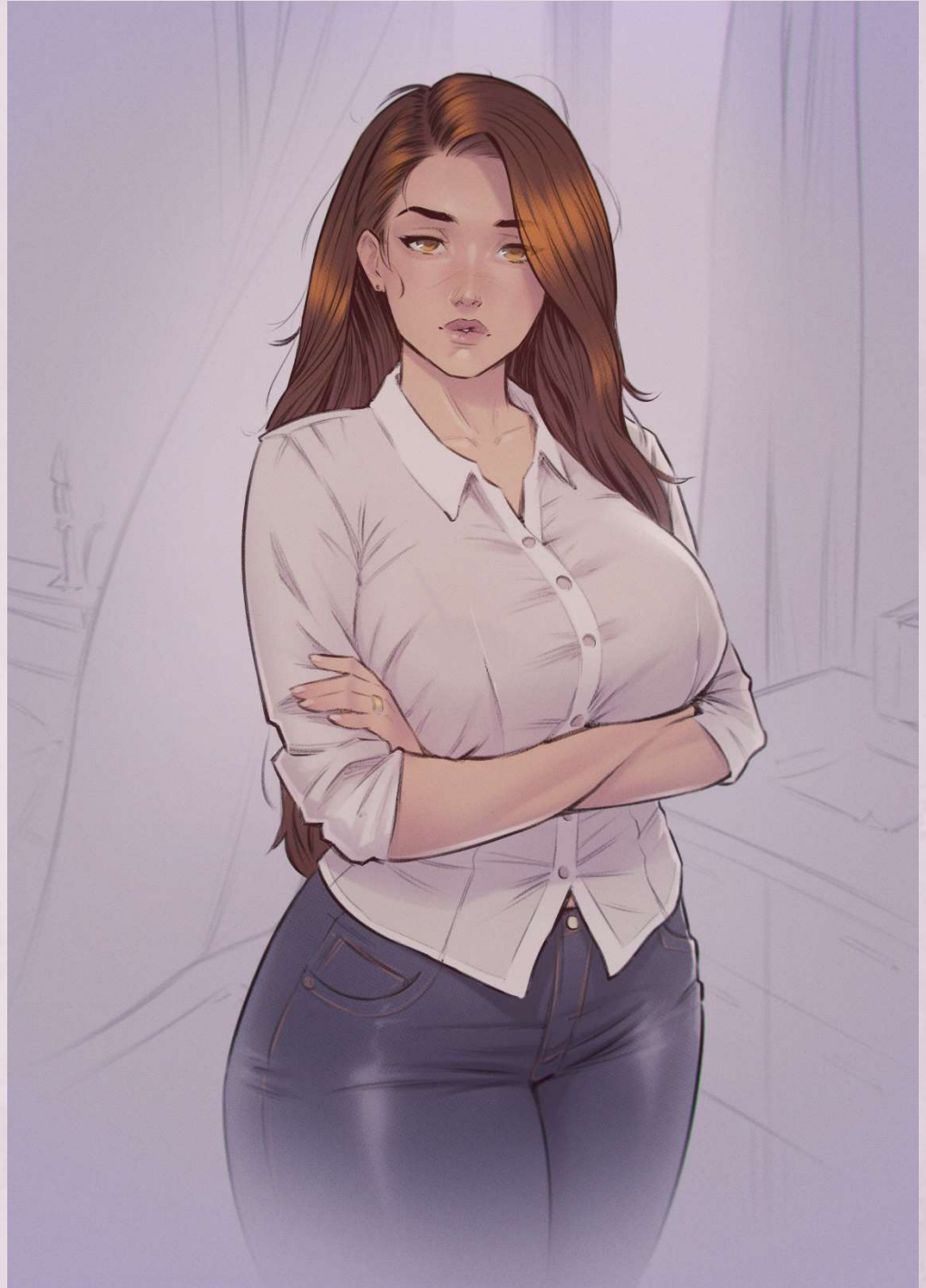
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The story Nick told his mother was that he was going over to a friend's house to play some video games. He wistfully looked back at his sister and mom as he left the house. Of course, Nick wasn't going to his friend's house. He wanted to keep track of things at home. He crept along the hedges and looked into the living room through the bay window. He spotted the women heading upstairs. They were either going to Alyson's room or their mother's. He walked around the house and looked up at the second floor, rubbing his chin. There was a tree he used to climb with a view into Alyson's window. Nick shrugged.

Once up in the branches, he wondered that he had ever been comfortable so high off the ground. Nick clutched the bark tightly and stared through the rustling maple leaves into his sister's room. He could see Alyson talking with animated gestures. His mom stood by the door with her arms folded over her chest.

A gust of wind shook Nick's branch, and he lost his focus on the conversation. A small, puffy black and white bird fluttered near him and landed on a small branch. Nick regarded his old friend. "You're always visiting my place. It's about time I visited you."

Chirpee's call was more colorful than his normal, two-toned melody. He danced around on the mottled bark.





"Is that a mating call? Are you flirting with me?" Nick laughed. "Thanks, but I'm already spoken for. Speaking of which ..." He turned his attention back to his sister's room. His breath caught in his throat. His mom was still standing in the same spot, but her arms weren't folded. Her blouse was unbuttoned, her bra pulled up, and Alyson had her mouth latched to their mother's left boob. His sister was bent over while suckling, and her butt was facing the window, adding more kindling to the fire between Nick's legs. "Holy ... shit."

Chirpee sang his colorful melody.

"Are you singing your fancy song ... for them?" Nick sighed. He watched the women move across the room without breaking Alyson's tight seal on the nipple. His mother sat on the bed and Alyson crawled up next to her. Nick was so engrossed in what was happening, he almost missed his dad's car pulling into the driveway. "Shit. Shit ... shit ... shit." If they were discovered, he could write off the day completely. Without thinking, Nick dropped to the lawn below. He heard a crack. A sharp pain seized his ankle. He rolled on the turf in agony. Through grunts of pain, he could hear the garage door opening.

The ankle didn't matter. As he rose to his feet, he told himself over and over that the pain was simply ephemeral and would disappear when he got a new ankle on the next day. He jogged to the driveway, every other step a fiery bolt of agony. "Dad ... hey, Dad." He found his father in the garage just as Fred was unloading his clubs from the trunk.

"Oh, hey, Nick." Fred eyed the leaves in his son's hair and his obvious limp. "You're no longer allowed to climb trees. Remember the time you broke your ankle? I don't have time to take you to the hospital today."

"Me either." Which was why he hobbled past his dad into the house. "We're home," Nick shouted. "Dad and I are home." If his father discovered Alyson sucking on his wife's boob, someone would be going to the hospital. Nick wouldn't let that happen.

"You've been such a weirdo lately." Fred followed him into the house. "I'm starving."

"There's some pasta on the stove," Nick said absentmindedly. "Mom ... Alyson ... Dad and I are home," he yelled toward the stairs. He checked the clock. It was one-seventeen. It would be important to note when his dad got home every day. Especially if his mother and sister were going to be ... doing stuff.

"Stop shouting. What's wrong with you?" Fred walked over to the stove and lifted the lid of a pot. A gluttonous expression crossed his face. "Did you or your mother make this?"

"We made it together." Nick smiled when his mom entered the kitchen. "Hey, Mom. I didn't make it to Brayden's today."

Kate was still tucking her blouse into her jeans when she walked over to her son. She gave him a long hug. "You didn't want to play games with your friends today?"

"I did want to. I just rolled my ankle." Nick pointed to his left leg. All his weight was on his right.

"Oh, no." Kate put his arm over her shoulders and helped him to a chair. She sat him down and knelt in front of him. "Does it hurt a lot, sweetie?" She rolled up his pants and took off his sock.

"Ouch. Yeah, it hurts a little." Nick forgot his dad was even there. She looked so pretty bent at his feet, fussing over him.

"How about some lunch, Katie? I'm starving." Fred stood impatiently by the stove.

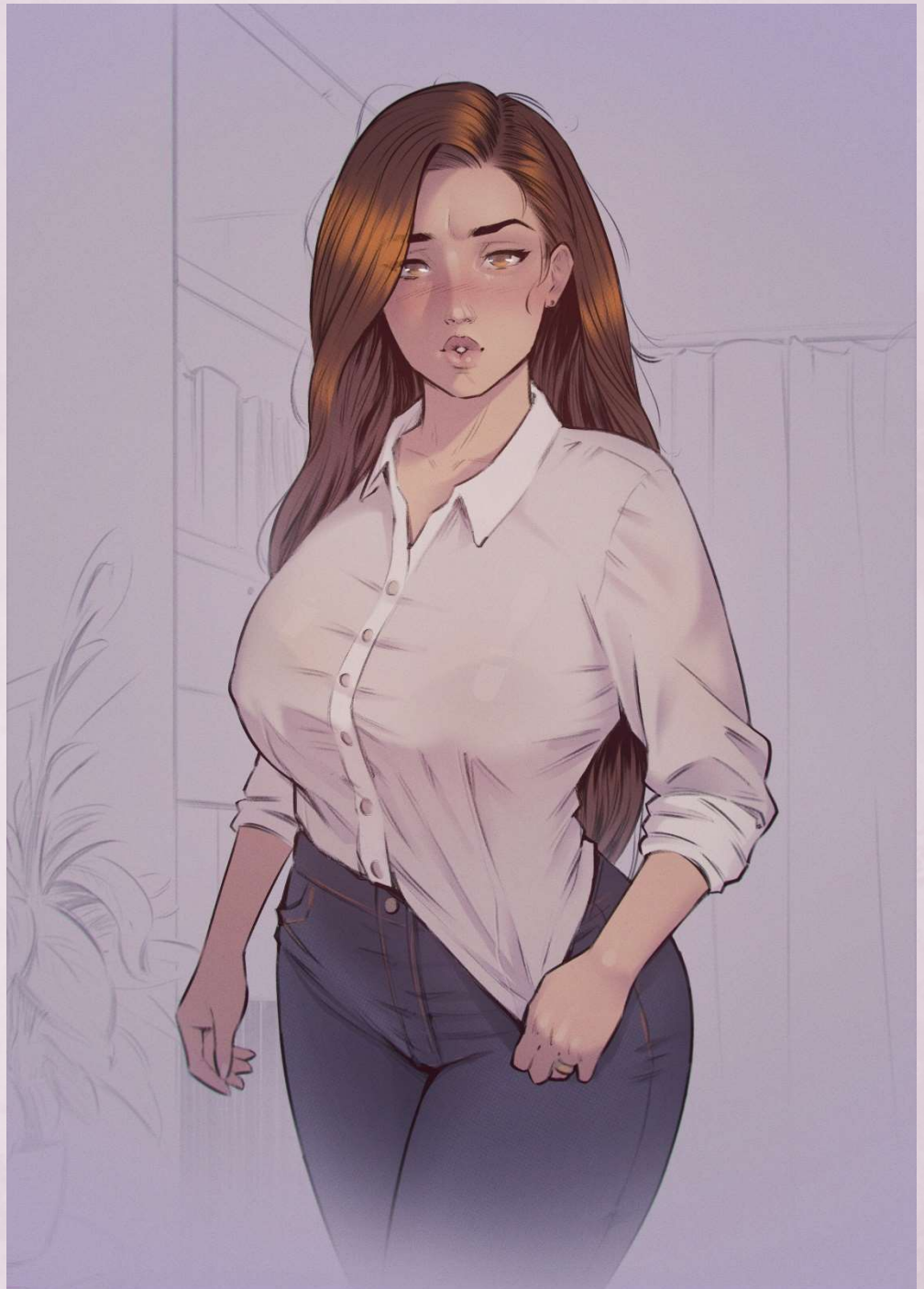
"There's pasta in that pot. Nick and I already ate." Kate looked up as her daughter entered the kitchen.

"I ate, too," Alyson said with a mischievous smile.

Kate's cheeks turned crimson. Her daughter hadn't been there for pasta. She could only mean her mother's milk. She glanced at Fred, but her husband was blissfully unaware of all the sordid events happening under his roof.

"I'll heat up some lunch for myself," Fred grumbled.

"Why don't we go out to lunch, Dad? That'll be fun." Alyson gave her brother a knowing look and hustled her father out of the house.



"Goodbye." Nick waved to her. Alyson was the best.

"Have fun you two," Kate called as the door closed. With her husband and daughter gone, she focused back on the matter at hand. "Oh, my. Your ankle's turning purple. It looks almost like ..." She was going to say *it almost looks like your penis does when you're really excited*. But that would hardly be appropriate. Her poor son was in pain. "I'll get some ice." She stood and raced to the freezer.

Nick watched his mother closely. Her forehead had a vertical furrow, her lips were pressed tight, and her eyes were round with worry. She seemed more distressed over his ankle than he was. Well, she didn't know that the injury would disappear on the reset. "I'm fine, Mom. Really."



"I don't know, Nicky. Maybe we should take you to the emergency room." She glanced at the ankle as she wrapped a bag of ice in a towel. "It doesn't look good." She knelt in front of him again and applied the cold to his ankle. Succor given, she looked up into his eyes. "What? What are you smiling about? This is serious."

"You've always taken such good care of me. I guess I took you for granted until recently." Nick reached down and brushed a lock of brown hair out of her face. "I'm sorry I wasn't always grateful. You're the best mom in the world. You're smart, funny, and gorgeous. I don't know what I'd do without you. There is nothing else in the world like being close to you."

"Oh ... thank you, sweetie." Kate knew she was grinning like an idiot. She didn't try and stop herself. He always seemed to say just the right thing. "Do you want some Advil? Or ..." She loosely tied the ice bag to his ankle with the towel and ran her hands up his legs. "We could try a different remedy. I read once that dopamine lessens pain. Your father is unexpectedly out of the house for a while. So ..." She paused her hands on his upper thighs, waiting for his permission. When he didn't say anything, she frowned. "I mean, if it hurts too much

... I'm sorry ... I didn't mean ... I'll get the Advil." As she stood, she felt his grasp on her wrist. She turned back to him.

"Yes. A hit of dopamine is just what I need." Nick pulled her back to her knees. "Sorry. You left me speechless for a second. I'm the luckiest guy in the world."

Kate laughed. "Well, that makes me the luckiest gal." She pulled his pants and underwear down tenderly, so as not to hurt him, and left them around his calves. "And there it is again." She playfully bounced his turgid penis from hand to hand. "How's your ankle feeling now?" Her expression was equal parts hope and concern.

"I have ankles?" Nick loved the feel of his cockhead ricocheting lightly off her palms.

Kate's laugh was high and pure. It couldn't quite chase all her worry away, but the joke eased her bunched shoulders. "I can tell from your silly smile that you like this. Did we just invent a new ... thing?" She leaned in closer like she was whispering a secret. "A sex thing, I mean."

"I understood what you meant." Nick laughed, too.

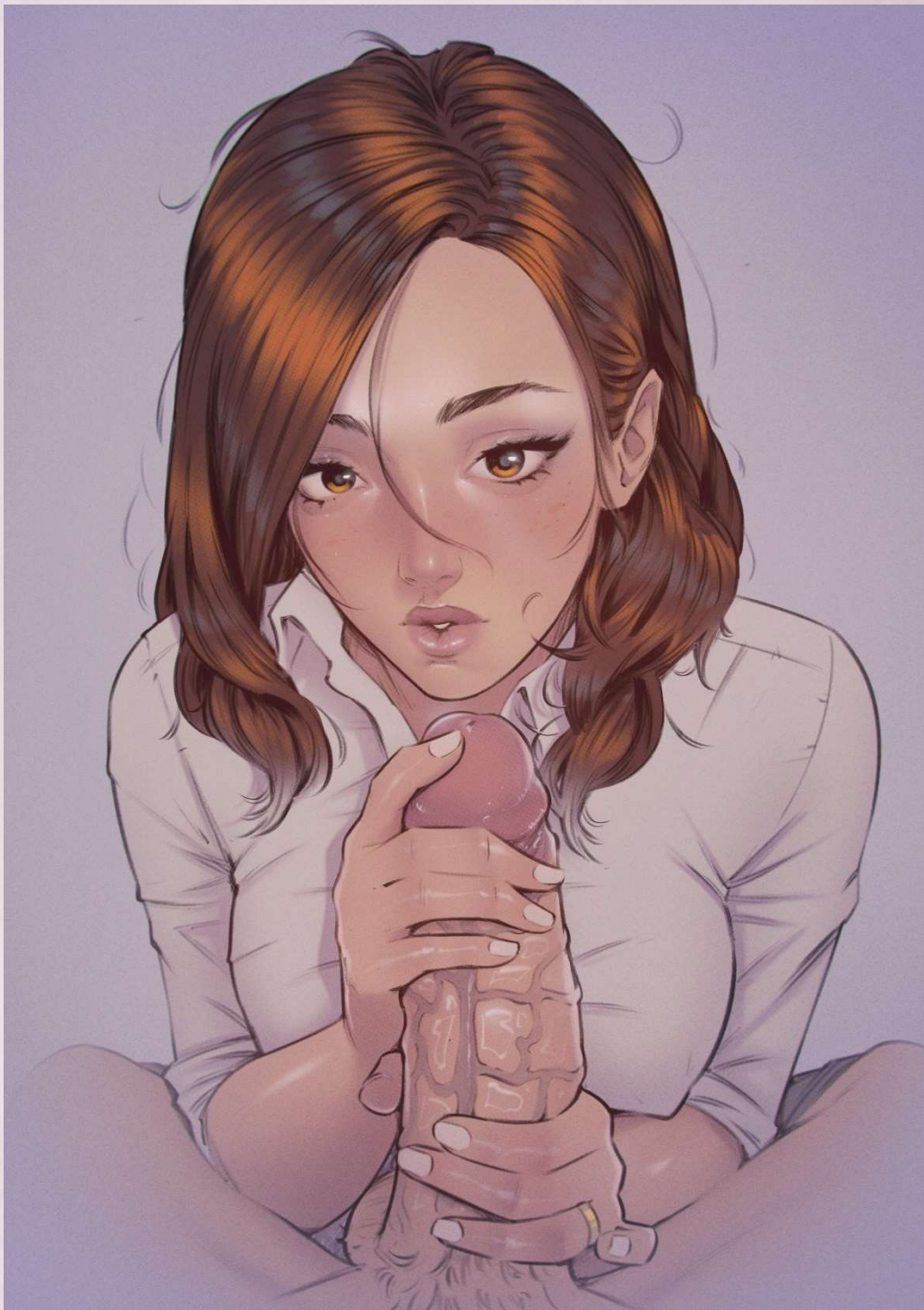
"We get each other, Nicky." She stopped bouncing his penis and pumped him instead. "We really do ... don't we?" She stared into

his eyes, but her gaze went glassy. "Um ... let me take care of you." Kate bent her head and took his penis into her mouth. In short order, she was pumping his whole length in and out of her throat.

"Oh ... Mom ... Mom ... you're ... the best." Nick wound his fingers in her hair and helped set her pace.

"Mmmpppphhhhhhhhhh." Kate gurgled and moaned. Her son wasn't the only one getting his hit of dopamine. Or did women have a different chemical? Something about oxytocin rattled in and out of her brain. She couldn't think straight. She held the base of his shaft with her left hand, with her right she reached into her jeans and found her button. Whatever presence of mind she had quickly left her.

"Gggggrrrrrrpppppphhhhhhhhhh." She was going to climax even faster than Nick.



Even with her lovely face distorted by the size of his cock, he could tell she was going to cum. She was in a frenzy. He toyed with the idea of pulling her off and slamming into her pussy. She was so out of it, she might welcome the move. But he knew he'd pay for any short-term gains with a long-term loss of trust. It wasn't worth it. He let her cum with her lips stretched around his dick. And when he was ready, he unloaded down her throat.



Once her son was done shaking, Kate withdrew his penis from her mouth, wiped her chin with the back of her hand, and looked up at the joy beaming from Nick's face. "Now ... how does ... your ankle ... feel?"

"I have ankles?"

"Knock it off." She tried not to smile. "Seriously. Do you ... need to go ... to the emergency room?" She panted, her whole body buzzing. She watched him burst out in laughter. "What?" She gave his stiff penis a little smack. "What?"

"I'm just imagining the doctor asking me what treatment I tried at home." Nick worked hard to contain his laughter.

"If you can laugh about it, I suppose you're alright." Kate pulled his pants back up and stood. She helped Nick to his feet. "Can you put any weight on it?" Her brow creased when he cried out in pain. "That's it. We're going to the doctor."

"No, I've rolled my ankle before in soccer." Nick desperately didn't want to waste the day. "It always feels like this for a while, and then gets way better. This isn't like the time I fell from the tree." It was

exactly like that time. "I promise if it feels like this tomorrow, you can take me to the doctor."

Kate pressed her lips together. "Okay. Well, let's get you up to your room to rest." She was thankful that her son was lean and not that tall. It would have been difficult helping Fred in a similar situation, but it wasn't too bad getting Nick up the stairs. She laid him on his bed and tenderly undressed him. She found that his penis had softened. She couldn't help giving the heavy, slumbering serpent a quick kiss when it flopped into the open. Once he was naked, she tucked him under the covers. "Don't go anywhere, I'll get some more ice." She went back to the kitchen.

There was a whole speech Nick had rehearsed for just about this time in the day. He had planned to layer on arguments for how they needed to take their time together to the next level. How it would bond them. How it would ...

It wouldn't work. But he'd seen the maternal look she'd given him on her way out of the room. It was filled with some sort of fierce protective force. Jumping out of that tree might have been the best thing to happen to him. He pulled off the covers and slowly stroked himself back to hardness. It didn't take long. He watched the doorway, knowing exactly what he'd say when his mom came back.

"Okay, sweetie," Kate called from the top of the stairs. "Fresh ice is here. It's Mom for the win. I ..." She stopped in her tracks when she entered his room. His majestic penis stood tall again, leaning as it always did a little to the left. She dropped the ice pack by her feet. "Again?"

"I need you, Mom." That was the entirety of Nick's speech. He let go of his cock and lay spread-eagled on the bed.

"I'll get the lube." Kate turned to go.

"No ... not that." Nick moved his left leg and winced, maybe overselling it a little.

Kate didn't leave, her questioning eyebrows arched.

"I need something different to keep my mind off my ankle." He winced again.

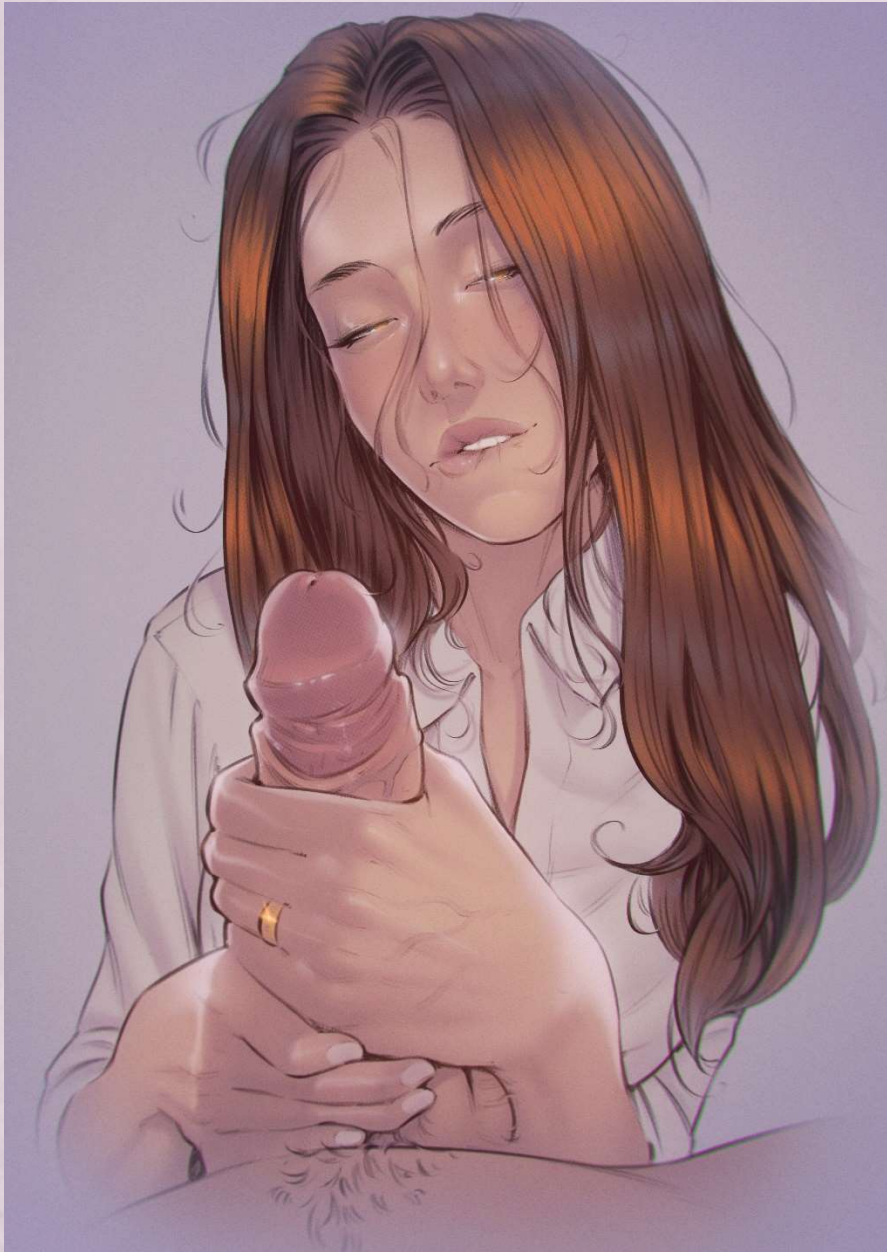
"I can guess what you're driving at, and we've talked about this, Nicky." She turned toward him and moved toward the bed. "Now that I think about it, jostling you in bed doesn't seem all that wise. How about my mouth again?" She sat next to his hip, grasped his great girth, and pumped him with her left hand.



The temptation to launch into his prepared speech almost overtook him. But he read the room. She was close, he could feel it. He didn't want to overthink anything. "This would really help with the pain. I need your pussy, Mom."

"Oh, my." She glanced down at his ankle. It was more purple than before. "I ... um ... I ... um ..." A million thoughts raced through her head. She looked back at the ice on the floor. How long did they have until Alyson and Fred got home? Right on cue, Nick's phone vibrated.

Nick grabbed his phone from the nightstand and opened it. "Alyson says they're going to a movie after lunch."



"Well ..." Kate's hand continued pumping him, completely on autopilot. "I suppose we have the time."

"And?"

"I thought about buying extra-large condoms. But I didn't want the temptation." Her gaze returned to the monstrous penis that dwarfed her hand. "I can't believe I just told you that."

"I won't cum inside."

A shiver went down her spine. Her eyelids shuddered. "I know ... you'd never mean to ... but ... when we're in the heat of the moment ... and we're feeling so good ... it's hard to ... um ..." She put her other hand on his cock and pumped with one hand atop the other. "If I had seen this penis before we started our hang out time, I would have said it would never fit. But you've changed my butt, so ..." Kate was having trouble maintaining her train of thought.

"Get undressed, Mom." Nick felt something click. He wasn't sure what it was, but he sensed she'd committed. "You might just heal my ankle completely with this."

Kate's laugh was thin and distant as she quickly unbuttoned and pulled off her clothes. Usually, she teased him a little with a striptease, but she was too nervous. Carefully, she mounted him and sat with her hips hovering high above him, giving his great length lots of room under her. "Only this one time, and you tell me if I'm hurting you, and pull out way before you're ready, and we stop if you're too much for me, and I love you, Nicky. I love you so much." The words flew out of her in a quick rush. She leaned forward, gave him a lingering kiss on the lips, and leaned back so that she was crouched over him. "Ready?" A thousand butterflies flapped in her stomach. Was *she* ready?

"Yeah, Mom." He watched her heavy boobs hang and wobble as she hovered over him. He looked up into her face and saw her chewing her bottom lip. The indecision had not left her. "I need this, Mom." He watched her bite her lip harder. "You need this, too." That did it. He smiled when he saw her jaw set with determination.

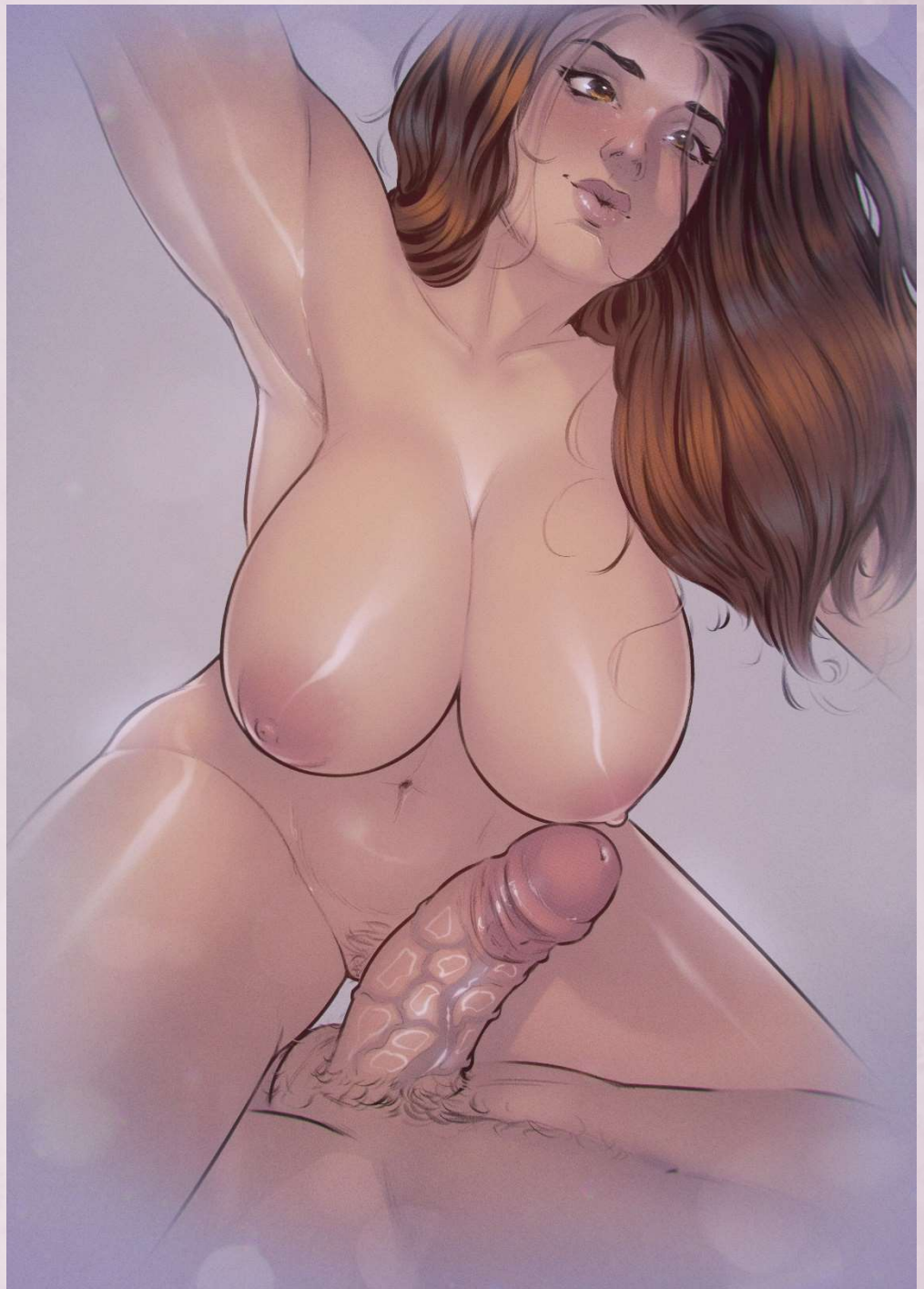
Kate reached under her, grabbed his dick, and lined it up. "Uuuuugggggghhhhhhhhh. It's ... in." Her legs trembled when his wide head stretched her. She tried to return her son's smile. "I guess ... there's no going back now."

"Yeah." Strictly speaking that wasn't true. Unless he solved the riddle, they would wipe the slate clean. But his mother was still living in linear time. Or, at least, she thought she was. He gently massaged her tits, kneading them into her chest. "How does it feel?"

"Huge." Kate's voice was tight and reedy. She remembered not long ago when she'd had sex with her husband. She had actually thought he was stretching out her vagina. Now, she knew that was laughable. If she and Nick made a habit out of this, she'd never feel Fred inside her again. Nick would completely reshape her. *Not that we're making this a habit*, she reminded herself.

"Oooooohhhhhhhhhh ... it just keeps going ... ugh ... and going." She slipped down on him little by little. If this was a mistake, and it very well might be, it was the most glorious mistake of her life.

"You're almost there. I'm almost ... all the way inside your pussy." Nick stared between her legs. He had always marveled at the way her ass engulfed his dick. Where did it all go? The same was true for her throat. Whenever her nose touched his pubes, it boggled his mind that she could swallow all of it. Now, it was her pussy's turn. He had the same sense of wonder as he watched his cock disappear. She had completely given herself to him. "I think ... your pussy is ... even tighter ... than your ass."





“You’re so ... bad ... Nicky.” Kate’s mouth hung wide. Her left eyelid twitched partly closed, but her right was open. Her pupils dilated despite the bright room. “I still ... can’t believe ... I let you ... uuuggghhhhhh ... talk to me like that.” Her hips came to a stop. She had hit bottom. Her butt rested on his tumescent balls. His penis pushed at a novel place inside her. Her body made several shuddering, out-of-control lurches.

“Ride it, Mom.” Nick’s confidence soared. He still had seventeen days to go, and she’d already put him in her pussy. The deadline was a joke. He might finish the puzzle that today. In fact, it seemed likely. All because he jumped out of a tree.

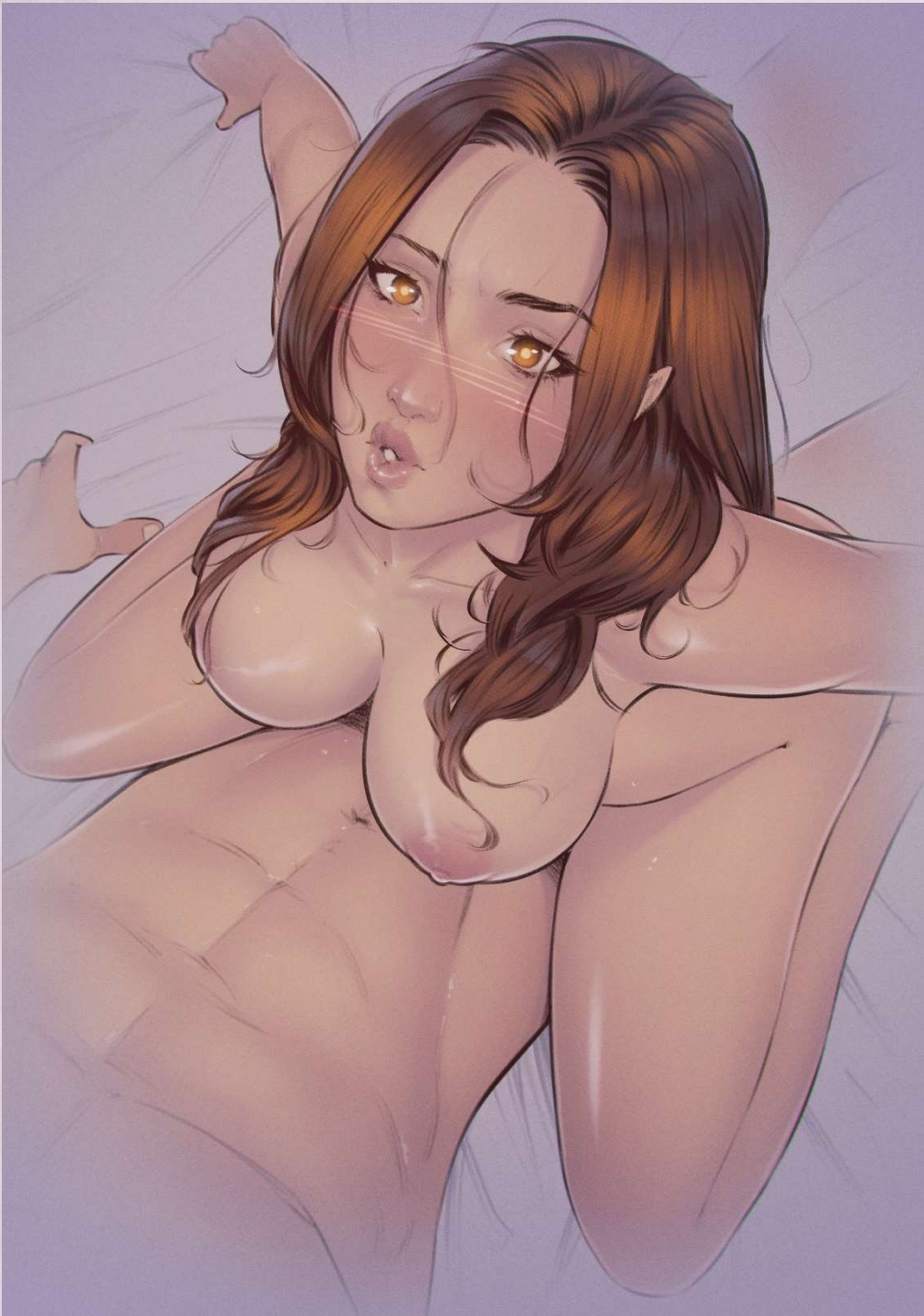
“Not ... yet ... Nicky.” Kate’s left eye was still wonky as she stared into nothingness. “I ... need to ... adjust.” She shivered again. What was that spot he kept pressing? It was delightful and hurt at the same time. “We’re both ... in a little pain ... right now. Your ... ooohhhhhh ... ankle ... and

my ... pussy.”

“Take your time.” Nick luxuriated in the sight of her: her tortured face, her trembling, delicate shoulders, her enormous boobs, her dark nipples, the flare from her waist out to her hips, her thighs pressed snugly to his sides.

“How is your ankle ... uuuggghhhh ... now?” Kate experimented with rocking her hips. It was too much for her. She stopped.

“All I feel is your pussy, Mom.” This was true. His sole focus was on her tight warmth.



“Mother of the Year ... award ... right here.” Kate’s laugh was brief and shallow. She rocked her hips again, undulating her whole body on top of Nick. It went better. She continued. “Oooooohhhhhhhh.” I think ... I’m already ... going to ...” The steady movement knocked his penis up against that perfect spot repeatedly. “Yeah ... Nicky ... it’s happening ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” She threw her head back and let out a true call of the wild. Before things had changed with Nick, she’d never made such sounds. Now it was almost an everyday thing.

Nick watched his mother with reverence. This woman who loved him more than anything was a goddess. Her staggering beauty sent his mind reeling. It seemed impossible that she would give herself to him like this. But here he was with his mother’s high-pitched scream filling his ears. When her orgasm passed, she rode him again. He watched her body writhe like a snake. Take the sex out of it, he would never have guessed his sweet mother could move like that. Add the sex back in, and it made his head want to explode.

“Ohhhhhhhhhhh ... my. That was ... sooooooo ... good.” Kate smiled at the aftershocks of ecstasy that bounced through her nerves. But her smile quickly faded as pleasure ramped back up. She put her hands on her son’s strong, compact pectorals and lifted her hips a little at the end of each undulation, sliding about halfway up and back down. “This is ... so strange.” She gazed at the pleasure written on his face. “When I ... married your father ... I thought I would never be with ... another man. But ... uh ... uh ... uh ... without knowing it ... we made the man ... that would break ... our vows.”

“Are you ... ugh ... workshoping ... a new fantasy ... Mom?” He held tightly to her thighs, feeling her muscles move under her smooth skin.

"Maybe ... ooohhhhhh ... I am." Another brief smile passed over her lips like a summer storm. "We have ... so many ... going."

"Yes ... *meine Frau*." Nick's mind let go of all plans he had mustered coming into the day. He would just let things happen. It was all working out.

"*Ich liebe es ... deine Mutter ... zu sein.*" Her pleasure swelled.

"What does ... uh ... uh ... that mean?" Nick's hands moved around to her ass. He squeezed her round cheeks. He thrilled at her fullness and femininity. *She really could be a goddess, a fertility goddess.* He squeezed tighter.

"It means ... my little apple thief ... that ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... I love being your mother." With those words, she hit another climax. Her screams echoed around the room. When she descended from those ecstatic heights, she wiped sweat from her brow and smiled down at him. "You've got a firm grip ... on my caboose. Do you like it ... sweetie?" Her smile widened when he earnestly nodded an affirmative. "You want to watch it ... while you take my pussy?"

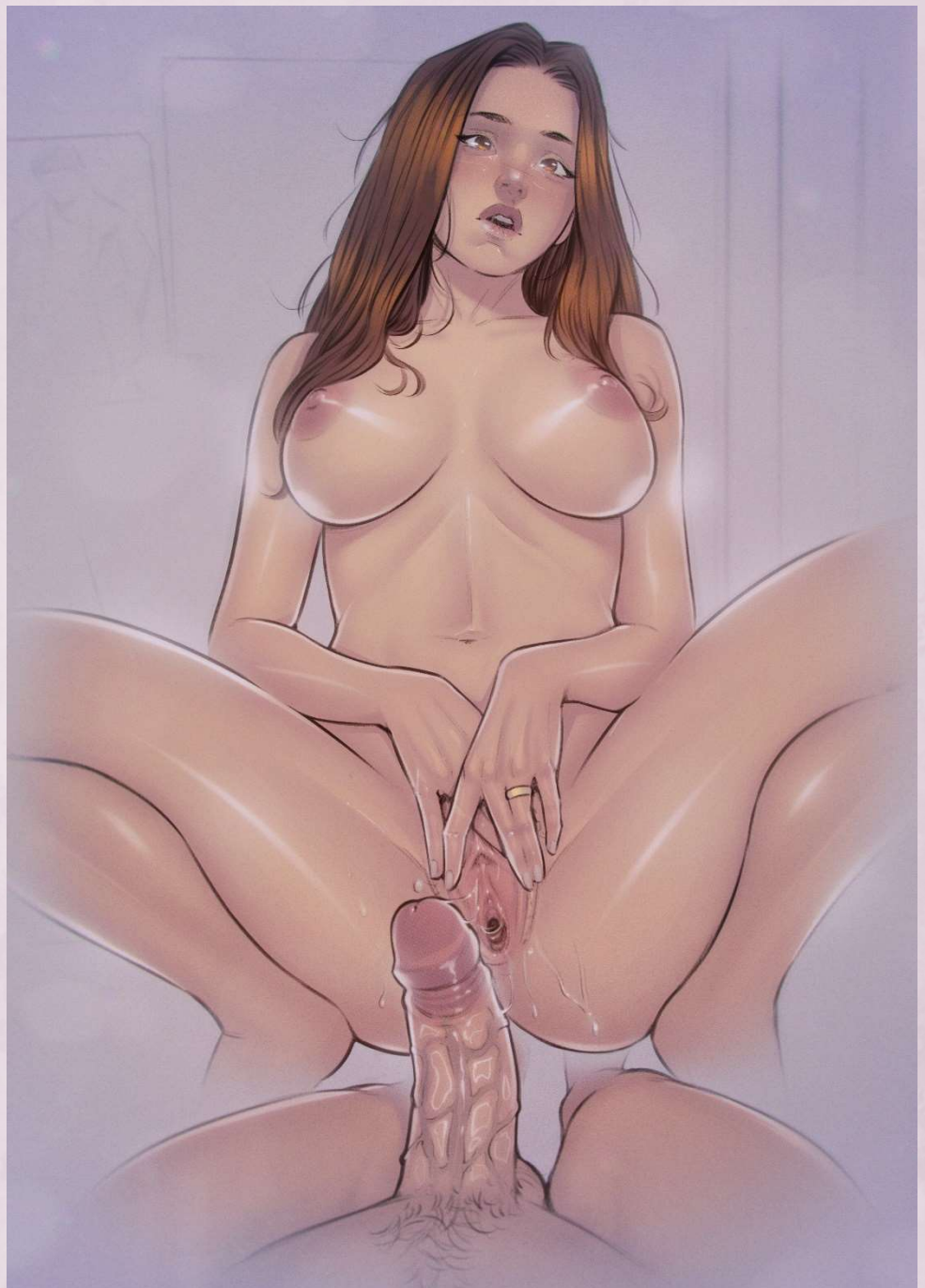
"I love when you ... say 'pussy,' Mom."

"Anything ... for you, Nicky. Pussy, pussy ... pussy, pussy, pussy." She laughed. "Well ... you didn't answer ... my question."

"I don't think ... I can do doggy ... with my ankle." He shrugged at her, enjoying the slow rhythm of her hips.

"I didn't forget about your ... ankle." Kate stopped her hips and lifted herself off him. "Oh ... goodness ... what have you done to me?" Her vagina felt so odd when he plopped out of her. She squatted above him, holding her pussy lips apart with both hands. "Does it ... look okay?"

"It looks fine, Mom." Nick had spent a lot of time up close and personal with her pussy. It had never looked as it did right then. Her lips were swollen and her hole gaped. "Totally normal," he lied.



"Thank goodness." She turned around and slid his penis back inside. "Oooooohhhhhhhh. It feels so stretched ... I was just afraid ... it was maybe ... oohhhh ... *too* stretched." Soon, she was bouncing on him, mindful not to jostle his bad leg too much. She tried to avoid looking at the swollen, purple ankle. When her eyes did find it, she reminded herself that she had completely taken his mind off the injury. "Do you like ... the view ... Nicky?"

"Gorgeous ... Mom." He gave one cheek a smack.

Kate shrieked and laughed. "Go ahead ... but not ... too hard." She looked over her shoulder as he gave the other cheek a smack. "I can't believe my ... big butt ... brings you so much ... joy."



"Believe it ..." He took hold of her ass and sped up her motion. "I could never grow tired of ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... watching this." He was bewitched by the tidal bouncing and wobbling. His orgasm surged toward him. "Oh ... Mom ... I'm going to ..." He didn't see the suddenly anxious look on her face, and when she tried to pull off him, he pulled her ass back down without thinking.

"Nicky! Nicky! Stop!" Kate's heart thundered in her chest. She could see he was about to put all his potent stuff inside her. "Nick!" Her son didn't respond, lost in his own pleasure. She twisted herself awkwardly, stuck as she was mounted in reverse, and slapped Nick in the face. She could see shock register in his eyes as he loosened his grip on her butt. Kate pulled herself off him moments before his sperm began flying into the air. She quickly retreated from the bed, picked up her blouse, and covered herself with it.

Nick watched her retreat. What a nightmare. Nick was helplessly cumming while Kate had a look of fright and revulsion on her face. His climax had taken over, but his mind remained clear enough to simultaneously feel shame. She didn't want it.

Kate stood a few feet away and watched jet after jet of thick white stuff sail through the air and land on her son and his sheets. It was a stark reminder of how much he contained in those oversized testicles. If she was fertile, he would certainly have gotten her pregnant. And it was a very bad time of the month. When he finished, she shook her head slowly. "I want you to know ... that I'm as much to blame as you are. We made ... a huge mistake today. I ... I don't know ... what else to say. Stay in your room ... and think about how close we just came ... to disaster." She turned and walked to the door.

Nick watched her bare butt go. She still had red handprints on her cheeks. When she slammed the door, Nick grabbed his pillow, placed it over his face, and screamed. They hadn't "come close" to disaster. This *was* disaster. They had only sixteen more days to get it right.

