

CHAPTER 33



ENKI'S PUZZLE

# FICTION

## Rawly Rawls

### Enki's Puzzle 33

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Written by RawlyRawls

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"You sure you don't want me to go home with you?" Nick held his mother's hands, studying her closely. She was dressed in her outfit from the day before. Her hair was clipped back on the right side. She wore some of Alyson's makeup. Nick looked down at his own ensemble and grimaced. His sartorial options were limited since he refused to wear Chris's clothes. He was dressed ridiculously in his sister's shorts and shirt.

"Who knows what your father would do if he saw you?" The lines in Kate's face deepened into a frown. "I'm still your mother, and my first duty is to protect you."

"What about you, Mom?" Alyson tugged at her oversized sweatshirt. "Who will protect you?"

"I can handle your father. I've been doing it since before you two were born." Kate kissed her son gently on the lips. She dropped his hands. She pecked Alyson on the lips, and gave her daughter's butt a gentle pat. "I'll have all his stuff out of the house in two days. Then I'll change the locks. Then you can come home, Nicky, and life can go on normally."

"Normally?" Nick raised an eyebrow.

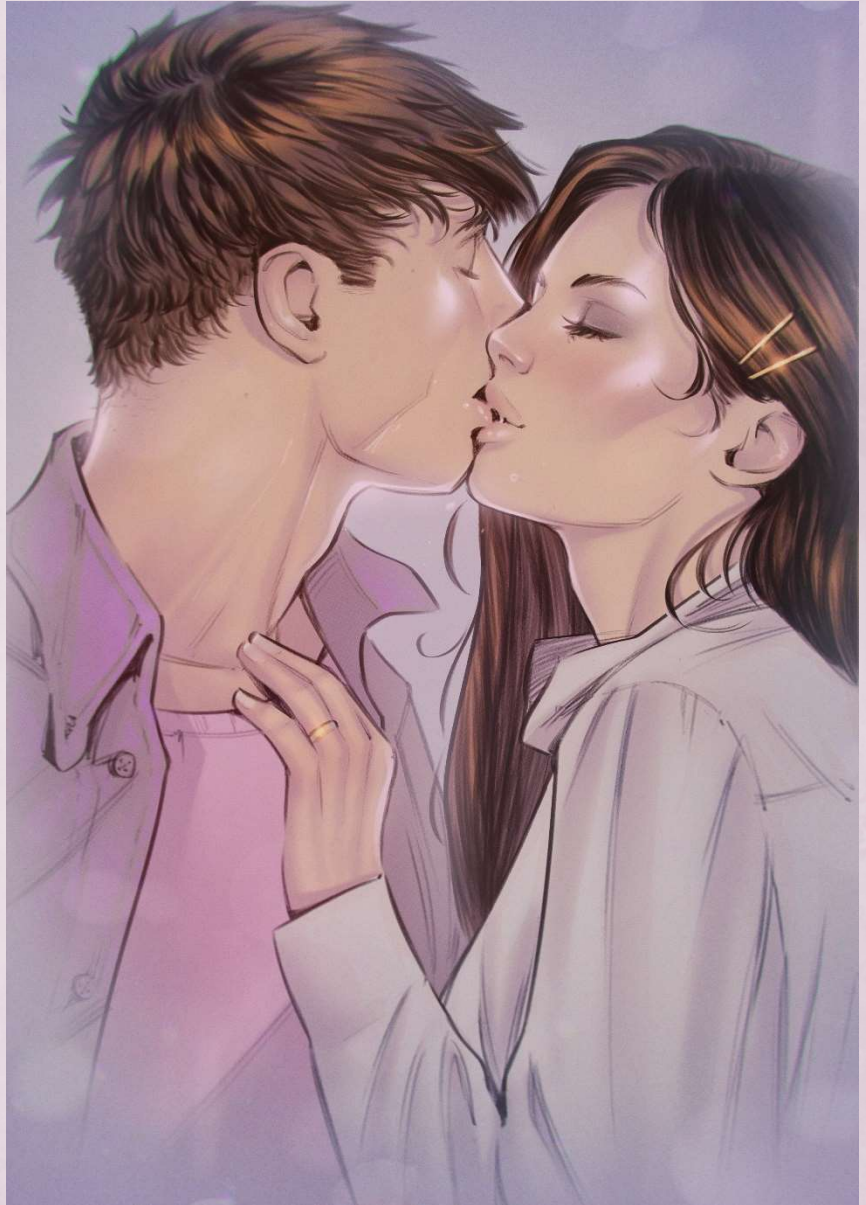
"Life can go on with us ... *together*." The frown lines on Kate's face disappeared. A faint, lopsided smile tugged at her lips. "It might not be normal, but it will be wonderful. And it's ours." They said their goodbyes. With a womb full of her son's sperm, Kate left to go kick her husband out of the house they had shared for two decades.

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Kate was true to her word. Fred was out of the house that day, all his stuff was gone within two, and the locks were changed before Nick came home. Fred was served divorce papers shortly thereafter.

Alyson still lived in her apartment and didn't drop the ball on her work at the university. But she spent a lot more time at home than she used to.

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"Guten Tag, Frau Dobson?" Alyson used a truly terrible German accent. It was so much fun. She wore the most over-the-top Oktoberfest outfit and moved up the stairs slowly. She could hear pounding from above. "It is me, the fraulein from the orchard next door. Hello?" She arrived at the top of the stairs and stopped. "I want to check on you since your husband has been away at the market for so long. Frau Dobson?"

"I hear someone ... visiting ... ugh ... ugh ... your orchard?" Nick had his mother bent against the wall. He took her ass from behind, her St. Pauli Girl dress bunched around her waist. "Is there another ... apple thief ... coming for your ... cider?"

"No ... uh ... uh ... uh ... that is the fraulein ... from down the lane." Kate still had the best accent of the three. "Don't let her ... see me ... so debauched."

"I care not ... ugh ... for your reputation ... among the apples." Nick smashed into her ass, staring at the impossible sight of his disappearing and reappearing oiled dick. How it fit in there, he'd never know. He'd tried with Alyson several times in recent weeks, but she wasn't able. As far as he knew, his mother

would be the only woman to ever take him up the ass.

"She's coming ... I can ... ugh ... ugh ... hear her. She's coming ... closer." Kate could hear Alyson approaching the door, calling out like a clueless busybody. It was perfect. "We still have time ... to hide this ... horrible act ... from her."

"Frau Dobson? Are you in trouble? What is that I hear?" Alyson stepped into the open door, put her hand to her mouth, and shrieked. She might have been overacting, but she didn't care. She was throwing herself into the role.

"We have ... no excess time." Nick pulled himself out of his mother and turned toward his sister, his long, thick cock on full display.

"Heiliger Strohsack!" Alyson stared at the monster cock. "How could you ... Frau Dobson?"

Still leaning against the wall, Kate did her best to look mortified. "He is an apple thief. He takes what he wants when my husband is away."

"No ... I mean ... how could you fit that ... in your butt?" Alyson made a point of staring at her gaping asshole. "He has defiled you."

"Oh ... I ... um ..." Kate's cheeks turned crimson for real.

"I take what I want." Nick walked toward his sister, his dick swaying before him.

"I am no thief." Alyson dropped to her knees. They had played this game several times already. She had run the first few times. Now she wanted to be a horny fraulein, ready to go. "But I will be happy to drink the cider of another." When his dick was within range, she took hold of it and pumped. She opened her mouth wide.

"Wait ... no ... it's been in my butt." Kate lost her accent, stood straight, and stared. Her dress dropped back down around her ankles. "You ... can't ..." But her daughter did.

"Mmmpppppphhhhhhhhhh." Alyson rolled his cockhead with her tongue. She looked over at her mother and winked. Then, she started the blowjob in earnest.

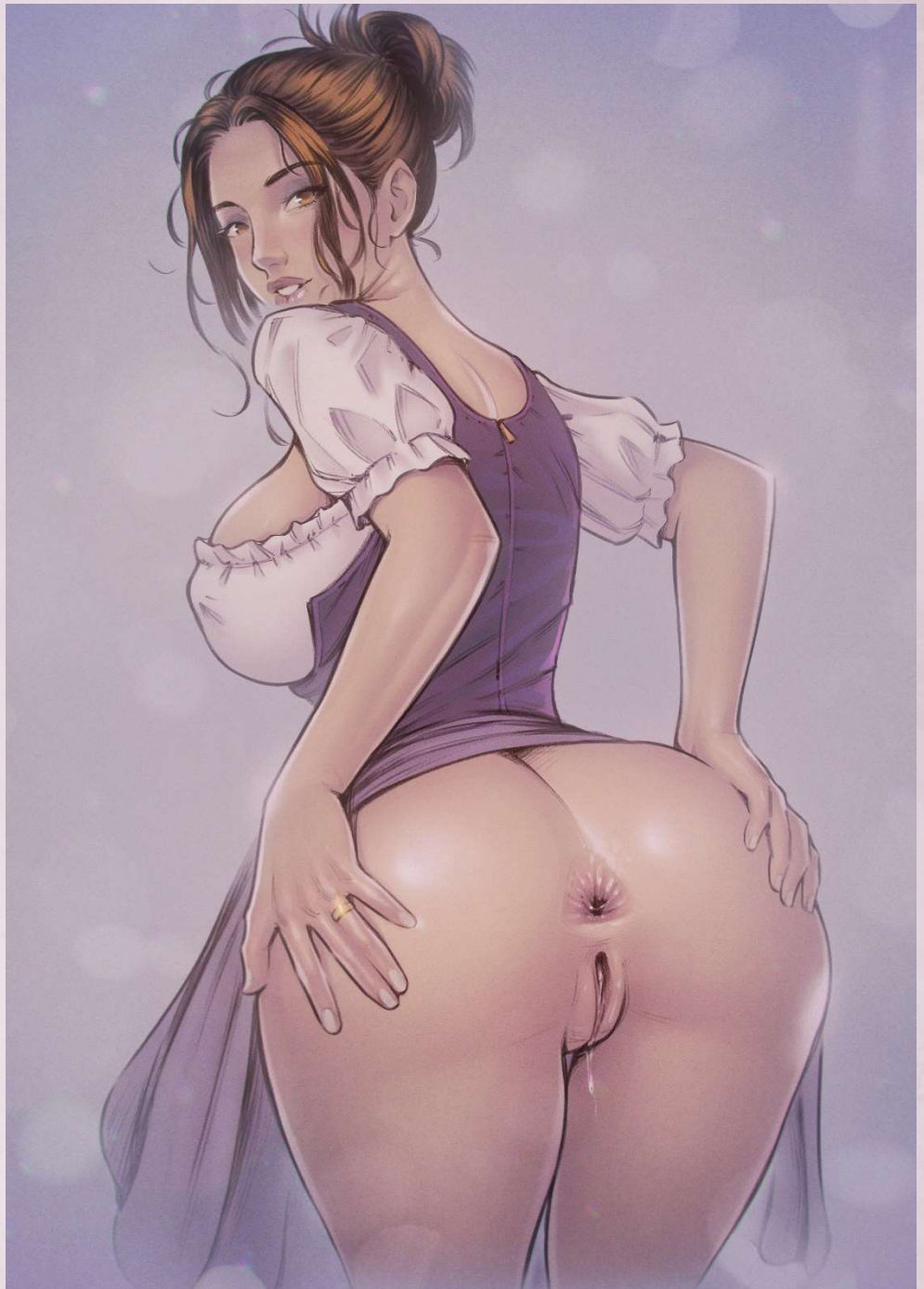
"Your father would have thrown a fit if I'd ever tried anything like that." Kate sat on the edge of the bed and absentmindedly straightened her costume. "He would have puked his guts out."

"I'm not Dad." Nick smiled over at her, cupping his sister's head with his hand.

"Thank God for that." Kate nodded.

"We can thank one of them, at least," Nick said.

"Your generation doesn't have any hang-ups." Kate smiled. "It's beautiful, really."





An hour later, costumes were on the bedroom floor. Kate lay on her stomach, breathing heavily. Her eighteen-year-old son reclined on his back next to her, his dick slowly returning to its slumbering state. Her twenty-two-year-old daughter was on her other side, her fingers crawling up Kate's thigh.

"I see the thief has stolen your once-tight hole as well as your apples." Alyson's German accent was thick and hokey. She spread her mother's ass and looked at the leaking cum trickling down toward Kate's pussy. She pushed two fingers into Kate's butt and listened to the cum squelch.

"Ohhhhhhhh ... Alyson ... what are you doing?" Kate's words were muffled by the mattress. She turned her head to the side. "You ... like that?"

"You are more beautiful than the most perfect Holstein apple, Frau Dobson." She bent low and kissed Kate's left butt cheek. She did it again, and again, enjoying the supple curve of it. She nibbled a little on her mother's flesh, while her fingers pumped in and out of the cum-filled asshole.

"Oh ... gosh ... oh ... gosh ... I love ... my new life." Kate trembled as her daughter worked her up to a fabulous orgasm.

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Nick applied to the U and got in. He was all set for his gap year. High school graduation approached. Kate and Alyson's bellies swelled. Enki had done exactly what he'd set out to do, but the god hadn't even shown up to take a victory lap.

One morning when the three Dobsons were in the kitchen getting ready for the day, Nick cleared his throat. "Prom is coming up." Nick looked over at his women sitting next to each other on the opposite side of the table. They both stopped chewing breakfast and stared at him with wide eyes. "And I was wondering ..." He cleared his throat again. "Would you be my date, Alyson?"

"Oh, thank goodness." Kate swallowed her food. "I thought you were going to ask me."

Alyson slowly finished chewing, wiped her mouth with her napkin, and cocked her head at him. "I don't think it's a good idea. I've already had my prom. You should enjoy spending time with your friends. Don't look at me like that. You're very charming. Why not ask a pretty girl at school? You don't have to marry her."

"There's no one I want to ask." Nick's face plainly showed the lie.

"What about Maggie Chalmers?" Kate said softly. She knew it was a delicate subject. He had never shared what ended their relationship.

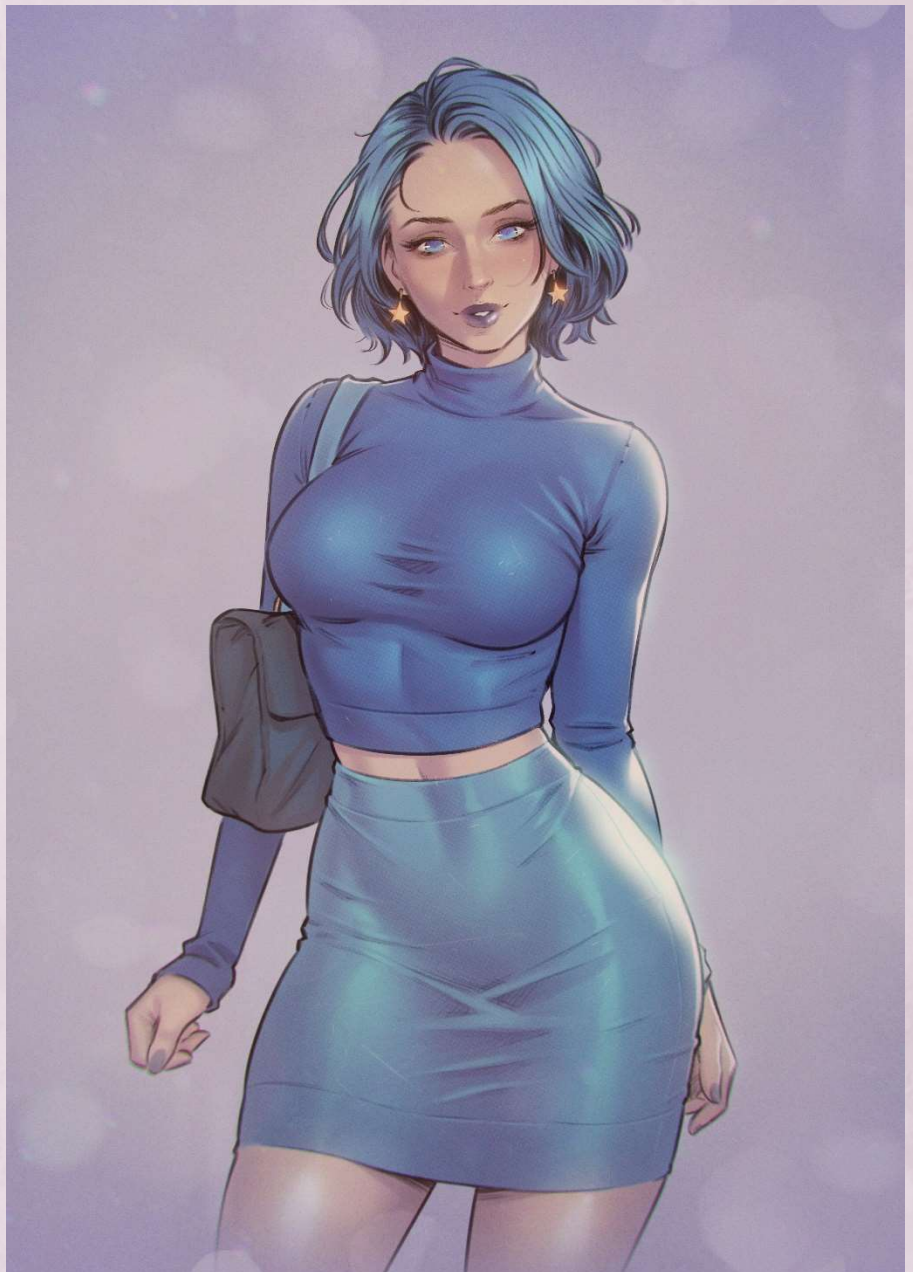
"It's complicated." Nick hadn't even tried to talk to Maggie since he'd been erased from her mind by Enki. He had hoped maybe the god would have a change of heart once the puzzle was complete, but whenever he saw her, she ignored him completely.

"You don't have to ask Maggie." Alyson gave him a reassuring smile. "But you can't ask your pregnant, single, older sister." She rubbed her belly. "I can't drink anyway."

"You're right." Nick nodded. He wasn't crestfallen, but he wasn't thrilled. This wasn't how he'd wanted the conversation to go. "I'll ask someone at school."

Nick asked Georgie, a blue-haired, sweet girl in his class. She turned out to be an excellent date. She was quick and funny. They even kissed during the post-prom party.

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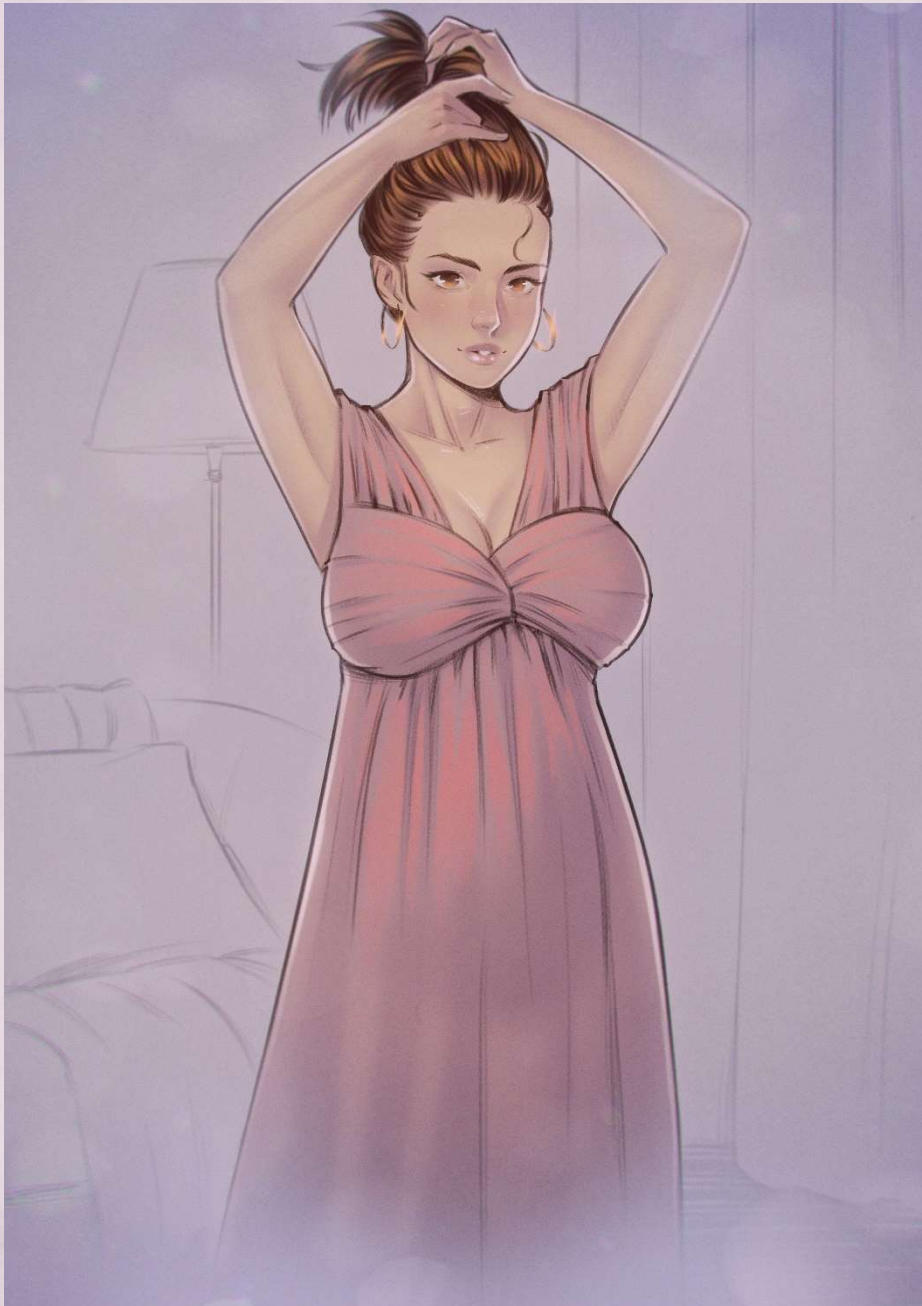
"We're going to be late. Are you ready, Nicky?" Kate called from her room. She straightened her loose-fitting dress in the mirror.

"Do you know how to tie a tie?" Nick yelled back.

"Your father would have been good for something after all," Kate whispered to herself. She rushed to his room but found that Alyson was already there.

"You only graduate once, Nicky. Let's make sure you look very dapper." Alyson wore her hair up and fit nicely into a recently-purchased maternity dress. She slowly knotted his tie into a half-Windsor, working hard to remember what Chris had shown her. The pink tip of her tongue showed between her lips as she concentrated.

"He does look handsome, doesn't he?" Kate folded her arms and smiled. "Oh, look. There's a chickadee on the windowsill." She listened to the bird's two-toned song. "I think I've seen that little guy before."





Something in the room suddenly changed. The world seemed to slow around her. Her gaze moved back to her children. It took a moment to register what had gone wrong. Right next to them, leaning haphazardly against the wall, was a giant man. No, he was only part man. The rest of the creature was ... a tree? He had leaves and twigs shooting out from all over his naked body, even from the giant penis that hung between his legs. Kate screamed and lunged for Nick and Alyson. She pulled them away from the monster, trying to cover them with her arms. She shepherded them toward the door, but it closed on them. She pulled on the knob, but it wouldn't turn. "Come on ... come on." She looked over her shoulder.

Laughter filled the room like old creaking branches on a blustery day. "I forget sometimes that my appearance can be frightening, but there is no need to cringe. Does my great age upset you?" Enki's craggy face twisted into a smile. "I would like to see how these hold up when you reach six thousand years old." He reached out and gently poked one of Kate's breasts to make plain his meaning.

"Don't touch her." Nick slapped the god's hand. It had the substance of something heavier and larger than it was. He wasn't able to budge it, but the god

withdrew his finger all the same.

"I would not have expected this greeting." Enki looked hurt. "Why are you not thankful for all I provided?"

Alyson swallowed the words *fuck off*. Like all gods, Enki seemed to have thin skin. She didn't want to make things worse. "Thank you, Enki," she said through clenched teeth.

"Oh, you are very welcome." His creaking laugh filled the room again.

"What ... what ...?" Kate finally found her voice. "What is ... this?" All the explanations her mind could conjure failed her.

"We tried to explain it to you before, but you never believed us." Nick put his arm around her protectively.

"We did try." Alyson did the same from Kate's other side.

"I don't know what's happening." Kate's teeth chattered. She was in shock.

"Explain it to her now. She will listen." Enki nodded sagely.

"We're late for my graduation." Nick wanted to end this as quickly as possible.

"Your graduation will wait for you." Enki waved his hand as though performing a magic trick. "Tell her."

Slowly, Nick and Alyson explained it all to their mother. The riddles. The answers. The endless todays. They even included their schemes to meet the puzzle's demands, although they rounded off the rougher edges. When they were done, they waited more than a minute for her to respond. Their muscles bunched with tension. Chirpee danced on the windowsill. Enki stared at Kate with a flinty smile.

"Really? That's ... that's ... crazy." Kate turned her head from one to the other. Everyone in the room was nodding. "I don't have the words." She glanced at the god. It may have been preposterous, but the deity was standing right before her. She pulled Alyson next to Nick so she could look at them both at once. "I believe you. But ... you shouldn't have lied to me."

"You're right. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have lied. Once I found out it was more than a kiss, I tried to tell you. I tried a bunch of times." Nick leaned into his sister for support.

"Well ... I suppose I could have tried listening to you." She looked over at Enki. "Why didn't you show up and back Nick up? I would have believed him if you were standing there ... like ... this ..." She waved a hand at his long, twisted body.

"This was better." Enki didn't elaborate.

"Better for you, maybe." Kate's face darkened. "Why did you do any of this? You tortured my children. You're sadistic. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" Kate furrowed her brow, frowned, and put her hands on her hips. "You should apologize."

Alyson leaned her lips to her mother's ear and whispered. "He's touchy, Mom. And he's a god ... I think ... we should just say thank you."

"He messed with my children, Alyson." Kate's face was red with anger. "You said the looping days were torture."

"They were ..." Nick's tension ratcheted higher. He was worried the god would horribly punish his mother. "They were *not* torture. I didn't mean it like that. The point is that Alyson and I are happy now. The three of us are together. Nothing else matters. I'm very grateful." Nick glanced at Enki out of the corner of his eye.

"You're a bully, just like Fred." Kate didn't take her eyes off of Enki. "You're going to leave my family alone. Forever."

Enki's slow, rasping laugh filled the room. "You are not the first mother to favor my gifts with rage. You won't be the last. My work here is done." He pointedly looked at Kate's belly and then at Alyson's.



“Wait.” Nick could tell he was about to disappear. “What about ... Maggie?” Before he could finish the sentence, the Sumerian god vanished. “Shit.”

“I am *livid*.” Kate bunched her fists.

“Maybe we should forget graduation.” Nick loosened his tie.

“Not on your life. It’s your special day.” Kate turned to her son and kissed him on the cheek. “Alyson, fix your brother’s tie. Nick, don’t argue with me. We’re going right now. I’ll process this all later.”

As Enki had said, they made it to Nick’s graduation in time. Kate put her feeling aside to focus on celebrating Nick. After the ceremony, when Nick was out with his friends, she let the anger wash back over her. She sat on the sofa, Alyson’s cheek resting on her boob while they watched a movie. Kate couldn’t follow the plot. Her mind ran a mile a minute. Men hadn’t changed for six thousand years. From Enki to Fred, they were controlling monsters who wouldn’t apologize. The tightness in her chest lessened as her thoughts turned to Nick. Men *had* changed. He apologized. He was kind, caring, and a good listener. There was hope for the future. She had her special man. And she had her amazing daughter. She squeezed Alyson. Things would be fine. She wouldn’t cry over spilled milk.

“I’m hungry, Mom.” Alyson looked up at her mother with adoring eyes.

“Yes, of course.” Kate lowered her dress and bra. She sighed as Alyson latched on to her nipple. Her anger faded more and more. She stroked Alyson’s silky hair. “I wonder how your brother’s night is going.”

“Mmmpppphhhhhhhh,” Alyson said into the swollen boob.

“Yeah, he’s probably having a great night.” Kate smiled and tried to concentrate on the movie.



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Maggie Chalmers was at the party with Nick. He tried to muster the strength to talk to her, but he couldn't do it. Maybe losing her was the price he had to pay for all the wonderful things that had happened to him. For every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. Well, maybe not equal but certainly opposite.

When Brayden dropped him off at home that night, Nick was in a funk. He entered the dark, quiet house and shut the front door softly. It was the end of high school. The end of his chances to fix things with Maggie. The end of living in his childhood home. He couldn't wait to move in with Alyson, but it would be very hard to leave his mother in that big, empty house. He looked around in the gloom, seeing the faint outlines of family portraits. Tears welled in his eyes. Everyone else was already asleep. Nick went to his mother's room, undressed, and climbed into bed.

"Nick? How was the party, sweetie?" Kate rolled over and placed her arms around her son. His skin was cold, so she rubbed her warmth against him.

"Things are ending, Mom." His cock hardened. He'd recently asked her to sleep in the nude, and she had accommodated him every night since. "It sucks. I don't like endings."

"I know how you feel." She paused while waiting for her brain to wake up. "Everything ends, Nicky. Even that awful god's loops couldn't go on forever. But we have new things to look forward to. Everything ends so that there is room for new things to grow." Kate took his hand and placed it on her round belly. "Aren't you still excited about this?"

"Yes ... it's just hard." Nick tried to hold back his tears.

"I know." Kate put her hand to his cheek and wiped away the wetness. "I have a surprise for you. I want you inside me while I tell you about it." She rolled onto her back and pulled him on top of her.

"Should I get the lube?"

"I want you in my pussy, Nicky. I'm already wet." She guided his penis in.



“Oooooohhhhhhhhh ... I’ll never get used to ... how big you feel ... when you first ... enter me. Oooooohhhhhhhhh.”

“What’s the ... surprise?” Nick pressed himself against his mother’s curves. His hips found a rhythm. Pleasure spread through his nerves, burning away his sorrow.

“I’m going to ... sell the house ... this summer.” She tilted her pelvis upward in time with his hips to meet each thrust.

“Oh ...” Nick frowned despite the coupling. This was another ending. He’d spent his whole life in that house. And he wouldn’t even be able to go back and visit.

“Don’t ... ugh ... look so glum ... sweetie.” Kate smiled and stroked his cheek. “Remember? Endings ... lead to ... new beginnings.”

His frown vanished. He could tell that the sale wasn’t the big news.

“You’ve already guessed, haven’t you?” Kate thought he looked so handsome smiling down at her in the moonlight. She didn’t wait for him to respond. “I’m going to buy a place in the city ... with ... uh ... uh ... enough room for all of us. You and Alyson ... can live with me.”

“Wow ... Mom ... that’s ... awesome.” He lifted her legs in the air so he could hammer her. “The three of us ... together. It’ll make ... baby care ... easier for Alyson ... too.”

“It’s ... uh ... uh ... perfect ... right?” Her smile lost some of its edge as her orgasm approached. Her expression twisted with ecstasy.

“You’re the best ... mom ... ever.” Nick humped his mother for a long time.

Much later, he lay in bed next to her, listening to her soft breathing. He imagined the future and loved what he saw.



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"Alyson, you're going to be late for class." Nick hollered across their new place.

"Sorry, I overslept." Alyson rushed into the kitchen and grabbed a bagel and cream cheese that Nick had made for her. "Where's Gail?" She looked around for her daughter's bassinet.

"Mom's feeding both babies right now. You're good." Nick gave her a thumbs up. "Are you seeing Chris today?"



"He's teaching the class, but I'm not going to see him." She scowled. "I plan to look right through him."

"That a girl." Nick gave her an encouraging smile. "And the puzzle?"

"In my pack." Alyson took a bite of bagel and tossed Nick her backpack.

Nick unzipped the pack and pulled out the metal cube. When they finished the puzzle, it had closed, hiding the black stone inside. Despite their best efforts, they hadn't been able to open it again. Four markings glowed faintly, just as they had the first time he'd seen it. He looked at it from a few different angles and dropped it back in the pack. "Let me know if you have any big breakthroughs." One of the babies cried in the nursery. "I should probably see if Mom needs help."

"Should I ...?" Alyson looked pained to leave her daughter crying.

"We got this." Nick gave her another thumbs up. "You're going to be late. Have a great day."

"You too." Alyson picked up her pack, kissed her brother on the lips, and hustled off to school.

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"What do you mean, it's gone?" Nick stared at his sister.

"Someone swiped my backpack. The puzzle was inside." Alyson held her hands up in defeat. "It's gone."

"Your research?"

"I still have that, but it's mostly trash, hard to do anything serious without turning the puzzle on." She sat down on the sofa next to her brother and put her head on his shoulder. "Maybe it's for the best. It was a dead end. Now I can pivot away from Enki back to my original focus. My advisors will be relieved."

"Yeah, it's probably for the best." Nick sighed. He wondered where the puzzle was now.

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"Can you watch the little ones, Alyson?" Kate poked her head into her daughter's room. "They're playing in the living room."

"Yeah, sure." Alyson put down her book and got up.

Kate thanked Alyson and went to find Nick. He was in the bathroom, fixing his hair. She stepped in with him and closed the door. "You look very handsome for your first day of college."

"Am I behind everyone? Taking a year off seems wild now. I'll be old." He tried to laugh off his anxiety.

"You're nineteen. That is *not* old." Kate turned him around and dropped his pants and underwear. "I'm old. You know what they say about old dogs and new tricks." She dropped to her knees and stroked the rising cock before her. It was so cute how it curved just to the left.

"What do they say? You can't teach an ..." Nick watched his mother slowly swallow his semi-hard dick. When her nose hit his pubic hair, he leaned back against the sink and smiled. "Oh ... *that's* what they say."

Kate deep-throated her son for about ten minutes. She then stood, turned around, and lifted her dress. "Go ahead ... sweetie. It'll take the edge off ... your first day."

Fully hard now, Nick lined himself up and slid his cock into her sloppy pussy. He took hold of her hips and slammed into her. "Can I ... cum inside ... today?"

"Not today ... ugh ... Nicky. I'm not ... safe." Waves of ecstasy washed over her. They had talked about her going on the pill, but she kept putting it off.

"Okay ... Mom." Nick watched her ass bounce. Ten minutes later, he was ready. "Gonna ... cum."

Her son's massive erection and his skill with it turned Kate's mind to mush. She wasn't thinking clearly when she screamed out, "Do it ... ugh ... inside." She pressed her fingertips into the wall, practically taking out divots. "Put another ... baby ... in *meeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!*" It was probably not how most mothers sent their sons off to their first day of college, but it worked for the Dobsons.

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College agreed with Nick. It turned out that it didn't matter much that he'd skipped a year. He met people and enjoyed learning again. Some days he had lunch with Alyson in her office. Some days they did more than eat lunch together. He did see Chris from time to time. Both men pretended not to see one another. But Nick always had a little smirk on his face as he walked by that asshole.

It wasn't until a couple weeks into the semester that he spotted Maggie. He hadn't realized that she was attending the U. But there she was, a sophomore, walking up ahead with a group of friends. Nick's heart leapt into his throat. He had thought she was gone forever, but here she was. Without thinking, he followed her. After a few minutes, he remembered the time her mom had threatened to call the cops, and he turned right around.

A few days later, he saw her again sitting under a tree, messing with her phone. *What the hell. She'll haunt me forever if I don't at least try.* He walked over and sat about six feet away from her. He pulled out his phone and texted his mother. Kate texted back support and lots of random emojis for good luck. Nick took a deep breath. "Hey, Maggie. I'm Nick. We went to high school together."

"What?" Maggie looked up with a distant smile on her face. "Oh ... hey ... Nick. Good to see you."

"You don't remember me, do you?"

"Sorry." She scrunched up her face and shook her head.

"It's fine." Nick made small talk with her about their mutual friends and their teachers. After a while, there was a lull in the conversation.

"So, I should probably get going." Maggie stood and tucked her phone into her bra. "Nice meeting you ... again. I'll see you around."

"Wait, Maggie. Do you like riddles?" Nick didn't want their brief contact to end.

"Sure." She looked back at him and shrugged.

*"Fruit of the poisonous tree grows rotten. The virtuous tree bears ambrosia. Cut back weeds and sow a harvest worthy of Enki."* Nick watched her face closely.

Maggie pressed her lips together in thought. "I've heard that somewhere before, but I can't remember where." She walked over and sat on the grass near Nick. "What's it mean?"

"Do you have a little while? I can tell you the story. I promise you won't be bored." Nick cocked his head. "I know you hate how boring life can be. Or you did ... in high school."

"That sounds like me." Maggie chuckled. "But I honestly don't remember telling you that."

"It's cool." Nick nodded. He read the room. Or, perhaps, he read the lawn area. She was interested. All he had to do was tell the most interesting story of all time. Lucky for him, he had just the tale. "It all started when I messed with this ancient Sumerian puzzle that my sister was studying. The thing was a metal cube. I tried to solve it like a Rubik's cube, and it lit up with glowing, red light. Heat surged out of it."

"No shit." Maggie's eyes were wide. "Go on."

Nick continued. On a pleasant afternoon, sitting in the sun, he told her the story of Enki's Puzzle.

THE END

