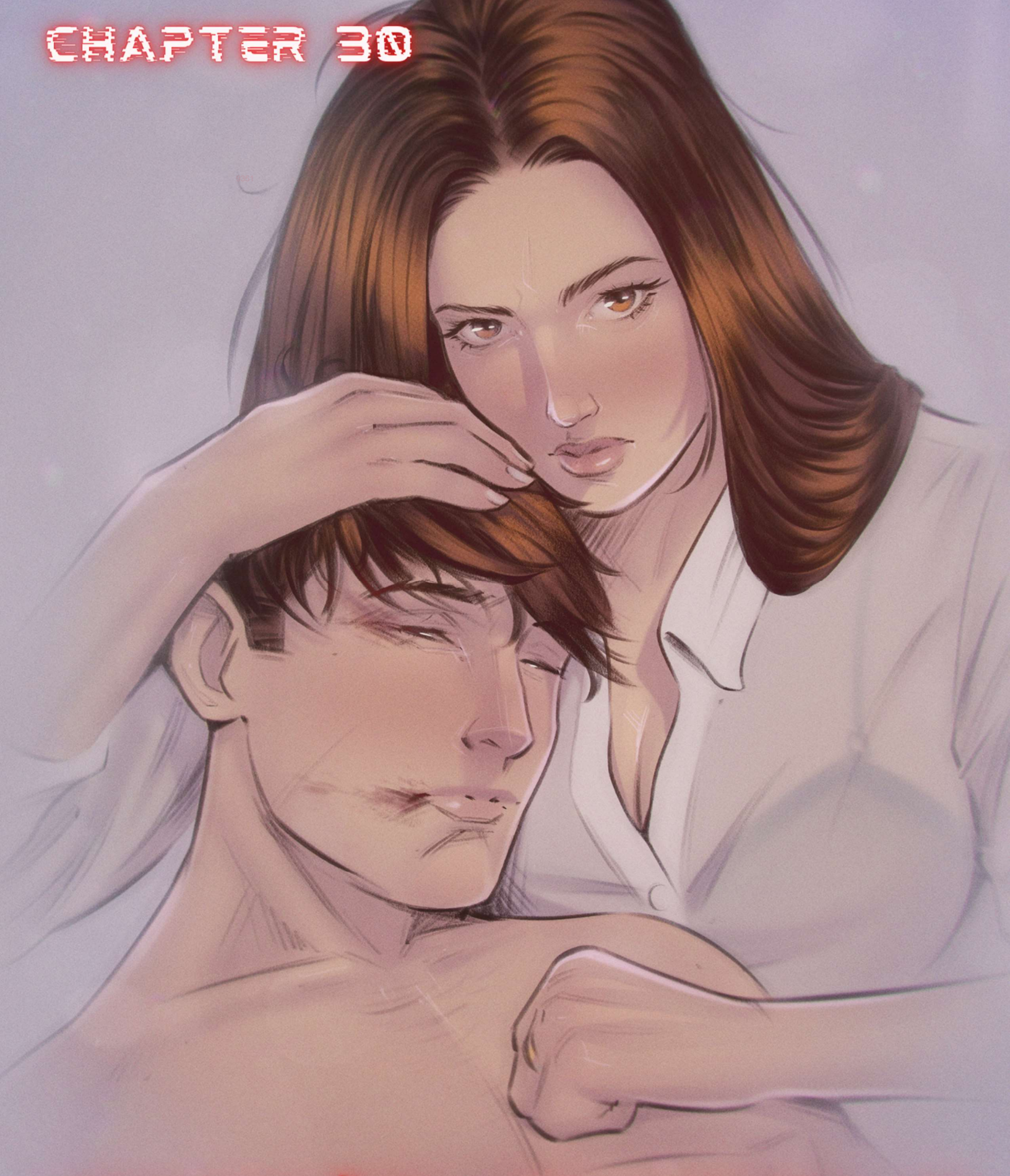


CHAPTER 30



ENKI'S PUZZLE

# FICTION

9351

## Rawly Rawls

### Enki's Puzzle 30

Illustrations by TenderMinDD

Written by RawlyRawls

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With sixteen days left, Nick broke his ankle on purpose. While his sister was drinking his mother's milk, he jumped from the tree again. The day progressed very much like the today before. In a fierce outpouring of motherly protection and sympathy, Kate gave him her pussy. But like the day before, he failed to close Enki's deal. He was again left screaming into a pillow after his mother fled his bedroom.

The today after that was almost a perfect copy. The today after that, he jumped but didn't break his ankle. He didn't manage any vaginal sex. He broke his ankle the today after that, but again came up short. Nick was in a rut as pressure mounted. The days dwindled and he didn't know what to do.

With a purple, swollen ankle, Nick rested in his sister's arms in her apartment. There were only eight days left. On that particular today, his mother had hopped off and finished him with her mouth before he got close to seeding her. Failure hurt, but at least Kate wasn't furious with him at the moment.

"It's hopeless. Mom is going to forget us." Nick's voice broke the stillness in the room. He stared at flickering candlelight.



"Would it cheer you up to hear me tell Chris to shove it?" Alyson held him a little tighter, running her fingers through his hair. They were both naked. Cum dripped onto the sofa from her pussy. She didn't care. This wasn't the last today.

"Nah, you don't need to." Nick shook his head slowly.

"You really are upset. I was sure you'd want to hear that." Alyson sighed. "It's for the best anyway. I already did it. I called him after Mom and I did our thing this afternoon. I told him the wedding was off, and that he didn't treat me right."

"You did?" Nick twisted in her arms to look into her eyes. "Have you ... been calling him every today?"

Alyson nodded slowly, biting her bottom lip. "I have."

"But what happens if we get through? I mean I almost ... you know ... with Mom. It almost happened."

"Exactly. What happens?" She placed her index finger on his forehead and tapped slowly. "Think about it, dummy."

“So ... you want to end it with Chris? This is for real?” The news did cheer Nick. His sister wanted his baby, and there would be no more fiancé to deal with. The more he thought about it, the better Nick felt.

“I’m done with him. It feels so good to tell him every day that he’s an asshole.” Alyson loosened her grip on her brother as he squirmed to face her, his heavy dick slapping against her tummy.

“Why the change?” He kissed her bare breast, working his way down to her nipple.

“I had an epiphany when we called him ... that other today. Ooohhhhhhhhhh ... you’re hungry again.” She cradled his head, feeling the weight of his cock against her thigh. She moved her hips a little, trying to angle it toward her pussy.

“Mmmpppppphhhhhhh.” Nick drank from his sister and lined his dick up. Her pussy was warm and tight, just like their mother’s. The two women were so alike in many ways. He hunched his hips forward and slid more of his cock into her.

“Chris would have ... come between us ... and I can now ... ugh ... see ... ugh ... ugh ... that I had a blind spot ... ugggghhhhhhhh ... toward him. He didn’t ... treat me right.” She placed her hands on Nick’s back and spread her legs as his rhythm picked up.

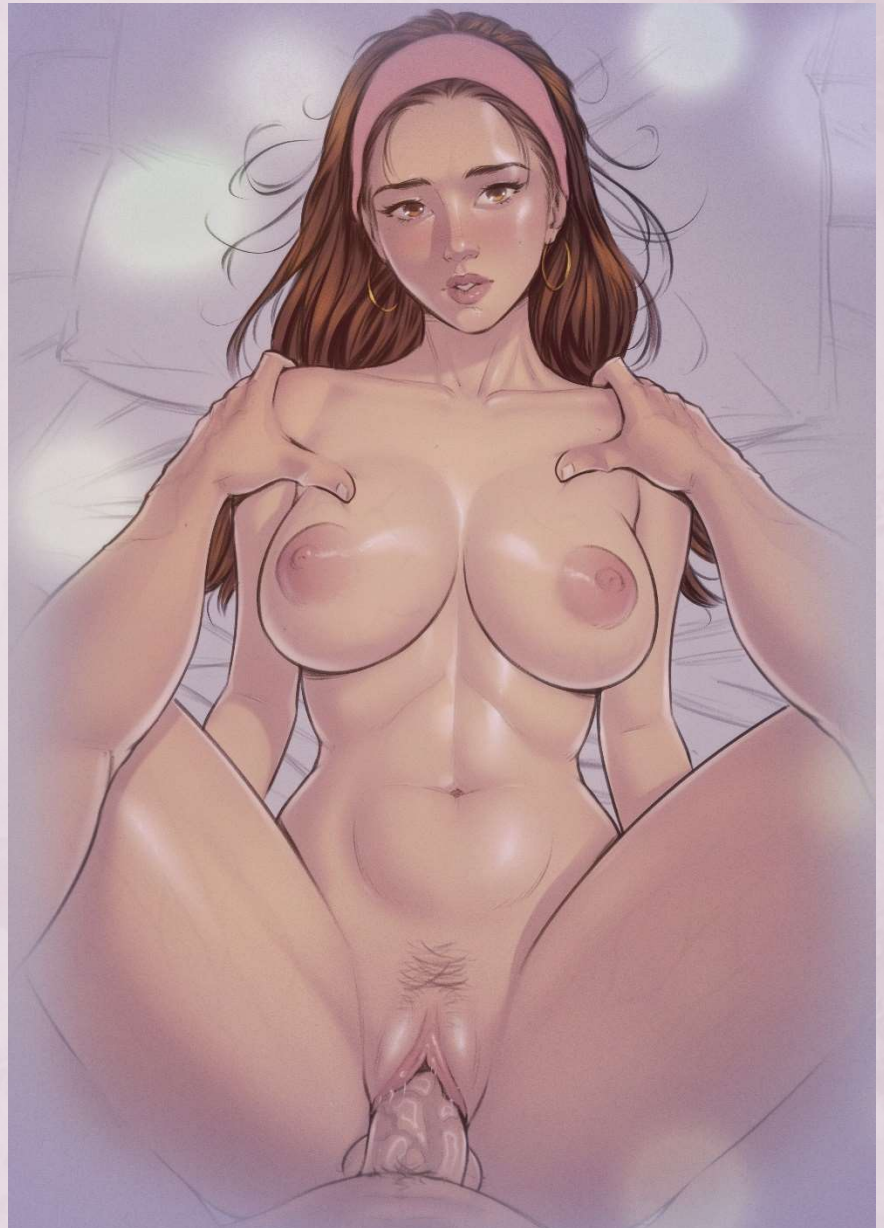
Nick released her nipple and placed his hands on her shoulders, pinning her to the sofa. “Maybe ... I’ll take a ... gap year ... and live here. Would you like ... that?”

“Maybe ...” Alyson’s eyelids fluttered. “Maybe ... you can apply ... to the U ... and we can live together ... while you work on your ... undergrad, and I ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... work on my doc.”

“Maybe we can convince ... Mom to live with us.” Nick laughed. “I’ll devote myself ... to you and the babies ... in my gap year. You won’t have to ... take too much time ... off from school.”

Alyson felt too good to return his laugh. She let the pleasure surge through her. “You’re going to be ... the best dad ... ever.” She thrust her hips and trembled out an orgasm.

Words left them and they rutted on the sofa with only the sounds of their grunts, moans, and the slapping of skin. When Nick came to his shuddering climax, Alyson held him tightly to her breast, gritting her teeth and soaring in her own pleasure. They panted in each other’s arms for a while.



"Should we go to bed?" Alyson ran her fingers down his back, feeling small, hard muscles flex as he shifted his position a little.

"I just want to stay inside you until the day resets." Nick nuzzled her neck.

"How are we going to solve the puzzle? Only nine days left." She tried not to think about failure.

"Only eight left." Nick sighed. "I don't know. We'll try the same thing, I guess. Maybe one little detail is missing." Nick went over the day in his head. "Mom wakes me up. We have lots of morning sex. That butters her up for the afternoon. I leave. You show up and ... do what you do with her. Dad gets home. You take Dad out for lunch and a movie. I show up with a broken ankle. More sex with Mom. And then ... what?"

"Maybe you need me to be there when you and Mom do it?" Alyson felt silly even suggesting it.

"That would be amazing. But it would never fly." Nick was tired, his ankle throbbed, but he didn't want to move from atop his sister. "Maybe I stay after morning sex and we both drink at the same time from her?"

"That wouldn't work. Mom and I talk about Chris and Dad during that time. She always brings it up, so I think it's important. It wouldn't happen with you there. But we could try that again after the todays are over."

Nick murmured his assent. That sounded wonderful. "So, what do we do differently?"

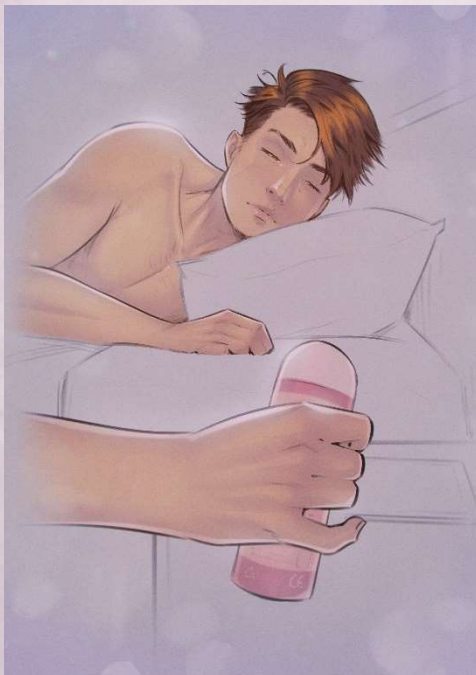
"You could compliment her more."

"I do that a lot already. Any more and she'd think I was angling to get something from her." Nick's cheeks warmed with shame. "Which I am."

"Make her squirt first?" Alyson shuddered, trying to picture her mother's ecstasy while her pussy erupted in a geyser.

"Done that. I've read the room. I've gotten really good at it. I honestly don't know what else I can do."

"You'll think of something. We'll think of something." She clenched her pussy around his cock in an oddly reassuring gesture and purred when she felt him flex his dick in return. She did it again, and they carried on that back-and-forth for several repetitions.



"I don't know. I just wish we had more time." Nick held Alyson tighter, knowing they were about to be separated by the reset. His internal clock could sense its approach. "Maybe we should try and explain it to her. We know what she's going to do. Remember how I first explained it to you? Well, you don't remember that because that day reset, but you remember one of the times I explained it to you. We could -"

The world turned to blackness. Nick slowly opened his eyes. He was in bed and his mother was doing the same thing she did to start every today, getting ready for anal sex.

"Time to wake up, Nicky." Kate put a bottle of lube next to his phone on the nightstand. She couldn't help noticing that he had unread messages from his sister. She reminded herself that she trusted them and ignored the phone. She sat on the edge of the bed, pulled down his covers, and kissed his exposed cheek. Like most teenagers, he was sleeping in the most awkward position, his face half-buried in the pillow.

"You're about to say 'I wish I could still sleep like that.'" Nick sat up in bed.

"Well, good morning, sunshine." She smiled at him. "How did you know what I was about to say? You're right, by the way."

"If I hadn't interrupted you, you would have told me that 'These days, if I don't use my knee-pillow and sleep on my side, I'm not able to walk the next day.'"

Kate laughed. "That does sound like me. Anyway, your father is playing golf right now. So, if we're going to be smart about all this, we should use our time wisely."

"... going to be smart about all this, we should use our time wisely," Nick finished in sync with his mother.

"What's going on, Nicky?" Kate frowned. "Is this some sort of prank?"

Nick tried valiantly to explain Enki, the puzzle, and his repeating days. He watched as her expression hardened little by little.

When he finished, she picked the lube up off his nightstand. "I don't like this joke, Nick. I had something special planned for this morning, but maybe I'll take a raincheck. Think about how others feel before making fun of them." She quickly headed for the door.

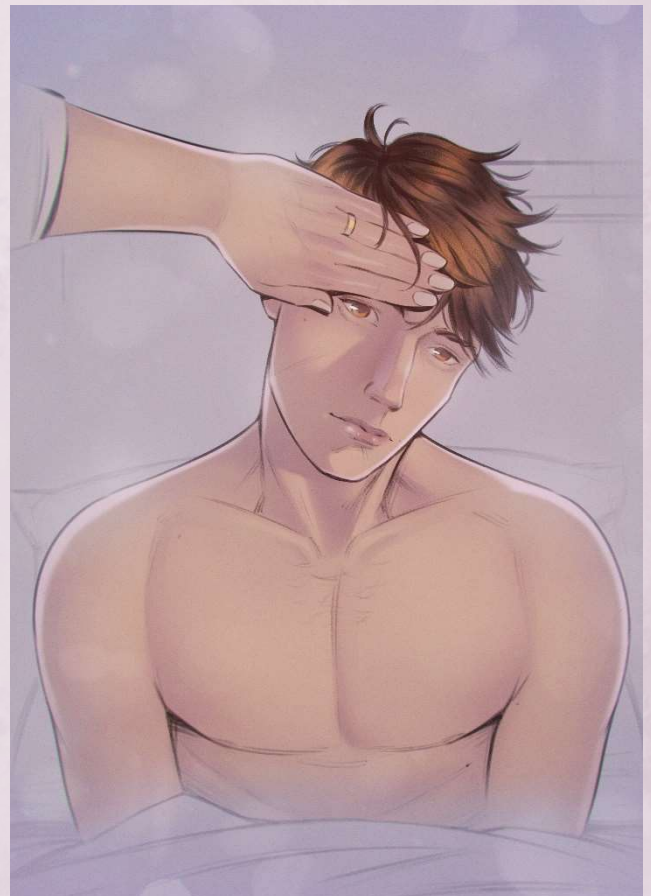
"I'm not joking. Wait ... Mom." Nick slumped back to his pillow when the door slammed. He looked over at the window. Written in condensation, quickly fading, was the number seven. "And now today is fucking ruined." He got up, brushed his teeth, and tried to talk to his mother, but she wasn't interested. The look in his mother's eyes told him that this today was toast. He would have six more days to figure it out. He left the house and headed to his sister's apartment.

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"Time to wake up, Nicky." Kate put a bottle of lube next to his phone on the nightstand. She couldn't help noticing that he had unread messages from his sister. She reminded herself that she trusted them and ignored the phone. She sat on the edge of the bed, pulled down his covers, and kissed his exposed cheek. Like most teenagers, he was sleeping in the most awkward position, his face half-buried in the pillow. "I wish I could still sleep like that."

"I don't feel well, Mom." Nick slowly uncoiled and sat up. He blinked at her beauty.

"Oh, no." Kate sat on the edge of his bed and put her hand to his forehead. "You don't feel hot. Your father is playing golf right now. I came in here thinking that if we're going to be smart about all this, we should use our time wisely." She nodded at the bottle of lube. "But if you're not well, maybe we can do something more lowkey. We can always have some of our special hangout time another day." She kissed his cheek.

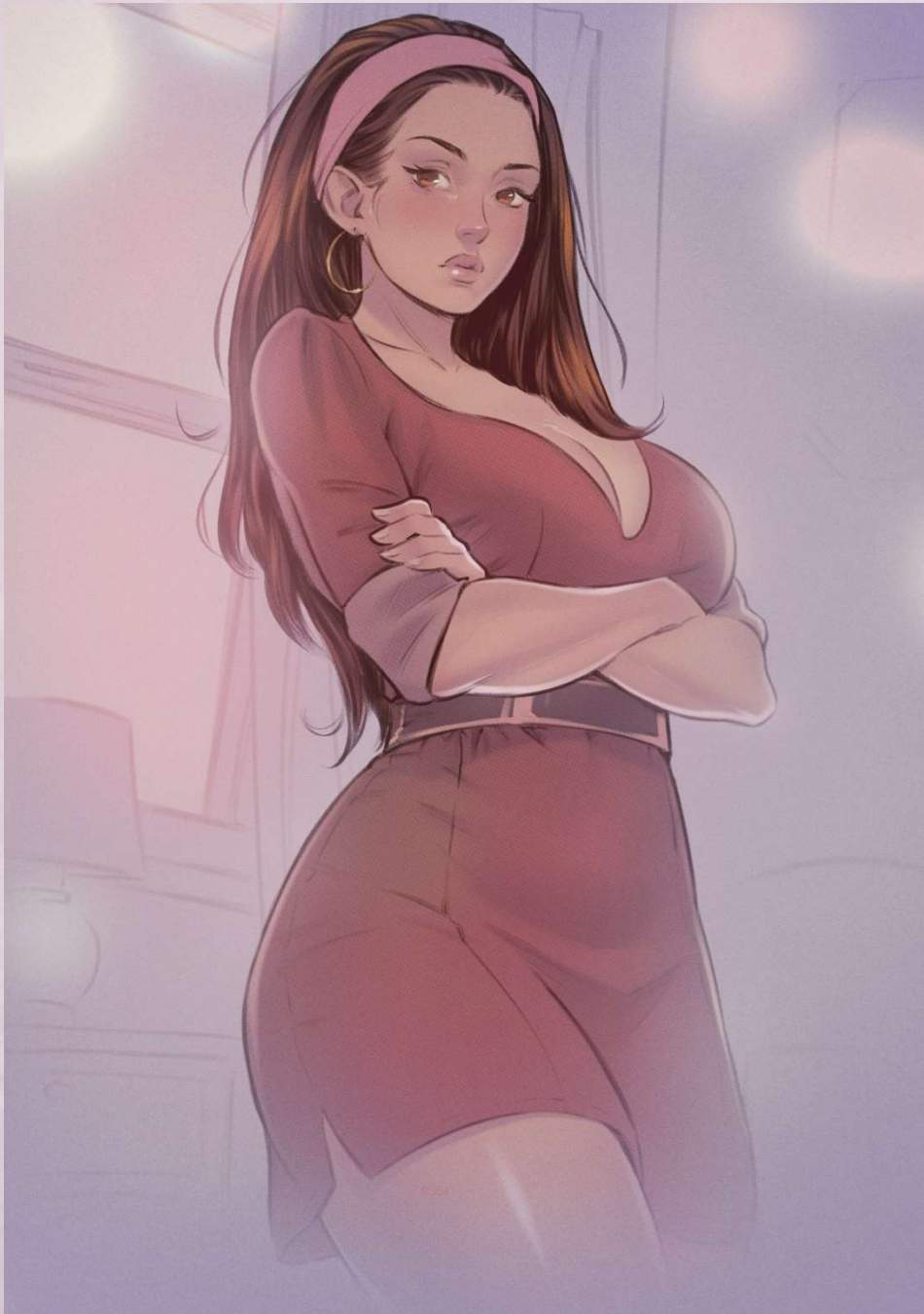


"Sure. If you don't forget." Bitterness entered Nick's voice.

"Oh, I wouldn't forget something like that." The familiar vertical line in her forehead formed, and her eyes were full of worry. "You sound like you need some rest. I'll make you something nice for breakfast. When you're feeling up to it, come on down." Kate kissed him again, retrieved her lube, and left the room.

Nick didn't bother looking at the number six fading on the window. He turned over, buried his head in his pillow, and did the unthinkable. He went back to sleep.

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"What the fuck are you doing?" Alyson shook her brother awake.

"What?" Nick rolled onto his back and blinked at his sister's beauty.

"I said ..." She gave him a very deep frown and folded her arms over her chest. "What ... the fuck ... are you doing? You can't be sleeping. Not now. We only have six days left."

His sister's expression sobered Nick some. He sat up. "I don't know what to do." He shrugged.

"Well, I'm supposed to be having my alone time with Mom right now, and you're supposed to be breaking your ankle and what not. So ..." Alyson tapped her foot.

"So?" Nick yawned and stretched.

"So, get dressed. It's your big day. Go break a leg." Alyson's anger passed when she saw the hopelessness spread on his face. "Sorry, Nicky. If you need a day off, you can take one. It's okay. We have more time." She sat on the edge of his bed and stroked his hair.

"I took the day off the previous today, too. Remember?" Nick blinked away tears. "We're not going to get it done. She's going to forget us. We're going to forget each other. I'd kill myself, but what's the point? I'd just end up restarting on the next today."

"Shh. Don't talk like that."

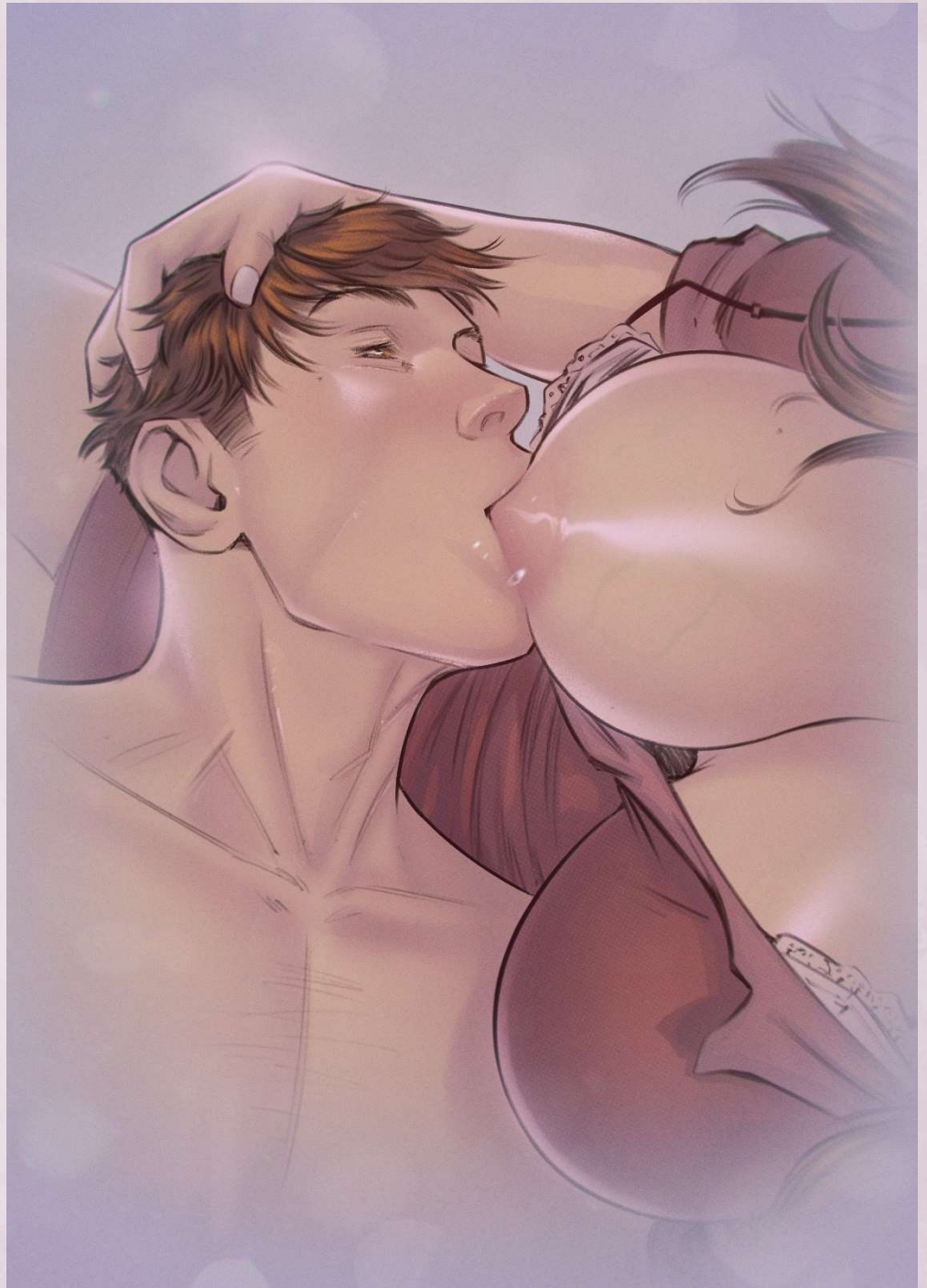
Without thinking, Alyson took her left boob out of her dress and bra and pushed her nipple into her brother's mouth.

"There you go. Drink up. You'll feel better in a minute." She spoke in a low soothing voice, continuing to stroke his hair. "We'll figure it out, Nicky. I promise. And we'll live together after you graduate, just like we planned. Mom will visit all the time. Think about how great that will be, okay? We'll figure it out."

"Mmmmmppppphhhhhh." Nick didn't want to open himself up to hope, but the warmth of her milk spread serenity from his belly outward. The tension in his shoulders eased. He reached up with his hand and gently massaged her tit, coaxing the flow.

"There now," Alyson cooed. "Are you feeling better? I was hoping -" The door opened and Alyson turned her head expecting the disaster of their mother discovering her tit between Nick's lips. Her eyes opened in horror when she saw it was an even worse catastrophe. Her father stood there, his face red with rage. Time had gotten away from them. He was home already.

"What ... the fuck ... is happening here?" Fred bellowed. He stormed into the room, grabbed Alyson's hair with his left hand, and pulled her to the floor. He reached for Nick with his right hand.





“Dad ... Dad ... I can explain.” Nick hopped out of bed before his father could grab him. He was only in his boxers, and his soft dick bounced around as he dodged Fred. Now fully awake, adrenaline surging, Nick wrenched his father’s grip from Alyson’s hair. She quickly scampered behind her brother, her boob still free and bouncing wildly.

“I knew ... there was something wrong ... with you.” Fred hunched his shoulders like a Neanderthal and lumbered toward his son. “I always knew ... you two ... were sick.”

“Stop ... Dad.” Nick backed up in a circle around the room, keeping his sister behind him. She stood and grabbed his bare shoulder. Whether she was using him as a shield or trying to hold him back from rushing their dad, Nick didn’t know. He thought about the last time this had played out. He had broken his hand and their mother had cradled their father’s unconscious body. “I’m not going to hit you, Dad. Just leave, okay?”

“Fucking pervert.” Fred swung a meaty fist at his son.

Nick ducked. “Run, Alyson. Get out of here.” But his sister’s hand didn’t leave his shoulder. They continued to back in a circle around the room, Fred prowling after them.

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Kate's blood froze when she heard her husband scream and curse. She ran toward the commotion, taking two stairs at a time. When she arrived at Nick's room, she let out a pure, animal scream of her own. Her husband had pinned her son to the floor and was pummeling him with his fists. Her daughter was unsuccessfully trying to pull Fred off. Animal instinct kicked in, and Kate rushed her husband, tackling him and rolling on the floor. "Stop ... Fred ... stop."

"Get off me ... bitch." Fred slapped his wife in the face. Her shriek of pain lessened some of his rage. He let go of his wife and sat back on his knees.

Kate scrambled to her son. "What have you done?" She glanced back at her husband with seething hatred, and then cradled Nick's head. Her son had several cuts on his face and deep, red bruises were already forming.

"Mom?" Nick blinked up at his mother. The room spun around him. "I didn't hit him ... this time. But I couldn't let him ... hurt Alyson."

"Shh. It's okay." Kate stood and slowly helped Nick to his feet. "Help me move him, Alyson."

"I'm sorry, Katie." Fred made no move to help. "But you didn't see what they were doing. They were asking for it."

"Shut up, Fred." Kate hissed. She draped Nick's arm over her shoulders and helped him toward the door.

"What are we doing, Mom?" Alyson supported Nick's free arm.

"Don't come back here, whore." Fred pointed a finger at his daughter.

Alyson wanted to say something brave, but instead she burst into tears. This was about the time on the other todays when she'd be having a pleasant but boring lunch with her father. She reminded herself that it would all disappear at the reset. They would have five more chances to do better. This today was certainly rock bottom.

"I said, shut up, Fred." Kate's voice quavered with fury. She looked at her daughter. "We're taking Nicky to the hospital."

"No ... no ..." Nick struggled in his mom's grasp. "Not the hospital. We can't waste today."

"It's already wasted." Alyson, still crying, glanced back at her father as they left the room and shepherded Nick downstairs. "Let's just get you someplace safe."



"Not the hospital," Nick muttered.

"I think he'll be okay, Mom. Let's take him to my place." Alyson wiped away her tears as they got him into the minivan. "He doesn't want to go to the hospital." She didn't add that it didn't matter, since the day was doomed. Nick wanted to be with them, and there was no downside to that.

"Look at me. Look at me, Nick." Kate draped his mostly naked body with a blanket she kept in the van and settled him in the passenger seat. "How many fingers am I holding up?" She held up eight fingers.

"*Acht, meine Frau.*" Nick smiled. His teeth were pink with blood. "A little bit of cider, and I'll feel much better."

"Okay." Kate smiled with relief. He was already improving. "We'll get you cleaned up at your sister's place. Buckle up, mister." She closed the door, told Alyson to get her own car, and grabbed her purse. She was quite happy that she didn't catch sight of Fred as they went about their escape. She didn't think she could handle even looking at her husband.

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"I'm okay, Mom." Nick watched his mother closely as she drove. Her face was creased with worry.

"That may be, but I'm not." Kate gave him a quick glance and stared back at the road. "I don't know what's gotten into your father."

"He's always been like this." Nick waited for her to respond, but they drove on in silence. "Anyway, I'm okay."

"Does it hurt to breathe? Do you have a headache?" She wracked her brain for symptoms of internal trauma. "Anything feel broken?"

"Naw ... just beat up." Nick shrugged.

Kate's lips pressed into a thin line. Other than getting Nick cleaned up, she had no idea what she was going to do about any of it.

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"Step into the shower. I'll clean you." Kate pulled down Nick's boxers gently, so as not to disturb any bruises he might have on his legs.

Alyson stood leaning her back on the wall, watching her mother and brother closely. Her bathroom was already steamy.

"I'm fine. I'm eighteen and perfectly capable of cleaning myself." Nick ached all over. When he stepped under the water he winced, becoming acutely aware of all the various cuts and abrasions on his body. "Really, Mom. I'm fine."

"I'm happy that you think so. But I'm still your mom." Kate pulled the sleeves of her dress up past her elbows, put soap in her hands, and scrubbed his body gently. She was happy he didn't protest. When she got near his penis, she looked over her shoulder at Alyson. She gave it a cursory scrub and turned his hips to rinse it under the water. She knew it was best to clean under his foreskin, but she would leave that be for now. Very carefully, she cleaned around his cuts, turned the shower off, and offered him a towel. She spent the next ten minutes meticulously putting antibiotic and Band-Aids wherever necessary. Whenever he winced, she would back off a second, and then go back to work.

"He's going to need some clothes." Kate looked over at her daughter.

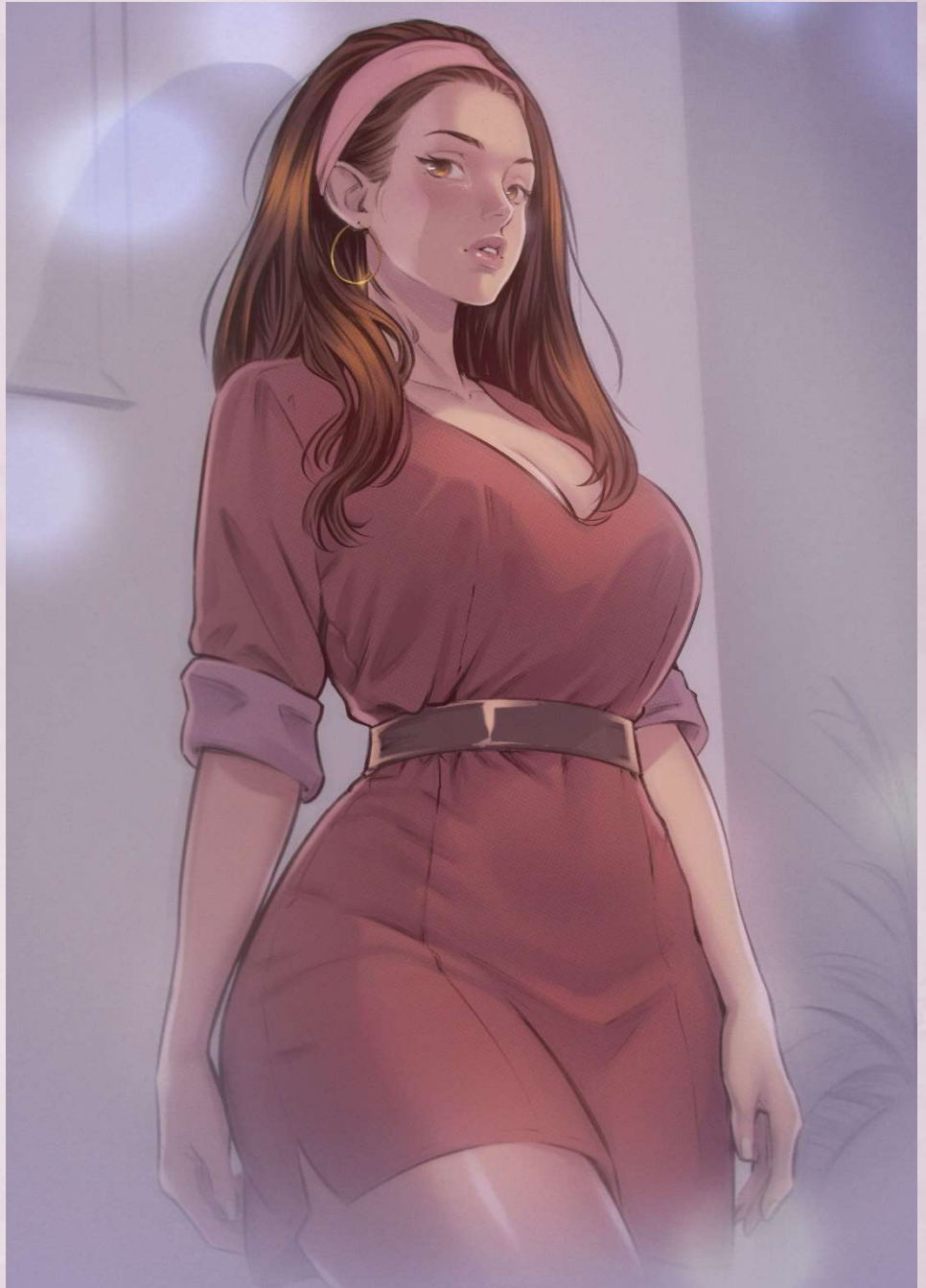
"I have some of Chris's things." Alyson shrugged.

"No way." Nick shook his head and winced. A muscle in the back of his neck bothered him.

"You can have some of my clothes." Alyson raised her eyebrows in challenge to her brother's stubbornness.

"Yeah, sure. Better than Chris's." Nick stood with the towel wrapped around him, feeling incredibly grateful to be with two women that loved him.

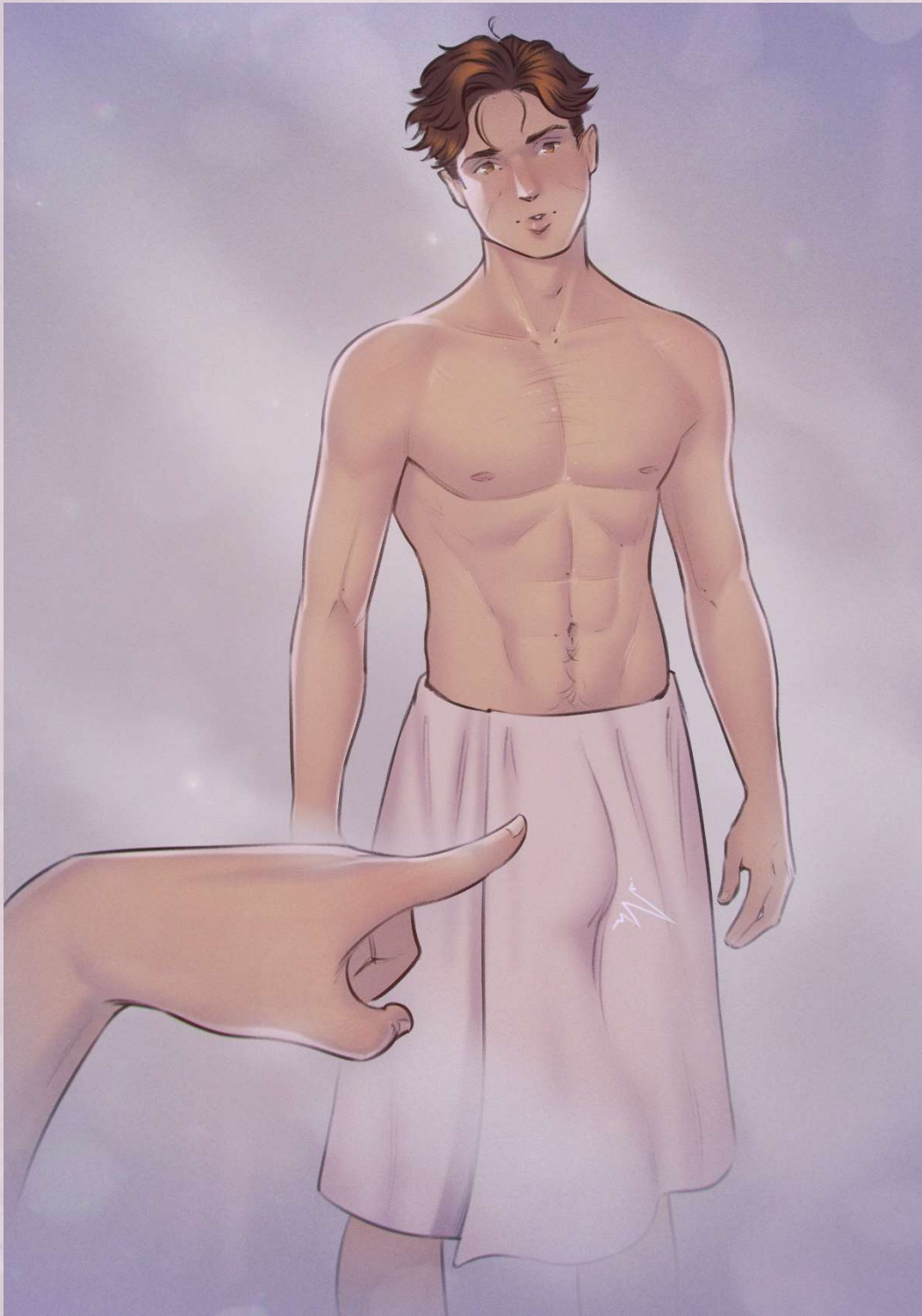
Alyson smiled for the first time since her father had entered Nick's room. "I'll go find something." She opened the door and left the bathroom.



"Nick?" Kate watched the front of his towel with interest.

"Yeah, Mom?"

"Why are you growing right now?" She pointed at the tent rising in the towel.



"Oh, sorry. I can't help it." Nick looked down, vaguely embarrassed. The day was doomed so nothing really mattered. "I was just thinking about how lucky I am to have you taking care of me."

"It's hard even after everything that happened today?" Kate stared in wonder. "You're a machine. You look like you've been through a blender, but if that's working, I suppose you're going to be okay." She leaned close to him and whispered, "Would you like me to take care of you later when your sister isn't around? It might take your mind off what happened."

Nick gazed at his mother's beauty, marveling at the situation he found himself in. His string of broken ankles had prepared him perfectly for that moment. "I would love that. Nothing would heal me faster than some hang out time with my cider frau."

"That is good," she said in a German accent.

"Some shorts and a t-shirt.

Best I could do." Alyson returned to the bathroom, tossed the clothes to her mom, and spotted Nick's erection. She quickly looked away, pretending she hadn't seen it.

"Can I lay your brother down in your bedroom?" Kate tried to be casual. "I think I'll stay with him until he's asleep."

"Yeah, sure. I've got some chores to do." She gave Nick an encouraging smile and walked off down the hall toward the kitchen.

"Okay, let's get these on you." Kate helped Nick into Alyson's clothes. The t-shirt fit fine. The shorts were ridiculously short and did nothing to hide his massive erection. "Well, you look fine. Just fine." She patted his chest. "Let's get you settled in your sister's bed." Before he could argue, she took his hand and led him into Alyson's bedroom, closing the door behind them. She could hear Alyson emptying her dishwasher in the kitchen and knew the apartment wouldn't offer much privacy. "My, these are thin walls."

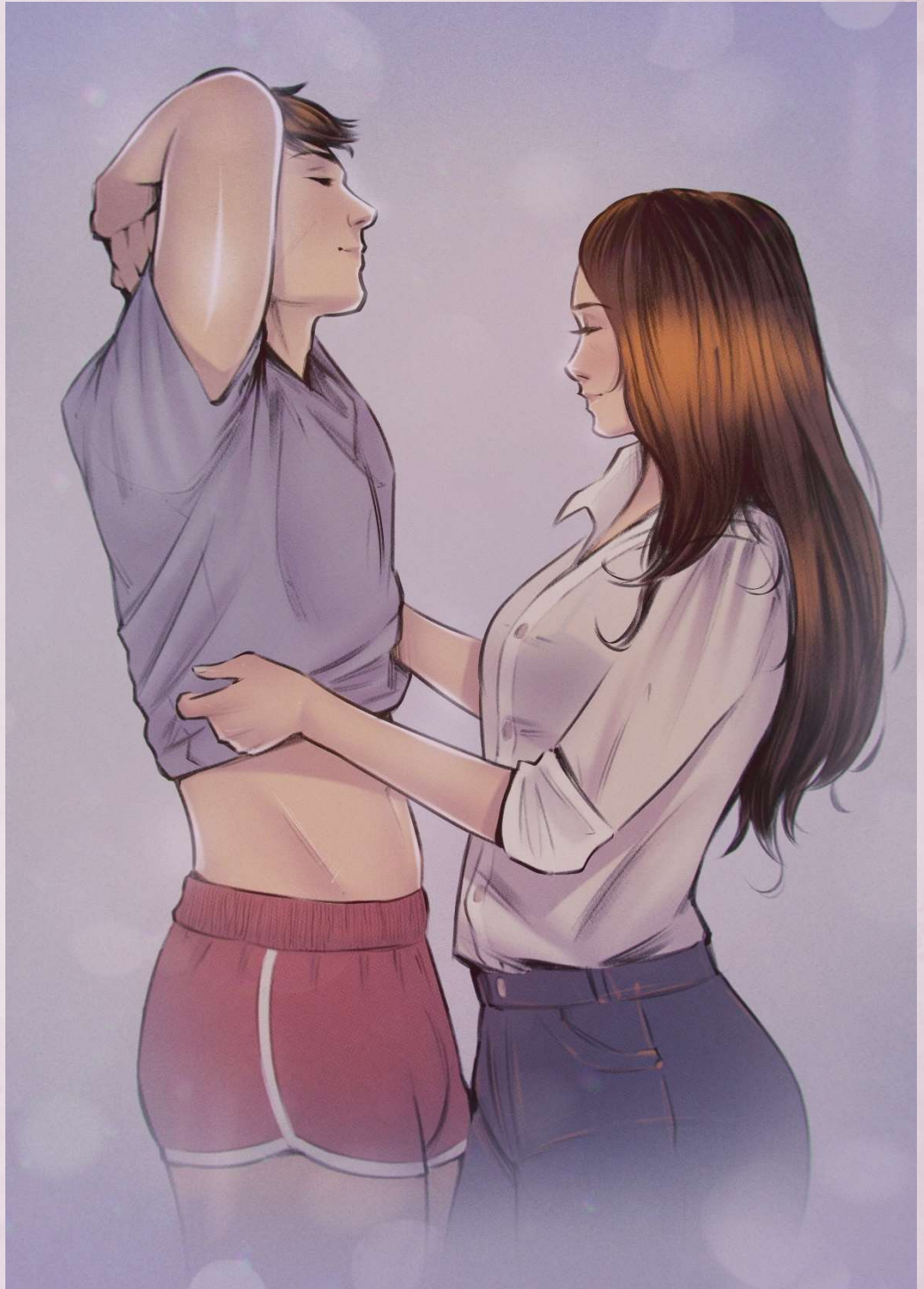
"I guess." Nick got into bed when his mother pulled back the covers. "We'll have to be quiet."

"Maybe your sister will go out for a bit and ..." Kate held her hands palms up.

"You offered, Mom. And it would help me feel better. I might even nap afterward."

Kate bit her bottom lip and stared at his bandaged face. Her husband had really done a number on him. Her heart swirled with rage at Fred and fierce maternal protection toward Nick. She checked to make sure the door was locked and put a finger up to her lips. "Okay, but you have to promise to be quiet."

"Thanks, Mom. I promise." Nick was stunned that the day he had thought was a burning hellhole of a crater, had somehow turned around. He pulled the ridiculous shorts down to his ankles.



"I'm going to keep my clothes on in case your sister comes knocking." Kate crawled onto the bed and placed herself on her side with her elbow resting next to his hip. She gripped his shaft, gave a few pumps, and placed her lips on the wide head of his penis. She would clean under his foreskin after all. She bobbed her head, with each stroke taking more of his length down her throat. His soft groans thrilled her. She was truly helping him the best way she knew how. And, it hit her – she was helping herself, too. There was no room for Fred's poisonous deeds in her head now. The whole world narrowed down to Kate and her son. She cupped one of his overripe testicles and worked her magic.



"Aaaahhhhhh ... Mom ... that's so goooooooooooooood." He wove his fingers into her hair. He heard his sister's voice from the living room through her thin bedroom door. He could make out every word.

"Hello, Chris. No ... no ... you listen ... no ... you listen to me." Alyson was counting on her thin walls. She prayed her mother and brother could hear her.

Kate slowed her pace and then stopped. When her son pushed on the back of her head, she tried to tell him to wait. "Wwwwwaaaammmmmppphhh." But she didn't pull off him. She could hear Alyson talking to Chris, and it sounded bad. Slowly, she continued blowing her son, while eavesdropping on her daughter.

"You never listen to me. You treat me like I work for you. You don't see me as a person ... or ... as a woman." Alyson was shouting now. She had had this conversation so many times. Yelling at Chris was as good as therapy. It was almost a shame that she would only have five more todays to tell him off. "You don't understand what I'm saying? Let me be clear. We're through, Chris. No wedding. No more grading your papers. I'm not clay for you to mold ... oh yeah? Fuck you, Chris!"

Kate's eyes went wide as she continued to fellate Nick. Her mind swirled with conflicting emotions. She could feel Nick trembling under her. He was going to cum while his sister ended her engagement. The thought was like wildfire inside her. She bobbed her head faster, with shorter strokes. She knew she could only have the head in her mouth when he exploded or she'd choke.

"I should have seen it a long time ago." Alyson worked herself to her finale. "Oh ... you think I'm a cunt? You're a conceited ... myopic ... asshole, Chris. Goodbye forever." She disconnected and threw her phone across the apartment. It didn't matter, she would get a new phone on the reset.

"I'm going to cum ... Mom ... I'm cumming ... ahhhhhhhhhhhh." Nick bucked his hips and unloaded. He had just listened to his sister's breakup, and now the only sound was his mother gulping his sperm. Could a day be both heaven and hell? It sure seemed like it.

