

# CHAPTER 31



# ENKI'S PUZZLE

# FICTION

## Rawly Rawls

### Enki's Puzzle 31

Illustrations by TenderMinDD

Written by RawlyRawls

This is a work of fiction written solely to entertain. If you want to read more of Rawls's work, please visit: <https://rawlyrawls.com>. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, businesses, companies, events, or locales is entirely coincidental. All characters in this work are 18 years or older. Enjoy!

Also join our DISCORD server <https://discord.gg/TWuZA82gWg> if you want to chat with us, ask questions, or post related stuff!

To see more of TenderMinDD's art:

<https://patreon.com/tendermindd>

"What are you thinking about, Mom?" Nick watched her absentmindedly stroke him, her gaze somewhere in the distance. The small amount of cum she hadn't swallowed squelched under her hands.

"Oh, I was ... um ..." Kate had been thinking about her marriage. "Why did your father ... hit you, Nicky?"

"He caught Alyson trying to make me feel better." He saw her eyes go wide. "It wasn't like that. She just had her boob out. We were safe." It wasn't a total lie.



"Your father caught you ... kissing your sister's breast?" She scrunched up her face. When he nodded, she chewed her bottom lip. "I would have been upset if I walked in on that, too." She caught the hard look on his battered face. "But your father went too far. Way too far. I can't believe ..." Her voice faded away. "Why didn't you hit him back?"

"I told him I wouldn't hit him, Mom. I didn't want to hurt him." That was true, although he left the reason unsaid. He didn't want her in agony over his father's unconscious body like she had been in that lost looping day. "I made sure to keep myself between Dad and Alyson. I was her human shield, I guess."

"I'm proud of you. You were so brave." Despite her words, she didn't smile. Instead, she gnawed on her lip with more vigor. Her thoughts were fixed on what to do about her husband. "I want you to know that I'll do whatever I can to make this right. Are you feeling better after what I did ... with my mouth? Are you ready for a nap?"

"I'd feel a whole lot better if we did something else." Nick shrugged.

"Oh, okay. Of course. We can ask your sister to go out ... maybe we can say we need something ... and ..."

"Hey, Alyson." Nick called through the thin door.

"Yeah?" Alyson called back.

"Do you mind going out for a while?"

“Okay. I’ll be back in a couple hours.” Alyson took a few minutes pretending to get ready. She opened her door, slammed it, and crept back into the living room. Sitting in her trusty cushioned armchair, she rubbed her legs together. She knew exactly why Nick would ask for alone time with their mother.

“That was easy.” Kate looked around the room. “A mother shouldn’t ever ask this, but do you know if your sister has lubrication?” She watched him shake his head. “Maybe some oil from the kitchen?” She let go of his penis and stood. “A cider frau must be resourceful when left to her own devices at the orchard,” she said in a German accent. “Oh.” She squealed when he seized her wrist and pulled her back to bed. “Careful, you’ll open your cuts if you ... mmmmppppppphhhhhhh.” Her tense shoulders relaxed as her body melted into the kiss. Her tongue, shy at first, uncoiled and danced with his.

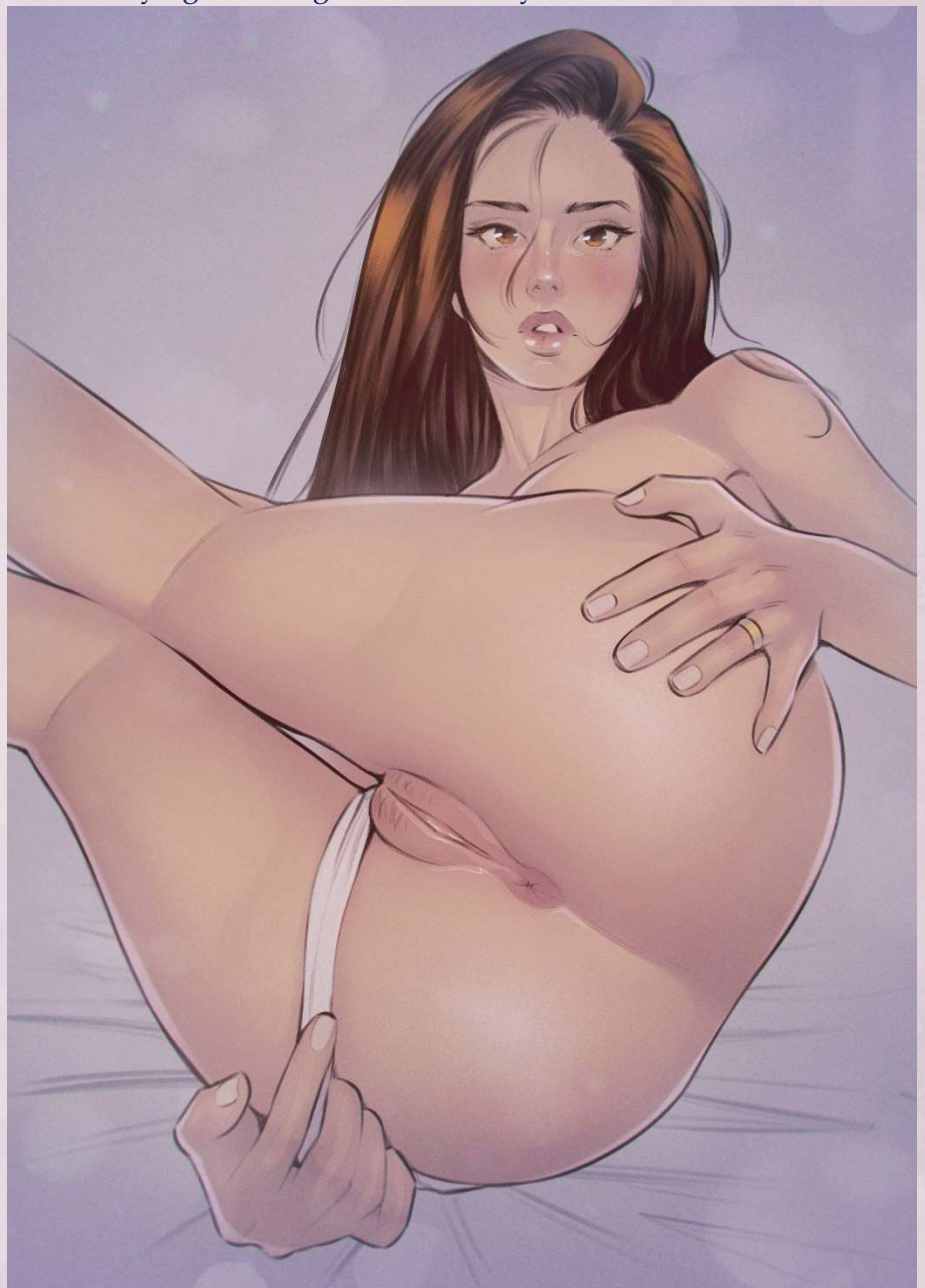
Nick ran his hands over the back of her dress, enjoying the dip and rise of her waist out to her hips and ass. He broke the kiss. “We don’t need oil, Mom. I want to feel even closer to you. I want you to feel me.”

“I know what you’re driving at.” Kate pulled her dress over her head. She could feel his rigid hardness bumping into her hip. “I actually thought about buying extra large condoms for you, but decided we shouldn’t go there.” Regarding his frown was physically painful, accompanied as it was, by his beaten face. “You can have my butt anytime.” She playfully slapped her panty-clad backside. “Isn’t that good enough?”

“I don’t want us to hold anything back, Mom. You shouldn’t give something to Dad that you don’t give to me.” He held his hands up to his face as if it was on display. “I mean, look what he did.”

“Your father ...” All of her objections rang hollow. They floated away like dust in the wind. “Okay. We can do it this one time.” She slid her panties down her legs and tossed them to her daughter’s floor. She prayed she wouldn’t squirt with that giant penis in her vagina. How would she explain the mess to Alyson? She had never taken anything so big and had no idea what it would do to her.

“I don’t want it to be a one-time thing, Mom.” Nick noted her giddy body language while she removed her bra. He saw the way her eyes darted to meet his and then turned away several times. He read the room. He could ask for what he wanted. His father had





"I love you so much, Mom." Nick moved his fingers into position. He knew exactly where her g-spot was. How funny that her pussy had been such a mystery to him at one point. It was more familiar to him now than the streets he grew up on. "Cum for me ... cum for me ... yes ... that's it."

"Oooooohhhhhhhhhhh ... gosh ... that spot ... nnnnnnnnnngggggggghhhhhhhhhhh." She lifted her head and watched his svelte, muscular arm shake with his movements. Her eyes narrowed. The whole universe narrowed. Her body flopped on the bed. She saw him remove his fingers just as her geyser exploded. He knew her so well. "Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii." She threw her head back and let the ecstasy take her where it willed.

"Wow ... Mom ... I'm covered." Nick wiped her spray out of his eyes.

"Oh ... my ... oh ... my ..." Kate sat up on her elbows. "Are the Band-Aids okay? Does my stuff sting?" It was such a stupid thing to say, she almost hit her forehead with her hand. When he smiled, she did the same. "I'm sorry. I'm just worried about you." She sat up on her knees and wiped her stuff from around his bandages. Her hand went tenderly to his mouth. "I didn't even think about your bruised lip. Does it hurt?"



"It's okay, Mom." Nick put one hand behind her head and one on her ass. He moved her onto her back. "I can't say the same for Alyson's bed, though."

"Hopefully, it won't soak through the sheets. We'll wash everything before she gets ..." Kate drew in her breath when Nick rested the wide head of his penis on her vagina. She looked down between her legs at its great, veiny length. "You really think ... we should?" By asking the question, she was ceding her authority to her eighteen-year-old son. As his mother, she should bear the burden of such a momentous decision. But she was so much more than just his mother now. She was his cider frau. His woman. And she needed to hear him say what he wanted again. The moment had swept her off her feet.

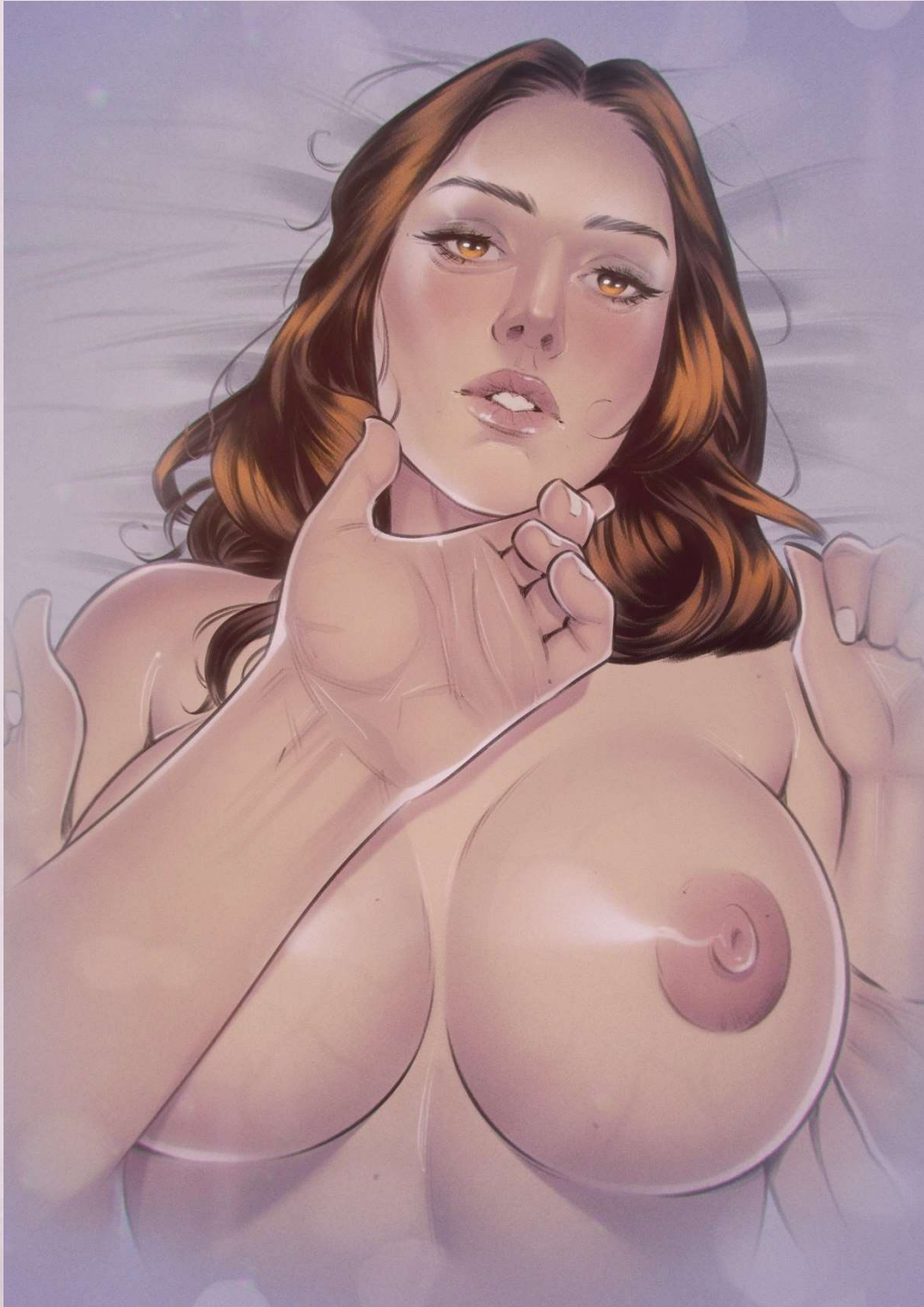
"I want to put this all the way inside your pussy, Mom. I want you to feel my heat ..." Nick thought out his words carefully. He had been at her entrance on so many todays, but had never gone about it in this way. It was amazing how different circumstances changed how they



“Dad doesn’t deserve you.” Nick picked up the pace. He concentrated on the long slide of each stroke and the weight of his hips driving her ass into the mattress. “Alyson ... realized it with Chris ... ah ... ah ... ah ...” He placed his right hand on her left hand, bracing his upper body. His left hand went to her chin and held her face so that their eyes met. “Men like that ... get nothing. You’re going to ... give him nothing.”

“I don’t know ... Nicky. But ... ugh ... ugh ... I know ... ugh ... that I’m going to give you ... everything.” Kate’s toes curled in the air and her legs trembled uncontrollably. “You’re making ... me ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.”

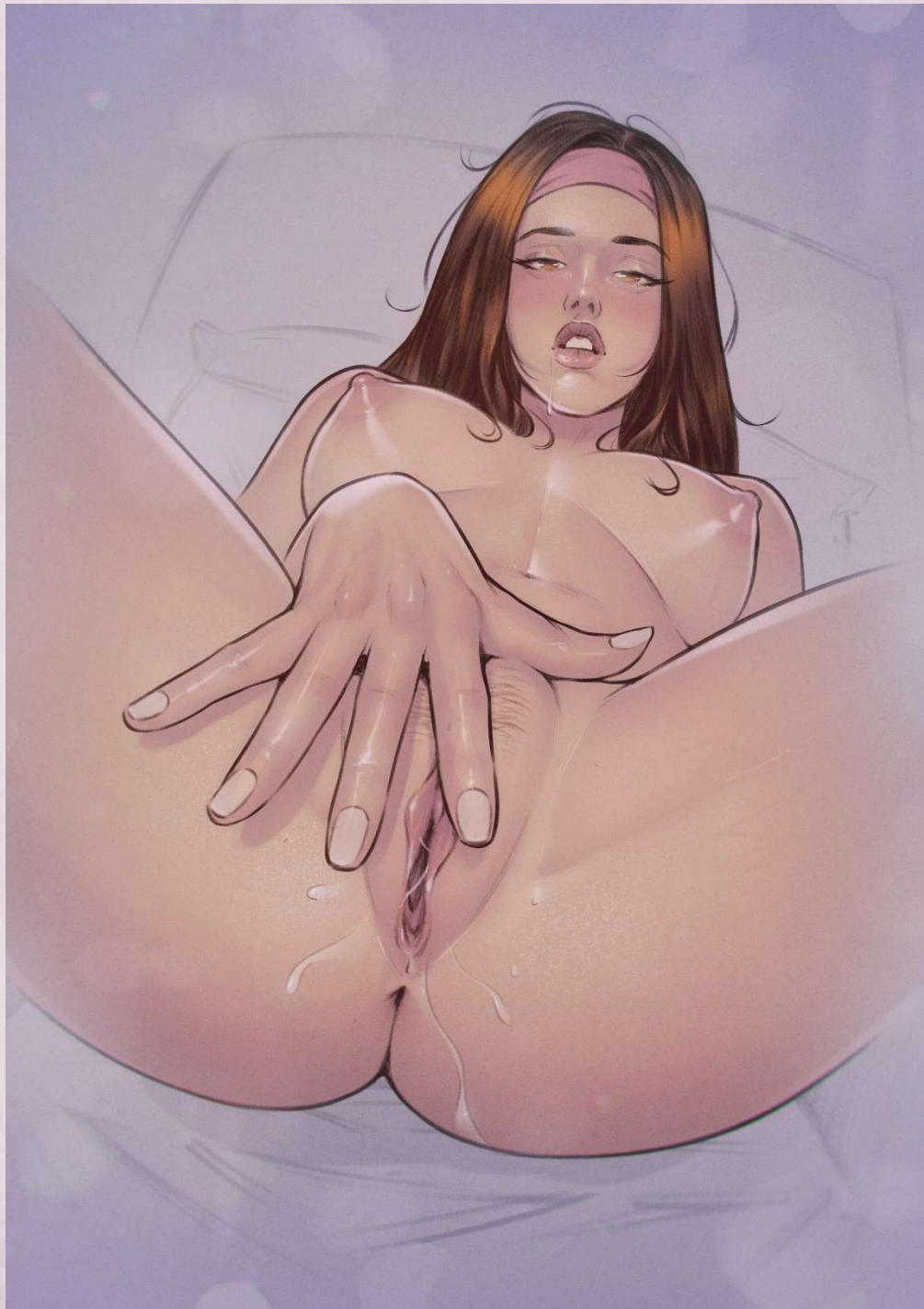
~~



Her mother's screaming and the creaking of Alyson's bed wove into a cacophony. Naked, Alyson sat on her chair, her hand a blur on her clit. She could hear Nick masterfully plumbing Kate's depths with his dick and his words. The things he said, and elicited from their mother, drove Alyson crazy.

Looking down at the stain spreading between her legs on the chair, Alyson wondered if it might be permanent. In the loops, she never worried about such things. But now ... she thought about her phone and regretted tossing it across the apartment. However, there wasn't much room for regret. Her mother was screaming out a cascade of orgasms, and Alyson was getting close to another of hers. She thought about Nick seeding them both in the same night. Her climax was upon her, driving away all thought.

~~



"Oh ... my ... you're gonna ... do it. Oooohhhhhhhhhhh ... my ... you're ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... going to ... do it." Kate was stuck on that refrain. She scissored her ankles behind Nick, pulling him in with each thrust. Her hands were on his ever-flexing back. She dug her nails into his hard muscles. "... Gonna do it ... oh ... my ... you're ... do it ... gonna ... to ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhh." Her brain swirled in a haze of ecstasy.

"I'm going to cum ... Mom ... I'm going to cum. Do you ... want it?" Some part of Nick's mind readied himself for her frantic escape, or a slap to the face. She made no move to stop him. Indeed, she pulled him in even harder, staring at him in adoration with half-lidded eyes.

"I ... ugh ... ugh ... want to ... feel it. Fill me ... fill me ... fill me ..." Kate hunched into her son. Both of their hips fell out of rhythm.

"Oh ... God ... here it ... comes." He gazed down at her savage grace as she accepted him. "I'm ... cumming ... I'm cumming ... Mom ...

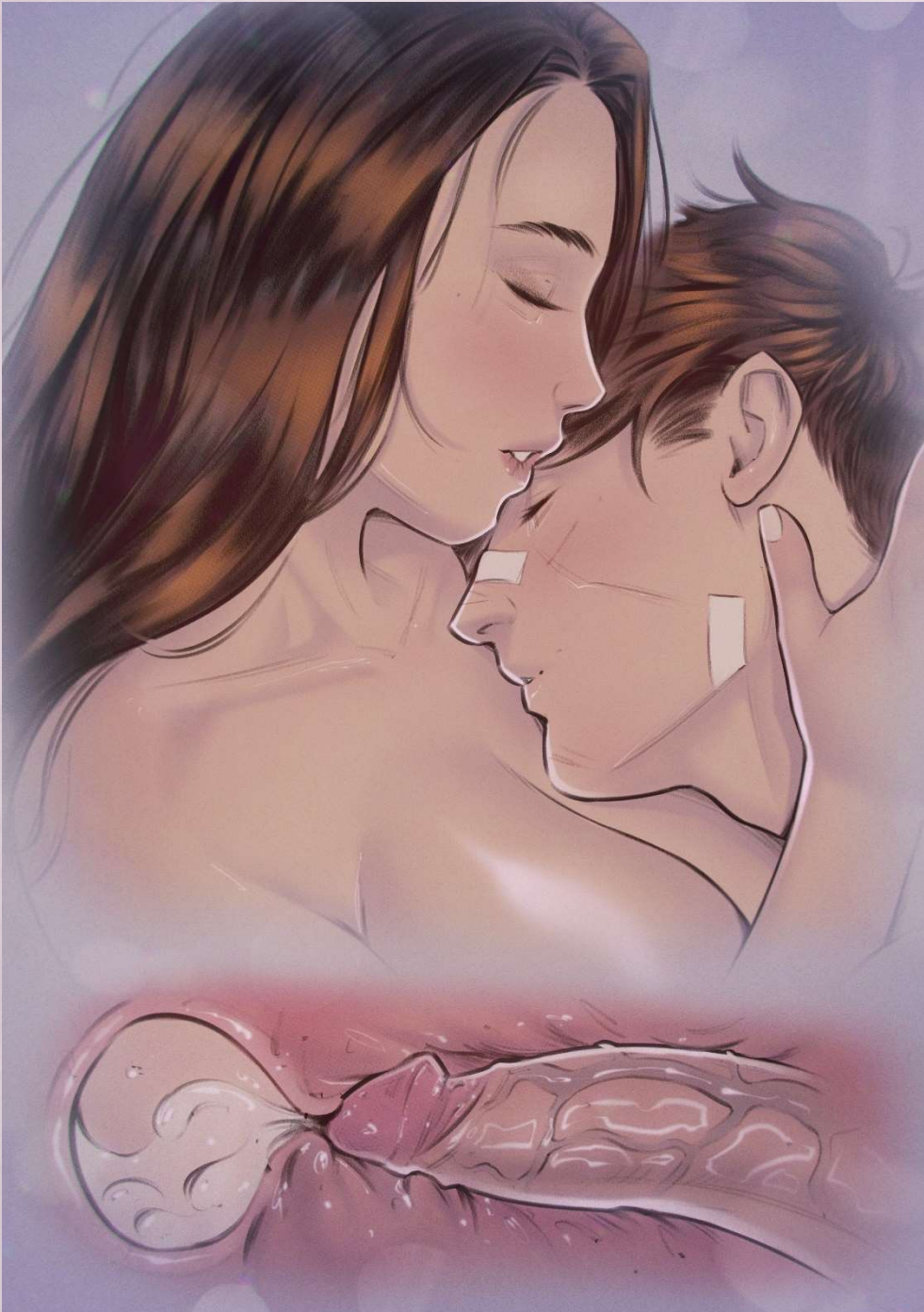
Uuuuuuuggggggghhhhhhhhh." He growled out his ecstasy, his hips an erratic blur. Stars burst before his eyes. He was part of her, erupting, spreading new life inside his mother.

Kate had come into the day thinking she had crested every possible mountain on her road to discovering pleasure with her son. She had been deeply mistaken. Feeling the heat of his release on the back walls of her womb ascended her into a novel paradise. Her body flailed and thrashed, and her mind expanded until every part of creation seemed to vibrate along her nerves. She was too far gone to hear herself, but if she had, she would not have recognized her own wails.

"Oooohhhhhhhhhhh ...

Mooooooommmmmmmmmmm."

Nick's hips slowed. He expected his orgasm to slow to a stop, but his body shuddered out one blast after another. Finally, his hips settled against hers. Even then, he was surprised by one final quaking explosion. With that done, he rested his cheek against her delicate neck, and tried to wrap his mind around what had just happened. "I think ... I turned your pussy ... into a lake."



"Oh ... gosh ... oh ... gosh." Bolts of electricity continued to move through Kate. She held him gently, remembering that he was injured. "You're drowning ... me. I can feel it ... drowning me ... from the inside out." Her brain worked through rationalizations, finally settling on how unlikely it was that she was fertile. Sure, it was not a great time of the month, but it would be bad luck if she was ovulating just then. And they were due for some good luck after what Fred had done. Duly rationalized, anxiety's tenuous grip slipped and drifted from her mind. "So ... warm ... Nicky." Her hands moved down to his butt and gripped hard. She was sure he hadn't hurt his backside.

"Drowning you ... in cum ... Mom. I'm drowning you ..." Nick sighed. His cuts hurt where they rubbed up against her, but he couldn't care less.

"I'm melting ... just melting." She kissed his soft hair, smelling the nondescript shampoo she always bought for him. "And you're still ... so hard ... inside me." A wave of joy swept through her when she felt him flex his penis. "Oh ... wow ... I've never felt that ... before." She took another deep breath, catching the scent of their mingling sweat. "Do it again." She giggled when she felt his penis give another lurch inside her. "My son ... is so talented." She kissed his hair some more.

"Look at ... what else ... I can do." Nick's hips started up again. The splashing of her cum-filled pussy resounded.

"Oooooohhhhhhhh ... what are you doing to me?" She dug her nails into the resilient flesh of his ass. "Maybe ... we should switch ... to my backside. We can use your stuff ... as lubrication. It ... uh ... uh ... sounds like there's more ... than enough of it." When he pulled out of her, she sighed with relief. If he had insisted, she would have let him douse her womb again. She let him turn her onto her belly and press her legs together. She stared at Alyson's cheap, college-student sheets. "Be sure there's enough of your stuff to make it slick. It would really hurt if ... uggggggghhhhhhhhhh ... wrong ... place ... Nick." He was in her pussy again. At this new angle, he seemed to poke directly at the backside of her bellybutton.

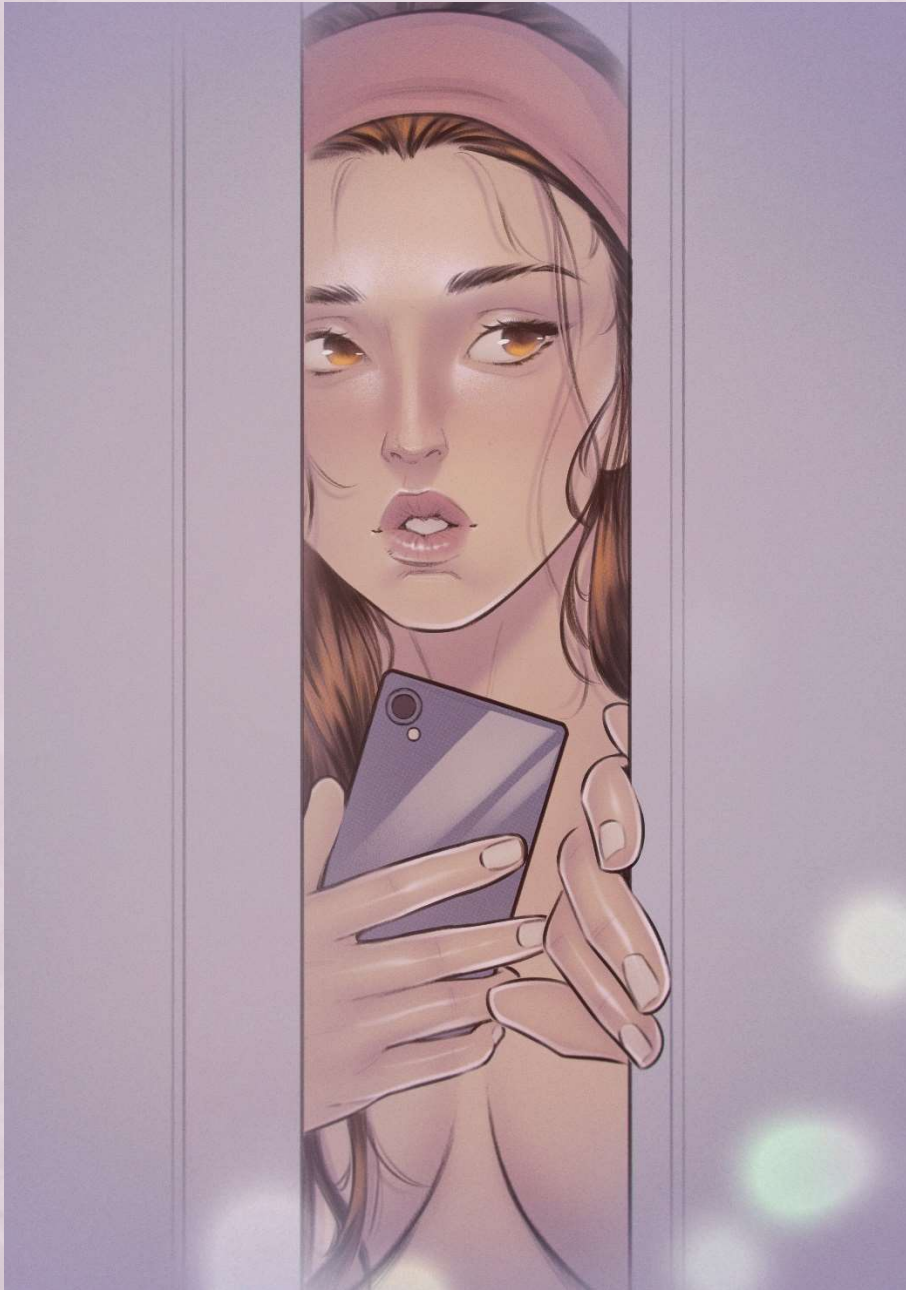
"I want to ... stay in your pussy." Nick got into rhythm quickly, propping himself up with his hands on her back and watching her ass ripple and shake. "Do you ... want me to ... uh ... uh ... uh ... pull out?"

"No ... ugh ... you can ... keep going." Kate bit the sheets and gripped the edge of the mattress with her fists. He was pummeling her vagina even harder than before. "But ... go easy. Your father ... isn't built ... like you. I haven't ... ah ... ah ... ever done it ... like this. I'm still getting used to ... oooooohhhhhhhh." A spot on the inside of her belly lit up like fireworks and another novel orgasm seized her.



~~

Listening to her brother finish inside her mother was the most erotic thing Alyson had ever experienced. But she knew how to top it. Alyson stood, wiped off her hands, and found her phone. The screen was cracked, but it still worked. She set the video to record and tip-toed down the hall. If today was the last today, she would have a chronicle of what happened for posterity. She opened the door as quietly as possible and peeked in. One look told her that caution was unnecessary. A herd of elephants could have run through the apartment, and the rutting couple wouldn't have noticed.



Alyson mouthed the words *Holy shit*, and nearly swooned. Her knees turned to jelly. With her free hand, she supported herself on the doorframe, holding her phone up with her other hand to capture the moment. Her mother was face down on the bed blubbering incoherent words into the mattress like a maniac. Her feet were up in the air behind Nick's ass, seesawing with every impact she absorbed. Her ass bounced back and forth, wobbling uncontrollably. Her hair spread wildly in every direction. The muscles in her slender back and arms tensed spasmodically.

The moment didn't need to be recorded. It was burned into Alyson's brain for all time. Her brother's lithe, athletic form moved like a cracking whip with each thrust. The length and width of his cock looked comically large repeatedly reappearing from Kate's pussy. The fire in his eyes combined with his battered face looked downright frightening. That made Alyson's knees even weaker. Her stomach turned over and over as she watched them mate. And *mate* was the right word. Nick had done it. Their mother would have his baby. Alyson was watching the process of creation. She leaned her shoulder on the

doorframe and moved her free hand to her pussy. It was almost too much. Alyson felt her mind drift away on a carnal tide.

~~

As Nick humped into his mother, something nagged at his enflamed mind. It took him a long time for the thought to come to the fore. But when it hit, he knew he had more work to do. The puzzle wouldn't be complete unless he cleared the weeds. This might be his best chance to get through today. He doubted he could completely replicate the events that had led to that moment on a future today.

"Mom?" Nick pulled out of his mother. He almost smiled as she shimmied her ass up at him and mewled at his withdrawal. "Where's your ... purse?" As he looked about the room, he noticed that the door was open a crack. He guessed that his sister had been peeking. He wasn't going to mention it to his mother, so he stepped across the room and closed the door.

"It's ... on your sister's ... dresser." Kate squirmed, the emptiness at her son's absence felt cataclysmic. "Will you ... come back to ... bed?"

"Yeah." Nick rummaged in her purse and pulled out her phone. He thought about how best to proceed. He was so close, but he didn't want to scare her off. Freeing her of her husband wasn't the same as the end to Alyson's engagement to Chris. His mother was still on her belly when he hopped back on the bed. He turned her onto her side, lifted one of her legs high into the air, and scissored her with his legs.



"What are you ...  
aaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh  
... I've never ... done  
this before." She gazed  
adoringly at her son as  
he thrust into her. He  
moved with such  
confidence, holding her  
leg to his chest. He  
tossed something onto  
the bed in front of her.  
"My ... ugh ... phone?"  
In this position, he  
found previously  
hidden places inside  
her. Clearly, her vagina  
was no longer a  
mystery to him. He  
had explored all its  
secrets in a single  
afternoon.

"I want you to ... uh ... uh ... text Dad." Nick wasn't about to ask her to call him. She was too far gone and he'd become suspicious the second he heard her voice. "Tell him ... you're not coming home ... tonight."

"Yes ... okay ... I need to stay with you. You need lots of rest ... after what he did ... and what we're ... ugh ... doing." She looked at his injuries, trying to catalogue them, but her thoughts were too frayed. She turned her attention to the phone and began texting her husband.

"Tell him ... he has to apologize ... for hurting me ... or you won't ... ever go back ... to him." He could easily predict the odds of his father saying "sorry."

Kate's fingers paused mid-swipe on the screen. "I don't ... ugh ... know." Her breasts hung to the side and swayed with their movements next to the phone.

"Look at me ... look at me ... Mom." Nick slowed his pace so he wouldn't jar her vision too much. He let her get a good long look. "What he did to me was terrible ... can't you see? The least he can do is ... apologize. This is ... what you taught me ... about being a man. Own ... your mistakes. If he can't ... do that ... you can't go back."

Kate worked hard to concentrate, still looking up at what Fred had done to Nick. He'd almost killed their son. Fred needed to apologize. Nick was right. She couldn't stay with a man who wouldn't do that. "Okay ... I'll text him." Kate did as her son asked, finished the text, and put the phone down next to her breast.

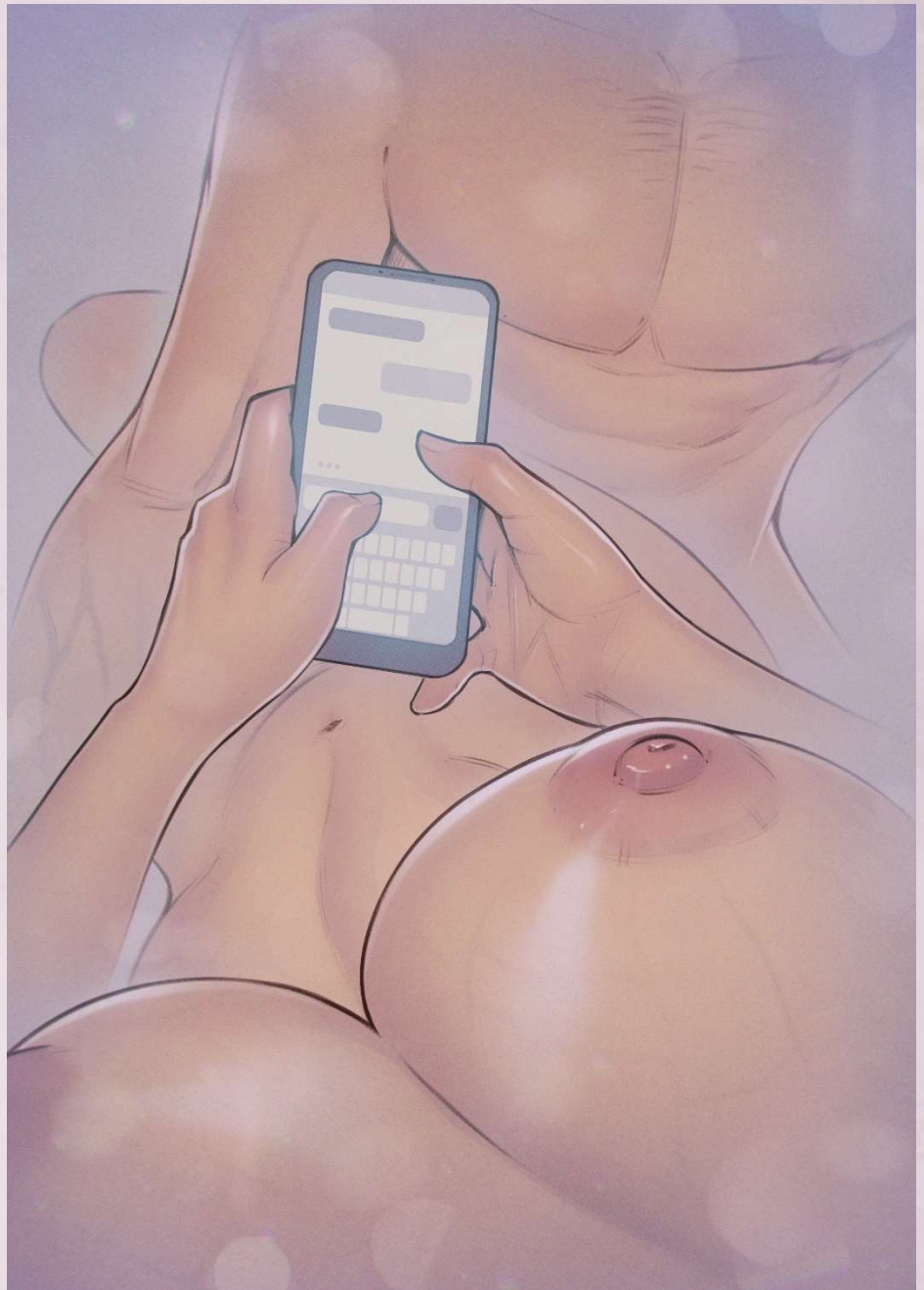
"Thanks ... Mom." Nick took her slow and steady while they waited. He could see her eyes slowly rolling upward and her mouth go slack. When the phone vibrated, she didn't even respond. "He texted ... back."

Kate corralled her focus and picked up her phone. She read the words over and over again, trying to absorb their meaning.

"Well ... uh ... uh ... what did he ... say?" Nick could tell from her expression that he'd been right.

"He ... apologized ... for upsetting me." She looked away from the phone and stared unseeing at the wall. She couldn't bear to look at her son. "But he ... said ... that he would never ... say sorry to you ... or ... Alyson. And then ... he used some bad ... language."

"Dad isn't ... a good person ... Mom. Do you see?" He sped up his hips. The moment was changing. He could feel it. His mother was at the edge of her Rubicon. "Do you ... uh ... uh ... uh ... see?"



"Yes ... Nicky ... yes ... I see. You're ... right. I'll tell him ... I'll tell him ... it's over." Kate ended her marriage via text with her son's long cock sawing in and out of her stretched vagina. It all seemed inevitable to her, like there was no other way for the day to have gone. "It's ... done." She gently tossed her phone to the other end of the bed. "I don't know ... what will happen ... now." She squealed when he moved her to her back, spread her legs, and took her in the missionary position again. "But we ... have each other ... we have ... each ... other ... ooooohhhhhhhhhh." She felt his strong hands snake between her butt and the mattress, cupping her cheeks firmly. "Drown ... me ... sweetie. Drown me ... from the inside ..." She didn't have long to wait. Her body stiffened, her mind splintered, and she thrust her hips up into his when she felt his heat spread through her womb again.

"Cumming ... Mom ... I'm ... aaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh ... cumming." Nick was ready. The future was opaque, but there was a future now. He was sure of it. As he unloaded inside her pussy for a second time, he could feel the long line of todays falling away. They would have a future. And they would have each other.

They howled together, two souls becoming one.



After his orgasm, Nick pulled out of her and rolled onto his back. He stared at the ceiling, his thoughts in a whirlwind. She lay beside him, her legs still splayed, his cum leaking out of her. Time passed. Eventually he mustered the energy to speak. "How are you feeling, Mom?" He heard only her even breathing. "Mom?" He propped himself up on an elbow and looked at her. She was sound asleep. Apparently, she was the one that needed a nap. He cuddled up next to her, placing his soft cock on her hip, and watched her chest gently rise and fall.

