

CHAPTER 32



ENKI'S PUZZLE

# FICTION

## Rawly Rawls

### Enki's Puzzle 32

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"Sleep tight," Nick whispered. He covered his mother's naked form with a blanket, kissed her forehead, and climbed out of bed. He didn't bother to cover his own nakedness. His fat, slumbering cock swayed between his legs as he left the bedroom and softly closed the door behind him. Dusk dimmed the windows. There were no lights on in the apartment. Nick stepped from shadow to shadow, entering Alyson's living room. He found his sister sprawled on an armchair, one of her legs dangling over a cushioned arm, and her head resting on the other chair arm. She turned her head and smiled when she saw him. His breath caught at the sight of her beauty. "Well ..."  
He held his hands palms up and shrugged. "I guess that's it." He tried and failed to hold back his own smile.

"You've been quiet for almost an hour. I was going to send in a search party." Alyson put her phone on the ground carefully. The screen was cracked, but it was working, and she wanted to keep it that way. It was obvious that whatever they did mattered, and she was a poor student who couldn't afford a new phone at the moment. Especially since Chris wasn't going to be spending money on her anymore.

"Mom's asleep." Nick sat on the couch facing her and put his feet up on the coffee table.

"I bet she is. You humped her into oblivion." She gave him a sagacious nod. "A woman's mind wasn't built to withstand what you dish out, Nicky. Trust me, I know. She'll probably be mush when she wakes up." Alyson laughed.

"Quiet. I want her to sleep." Nick put a finger to his lips.

"Sorry." Alyson left the chair and sat next to her brother on the sofa, resting her head on his shoulder. "You know, we only have a few more hours, and the puzzle isn't solved yet. Maybe we should take advantage of Mom's nap and knock over the last domino." She walked two fingers slowly down his lithe, muscled chest, hopping from one hard ab to the next. "Mom's cum is still on your dick, Nicky." She walked her fingers onto his penis and poked at the flaking white stuff.

"It's my cum, too."

"Yeah, and it's combined. It's lovely." She pulled back his foreskin. "Oh, my God. It's still wet under here. This is amazing." She shuddered. "Your cum ... and Mom's cum." She ran her fingers around the fat head of his cock as it grew.



"What's a concoction like that missing?" Nick pulled her onto his lap. He gently kissed her breasts.

"My cum ... it's missing my cum." Alyson's voice was low and breathy. As she stroked his full length, her hand looked so small trying to encircle his shaft. "You ... me ... and Mom. All together ... in my pussy." She lifted her hips, lined him up, and slowly let gravity push him inside. She slid down his cock very slowly. Their eyes locked.

"I can't wait to ... ugh ... live with you." Nick breathed in deeply, smelling her beguiling scent.



"Enki was right ... all along." Alyson wanted to hug his head and smother him with her boobs, but his injuries argued against that. Instead, she gripped his shoulders tightly and let her hips find a rhythm. "You're going to be ... the best dad ... for our ... baby." Squelching sounds filled the room. The thought of all their cum mixing together sent electric shocks through her body. She bit her bottom lip to keep from crying out and climaxed.

Nick watched her face twist in an effort to hold in her pleasure. "Shhhhhh." He put a hand on her mouth when she lost that battle, and a scream leaked out of her. She stopped bouncing and trembled on top of him. He could feel her pussy gripping his dick spasmodically. After a few moments, her body quieted, and she continued her ride. "Enki is an ..." Nick was going to say "asshole," but he thought better of insulting the god. Enki seemed to know everything that was happening, even when Chirpee wasn't around. "Enki was right ... about some things. There's nothing better than ... being inside you ... and Mom."

"Ugh ... ugh ... and making babies ... Nick." Her words were muffled by his hand. She opened her mouth and sucked in two of his fingers. She gently bit them and swirled her tongue around them.

"There's nothing better ... than the thought of us ... making babies ... in me ... and Mom. Uh ... uh ... uh ... right?" The words came out garbled around his fingers.

"Yes ... yes ... ah ... ah ... ah ... it's amazing. I ..." Nick cut himself off before he got too loud by shoving her nipple into his mouth. He drank her sweetness while she undulated on top of him. His cuts hurt where the bandages rubbed against her flesh, but that barely registered. His sister's milk, her pussy, and the rhythm of her hips were all that mattered. His hands snaked around and held her ass, his fingers digging into her flesh. He was ready to hold her as deep as possible when his orgasm arrived. He wasn't just supposed to cum in her. After all, he was supposed to get her pregnant.

They humped on the sofa for a while longer, both trying to keep the volume of their grunts and moans below the threshold that might wake their mother. Eventually, Nick squeezed his sister's ass tighter.

"I'm gonna ... cum ... gonna ... cum." With his grip on her ass, he took over their rhythm, smashing her vagina down on him at an accelerating pace.

"Yes ... yes ... end the puzzle ... Nicky ... end it ... and fill me ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii." Alyson threw her head back, her face twisting in ecstasy. Her brother's warmth filled her womb. She let him slam her down and hold their pelvises together, pushing his hot stuff as deep as it would go. Her scream died out as breath left her, her height of pleasure sounding more like a gasp than anything else. It was a moment of pure creation, and nothing else mattered. The act swept Chris and her father completely from her mind. Everything would work out, because she and Nick were building their future together. Her orgasm receded, and she could still feel Nick bucking spasmodically under her. Alyson's head lolled to the side, and she blinked. Her mother was standing in the hall wearing one of Chris's shirts. Kate was staring at them, her mouth forming a rictus of shock.

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Waking up alone in her daughter's bed caused Kate a good deal of confusion. She tried to find her bearings, looking around the room. When she sat up, she winced. Her sore vagina brought back a flood of memories. Had she and Nick really gone all the way? Twice? She reached down and felt his stuff still leaking out of her. She shivered when her fingers measured a wide gap where her tight vagina had once been. He had resized her. "It'll go back to normal," she whispered to herself.

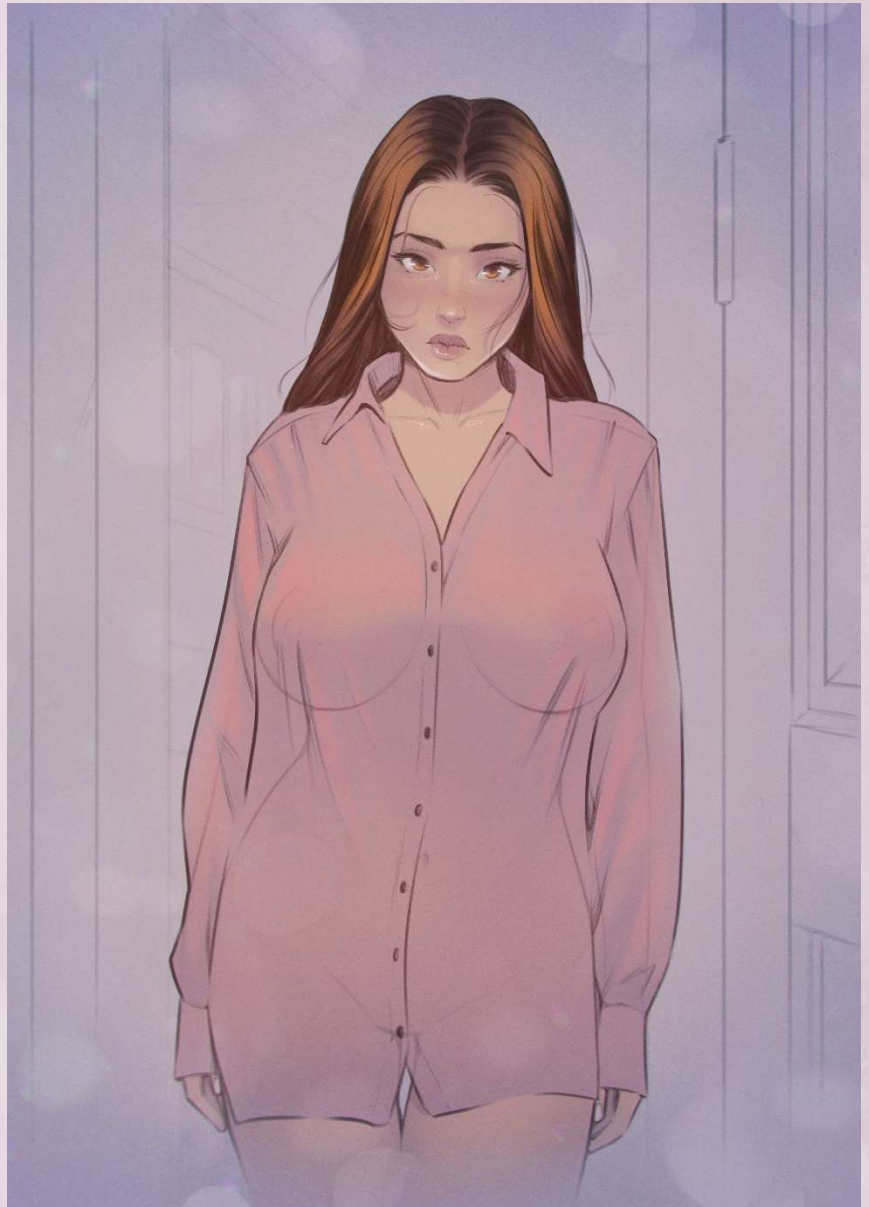
Her thoughts went to her husband, and whether he would be able to feel her the next time they had sex. More memories from the day came back to her. After decades of marriage, she had dumped Fred. He had almost murdered Nick, and couldn't be bothered to apologize. She wouldn't have to worry about sex with her *ex*-husband anymore. She expected to find dread in contemplating her ruined marriage, but found only relief. She was better off. And her children were certainly better off. Kate placed a hand on her belly. Would she have three children now? The odds were low. But still, if it did happen, she had no doubt that the new baby would be better off without Fred, too.

The room was chilly when she climbed out of bed. She went to Alyson's closet and pulled out one of Chris's large shirts. She buttoned it up and stepped groggily to the door. Where had Nick gone? Knowing him, he was probably fixing them dinner. Well, she wouldn't let him cook alone. When she opened the door, she was surprised that the lights were all off. The only luminance fell in through the windows. She took a step and stopped, hearing the rhythmic squeaking of the sofa. Her mind balked at the obvious explanation. "They wouldn't," she muttered. But of course they would. They were young and Nick was ... insatiable ... irresistible ... kind ... a mind-reader ... the perfect man. He was all those things.

"I'm gonna ... cum ... gonna ... cum."  
Nick slammed his sister's ass down, planting himself deep.

Kate's eyes went wide and her mouth fell open when she stepped out into the open and saw her son seeding her daughter. She witnessed something no mother would ever expect. Nick's eyes were shut tight, his face full of the intensity she knew from experience accompanied his climaxes.

"Yes ... yes ... end the puzzle ... Nicky ... end it ... and fill me ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii."  
Alyson flung her head back, at her brother's mercy. Kate could see he had complete control of his sister. She stared at them while they jerked and shuddered to a finish.



Kate was as still as a statue until Alyson locked eyes with her. Then, her body went into action. "Oh, my gosh. Oh, my gosh. I told you ... I *told* you not to. I told you." Without thinking she ran to them, raining down slaps on them both.

"Ow ... Mom ... stop ... you're hurting me." Nick held his hands up to protect his already battered face. His cock was still buried deep in Alyson. His sister held up her arms to defend him, too.



"No ... no!" Kate ceased her violence. She stared at her hands like they'd betrayed her. "I'm sorry ... I just ... I'm sorry." Tears formed in her eyes. She stared down at them. They were still locked together, Nick's sperm sealed inside Alyson. "I can't ... I can't ..." She turned and ran back to the bedroom, dove onto the bed, and buried her face in the sheets. She covered herself with a blanket and sobbed, not knowing what to do.

"Shit. How do we fix this?" Alyson slowly lifted herself off him. She winced at the wet sloppy sounds her pussy made as it let him go.

"We should let this day loop and try again." Nick ran his hands through his hair and sighed. "We can't go into tomorrow like this. She's going to be furious at us forever."

"We did everything, Nicky," Alyson said softly. She sat next to him and mirrored his sigh. "Unless, maybe she'll go back to Dad? She hasn't cleared the weeds yet, has she?"

"No, she told him it was over."

"When? After you two did it?" Alyson could hear her mother sobbing from the bedroom.

"During." Nick shrugged.

"Jesus ... fucking ... Christ." Alyson shook her head. "I don't know how you pulled that off." She stared at him. "Well, how *did* you pull it off?"

"Forget that for now. We have to find a way ..." Nick felt very much like he was watching a fire start, and he had only a few minutes to extinguish it before it spread beyond his control. "Never mind. I'm going to talk to her. I think you should come, too." Nick stood and offered his hand to his sister. She took it, and he pulled her to her feet.

Once in the bedroom, they found their mother crying under the blankets. Alyson threw on a sweatshirt and pulled on some leggings. Nick put back on his sister's ridiculous shorts and shirt.

Nick sat on the edge of the bed and placed his hand on his mother's hip. "I'm sorry you found us like that. Do you have questions? Do you want to yell at us?"

"I don't know ... I don't know." Kate, still blubbing, rolled onto her back. She wiped tears from her eyes.

"Did I hurt you? I didn't mean to hit you ... I'm not like your father. I'm so sorry."

"I know you're nothing like Dad." Nick tenderly rubbed tears off her cheek. "I know you're sorry."

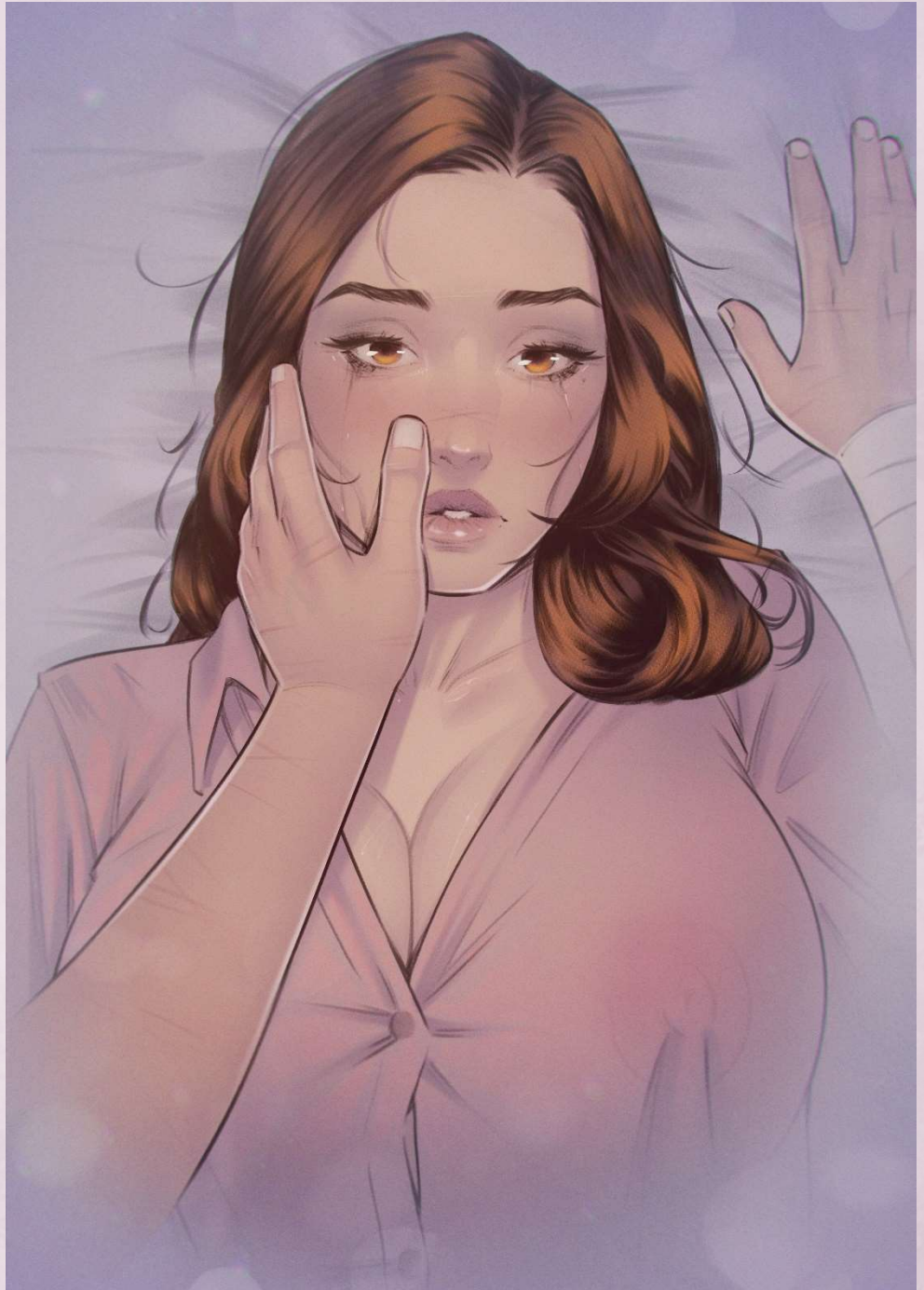
"I am ... I am ... sorry." She blinked at her children, looking from one to the other. Her gaze fell down to Alyson's belly. Kate looked down to the where the covers concealed her own tummy. Nick's swimmers were in both of them right at that moment, searching ... searching ... for ... an egg. Would they find one? Two? "Why ... is ... is ... this happening?" Her weeping came to a trembling conclusion. She took a deep breath.

"I've tried to explain it before ..." Nick glanced at his sister. She pressed her lips together and quickly shook her head. "How about we just say that there is still a little magic in the world, and the three of us are lucky enough to have found some."

Kate tentatively arched an eyebrow. "That's ..." She took a deep, shuddering breath and thought about it. "That's stupid, Nicky." But a slight smile crept onto her face.

"It is stupid. You're right. But do you remember the person I was before our hang out time started? Do you remember our relationship? Do you remember how I got along with Alyson?"

"You were a jerk." Alyson nodded.



"You were so distant." Kate's voice was hushed. She pulled the covers up to her chin. "So much like your father."

Nick studied his mother's face. Her deep, brown eyes searched his. Her jaw relaxed. The creases in her forehead smoothed. He read the room. She might never be able to grasp who Enki was, or what he had done, but she could wrap her mind around relationships. The back and forth between mother and son, between sister and brother. He could feel in his bones that she was open to accepting the inevitable future. "This ..." He reached for his sister's hand and squeezed it. With his other hand, he pulled back the covers and took his mother's hand, holding it firmly. He could feel her trembling ever so slightly. He held up the four hands in front of him. "This connection is what matters. I have found a way to love you ... both of you ... more deeply than I ever thought possible." He saw his mother shiver at the word "deeply."



"We aren't supposed to ... I mean ... we can't get pregnant, Nicky." Kate wondered at the inflection of her words. The lilt in her voice made it sound almost like a question.

"Those rules exist." Alyson's face was very earnest. She sat next to her brother. "But they don't apply to us. Don't you see, Mom? We could be happy together. The three of us. Together."

"The three of us," Kate whispered. The layers of her resistance were falling away. "But ... you can't have a baby. What about your PhD?" She was well aware that she was no longer arguing the issue of Alyson having her *brother's* baby, but the more general problem of baby care for a young, professional woman. That was a profound switch.

"I'll take a gap year." Nick held back a smile. They were rounding the corner with their mother. "I'll help with the baby, and then go to school at the U with Alyson. I'll live here."

"Oh ... gosh." Kate listened to the steady thump of her heart. They had planned it already. "But ... but ... you'll need to find a wife. And you ..." She looked at Alyson's serene face. "I understand that Chris wasn't right for

you. But you'll need a husband."

"We'll figure it out, Mom." With her free hand, Alyson took her mother's free hand and squeezed. The three of them now formed a circle. "We've got each other, and we'll figure it out." She leaned forward and kissed the delicate back of her mother's hand. "The three of us can deal with whatever comes if we're together."

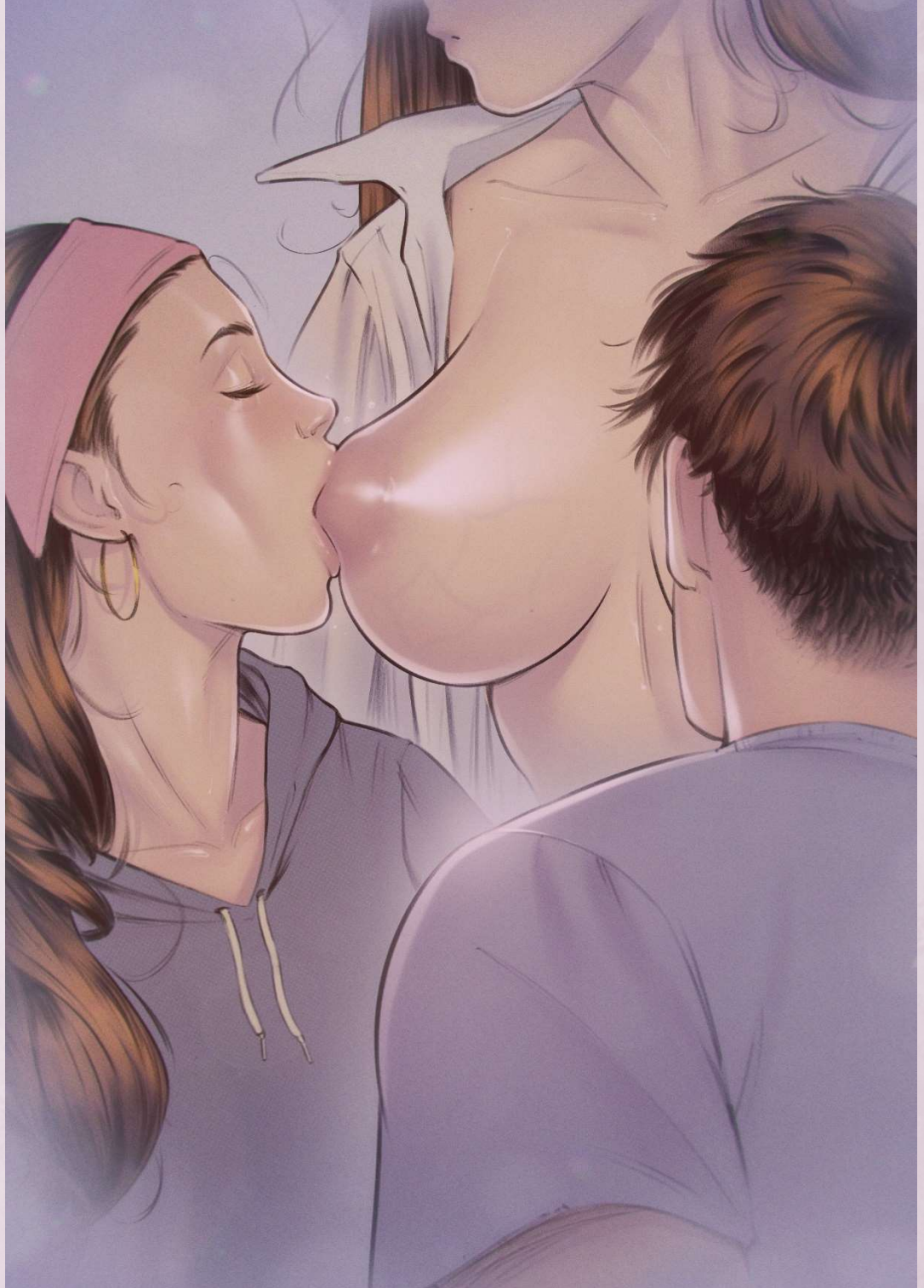
Taking his sister's cue, Nick lifted his mother's other hand and kissed it.

Kate's cheeks turned crimson. She looked at these two beautiful, adoring young people and melted. Her doubts didn't disappear, but she swept them all into a corner of her mind that she instantly labeled *we'll figure it out together*. "You two are very special. If you weren't, I would never ... do this." She sat up and slowly unbuttoned her borrowed shirt. When her breasts were out in the open, she stuck out her chest. "Go ahead. I want both of you to drink." Her confidence wavered at making herself so vulnerable. "If ... you want."

"I'm hungry." Alyson glanced at her brother. "Are you hungry?"

"Starving." Nick dropped the hands he had been holding, took hold of his mother's left breast, and lowered his mouth to her nipple. Out of the corner of his eye, he could see his sister doing the same with their mother's right boob.

"Oooohhhhhhhhhhhhh. This is all I need ... right here." Kate cupped the back of their heads and listened to them gulp what she had to offer. Calm fell over her. Her nerves tingled with pleasure, radiating from her nipples through her body in waves of contentment. "The three of us ... together." She became aware of the wetness between her legs. Even with the shock of finding them together, her excitement hadn't left her. The day had taken her on an insane journey into carnality that she would never have believed existed if she hadn't found herself in the middle of it. She cooed and held her children tight. Nick at eighteen, and Alyson at twenty-two, had grown into perfect people.



When Alyson had her fill, she unlatched from her mother's breast and looked up at her. She had never seen her mother look so tranquil. Alyson moved her face slowly closer to Kate's. She could hear her brother still drinking as she softly touched lips with her mother. She backed up and raised her eyebrows in a questioning look. "Together?" She remembered all too well that her mother had once slapped her for an attempted kiss.

“Together.” Kate had never felt more open and vulnerable. Nor had she ever been so trusting. She closed her eyes and parted her lips.



Mother and daughter kissed deeply. Alyson could feel them both steadily winding up. First their tongues were unsure, but as they played, she could feel their confidence soar. Then, their hands found each other's bodies. Alyson ran her fingers through her mother's hair, and kneaded Kate's free breast. Kate had one hand still holding her son, but with the other she massaged the back of her daughter's neck. When Alyson's hand crept down her belly, Kate didn't stop her. When it found her vagina, she did nothing more than spread her legs wider and offer a muffled moan.

Nick pulled off his mother's breast. He had been so absorbed in her sweet warmth that he hadn't noticed the make out session. Not wanting to disturb them, he sat back on the bed and pulled off his sister's clothes. He tried to take the scene in as he stroked himself. The women's curves took his breath away, especially where the swell of a hip or breast collided with the same of the other woman. The urgency of their movements, and their soft muted groans drove him wild. He stared at his sister's slender arm as it worked furiously. He could see

that she had two fingers inside their mother. Based on their position, he could guess what Alyson was trying for. Sure enough, after a few minutes, their mother convulsed, Alyson removed her hand, and Kate screamed bloody murder, squirting all over the bed. Nick would never forget the first time Alyson found their mother's g-spot.

The orgasm took a long time to pass. Kate's eyes finally blinked the world back into focus. The sight of Nick masturbating while watching her nearly set her off again. “What should we do ... now?” She planted a quick kiss on Alyson's lips.

"I want to see you and Nicky together, Mom." Alyson sat back and undressed. She thought about saying that she wanted to witness conception but guessed her mother wasn't ready for that.

"Really?" Kate bit her lip as her son crawled on top of her. "Oh ... my ... oh ... my ..." She gave one quick glance at Alyson, and then all her attention went to Nick. "You can use my wetness for lubrication. My butt ... my butt ... Nicky?" She stared down between her legs, in awe of his wide head rubbing her splayed pussy lips. "Or ... I suppose ... it wouldn't really matter if ... eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii." She was quite sore from earlier, but her body didn't put up the same resistance. Before she knew it, her toes were curling in the air, and Nick was slamming into her.

"From now on ... we can ... uh ... uh ... uh ... do this ... whenever ... we like." Nick placed his hands behind her knees and doubled Kate over. "We won't have to hide from Dad ... or Alyson ... or ... anyone. You can be ... my cider frau ... whenever you like. How ... does that ... sound?"

"It sounds ... ooohhhhhhhh ... good ... Nickyyyyyyyyyyyy." Kate tried to use a German accent, but she was too far gone. She tossed her head back and forth and came on his giant penis. Her hands clawed at his back. Her legs trembled under his steel grip.

"Holy ... fuck ... balls." Alyson rubbed her clit. Nick was hitting their mom's pussy so hard that the shock of it lifted Alyson's butt off the mattress in rhythm with his strokes.

"Yeah ... holy ... fuck ... balls." He looked over at his sister with a wide grin. Sweat dripped down his forehead and glistened on his body.

"You have her ... Nicky ... you have us." Alyson listened to their mom's incoherent babbling. The woman was rolling from climax to climax.





“We have ... each other ... ugh ... ugh ... Alyson. All three ... of us.”

“Yes. God, yes!” Alyson leaned forward, intending to drink from her mom’s boob some more. But it was pressed under Kate’s thigh. So instead, she turned her mother’s twisted face toward her and kissed her on the lips. Kate was too far under the influence of Nick’s cock to return the kiss, but Alyson didn’t mind. It was enough to kiss her mother while she became one with them. *We’ll conceive on the same day.* A chill went down her spine. Her hand moved furiously between her legs.

When Nick announced that he was cumming, his mother and sister joined his grunts with their own frenzied screams. It felt to Nick like one shared orgasm. Afterward, they collapsed in a heap on the bed.

Much later, Alyson rode Nick in reverse with a slow, steady pace. Kate lay on her side in bed next to them, watching with wide

eyes.

“Isn’t she pretty ... Mom?” Nick slapped Alyson’s butt.

“She’s beautiful.” Kate reached out and caressed the curve of the cheek Nick had just struck. Tentatively, she gave it a little pat and watched tiny ripples spread from her hand.

“That feels ... ugh ... good ... Mom.” Alyson looked over her shoulder. “Harder?”

“Really?” Kate did enjoy it when Nick smacked her butt. He was firm, but never too rough. She supposed Alyson liked it the same way. “Okay.” She slapped her daughter’s butt a little harder. The smack sounded loud in the quiet room. “Like that?”



“Yeah ... that’s perfect.” Alyson’s hips sped up, like she was a spurred horse. Her mother slapped her ass again and again, and each time Alyson picked up the pace. Soon, she was riding Nick hard, undulating her hips and belly. “Gonna ... cum!”

Kate watched Alyson climax in awe. A few minutes later, when Nick shot his stuff inside her, she offered no protest. Whatever happened, they would figure it out together.

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Much later, the three lounged in bed together, their limbs and lives perfectly entwined. The room smelled heavily of sweat and sex. The Dobsons hung on the edge of sleep, but none of them wanted the day to end.

“I want in on your German game,” Alyson said lazily.

Nick chuckled. “That’s fine by me. I’m the apple thief, and Mom’s the cider frau. Her husband left her all alone on the farm.”

“Don’t forget. Since it’s apples, I’m at the orchard.” Kate smiled and ran her fingers along Nick’s flat stomach.

"Of course." Nick nodded like the distinction mattered.

"I suppose there could be a cider fraulein." Kate giggled. "Maybe she lives at the next orchard over, and she's worried that I'm all alone. She stops by to check on me."

"Oh, I like that." Alyson used her best German accent. Which, she had to admit, wasn't very good. "Is the cider fraulein willing, or will she run?"

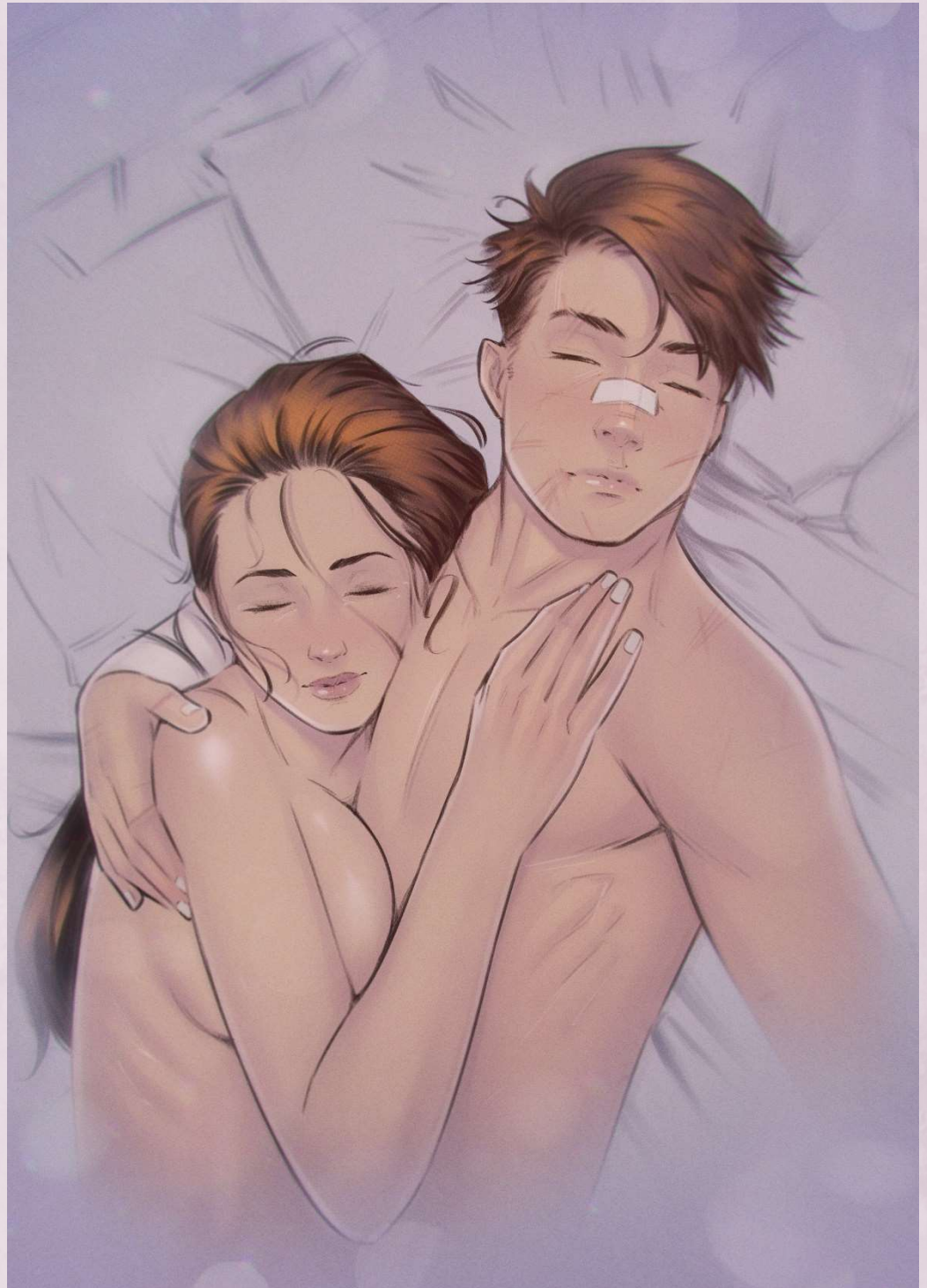
"We play the game different ways depending on our mood." Kate brushed along the contours of Alyson's breast with the hand not occupied by her son. "That's one of the things that I love about your generation. You're free to choose. No one jams a square peg into a circular hole."

"I mean, that sounds kinda dirty, Mom. If I had a square peg, I would try it." Nick laughed and the women joined in. When their giggles died away, there was a moment of silence.

"I think I'd like to run from the apple thief the first time." Alyson stared at her dark ceiling, imagining. "What did you choose, Mom?"

"I ran." There was mirth in Kate's voice. She yawned. "I think I'm going to close my eyes for a few minutes. Don't mind ... me." She yawned again.

Alyson spent a long time planning out all sorts of fun the three of them would have together. With complete trust, she could ask for whatever she wanted without fear of rejection. "What's your favorite fantasy, Nick?" She was greeted with nothing but the sounds of their even breathing. "Nick?" She sat up and looked. Her mother and brother were both asleep.



Carefully, Alyson untangled herself and rose from the bed. She shivered and threw on a shirt. Quietly, she left the room, padded down the hall, and retrieved her cracked phone. There were several texts and missed calls from Chris and her father. But that's not what she stared at.



It was the time of day that captivated her.

The loop of today's was over. It was one-seventeen in the morning. They had solved the puzzle. Alyson rubbed her belly. She was giddy, and thought about waking Nick to celebrate. She decided against it. He must have been exhausted. He needed his sleep.

Too amped to go to bed, Alyson sat in her stained armchair. She found the video of Nick taking their mother from behind earlier in the day. She watched it with the volume low, and moved her hand down to her clit. She would savor the moment. It wasn't every day that you solved a puzzle thrust upon you by an atavistic Sumerian God.