



**ENKI'S PUZZLE**  
**CHAPTER 8**

# FICTION

## Rawly Rawls

### Enki's Puzzle 8

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Written by RawlyRawls

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Laughter rolled around Nick's room. "The ... look ... on ... Dad's ... face." Sitting on her brother's bed, Alyson held her belly, and rolled onto her side. Tears of joy rolled down her cheeks.

"I was ... terrified ... oh ... my ... God." Nick wiped tears from his eyes. What a relief to be able to share his reiterating existence with someone. "Did he ... really ... nail me ... in?" His laughter calmed some. From his vantage on the floor, he tried not to look at the swell of his older sister's bosom, somewhat hidden by her oversized hoodie.

"Like a ... coffin. I looked before I ... went to bed." Alyson sighed. It felt so good to laugh. "There was like ten two-by-fours."

"But my door swings in."

Alyson shrugged. "When he's angry, Dad's not that smart. He's already at work, by the way. And Mom is leaving for yoga in a few minutes." She looked at her left hand, frowning. She took her engagement ring off and put it on Nick's dresser. "This isn't the day we get through. We have no idea how to get Mom to 'imbibe.' So, we could spend the day ... together." She offered him a shy smile, worried about rejection. Failure was



very much on her mind after so many fruitless attempts to get Chris to accept what had happened to her.

"Wow, really?" Nick looked at the clock. "Mom always makes me go to school."

"You can cut class, Nicky. It's not like it won't be there on the next today," she said gently. Her eyes fell. He was rejecting her. Of course, he was. He was her brother. The insanity of Enki's puzzle must have pushed her over the edge to think they could repeat what happened on the previous today.

"I know I can cut. I want to skip. But Mom always makes sure I'm off to school before she goes to yoga."

"Oh. There's an easy fix for that." Alyson's face brightened a little. Maybe it wasn't all failure and rejection in Enki's loop. "I'll tell her that I'm taking you to school. She trusts me. Give me ten minutes, I'll get her out of the house." She got up and left the room.

Nick tossed a soccer ball up in the air while he waited. He wasn't sure about his sister's logic. The two of them remembered each day, so it wasn't like what they did had no consequences.

"She's gone." Alyson jogged back into Nick's room. She was aware how much her new chest bounced under her hoodie, so she slowed herself down and closed the door. "I promised her that I would drop you off before the opening bell. Should we call the school and tell them you're sick or something?" She walked over to her brother and snatched the ball out of the air.

"What does it matter?" Nick shrugged and pushed himself to his feet. He stood awkwardly facing her. "Um ... so ... we've got a couple hours ... right?"

"Well ... um ..." Alyson looked at the floor. "Yes, we do. And ... I thought ... maybe ... you could look at what Enki did to me." Her cheeks turned scarlet. "It's just that Chris was so upset. And I need someone to tell me ... that these are still okay." She pointed to her chest.

Fireworks went off in Nick's brain. She was going to show him her tits? *Be cool, be cool, be cool*, he told himself. "If it'll help, I'll have a look." His pulse hammered in his dick. It was lucky he'd already unloaded his over-full balls twice that morning, because otherwise he didn't trust himself not to explode right then and there.

"Just ... be honest ... okay?" Alyson looked at the chickadee perched on Nick's desk, and her hands clutched the bottom of her hoodie. The little bird nodded at her, seeming to offer encouragement. Eyes fixed on Chirpee, she lifted up her silly disguise and exposed her boobs to her brother. She wasn't looking at him so she couldn't gauge his reaction. She glanced his way and saw the shock on his face. "Am I ... like ... grossly out of proportion? Is it hideous?"

Nick took a deep breath. He hadn't seen her boobs before Enki messed with her, so he had no comparison. But the woman standing in front of him was beyond gorgeous. It took his breath away. Her tits sloped wonderfully with fat nipples and narrow areolae. The faint, meandering blue veins under her pale skin added an extra touch of vulnerability. She was so exposed. She trusted him. Oh shit, he was supposed to say something.

"What's wrong, Nicky? Just tell me. How bad is it?" Alyson's fingers trembled as she held the hoodie up by her chin.



"I just ... I um ... you are ... uh ... well." He tried to breathe. "In real life, I've only seen Jess's boobs. I thought they were nice, but yours are really ..." Shit, he didn't want to compare his sister to his girlfriend. "What I mean is that you're beautiful. They're a little big, yes. But I think any guy would be more than happy to see those every day."

"Oh, thanks." Alyson's face relaxed. Relief spread through her body. She lowered her hoodie and studied his face. She saw sincerity there.

"Why aren't you wearing a bra?"

"None of my bras fit anymore." She gave him a look like she'd put a lot of thought into this. "And Mom's don't fit either, not even close. On previous todays when I went to work, or spent the day with Chris, I'd buy a bra beforehand. At first it was hard to find one that fit. You know, the band size and the bust size are usually related, and my band is still about the same, but my bust ..." She looked at the dazed look on his face. "Never mind. Let's just say that I found a shop that had my size in stock, but I'm not going to go there every day. I mean, I just lose the bra when the day resets. So, this is easier."

"Oh, okay." This put in perspective his having to figure out where to tuck his enlarged erection. Alyson's situation was worse. "Do they hurt? Without a bra, I mean?" What was he babbling about? Everything was so awkward all of a sudden.

"They're okay. My back hurts by the end of the day though. I think I need to work on my posture." She glanced down at his boner. It was almost comical the way she could see it sticking up under his shirt.

"So?"

"So, what?"

"So, are you going to show me your dick?" Alyson rolled her eyes. "I think Enki probably gave worse to you than he did to me. And I've seen a few dicks in my day. I'll give you my honest opinion."

"I don't want to hear about the dicks you've seen, Alyson." Nick could feel his body tightening.

"Sorry. You want to wait till it's soft?" She was tacitly acknowledging that she'd noticed he was erect, which meant he'd know that she probably always noticed when he was hard. Which was pretty much all the time in the loop as far as she could tell.

"I'll show you." He lowered his sweatpants and underwear. Without the waistband for support, his dick flopped out from under his shirt. He stood with his hands by his sides. He had no idea what she would say.

"Jesus." Her eyes went very wide. "I knew it was big, but ..." It was a beautiful cock but totally impractical. How should she tell him? "I think it looks wonderful. I like how it curves just a little to the left."



"It always did that." Nick wanted to die. He could tell she didn't like it.

"Oh, well that's nice. It's beautiful, Nick. I just ... don't see how Mom is ever going to do anything with that. It would be perfect for the right woman. But ..."

"Okay, thanks." Nick pulled up his pants and underwear. He tucked his dick away again. "About that, maybe we should talk about how we're going to get through this part of the puzzle. *Your arrow may have missed the mark ... But Enki rewards a bold move ... now say a prayer and imbibe ... to be closer to the ones you love.*"

"Right, the blowjob." Alyson nodded. She sat on the edge of his bed. "I'm not sure how I can convince her to do that, Nicky."

"That's just it. I've been thinking this over. The puzzle isn't addressed to Mom. I think it's meant for me. And it's telling me to say a prayer and imbibe. I think I'm supposed to drink from Mom, not the other way around."

Alyson looked at her eighteen-year-old brother quizzically. "Yeah. I think you're right. So, Enki wants you to eat Mom out?" She crinkled up her face to let him know that the thought of him munching on her mom's box was *not* cool. But the expression was a bit of lie. The thought of the uptight Kate Dobson doing something like that made Alyson's nerves tingle.

"And the praying part?"

"I think Enki wants you on your knees when you do it." She tried to get the image of that perverted act out of her head.

"Oh, right." Nick nodded. His dick had deflated after the show-and-tell with Alyson, but it was doing a one-eighty. Had there been a time when he hadn't thought his mom was hot? He seemed to recall that it had been a tough sell at first.

"I think this will be easier. I mean, possible, not easy. But even if we pull this off, what happens tomorrow? If we get through this, how are we ever going to get through the last faces of the cube?" Alyson's foot thumped repeatedly on the floor.

"Don't worry about tomorrow." Nick nodded. "I'll find a way to get us through this."

"So, what do you want me to do to help you?"

"Maybe ..." Nick rubbed his forehead. "Maybe you could ... I don't know ... butter Mom up in the mornings. Try to make her feel better about me, without saying anything directly, of course."

"I heard Nick tried to jab a hole through your g-spot, Mom. But don't worry, he practiced on me, and now he's good to go." Alyson smiled.

"Yeah, not that."

"We still have some time before she gets back." Alyson bit her bottom lip. Talking things over had released some of the awkward tension from before. And his confidence at going down on their mother was more than a little attractive. He was such a different person since this whole thing had started. "How about we just cuddle a bit? To be close."

"Sure." Nick sat down next to her.

"Good." Alyson put her head on the pillow facing away from him.

"What am I ...?" He couldn't pry his eyes away from the curve from her hip rolling down to her waist.

"Spoon me, dummy. Just hold me for a while."

"Okay." Nick paused a second. If he did that, his massive dick would be pressed against her ass. But he guessed she'd known that when she asked to spoon. He slowly put his head behind hers on the pillow. The floral scent of her shampoo filled his nose. He put his arm over her and squeezed gently.

"That's nice." Alyson sighed. "I've always loved you, Nicky. But now I really like you, too."

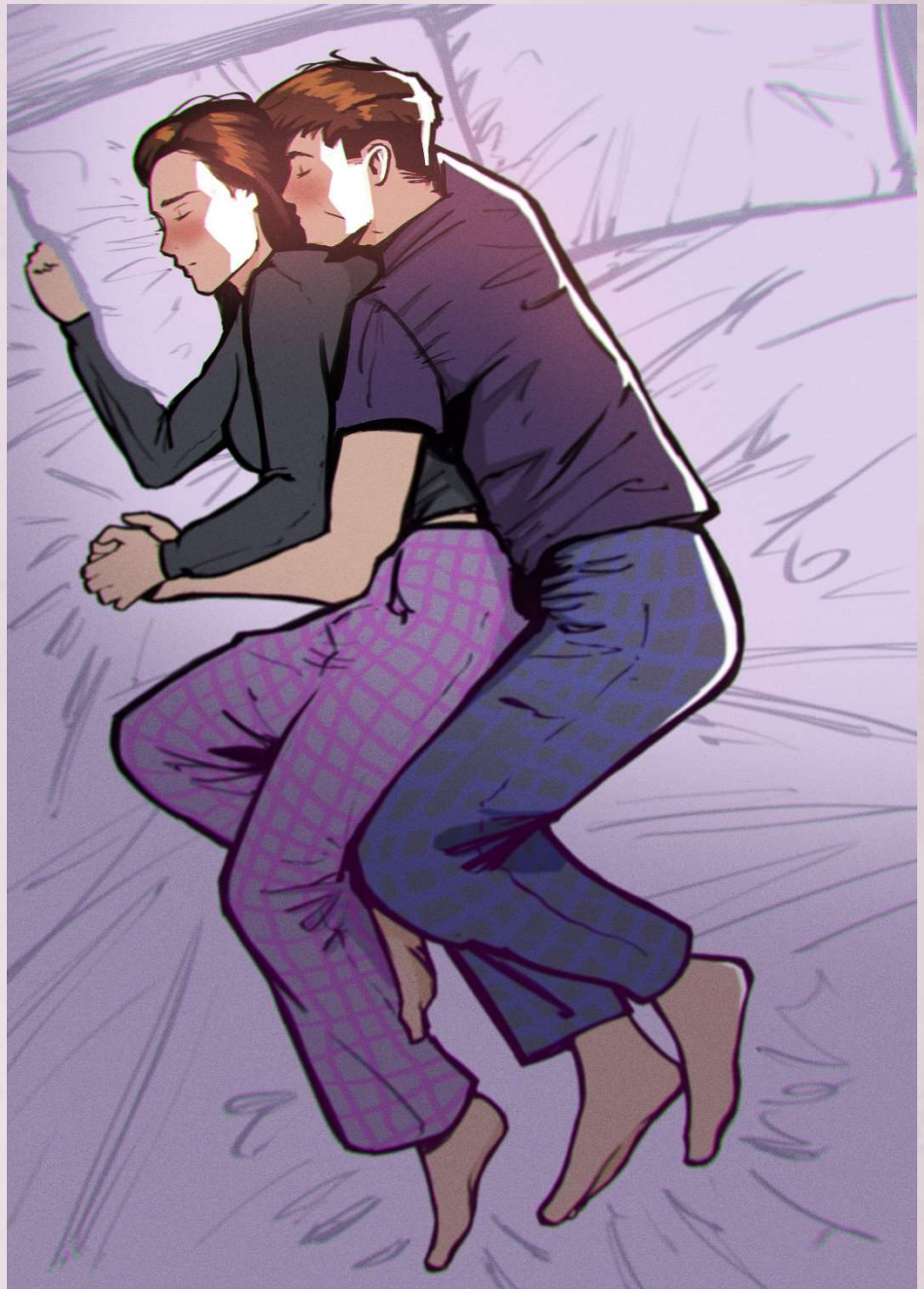
Forty-five minutes later they were both almost asleep, still snuggled on the bed.

"Alyson? I'm home. You still here?" Kate's voice barely carried through Nick's door, but it was enough to abruptly separate the siblings.

"Wow ... okay." Alyson jumped off the bed and straightened her clothes. "That was nice."

"It *was* nice," Nick agreed. He stretched out on the bed.

Alyson opened the door and stuck her head in the hall. "I'm still here, Mom. I'll be down in a minute."



"Okay," Kate called up the stairs.

Alyson shut the door softly. "I'll do my best to butter her up. Pretend you're not here. When do you usually get home from school?"

"Around 3:30 if I skip soccer practice."

"Okay, I'm assuming you'll skip practice today." Alyson nodded, thinking things through. She could still feel the buzz from their cuddle session. "I'll go out when you're supposed to get home. Maybe ... maybe I'll stop by Dad's office and take him out to dinner. That will buy you more time."

"Good thinking." Nick nodded.

"Alyson?" Kate's muffled voice filtered up to them.

"Okay, I'll do my best. Maybe we can compare notes later tonight or tomorrow morning. I mean, the next today's morning." She waved at the bird. "Bye Chirpee. Good luck, Nick."

"Good luck, Alyson." He watched her disappear out the door. He rolled on his side and thought about how he was going to solve the puzzle.

When Nick pretended to get home several hours later, his mom was noticeably warmer toward him. Whatever Alyson had said had helped. His mom laughed at a few of his jokes, and confided in him that she'd been feeling "strange" with everything that had gone on between her and Nick. It was a start. Nick listened, complimented her, apologized for his part in all of it, and helped her around the house. She did stiffen when he touched her shoulder, so he backed off.

They spent a pleasant afternoon together and talked over dinner. Nick made sure the wine flowed, and his mother did indeed imbibe. He prayed that would be enough. And with Fred and Alyson still out as they cleared the table, Nick caught the perfect moment to steal a kiss. His mother went tense as their lips met, but didn't pull away. Unfortunately, she dropped the dish she was holding and it broke on the kitchen floor. The spell was broken. Fred and Alyson got home a little while later. But Nick was feeling optimistic again. This could work.





The siblings compared notes later that night, careful to sit well apart in Alyson's dark room. They didn't want Fred murdering them. It hadn't yet been established what happened if you died in the loop.

"What did you say to her?" Nick looked up at the glowing stars on her ceiling. "This was the first today where she opened up to me."

"Oh, I offered a bunch of platitudes about life being short and following your heart." Sleep called to Alyson, but she resisted. This had been a good day, and she wasn't ready to start over. "I talked about how we have to trust ourselves to know what's right deep down. I made it seem like I was talking about my life. About Chris. Nothing special. I think I can do better on the next today."

"You think deep down she wants to do stuff with me?"

"That's my working hypothesis." Alyson nodded. "You are very charming these days. I mean, I've never cheated on Chris before."

Nick didn't know what to say to that. He started and stopped himself several times from taking the opportunity to attack Chris. Instead, he said, "You're the best, Alyson."

"You are too, Nicky." Alyson sighed. She wanted to touch him, but didn't trust herself to get too close. They sat in silence for a long while, and eventually she heard her brother snore. Not long after, dreams took her, too.

The next ten days or so took on a pattern for Nick and Alyson. They lied about Nick going to school. They cuddled in Nick's room until their mother got back from yoga. Alyson spent time with Kate trying her best to soften her up toward Nick. Then Nick took over in the afternoon while Alyson made sure to get home late with her dad.

Both siblings fine-tuned their approach. It was Alyson's bright idea to introduce margaritas at lunch. After that, he and his mother were kissing before and after dinner most nights.

Eventually, Nick and Alyson got so good at their tag-team, that Nick had his mother's tongue in his mouth by five o'clock. They were sitting hip-to-hip on the sofa, where Kate had been reading when Nick had walked through the front door.

After a while, Nick pulled away from the kiss. He massaged her thigh through her yoga pants. "Are you happy, Mom?" He'd found this to be a key question that usually opened the flood gates.

"I'm ... I'm ..." Kate regarded her son with intensity. She studied his young, handsome face. She remembered what it was like to be eighteen and have a question like that make sense. Not anymore. "I'm confused, Nick. I thought we were done after yesterday. And then ... here we are. There's just something about you."

"Oh." Nick was confused, too. She'd never said that before. He thought things over. He supposed it was like chaos theory. Right before the stuff with Enki started, he'd read an explanation of the theory where three double pendulums, starting at almost exactly the same state, end up having wildly different speeds and locations after only a few seconds of movement. His repeating days were like that. He tried not to think of his mother as a double pendulum. Nothing was predictable. "I want you to be happy." It was lame, but he was caught off guard by the novelty of her answer.

"I know you do." She smiled. "I didn't believe it at first. But ... this is ... I think ... really special." She slurred her words a little. The early margaritas and later glasses of wine were taking their toll. She leaned in for another kiss. When her son's hand cupped her breast through her top, Kate pushed him away. When he tried again a minute later, she relented. Her head buzzed and the room swam around her. Was she supposed to make dinner? No, Fred had called to say he was going out with Alyson. She stared dumbly at her son when he

broke their kiss again and pulled up her top and pulled down the cup of her bra. "Wait, Nicky," she whispered.

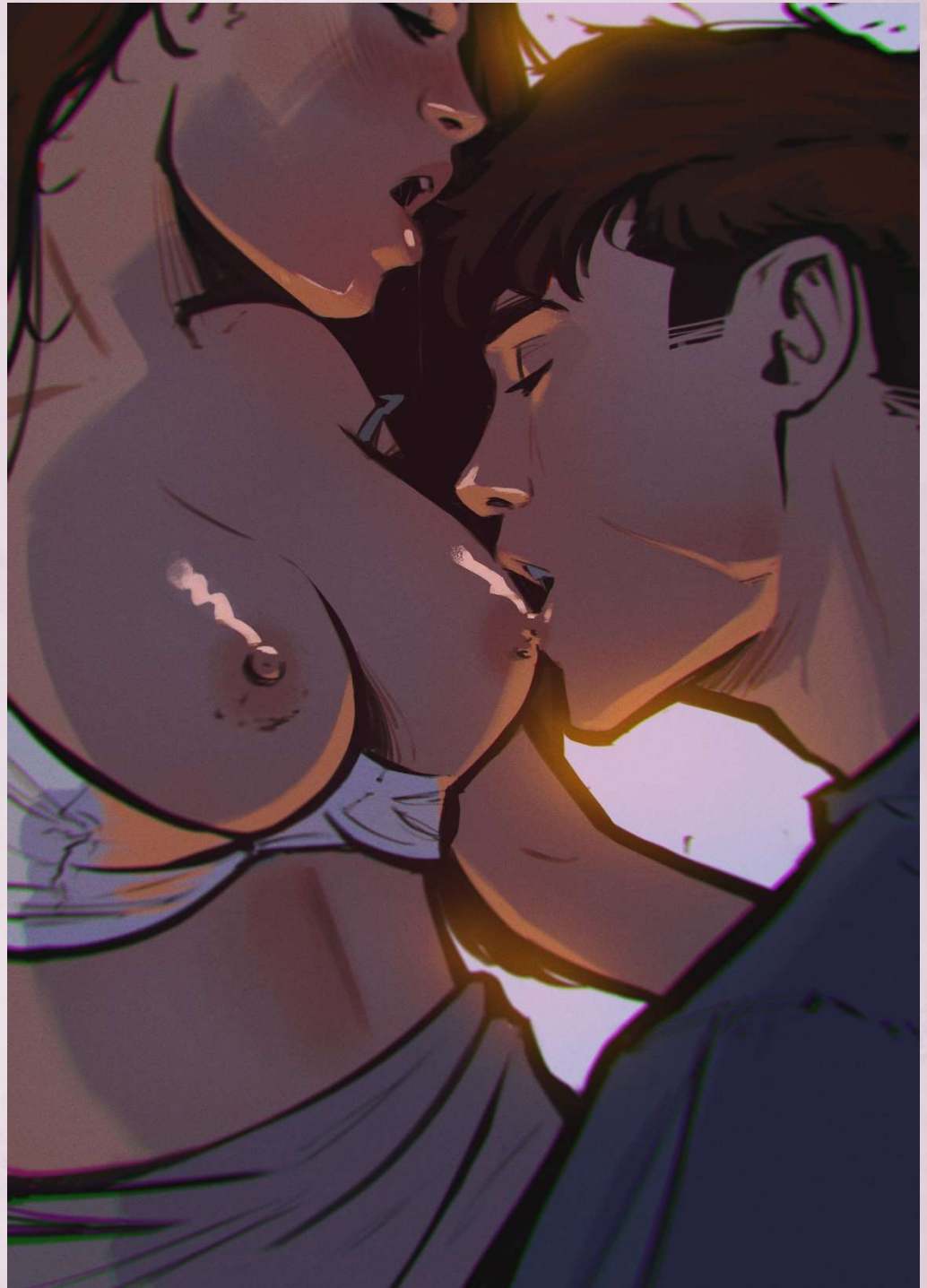
"What is it, Mom?" Nick stared at the boob with its wide areola. She was about the same size as Jess. "Should we stop?" This was a bold thing to say because it gave her an out. He'd learned to avoid such language, but he felt confident at the moment.

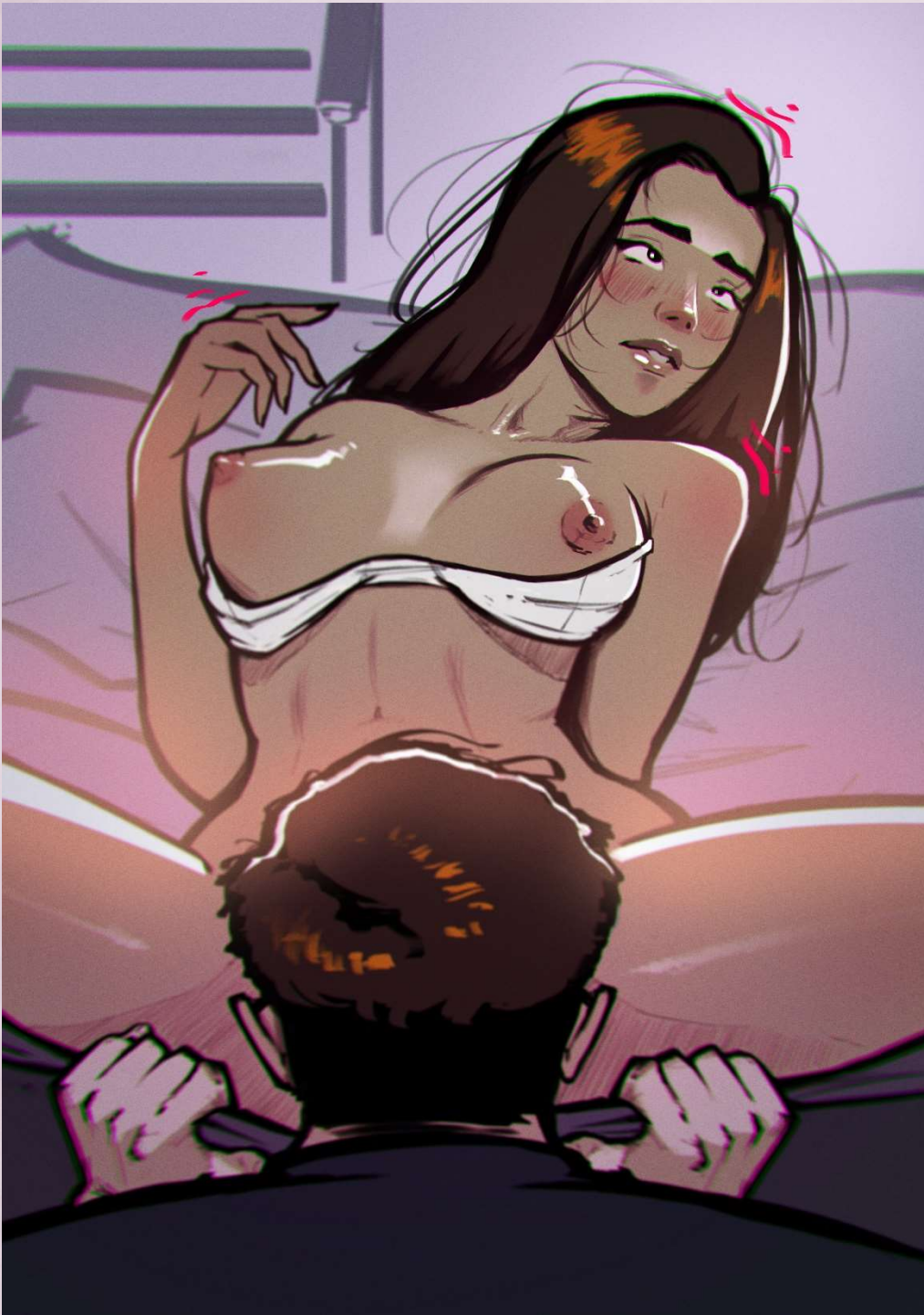
"No ... no ... it's okay. You want to kiss them, right?" Kate thrilled at the expression on his face. That she could inspire such a look of admiration at her age. That her teenage son wanted her with such apparent longing. It sent shivers down her spine. She watched him nod his head in answer and move his soft mouth toward her nipple. His lips were so supple. They were her lips, she realized, not thin like Fred's.

"Mmmppppphhhh." He kissed her soft flesh, working his way down to her nipple. He had no idea what he was doing, but Jess seemed to like when he did that. He got to her nipple and heard her gasp as he rolled his tongue around it.

"Oh, Nicky." Kate cradled his head in her hand and ran her fingers through his soft hair. He was back at her breast and it was delightful. He wanted her. She could feel it in every move he made. "Go ahead, feed from me," she slurred. But of course, there was no milk to feed him. She let him uncover her other boob and watched in awe as he sucked on one and then the other. Her husband hadn't treated her body like this in ... two decades. "That's ... nice."

"Mom ... you're ... so ... beautiful," Nick said between kisses as he worked his way down to her belly. She wasn't trim the way Alyson's tummy was, but the faint curve was lovely and feminine. Nick could hear her breathing become more and more ragged as he stuck his tongue in her navel. He wondered if she suspected where he was going.





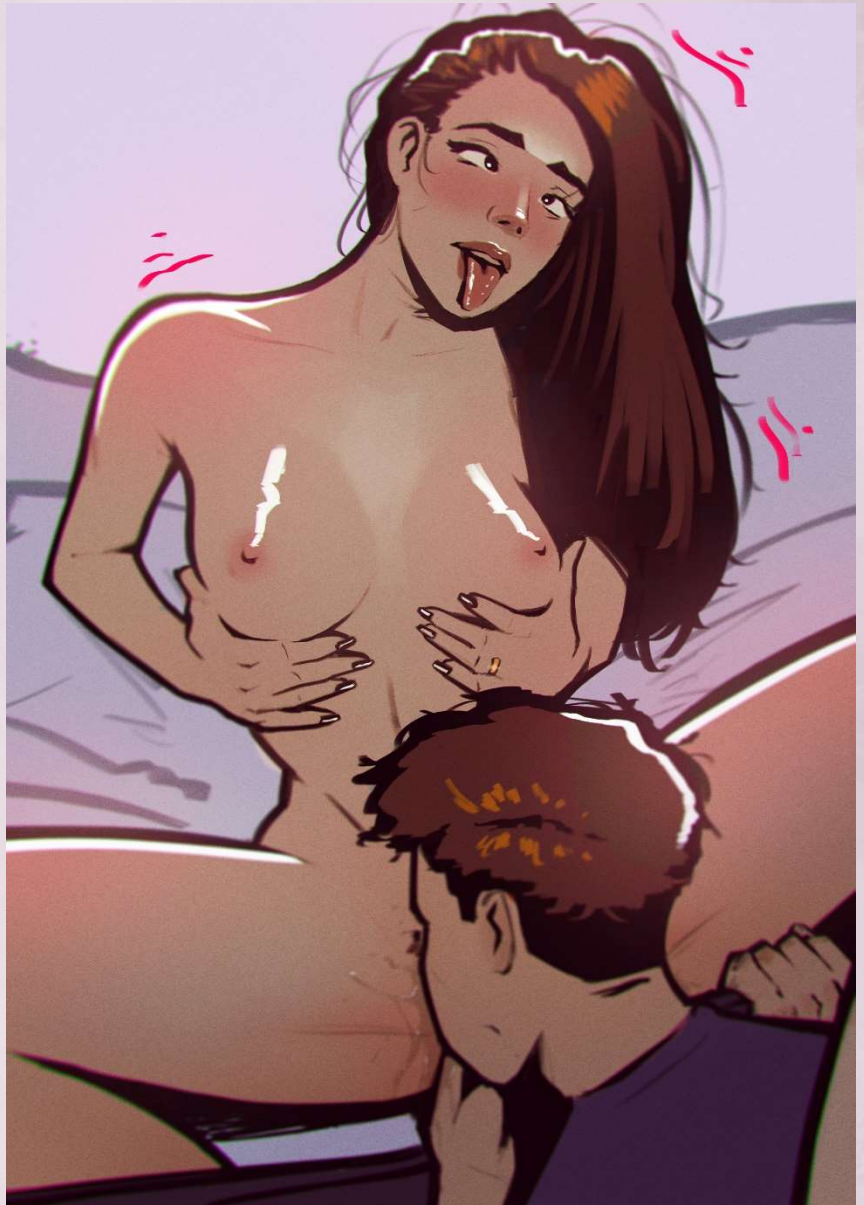
“Nicky ... Nicky ... I don’t ... oh!” Kate watched it happen as if in slow motion. Her son took hold of the waist of her yoga pants and pulled them, and her panties, down to her ankles in one fluid move. She blinked down at her trim bush now right in front of his face. She was drunk on wine. He was drunk on her. Clearly, she needed to put a stop to this. She didn’t want him jamming his fingers in her again. But she quickly discovered that was not his intention. “Wait ... Nick ... I don’t think ...” And just like that he spread her legs, dropped his knees to the floor, and lowered his mouth to her vagina. Stupidly, she hoped she wasn’t too sweaty down there. She hadn’t showered since before yoga. But then her thoughts dispersed. He was sucking on her lips. And while Nick’s technique was clumsy, it was also lovely. “It’s okay ... it’s okay ... just don’t stick your fingers ... in ... again.” She leaned her head back on the sofa cushion and regarded the blank ceiling.

“No ... fingers ...” Nick licked and kissed her pussy. He must

really have traumatized her for her to worry about it while getting eaten out. It was totally unfair that people were expected to understand sex without any guide. Well, at least his sister had showed him how to properly hit the g-spot. Even so, he wasn’t going to freak out his mom now by trying out his new skills. “Is ... it ... good ...?” He said around her protruding lips. He had done his research online preparing for this moment, but his confidence in the internet was dampened by the g-spot debacle.

"Oh ... Nicky ... I never ..." She cupped her boobs without thinking and arched her back off the couch. A shudder moved through her. He was a bit awkward, and he didn't pay attention to the right areas, but the thought that her son wanted her so much that he was doing this ... that idea steered her right toward a massive orgasm. "It's good. It's really ... good. Don't ... stop." Her whole body trembled. It wasn't until the last second that she realized she was going to squirt in his face. A brief moment of horror surged. He would be disgusted. But the ecstatic wave had already caught her up and carried her away. All she could say as a warning was, "Watch ... out ... aaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." And then the orgasm wiped away everything but immediate pleasure.

Nick hadn't expected her to squirt in his face. Just as she'd asked, he hadn't put a single finger inside her, let alone search for her g-spot. But here he was, getting splashed with force. He opened his mouth, but it was hard to track each geyser that erupted from her. Her hips gyrated and his eyes blurred as he tried to blink away the liquid. The salty stuff did find his tongue, however, and he drank as much as he could. He prayed, on his knees, that this is what Enki was looking for.



Eventually, Kate calmed down. Her back relaxed and she sank back into the sofa. She looked down at Nick. He was drenched. She reached down and smoothed back his hair. "I'm so sorry, Nick. I didn't mean to. It just happened," she slurred. "It's been happening lately. I don't know what's come over me. I'm so sorry." To her surprise, he smiled up at her. Her stomach did cartwheels. Seeing that smile on Nick's lips with his face glistening had to be the sexiest thing on Earth.

"It's okay, Mom. I liked it." He kissed the inside of her thighs. They were toned and strong. Yoga had been good to her.

"You ... liked it?" Kate watched him kiss his way back to her vagina. He was going to give her oral again. Why was he the perfect man? How had this happened? "Oh, my. Yes ... Nicky ... oh ... Nicky." She leaned her head back on the cushion again. This time her hands held his head and guided him up to her clit. She prayed he would be gentle.

That night Nick and Kate skipped dinner. He stopped after her fourth orgasm. She was so grateful that she almost offered to return the favor, but then thought better of it. Instead, she made him a snack while he cleaned himself, and then went off to the shower herself. She went to bed early, before her husband and

daughter returned home. She wasn't sure she could face Fred, so she pretended to sleep. As she lay there, staring out the window into darkness, she wondered if her insanity with her son would continue the next day.

"So, tell me about it. I could tell the second we got home that something big happened." Alyson lay on her bed in the dark.

"I thought I had a good poker face." Nick sat on the floor feeling totally satisfied. He had made himself cum in the shower three times thinking about the noises that had escaped his mother as she writhed and trembled.

"You have a terrible poker face." Alyson's heart beat heavily in her chest. She couldn't wait to hear what had happened.

"It worked, Alyson. I think this is our last Tuesday. Did you buy a bra today?"

"I've been buying them the last several today's. I knew we were close. I'll be set for Wednesday." Alyson smiled. The thought of having a comfortable bra ready for the coming series of Wednesdays was a happy one.

"Great." Nick told her what had happened since she'd left the house in the afternoon. As he regaled her, he was surprised she didn't cut in with "gross" or "disgusting" or "that's so sick" like she used to when he'd tell her about what he'd done with their mom.

As Nick got to the part about her squirting on him, Alyson couldn't take it anymore. As quietly as possible, she slipped her hand under her bottoms and panties and rubbed her button. It blew her mind that the events he relayed had happened in that house that very day. She tried to imagine what they'd looked like, and found that she was sopping wet at the thought. Given enough time, her brother had become positively charismatic.

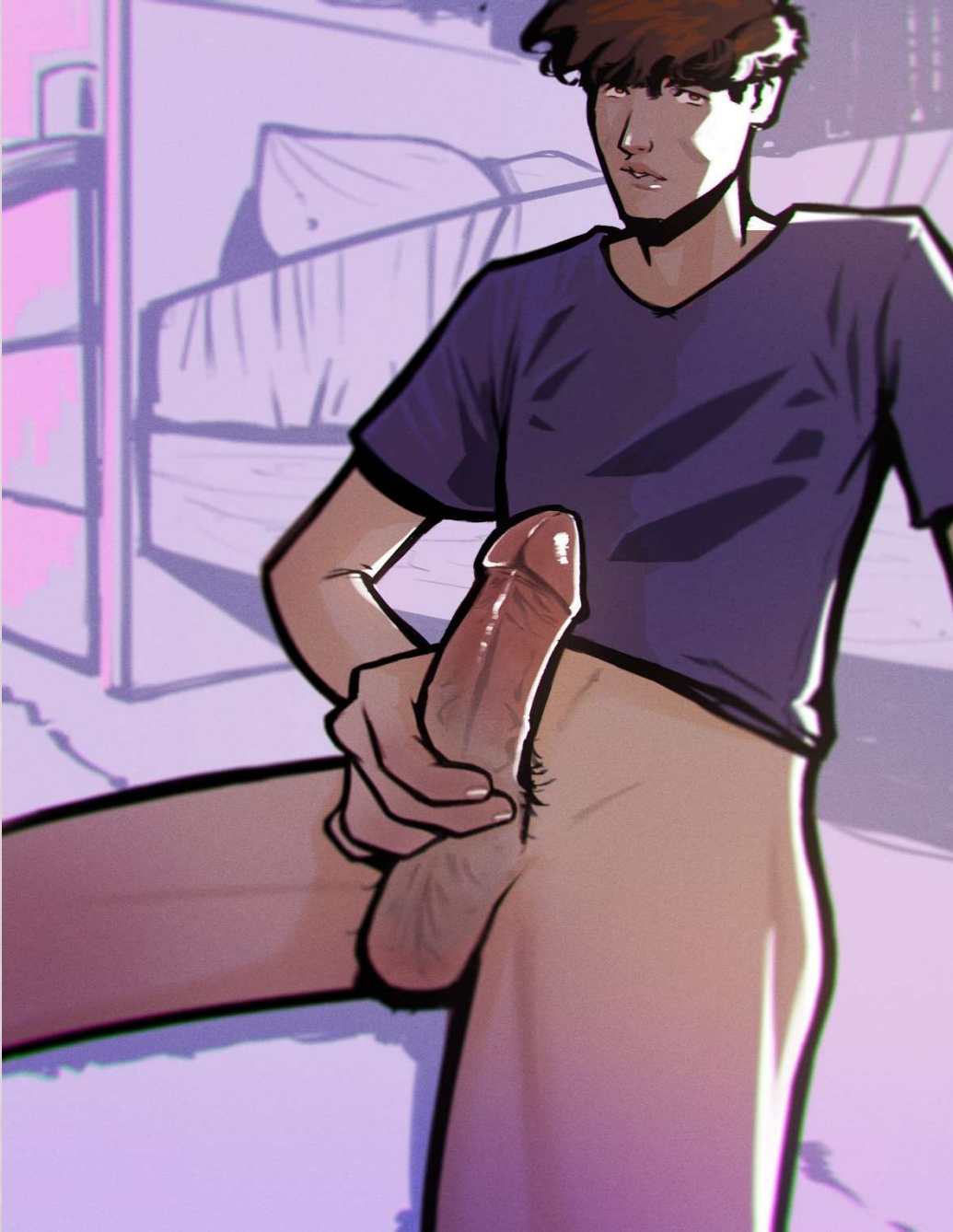


And with her help, he had really and truly seduced their strait-laced yoga-mom. She was near orgasm when he finished his story.

"Alyson, are you ... um ... touching yourself?" He could hear the rhythmic rustle of her clothes and uneven breathing.

"Yes ... Nick."

"Can I do it, too?" Nick unzipped his pants and pulled out his cock.



"Will ... Dad ... find ... us?"

"Dad went to bed early this time. I'll risk it." He stroked himself listening to his sister's soft whines.

Nick heard her stifled cries as she came. But she didn't stop. After a while, he pulled off his shirt. He needed something to catch his cum. He figured she'd be mad if he used something from her room. It was the last today, and he didn't want to stain her stuff for tomorrow.

"I can't believe ... she let you ... Nicky." Alyson neared her second climax.

"Me ... ugh ... either." Nick pumped hard. The two siblings came together, Alyson on the bed, and Nick on the floor. Afterward, they said their goodnights, and Nick went back to his room. As he drifted off to sleep, he knew he was ready for what Wednesday would bring.