

# 3838 Walnut Street

By Rawly Rawls © 2024

*This is a work of fiction written solely to entertain. If you want to read lots more stuff, vote on new stories, or support my writing, please visit: <https://rawlyrawls.com>*

*Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, businesses, companies, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.*

*Also, all characters in sexual situations are 18 years or older.*

## Chapter 1 Behind the Wolf-headed Man

June 26, 1954: Apartment 4F, the Lavey family

“He says such terrible things, Harold. There’s an evil spirit in him, I know it.” Betsy walked quickly next to her husband down their Manhattan street. She wrung her hands together, chewing on her bottom lip. “We need to bring the priest in. Billy ... tried to touch me while you were at work ... yesterday.” That made it sound like Billy had failed. In that sense, poor Betsy had just lied to her husband, accumulating her sins.

“The boy tried to touch you?” Harold eyed his lovely wife. *My son tried to lay hands on his own mother.* Betsy was a beautiful brunette who had drawn male attention for the twenty years of their marriage. Harold had always been jealous, but he had never thought he’d have a problem with the lad he’d once bounced on his knee. He thought over his options. “I will not have a priest in my house,” Harold grumbled and dodged to avoid a milkman hustling the other way with his arms full of jingling bottles. “There’s a better solution. Billy’s eighteen, it’s time we kicked him out of the apartment.” Harold removed his hat and fanned his face with it. He glanced at his wife and could see she was in distress. He should have acted sooner. Billy had been behaving oddly ever since they’d moved into 3838 Walnut Street. And speak of the devil, they were home. Harold turned off the sidewalk into their building, giving the doorman a nod.

“I don’t know, Harold. He’s still just a teenager. I think he needs our support.” Betsy hustled next to her husband through the small lobby. She shivered. The relief work on

the walls showed strange pagan gods, goddesses, and devils. She never liked traversing the lobby. "If we bring in the priest, and it's a –"

"No priest," Harold growled. He could be quite formidable when he wanted to be. "Billy is out as of today. He tried to touch you, Betsy. He's lucky I'm not planning to whoop him." They entered the elevator, and he hit the button for four. The doors chimed and slowly closed.

"Okay, Harold." It tore Betsy up inside to put her own son out on the street. But maybe it was for the best. He had gotten her to do unspeakable things with his penis, and she couldn't have anyone, especially Harold, finding out. She looked down at the green, geometric pattern of the carpet as they rose up the building. The doors chimed and opened. She stepped out into the hall with her husband, her high heels hushed by the carpet out in the hall.

"I might just whoop him regardless. Trying to put a hand on you." Harold's voice had fallen so low, it was barely audible.

"Please don't. He's still our baby." She followed her husband to their door, listened to his key turn in the lock, and bit her knuckle with anxiety.

Billy had known his parents were coming home ever since he'd smelled his mother exit the elevator. With his heightened senses, he could practically smell her down on the street. Especially when she was full of fear and excitement, as she was now. "Hello, Daddio. Did you know Mom's pussy is leaking? She can't wait to see her two bucks lock antlers." Billy moved from the hall, to the living room, and then into the kitchen.

"That's it. You're out, Billy!" Harold roared. "Pack your things. You're not living under my roof anymore."

Billy cackled. It seemed so odd to him that he had once been afraid of his father. Had it really been only months ago? "It's not your roof, Father, it belongs to Her." Billy laughed again, moving back into the living room. "Are you sure you want to mark the ground with your hoof like some half-creature? Once you start the ritual, only one buck can walk away with the doe."

"He means me, Harold. I'm the doe." Betsy hugged herself tightly, gripping her housedress with two fists.

"Where is he? He sounds like he's right here, but ..." Harold stepped into the living room. Slowly, he removed his belt. He meant to lash some sense into his son before sending him off on his own. "Where are you?" His son's laugh was close, almost right in his ear. He could hear the boy scuttling around, it sounded like he was crawling. But Harold couldn't spot him behind the armchair or the sofa. It was a bit disconcerting.

“You’ve always been so close-minded, Daddio. Just try to be cool and look in a new direction,” Billy said.

Slowly, Harold raised his eyes. His jaw dropped, and his belt fell to the floor. His son was squatting upside down on the ceiling. Billy’s hair and clothes were affected by gravity, dangling toward the floor, but the boy was not. “Good ... God ...” Harold said.

“Boo!” Billy laughed as his father turned to run.

“The priest! We need ...” Harold’s beltless pants fell down around his ankles as he raced for the door. He tripped on them, sprawled, and hit his head on the wall. Dazed, he lay on the floor.

“Come on up, Mommio.” Billy scurried across the ceiling and held a hand down to his mother.

“But ... but your father? He’ll see us,” Betsy whispered. She was trembling, overcome by anticipation, longing, and dread.

“She wants him to see us. She wants him to serve the building.” Billy’s eyes glowed faintly red in the gloom of the room, and his upside-down smile wasn’t a frown, but looked quite horrid regardless. When his mother offered her left hand, he didn’t take it at first. Instead, he reached down and removed her wedding ring. He tossed it thoughtlessly into the corner of the living room. Then, he firmly gripped his mother’s hand as if to shake it, and lifted her into the air.

When Betsy’s dress fell to the floor next to Harold, he snapped back into awareness. His body was frozen, he found he could barely breathe. When he looked up, he saw his son manhandling his wife on the ceiling of their living room. It was hard to tell what was happening in the darkness. Harold was thankful he hadn’t turned on a light in the room.

“Billy ... you’ve never gone this far ... before.” Betsy tried to hold onto her underwear, but her son was so strong. “Billy ... Billy ... you were once ... my sweet little boy ... what have you become?”

“The father of a goddess ... if all goes right.” Billy tossed her panties at his father, and pulled her bra down to her belly. “Spread your legs ... and become the mother you were meant to be.” He lowered his trousers and underwear, and placed his back to the ceiling.

“Ohhhhh ... Billy ... I can’t ... I can’t ... I ... oh my.” Betsy’s limbs and head dangled toward the floor, but she spread her legs. She looked over her shoulder at her slumped husband. She saw that he was staring at them with the most idiotic expression on his face. “Harold, if you don’t do something, Billy is going to make me his doe. He’s going to do it right now!” She waited for her husband to come to her rescue, while Billy maneuvered his penis between her legs. “Harold ... I can see that you’re awake. You

need to do something before ... ooohhhhhhhhhh ... uuuuuggghhhhhh ... too late ... ooohhhhhh ... gosh ... it's too late ... Harold ... I'm sorry ... I can feel him ... inside me ... he's so big ... I ... ooohhhh ... gosh ... I won't ever ... be the same." She looked away from her husband and gazed into her son's ravenous, glowing eyes. She wrapped her arms around his shoulders and let him hump her in midair.

"Mom ... Mom ... can you hear Her? Ugh ... ugh ... ugh ..." Billy held his mother aloft with one hand on her upper back, and the other on her ass. He was a skinny teenager, and she outweighed him, but he rutted her easily.

"I can ... ooohhhhhh ... only ... hear you ... Billy ... and you sound ... so manly ... Oh ... my ... I think I'm going to ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." Betsy orgasmed under her son.

"St ... st ... st ..." Harold tried to croak out the words that would stop them. But he couldn't get anything out. Instead of ending the vile act, he cowered on the floor and stared at the buck that was claiming his doe.

Twenty minutes later, Betsy was a slobbering, wailing mess. She could barely comprehend the bliss she'd found between her legs. She was still limp in her son's arms, as he pulled her up into him again and again.

"Mom ... it's ... ugh ... ugh ... time ... it's time ... it's ... aaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh." Billy erupted in his mother's pussy.

"Oh ... no ..." Harold squeaked. It seemed he could hear the squelching rush of sperm pumping over and over into his wife's vagina. Soon, he could see the overflowing, horrid stuff dripping to the living room carpet below their unholy breeding. *We should have never come to this building. It's evil. And now we're trapped.*

But the building was happy to have them.

~~

September 14, 1993: Apartment 9B: Diary of Rosalin Eklund

I've been trying to sit down for interviews with other tenants ever since I moved in a week ago. They seem standoffish and insular. It's been frustrating. After my success solving the Bloomfield Murders, I thought I might roll in here, pin some people down, and be out in a matter of weeks. But I doubt that is going to happen now. I miss Dave (my sweet fiancé is still in Connecticut). I miss my friends. I even miss my boss, Mr. Glaeser. So, I thought maybe a journal would help ease my loneliness.

Despite the building's cold shoulder, this case won't get the better of me. My plan is a good one. People wouldn't talk to a detective agency employee. But they should talk to a college student making an oral history of the building. SHOULD TALK! They certainly are reluctant so far. The missing Ostrow family was on the tenth floor, but I'm smart enough not to start there. I've been knocking on doors on the fifth and sixth floors for starters. Then maybe I'll try going to the top, asking people on the twelfth and eleventh.

The good news is that our client seems to be patient, and she has deep pockets. I'll get to the bottom of this!

~~

September 18, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family

"This is like a dream." Darby Kwon stood at the window of their new apartment. "I can't believe we got this apartment."

"Are you going to help me unpack?" Greg walked into the living room and dropped a box on the floor.

"I'll help you, Dad." Brian stumbled into the room carrying a box that was perhaps too big for him. He dropped to his knees to unload it without breaking everything inside. He was nineteen, and his friends were all heading off to college. But he was working at a local bookstore and living with his parents to save money.

"Don't break anything, Brian." Greg frowned at his son. He was a short, bookish young man. Moving boxes wasn't his strong suit.

"It is amazing. I'm so happy for you guys." Rachel walked into the room without a box. She was starting her junior year of college in Upstate New York, but she'd come down to visit for her family's move. "How did you even score this place?"

"I honestly don't know." Darby shrugged. "Your father, Brian, and I came in for an interview. One of the tenants showed us around. We got the call that we got the place the next day. And the rent is *so* cheap. It's amazing!" She glanced to her left and gave a start when she saw the gargoyle posed outside her window. The ugly, devilish statues were all over the outside of the building. She didn't like them. And she didn't like the art in the lobby. But those were small prices to pay for living here.

"I can't wait to set up my computer and net-surf. We have two phone lines! I won't have to worry about hogging a line." Brian smiled at his sister.

“That’s why you’re happy to be here, nerd?” Rachel laughed. She went over and opened a box and started removing her mother’s living room knick-knacks. “I’m hungry. Let’s get the job done so we can go out to eat. I hear there’s an awesome Korean barbeque two blocks down Walnut.”

~~

July 29, 1994: Investigation into the disappearance of Rosalin Ekland.

“I’m looking for Ms. Ekland. Have you seen her?” Nathaniel Glaeser held up his New York detective license first. Then, he held up the picture of his associate. “She was living in 9B until about a month ago.” He pointed down the hall.

“Ms. Ekland? Oh, yes, nice, quiet young woman. Kept to herself.” Marjorie Breaming was a pretty woman in her early 50s. She wore a housedress and kept her door open only a few inches.

“That doesn’t sound like her. I suspect she would have been talking to everyone.” Nathaniel frowned and put the picture away inside his jacket. “She didn’t try interviewing you for her school project, Mrs. Breaming?” He could hear kids playing and screaming somewhere in the Breaming apartment.

“She seemed too old for a school project.” Marjorie smiled helpfully.

“It’s graduate school.” He tried not to let his frustration show. “Perhaps I could talk to Mr. Breaming?”

“Oh, I’m sorry. He’s busy doing chores for Her. You can’t talk to him.” Marjorie shook her head.

“Who?” He said.

“What?” Marjorie’s smile broadened.

“Who is he doing chores for?” Nathaniel had two cases to solve in this building, and he was getting a strange vibe. He needed any information he could get.

The sounds of children playing turned into the sounds of children fighting. Marjorie looked over her shoulder behind her. “I’m sorry, the boys are getting rowdy. Good luck with your search, Mr. Glaeser.” She abruptly shut the door in the detective’s face.

~~

September 24, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family

“Damn ... load ... load.” Brian glanced at his bedroom door which didn’t lock. Normally, he’d wait for his parents to leave the house to masturbate. But he was impossibly horny. *I’m always impossibly horny, but this is somehow even worse.* He stared at the screen as his computer processed a ton of data. When it loaded, it was going to be the image of a naked, middle-aged Korean lady. For the past few days, he’d become obsessed with older women with good-sized boobs and wide hips. He refused to believe that it had anything to do with his mother. But the women that really got him off did bear a resemblance. He jacked off on his desk chair, the expectation of female nudity driving him insane. After what seemed like ages, he was staring at a woman with small nipples, big jugs, and a solid, black bush between her legs. “Oh ... shit ...” Ecstasy built inside him.

The door opened and Darby stepped into her son’s room carrying a laundry basket. “I just came back from the basement and ...” She froze. “Oh ... my gosh ... Brian. I’m so sorry.” Her son was masturbating while looking at naughty images on his computer. And even though she was in the room, he was still masturbating. He had a nice-looking, modest penis. About the same size as his father’s, it had smooth pale skin. *Why am I looking at his thing?* She turned crimson. “Stop touching yourself ... sweetie.”

“Mom ... I’m so sorry ... I can’t stop.” Brian was mortified, but he couldn’t pull his hand away from his dick. He kept pumping himself while his mother stared at what he was doing. His gaze fell to the curve of her sweater. He bet she had bigger tits than the model on his screen.

“Teenagers ... I was warned about teenage boys. Goodness.” Darby covered her eyes and took a step back. “I’ll give you your privacy. And ... I’ll knock next time.” She stepped back into the hall and closed his door. Her heart fluttered in her chest, and she was perspiring. “That was so ... odd. But I’m sure it happens to lots of mothers.” She straightened her dress and walked down the hall. *He’s lucky it was me that walked in and not his father. I can only imagine that man’s wrath.* She shook her head and tried to laugh it off.

~~

January 11, 2015: Apartment 12C, the Marland family

“Slow down, sport.” Gabe Marland watched his son polish off his third plate of pancakes. “You’ve been the most finicky eater your whole life, and suddenly you’ll eat anything ... and everything.”

“He loves his mom’s cooking.” Carrie Marland smiled indulgently at her son. “Let Joey eat.” She took his empty plate and served her son some more.

“Brain food ... big calc test ... this week,” Joe said between bites. Although, he had been eating a ton for weeks now. So, it wasn’t the test. He eyed his mother, his gaze drawn to her bra strap as it ran over her shoulder, exposed by the scoop top. He kept shoveling food into his mouth while staring at her delicate freckled shoulder. His mother was a tall, athletic brunette woman. He had passed her in height a few years ago, but he wasn’t nearly as athletic as she was. Or his father for that matter. Or his older brothers. His gaze followed the bra strap down and stopped on the swell of her boobs under her top.

“What, do I have a stain?” Carrie looked down at her top. It seemed fine. When she looked back at her son, he wasn’t looking at her anymore. He’d been behaving so odd lately. She forced a smile. “There’s an open apartment on our floor, and they’re showing it to a family tomorrow. Mrs. Creech asked if we’d be willing to show them around.”

“What? We barely know the building yet. Why would we do that?” Joe shook his head.

“They have twins your age who would be transferring to your school. I think Mrs. Creech likes the family, and wants them to choose our building. It wouldn’t be a bad thing to do a favor for the building manager.” Carrie raised her eyebrows hopefully. “The tour is at three-thirty today. You’d be home from school by then, sweetie.”

“I’ll be at work.” Gabe kept long hours at the law firm where he’d just made partner.

“I know, dear.” Carrie patted her husband’s arm affectionately. “Will you help me show this nice family around, Joey?”

“Fine.” Joe shrugged. “These kids better not be assholes.”

“Language.” Gabe frowned at his son.

“I’m sure you’ll get along great with them.” Carrie stood. “Oh, look at the clock. My men better get to work and school. And I’m going to be late on my first day volunteering at the church.”

The Marland family rushed around the apartment and out the door.

~~

September 25, 1993: Apartment 9B: Diary of Rosalin Eklund

Finally, I met someone who is willing to talk about more than the weather. His name is Brian Kwon, and he lives with his parents in 12C. Of course, I don't know how helpful he'll be. He's only nineteen, and his family moved in recently, long after the Ostrows disappeared. But at least I have a contact, and maybe he'll lead me to other people willing to talk. At times, I feel like everyone knows why I'm here. Of course, that's impossible. We were very careful.

There are a few oddities in the building. I did some snooping in the basement. I can't seem to find the mechanical room. There's just laundry and a couple small rooms for storage. I can't even find a locked door that might hide the furnace, etc. Also, I studied the building from the outside. I count thirteen stories. The top floor isn't twelve, as the elevator and stairs would have you believe. There *is* a locked door labeled roof access at the end of the hall on twelve. I assume Mrs. Creech has a key, but she tells me tenants are not allowed on the roof.

I did some sketches of the reliefs on the walls of the lobby. I plan to stop by the library and see what I can make of them. The depictions are very unusual for a building constructed in the 1930s. I do wonder if they were added in later decades. But, of course, no one will talk to me about that. Not even any of the doormen.

~~

January 11, 2015: Apartment 12C and 12E, the Marland and Dahir families

"Hi. I'm Abshir Dahir and this is my sister, Hani." Abshir stuck out his hand. The boy who was going to show them around was everything Abshir wasn't. Joe was pale, tall, had longish blond hair, and was thin. Abshir was dark, short, with close-cropped black hair, and a few extra pounds. To add to the differences, Abshir and his sister were dressed formally, while the boy in front of them slouched in a t-shirt and jeans. Abshir and his sister wore glasses, and their guide did not. *I could go on, but I just really want him to shake my hand so we can get this over with.*

"Nice to meet you, I'm Joe." Joe shook Abshir's hand, and then reached his hand out to Hani. She shook it tentatively. Joe tried not to stare at her hijab. It wasn't that unusual in New York, he supposed. He stuffed his hands back in his pockets and looked back at Abshir. "Your name rhymes. I like it." He offered an awkward smile.

"Thanks." Abshir smiled back.

Hani turned her head and rolled her eyes.

“So, I guess my mom is showing around your parents.” Joe turned and looked over at the olds. Abshir and Hani’s mother was wearing a hijab, too. “What do you want to see first?”

“Can you tell us about the art in the lobby?” Abshir looked thoughtfully at the nearby depiction of a partially clothed man and woman talking to a creature with the head of a wolf, but the body of a man. *No, they aren’t talking to it. They’re making an offering.* He couldn’t tell what was in the bundle they held out to it. Behind the wolf-headed man, a tall, zaftig woman stood in robes, giving the offering a beatific smile.

“Nope. I can’t tell you anything.” Joe followed Abshir’s gaze and shivered. “I just walk past them as quickly as I can.” He turned away from the art. “How about the laundry room?” Waving them out of the lobby, he led them toward the basement.

By the time Joe was showing them around the 12<sup>th</sup> floor, all three teenagers were more relaxed. They cracked a few jokes. Joe offered to introduce them to his friends if they ended up at his school. When he found out they liked video games, he invited them over if they moved in down the hall. He even offered to help them move.

The Dahir twins were now hoping they got apartment 12E.

~~

September 26, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family

“Hey, Brian. Wait up!” Rosalin waved her hand, but Brian didn’t see her as he walked out the front door. She hustled across the lobby after him, chuckling to herself. She was too old to be chasing teenage guys around. *It’s not like my fiancé would mind. I’m only befriending Brian Kwon to find a missing family.*

The doorman opened the door for her. “Thank you, James.” Rosalin smiled at the doorman and raced past. She was immediately accosted by the echoing sounds of construction, car horns, and people. So many people.

Looking to the left, she spotted Brian’s black hair disappearing through the throng of people on the sidewalk. Rosalin crossed her arms over her chest so people wouldn’t see her bouncing through her sweater. It took her less than a minute to catch up to Brian. She tapped him on the shoulder, and he turned toward her with a smile.

“Oh, hey, Rosalin.” Brian removed the headphones for his Walkman and pressed stop on the cassette.

"I'm headed this way. I'll walk with you." Rosalin fell in next to him as they strolled down Walnut Street. "What are you listening to?"

"Nirvana." Brian glanced at her to judge her reaction.

"Oh ... rad ... I love them," she lied. Rosalin had heard them on the radio and thought they were a little melodramatic.

"Cool ... cool." Brian nodded and smiled. "Where are you going?"

"I'm meeting my fiancé at the library," she said. "How about you?"

"Band practice at a friend's place." He lifted up his trumpet case for her to see. "Isn't the library the other way?"

"Oh, I just wanted to catch up with you for a minute." She patted him on the shoulder.

Brian hoped he wasn't blushing too profusely. He tried to swallow the goofy grin that wanted to plaster itself on his face. "Sure," he said coolly.

"Hey, Brian, have you noticed anything odd about the building? Maybe heard anything weird about former tenants?" She studied him with side-eye.

"Yeah, actually." Brian adjusted the trumpet case in his hand. "I did notice something odd."

Rosalin's heart sped up. *Finally, I'm about to get a clue.*

"There's this freakish mold growing in the laundry room." He turned left down the next street, and she stayed right by his side.

"Oh, really?" Rosalin deflated. *Not much of a clue.* "I didn't notice it."

"You wouldn't unless you were there with the lights off." Brian thrust out his jaw, proud of the observation. "It's bioluminescent or something. It glows faintly red in the dark. I like to listen to music with the lights off, so when Mom made me go dump a few loads in the washing machines, I turned off the lights and ..."

"That's ... rad ... Brian. Maybe you can show me sometime?" Rosalin patted his shoulder again. She would definitely not be going to the basement with the lights off. Not with him or anyone else. Even if he was a sweet kid. "Okay, gotta go. I'll check ya later." She peeled off down the stairs to a subway entrance.

"Bye, Rosalin." Brian waved, but she was already gone. He thought things over in his head as he walked along. He was pretty sure he'd never tell a soul, but there were a few other weird things about 3838 Walnut. For example, how hungry he'd been since moving there. And how he couldn't stop thinking about how hot his mother was. But maybe the building had nothing to do with it. Maybe he was just starting a very late

growth spurt? He wouldn't mind that. And his body *was* coursing with hormones. Maybe he was just fixating on his mom because she was always around. It wasn't like he didn't find other women hot. Rosalin was awesome. And ...

"Shit." Brian was suddenly popping a boner. And it hurt! He knelt next to a fire hydrant and pretended to tie his shoes while surreptitiously adjusting his dick. His erections had been really painful lately. Another odd thing that he was sure he'd never tell anyone about.

## Chapter 2

### Sorry ... Mom ... Can't Stop ... Too Hungry

December 12, 1939: Apartment 14B, the Norwood family

“Come and help them, Mr. and Mrs. Creech. It’s a heavy crate, and these men need guidance. Men *always* need guidance.” Elizabeth Norwood stood in the lobby of 3838 Walnut Street, supervising the crew as they moved the large, wooden crate through the front door.

“What did you purchase this time, dear?” Floyd Norwood exited the elevator and walked over to his wife.

“You’ve come to meet me, darling?” Elizabeth smiled at her husband.

“I was on my way for my evening constitutional.” Floyd was headed down the street to the tavern. He stepped aside to let the workmen pass. He sighed at the dirty men and looked away, admiring the simple, wallpapered walls of the lobby. His wife had filled their apartment with so much clutter, he hardly remembered what their own wallpaper looked like. “What is it, and how much did it cost me?”

“A fertility statue from the Kingdom of Hungary. It’s quite old. One of a kind, the gallery said.” Elizabeth smiled warmly.

“How much?” Floyd frowned.

“Eight-hundred and thirty-nine dollars.” Elizabeth’s smile flickered.

The workmen paused and looked back at Elizabeth, amazement on their faces. That was an annual salary to them.

“Keep going, you fools. You heard the missus. It’s a rare item. So, don’t break it or it will be coming out of your pocketbooks.” Natalie Creech shooed the workmen on, sending them toward the elevator.

Floyd whistled. “You’ll be the ruin of us, dear.” He shook his head at his wife.

“Don’t stay out too late drinking, darling.” Elizabeth kissed her husband on the cheek and followed the workmen to the elevator. They were holding the door for her, but she waved them up. “Go ahead, I’ll catch the next one.” She stood as the Creeches, the workmen, and the statue went up to the fourteenth floor. She winced a little, listening to the elevator strain. But thankfully it seemed to perform its duty with aplomb.

~~

September 27, 1993: Apartment 9B: Diary of Rosalin Eklund.

It was lovely to see Dave. He was so sweet for making the trip down and meeting me in the library. Afterward, he took me out for sushi! I was sad to see him go, but I can't very well take him back to my apartment.

We didn't find much with my sketches of the lobby reliefs. There was a book that the librarian thought would help titled *Early Pagan Art*. I put in a request and hopefully they'll have a copy for me soon.

I keep thinking about Brian's goofy smile when he found out I was walking with him just to talk. I don't know why my mind is fixating on it. He's nineteen and harmless. But ... thinking about that smile makes me warm inside. Can you imagine if I developed a crush on a nerdy teenager? Don't laugh, Diary. Dave wouldn't like that. On the other hand, I don't have a crush, so I don't think Dave would mind if I let Brian show me his glowing mold in the basement. *Not* a euphemism. It could be a clue as to what happened to the Ostrows.

~~

June 28, 1954: Apartment 4F, the Lavey family.

The second Harold entered his apartment, he could hear the loud, rhythmic thumping. He knew what his wife and son were doing. They had been doing it almost constantly for the last two days. Slowly, he closed the front door and walked to his bedroom. The door was closed. His heart pounded in his ears and perspiration beaded his forehead. There was a low growling sound that he knew to be Billy. That was accompanied by some high-pitched whimpering. Betsy sounded like an injured puppy. Harold knocked. "Betsy ... are you okay?"

"F ... f ... fffiiiiinnneee ... Harold." Betsy was naked on her back, her feet high in the air, toes curling. The curtains were drawn in her bedroom, and the lights were out. A little bit of daylight filtered into the room, allowing her to see the deep concentration on her son's face, and the intensity in his faintly glowing eyes.

"Have ... um ... have you eaten today?" Harold had slept in his son's room the last two nights. He hadn't seen his wife since dinner the night before.

"Yessssssssss." Betsy's breakfast and lunch had been sperm. Thankfully, her son seemed to produce enough to sustain her. She arched her back as her son's penis bore its

way into her soul. “Harold ... ooohhhhhh ... Harold ... Billy is hitting ... something ... deep inside ... me. Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii!”

“Do you need a priest, Betsy? Is it time?” Harold didn’t have the strength to go get outside help. Not on his own. But maybe if his wife asked for it, he could get someone to stop the madness. The banging from his room got louder as his wife shrieked and screamed. She sounded like she was being murdered. Harold opened the door. Maybe if she needed him enough, he could be the hero she needed. The door creaked open, and Harold stood slack-jawed. “Betsy ... oh ... no ... Betsy.” His wife looked possessed, her brown hair whipping back and forth. Her face was a sweaty, semen-soaked mess. Her beautiful breasts lurched on her chest in rhythm to Billy’s slamming hips. “Your breasts ... Betsy ... I thought you said ... you would keep your top on.”

Billy leaned forward, growled, and stuffed his mother’s tit into his mouth. While looking at his father, he chewed on her nipple.

“Oooohhhhhh ... Harold ... this is your fault ... your fault ... you wanted to confront Billy ... buck to buck ... and now ... and now ... ooohhhhhh.” Betsy’s eyes went vacant as she looked at her husband.

Billy spit out the nipple. “And now ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... Mom is living life fuck to fuck.” Billy could smell his father’s cowardice. “Go make dinner ... Daddio ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... Mom and I ... are starving.” He laughed as his father ran from the doorway.

Harold didn’t really know how to cook, but he couldn’t let Her down. He did his best in the kitchen while trying not to listen to his headboard banging against the wall, his son’s grunts, or his wife’s ecstatic wails.

~~

December 24, 1939: Apartment 14B, the Norwood family.

“Come sit by the tree, dear. The fire’s roaring.” Floyd could only see the back of his wife. She was on the other side of the living room, staring at her collection.

“She needs roots ... she needs ... she needs ...” Elizabeth whispered. She stood unsteadily, swaying back and forth as she stared at the rough-hewn statue of a goddess. The Hungarian Lady, as the Norwoods had taken to calling their newest acquisition. She had been somewhat awkwardly cut from a strange granite that had crimson veins woven throughout the crystal. The goddess had been depicted as outlandishly proportioned, with generous breasts and hips. The bottoms of her sturdy legs disappeared into her stone pedestal. Her hair was long, and she seemed completely

unadorned. All of this had led experts to call her a fertility goddess. But Elizabeth knew they were wrong.

“Liz? Can you hear me?” Floyd downed the rest of his brandy and stood. “It’s Christmas Eve, darling. Come sit by the fire.” Her dress glittered as he moved across the room. Her hair was up, and she wore her best jewelry. But his wife seemed hardly into the festivities. He put his hand on her arm and quickly drew it away. His palm and fingers came away wet. She was perspiring profusely, and her skin felt like she was burning up. “Liz? Are you ill?”

Elizabeth’s face snapped toward her husband. She let out a quick snarl and then laughed to cover it up. “I’m fine, darling.” She smiled and giggled, her high voice tittering in the bright room. Candles were on the tree and glowing brightly in the dark windows. They all guttered, responding to some unfelt breeze, but didn’t go out. She skipped to one of the armchairs and sat. “Mrs. Creech? Fetch me some sausages. I’m starving.”

“We just ate supper.” Floyd wiped his hand off on the trousers of his fine suit. “And you ate a schooner-full at the table.”

“I’m hungry,” Elizabeth growled. A dark cloud spread across her face, dampening her pretty features. It then quickly passed, and she laughed again. “There’s some sort of mold on the statue. I’d like to collect it.”

“Which statue?” Floyd frowned. “And we should kill the mold, not collect it.”

“*The Statue*, Floyd. Don’t be a doofus.” Elizabeth shook her head like she pitied her husband. When Natalie Creech rushed in with a tray of sausages, Elizabeth clapped her hands. “You’re a lifesaver, Mrs. Creech.”

“Anything for you, ma’am.” Natalie delivered the sausages and stepped back, watching her mistress tear into her snack like a ravenous animal. Natalie looked away, her eyes falling on the new statue across the room. The strange goddess made her feel queasy to look at, but it was better than keeping her eyes on Elizabeth.

Floyd grabbed Natalie’s arm and pulled her into the kitchen. “I need you to fetch a doctor, Mrs. Creech. And I’m afraid we’ll need your services throughout the night.”

“But Mr. Creech will be expecting me home.” Natalie frowned.

“Perhaps you should send for him, too. We’ll need all hands on deck until Mrs. Norwood is feeling better. Surely, you’ve noticed something’s amiss.” Floyd peeked out into the living room, where his wife was noisily munching on her meal.

“Yes, sir. I’ll stay until she’s better.” Mrs. Creech rushed off to send for a doctor and her husband.

~~

September 29, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family.

“Oh, hi, sweetie.” Darby walked into the kitchen to find her son raiding the cabinets. “How did that job interview go?” She watched him rip open a bag of chips and shovel them into his mouth. Her lip curled, and she looked away. *Teenage boys*. It occurred to her how odd it had been that he was a model teenager all the way up until nineteen, and now, with months to go on his teenage years, she was catching him masturbating and raiding the fridge like a beast. *Why are the troubles starting now?*

“I nailed ... the interview ... Mom,” Brian said with his mouth full.

“Can you stop eating for a moment and talk to me?” She really didn’t want to make a disgusted face at her sweet son, but he wasn’t giving her much choice. “You’re behaving like a monkey.”

“Sorry ... Mom ... can’t stop ... too hungry ... and I’m going out ... soon.” He kept shoveling chips into his mouth. Crunching sounds filled the kitchen. “Ooo ... ooo ... ooo ... aaah ... aaah ... aaah.” He made monkey noises, and then looked down at the empty bag. “So hungry.” He wiped crumbs off his mouth with the back of his hand and smiled at his mother. It took him a moment to realize he’d been staring at the lovely curve her boobs made under her sweater.

“You’re going out?” Darby crossed her arms over her chest to block his view. He wasn’t even trying to hide his ogling. More teenage boy repulsiveness. “Are you seeing a girl?” She tried not to get her hopes up.

“Yeah ... Mom.” Brian went back into the cupboard and pulled out a bag of turkey jerky. He ripped it open, pulled out a piece, and gnawed on it. He watched his mom as he chewed, his eyes moving to the way her jeans hugged her hips. “But it’s not like ... a date ... or anything. It’s that woman I told you ... about. The one in ... 9B.”

“Well, even if it’s not a date, at least you’re spending time with a girl.” Darby shook her head. “Don’t behave like this in front of her.”

“Yeah ... sure, Mom.” Brian glanced at his mother’s face and was suddenly struck by her beauty. “Shit!” His dick sprung into a painful erection. He turned away from his mother so she wouldn’t see the tent in his pants.

“Language, Brian.” Darby sighed. “I swear, if you tried to pull some of the stuff you pull on me with your father, he’d kick you out of the apartment.” She watched him gnaw on his jerky, facing the wall. She couldn’t bear the sight anymore so without another word she left to go do some chores elsewhere in the apartment.

When his mother was gone, Brian tossed the rest of the jerky back onto the shelf and raced to his room. He needed to jerk it before seeing Rosalin. Otherwise, he suspected he'd never lose his boner.

~~

"I don't see anything." Rosalin studied the concrete of the laundry room wall. The room was filled with the rhythmic whirring and clanking of washing machines and dryers in use. She ran her finger over the wall where there was the impression of formwork. A quick shiver shook her whole body, and she pulled her hand back like she'd been stung. But, of course, she'd only felt the rough wall.

When she looked over at him, and they made eye contact, Brian blushed. "I told you, Rosalin, we have to turn the lights out." *I'm alone in the laundry room with a beautiful girl.* "Do you ... um ... want me to turn out the lights?" He fiddled with the headphones to his Walkman, which were currently around his neck. "If you're scared, you could hold my hand."

She would ignore that. "I heard some of the tenants talking about services at 'the chapel'. Do you know if there's a chapel in the building?" *Dave wouldn't mind that I'm here. I know he wouldn't. Brian's harmless.*

"A chapel?" Brian shook his head. "Never heard of it. But I'm new here, too. Maybe it's on the thirteenth floor?"

"Tenants aren't allowed up there, so I don't think so." She leaned her butt against the washing machine behind her. Its vibrations moved wonderfully through her body.

"Should I turn out the lights?" Brian held his hand out to her. He had never been this forward with a woman before.

Rosalin reached out her left hand and took Brian's hand. "It is a bit scary down here."

"It is." Brian noticed her glittering engagement ring. "So ... you must really like your fiancé."

Rosalin laughed. "I love him more than anything. Dave is so strong and sweet and gallant." She gave Brian an appraising look as he led her by the hand to the light switch. "You're a lot like Dave, you know."

"Thanks." Brian's cheeks turned even more crimson. He quickly switched off the lights to hide them.

"I don't see anything." Rosalin squeezed his hand tighter. She found it to be a bit clammy, but she didn't mind.

"Give your eyes a minute to adjust." Brian squeezed her hand back. It was electrifying to touch a woman. He hadn't done much of that in high school. And he didn't have many opportunities to meet women now. It felt almost like he could feel literal sparks. He breathed in and took in the scents in the darkness. He could smell the saccharine sweetness of someone's dryer sheets, the floral touch of Rosalin's modestly applied perfume, and something else. *I can smell her. She's excited and afraid. Why can I smell that?* He blinked his eyes a few times. "There ... do you see that?" He pulled her through the darkness, holding his free hand out so he didn't bump into anything.

The machines hummed and whirred around them.

"Oh ... I see it. It's so faint." Rosalin sucked in her breath. The glow is beautiful. "What would you call it? Carmine?"

"Sure ... that's a color ... sure." Brian was suddenly having a hard time concentrating. He heard a woman's voice ... a mother's voice, but not his mother. The woman was calling to him ... offering him safety and protection.

"Hear me ... Brian Kwon ... I am Ogganse." Ogganse sang her beguiling song from the other side. "All will be right ... in my arms. You are the young stag ... you are my salvation. You will sire a goddess."

"Brian ... Brian ... are you okay?" Rosalin squeezed his hand so hard she heard a crack. He wasn't responding to her. *Now is not the time to panic.* "Say something, please."

"I feel ... very strange ... Rosalin." With strength he didn't know he had, Brian pulled her into an embrace. She was four inches taller than him, so kissing her was a bit awkward, but he lifted himself onto his toes and planted his lips on hers.

*Now it's time to panic!* "Mmmpppphhhhh!" The teenager's tongue was in her mouth! Rosalin pushed him away, turned, and crashed into the folding table. She fell to her knees, her eyes wide in the dark. The carmine glow seemed to be pulsing like a human heart. She had thought it beautiful a moment before, but now she found it hideous. "Help ... help!" She had brought the Bloomfield Murderer to justice, and now she was crawling through the dark trying to escape a five-foot-five, horny teenager. *Get a grip!*

"Rosalin ... oh, my God. I'm so sorry." Brian groped in the dark. "I didn't mean to ... I ..." His hand found her jean-clad ass as she crawled away, and she let out a horrible shriek. He pulled his hand back. "I'm so sorry ... we were just looking at the red glow ... and it felt right." He couldn't hear Ogganse's voice anymore. *Did I ever hear it?* "Look, you don't need to scream. I'll get the lights." He moved in the right direction, found the wall,

found the switch, and turned the lights back on. When he saw the look of confusion and anger on Rosalin's face, he wished he had left them both in darkness. "I'm ... sorry."

"We just got done talking about Dave. Brian ... I'm so disappointed in you. Please, don't talk to me ... ever again." Rosalin stood up, raced to the door, opened it, and disappeared.

"Shit!" Brian felt terrible. And to make matters worse, he had another painful erection. They had been hurting so much lately. He gave her a minute to escape, and then raced back to his apartment to have a shameful jerkoff.

~~

February 5, 2015: Apartment 12C and 12E, the Marland and Dahir families.

"You boys are eating up a storm." Uba brought another plate of hummus and pita for her son and Joe. She frowned as they tore into her latest offering, but she was happy that her twins had found a friend right down the hall. She made eye contact with her daughter, who was playing video games with the boys. Hani rolled her eyes at her mother. Uba smiled at that. Even if the boys were slovenly sometimes, she was glad her daughter wasn't left out. And glad that Hani had a sense of humor about them. Uba and Hani were both wearing long, dark dresses and their hijabs since Joe was visiting. "Anything else I can get you three?"

"No ... thanks ... Mom," Abshir said between bites.

Joe made himself put down the pita and finish chewing. It wasn't easy. He smiled at Uba. "You're the best, Mrs. Dahir. Thank you."

"You're welcome, Joey." Uba glanced at the video game they were playing. She didn't approve, but one had to pick one's battles as a mother. She turned and walked out of the room.

Joe watched his friends' mom leave the room. Her modest clothes and hijab couldn't completely hide her curves and beauty. He tried not to stare at her ass as it rolled with each step. He grimaced. Another painful boner hit him. He should have known better than to ogle that woman.

"Did you just pop a woody because of my mom?" Hani looked at their guest from her languid position on the armchair, her face full of wonder.

“Hani!” Abshir’s eyes opened wide. His sister said the most tawdry things, but this was beyond even her. Despite his shock, he tore off another piece of pita and put it in his mouth.

“Shit ... I didn’t mean to.” Joe grabbed a throw pillow from the sofa next to him and put it on his lap.

“I’m sorry, Abshir, but that’s pretty crazy.” Hani giggled. “Can you imagine Mom being spank bank material?” Hani looked over at her brother.

“I’m sorry.” Joe wiped his forehead. He was sweating. He’d been doing that a lot lately. It’s like his body thought he was running a marathon when he was sitting still.

“Seriously, Joe, don’t worry about it. You’re eighteen. I’m sure every woman who breathes near you makes you pop one.” Hani gave him a knowing smile.

“You know what? I have to go.” Joe put down the controller. “I just remembered I have ... homework.” He stood awkwardly, holding the pillow in front of his junk. “Um ...”

“Damn, just take the pillow. You can give it back to us later.” Hani shook her head and laughed.

“Sorry.” Joe tried not to make eye contact with his friends. “Bye.” He rushed out of the room and out of their apartment.

Despite the insanity, Abshir was still eating. “I can’t believe you ... sometimes. What if you ... scared him away? He’s my ... friend,” he said. He looked down at the tray to see the food was gone.

“Boys like it when you’re straight with them. And he’s not just your friend. He’s *our* friend.” Hani watched her brother get up. “Do you have a woody, too? Holy shit.”

“I’ll be in my room.” Abshir hurried off.

“We’re only halfway through this level,” Hani called after him. “You can’t just leave every time you need to ...” She put down the controller. “Maybe it’s better if you do leave every time you have to ... you know,” she whispered.

Uba stuck her head in the doorway. “Did Joey leave?”

“Yeah, Mom. He got all flustered by how hot you are.” Hani laughed.

“I wish you wouldn’t say things like that.” Uba frowned, pressing her dark lips together. “And your brother?”

“He’s ... taking a *nap*.” Hani winked.

“You are too much. We aren’t supposed to think about them thinking and doing those things.” Uba sighed. “You’re never going to find a husband if you keep behaving like this.”

“Maybe I don’t want a husband.” Hani arched an eyebrow.

“Crazy girl.” Uba walked into the room and started stacking empty dishes. “Come on, help me clean up.”

“That’s just what I’m talking about.” Hani stood and helped her mother. “I’m not really interested in spending my life cleaning up after men.”

“Then you picked the wrong planet to live on.” Uba nudged her daughter’s narrow hip with her wide one and smiled. “I should check with Joey’s mother to make sure he got home okay.”

“Mom, he lives like thirty feet down the hall.” Hani walked into the kitchen.

“Still.” Uba was used to suburban living. For her, old habits died hard.

~~

“Yes, he walked in a few minutes ago. He’s in his room.” Carrie spoke to her neighbor on the phone. “Yes, I think he had a great time. We’ll invite your twins over here next time. Yes ... yes ... sure thing, Uba ... sounds good. Bye.” Carrie disconnected and put her phone on the counter. “Joey? Hey, Joey?” She called across the apartment. “Mrs. Dahir said you left in a hurry. Everything okay?”

There was no answer. She walked across the apartment, stopping in front of her own bedroom. The view of the park always took her breath away. She would never grow tired of living at 3838 Walnut. Carrie continued down the hall and knocked on her son’s door. “I’m coming in.” She gave him a moment and opened the door. Her son was sitting at his desk with his computer monitor off. Even so, he seemed to be studying it closely. “Joey?”

“Hey, Mom.” He tried to be nonchalant as he turned toward her. His breath caught in his throat. His mother was wearing a tight sweater that accentuated her usually unassuming boobs and hugged her trim belly. Her mom-jeans sat perfectly on her hips. “I ... um ... I ... um ...” He desperately fought the urge to pull down his pants and continue what he’d been doing before she knocked.

“Are you okay, sweetie? You have the strangest expression on your face.” Carrie walked over to him and put her hand on his forehead. “Oh, my. You’re burning up *and*

sweating.” She removed her hand and wiped it on her jeans. “Let’s get you into bed.” She pulled him up onto his feet. When she did that, his pants, which were not buttoned, fell down his thighs. She looked down to see his member valiantly pushing at his boxers. “Oh ... well ... you can get yourself into bed.” She quickly turned to the door. “I can see you’re having a teenage moment.”

“Sorry, Mom.” Joe had been apologizing a lot in the past hour. “But I don’t feel sick.” He actually felt great. He could hear her heart rate thump madly as she paused in the doorway and looked back, her gaze on his underwear. He could smell fear on her. She was afraid that something was wrong with him. “I’ve never been better, Mom.”

Mother and son stood in silence for a few moments, their gazes not meeting, but instead looking where they shouldn’t look.

“Um ... I feel a bit strange myself. Maybe we’re both coming down with something.” Carrie backed out of the door. “Get in bed, and I’ll check on you in a little bit. I don’t think you’ll be going to school tomorrow.”

“Sure, Mom.” Joe nodded. When she’d left and closed the door, he sat back at his desk and turned on his monitor. His dick was immediately in his hand as he restarted the video.

~~

September 29, 1993: Apartment 9B: Diary of Rosalin Eklund.

My mind is spinning. I keep thinking about Brian. I’m bewildered. My thoughts flip from Dave to Brian to Dave and so on. And then, when I close my eyes, I see the image of those two stags on the wall of the lobby. The animals have magnificent antlers and are about to charge. A herd of does watch them. The mother and wolf-headed man that appear all over the walls, appear there, too, watching the confrontation. I feel like I’m on a bad trip.

I’m not a little schoolgirl. I’m on my way to making a name for myself. I *will* find the Ostrows. Tomorrow, I’ll redouble my efforts to uncover clues. In the meantime, my hands are trembling. I think I’ll open a bottle of wine and try to lose myself in some television. Maybe a show with wildlife.

## Chapter 3

### The Chant was Low and Urgent

February 6, 2015: Apartment 12C, the Marland family.

“Joey ... are you up yet?” Carrie knocked on her son’s door. He’d suffered from a fever the night before, so she wasn’t surprised he was sleeping in. When she got no answer to several more knocks, she let herself into his room. It was dark and musty in there. It was redolent of sweat and other male teenager scents. It should have made her want to gag, but instead, she breathed in deeply. She stood just inside the doorway, huffing the air in her son’s room for several minutes before catching herself in the act. She shook her head and focused on his bed. The curtains were drawn, so the only light fell in through the open door.

Joey lay naked on his stomach with no blanket. His slim, pale form was covered in beaded perspiration. He snored loudly.

“You’re going to miss school, Joey.” Carrie breathed deeply again. *That smell. It’s like my sweet little boy has turned into a beast at eighteen.* Her knees were weak. “Maybe you *should* miss school.” She walked over to him and shook his shoulder. His skin was clammy and scalding. “Joey? Oh ... my!” In a flash, her son had flipped over and grabbed her wrist. He was snarling at her. She recoiled, but his grip was strong. He easily held her by the bed.

“Grrrrrrrrr.” Joe had been dreaming about bounding through a forest, chased by a pack of wolves. In the dream, he had leapt over fallen logs and dodged around tree trunks effortlessly. He blinked and returned to waking life. His growl subsided. “Mom?” He could smell her fear. He saw that he was gripping her wrist and quickly let go. “What’s going on?”

Carrie stumbled backward. She caught her balance in the middle of the room and put a hand to her chest. She made a fist clutching her loose sweater. She wiped his sweat from her other hand on the leg of her yoga pants. “What’s going on?” She suddenly became aware that his penis was exposed. Despite his fever, he was sporting morning wood. “Oh ... gosh ... cover that up.” But neither of them moved as she stared at it. For a moment, she thought the whole thing was pulsing with the beat of his heart in the most horrible way. She blinked. It was only a normal penis. Perhaps a bit small. Not frightening. *Not* frightening!

“What ... oh ... shit.” Joe pulled his blanket from the floor and covered himself.

“I’m calling the school. You’re staying home, and so am I. You are obviously out of sorts.” Carrie backed toward the doorway.

“I thought you were volunteering today.” Joey scratched his head in confusion.

“This is more important.” Carrie frowned. “I’ll make you a healthy breakfast. I’ll bring it to you in bed.”

“No ... I feel good, Mom.” It was true. He felt great. “I can go to school.”

“No ...” Carrie shook her head. “No school. But if you feel up to it, clean yourself up and come to the kitchen when you’re ready.” She quickly turned and fled.

~~

Carrie watched in horror as her son devoured plate after plate of whatever she put in front of him. “What on Earth is going on with you?” Finally, he pushed his plate away, and she sat at the table with him, sipping coffee. She watched him drink a glass of orange juice and refill it.

Once he was done gulping down the juice, Joe smacked his lips. “I don’t know. I feel great.”

“You do look better.” Carrie smiled at him. He was practically glowing now that he’d been fed. She got up and put her hand on his forehead. “Your fever’s gone.” She looked at the clock. “Well, maybe we should do something together. Do you feel like you could manage a jog in the park?” She had often gone on runs with his brothers, but Joe had always declined exercise. She expected him to decline her again. But it never hurt to ask. They were a family of athletes with one exception. “I’m sure you’ll need to put all the food you just ate to good use.”

“Yeah.” Joe laughed. “I need to move. Let’s go for a run in the park. Let me get dressed.” He jumped up from the table and ran off to his bedroom.

Carrie shook her head and went to put her running things on.

Ten minutes later, mother and son were heading down in the elevator. Carrie glanced at him. “You still feel good? You look ... really healthy.” She had been worried he might be sick for days just a few hours ago. Now he had the energy of a sprinter waiting for his mark.

“I feel as good as I look.” He laughed and smacked her butt.

“Oh!” Carrie’s eyes went wide. “Joey ... you can’t ...” The doors opened, and he sprung out into the lobby. He dashed past the reliefs on either wall. Carrie had to jog to catch up with him. “Hello, Greg,” she nodded to the doorman who held the door for them. He was a friendly older gentleman of Korean descent.

“Mrs. Marland.” Greg tipped his cap to her.

Suddenly, Carrie was out on the busy sidewalk, dodging pedestrians to keep up with her son. Despite her efforts, he was always a few paces ahead of her. “Wait ... Joey ... Jeez!” She watched him cut across traffic and head into the park. She jogged down to the crosswalk, waited for the light, and followed him. She found him waiting for her, jogging in place on the snow-covered grass.

“You’re getting too old, Mom. You can’t keep up with a young pup like me.” It felt incredible to move his body.

“I’m not. And ... you’re not ... not a ... wait!” Carrie was already panting when he took off down the path through the park. She followed him, watching his skinny butt move in his sweatpants. She had to laugh, even if she could barely spare the oxygen. She had thought that Joe was the black sheep, but it seemed he was just like his brothers. It made sense, she and Gabe had always been physical.

Maybe Joe had a point. Carrie did feel a tad too old, trying to chase her lithe son. He moved with such grace and ease. Eventually, he stopped for her under the bare branches of a cherry tree. She immediately slowed to a walk and put her hands behind her ponytail, sucking in the cold, February air. “Wow ... Joey ... you must have been ... training ... while I wasn’t watching.”

Joe flashed her a smile. He was also breathing hard and sweating. *I’m finally sweating for the right reasons.* He shook his head at how odd the day had been so far. “I think I’m just ... growing into myself or something. You look great in your jogging outfit, by the way. You’re still an athlete ... Mom.” She wore yoga pants and an athletic top. Despite his teasing from before, she wasn’t too old for anything. She looked like the perfect, toned woman. He caught himself wondering about how toned she really was ... what she’d look like naked. With her nipples protruding through the fabric of her top as they were, he could almost imagine it.

“Thank you ... Joey.” Carrie smiled warmly. “Let’s go ... a little farther ... before we turn back ... and go easy on this old lady.”

“Sure, Mom.” Joe eased into a slower jog next to his mother. It had been fun to outrun her, but it was also fun to chat and steal glances of her bouncing bust out of the corner of his eye.

“So ... Joey ... you’ve been spending ... a lot of time ... with the Dahirs. Hani isn’t ... too forward ... for you?” Carrie loved chatting with her son. How odd that she’d find herself jogging with him after all that had happened. How had her day turned out perfect after so many misfires?

“You noticed that about Hani, huh?” Joey laughed. He found that he was barely breathing hard at the slower pace, but he could hear his mother huffing and puffing as she blew ragged puffs of mist. “Hani’s cool. And she’s pretty.”

Carrie raised an eyebrow and glanced at him. “Is there ... a twelfth floor ... romance ... blooming?”

“No, Mom.” Joey shook his head and took a quick peek at his bouncing mother.

“Well, prom is ... on the horizon ... is there anyone ... you might ask?” Carrie felt wonderful. Her son was opening up to her. And they were exercising together. *What a splendid Friday!*

“I don’t know ... I’ve hooked up with some girls ... at parties. Maybe ... one of them?” He shrugged and jogged closer to his mother to avoid a mother with a stroller heading the other way.

“Joey Marland! I thought ... you were maybe ... not interested in girls.”

“I like girls ... Mom. Sometimes, lately, when I see a pretty woman, it makes my brain shut down ... you know?” Joe let out a self-deprecating laugh. “I think maybe ... I like girls too much.”

“Just like ... your father.” Carrie slowed to a walk. “I suppose ... most men ... are like that.” She turned around. “Let’s head back. I’m going ... be sore ... tomorrow.” They walked for a few minutes and talked. When she’d caught her breath enough, they broke back into a jog. Her son seemed to have boundless energy. And he was so happy to share what was going on in his life. She heard about troublesome teachers, great teachers, bullies, friends, and lots more. She learned more about her teenage son in one morning jog than she had at the last thousand dinner conversations.

~~

September 15, 1954: Apartment 4F, the Lavey family.

“It’s good to see you, Mrs. Creech.” Betsy felt so odd dressed up in her Sunday best just to stay in the building. It was even odder to have her son on her arm and her husband trailing them, eager to attend to any errands Billy might have for him.

“You’re positively glowing, Mrs. Lavey.” Natalie Creech smiled warmly at mother and son. She was a woman who appeared to be in her mid-thirties, wearing a dress that was maybe a couple decades out of style. “You look astonishing.” Natalie leaned close to the fallen housewife and whispered, “I must know your secret.”

Betsy glanced uncomfortably at her husband behind her. His eyes were cast on the floor. She looked back at Natalie and rubbed her belly. "I'm pregnant, Mrs. Creech. That must be it." They were standing outside apartment 1A. From this vantage, Betsy could see a little sliver of the lobby. There was a depiction on the wall of a slain stag, its throat slit and bleeding out. The wolf-headed man stood in the background of this scene. But the goddess stood above the stag, a dripping knife in one hand, her eyes turned toward the heavens in what looked like a plea or a prayer. Betsy shivered and looked at her husband again. Poor Harold was the defeated buck. Would something terrible happen to him? Were they planning to sacrifice him to that goddess? She hated to think about it.

"I'm thrilled that She finally invited us to worship." Billy stood proudly with his arm interlocked with his mother's. "Please lead the way."

"Yes, of course." Mrs. Creech stepped out of her apartment and closed the door. She pulled out a ring of keys as she led them to the elevator. "We've recently closed off the top floor. We'll have to get off on twelve and then go through a locked door. Once tenants have been here long enough, they usually get a key. We'll have one made up for you soon. In the meantime, I'll be your key."

Harold rushed to the elevator ahead of them and hit the call button.

"You won't be coming up with us tonight, Mr. Lavey." Mrs. Creech frowned at Harold. "The defeated will not sully the thirteenth floor. Get yourself a doorman's outfit and help out at the front."

Harold hustled toward the front door for further instructions.

The elevator chimed as the doors opened. Natalie's smile returned. "There now, this way. I'm excited for your first worship."

"We are, too." Billy squeezed his mother's ass through her dress and laughed.

Betsy let out a nervous giggle, and the three of them entered the elevator.

~~

October 18, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family.

"Brian ... what are you doing in there?" Darby knocked on her son's door. Since she'd walked in on him masturbating, she made it a point to knock. He hadn't even stopped touching himself when that had happened. It was like the food he constantly shoved down his throat. He no longer had any self-control. Her son was devolving before her eyes. "Brian? I know you're in there. You're spending too much time in your room."

“Leave me alone, Mom. I’m nineteen. I can take care of myself.” Brian’s voice sounded more than irritable.

“What are you doing in there?” Darby waited, tapping her foot on the hallway carpet. “Whatever it is, it’s time to stop!”

“I’m surfing the net, Mom!”

“Brian, your sister is in town. We’re going to meet your father at work, and the four of us are going to have a nice day as a family. So, come on out.” Darby couldn’t understand the silence that greeted her. Her sweet son cherished family time, especially with his sister. He was always so eager to be with them. She marched to the kitchen, pulled a tall glass out of the cupboard, and filled it at the tap. She returned to her position in the hall, outside her son’s room. “Brian? You better not be doing what I think you’re doing.”

“Leave me alone, Mom!”

“That does it.” Darby opened the door. He was indeed masturbating. With grim determination, she moved across the room. The first thing she noticed was that there was a naked, Asian woman with big breasts on his computer monitor. The second was that her son’s penis appeared to be bigger than before. And it had dark blue veins protruding all over its shaft. *It was smaller and smooth before, I’m sure of it. Has he been pulling it so much he’s deformed himself? He’s ruining himself!* Remembering why she’d come in there, she threw the water from the glass onto her son. “Get a grip, Brian. Put that thing away.” She crossed her arms with satisfaction and watched him sputter. “We’re going to have a nice day as a family. Get ready. You have ten minutes.” She turned and headed toward the door, but something made her look back. Her son’s thing was shrinking, but it was still quite beastly. The head of it was knobbier than she remembered, too. It made something in her belly quiver. And something ... down lower ... quiver ... too.

“Fine, Mom! I’ll get ready. Just get out.” Brian was humiliated. His mother had literally thrown cold water on his jerking habit.

~~

“There you are.” Greg had finally found his son. Usually, Brian was chatty in museums, but today he kept wandering off. “What did you find?” He stopped next to Brian and regarded the painting his son was observing. “Hey, this looks familiar.” Greg rubbed his chin. “It’s a bit ... grisly.” There was a buck laying on a stone altar, its crimson life running out of the slit in its throat. The blood ran over gray mineral and onto the verdant forest floor. A generously proportioned woman with black hair stood behind

the altar. Incongruously, she held up a baby that looked like it had just been born. The umbilical cord stretched to the dead deer's wound. "What is this thing?" Greg was suddenly upset. He turned his eyes away and read about the painting. *The Rebirth of Ogganse by Artur Victorovitch Siyankov, 1931*. There was no other information.

"It does look familiar, doesn't it?" Brian turned and looked at his father, judging the man as an adversary for the very first time. "It's the same woman from the walls of the lobby."

"What lobby?" Greg didn't like the look in his son's eyes. He was suddenly aware that Brian's forehead was beaded with sweat, and a musky odor came off the teenager. Greg took a step back.

"From our building, Dad. From 3838 Walnut. She's all over the walls there. Ogganse." Brian nodded and looked back at the painting.

"This woman? Ogganse?" Greg pointed at the zaftig woman holding the baby.

"That is not Ogganse. That's the woman on the thirteenth floor," Brian said in a whisper.

"What woman? Our building only has twelve floors." Greg furrowed his brow in confusion.

"There you two are." Rachel waltzed up to them with a smile. "It's nice to see some manly bonding." She took their arms, one in each of hers, and led them away without noticing what they were looking at. "Mom found some awesome *Der Blaue Reiter* pieces. She wants you two to see them."

"Okay, Rachel." Greg was glad for the interruption. He wasn't quite sure what had just happened with his son.

"Lead on, Rachel." Brian leaned into his sister, feeling the warm, softness of her body along his side. He smiled. It was nice to spend time with his family.

~~

February 21, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

"It's definitely bigger." Abshir stood in the bathroom, staring at his soft dick in the mirror. "I'm going to have to figure out if this is related to ..."

There was a knock on the door. "Are you in there staring at your dick again? I swear, if you get any more vain ..." Hani sounded impatient. She had caught her brother in the

bathroom the day before, swinging his soft dick in the mirror. It did seem like he had something to be vain about. It was big. But that didn't mean he should spend his days staring at it.

"Shut up, Hani." He quickly wrapped a towel around his waist. "I was just drying off." He opened the door, letting out the steam. "I wish you wouldn't ..." He stood gawping at her pretty face and shiny, curly hair. The black of her curls were lustrous and seemed to call out for his touch.

"What are you staring at?" Hani frowned at him. "Do I have a bird's nest on my head or something?"

"Nothing ... nothing ... you look pretty without your hijab." Abshir continued his slack-jawed stare.

"You always see me without my hijab, and you haven't ever complimented me before." Hani pressed her lips into a line. When he continued to gawk, she pulled him out of the doorway and went into the bathroom. "You're acting really strange lately. Get a grip." She slammed the door on him.

In a daze, Abshir walked down to his room and started to dress. His mother walked in while he was pulling on his argyle sweater. On his lower half, he was still only wearing briefs. He finished getting the sweater in place, and then he found himself gawping at his mother's gorgeous, black curls. "Mom ... um ... I'm getting dressed."

"Don't mind me, it's nothing I haven't seen before." Uba dropped a full laundry basket on his bed. "I want you to fold those before we go out to eat." She walked back toward the door, but his silence made her pause. "Is everything all right, sweetheart?" She looked over her shoulder and saw that he was staring at her butt. "Abshir, you can't look at me like that. Your father would be very angry if he caught you doing that."

"What about you, Mom? Are you angry?" He could feel his dick lurch in his underwear.

Uba turned toward her son, cocked her head, and rubbed her chin. "Look up here, sweetheart." She pointed to her glasses, but he continued staring at the curve of her boobs. "Abshir? I have something to tell you. Look up here."

Slowly, Abshir raised his gaze to meet hers. He took in the sight of her soft, hazel eyes, magnified by her glasses. "Mom?"

"I know you're going through some changes right now. And everything is confusing." She smiled patiently. "But I'm your mother. I'm married to your father. I am not a woman for you in that way. You can't spend your life thinking with that." She pointed to his penis, which was quite obviously hard ... and big. She could see the outline of it running north and disappearing up under his sweater. "Find a nice girl at your new school and ask her to help you with it. Maybe Joey can introduce you to some girls."

“You want me to ... be with girls?”

“You need to get this primal energy out somewhere ... else.” Uba nodded.

Abshir stared at her full, dark lips. “Mom ... I have a lot ... of primal energy right now.”

“I know, Abshir. It’s obvious.” Uba had always felt safe around her son. But he had been so wild lately. And something about the way he was looking at her chimed warning bells in her mind. She took a step back toward the open doorway. “Finish getting dressed and –”

“Mom ... I’m hungry.” Abshir took a step toward his mother. He absentmindedly adjusted his glasses. “Mom ... I’m so hungry.” His gaze dropped down to the wonderful slope at the front of her dress.

“I know, sweetheart. You’ve been eating nonstop for the past month. You should see our grocery bills.” She let out a nervous laugh.

“What do you think the art in the lobby means?” Abshir didn’t realize it, but he was sweating profusely again. His undershirt was already wet, and his underwear clung to his penis, the damp fabric becoming more transparent.

“I don’t know. I don’t like it. But we got such a deal on this apartment ... and it’s a wonderful building otherwise ... I ...” Uba couldn’t help but fix her gaze on her son’s briefs. Everything underneath was on display. His testicles were too big for him. And she thought they might be pulsing in the most unnatural way. “I ... um ... I have to go.”

“Wait, Mom.” With a snarl, Abshir bolted across the room. He was not normally fleet of foot, but he somehow passed his mother and closed the door before she could reach it. He could see that her chest was rising and falling with each accelerated breath.

There was a loud knock behind Abshir.

“Don’t slam doors, moron.” Hani banged on her brother’s door again and then continued down the hall to her room.

“Hani,” Uba whispered. Her throat was suddenly so dry she couldn’t raise her voice enough to be heard out in the hall.

“I’m hungry, Mom,” Abshir growled. “You will ... satisfy me.”

“You can fix yourself a sandwich. And ... you ... will not growl at me ... in that way.” Uba put her hand to her chest to steady herself. She found that she was still whispering.

“What has gotten into you?”

Abshir breathed deeply. He could smell her fear and excitement. He could smell her womb preparing itself to breed a goddess. He shook his head. *That’s not right. None of*

*this is right.* He stepped to the side and opened the door. "Sorry, Mom. I was just ... really hungry."

"Then get yourself a sandwich." Uba hustled past her son, out into the hall, and raced down to the living room. She found her husband reading on the sofa. She practically jumped onto his lap and draped her arms around him.

"What's wrong, Uba?" Taban didn't take his eyes off the page, but he did stop reading. He was hoping his wife might move along and allow him to finish the chapter.

"Abshir is ... um ..." Uba didn't know what to say. Her son hadn't done anything beyond blocking her way and undressing her with his eyes. "He's ..."

"What is it?" Taban sighed, marked his page, and closed the book. "What did Abshir do?"

"He didn't do anything ... but ... he's different, Taban." Uba hugged her husband tightly.

"He's not your little boy anymore, I know. All mothers must eventually see their sons as men." Taban opened the book again. "I've noticed that he's been a bit more erratic than usual. Maybe we can find a way to have him focus his energy."

"Girls?" Uba's voice squeaked.

Taban laughed. "Sure, he needs some of that. But I don't have any women to offer him."

"No, you don't." Uba snuggled into her husband's side.

"I like you there. Your breasts are so heavy. Stay where you are while I read." Taban began reading again. "Maybe afterward, we can visit our bedroom together."

"I would like that, Taban." Uba looked over her shoulder. Her son was standing in the shadows of the hall listening to them. She couldn't see his face, but his body language seemed ... disapproving. She shivered.

~~

September 15, 1954: Apartment 4F, the Lavey family.

"Uuuuggghhhh ... ooo ... ooo ... uuuuuuggghhh ... ooo ... ooo ... nnnnngggaaaaaa ... Ogganse!" The chant was low and urgent in the chapel. There were twelve tenants from the building in the pews, not including Natalie, Billy, and Betsy who all sat in the last row.

The Laveys didn't know the words, so they sat with their hands in their laps and with solemn expressions on their faces.

“Uuuugggghh ... ooo ... ooo ... ooooooo ... Ogganse!” The crowd chanted.

Leading the prayer was a figure in purple, hooded robes. She chanted in a deep, guttural voice. Billy stared at her. She was clearly a *she* by the curves of her body that the billowy robes could not hide. Her face was hidden in shadow, however. The more Billy stared, the more he wanted the woman. He desired her almost as much as he desired his mother. Without even seeing her face, she was driving him up the walls.

The chapel was clearly an apartment that had been gutted, with only the support columns left where walls had once been. Behind the hooded figure rested the rough-hewn statue of a goddess. It had heavy, ponderous breasts and absurdly wide hips. The statue rested on a large, wooden stage that was stained with faded rust red in the spot just before the statue. The walls of the place were bare and danced in the light of the many candles.

Finally, the chanting came to an end, and the room fell into silence. The lead chanter threw back her hood and looked directly at Billy and Betsy. The woman was maybe in her mid-thirties, with black hair, piercing green eyes, and pale skin. Her smile was warm and inviting. “Welcome to the Laveys of 4F. We finally have a doe and buck worthy of carrying our goddess back into this world.”

The crowd rejoiced, and the chapel erupted with their cheers.

## Chapter 4

### There's Something Glowing Down Here

January 22, 1940: Apartment 14B, the Norwood family.

Snarling and howling came from the Norwood bedroom. There was silence for a moment, and then a loud crunch of breaking furniture sounded through the closed door.

Floyd and Natalie eyed one another out in the hall. Their faces were ashen and pinched from fright.

"She sounds like a wild animal." Floyd clutched at his suit jacket, his fingers wrenching at the expensive wool fabric.

"Shall I send for the doctor again, sir?" Natalie worried her lip with her teeth.

"The doctors know next to nothing, and they incite her to higher levels of destruction." Floyd shook his head. "No, Mrs. Creech. I fear it's time for you to summon a priest. The devil has made a home in my wife. Have you seen how her wonderful, slender body has bloated? Have you seen the feral look in her eyes? Did you see ..." He lowered his voice. "... the way she leapt onto the wall yesterday? It was ... unnatural."

"Yes, sir." Natalie agreed. She steepled her hands and said a quick prayer. "A priest then."

"It's either that or an asylum, Mrs. Creech." Floyd nervously took a step back when the door began vibrating as if someone were running wicked claws across it. "Run along. Find me a priest who can handle possession."

"Yes, sir." Mrs. Creech turned and ran. It wouldn't be difficult for her. She had a priest in mind. She had known this moment would come for more than a week, and she had done her research to be ready to help her mistress.

~~

October 23, 1993: Apartment 9B: Diary of Rosalin Eklund.

I haven't talked to Brian since he kissed me in the basement. Since then, it has been so unbearably awkward seeing him in the building, walking around with his Walkman and trumpet case. I don't know why, but I can't stop thinking about his strong arms holding me and his brash tongue. I shiver even writing that. It's been almost a month and still my mind wanders back to that hormonal teenager constantly. The only

reprieve I get is when I'm with Dave. Which isn't as often as I'd like. But my sweet man does help me take my mind off things.

I have made some progress on the case. Marjorie Breaming is a friendly woman down the hall in 9A. I've managed to befriend her. Her husband works in the building as a janitor, which is ... odd. I haven't been able to get more than a few words out of him. Her oldest son still lives with them, although he keeps mostly to himself, too. They also have two younger children.

Mrs. Breaming has confirmed that there is a chapel in the building. From what she's said, and from what I've managed to eavesdrop from the Brown family in 7B, I have deduced that the chapel is on the thirteenth floor. Apparently, much of the building attends regular services there. I've never heard of anything like it in New York or ... anywhere else for that matter. It's almost cultish for a building to have its own services. The evils of cults have been in the news lately. The chapel, and whatever goes on there, certainly seems like a clue.

Mrs. Breaming says that I'll be invited to services once I've been here long enough. I asked if everyone in the building was invited. She said, "If Mrs. Creech approved your rental application, then you will be welcome to attend services." Apparently, religious tenants have a key to the thirteenth floor. I will have to see about finding Mrs. Breaming's key and copying it with a casting. Just like I did on the Bloomfield case.

Finally, the book I ordered from the library came in. *Early Pagan Art* by Artur Victorovitch Siyankov has a section on what I think is depicted in the lobby. In Eastern Europe, there was a myth of a goddess of the forest. The story involves the hunter, the hunted, the mother, and some sort of betrayal. Mr. Siyankov painted quite a few illustrations of the tale, but he's written few words about it. I'll study it more when I have some time.

Brian ... Brian ... Brian. What would have happened if I hadn't pushed him off me? What would he have done to me in the dark with that eerie carmine glow pulsing all around us? Being down there, it was almost like being in 3838 Walnut's belly. Can you imagine creating new life in the building's womb? Brian, Brian, Brian, Brian. He must have had to summon all his courage to kiss me. And I tossed it all away. I need to take a break.

I'm not sure where that came from. As you can see, Brian is still on my mind. How strange!

~~

January 22, 1940: Apartment 14B, the Norwood family.

“How did it go, Father?” Floyd wrung his hands nervously.

“She seems to be doing well, Mr. Norwood.” William McCaffery stepped out of the bedroom and gently closed the door behind him. “The room is a bit of a mess. While it’s fine to be firm with your wife, I recommend watching your anger, Mr. Norwood. Perhaps if you came into the church more often –”

“I didn’t destroy that room. She did.” Floyd’s face darkened.

“I very much doubt that. She’s a mild woman with a mother’s look and disposition.” William frowned right back at Floyd. “Even if she had a violent temperament, which she does not, how could she possibly smash your dresser or bedframe like that? I know man’s work when I see it.”

“‘A mother’s look and disposition’? We have no child.” Floyd’s cheeks turned crimson with anger. “Not long ago, she was slender and graceful. But she’s been eating like a cow. And now she looks like one. Those udders are –”

“Mr. Norwood, please stop.” William looked at the wayward man with pity and compassion. “I urge you to come to His house with me now and seek His light. You are quite obviously troubled, and I’m worried what you may do to your wife.”

“That’s enough.” Floyd grabbed the clergyman by the collar and dragged him to the front door. Without another word, he tossed the man out and slammed the door. He returned to his bedroom and looked inside. The place was a wreck. The curtains were torn and hanging askew. Detritus consisting of broken wood, torn bedding, and clothing littered the floor. Feathers from their mattress puffed into the air and fluttered as Elizabeth turned to look at her husband. Her smile was beatific.

“Did you not think I could fool a simpleton like Father McCaffery?” Elizabeth clasped her hands on the ripped fabric of her dress.

“Liz ...” Floyd stared at his wife. In the gloom of the room, she looked terrible and beautiful. Horribly captivating. Her pale skin almost glowed, and her eyes seemed to reflect red light from somewhere, but he couldn’t determine the source. “I’ll send you to an asylum to recover.”

“You’ll do no such thing. I won’t be separated from Her.” Elizabeth’s voice was calm and even, but there was threat in her posture and gaze. “It’s silly, really. I can’t be separated from Her. Not even if I wanted to.”

“The statue again?” Floyd teetered between rage and cowardice. His anger won. “I’ll destroy it.”

“No!” Elizabeth let out a vicious snarl and leapt eight feet in the air. She landed on the wall, and ... somehow hung there on her hands and feet, defying gravity. Her

fingernails dug into the wallpaper. She bared her teeth. "I am the wolf. I am the stag. I am the mother. I am the sacrifice. I am the resurrection. You cannot ..." She blinked her eyes and shook her head. Suddenly, she lost her grip and fell to the floor with a loud thump. "Floyd? Floyd darling?" She reached a hand out for him.

Floyd could hear his wife's true voice return to her. He raced across the room and grasped her clammy hand, falling to his knees. "Tell me what to do, Liz. The devil has you."

"What have I become?" Elizabeth looked down at her ill-fitting, sundered dress. Her novel, Rubenesque body was practically spilling out of it. "What am I becoming?"

"We'll get you help, Elizabeth. I promise." Floyd held dearly to his wife's hand. She gripped him back with strength he would not expect from her or any woman. "You're ... um ... hurting my hand ... Liz."

Elizabeth pulled her husband closer. Her voice dipped into a growl. "You will be the first sacrifice. We will build an altar and your blood will paint it."

"Oh ... God." Floyd staggered back when she released his grip. He fell, rose, and hustled out of the room, slamming the door behind him. Natalie and her husband waited for him in the hall.

"How is the missus?" Natalie held her husband's hand. The Norwoods paid for their servants to live on the first floor, so they were readily available. This had seemed like a good idea to Natalie at the time. But now, she wished she might escape this situation. As much as she would like to, it was impossible for her to be unavailable to the Norwoods.

"What can we do, sir?" Bernard stuck out his chin in grim determination.

"Mrs. Creech, I want you to stay in the room with Mrs. Norwood. See that she doesn't hurt herself." Floyd was having difficulty forming a plan. He knew he needed to book an asylum for his wife, but the thought of doing so repelled him in a way he couldn't quite put his finger on. "Mr. Creech ... you'll keep watch out in the hall tonight. Tomorrow, I'll see about finding the right help for Mrs. Norwood." Exhaustion settled in his bones. "But for now ... I will sleep in the living room." He thought briefly of smashing the fertility statue with a fire poker. But he couldn't seem to find the courage to do that. "I ... need to sleep."

"Yes, sir." Mr. and Mrs. Creech said as they exchanged a look.

"I don't want to be in that room with her," Natalie said when Floyd was gone.

"Never fear, darling. I'll be right here. Call out if you need me." Bernard fetched an armchair and sat in the hall. He gave his wife a reassuring smile. "It'll be okay." He watched her open the door with a trembling hand.

“Why, hello, Mrs. Creech.” Elizabeth’s voice was downright jaunty, as if meeting a friend at the park. “Don’t be shy. Come in. I won’t bite.”

“Okay, Mrs. Norwood.” With apprehension, Natalie gave one last, baleful glance to her husband and closed the door, shutting herself in with Elizabeth for the night.

~~

November 15, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family.

“Brian! Brian!” Darby pounded on his door. “You’re playing too loud. The neighbors are complaining.” Boisterous Trumpet music resounded out of her son’s room. He was usually so good about not playing at home. But here he was, blasting it in the middle of the day. “Ugh! Can you hear me?!” The last time she’d heard him play, it had been a wonderful Jazz medley. This sounded like that horrible rock music he liked to listen to. *How did he even learn how to play Nirvana on the trumpet?*

The awful music continued. Darby turned, went into the kitchen, and poured a tall glass of water. How many times was she going to have to douse him? This had been the way she’d taken to controlling his erratic behavior the last couple months. “I thought they were supposed to get easier at nineteen,” she whispered through clenched teeth. Returning to her son’s door, she smoothed out her sweater, and wiped her clammy palm on her jeans. The hand that held the glass trembled. *Why is he giving me so much trouble?* She knocked again. “Brian! Brian? Stop it! Stop that music! Brian ... that’s enough.” The trumpet continued to vibrate through the door.

Darby put her sweating palm on the doorknob and turned. She pushed the door open and stepped into her son’s room. She was ready to throw the water on him, but her hand stopped, some of the water sloshing out of the glass at the sudden motion. Her eyes went wide. She inhaled deeply. Her son’s room smelled like the den of some animal. She picked up hints of sweat and something else. *It smells like date night with Greg.* Her eyes went wider. *I’m smelling Brian’s sperm.* And that wasn’t surprising. Because he stood by the window, completely naked. His penis was enormous and stiff. There was a strand of semen hanging from the head of it, bobbing in time to the music. His slender body was covered in perspiration. He continued to play the trumpet, even though his eyes were on her. Over his shoulder, outside the window, one of the apartment’s gargoyles perched on the wall. The cement thing almost appeared to be looking in at them with amusement. Darby took another deep lungful of the miasma around her. Her knees trembled.

Brian would have smiled, but he was playing music with all his might. It definitely smelled like Teen Spirit in the room.

“Brian ... what is this?” Darby was quivering. Her son was so vibrant. So full of life. *So ready to create life. It's lucky he doesn't have a girlfriend. He looks so potent, I'm sure I'd already be a grandmother.* Her eyes glued themselves to the knobby head of his penis and the dangling sperm. The penis looked hard as steel, and the veins on it were such a dark blue that they were almost black. Those raised ridges snaked about his long pole. She thought back to when she'd walked in on him all those weeks ago. Then, she'd thought that his member looked like his father's. *He must have disfigured himself with all his yanking, because it looks nothing like his father's tame thing now. It looks vile ... and wild. I wonder if I should touch it?* Darby caught herself contemplating the horrible thought and finally threw the cold water onto her son.

Brian removed the trumpet from his mouth. The sudden silence in the room was deafening. Slowly, he put the trumpet on his desk, and gazed at his mother. She was panting, her large chest rising and falling rapidly. Her expression was somewhere between elated and terrified. “It's time.”

“What?” Darby's voice squeaked.

“Things are going to change around here, Mom.” Brian took a confident step toward his mother. He pushed back his wet, black hair and smiled. “I can't hold back anymore. I've tried.”

“I'm your mother, Brian.” Darby's voice was soft and sibilant.

“What's that? 'I'm your mother, Brian,’” he said in a mocking tone.

“Something's come over you, sweetie. You're ... not like this.” Darby trembled as her son moved closer and closer to her. Soon, the heat of his breath carried into her nostrils, mixing with the smells of sperm and sweat that permeated the room.

“Something is about to cum over you too, Mom.” Brian grabbed his now lengthy penis and jacked it with both hands. The cum under his foreskin squelched in the quiet room.

“Stop ... stop it ... Brian ... something evil has taken over you.” Darby looked down at his horrid penis as he pumped it. The motion was crude and distasteful, but it pulled at something primordial inside her. “Are you ... are you ... on drugs?”

Brian let out a long, frenzied laugh. “I can hear Her when I go to the basement, Mom. I am the one that will bring Her back. Me! Can you believe it?” Pleasure surged through him.

“What's happening?” Darby was so confused. She wanted to reach out and touch his awful, deformed thing. It was so close, she could easily do just that. Her hand moved,

but hesitated. Her other hand released the empty glass and it dropped to the floor with a thud, unbroken.

“It’s finally happening.” Brian jacked himself harder. His balls pulsed. His whole body pulsed in rhythm with the building. He was making sweet, solo music. “Cumming ... Mom.”

“What?” Darby felt like she was watching everything from a great distance. She knew she should run, but instead, she stood like a dummy and let her son spray her with his smelly, sticky stuff. There was so much sperm, and it launched from his penis with such force. He really was an incredible paragon of potency. Darby had never seen anything like the eruption before. Not by an order of magnitude. Her son covered the front of her sweater from her breasts down to her hemline. He also coated the front of her jeans. Darby trembled and inhaled, breathing in the scent as deeply as she could. The pungent, bestial odor corroded her mind. “Oh ... no ... Brian ... you’re soaking me.” And that was true in more ways than one. She knew her panties were a sopping mess. *I shouldn’t respond to anyone but Greg. But ... but ... but ... Brian’s tearing the civilization right out of me.*

When Brian’s ejaculation completed, he stopped his feral grunting, opened his eyes, and regarded the destruction of his mother’s wardrobe. “So ... I think ... I have another one in me. Would you like to ...?” He pointed at his throbbing dick.

Darby dropped to her knees. The wild had entered their Manhattan apartment. They might as well be in the forest primeval. She reached out and grasped his penis. “It’s so hot ... and huge.” Her words were barely audible. *I came in here to douse Brian. To bring him back to reality. But he’s doused me. He’s brought me ... here.* She leaned forward and licked the knobby head of his penis. Her eyes rolled back, and she lost herself in the salty, life-giving taste of his stuff. “You’ve ... become a man ... Brian.” She licked again. Quickly, her jaw was open as wide as could be, and she was bobbing her head on her son’s penis.

“Not a man, Mom. I’m becoming ... something ... more.” He laced his fingers in her silky, black hair. This is what he wanted. This is how it would be going forward. *My mother is on her knees serving me ... and serving Her.*

~~

January 23, 1940: Apartment 14B, the Norwood family.

“Natalie ... are you okay?” Bernard knocked softly on the Norwood bedroom door. It was the middle of the night. Floyd slept in the living room. Elizabeth and Natalie had been

silent for hours, but he could hear muffled talking and scraping in the room. He recognized Natalie's voice, and she was speaking softly, but with urgency. He strained to hear, but couldn't make out the words. "Mrs. Norwood? Natalie? Is everything okay?"

"Don't come in here, Bernard." Natalie called loudly through the door. "We're simply ... uuuggghhh ... trying to ... oooohhhhhh."

*Is our employer hurting my wife? Has the once regal Mrs. Norwood gone that feral?* Bernard knocked louder. "Natalie ... do you *need* me?"

"She doesn't *need* you, Bernard." Elizabeth's tone was mocking, as her voice came muffled through the door. "Those days are past."

"Eeeeeekkkk ... Bernard ... I don't want you ... to see this ... I'll ... be okay ... I'll ... uuuuuggggghhhhh ... ugh ... ugh ... eeeeeeeek ... aaaaahhhhhh." The rest of Natalie's words were incoherencies.

Floyd turned the knob and opened the door. He searched for the ladies, but saw only rubble. He stepped into the room. He could hear his wife still crying out. Her noises were accompanied by a terrible, slurping sound. He found their empty dresses on the floor. He knelt and lifted his wife's modest outfit. "Natalie?"

"Oooooohhhh ... Bernard ... her tongue ... is reaching ... into my ... uuuggghhhhhh ... soul." Natalie said. She could see her husband was bravely looking around the room. This was her only chance at salvation. "I fear ... I fear ... she's put something ... inside me ... Bernard ... you must save me."

"Where ... where are you?" He spun in the gloom. The only light coming from the city through torn curtains. "I don't see you."

"Save ... meeeeeeeeeeeee." Natalie convulsed as ethereal pleasure ripped through her nerves.

A drop of liquid landed on the floor next to him. And then another fell on his shoulder. Slowly, Bernard turned his gaze upward. He gasped, stepped backward, and stumbled to the floor. The women were pallid, naked shapes twisted together. Elizabeth had somehow pinned Natalie to the ceiling. Elizabeth's heavy breasts and dark hair hung with gravity, but otherwise she seemed to have forgotten that force entirely. Elizabeth's face was buried between Natalie's legs. That was where the horrid slurping sounds were coming from. Bernard crawled backward until his head hit the wall, then he lay there, staring at the grotesque spectacle above him.

"Help ... me ... Bernard ... I can feel it ... feel it ... inside meeeeeeeee." Natalie writhed under her mistress's oral onslaught.

“Oh ... my sweet ... Natalie.” Bernard turned away from them and crawled out of the room. He slammed the door and lay in the hall. His wife screamed and moaned for hours, but the noise never woke Floyd. Bernard, however, didn’t get a wink of sleep. When silence finally emanated from the room, that sound was more terrible than the wanton noises from before.

~~

February 26, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

“Welcome home, Abshir and Hani.” Uba stood in the hallway when her eighteen-year-old twins arrived home. “Before you go running to your rooms. I need you to take the laundry down to the basement and start a load.”

“But, Mom.” Abshir desperately needed to fap. Then a thought occurred to him. “Hani doesn’t have to do it, why don’t you help me, Mom?”

Uba narrowed her eyes. She didn’t want to be alone with her son in the basement. She glanced at her daughter. Maybe Hani shouldn’t go either. “I have to go to the shop. They need me behind the counter this afternoon. And since you gave me lip, Abshir, you’ll have to go down to the basement by yourself. Hani, you’re excused.”

Hani pulled off her hijab, stuck out her tongue, and blew her brother a raspberry. “What’s wrong, you’d rather dirty your socks than clean them?”

“Hey.” Abshir frowned.

“Hani.” Uba shook a fist at her retreating daughter. Hani’s door slammed. “I told you not to slam doors.” Uba shook her head. “I want the laundry done before I get home at seven.” She shook her head at her son and walked off to get ready for work.

Abshir adjusted his glasses as he watched his mother’s ass disappear out of the room. Even under her draping dresses, his mother made his heart hurt. And his dick. He grimaced as another painful erection tented his pants. He pulled his penis up under his waistband. A tactic he used often now that it was long enough to rest against his belly. He thought about going to his room for a quick release, but the laundry wouldn’t wait.

In the basement, Abshir got the machines running and sat on the folding table. He watched the clothes spin for a while. Then he texted Joe. His friend wasn’t busy, so Joe texted back that he’d come down to the basement.

Abshir opened his Bloodlines of Conquest game and started playing. It took five minutes to complete the chalice task and acquire the news that Prince Varthos was adopted. "Spoiler alert," he whispered to himself.

The lights went out. "Joe?" Abshir looked around in the darkness. The washing machines shook and rattled. He turned his phone at the blackness, using the screen to light up the room. Seconds later, his phone went dead. "Shit. Shit. Stupid battery." He shook the phone to no avail. "This isn't funny, Joey." His voice sounded frail and timid in his own ears. What if his mom had been down here with him when the lights went out? Would he have had the courage to ...?

*There's something glowing down here.* Slowly, Abshir got off the folding table and walked toward the wall with his hands waving about so he wouldn't run into anything. *It's beautiful.* A red glow pulsed slowly. He found the wall and put his eyes close to the light. The pattern of it on the wall seemed like some sort of plant or fungus maybe.

"Hear me, Abshir." Ogganse called from the other side. "It is your time. You are the stag. You will bring me back to –"

The lights came on. Joe stood in the doorway with his hand on the switch. He looked at his friend touching the concrete wall tenderly. "Dude, what the fuck are you doing?"

"I thought ..." Abshir adjusted his glasses and stepped back from the wall. "I thought I saw something."

"In the dark?" Joe gave him a wolfish smile. "Never mind, you do you, buddy." He laughed. "Do you need to babysit your clothes ... or do you want to grab something to eat? I'm starving."

"Me too." Abshir smiled. "Race you!"

Joe turned and ran up the stairs, with Abshir just behind him. His friend had been more portly when he'd moved into the building. Abshir was slimmer now. And fast. Something felt wrong to Joe as he looked over his shoulder. He stopped when they got to the lobby.

Abshir screeched to a halt beside him. "What's wrong?"

"I don't know. I feel like I should be chasing you." Joe glanced at a nearby relief. It depicted the wolf-headed man howling at the moon while the goddess looked on with approval. He shuddered and looked back at Abshir. "Go ahead. If I catch you, I get to eat your food. Sound good?" Joe said.

Abshir scuffed the floor with his shoe like he was getting ready to charge. "You'll never catch me. He bolted through the lobby. The doorman, Greg, opened the front door just in time as the teenager burst out onto the sidewalk, almost bowling over a woman with

groceries. His instinct was to apologize, but there was no time for that. He sped down the sidewalk, heading to the Korean barbeque place a few blocks away.

Joe burst onto the sidewalk. Without thinking, he caught a melon dropped by a woman before it could hit the sidewalk. He handed it back to her and smiled. He could smell her gratitude and arousal. He thought about staying.

“Thank you.” The woman was breathless. One boy had nearly knocked her over, the second one had saved her produce. It had all happened so fast.

“I would love to stay and talk, but the chase is on.” Part of Joe marveled at his quickness and hand-eye coordination. *When did I get so good at using my body?* He winked at the woman and sprinted away after his friend. Zig-zagging through foot traffic, Joe realized he wasn’t going to win. The chase was already over. He’d stopped to help someone, and Abshir was probably already sitting at a table in the restaurant. Joe slowed his pace. His friend had probably upset that woman’s melon on purpose. He sighed, listened to the echoing clamor of the city, and smiled. He wouldn’t take Abshir’s prize this time. There would be more races in their future. He strolled the rest of the way to the restaurant.

## Chapter 5

### Its Growl Grew Louder

November 15, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family.

*This should be the fulfillment of everything that has been burning me up for months. I've wanted Mom so badly.* Brian watched his mother awkwardly give him his first blowjob. It was clear she was unpracticed, but also determined to please him. *To please Her.* "What ... what am I missing? This should be perfect."

"Hmmpppphh?" Darby looked up at her son as she rolled her tongue around the meaty head of his penis. She was in a stupor. The moment was wrong. *All wrong.* But the only way through it was forward. *I need to release his strange, massive, pulsing testicles.* To underline that thought, she dropped a hand from his veiny shaft down to his left testicle. It really was pulsing rhythmically. It beat with a quick, steady rhythm, like it was keeping time to one of the horrible songs her son listened to.

"Hhhmppppp?" She asked again.

"Something's missing ... Mom." Brian knew it shouldn't feel natural to grip her black hair the way he was ... to have his mother's head so completely under control. "Maybe ... this needs to be ..." He released his mother's hair, picked up his trumpet, and began to play Nirvana again.

"Mmmmmppphh," Darby said angrily. Her motherly annoyance at her son could still pierce the veil of pleasure that clouded her mind. She removed the penis from her mouth, but continued to rhythmically pump him with one hand and massage his testicle with the other. "The neighbors are complaining ... and I'm doing this for you ... and you're going to keep playing ... that infernal instrument?"

Brian removed the trumpet from his lips, the last notes of the song still reverberating in the room. "You play *your* infernal instrument, and I'll play mine." He gave her a mocking smile.

"I'll stop, Brian. I ... um ... shouldn't be doing this anyway." She didn't stop her hands from pleasuring him. Even worse, when a dollop of ejaculate ... or pre-ejaculate – she wasn't sure which – rolled out of his penis head, she quickly licked it up. Her cheeks flamed with shame. "I really will stop."

"You passed that point a while ago, Mom. You're covered in cum, on your knees, and you're jerking my dick." Brian shrugged. "Don't be so stuck up. Play your music, and I'll play mine."

Darby furrowed her brows at him, but she also sucked his penis back into her mouth. Soon she had her eyes closed, bobbing her head in time to the corrupting music her son

played on the trumpet. They were blowing a duet together. He was right. She wasn't going to stop. Her son had turned himself into an irresistible force. He was a beast. His thing was beastly. And she was ... she was ... no less an animal than he was.

*That's better! Mom's finally enjoying my music.* Brian turned his head to the side, so he could see the in-tempo blowjob. He'd seen his mother dance a few times. It had always been awkward to watch. He had assumed she didn't have much rhythm. But here she was bobbing away like she relished the music. Her head moved in perfect time with the song. He upped the trumpet's tempo and watched her blow him faster. This was better than controlling her head with his hand. He now controlled her with his music.

The song ratcheted in intensity. It was building to something. Darby had been with enough men to guess what accompanied the crescendo. *But when?* She stopped her pumping hand for a few seconds to check her watch. This was already the longest sex act she'd ever participated in. Of course, her son had been ejaculating all day. She would have to do better to finish him off. She tried taking him into her throat like her husband had often asked her to do, but immediately choked and had to pull off his penis. "Oh ... gosh ... that's impossible." She looked up at her son, but he was still playing his music. The rhythm of it tugged at her again. Before she knew it, she was back sucking him in time to the music, careful not to take him into her throat again.

It took a while, but Brian was almost ready. His whole body trembled. He finally came to the climax of the song.

"Mmmmpphh ... hhmpph ... hmmp ... hmmp ... mmmmpphh ... hhmpph ... hmmp ... hmmp." Darby caught herself humming to the song around her son's penis. *What happened to me?* Before she could even ponder the question, she noticed that her son's lithe body was trembling. Every bit of him shook. *Oh, no. This is it ... he's going to ...* And her mouth was suddenly overflowing with hot, salty semen. Even after his day's activities, there was so much of it. She could feel his testicle retract over and over, pumping his stuff through his long penis and into her mouth. On instinct, she tried to swallow, but her body revolted. She ended up letting go of him and falling back on the floor, coughing. That was how she found herself getting sprayed for a second time that afternoon.

Song over, the trumpet landed on Brian's bed with a thump. He had to admit, the music had gone a bit out of tune while he was cumming. He laughed, looking down at his cum-coated mother. "I have another ... in me ... if you want, Mom."

Darby looked up at him with frightened eyes. Now that she had caused his release, some clarity returned to her. "I don't understand ... I don't ... I don't understand ... what we just did, Brian. How could we?" She crawled backward until her head hit the wall with a thump. Her eyes went wider. "Your father. What do I tell your father?"

“Honestly, whatever you want.” Brian stretched. He felt like napping. He’d never been so satisfied. “I don’t care about him.”

“He’s your father, Brian!” She hissed. “Brian? Brian ... what have we done?” Darby felt her poor, slimy sweater. She was drenched. Her son was a rainmaker. She watched him climb into bed and curl up. Within a minute, he was snoring. Slowly, Darby rose from the floor. His room was a mess, but he would have to clean it himself. *I need to get out of here.* Darby turned for the door.

The next few moments were unclear to her, but somehow, she found herself back on the floor of his room on her hands and knees, lapping at the sperm sprayed there. It was so wonderfully full of life. Perfect ... salty ... life. She couldn’t help herself, even when she realized what she was doing, she continued to lap it up. Eventually, his floor was clean. Shakily, she rose to her feet again, listening to his heavy snores.

On trembling legs, Darby stumbled to the door and left. When she went to the bathroom, she barely recognized herself. There was sperm dripping from her nose, her chin, her hair. And it was soaked into her clothes. Quickly, she stripped and showered. She knew she had to do something about Brian. She needed help. But she didn’t know where to turn.

~~

February 28, 2015: Apartment 12C and 12E, the Marland and Dahir families.

“Hello, Mrs. Branch.” Hani smiled at the pale woman waiting for the elevator.

Grace Branch frowned at Hani, passed her eyes over the young woman’s hijab and the full coverage of Hani’s dress, and shook her head. She entered the elevator and pressed the button.

Hani turned and smiled at the unfriendly woman, waving until the elevator door closed. “Mrs. Branch might be a tad racist,” she said to the empty hall. “And her bangs are ghastly. Honestly, I’ve never seen anything more terrifying.” There was tension in Hani’s shoulders, but she laughed hard enough to chase any demons away.

Hani was halfway down the hall when she heard someone opening the door to the stairs. *Who takes the stairs up the twelfth floor?* Curious, she turned to see. “Oh ... my ...” She watched a shirtless Joe enter the hall. He was sweaty and breathing hard. It was less than two months since she’d met him, and he had filled out admirably in that time. He was still lean, but his little, hard muscles bulged and rolled with his movements.

Hani's eyes went wide. "You ... um ... you have six-pack abs." She pointed at his stomach.

Joe stopped in his tracks when he saw her. His laugh was light and breezy. "Hey, Hani. I'm eighteen. It's the age, right? Don't we all have washboards?" He ran his hand over his stomach and strolled toward her.

"I don't." She smiled. "Abshir doesn't." She shook her head. "And I saw you with your shirt off in gym last month. You didn't."

"I've been working out." Joe leaned against the wall, enjoying the way her hazel eyes darted about behind her glasses. It seemed she couldn't pick a part of his body to settle on. "If you keep staring at me like that, I'm going to blush."

Hani pushed him lightly on the shoulder. "Stop that! When did you get so confident? When we met you, you were a nerd." She took in a deep breath, inhaling his musk. *Teenage boys are gross. He does smell disgusting. So why am savoring his scent? What's wrong with me?* Her knees were suddenly weak. A surprising feeling moved through her. She was *unsure* of herself.

"I'm still a nerd, girl." Joe waggled his eyebrows.

"Yes, I can see that." Hani barked out a nervous laugh. "What I want to know is ... um ..."  
She looked around. "Do you hear that?"

"Yeah." Joe turned toward the elevator, his brows furrowing in confusion. "What *is* that?" There was some sort of commotion getting louder and louder as the elevator rose through the building. He and Hani watched the dial move from nine to ten. "I have ... a bad feeling."

"Me too." Despite his strong smell, Hani stepped closer to Joe. She put her hands on his taut back muscles. He was slick with sweat, but she didn't withdraw her hands. The sound grew louder. It was impossible, but it reminded her of wild animals. The elevator dial went from eleven to twelve. The elevator chimed. The doors opened. Hani screamed.

~~

January 23, 1940: Apartment 14B, the Norwood family.

Floyd woke on the sofa. He sat up and stretched. It was a long shot, but maybe his wife would be back to her old self this morning. The sun shone in brightly through the windows. The sky outside was blue. It seemed exactly the sort of day where one would

find that all the statue business had been a bad dream. He looked over at his wife's collection. No, the ugly goddess still stood there, rendered with limited skill by hammer and chisel. And he could hear the smacking of his wife's awful eating coming from the kitchen. The woman was truly an animal now.

"Maybe I should think about a divorce. Plenty of other fish in the sea," Floyd whispered. He cringed and eyed the statue. Had the thing's crude expression become more disapproving? Floyd stood and walked toward the kitchen. "Bernard? How did it go last night? Bernard?" There was no answer. Floyd made his way into the kitchen. He stopped in the doorway. It wasn't his wife making those horrible munching sounds. It was his servant. Natalie was hunched over a plate piled high with sausages, angrily gnawing at them.

"Mr. Norwood," Natalie hissed. Her dress was dirty and torn. Her hair was matted and wild. Her makeup ran down her cheeks. "I'm eating these." She hunched further, protectively covering her food.

"You ... don't eat our food." Floyd blinked. "You ... you have your own food. Downstairs."

Natalie suddenly burst into tears. "I'm sorry, Mr. Norwood. I'm just so hungry. And Mrs. Norwood said I couldn't leave."

"Where's your husband? Who's watching my wife?" Floyd tried to bring some steely resolve back to his voice.

"Bernard ... went down ... to 1A," Natalie said between bites. She had gone back to greedily eating the Norwoods' cured meat. "Mrs. Norwood is watching herself, I suppose."

"What is wrong with you people?" Floyd curled his lip in disgust as he watched her eat. "You're fired. You and Bernard are both fired."

"You can't ... do that ... Mr. Norwood." Natalie ate faster, moving as if her time was running out. "I told ... you. I can't ... leave. I can't ... ever ... leave. She put something ... inside me ... with her tongue ... and now ... I'm Her's forever ... and ever."

Floyd turned his head away. "I'll check in on my wife." He left the room, walked down the hall, and opened the door. He stood gawping for what felt like an eternity. His once slender bride was lying on her back on a cairn of broken furniture. Some sort of moss had grown over much of it, giving her a soft place for repose. Ferns sprung up in the room here and there. She was tilted to her right, and her massive breasts dangled that way. Her wide hips looked ridiculous to Floyd, the bottom one disappearing into a depression in the moss. Her hair was wild and her expression pensive. *My once graceful*

*and fashionable wife has been replaced by a maladroit cow.* Her skin looked so very pale. Her nails seemed like daggers, as if she hadn't trimmed them in a year.

"Good morning, my erstwhile husband." Elizabeth's voice was a purr.

"Ahem." Floyd recovered himself enough to talk. "So, we're agreed then. It's a divorce. I want you and all your things out by the end of the day." He couldn't bear to look at her, so he cast his gaze out the window. Two gargoyles posed on either side of the windowpanes, looking in at him with malevolent expressions. Those creepy bits of façade hadn't been in those positions before, he was sure of it.

"*Not* agreed, dear." Elizabeth shook her head. She blinked, and a bemused expression spread on her ashen face. "Run ... Floyd, Run!" She spat out the words in a hurry. "Run!"

"Excuse me?" Floyd's face pinched. "What are you ...?" His wife wasn't as maladroit as he'd supposed. She leapt from her mossy bed and perched on the wall, her clawlike fingernails tearing holes in the wallpaper. He straightened his spine. "You will not frighten me, Liz." He worked hard to keep the quiver out of his voice. While her udders were huge, hanging sideways toward the floor, and her hips and butt had expanded, he could also see that she had muscles rippling under the skin of her arms and belly. "What are you?"

"Me?" Elizabeth's smile was eager and full of anticipation. "A woman ready for her first sacrifice." She sprung off the wall, sailed through the air, and swiped her husband's throat with her claws.

"Gggggbbbbbllllllllll," he blurted. Floyd put his hand just above his tie. He pulled it away and looked at it in wonder. His fingers and palm were painted crimson. He tried to speak again, but couldn't make any sound but a gurgle. He looked over at his wife in confusion. She was crouched next to a fern, staring at him with interest. Floyd held out his red hand to her, fell to his knees, and pitched forward into the room. His blood slowly pooled, feeding the wild that had grown there.

Natalie walked down the hall into the doorway, took in what had happened, and screamed.

"Quiet, woman." Elizabeth snarled at her.

Natalie went still, barely breathing.

Elizabeth stood and walked to Floyd's prone form. He'd stopped gurgling. She nudged his shoulder with her bare foot, but he didn't move. "It isn't working."

"What isn't working, Ma'am?" Natalie was breathing again, her whole body trembling.

"It isn't working." Elizabeth's claws retracted. She held out her hand and grasped Natalie by the breast, pulling her into the room.

With a little shriek, Natalie stepped over her dead employer, letting her mistress drag her to their mossy cairn.

“We have started it wrong. This is wrong.” Elizabeth lay back on the bed. “But we’ll get it right. In time, all pieces will fall into place.” Elizabeth guided Natalie’s lips down between her legs.

“I don’t want ... mmmppphhhhh.” Natalie only struggled for a moment before she began lapping. All thoughts of the horrid murder fell away from her.

“That’s my pet.” Elizabeth stroked Natalie’s hair. “Together ... we’ll figure this out together. Ooooohhhhh ... yes ... right there ... good girl ... right there ...”

Other tenants on the fourteenth floor wondered what could possibly be howling in their Manhattan building. It had been happening all night, and now it was back. Some would ask for an exterminator. Some would ask for a priest. One even sent for the police. But by the time the officials arrived, no one could hear it anymore, or locate the source.

~~

February 28, 2015: Apartment 12C and 12E, the Marland and Dahir families.

If it wasn’t for Hani screaming in his ear, Joe would have thought he was dreaming. A doe jumped out of the elevator, stumbled, hit the wall, and charged toward the shocked neighbors. Another doe was right behind the first. A moment later, a stag burst from the elevator. All three deer galloped down the narrow hall. Joe turned, embraced Hani, and huddled her against the wall, putting his body between hers and the animals. Hooves thundered so loudly as the animals passed them that Joe could barely hear Hani’s screams.

“Eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii!” Hani could barely comprehend what was happening as bounding brown fur passed them, and the hall shook. It felt like an earthquake. It felt like 3838 would topple to the street below.

A searing pain lit up Joe’s shoulder. He cried out, but didn’t release his neighbor. The stag had clipped him with its antler. But the beast quickly passed them. Joe eased up as the cacophony of charging animals faded. He watched their white tails disappear through the open doorway to the roof. *That door is always locked. Why is it open? Why are there fucking wild animals in here?* The deer were gone. He stood, helping Hani to her feet.

“Thank you ... thank you ... I ...” Hani looked at the still open elevator door. A deep growl emanated from inside it. “What’s ... that?” She barely noticed Joe’s blood as it ran from a gash on his shoulder down his back and over her fingers. A wolf entering their hall had taken most of her attention.

“It’s a big ... fucking ... wolf. I read that ... they were big ... but ...” The hallway reverberated with the creature’s growl. Its eyes had a faint crimson glow as they turned toward the humans. “Is your apartment unlocked?” Joe backed them down the hall, away from the wolf. His apartment was in the direction of the predator, so he didn’t want to take them that way.

“I have a key,” Hani squeaked. Terror had almost stopped her brain from working, but she managed to rummage in her dress pocket for the key. She walked backwards, staying behind her friend as he backed them up.

The wolf lowered its head and tensed. Its growl grew louder.

“My door ... my door ... I forgot ... how to use a key.” Hani’s brain finally gave up. She held out the key to Joe.

“Right ...” Joe took the key and continued backing them up. The wolf stalked them at the same pace, keeping about thirty feet between them. Joe didn’t dare take his eyes off the thing. The reserve of confidence he’d been building lately had been almost completely depleted by the sudden appearance of mad chaos in his apartment building. He knew that his old self would have already been huddled on the floor in the fetal position. He knew that because that was what he desperately wanted to do. “Keep ... moving ... Hani.”

“He’s going to ... eat us,” she whispered.

“No ... I think he wants the deer. We’re just between him and ...” Joe gulped. “... what he wants.” Finally, they reached apartment 12E. Without looking at the knob, Joe struggled to get the key into the lock.

The wolf stopped growling, paused its stalking, and cocked its head.

The key made a horrible sound of metal scraping on metal.

The wolf let out an earsplitting howl.

“It’s in.” Joe felt the key fall into place and the lock give way. He turned the knob, and the door opened. He pushed Hani into her apartment just as the wolf charged. Joe dove in after Hani, landing on top of her on the entryway floor. He covered her with his body as best he could, trying to protect her. He braced himself for the pain of canine teeth. The howl still rang in his ears as he heard the heavy thump of paws grow louder and then grow fainter. The sounds died down. He wasn’t eaten. Still on top of his friend, Joe

looked over his shoulder. The hall was empty. He barked out a sudden laugh. *I'm not dead.*

Hani joined in his laughter. She couldn't help it. All the energy from her terror ran out of her in chiming guffaws. She reached up and turned his face toward her. She left streaks of blood from her fingers on his cheek, but she couldn't bring herself to worry about that. "You ... saved me! You're not ... a nerd ... you're a big ... fucking ... hero!" She said through her laughter. Tears ran down the outsides of her eyes into her hijab.

"Nerds ... can be heroes." Joe liked her. He liked himself. *I'm glad I saved us. I am a big fucking hero.* He smiled down at her. She looked ecstatically beautiful in the throes of cathartic laughter. He dropped his lips to hers, silencing them both. He surprised himself by darting his tongue into her mouth. She surprised him when she responded by dancing her tongue with his.

The last few minutes were hard to keep track of for Hani. In the span of a short time, she'd discovered that her friend was hot. A zoo had sprung up in her apartment building. Her friend had saved her life. And now they were making out like there was no tomorrow. She dug her fingers into the warm, slick skin of his back. She could feel his hardness growing against her hip and belly. Her hands dropped down to his shorts, gripping his ass. It was skinny, but strong. Like the rest of him.

Joe's hand ran between the two of them, massaging her belly. He found her to be wonderfully soft, with a slight curve to her tummy. When his fingers reached her tits, he was surprised by how heavy they were. She hid her body well, he supposed. He kneaded them. His hips began rhythmically moving on their own.

"Mmmppphhh." Hani's brain finally started working again. She realized she was making out with Joe on the floor with the front door open behind them. Gently, she pushed him off and sat up. "Just because you saved my life, doesn't mean I'm your girlfriend, dude."

"No ... I know ... I just." Joe sat next to her, trying to read her expression.

Hani smiled. "But I guess it does get you a nice grope, doesn't it?" She thrust her chest in his direction. "One more as a special thank you?"

"Um ... sure." Joe reached out and mauled her tits with his hands. *These have been hiding in plain sight all this time? Awesome.*

"Try not to look too pleased with yourself." Hani giggled. "Sorry about the blue balls I'm about to give you." She brushed his hands away and stood. "Did all of that really happen? Do we call animal control?" She steadied herself with a hand on the wall. "Don't answer that ... shit. Look at all that blood." Her dress was ruined. She took a deep breath

and stepped over to her friend and inspected the cut on his shoulder. "It's not deep, but I should clean it and put on a bandage."

"Florence Nightingale much?" Joe stood and followed her to the bathroom.

"I like to dabble in Nightingale play." She sat him on the toilet lid and collected supplies. "Still doesn't mean I'm your girlfriend." She squeezed antibiotic onto the wound, listening to him hiss in pain. "That might sting."

"Thanks for the warning," Joe said through gritted teeth. "Is anyone else home?" He probably should have asked that before making out with her on the floor for ten minutes.

"Dad's on a bike ride. Mom's at work. And Abshir is off somewhere. He said something about the basement, but I doubt he's just hanging out in the laundry room on a Saturday." She cleaned around the wound with a wet towel and applied a bandage. "You might want to have a doctor look at that. I don't know anything about stitches or anything."

"Thanks, Hani." Joe stood. They were both covered in blood and sweat, but they were exchanging warm smiles. "I know you're not my girlfriend. But I like you." *I guess my confidence wasn't that depleted.* "Can I see you without your hijab?"

"There's no way I can do that. It's against the rules." Hani frowned at him and pulled off her hijab. "I hate rules." She shook out her hair. "What do you think?"

"Wow ... your hair is awesome." Joe wanted to touch her flowing, black curls. But he could sense it wasn't the right moment. Instead, he nodded with approval and gave her tit one last, playful squeeze. "You're gorgeous. If you ever decide that someone saving your life qualifies as boyfriend material, let me know."

"I will, dummy." She extended onto her toes and kissed him on his pale, bloody cheek. "You've got what looks like a massive boner," she whispered. "Go home, get yourself cleaned up, and take care of it." She laughed when he looked down at his crotch with a startled expression. She wagged a finger at the tent in his pants. "No, you can't have one of our pillows again. You still haven't returned the last one you used to hide your boner."

"Who said anything about hiding it?" Joe laughed. "I like you, Hani. I'm glad we didn't die."

"Me too. Now get out of here. I have to clean up before my family gets home." She pushed him out of the bathroom toward the front door.

“I’m going to be thinking about you while I take care of it in the shower.” He looked over his shoulder at her as she playfully pushed him through the apartment to the front door.

“I know. And please don’t act like you’ve never done that before.” Hani laughed. “I know men. You’ve probably thought about every woman you know while jerking, including your mother.”

Joe was silent while she pushed him out into the hall. He turned around and waved. “Bye.”

Hani rolled her eyes, smiled, and closed the door on her bloody friend.

## Chapter 6

### I Heard Something Behind the Door to 14B

November 19, 1954: Apartment 4F, the Lavey family.

“Oops ... I spilled my beer.” Billy was sitting in his father’s reclining chair, watching a football game.

“I’ll help you, Billy.” Betsy ran into the living room. She was showing now, but still trying to fit into her normal housedresses. It was maybe a little difficult for her to admit to herself that her son had gotten her pregnant. The tight garment slowed her down a little.

“No ...” Billy stared at the way his mother’s dress bulged around her growing belly. “No, go get Dad to clean it up.” He lowered his trousers and underwear. His heavy, turgid cock sprang into view. Its veins were such a dark blue color that they looked almost black on his pale skin. He slowly began jerking himself. “You can’t clean my mess. You’ll be making a new one.”

“Yes, I will.” Betsy’s heart fluttered as she took in the sight of the monstrous thing between her son’s legs. “Would you ... like to put it inside me ... too?” Her voice was filled with a breathless hopefulness.

Billy laughed. “Maybe, Mom. But get Dad to clean the carpet before it stains.”

Without another word, Betsy hustled as quickly as her tight dress would allow down the hall and knocked on her son’s room. “Harold. Billy needs you to clean up his mess in the living room. He spilled his beer ... um ... your beer ... on the carpet.” Betsy still wasn’t sure who owned what in the apartment. Harold had always been in charge. But lately, he seemed nothing more than a servant.

“Okay, I’ll be right there.” Harold’s defeated voice came through the door.

Betsy didn’t wait for her husband. *Is he still my husband? Is he really?* A momentary squall of confusion passed over her face. Then, she thought about her son’s penis waiting for her in the living room, and her smile returned. She hustled back to Billy, sat on the arm of her husband’s recliner, and took over penis duties from her son. She shooed away his pumping hands and replaced them with her own. “Ooohhhhhh ... Billy ... it makes me so happy ... to make you happy.” She pumped the long, thick pole with acumen she’d gained from months of burnishing his steel. “You sure I can’t just climb on? I’m already wet.”

“You’re always wet.” Billy brayed out a harsh laugh. “You’re always wet, Mom.”

“That’s not true.” Betsy frowned but continued her avid pumping. Squeezing his stiffness on the way up and loosening her grip on the way down as if she was milking him. *I am milking him. And I’m good at it. Just as a mother should be.* “It’s not true, Billy. I’m only wet when I’m around you. You ... drive me crazy.”

“Enough talk. I’m trying to watch the game. Suck it.” Billy put a hand on her head and bent her face down to his dick.

Still sitting on the arm of the chair, Betsy bent awkwardly and gave him a well-practiced blowjob. She had been such a greenhorn when she’d first started fooling around with her son’s manhood. She barely recognized that woman from months ago. Now she could get almost all of him down her throat. Just the way he liked it.

“That’s ... uuuggghhh ... good ... Mom.” Billy clutched his mother’s brown hair, keeping her pace going, as he watched football over her bouncing head. When his father came in and started mopping up the carpet, Billy glanced over. “Hey ... Dad ... you’re good at cleaning ... right?” His father didn’t respond or make eye contact. Billy laughed. “I think your talents ... uuuggghhh ... are wasted as a doorman. I’m going to see ... if Mrs. Creech ... might make you a janitor instead. Would you like that?”

Betsy pulled her head off her son’s lap. She wiped her mouth and looked with pity at Harold. The poor man was obviously cleaning as fast as he could to go back to his son’s room. “Be nice to your father, Billy. We’ve done our best ... giving you everything you could want. He picked this apartment after all.”

“I think I *will* take your pussy, Mom.” Billy leered at her.

“Oh ... yesssssss ... that’s good news.” Betsy struggled to unbutton her dress as quickly as possible.

“But I’ll only put it in if you tell Daddio what sort of man he is.” Billy’s grin broadened.

“Well, I married him because he was handsome and a good provider. Until ... until ... you took his place ... I thought he was ... um ...” Betsy’s fingers slowed down as she struggled to give her son what he wanted without hurting Harold. “He ... um ... is very good at cleaning your messes, Billy.” She glanced quickly at Harold, but the man didn’t look back. It seemed he was done cleaning, but still, he crouched on the floor. They all knew he couldn’t leave until Billy had had his fun.

“Tell him, Mom.” Billy smacked her bra with his palm, enjoying the heavy resistance of her tit. When her dress was off, he pulled down her bra and played with her darkening areolas and nipples.

“Oh ... aaaahhhhhhhhh.” Betsy arched her back as pleasure surged through her breasts and into her body. “He’s old ... Billy. He lost me to you. You’re the young buck. You’re my future.” She could see that what she was saying wasn’t enough for her son. As she

pulled her panties to the side and straddled Billy, she looked directly at her husband. "You're old, Harold. Your penis is ... not good enough. I thought I enjoyed it once, but I didn't know what sex really was. Not until ... until ... our son pulled me up onto the ceiling. Now, I know ... now ... I ... knoooooowwwwwwww." She lowered herself onto her son's giant penis, feeling the electricity of his presence inside her. "Ooohhhh ... Harold ... you'll never know ... what it's like ... ooohhhhhh ... he's inside me ... along with the baby he put in there ... they're both ... in my belly ... and it feels so good ... it makes me ... want to cry." True enough, tears of joy ran down her cheeks. Her hips started undulating as her son took her right nipple into his mouth. She arched her breast into his face.

Mother and son humped without words for a long time as the football game played across the living room. After a while, forgotten, Harold slunk out of the room. He would need to find a janitor's uniform. He was eager to be the best janitor the building had ever seen. He desperately needed to please Her. It was his place now as the deposed stag.

~~

February 28, 2015: Apartment 12C, the Marland family.

When her son returned from his jog covered in blood, Carrie screamed. She thought he was dying. When he explained that he'd run into wild animals in the hall, she thought he was insane. When he went to show her where it had happened, there was already a janitor finishing up steam cleaning the carpet.

"Hello, Mrs. Marland." Hank Breaming tipped his cap to them and turned off the cleaner. His old joints were stiff, and he was eager to go sit down. But he stood at attention, as he always did when tenants were present. "Hello, Joey. I've finished cleaning your spilled pop."

"My ... pop?" Joe turned to his mother. "It's blood. I don't know what he's talking about. Three deer and a wolf, they came right through here and went up to the roof." He pointed at the locked door, pulling his mom over there. The door was locked. It didn't budge.

"Nobody goes through that door. It always remains locked. Building management has its rules." Hank shrugged.

"Why ... why are you lying? What are you covering up?" The old Joe would not have confronted someone so directly. But lately he'd discovered a much lower tolerance for bullshit. "There were animals, Mom. I didn't even see Mr. Breaming. There was no soda."

Hank gave Carrie an apologetic shrug that said *boys will be boys*.

Carrie frowned at both men. She nodded to the janitor. "I'm sorry Joey created more work for you. I don't know what's gotten into him lately." She grabbed her son by the elbow, trying to find a spot on his skin not smudged with blood. "I assume you got into a fight on your jog? Was it boys from school? And then you celebrate your barbarity by drinking pure sugar? Where's the can?" She led her son back into their apartment. She closed the door and wheeled him around to face her. She found herself fighting her gaze as it wanted to drift down to his perfect abs. *He took his time, but he certainly is blooming. Why do I have to create such perfect men?*

"Look ... Mom ... I'm not sure what's going on ... but ..." Joe chewed on his lip. He should have been terrified standing in front of her anger. But he felt fine. If anything, he had to fight the urge to return her aggression. He needed to be smart about this. "I'm sorry. It wasn't a fight. I slipped and fell in the park. Someone was nice enough to give me a bandage." He bent his bare shoulder toward her. "I shouldn't have lied about drinking a soda. I just know about your junk food rules."

"I'm not surprised. You've been eating so much lately. You'll throw anything in your mouth." Carrie could feel herself gaining control of the situation. "Is this something you've been doing a lot of? Sneaking around with soda, I mean."

"I'm sorry. I won't lie to you." He smiled. "Which means I should tell you that Hani and I kissed."

"What?" Carrie's eyes widened, her anger forgotten. "Were you ... um ... was it ... ughhh ... well ... are you dating?" Suddenly, she found herself biting her fingernails. It was a terrible habit, but if her son could sneak sodas ...

"Mom, she was very clear that she's not my girlfriend. You know how Hani is." Joe laughed and walked toward the bathroom. "I'm sorry for lying to you. It won't happen again." Both of those statements were lies. "She *did* take off her hijab for me." He stopped in the bathroom doorway and looked back at his mother.

Carrie stood nibbling on her fingernails, her questioning eyebrows raised. "Was she ... pretty without it?"

"She's gorgeous, Mom." All of Joe's confidence coalesced inside him. He stood in the doorway, practically posing for his mother, giving her a great view of his sweaty and bloodstained torso. "Do you think I should make her my girlfriend?"

"Oh ... I don't know," Carrie squeaked. All of a sudden, her son was beaming out charisma. She felt like she might melt in its wake.

"Yeah, I think so, too. She's fun to hang out with, and she's got a great smile." He winked at his mom and entered the bathroom.

“Oh ... a twelfth-floor romance it is.” Carrie didn’t know how to feel at the moment. It was much easier being angry with her son than ... whatever this was. Her legs trembled as she went to her bedroom and locked the door.

~~

August 22, 1994: Investigation into the disappearance of Rosalin Ekland.

Leaning on a tree across Walnut Street from 3838, Nathaniel scowled at the building. Each one of the gargoyles on its façade seemed to be leering at him, mocking him. The building manager, the haughty Mrs. Creech, had kicked him out of the building two weeks ago. He had been “bothering” the tenants. Since then, he’d staked out the building, alternating shifts with other detectives from the firm. They hadn’t seen Rosalin. They hadn’t seen any of the Ostrows. Strangely, they hadn’t even seen Mrs. Natalie Creech exit the building. It appeared that many tenants never left 3838. He counted only about three-fourths of his unofficial building census out on the sidewalk over the past few weeks. And the only staff that he saw brave Greater New York were the doormen. Who, he discovered, also served as bagmen for groceries and whatever else the agoraphobic tenants and staff needed.

It was a very odd building. Odder even than Rosalin’s reports described. Early in the investigation, he’d hoped to find her diary. He knew she kept one. Everyone at the agency did. But it wasn’t among her things.

Among the agoraphobic tenants were the Kwons. Rosalin had mentioned that family at length. She’d used their teenage son as a source of information, and she seemed to have a friendship with him. But Nathaniel had never gotten an answer when knocking on 12C. Even though Mrs. Creech said they still lived there. And since his stakeout, he hadn’t spotted anyone that matched their description. Of course, there was an Asian man about the father’s age and height in the building. But he was a doorman. So, he couldn’t be Greg Kwon.

Nathaniel frowned at the gargoyles. Something very strange was going on. But he couldn’t sink his teeth into it. Fortunately, their client continued to pay. And Nathaniel would keep looking as long as he could. He couldn’t let a building swallow one of his colleagues whole. Not on his watch.

~~

November 29, 1954: Apartment 4F, the Lavey family.

It wasn't often that Billy left the apartment. But some days he liked to get out. He enjoyed holding his mother's hand, or her ass, as they walked down busy sidewalks. He wanted the world to know she was his. On this excursion, they were coming back from the park when Billy sensed something behind him. He squeezed his mother's ass more tightly and pulled her wide hip to his. "Do you smell that?"

"I smell ... the market we just passed." Betsy looked over at him, their faces inches apart. Her son looked ... worried. That was something she hadn't expected to see. At least, not recently. "What's wrong?"

"We're being followed." Billy's voice dropped an octave. "Hurry." He sped up, but his mother was having trouble keeping up with him. She was in heels, and her dress was too tight. They dodged around pedestrians, Billy practically dragging her. A block down the sidewalk, Betsy lost her footing and fell. Billy was so distracted that his normally quick reflexes were slow. He didn't reach out for her as she tumbled forward.

A young man in a well-tailored, dark suit was passing in the other direction. He reached out and caught Betsy.

"Oh ... my ... thank you!" Betsy righted herself with the man's help. When he released her arm, she smiled.

Billy stopped next to them, his eyes looking behind, studying the crowd.

"You look to be about my son's age." Betsy frowned, recognition forming in her mind. "I've seen you before."

The young man tipped his hat to her. "I believe we live in the same building. 3838?" He gave her a wolfish smile. "I'm Bradley Dodgson from 9B."

"Mrs. Betsy Lavey." Betsy gave him a slight curtsy. "And this is my son, Billy."

Billy didn't feel like he was being hunted anymore. He gave a sigh of relief and turned his attention to the newcomer. "Bradley? Yes, I've seen you around." Billy put his arm around his mother again, squeezing her into him. "You're one cool cat. These sidewalks can be dangerous. Thanks."

"Glad to help, daddio." Bradley tipped his cap again, his gaze flickering to Betsy's burgeoning belly and then back to Billy. "You should keep your eyes on this Jane Doe." He nodded to Betsy. "You're right. It's a dangerous city."

"Yeah, thanks." Billy nodded and pulled his mother back toward their building. He felt unsettled. Maybe he would flaunt his mother in public a little less often.

~~

March 10, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

“Oh, hello, Abshir.” Uba found her son eating all alone in the kitchen. “Don’t eat too much, you’ll spoil your appetite for dinner.” She doubted this was true, her son seemed to be a bottomless pit. Despite this, his body was slimming a little. She adjusted her glasses and tried not to stare at his noisy, smacking lips. “Is your sister home?” She sat in their small dining alcove, picking the seat that was as far away from her son as possible.

“Hani’s out with Joe. I think they’re in the park.” Abshir shrugged and pulled his hand out of the cereal box. He closed the lid and leaned back in his seat. “Dad’s still at work.” He smiled. “How was the shop today?”

“Exhausting.” Uba lifted her hand up and held her hijab but didn’t pull it off. She didn’t like the way her son was looking at her. She removed her hand, leaving the hijab in place. “You ... um ... promised me that you wouldn’t look at me like that anymore.” He had apologized for his inappropriate behavior several times, but he continued to make her feel uncomfortable.

“Look at you which way, Mom?” He stared at the swell of her breasts under her modest dress.

“Why aren’t you with Hani and Joey?” She frowned. She still had her purse over her shoulder. She swung it forward and held it so that it covered her breasts.

“Third wheel.” Abshir shrugged, adjusted his glasses, and moved his gaze back up to his mother’s beautiful, if disapproving, face. “They don’t want me.”

“Is something going on between them?” There were so many things to worry about since they’d moved into the building. Her children were misbehaving. She liked Joe, but she didn’t trust her daughter out with a man somewhere in New York. “Mrs. Marland seems to think that Joey likes –”

“What do I care?” Abshir blurted.

“Don’t be rude.” She wagged a finger at him. “You and Joey are friends. I like that the three of you –”

“Do you and Dad have sex? I mean ... I’ve been listening at night. All I hear is you two watching TV and then going to sleep.” He adjusted his glasses and pressed his lips together, waiting for a response like it was a perfectly normal question.

“I ... I ... you’re listening ... at our door?” Uba didn’t know where to begin with this new insanity.

“I’m listening from my room. But I can hear perfectly fine from there. I can even hear the neighbors doing it sometimes. Mr. and Mrs. Marland have sex almost every night. But not you.” He shook his head.

“You ... you can’t possibly hear the Marlands. They’re down the hall. What are you saying?” Uba wished her husband was home. Her son had become so difficult and was worse when they were alone. “Why don’t you run out and find Hani and Joey?”

Abshir adjusted his glasses and watched her closely.

Uba looked out the window. With such an unruly teen, it was hard to appreciate the beauty of their apartment. She was always so flummoxed. She stared out at the park, letting the sight of it relax her.

“So ...” Abshir held out his hands, palms upward.

“So ... what?” She continued to look out the window. She wanted to look anywhere but at her son.

“So, do you and Dad still have sex?” Abshir stood up and folded his arms, waiting.

“That’s none of your business,” Uba whispered.

Abshir couldn’t believe what he’d gotten away with so far. His mother was letting him say whatever he wanted. The voice in the basement had been right about ... everything. He cleared his throat. “Sex is a really important part of life. And neither of us is getting any. Want to make a deal?”

“No,” she squeaked. *Where is my authority? I should tell him to knock this off.*

“No deal?” Abshir smiled. He was going to push things further and see just how right she was. “You don’t even know what I’m offering.” He unbuttoned his pants and slowly lowered his zipper. His mother’s eyes darted to what he was doing, but she didn’t do anything to stop him.

Uba cringed. *What is he doing? What is he doing?* Her purse was still over her shoulder. She clutched at it, the weight of it felt reassuring and familiar.

“Let me show you what I’d put on the table for a deal.” Abshir, in wonder that he was actually doing it, pulled down his pants and underwear. His mother gave a little yelp when she saw his long, heavy penis hanging between his legs. It was soft, but still quite a sight in its somnolent state. He lifted it and dropped it on the table with a satisfying thump. “This is what I have to offer, Mom.”

“You’ve gone insane, Abshir.” Uba’s whole body tensed. She stared at the ugly appendage, with its heavy, bulging veins and strange domed head. *I brought that repulsive thing into the world?* She couldn’t bring her gaze away from the penis. “You need help.”

“You need to touch my dick.” He spoke with such confidence.

Uba shrieked, pulled her purse off her shoulder, and assaulted the penis with it. She swung the heavy bag in an arc and it landed directly on the penis with a loud smack.

“Oooowwwwwwoooooo!” Abshir howled and jumped back. Still crying out, he waddled out of the room with his pants around his ankles, and his hands between his legs.

Trembling, Uba went to her room and locked the door. She would wait for her husband to return home and then tell him everything.

~~

November 17, 1993: Apartment 9B: Diary of Rosalin Eklund.

I’m breathless as I write this. I finally used my stolen copy of the key to gain roof access. But, of course, there was a hidden floor between 12 and the roof. I found the chapel.

Before going, I made sure Mrs. Creech was on the first floor. Then, I waited on 12 for a while, but saw no one. Then, I used the key and went up the stairs. The hidden floor was labeled 14, but I suspect that was done before it was closed off. No one wants to live on the thirteenth floor.

I moved slowly and cautiously. Investigating everything. The door to the chapel was open. It used to be apartment 14E, based on the ancient sign next to the door. I didn’t find much inside.

The chapel has no walls, only support columns were left here and there. Pews line the wood floor, pointing toward a stage at the far end of the space. The windows are covered, but I didn’t dare try the lights. There were unlit candles all about the room. Enough light did come in through the open door from the hall to see a crude, stone statue of a goddess on the stage. The creature is depicted with ... ample proportions. I had my camera with me, and I took pictures. I’ll develop them tomorrow and send copies to the firm. Something strange is going on here. The wood on the stage was stained a rust red in front of the statue. I’ve seen something similar in the den of the Bloomfield Killer. I fear the Ostrows may never have left the building. This is looking more and more like a dark cult.

After I finished in the chapel, I tried the other doors in the hall. All were locked. I was starting to suspect that the floor is vacant and used only for ... whatever happens in the chapel. But then ... I heard something behind the door to 14B. A woman was wailing inside. I almost forced the door to rescue her, but then the voice changed. It became more animal than human. It wasn't in distress. It was ... making some other kind of noise. I shiver even now thinking about it.

I left the floor quickly. Nobody saw me.

This building may be a much more difficult case than I assumed. I'll need to talk to Brian. I doubt the Kwons know what sort of place they're living in. But ... most tenants are probably aware. I need to figure out which of them attend chapel services. And the ones that do not need to be warned. Until I figure that out, I can't trust anyone. Anyone except for Brian. I was a fool to punish him with silence for so long. We're friends. He's a teen, and he lost his cool with me. That could happen to anyone. I hope he's okay. He's so sweet and innocent. I wonder what he's doing right now.

~~

November 19, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family.

"Brian ... please ... we can't keep doing this." Darby looked over her shoulder at his closed door, rubbing her hands nervously on the front of her turtleneck sweater. She breathed in deeply. The smells of sweat and sperm should have made her run, but instead they offered a ballast to her troubled mind. "At least ... we should stop ... until you see the counselor."

"You're beautiful, Mom. You're mine." Brian stood naked in front of his clothed mother, his dick jutting out proudly in front of him. "We've finally found something we can do together." He picked up his trumpet and held it in front of him. "This makes us happy. How is a counselor going to improve on this? Is there anything in the world better than what we've been doing together?"

"It's ... not right." Darby shivered as her fingertips lightly caressed the horribly bloated penis in front of her. "That infernal music ... isn't right."

"But when I play, you can't stop." Brian laughed and lifted the trumpet to his lips. He played Cannonball by the Breeders. Thirty seconds into the song, his mother's head was bobbing on his dick in time to the music. She cupped his balls in each hand, squeezing them in rhythm.

*Oh ... gosh ... we're doing it again. And I can feel his testicles pulsing to the beat. How is that possible? What's happening to us?* But her questioning mind soon shut down, her thoughts lost to the pleasures of feeling what a man he'd become and the haze of the music they created together. "Mmmmmm ... mmmpphhh ... mmmpphhh ... mmmhhh ... hhhmmmmhhmmmm." She hummed the song around the giant head of his penis.

Brian didn't put down the trumpet until he'd played a whole set with his mother. When his climax arrived, he tossed the instrument away, arched his back, and screamed. He didn't care if he was bothering the neighbors. He didn't care if his mother's ears were already ringing. He let out his cry of ecstasy and triumph without reservations. The voice in the basement had been right. He would follow Her to the ends of the Earth. Although, he was happy that it seemed Ogganse had no interest in his leaving the building.

*Oh ... my ... gosh ... oh ... my ... gosh ... oh ... my gosh!* Darby swallowed and swallowed his hot, salty stuff. Her son was a never-ending font of sperm. Her belly was already so full, and yet spurt after spurt continued. Each time she did this, it drove a wedge into her marriage. She should have told Greg everything the first time she'd performed oral sex on their son. Once was understandable. But now ... how could she explain that she was doing it multiple times a day?

"Aaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." Brian's muscles flexed and his body arched like he was leaning into a strong gale. His mother was busy gulping down his cum – a skill she had finally acquired hours before. His mother loved his music now. He barely had any reason to leave 3838 Walnut Street. He could stay there happily forever.

## Chapter 7

### I Know How it Happened the First Time

November 20, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family.

Rosalin knocked on the door to 12C. It was the middle of the day and loud trumpet music vibrated from inside the apartment. She thought Brian was playing something from Nirvana, but she couldn't quite place the song. Rosalin knocked again and waited. Then she rang the doorbell and waited. Then she rang it again. Then she leaned on the bell. Finally, the door opened, and Brian stood looking at her with his brow furrowed in confusion. He was sweaty. Rosalin knew that playing music could be a workout. He wore baggy shorts and an oversized t-shirt. He must have just put those on, because they weren't yet soaked with sweat.

"Rosalin?" Brian's hair was sticking every which way. He absentmindedly flattened it by running his fingers from front to back. "What's ... um ... what's up?"

"Look, Brian. Can I come in?" She pushed past him into the apartment. She was so grateful to talk to her nineteen-year-old friend, that she didn't register the hard, heavy thing in his shorts that bounced off of her hip. "I went up to the thirteenth floor. And I took pictures. But my camera went missing before I could develop the film. I think someone burgled my place. I haven't left the building in days. When I was up there, I heard something in 14B, Brian, it ... um ... sounded barely human. And I—"

"Whoa ... chill, Rosalin." Brian closed the door. "We haven't talked since ... the basement. I think you need to catch me up on what ..." He paused as his mother walked into the room. Her mascara was running down her cheeks, but she'd cleaned the cum that had been running down her chin a few minutes before. "Oh, hey, Rosalin, this is my mom, Darby."

"Call me Mrs. Kwon, please." Darby's smile was dazed and distant. "I've heard a lot about you, Rosalin. How nice of you to stop by. Would you like some tea?" Without waiting for a response, Darby stumbled into the kitchen.

"Nice to meet you, Mrs. Kwon," Rosalin said loudly. She lowered her voice and leaned toward Brian. "Is she okay?" She'd worked cases where people had been on drugs. Darby looked to be high as a kite.

"She's fine. I was just playing music with her. She really gets into it." Brian sat on the sofa with a view overlooking the park.

"Oh ... what instrument does she play?" Rosalin sat on the other end of the sofa. She was still wary after the kiss in the basement, but it was good to see her friend.

“She mostly hums along.” Brian snickered. “So, what was all that about earlier?”

“Well, I think you and your family are in danger.” Rosalin pressed her lips tightly together. “I think there’s something evil in the building.”

Brian shook his head. “That’s just Her. And she’s not evil. She’s the reason Mom and I have gotten so close. She wants me to be the father of ...” Brian’s eyes narrowed. “You went up past the locked door? How did you get up there?”

“Wait ... who wants you to be a father? Are you dating someone, Brian?” Rosalin tensed. *Am I jealous? He’s a teenager. And I love Dave.* She wished she could leave the building to go see her fiancé, but ever since her camera had been stolen, she hardly dared to leave her apartment. The only times she’d exited 9B in the last few days were to drop off her reports in the building’s outgoing mail, and to visit Brian now. To make matters worse, she couldn’t call Dave, or anyone, because her phone line was down, and the maintenance staff needed to wait for the phone company to fix it.

“Yeah, sorta ... kinda dating someone.” Brian nodded. “Oh, hey, Mom. Thanks for the tea.”

Darby walked back into the living room carrying a tray of tea things. She served each of them with colorful cups, put the tray on the coffee table, and sat in an armchair close to Rosalin.

“So, Mrs. Kwon, how do ... um ... you like the building?” Rosalin sniffed the air. Darby smelled funky. Like sweat and ... something else. Something ripe. She stared into Darby’s distant, brown eyes. *Is the cult drugging her? Are they planning to make the Kwons members or sacrifices?*

“I like it dear. At first, things seemed to be so chaotic here.” Darby smiled and sipped her tea.

“But then, it became less chaotic?” Rosalin sipped her tea. It was some sort of green variety, hot but good. She relaxed a little.

“No.” Darby shook her head slowly. “I embraced the chaos, I suppose. For a long while, I was literally trying to throw cold water on Brian’s teenage behavior. But then I let him be himself, and now ... I don’t know ...” A sudden clarity came into Darby’s eyes.

“Everything’s different.”

“Mom, you’re embarrassing me.” Brian watched his mother over the rim of his teacup.

“Have you been crying, Mrs. Kwon?” Whatever relaxation the tea had brought to Rosalin quickly disappeared. Her hackles were raised. Something was definitely wrong in the Kwon house. “Your mascara is running.”

“Oh ... how silly.” Darby wiped under her eyes with a tissue. She put down her teacup and stood. “I’m going to go freshen up. You two enjoy yourselves.” She left the room.

“What’s going on, Brian? Your mom is acting ... really strange.” Rosalin put down her tea. She was suddenly worried she’d been drugged, too. Putting a finger to the inside of her wrist, she checked her pulse. It was normal. Her mind hadn’t slowed. *I’m being paranoid.* But it was hard to argue with what where probably years of bloodstains in front of that statue upstairs.

“Don’t be a bitch.” Brian stood. He was suddenly angry. “My mother isn’t strange. She’s rad. She’s the best mom ever.”

“She’s what?” Rosalin leaned away from him in her chair. She was taller than Brian, and she outweighed him. But she reacted to his ferocity.

“We haven’t had sex. She’s uncomfortable with that. And ... she only wants to blow me when I play music. But we will eventually. Once she’s comfortable. Once ...” The cadence of Brian’s words grew more rapid. “You don’t believe me. You think I’m a loser that couldn’t even fuck his own mom!”

“Brian ... I ... came here to save you from –” Rosalin’s eyes were wide, her nostrils flaring. *What is that smell? What did he just say?*

“Stay there.” He pointed at her. “I’ll show you. I’ll show why we should trust Her.”

Rosalin watched him rush out of the room. Something odd happened right before he got to the door. He leapt, turning sideways. *Did he just ... climb along the wall?* She blinked her eyes. She must have been seeing things. *The tea was drugged. I need to leave.* But she sat and waited as she’d been commanded.

“Well ... Rosalin ... he wants to show you. As you are about to see, it’s hard for me to say no to him. It’s been such a whirlwind.” Darby reentered the living room and got to her knees in front of the window. “I haven’t told Greg, my husband, about this. You have to promise not to tell him.” Darby paused. “Or anyone else.”

“I ... um ... what’s going on?” Rosalin couldn’t understand why the housewife was waiting on her knees. “Are you about to pray with Brian?” She really was too late. *The Kwons are already part of the cult!*

“No ... we’re not praying.” Gone was all the dazed silliness Darby had shown before. Now, she looked quite pale and serious. She had cleaned up her mascara and put on a new turtleneck sweater. “I wish he didn’t want to show you. But he does. And I just can’t say no to him. I –”

Trumpet music started from another part of the apartment. It was lively, with a steady beat. Darby started bobbing her head to the rhythm, her worried face relaxing.

“I don’t understand. Are you ...?” Rosalin’s jaw dropped and her eyes went wide when Brian reentered the room. He was, of course, playing the trumpet. To Rosalin’s stupefaction, he was also stark naked and dancing like a male stripper she’d once seen, thrusting his hips in time to the music. His penis was soft, but even so, it was much larger than any Rosalin had seen. And David wasn’t her first. The dick flopped around absurdly as he moved his hips. She saw that his balls were enormous, too. They jiggled and bounced obscenely. Rosalin had seen crazy shit while on her cases, but nothing had prepared her for what she was witnessing.

“Are you sure about this, honey?” Darby had to yell to be heard over the music. She bobbed her head back and forth like she was at a concert. Her shoulders relaxed, her boobs bobbing under her sweater. “I only just met her. This seems ...”

Brian removed the trumpet from his lips and stopped dancing. An aggressive silence spread through the apartment. He looked deeply into his mother’s eyes. “She says that we should do this, and She’s never wrong. Let the wild in, Mom.”

“Yes ... okay ... I’m letting the wild in.” Darby pulled off her sweater, tossed it toward Rosalin and howled. “Awwwwwoooooohhhhhhhh.”

Rosalin caught the sweater on reflex and stared at the woman clad only in a bra and skirt. “You’re not going to ...” Her voice was drowned out as Brian put the trumpet back to his lips. She watched him dance toward his mother like he wanted her to stuff dollar bills ... somewhere. He wasn’t wearing underwear. “Oh ... God ... I’m staring at a teenager’s dick. Dave isn’t going to like this,” Rosalin mumbled to herself.

As Brian arrived in front of his mother, he circled his hips to make his cock helicopter. Darby caught it out of the air, and with ease fostered by days of practice, she sucked the soft thing past her lips, making it grow.

“I have to ... leave .... I have to ... leave.” Rosalin’s voice was drowned out by the music. Nobody heard her. She didn’t move from the sofa. Instead, she sat and watched the surreal spectacle. Her goofy, music-loving friend was playing his heart out while his mother was giving him the most soul-sucking blowjob Rosalin could imagine. It was such a compelling, erotic sight. She tried to tell herself that they weren’t mother and son. That she was just ... somehow ... witnessing random oral sex ... maybe at one of those sex shows her friends talked about. But she couldn’t pretend. Their faces looked too much alike. It was clear Brian had sprung from Darby’s loins. And now ... she was going to coax something to spring from his loins. His penis grew huge, with dark veins snaking over the pale shaft. She didn’t get a good look at the head of it, hidden as it was in Darby’s bulging mouth.

Brian changed songs and increased the tempo. He stared over at his friend on the sofa. She looked beyond shocked. He could smell her arousal mixing in the air with his

mother's. He made eye contact with her and winked. She didn't smile or wink back. Instead, she quickly turned her gaze back to the blowjob. He didn't blame her. His mother's slide into depravity was captivating. He turned his head to the side and peered down at his mother. She was staring up at him with all the motherly devotion she could muster. Her face was twisted and distorted by his large cockhead. Her brow was furrowed, and her thin arms were strained as she pumped the base of his dick with all her might.

"Wait ... wait ..." Rosalin could see Brian start to tremble. *That's what Dave does before he ...*

"Mmmm ... mmm ... mmm ... mmmmmmm," Darby hummed.

Rosalin stood. *I need to leave. I can't watch this. I can't watch her do this to him ... to herself.* But Rosalin only made it a few steps toward the front door before stopping and staring back at them. The Kwon union was so savagely intimate. And she was bearing witness. She couldn't leave.

A few more minutes passed, and the music stopped. Brian tossed the trumpet onto the sofa, arched his back, and roared. "Aaaaaahrrrrroooooorrrrrr!"

"Oh ... my ... God ... Oh ... my ... God!" Rosalin watched Darby shudder as she struggled to swallow the blasts of cum entering her mouth. The sight of Brian's pale, lithe body flexing and straining flipped some sort of switch inside Rosalin. He had told his mother to let the wild in, and Rosalin could feel the untamed force of the moment seeping into her, too.

When Brian's savage convulsions finished, Darby lifted her mouth off him with a plop. "Look ... at her ... Mom." Brian collapsed on the armchair. "Look at Rosalin ... so that ... she can see you."

"She just ... she just ..." Rosalin stuttered. When Darby turned her face her way, Rosalin saw that the dazed, silly expression had returned. White, viscous fluid was splattered on her lips and slowly dripped from her chin onto her exposed cleavage.

"Tell her ... how you feel ... Mom." Brian sighed, relaxing into the chair's cushions.

"I loooooovvvve ... my ssssson." Darby's smile was feral.

Finally, without the spellbinding presence of Brian's music, Rosalin found the strength to turn and run. Out in the hall of the twelfth floor, she stumbled, looking over her shoulder. She was certain they would be chasing her. But there was no one behind her. They would be crazy to leave their apartment. Brian was naked. And Darby was dripping sperm. *They won't chase me.*

Rosalin made it to the elevator and hit the button repeatedly, looking back down the hall. The images of what she'd just seen were seared into her brain. Her sweet, shy friend had roared like an animal. And the sight of his once prim mother turning toward Rosalin, with that wild, cum-coated grin on her face ... it was too much.

The sound of something bellowing brought her back to the moment. She looked at the dial. The elevator was at ten and rising. The sound of frantic animals seemed to be coming through the elevator door, and growing louder as the car rose through the building.

She removed her finger from the call button and stepped back. The dial said the elevator was just passing eleven. The animalistic noises grew louder. Rosalin knew she shouldn't stick around to find out what was in the elevator. She turned and stumbled to the stairs. Just as she opened the door, she heard the elevator chime. Something large and heavy thumped out of the elevator and banged against the wall. She didn't look back. She slammed the door behind her and descended to the ninth floor as quickly as she could.

~~

March 5, 1940: Apartment 14A, the Creneling family.

"Ogganse will not be happy with you, Mrs. Creneling." Elizabeth stood in the kitchen of her neighbor's apartment, 14A. She was wearing a dress that Natalie had recently gotten tailored for her. The garment was a fine, wool herringbone number that hugged her new curves perfectly. Unfortunately, the sweetheart neckline had been ruined by a large kitchen knife sticking out of Elizabeth's chest. "I only wanted to mate with your husband. He wasn't going to be sacrificed."

"Oh ... God." Nancy Creneling couldn't understand how the woman was still upright. Nancy had plunged the knife into Elizabeth over a minute ago, and blood freely poured down the front of Elizabeth's dress. But her neighbor seemed unfazed. "We heard ... the unholy sounds coming from your apartment ... Mrs. Norwood," Nancy stammered. "Day and night. We never see Mr. Norwood anymore. Your eyes are glowing red as we speak. We know that ... you've made a bargain with the devil. Why won't you ... die?"

Royce Creneling stood next to his wife, slack-jawed. "What did you do, Nancy?"

With a horrible squelching sound, Elizabeth pulled the knife from her chest, walked it over to the sink, and carefully put it in the basin. She turned back to her hosts, leaning her ample backside on the counter. The wound on her chest rapidly closed. "That was very rude of you, Mrs. Creneling. But I forgive you. If you promise to behave going forward, I'll let you watch as I mate your husband."

“I don’t ... understand.” Nancy was in shock, trembling in her own kitchen.

“I’m not sure I understand either. That’s the problem. I know how it happened the first time.” Elizabeth picked up a dishtowel and mopped the blood from the front of her ruined dress. “She has told me that She lived for eons just beyond the forest, through a looking glass of sorts. She was a powerful goddess, but uninterested in the lives that rose and fell on our side. Then, one day, She observed a stag return to the bevy of his birth. A group of does and an aging stag, his father, did not welcome him. The young buck fought so valiantly, that it stirred something in Ogganse’s heart. She moved closer to our world and watched him depose his father. When the old stag was defeated, the young buck took over the bevy, and mounted each, including his mother.” Elizabeth paused and closed her eyes. She could almost see it. *“Especially* his mother. It was beautiful and savage and it spoke to Her. Her soul focus centered on that buck. She found him enthralling.”

“Please leave.” Royce straightened his ascot and his spine. The tedious story had restored some of his courage, even if he couldn’t understand how the woman had survived her injury.

“Shh.” Elizabeth put a bloody finger to her lips. “It’s not time for you to speak. Now, where was I? Ah, yes. The wolf. Even as the does carried our hero’s first fawns in their bellies, a young wolf began to track our stag. Ogganse looked on in horror, but could do nothing from her side of the looking glass. From her world, she could only watch ours.” Elizabeth spread her hands to encompass the kitchen. “Day after day, the wolf grew hungrier and more bold. And Ogganse grew more desperate to save her stag. She devised a plan to birth herself as a fawn. It was deep magic that required a sacrifice and the right alignment of the moon. She was lucky in her timing, but could not find the right sacrifice in her world, no matter how many she tried.”

“I don’t –” Nancy began.

“Shh.” Elizabeth shook her head. “The wolf attacked before she could unpuzzle the spell. Only after the buck fell was Ogganse born into our world. Of course, she exacted terrible vengeance on the predator. But it was too late.” Elizabeth fell into silence.

“What ... happened then?” Nancy whispered.

“She lived many centuries in our world. She was the mother to all who followed her, preserving her bevy in honor of the buck, and laying waste to her people’s enemies. But she was vulnerable here, as she was not in her own world. And her power was coveted.” Elizabeth shrugged. “A coven of decrepit hags tricked and trapped her, placing her in the Hungarian Lady. Again, she could only watch from behind a looking glass.” In blood, Elizabeth drew a strange symbol on the Crenelings’ counter. “I don’t know how to get her out. I am an extension of her now. But I don’t know how to help her. A blood

sacrifice isn't right. So, now I must try to birth her a fawn." Elizabeth pushed herself off the counter. She unbuttoned her dress and slid it down her body.

Both Crenelings gasped at the perfection of their neighbor's curves. Improbably, Elizabeth wasn't wearing anything under her dress. Her breasts were enormous, and sloped mesmerizingly down her chest. Blue veins were prominent, meandering under her milky skin. Her belly was slightly curved, her waist narrow and her hips wide. There was a patch of raven hair in the V between her legs.

"Mrs. Creneling, please clean the blood off my skin. I don't want the gods to think this is also a sacrifice." Elizabeth smiled at her neighbors. "Remember, I urge you to be good. If you can behave, I'll let you watch your husband put a goddess inside me."

~~

March 15, 2015: Apartment 12C and 12E, the Marland and Dahir families.

"What's up with your brother?" Joe held Hani's hand as they walked through the park. "I never see him anymore."

"Well ... he's been acting weird the last few weeks." She looked over at Joe with a frown. "Weirder than normal, even." She adjusted her glasses. The park was beautiful, with the first pink cherry blossoms blooming nearby. "A few days ago, he showed his dick to my mom. Apparently, she hit it with her handbag."

"He showed his ... and she ... hit it ...?" Joe couldn't quite comprehend what she was telling him.

"When Mom told Dad, he smacked Abshir so hard it broke my brother's glasses." Hani tried not to show how much this all troubled her. She smiled. "Abshir has been grounded for life. I don't know when you'll see him again. Except at school."

"Shit ... that's horrible." Joe shook his head. "He's been avoiding me at school. What was he thinking?"

"I never know what men are thinking. You're wired wrong." Hani forced another smile and pulled Joe behind some cherry trees. "Even so, I just can't keep my hands off you." She raked her fingers over his sweater, feeling the hard abs underneath. "I don't want to think about my brother. Take my mind off it."

"Yes, ma'am." Joe grabbed her hijab and started to lift it off her head.

"No!" Hani's eyes went wide. She looked around, but they were well hidden.

“Okay, sorry. You just look so pretty without it, that’s all.” Joe smiled. Nothing seemed to bother him lately. He let go of the hijab and stroked her soft, brown cheek. “Are we official yet? Are you my girlfriend?”

Hani screwed up her face and rolled her eyes. “Just kiss me, dummy.”

They made out behind the trees until the sun settled behind the buildings on the horizon. Hani let him feel her up. It was only fair, since she was doing an awful lot of feeling his hard, lithe body herself.

~~

March 16, 2015: Apartment 12C and 12E, the Marland and Dahir families.

“Hey ... Abshir ... slow down, dude.” Joe jogged down the school hallway, trying to catch up to his friend.

Abshir looked over his shoulder and quickened his pace. Their classmates streamed around them as people rushed to next period.

“Wait up.” Joe caught his friend and put a hand on his shoulder.

“I’m late.” Abshir brushed off the unwelcome hand, rounded his shoulders, and hurried along.

“I just wanted to see how you’re doing.” Joe’s longer strides let him easily keep up.

“You’re always chasing me.” Abshir shot him a scathing glare. “Stop chasing me.”

“I’m not chasing you. We’re friends, remember? We’re such good friends that I still have your pillow. The one I borrowed when my hormones went haywire.” Joe frowned. He thought that would have made Abshir smile. “Tell me what’s going on. Can I help?”

“You can leave me alone.” Abshir glared at his friend one more time and turned into the doorway of his next class.

Joe stood in the hall, looking into the classroom as the bell rang. He ran his hand through his hair. *Did Abshir’s eyes just flash red?* He shook his head and turned toward class. No, it must have been light bouncing off his friend’s glasses.

~~

March 5, 1940: Apartment 14A, the Creneling family.

“Don’t give her your stiffy, Royce. Make it go down.” Nancy wrung her hands as she tried not to look at her husband’s hard penis. He was naked, lying on his back on their bed. Their next-door neighbor, now perfectly clean, climbed up on the mattress next to him. Nancy was the only one dressed. “Mrs. Norwood, you wouldn’t want to cheat on Mr. Norwood. You must stop.” It was ridiculous arguing with a woman that had pulled a knife from her own chest. Yet, Nancy persisted. Nancy had always gotten her way in life. That’s what had led her to this wonderful penthouse apartment in this marvelous building. Unfortunately, it had also led her to this terrible moment, as she watched the shapely, round cheeks of Elizabeth’s butt quiver while she mounted Royce. “Shut your eyes and think of England, Royce,” Nancy said.

“I don’t care if you do think of England, Mr. Creneling.” Elizabeth settled the modest penis into her vagina. She placed her hands on the man’s pale chest, her claws retracted. Her hips began their undulations, cajoling his climax.

“I cannot shut my eyes, darling.” Royce stared at the breathtaking breasts shaking in front of him. Had his wife really stabbed that chest? His mind rebelled as he tried to piece together the day’s events. “It would be like ... uuuuggghhh ... not viewing ... the most magnificent work of art ... in the world.”

“Oh ... no.” Nancy felt like lifting the lamp in the corner and slamming it into Elizabeth’s raven hair. But she didn’t want to anger the woman. “Close your eyes, Royce.” She sat on the edge of the bed behind them, with a full few of her husband’s penis pumping in and out of another woman’s gash. She could see Elizabeth’s buttocks, which was a view she would have never anticipated in life. She looked away from that winking hole, but that only led to her admiring the arch of the woman’s back, and Elizabeth’s wonderfully full sideboob, jiggling with her motions. “I feel ... strange.” With the very hand that had stabbed a woman an hour before, Nancy massaged her vagina under her skirt.

“Too ... beautiful ... too ... beautiful!” Royce was already on the edge.

“Yes ... yes ... and I am just a pale shadow ... of the goddess trapped on the other side. None ... will resist her ... when she’s reborn.” Elizabeth slammed her hips into the man below her. This was only the second man she’d lain with. But he was also one of thousands. She saw him with her own eyes, but the eyes of the forest peered out of her, too. “Plant it ... in me ... uuuggghhh ... yessssss ... I am fertile ... I will bear fruit ... for Her.”

“I’m going to ... I’m going to ...” Royce gritted his teeth. He desperately wanted to reach out and feel the weight and warmth of her breasts. But, at the same time, he dared not upset this strange creature that was humping him to completion.

“Yesss ... yessss ... aawwwwwwooooooowooooo.” Elizabeth threw her head back and let in the wild.

The cry from Elizabeth tore the air in the room and ripped right through Nancy, setting off sparks of pleasure within her. “Ohhhhhh ... my ...” Nancy shivered as she orgasmed at the same time as her husband and his new partner. All three were quick on the draw.

“Nnnnngggggg.” Finally, Royce shut his eyes. But he wasn’t thinking of England. He had never felt anything like his strange neighbor’s vagina. His body tensed and shook under her.

When her mate’s moment was over, Elizabeth carefully dismounted him and rolled onto her back. She placed her feet on the pillows behind her shoulders, arching her hips upward. “Leave me now. I must let the seed germinate in my field.”

“But this ... this is our bedroom.” Nancy removed her slick, sticky hand from under her skirt. “Shouldn’t you go back to your own apartment?”

Elizabeth gave them a lupin smile. “Silly, woman. I’m bringing my apartment to you.” Without moving her position, she shooed the woman with her hand. She was aware that her vagina was on full display and couldn’t be bothered to care. “Go, before I get cross with you.”

Nancy pulled her husband to his feet, and without even bothering to dress him, dragged him out of the room. She was so conflicted that her mind was starting to sunder and strain under the burden of deciding a course of action. She wanted to murder the homewrecker. Even if it was impossible, she wanted it. But she also, desperately, wanted to see her husband mate with Elizabeth again. Ultimately, it was too much for her. Several steps into the living room, Nancy fainted at her husband’s feet.

Royce, bewildered and dazed, looked down at his fallen wife. He wasn’t sure what had happened, but he was sure something fundamental had changed in their lives.

## Chapter 8

### I Was Chosen for This

November 21, 1993: Apartment 9B: Diary of Rosalin Eklund.

I haven't left my apartment since I returned yesterday. I have no phone. I have no way to contact Nathaniel ... or Dave to rescue me. I don't even dare go down to the first floor to check my mail, or send a distress letter.

The gargoyles have moved. They now peer into my apartment from the sides of my windows with evil written on their stone faces. I screamed like a little girl when I saw them this morning. Since then, I closed the drapes. I've been sitting in my apartment with all the lights on.

I hear things. Thumps. Moans. Shrieks. The sounds are muffled and distant, but they are no longer the innocent background noises of living in a building.

Brian and his family only moved here recently. If they could be recruited into this evil cult so fast, then I must assume the whole building is in on it. I imagine them all humping in some mad frenzy. There is some sort of rolling, midsummer bacchanalia hidden in each apartment. I can feel it.

I hear distant rhythmic thumping right now. Mrs. Breaming seemed like such a nice, quiet lady. I've mentioned her before in this diary. Her son lives at home. He doesn't have a job. Her husband works as a janitor here. I know he has a shift at this hour. But if I put my ear to the wall we share, I can hear her feral cries. She's having sex, and I don't think it's with her husband.

I'm trapped. I'm ... Someone is knocking on the door. It's Brian again. This is the third time today he's pounded on my door, telling me he wants to make music with me and his mother. God damn, this is worse than confronting the Bloomfield murderer. I had an escape plan then. Now, I'm stuck in a building with mad people that want me brainwashed. Or worse. I keep thinking about those stains in the chapel. What happened to the Ostrows? A mother, father, and daughter vanished.

At least I was smart enough to pack my S/W .38 for this assignment. I sleep with it on my nightstand and keep it next to me at all times in the apartment. If my phone doesn't come back on before I run out of food, I may need to make a run for it. I suppose I do have an escape plan after all. Just not a very good one. I have no proof of murders, so I don't want to shoot my way out of 3838 Walnut Street.

What I want and what might happen are two very different things.

~~

December 24, 1954: Apartment 4F, the Lavey family.

"I'm glad I met you, you're a good sport." Billy lifted his beer in salute to his friend. Christmas music played on the turntable. His mother was busy in the kitchen. His father was cleaning the building's messes. And he was sitting in his father's recliner, enjoying Christmas Eve with Bradley Dodgson from 9B. In the month since their meeting, they had become good friends. "You're a prime sport."

"And so are you." Bradley smirked, sipped his beer, and leaned forward in his armchair. He lowered his voice. "Is that really your baby in your mom's belly?"

Billy nodded enthusiastically. "I humped her for the first time right there." He pointed to a spot on the ceiling.

"Wow." Bradley guffawed and leaned back in this chair. "How did you get up there?"

"Well ... She gave me the power." Billy frowned. "Can't you do that, too?" He had assumed that he and his friend were the same.

"Walk on the ceiling?" Bradley shook his head. "But I believe it."

"You haven't ... have you ... um ..." Billy felt the hairs rise on the back of his neck. "Have you fucked your mom?"

"Not interested. I don't think we're the same, Billy. Although, I do have an easy time with women now." Bradley shrugged and took another swig of beer from his bottle. The record played Silver Bells with Bing Crosby. Bradley gave Billy a thoughtful look. "When She speaks to you, have you noticed that She has the same voice as Elizabeth?"

"No ... they both sound beautiful ... but I ..." Billy suddenly stood. Something was wrong, he could feel the need to run from the building. "Mom? Mom?!?"

Bradley watched his friend, amused at the outburst.

Betsy raced into the room, her large boobs and belly bouncing under her Christmas sweater and apron. "What's wrong, Billy?" Her eyes were wide with concern.

"Yeah, what's wrong, sport?" Bradley finished his beer and put the empty bottle down on the coffee table.

"I'm sorry, Bradley. You have to go." Billy moved to the front door, opened it, and peeked outside. The hall was empty. He took a deep breath. *Something is coming for me. I can smell it.*

“Thanks for the beer.” Bradley got up, strolled over to Betsy, and patted her bottom. He enjoyed her surprised squeal. “I suppose I *should* be going. I have a couple women lined up for a date tonight.”

“You’re dating two women at once?” Betsy shouldn’t be scandalized. Not after everything that had happened to her in that building. But still, the thought of this young, brash man servicing two women ... She shut her eyes tight. *He’s just bragging. He’s not really dating two women.*

“Two women at once?” Bradley strolled through the front door out into the hall. “Sure enough. I have to keep busy. Not all of us fuck our mothers.”

“Goodnight.” Billy closed the door on him and jumped up to the ceiling. It felt safer up there. His eyes glowed crimson in the shadows of the upper corner of the room.

“Billy, get down. What are you doing?” Betsy looked up at him, confused. “Do you want to do it up there again?” She untied her apron and took it off. She lifted her skirt for him to see. “I’m not wearing panties, sweetie. I thought you might want me after dinner, but we can do it now.”

“There’s something wrong, Mom.” He scurried along the ceiling, reached down, and lifted her. With her developing pregnancy, she wasn’t as light as she used to be, but he didn’t have any trouble holding her. He brought her back to a dark corner of the ceiling, and lifted her sweater. She wasn’t wearing a bra. That was good. He pressed his face into her tits and feasted on her dark nipples.

“Ooohhhhhhh ... Billy ... you’re being so rough with them ... I can feel ... uuuggghhhh ... how tense you are.” Betsy ran her hands through her hair. “Mommy ... will make it better ... my breasts are yours ... Billy ... comfort yourself ... yeesssssssss ... Mommy will ... take care of you.” Not long after, his penis was inside her as she knew it should be. He thrust her for a good long while on the ceiling. Her legs flopped out to the sides, hanging awkwardly. But she was used to that by now. She murmured reassuring things in his ear as his grunting grew louder and louder. The record was finished. It was skipping by the time he finished in her and lowered them both to the floor. Standing on trembling legs, she gave her son a dazed smile. “Better?”

“Yeah, Mom ... thanks.” He nodded, but didn’t meet her eyes. He was always embarrassed by these spells of fear. It seemed to be happening more and more often. He could see her dripping on the carpet. His dad would have to clean that later. He was still panting, but from exertion rather than dread. “I’m going ... to finish ... my beer.” He pulled up his pants and sat in his father’s recliner.

“Oh ... my ...” Betsy was panting too, trying to settle her mind after several searing orgasms. “The bird is ... still in the oven. I’ll ... go finish ... dinner.” She stumbled back to the kitchen.

Billy sat and sipped from his bottle, thinking. The record on the turntable continued to skip, but he paid no attention to it.

~~

March 18, 1940: Apartment 14A, the Creneling family.

“Nancy, I’m home. I hope dinner’s ready because I’m starving.” Royce hung up his coat by the front door. “I was thinking, maybe it’s time to move. That was such an odd thing that happened with our neighbor. She’s insane, right? And the knife ... it must have been some trick.” He walked into the kitchen, but his wife wasn’t there. It didn’t seem that there were any sort of preparations for dinner underway. “Nancy? I really do think we should move. I know how upset you were. And what if she does get pregnant? We’ll want to be far away from here, I’m sure.” He walked into the living room, expecting to find his wife there. “Nancy?” He got no reply.

There were faint sounds of a woman muttering and moaning. It sounded like Nancy might be in pain. Royce followed her soft voice down the hall. What if that horrible woman had returned and stabbed Nancy to return the favor? “Nancy, are you in there?” He tried the handle of their bedroom door. It was locked. He wasn’t sure Nancy had heard him, she kept moaning. *What if Elizabeth Norwood stabbed my poor Nancy, and she can’t answer me? What if she’s dying?* He knocked loudly. “Nancy, are you okay?”

“Aaaahhhh ... Royce ... she’s stabbing me ... with it.” Nancy’s panicked voice was muffled and faint.

Royce slammed his shoulder into the door. It cracked.

“Royyyycceeee ... she’s in me ... it’s ... it’s ... doing something ... inside. I ... uuugghhhhhh ... can feel it!” Nancy screamed.

“My ... God!” Royce hit the door again. It splintered but didn’t break. *My wife is being murdered right now. There’s a knife embedded in her.* He didn’t want to be unprepared, so he turned back down the hall. Running back to the kitchen, he grabbed a kitchen knife from the counter and raced back to his bedroom. He threw his weight against the door, and it burst open.

“Oooohhhhh ... Royce.” Nancy was on her back on their bed, her toes pointing at the ceiling. She clutched their blanket with both hands, her upper body twisting from side to side. She lifted her head and looked over the woman hungrily eating her box. Just above the wide, heart-shaped outline of Elizabeth’s butt, her husband stared at her, dumbfounded. She saw that he was holding a knife. She watched him drop it to the

floor. “Eeeeeiiiiiiii.” Nancy shuttered. “She’s ... stabbing me ... with her tongue ... it’s so long ... and thick ... and it’s ... uuuuggghhhh ... doing something to meeeeeee. You have to stop her ... Royce.” But Nancy herself, made no move to push their neighbor from between her legs.

“Nancy ... ooohhhhhh ... no.” Royce was taken by their neighbor’s wonderfully perfect, round ass, wiggling ever so slightly as she held it high in the air. He could see his wife’s face above it. Poor Nancy looked beside herself.

With a hideous slurping sound, Elizabeth removed her unnaturally long tongue out of her neighbor’s vagina. She turned and looked over at the silly, shocked man. Her tongue lolled for a moment, hanging past her chin, waving side to side. She retracted it and smiled. “Welcome home, Mr. Creneling. You and your wife will serve Her, and you will serve me. I don’t think your seed took root the other day, stick it back in and try again. You will father a goddess.” She turned back to Nancy, extending her tongue deep into the woman’s womb.

“The ... room.” Royce looked around as he lowered the trousers of his suit. There were ferns growing up from the floor, and both nightstands had been smashed to splinters. He lowered his underwear and shuffled forward, his garments restricting the motion of each step. There was also green moss growing on his blanket. His mind couldn’t process that information, so he ignored it. Instead, his focus zeroed in on the glistening vagina before him. To his surprise, he found that he was already hard.

“Royce ... don’t put it in her ... agaaaaiiiiiinnnnn.” Nancy watched her husband’s stupid eyes bug out as he entered their neighbor. He looked like a boy given a free pass for anything in the candy store. “You’re ... you’re ... copulating ... with Mrs. Norwood. She’s ... uuuggghhhhhh ... evvviilllllll.” Nancy looked away from her husband down to the slurping face between her legs. Her neighbor’s lips were glued to Nancy’s vagina, but she was looking up at Nancy with those horrible, glowing red eyes. “What ... do you want ... from us?”

“Sssaaavvvaasssss.” Elizabeth had a hard time saying the words with her tongue buried in the wet crevasse.

Nancy understood her. The woman wanted *servants*. And Nancy’s abilities to resist Elizabeth were fading as quickly as her ecstasy grew. “Ooohhhh ... Royce ... ooohhhhhh.” She looked at her stupefied husband. Nancy had led her whole life commanding other people around. She couldn’t begin to understand what it would be like to have to follow orders. “Royce ... she’s ... uuuuggghhhh ... going to turn us ... into servants. Stop ... seeding her ... she’s putting a seed ... in me ... I can feel it ... I can feel it ... it’s ... evil ... and ... uuuggghhhhhh ... it feels like ... Heaven ... eeeeeiiiiiiii.” Nancy screamed out another climax while her husband humped another woman for the second time.

~~

March 28, 2015: Apartment 12C and 12E, the Marland and Dahir families.

“Abshir? Hani?” Uba stepped into her apartment. She knew her son was home. He was grounded, so where else could he be? She hoped her daughter was also home. The young woman was supposed to help her with laundry that afternoon. And, Uba didn’t like to be alone with her son these days.

Uba sighed, easing her tension. Her husband *had* straightened the boy out. She didn’t approve of that sort of punishment, but Abshir had earned it from his father. Pulling out his penis in front of her? That was wicked. It had been weeks, but she still couldn’t get the heavy, veiny thing out of her mind. She sat wearily in the kitchen. “Hani? We’ve got laundry to do.” She heard scurrying and looked around. Did they have mice in the walls? That would be another thing to deal with. She scanned the room, trying to pinpoint the sound of the noise. When her vision came back around to the other side of the table, her son sat there with his hands clasped. Uba let out a little shriek. “Goodness, where did you come from?”

“I’m hungry, Mom.” He took in his mother’s beauty, appreciating every fetching curve and line on her face.

Uba took a deep breath. “Make yourself a snack.” She had noticed that his appetite had returned to somewhere near normal in the last few weeks. That was something, at least.

“Not that kind of hungry.” He adjusted his glasses and smiled at her.

“Not that kind of hungry’?” She shook her head. “Where’s your sister? She’s supposed to help me with laundry this afternoon.”

“Hani’s out with Joe.” Abshir shrugged. “How was work?”

“It was tiring. So please don’t make my life harder, okay?” Uba stood. She needed to get him out of the apartment. “Why don’t you do the laundry?”

“I’m grounded, Mom.” Abshir watched her curves roll under her modest dress. *Will I ever see her naked? If I believe Her, I will. I’ll have Mom. I’ll father a goddess.* “You’ll have to come down to the basement with me.”

“Why is it that grounding *you* turns out to be more work for *me*?” Uba rolled her eyes at her son. Her husband was keeping Abshir in line. At least she didn’t need to worry about more lewd behavior. “Fine, I’ll go with you. Give me a minute to drink something cold and take a shower.”

“Sure, Mom.” Abshir smiled at her backside as she went to the fridge. They were going to the basement together. This was a golden opportunity.

On the same floor in a different apartment, Hani was lying on Joe’s bed. Her hijab was folded neatly on the back of his chair, and her black curls cascaded down onto his blanket. She was on her side, watching him. He sat cross-legged on the bed, smiling at her. She had a hard time believing how charismatic and handsome he was. “You pulled a real ugly duckling switch on me. How are you the same gawky dude we met on our tour?” She could see his pectoral muscles bulging through his t-shirt, and his arms were wonderfully corded.

Joe flexed his arm, kissed his bicep, and laughed. He winked at her.

Hani frowned. “Sometimes I feel like you’re just playing me. Like you could get any woman.”

“I probably could?” He shrugged, still unsure where all his confidence was coming from. But that was the great thing about confidence; he didn’t care where it was coming from.

“So ... aren’t you going to say something reassuring to the poor, self-conscious girl lying on your bed?” Her frown deepened.

Joe made a show of looking around his room. “I don’t see anyone like that around here. Just you, Hani.” He leaned toward his desk and pulled out his pipe. “Want a hit? It’s good weed.”

Hani’s frown disappeared. “Your mom’s home. I don’t think we’re allowed to smoke in here.”

“Well then, you shouldn’t have taken off your hijab.” He gave her his winning smile.

“Oh, you’re such a bad influence.” She laughed, took the pipe from him, and lit up. She held it in her lungs while he did the same. When he put the pipe down, she pulled him on top of her, blowing smoke in his face. “You’re smoking hot, too, dummy.” She raked his back with her fingers. “Now, I’m going to grope your muscles for a while. How do I shut you up so I can focus on your body?”

“Kiss me?” Joe smiled down at her, admiring the laugh lines on her perfect face.

“Yeah, I figured that would work.” She nodded in mock sincerity up at him. “Just try not to get too excited. I don’t want you to poke me with your dick again. You nearly gave me a Charley horse the last time we did this.” She playfully rolled her eyes as he settled on top of her. She felt it. “Oh, my God. Really, Joey? You’ve already got a woody?” He was indeed poking her hip with his dick.

“It’s your fault, Hani.” Joe laughed and pressed his lips to hers. Pretty soon they were making out on his bed, their hands busily roaming each other’s bodies.

In the basement, Uba and Abshir left the elevator carrying baskets of laundry.

“Yes, I hear you, Ogganse,” Abshir mumbled.

“What?” Uba glanced at her odd son. He had been her little, shy boy for so long. But at eighteen, he was alien to her now.

“I love you, Mom.” Abshir smiled at her and put down his laundry basket.

“I ... love you, too.” Uba’s eyes were playing tricks on her. It seemed that her son’s eyes were glowing. She looked behind her to see what was reflecting the red color off his glasses, but saw only washing machines with their pale displays. “Why don’t we first separate out the whites?” Uba put down her basket on the folding table and got to work. They sorted laundry side by side for a while, until she happened on a stash of his socks. They were crusty and stiff. “You hardly exercise. What have you been doing to these?”

Abshir paused sorting, tilted his head, and listened to the room for a moment. He nodded. “Smell them.”

“I’m not smelling a teenage boy’s socks.” Uba adjusted her hijab, rolled her eyes in disgust, and curled her lip. “What has gotten into you? Ever since we moved into this ...” She found herself contemplating the vile bits of laundry. *Does sweat make cotton so stiff?* She didn’t think so. She moved the sock closer to her nose, but hesitated. The washing machines hummed, the dryers clanged and thumped their loads around and around. “Is this ...?”

“Just give it a sniff, Mom.” Abshir smiled innocently. When she glanced at him, he gave her an encouraging nod. “One sniff, and you’ll know.”

“One sniff ... and ... I’ll know?” Uba’s brain grew fuzzy. She wished she’d brought her purse with her. But if she had to assail her son, perhaps a bottle of laundry detergent would work just as well. She thought about dropping the sock and reaching for the detergent, but couldn’t bring herself to make the exchange. The sounds in the room seemed to converge into one pulsing beat. “You’re a man now, Abshir. But ... you don’t have a woman. You’re confused ... I think. You’ve made innocent socks into your women, haven’t you?” She inched the sock toward her nose.

Abshir laughed. “Dad wouldn’t want me to say. I have bruises and tape on my glasses from the last time I tried to show you my problem. You tattled on me to Dad.” He tapped his glasses where he’d been forced to mend them.

“Why did we move to the city? I told Taban that we were better off with our own house, and a yard, and none of the complications ...” The sock arrived at her nose. Uba held her breath, squeezing the disgusting thing tightly in her hand.

“Smell the sock, Mom.” Abshir watched her with intensity. He held his breath, too.

*My mind is swimming. The room is pulsing. Abshir wants me to smell his spent seed. There's no way. I won't do it.* Much to Uba's surprise, she inhaled deeply. A wave of sensation crashed over her. The scent was, of course, vile. And it was also the most intoxicating thing Uba had ever encountered. Her knees trembled. She inhaled again, deeper this time, her body tensing as she brought his scent into her lungs. Her mind stumbled in a fog. She was so captivated, that it took her a moment to notice that she was standing in the dark. The lights had gone out. For a moment, she could see by the glow of the machines' digital displays. But then those went out, too. The room fell into silence. She nearly melted when her son put a reassuring hand on her shoulder.

"Do you see the roots, Mom?" Abshir could hear his mother still huffing the sock.

"The young buck will return and mount his mother." Ogganse's voice sounded like it was being whispered in his ear. "Don't rush. Let her adjust to this new truth."

"I'm the young buck. You're my mother." Abshir's explanation was earnest.

Uba's only response in the dark was the sound of her snuffling through the dirty sock.

"I asked if you saw the roots. You didn't answer." Abshir moved deftly through the blackness toward the faintly glowing mold on the basement walls. It pulsed with a steady, carmine rhythm. "We live in a special building, Mom. And we are the two most special people in it. The statue set down roots here a long time ago. Shortly after the building was built, I think. The Hungarian Lady, She calls it. She's been waiting for the right moon for decades. And now ... it's almost here. Bring back the lights, Ogganse."

The lights flickered back on. The machines started spinning around them again.

Uba was lightheaded and shaky. Her son's sock gave off the aroma of life itself. Like the soft plinth of a primordial forest floor, propping up a whole ecosystem. She saw that her son had his penis out. It wasn't soft like last time. The massive thing angrily pointed directly at her. Her son was pointing it at her. Slowly, she lowered the sock from her nose. "What's ... happening ... Abshir? Why ... um ...?" She licked her lips, and her mind swam away from her. She grasped for her thoughts, clinging to any sanity she could. She knew she should also reach for the detergent bottle. She needed to quash his erection like the giant, ugly cockroach that it was. She stared at it. Every aspect of his penis revealed aggression and power: the flare of the head ... the gnarled veins ... the way it bounced slightly with his pulse ... the liquid leaking from it like a snake spitting venom. "Your father –"

"He isn't here, Mom." Abshir's hands hung by his sides. He didn't need to fap. His mother was going to do that for him in a minute. This is what She had promised. The moment was here. "Dad doesn't even matter now. He had his chance with you. He failed. It's my turn now."

“She’s resisting,” Ogganse said. “Don’t let her wiggle away.”

Abshir nodded to the unseen goddess. His mother’s dazed expression hadn’t changed. Apparently, only he could hear Ogganse. That made him even more special. “Come here ... Mom. Come here ... on your knees ... and serve Her. This is our future.”

Uba took an unsteady step toward her son. Her mind was in turmoil. Right and wrong camped out in novel places. She had no idea what she was going to do about her son, but she could feel the familiar chains of civilization around her. The bonds were slipping.

~~

February 1, 1955: Apartment 4F, the Lavey family.

“Run, Billy, run!” Betsy tried to keep up with her son, but her pregnancy made her body clumsy, and she was never much of an athlete to begin with. She ran ten feet behind Billy, willing her body to move faster. They were in the ninth-floor hall nearing the elevator when the heel on her left shoe snapped. She fell to her hands and knees. Her cheeks were streaked with running mascara and tears. “Don’t wait for me, run!”

Billy stopped at the entrance to the stairs and looked back. The door to 9B was open as he’d left it.

Bradley suddenly burst out of the 9B doorway, his momentum taking him across the hall. He slammed into the wall, fell to all fours, and lurched after Billy with a snarl.

“Bradley ... we’re friends.” Pure fear surged through Billy. He left his mother on the hallway floor and entered the stairwell. *She told me to run. I need to run.* He expected to find himself descending, heading back to the safety of his apartment. But instead, he found he was going in the opposite direction. He jumped and clambered onto the outer wall, winding his way quickly upward.

Bradley passed the whimpering woman, paying her no attention. His body wasn’t made for bounding on all fours, but somehow it wasn’t a problem. He gained on Billy, smelling growing fear in the air. “I’m coming for you ... Billy,” Bradley snarled. “This ... this is what ... it’s all been leading to. I was ... chosen for this.” He was only one landing behind, now. He could see his prey scampering along the wall like a terrified squirrel. It filled Bradley with elation. “Awwwwwoooooooooooo.” They were nearing the twelfth floor, and Bradley was closing the gap. He wouldn’t have to wait much longer for his prize.

## Chapter 9

### Elizabeth Ascended Back to Her Forest Above Manhattan

February 1, 1955: Apartment 14B, the Norwood family.

It was quiet and peaceful. The windows were open, letting in a soft breeze and birdsong. Elizabeth looked out at the mighty trunks and heavy branches of ancient trees. She spread her legs and held Natalie's brown hair firmly. The slurping sounds were a pleasant undercurrent to the singing birds and noises of wind rustling leaves. The moss was soft and velvety under her bare butt. The ferns in the room waved and bobbed in the breeze, almost in time to Natalie's licking and sucking. Elizabeth held her massive breasts, gifts from the Goddess, and rolled her nipples. "It took you a few years ... Mrs. Creech ... but you perfected your technique almost ... oooohhhhhh ... a decade ago. How many ... blessed orgasms ... have you given me ... in that time?"

"Thawthan," Natalie said around the vagina in her mouth.

"Yes, thousands. And now ... aaaahhhhh ... only a few more ... before ... it happens. Soon, She will return. Things ... will be different ... for all of New York. That will be ..." Elizabeth suddenly tensed. She pushed Natalie's face from between her legs. "Get up and close the windows. I need to smell the building."

Natalie nodded. She didn't wipe off her face as she rose. Nor did she cover her nakedness. She knew her mistress preferred her with a more *basic* look. She padded over the loamy soil that now made up the apartment floor and shut the windows. When she turned back to Elizabeth, she was proud to find that the woman was staring at Natalie's pale butt. But Natalie's stomach turned when she saw the expression on that lovely face. Elizabeth looked pained. "What is it, mistress?" Natalie said.

"Clean and dress me." Elizabeth rose to her feet on the mossy bed and held out her arms parallel to the ground. "Do it quickly. Something's wrong."

"Yes, ma'am." Natalie gave a naked curtsy, playfully flopping her own left boob as her knees bent. Normally, Elizabeth smiled at the gesture, but Natalie received no such joy this time. Something really was wrong.

Elizabeth cocked her head and listened to the building. "No time for that now. Hurry, Mrs. Creech."

"Yes, ma'am." Natalie raced through the apartment, went out into the hall, and entered 14A. While her mistress's apartment was mostly forest now, the others on that floor were less wild. A, C, and D had only a few aspects of the forest poking through. E and F had been hollowed out and joined to make the temple. Whatever Elizabeth kept from civilization, she stored in A, including her wardrobe. Natalie selected a dress she'd had

tailored for Elizabeth's changed body back in 1940. She grabbed a brush for her mistress's hair, and rushed back to 14B.

A few minutes later, Elizabeth stepped out of her apartment, heading quickly toward the stairs. "Do you hear that, Mrs. Creech?" Elizabeth turned to her servant as Natalie slipped into her own dress as they walked.

"A heard a howl, mistress." Natalie buttoned up as they hurried along. Their bare feet barely made any noise on the carpet. She touched her face, feeling Elizabeth's drying juices there. She had cleaned her mistress but not herself. Apparently, there wasn't time. So, Natalie grabbed the hem of her skirt and did a quick facial rub to make herself presentable. She didn't know what was wrong, or if they would be faced with outsiders when they left the now secret floor.

"It's the wolf ... the fucking wolf ... he's done it again." Elizabeth pulled open the door to the stairs and leapt with grace down the first flight.

"The wolf?" Natalie couldn't make sense of that. But she knew Elizabeth hated the wolf. The creature was essential, but he was nefarious. *What did he do?* She followed Elizabeth as best she could. She saw her mistress burst out into the twelfth-floor hall, and the door closed behind her. Even through the door, she could hear her mistress's scream of sorrow and horror. A moment later, Natalie entered the hall and stopped next to her mistress. Elizabeth was no longer screaming, but Natalie could hear a low hiss emanating from deep inside her.

Lying in the hall outside apartment 12B was Billy Lavey. His skin was pallid. His eyes stared unseeing at the ceiling. His throat had been torn savagely on the left side, a gaping hole still pumped blood out onto the carpet below him, forming a crimson pool around his upper half.

Bradley Dodgson stood above his friend, his chest heaving, blood dripping from his jaws. The young man looked ecstatic. When he turned his eyes toward Elizabeth and Natalie, there seemed to be little intelligence left in his soul. He *was* the wild hunt.

"What have you done?" Elizabeth couldn't keep the grief out of her voice. "We timed it just right. The moon would have been perfect. All that work." She dropped to her knees, aware that doors were opening around her and tenants were peeking out. "You've ruined everything, Bradley."

"But ... Ogganse said ..." Bradley blinked, his mind slowly returning to him.

"Oh ... my sweet stag ..." Elizabeth crawled along the hall toward the boys. "Dead too soon." She heard tenants muttering about calling the police. She stopped and surveyed the hall. She could see horror and confusion written on people's faces. She needed more control over the building. It wouldn't do to have an investigation, but she could see it

was inevitable. “Watch out! Everyone is in danger!” She put a mask of fear into her voice. “Mr. Dodgson has murdered his friend and is threatening to kill himself. He may murder again. It might be one of us. Look at him!” She pointed an accusing finger at Bradley’s bloody face. “For your own safety, stay in your apartments.”

People scurried back into their apartments. Soon, there were only the boys, Elizabeth, and Natalie in the hall.

“Kill myself?” Bradley grinned. “Not at all, Mrs. Norwood. I’ve never been more thrilled to be alive. Didn’t I do what you asked? Didn’t I hunt him like you said?”

Elizabeth took a deep breath and rose to her feet. She shook her shoulders back and forth, placating the dumb beast with the sight of her jiggling breasts. She knew this creature desired her. She walked toward him, her hips swaying, her face solemn. She could hear Natalie holding her breath behind her.

“My reward? You’re going to give me my reward, aren’t you?” Bradley’s crimson smile widened. “I can have any woman now. Even you.”

“Not quite.” Elizabeth stopped next to him, forced a smile onto her face, and extended her claws by her sides. She didn’t know why she bothered with the smile. He wasn’t looking at her face. His eyes were still glued to the slope on the front of her dress. “I wish you could guide me, Ogganse. I long to hear your voice.” She sighed. “I have failed again. But I will keep trying. I will free you.”

“I don’t understand. I thought you talked to Her.” Bradley furrowed his brow in confusion. “Didn’t She say that ... gggggfffffftttt.” Elizabeth’s hand moved so fast, he could barely track it. He put his hands up to his throat, shock written on his face.

“It was a murder-suicide, Natalie. You saw it.” Elizabeth watched Bradley drop to his knees before her, blood running through the fingers he held to his neck. “He savagely killed Billy and then slit his own throat.”

“Gggggaaaaccckkkkk,” Bradley said as he pitched to the side.

“Yes, ma’am.” Natalie nodded her head, listening to the young man’s last, dying gurgles.

Soon, stag and wolf were lying motionless, side by side.

“It will take decades to find the right moon again.” Elizabeth retracted her claws, bent down, and wiped her hand clean on Bradley’s trousers. “I am filled with sorrow, Mrs. Creech.”

“Me too.” Natalie went up to her mistress and put a hand on her shoulder.

The stairwell door burst open and Betsy stumbled out. She was panting and holding her swelling belly. It took her a moment to focus on what had happened in the hall. When

realization struck, she let out a long, wrenching wail and sank to her knees. “Billy ... Billy ... nnnooooooooooooooooo,” she sobbed.

“See that we care for Mrs. Lavey.” Elizabeth stood, turned to her servant, and looked deeply into the woman’s eyes. “The stag’s child may still be useful. I will start planning for the next try.” Elizabeth turned toward the door to her floor. “We need to own this building, Mrs. Creech. Come up with a plan for that. And we need to vet these tenants. We need believers around us. We *will* do better.” She had to raise her voice to be heard over Betsy’s wails. Shaking her head, Elizabeth ascended back to her forest above Manhattan.

~~

March 28, 2015: Apartment 12C and 12E, the Marland and Dahir families.

“Your father should not have brought us here.” Uba stared down at the horrible penis her son was presenting to her. It was a thing made for destruction. Not a nice modest penis made for creation, like her husband’s. How could something like that have come from her womb? She shook her head, trying to regain some clarity.

“My father has made two good decisions. Can you guess what they are?” Abshir adjusted his glasses, taking in every subtle, confused shift on her pretty face. *Why is her shock at the sight of my dick so wonderfully perfect? Watching her now is more satisfying than eating the best meal in New York.*

“I ... he’s made many good decisions.” Uba shook her head.

“One.” Abshir held up one finger and smacked his dick for emphasis. It bobbed up and down. “Dad had sex with you at least once. That brought Hani and me into the world.”

“Your father and I have had sex more than once.” Uba’s voice was weak and almost whiney to her own ears. Why was she stooping so low as to argue *this* point with her deranged son? “We do it all the time.”

“I can both hear and smell everything in our apartment, Mom. That’s a lie.” Abshir shook his head. “Dad’s second good decision?” He held up two fingers and then smacked his dick for emphasis, making it bob again. He smiled at the mesmerized way her brown eyes tracked its movement. “He brought us to this building. This is where we’re meant to be.” He didn’t tell her that he was going to put a goddess in her womb. Ogganse had been clear that she might slip away if he moved things along too quickly. He wouldn’t let Her down. “On your knees, Mom. I can see how interested you are. Get a better look.”

Uba was revolted. She curled her lip. But, to her astonishment, she also dropped to her knees on the cold, concrete floor. Surprisingly, she found one of his socks in her right hand. Even more shockingly, she found her left hand lightly caressing his penis. She shivered. It was so warm. "So much blood." She squeezed it. The outer flesh was spongy, but she could feel steel underneath. "Is it warm because it holds so much blood?"

"Yep. I guess." Abshir laughed. Everything about the moment was absurd. His uptight mother, who had slammed his penis with her purse not that long ago, was kneeling before him and gently moving her fingertips over his cock. The moment was insane, but it was also flawless.

"This is as it should be. The buck comes of age and takes over the bevy," Ogganse's voice was trilling with excitement as she spoke into Abshir's ear. "Take it slowly. Let her get used to you. She doesn't yet know that the old stag's rule is over. It might take weeks for her to realize this. We must move her steadily along."

Abshir nodded. He stood silently, letting his mother fawn over his penis. The machines around them made their rhythmic whirring and thumping noises in time with the heart of the building.

On the twelfth floor, Hani's dress was around her waist, and her panties were on the floor. Joe had two fingers pumping inside her.

"What ... um ... what ... ooooohhhhh ... are you doing?" Hani watched the concentration on his face as he stared at her pussy.

"There's supposed to be a spot in here. I'm looking for it." Joe bit his lower lip. "I haven't ... really done this before."

"You're in the wrong place ... Joey ... it's on the roof." Hani smiled at how hard he was working. "There was a boy ... at my last school ... who was a master ... with that spot. He once had me ... squirting all over the ... ladies' room."

Joe looked up at her face with his eyebrows raised. "At school?"

"I'm not ... ugh ... some chaste ... fainting flower ... Joey." She let out a quick burst of laughter that quickly turned into moans. "And that boy ... was very persuasive. Just like you ... aaahhhh." She listened to the wonderful, wet sounds of his fingers for a few seconds. "I bet ... you could convince me ... to meet you in the school bathroom ... sometime."

"Yeah ... I could." Joe moved his fingers to where he thought she meant. The warm, ribbed flesh inside her thrilled him. His dick, still in his pants, was so hard that he thought it might break free on its own.

“It’s ... a date then.” Hani squirmed her hips, trying to help him find the spot. “You’re getting closer ... up a little ... ooohhhh ... yeessssss ... you’re close.” She closed her eyes. “Maybe we should ... put a towel down or something ... because ... eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” Her hips jerked forward, and her eyelids fluttered open.

“Joey?” Carrie stopped in the hall. Was that a scream coming from her son’s room? She opened the door. “Is everything ...?” Her eyes went wide. She had not expected to be staring directly at an eighteen-year-old’s vagina. Not on this day. Not on any day. She had found Hani exposed from the waist down, her legs trembling uncontrollably. Carrie’s son had his fingers moving furiously inside Hani.

“Mom!” Joe had smelled his mother out in the hall, but he didn’t think she’d barge in. He quickly withdrew his fingers.

“Nnnnngggggggggggg.” Hani clenched her teeth, trying not to cum. But that just made it worse. Her hips bucked and to her horror, she started squirting on Joe’s bed. There was no controlling it. She had tried to warn him. “Uuuuuuuggggghhhhhhhh ... sssnnnooorrrrkkkkkkkkk.” Hani wasn’t easily embarrassed, but this was enough to make anyone feel shame. Her boyfriend’s mother was staring at her as she squirted.

“Oh ... my gosh ... what’s happening!?” Carrie put a hand to her chest. “What did you do to her, Joey?” She wanted to shoot an accusing look at her son, but she couldn’t take her eyes off the geyser erupting from the girl on her son’s bed.

“Relax, Mom. She’s cumming.” Joe held up his hand toward his mother to pacify her. He belatedly realized that it was shiny and slick with Hani’s juices.

“Oh ... gosh ... what?” Carrie stared at the teenager. Her skin was so dark, lending a luster to her shapely, trembling legs that Carrie wasn’t used to. Everything about the girl was dark, except for her white, grimacing teeth and the bright pink of her gash.

“Mom ... give us some privacy.” Joe couldn’t believe how easy it was to take charge in what was, arguably, a disaster. “She’s fine. We’re just fooling around.”

“Are you okay, Hani?” Carrie took a step back into the hall.

“Fffffffiiinnnnneeeee ... Mrrrsssssss ... Mmmmmaarrrrrrlllllnnnddd.” Hani’s body shuddered a few more times, and she stopped squirting. She panted, averting her eyes from her boyfriend’s mom.

Without another word, Carrie closed the door and ran down the hall.

“Well ...” Joe looked at Hani, a big smile on his face. “I guess we now know that my mom isn’t a squirter.” He laughed. “But you are.”

“Jeez ... Joe. Don’t talk about your mom like that.” Hani shook her head. Her heart was thumping like crazy, both from getting caught and the climax.

A while later, Hani left the apartment with her hijab back on and her eyes cast down. She wasn't easily cowed, but getting caught gushing by her boyfriend's mother was enough to mortify even her. She caught a brief glance of Carrie sitting in the kitchen, looking very pale. Neither woman said goodbye to the other as Hani hustled out of the apartment, rushed down the hall, and entered her own apartment. She had expected to find her mother and brother home, but the place was empty.

Down in the basement, Uba was still gently caressing her son's penis with one hand. Every now and then a dollop of pre-seminal fluid would leak from the head, and she'd use her son's crusty sock to wipe it up.

"Mom, you should –" Abshir paused to listen to the goddess's voice.

"Don't tell her what she should do. Her mind is in turmoil," Ogganse said. "Don't give her something to rebel against. Your mother is a very recalcitrant doe. This surprises me. We picked her because we thought she'd be easy to steer. But don't worry. We're still on course. We need to build her up steadily without too many false steps."

"I understand." Abshir nodded.

"What was that, sweetheart?" Uba hadn't used his pet name in weeks. It felt natural now.

"I understand that you might have questions, Mom." Abshir was a quick learner. He knew what Ogganse was going for.

"Yes, that's good." Ogganse's voice grew excited. "Help her cross the bridge on her own. With the roots all around us, her mind is primed. She will find the right path."

"Mmmmm." Uba swiped off the clear fluid leaking from her son's penis again. Without thinking, she lifted the sock to her nose and inhaled, her eyes rolling back. It was raw, unadulterated masculinity. Her son was clearly a man now. And he needed her to rein him in. "Questions?" Uba adjusted her glasses and looked up into his handsome face. "Is this ... this ... beast ... the reason you've been so difficult lately?" She squeezed his penis at the word 'beast' so he would know what she was referring to.

"Um ... yes ... yes ... Mom ... it makes me ... wild." Abshir met her eyes.

"So ... now I understand. Coming into manhood isn't easy." She looked back at the ugly penis in front of her. She found her hand starting to pump it, but quickly stopped herself. Instead, she ran her fingertips up and down the bumpy shaft. "Your father ... he never talked to you about sex, did he?"

"No, Mom." He shook his head.

"He's so mad at you right now. I don't think I could get him to have the talk with you." Uba wiped off his fluid again and smelled the sock for almost a minute. The thump,

hum, and whirl of the machines created a rhythm for her thoughts. “But you need help. I want my calm, smart, funny boy back. Not the unruly man who shows his mother his penis. Do you want to be your old self again, too?”

“She’s building the bridge,” Ogganse said.

“Yes, Mom. I want to be myself again. Stroke it for me. Give me some relief.” Abshir lowered his voice.

“That is the unruly man talking. My sweet Abshir would never say something like that to me.” Uba stood and stepped back. “How could you even think it?” She walked over to their laundry and put the sock in a pile.

“Get back here, Mom.” Abshir took a couple steps toward her, his cock swaying side to side.

“Calm yourself, sweetheart.” Uba reached for the detergent bottle. She might have to throttle him with it after all.

“The seed is planted,” Ogganse said. “Give it time to grow.”

“I’m sorry, Mom. I just have these ... urges.” Abshir pulled up his underwear and pants, confining his dick under his waistband. The head of it was under his shirt, about where his belly button was. His clothes did not hide it well. He could see his mother studying the bulge.

“I wish you had talked to me about this rather than flopping that thing out in the open. We could have gotten you help.” She worried her dark bottom lip with her white teeth. “Now ... your father is ... well ...” She let go of the detergent bottle. “I will do some research and give you the sex talk your father should have. We’ll find a way for you to control your urges, so I can have my adorable son back. Sound good?”

“Um ...” His instincts were to push her now. His father was past his prime. Abshir should be able to take his place. But the voice had been clear. “Ogganse?” He whispered.

“Let her find her own bridge. Bring her back to the basement if necessary. She must cross on her own,” Ogganse said. “No false steps.”

“Sure, Mom. Sounds good.” He put as much contrition into his voice as he could.

“Great, that’s settled.” She started loading one of the washers. She had to work hard not to take one more sniff of his dirty socks. “Now, do you think you can calm yourself enough to help your mother with the laundry?”

“Sure, Mom.” Abshir nodded and helped her load a second washer.

“Thank you, sweetheart.” Uba’s smile was tight, but it was there. There was hope for him.

~~

November 24, 1993: Apartment 9B: Diary of Rosalin Eklund.

Brian rings my doorbell every day and asks me to play music with him. Of course, I haven't opened up since the time I witnessed what he did with his mother.

The phone is still out. And I'm starting to empty my refrigerator. Rationing food is now a thing I must do. I've filled up the tub and every spare container with water in case they shut off all my utilities. I am quite sure that the building turned my phone off as part of some cultish plan. I wonder if someone goes through the outgoing mail. It may be that none of my recent reports made it to Nathaniel. I am, of course, too high in the building to jump from my window. And there is almost no chance they'll let me walk out. I have twin hopes now. One, that I can last long enough for someone from the company to come check on me. Or two, my .38.

A woman knocked on my door this morning. She claimed to live on the fourteenth floor. She said Mrs. Creech chose me for this building because I was special. That I was supposed to be part of Brian's bevy, whatever that means. I almost put a bullet through the door. I'm willing to bet that she's the cult leader. I shudder to think what she'll do to Brian, his mother, me, and every other innocent in this building. I didn't answer her. I didn't shoot her. I need to last long enough to escape. Once I'm out of here, I'll be able to take this whole building down brick by brick.

~~

November 25, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family.

"You should take your clothes off, Mom." Brian smiled at his mother as she entered the room in a sweater and jeans. His father had just left for work, so Brian was standing naked, ready for her. He had a nice, leisurely stroke going with one hand on his dick. "You don't want to keep staining things."

Darby eyed his mammoth penis. "I worry that if my clothes are off, you'll want to have sex. We can't have sex, Brian." There were some boundaries even music couldn't get her to cross.

"Don't worry, it's not time for that." Brian knew he had to wait. The voice wanted his power to grow. He was supposed to mount his mother for the first time in front of his

father. That was the way of things. He picked up his trumpet. “Strip for me, Mom. Let the wild in.”

“Yes, honey.” Darby nodded and watched as he started to play the trumpet. Her body knew what to do on its own. Her hips swayed in time to the rock song, and her feet started dancing. She spun playfully about the room, slowly inching her sweater up over her head. *He’s right. It’ll be easier to clean myself if I’m naked.* With a dramatic thrust of her hip, she tossed away the sweater, and turned her butt toward him. She rolled her head in quick circles, arcing her black hair round and round. Soon, her butt started making the same motion. She wished she could ask Brian if he liked what she was doing, but the music was too loud. Briefly, she felt bad for the neighbors, but those thoughts passed. Instead, she let the wild in.

Brian wanted to hoot and holler at his mom. She was putting on an awesome show. Her hips shimmied as she lowered her jeans, slowly revealing the globes of her panty-covered, pale ass. He couldn’t shout, so he played his music louder. His dick bobbed and bounced as he moved to the music.

It was exhilarating and surreal to dance for her son. She barely let her husband see her naked, and here she was jiggling for Brian in just her bra, panties, and socks. And soon it was only her panties and socks. And then, just socks. She rotated her shoulders to make her breasts move in matching circles for him, whipping her hair at the same time.

The song ended, and Brian put down his trumpet. He watched his mother’s body come to an abrupt halt without any external rhythm to keep it going. They were both covered in a sheen of sweat, smiling at each other.

“Do you still ... want Rosalin ... to make music with us?” Darby dropped to all fours, making sure he could see her boobs dangling under her as she crawled toward him. She was panting from her exertion. Her cheeks were rosy. She arrived at his penis and sat up. She quickly licked off the precum that was dribbling down his head and looked up at him with her doe eyes. “I mean ... you and me ... we have something special here. If she wants to stay in her apartment ... isn’t that for the best?” She took hold of his penis and pumped it with both hands. Seeing her wedding ring glitter gave her a moment of confusion, but then she reentered the wilderness she shared with her son. Nothing mattered there but the two of them.

“I like her, Mom.” Brian watched her open wide and suck his cock into her pretty mouth. Her lips looked thin as they stretched and distorted around the bloated head. “Also ... I need a bevy. That was one of the things that went wrong last time. I need more than one doe. We need more than one fawn.”

“Mmmpppphhhh?” Darby raised her eyebrows in question. He sometimes talked like that, and she couldn’t make sense of it. “Ggaaacckk ... ggaaaacckkk ... ggaaaacckkk.”

She pushed him into the back of her throat. *It doesn't have to make sense. That's the beauty of being with him. All that matters is that I please him. And that we make sweet music together.*

Brian smiled down at her. "You'll understand eventually." He picked his trumpet back up and played the perfect song for the blowjob. It had a fast rhythm, and a catchy melody. His mother bobbed her head in time with the music.

## Chapter 10

### I'm Sorry She's So Rough, Mr. Glaeser

March 28, 2015: Apartment 12C, the Marland family.

"Hey, Mom. You look like you've seen a ghost." Joe walked into the kitchen and smiled at his mother.

"Hello, Joey." Carrie sipped her coffee and stared at a picture on her fridge. It was of her, Joe, and his two older brothers from about ten years ago. In the picture, her youngest was so small and shy, clinging to her hip. They were at the beach, her older sons were shirtless, flexing and laughing, wind tossing their hair. Joe was fully clothed, ignoring his brothers. She glanced over at her youngest son in the present. She could see his muscles bunching in his arms as he leaned on the counter. His body looked strong and athletic under his t-shirt. "You really did bloom when we moved here. It's ... like a magical transformation. I ... feel ... like I don't know you anymore." Not long ago, she had been so happy to see him become an athlete like the rest of the family. But now, she wasn't so sure.

"Oh, come on. It's not like you didn't ever walk in on Justin or Mark with a girl." Joe poured himself a glass of water and drank while keeping an eye on her. She really did look pale, her face expressionless. It had only been about twenty minutes since his mother had seen Hani squirting. He supposed she was in shock.

"I expected that of them, Joey. Not you. And ... they never did what you did to that poor girl." Carrie eyed her son warily. "It was ... unnatural."

"It's perfectly natural, Mom." Joe laughed. "I mean, it's the definition of natural. Her body's designed to squirt when it feels good. I mean, any woman can do that ... I think." He shrugged.

Some color came into Carrie's cheeks, brought by embarrassment. "That's not true." *I have a very healthy sex life with Gabe, and my body has never done anything like that.* In fact, she had a bottle of massage oil in the bathroom to help with lubrication, because most of the time, she didn't really get wet. She closed her eyes and shook her head. "This is not a conversation I want to be having with you."

"Okay." He grabbed a banana and started peeling it. A few weeks before, he would have already eaten the bunch of bananas on their counter. He was relieved that his hunger had finally died down. He took a bite, maintaining eye contact with her. "What do you want to talk about?"

"You're too young for her. I don't want you to see her anymore." Carrie frowned and looked away from him.

“Hani’s the same age as me.” Joe finished the banana, tossed the peel in the compost bin, and sat at the kitchen table.

“You’re too young for a girlfriend,” Carrie whispered.

“What happened? You were so excited when Hani and I first started dating.” Joe thought through things while his mother stayed silent. “Also, Mom, that’s totally not fair. Justin and Mark had girlfriends when they were younger than me.”

“You’re different. You’re not like them.” Carrie seemed to be coming around to the idea that she liked when he’d been the black sheep. *Was he always a wolf in sheep’s clothing? Was he never the shy, bookish kid I thought he was?*

“Whatever.” He was starting to lose patience with her. “I’m sorry you walked in on us and saw something that made you uncomfortable. But I’m going to keep seeing Hani. I like her.” He stood. “You can’t stop me.” He loomed over her, his body posture more aggressive. He watched her shrink in her chair. She didn’t say anything, instead she stared at the refrigerator. He frowned. “Look at me, Mom.” He stepped up to her, put his finger under her chin, and turned her face until they were staring into each other’s eyes. “Say it.”

“Say what?” She trembled. He was so forceful. He was so magnetic. Her tummy turned cartwheels.

“Tell me that you can’t stop me from dating Hani,” Joe growled.

“I ... um ... can’t stop you from dating Hani.” Carrie was dimly aware that while her son’s voice had lowered to a rumble, hers sounded like she’d been huffing helium.

“Great. I’m glad we agree.” He let go of her chin, kissed her cheek, and walked to the door. He stopped there and looked back. “If you don’t want to see us together, knock next time.”

Carrie looked back at the beach picture on the fridge. She was so confused. “Are you using protection?” Her voice was still thin and reedy.

“We haven’t had sex yet. But I’m sure we will.” Joe wondered at his confidence. How had he dominated his mother through this confrontation? It was so strange. He thought he might as well push her a little further. “Next time you’re at the store, buy me some condoms. I should probably have some in the apartment for when it happens. I’ll need a large size.”

Carrie gulped, but didn’t look at him. “Okay,” she squeaked.

“Thanks.” Joe smiled and left.

Carrie sat in the kitchen for a while, staring at the young boy her son had once been. She was totally confused and flustered.

~~

September 3, 1994: Investigation into the disappearance of Rosalin Ekland.

The disguise wasn't perfect, but it wasn't hard to fool a doorman. Nathaniel changed his stride as he entered 3838 Walnut Street, wearing a hat, fake beard, and glasses. He smiled and nodded as an older man held the door for him.

There hadn't been time to check the basement before Mrs. Creech kicked him out of the building. That was his goal for the day. Rosalin had mentioned something in her reports about there not being a mechanical room. That seemed beyond suspicious.

Nathaniel paused to study the carvings on the lobby wall. Nearby, there was a depiction of a deer and a wolf lying side by side. They looked dead to Nathaniel's eyes, but he was no art critic. A shapely woman stood over them, clearly weeping. "This building is fucking weird." He was glad to have his Beretta tucked in his shoulder holster under his jacket. He glanced around and made for the stairs to the basement.

Ten minutes later, Nathaniel was stumped. Rosalin had been correct. There was only a laundry room in the basement. He'd looked all around for another door and found nothing. The building was hiding things. He couldn't imagine why it would conceal the mechanical room. *Also, what else might be down here?*

The washing machines and dryers thumped and whirred around him, combining to form a steady rhythm. It almost sounded like a heartbeat. He looked around the room. When he finally found the hidden door, what would be on the other side? Would he find the mummified remains of the Ostrows? Would he find poor Rosalin's body? He clenched his jaw and set to work, combing over every inch of the basement. He would uncover the secrets buried under 3838 Walnut Street.

~~

November 28, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family.

There was a soft knock on Brian's door. He was at his computer, waiting for a picture of a naked woman to load. He swiveled his chair toward the door. "Come in."

Darby entered her son's room. "Your father is off to work and ..." She blushed when she saw that her son had his big penis out, and he was stroking it. She glanced at the computer, where she could see the upper half of a naked, Asian woman. "Why did you invite me in? It could have been your father. Can you imagine how embarrassing that would be?" She closed the door behind her and stood with her hands clasped. Her skinny son was naked, but she wore a modest turtleneck and a long skirt.

"I don't care about Dad." Brian turned back to his computer monitor.

"That's nonsense. Of course you care. He's your father." She frowned at the monitor. "That woman sort of looks like my friend Sylvie."

"Yeah, she does." Brian nodded. "Mrs. Kim is hot."

Darby's frown deepened. "You can't say things like that about my friends. What I'm doing for you is special. You should be happy with me."

"I am happy with you. But I told you I need a bevy, Mom. Ogganse says so." The picture was fully loaded now. The woman on the screen wasn't Sylvie Kim, but she had a pleasing pretty face, modest bust, and slim hips like his mother's friend.

"I told you that I'll be your girlfriend for now. You don't need other women. Not Ms. Eklund in 9B ... and certainly not Sylvie! She's married, Brian." Darby took a couple of steps closer to him. She glanced out the window. It seemed one of the gargoyles was leering at her. Had that stone creature always been looking in like that? She shook her head. "Let's make some music, pumpkin. Why don't you forget about Sylvie and get your trumpet out." She swayed her hips in time to a silent rhythm, trying to entice his thoughts back to her.

"I want to look at pictures, Mom. We can play some music later." Brian masturbated and stared at the woman on screen.

"Oh ... I ... um ..." Darby's hips stopped. She hung her head. *He's grown tired of me so quickly. It's probably for the best. I know we shouldn't be doing what we're doing.* She turned to go.

"Wait." Brian's voice was sharp. "I do want you here, Mom. You're going to be part of the bevy. You're the lead doe."

"I'm not sure what you mean." She turned back toward her son and took a couple steps toward him. "What do you want me to do?"

"Climb under my desk and blow me while I surf the web." He grabbed a lever on the side of his chair and lowered his seat to give her room to work.

"Oh ... that's sort of demeaning ... Brian. Our music is one thing, but ..." She looked at the cramped space under his desk. "I don't even put my mouth on your father's thing."

She glanced at Brian's face. She didn't like the disappointment she saw there. "Okay, I'll do it, but I'm keeping my clothes on. So, try not to make a mess."

"I think that's up to you." Brian watched his mother awkwardly crawl under the desk. "You'll have to swallow it all." He was pretty sure she could handle it. Lord knows, he'd given her enough practice.

Soon, Darby was on her knees, blowing her son with gusto while he loaded more pictures on his monitor. The good news was that it didn't feel so demeaning once she let the wild in.

A while later, Brian thought of something. "Mom?"

"Mmmmmppphhh?" She couldn't look up and make eye contact with him with the lip of the desk in the way.

"Even though ... I'll have a bunch of does ... you're special. No one can ... uuugghhhh ... replace you ... Mom. Especially ... since you learned how to do that ... with your tongue. Uuugghhhh ... yes ... that." He didn't tell her that she would have the honor of breeding with him, and that she would carry a goddess. It wasn't yet time, and she was still very strict about no sex.

Her son's words made her tummy warm and tingly. She heard him grunt and his hips bucked, and suddenly her mouth was flooded with his salty stuff. "Gggaacck ... gggmmppp ... mmmmmm." She gulped as fast as she could. Soon, her tummy filled up, making her extra warm and tingly. When she finished, she crawled out from under the desk and stood. "Will you still be up for music with me later?" She wiped some sperm from her chin with her fingers, so it wouldn't drip onto her sweater.

"Sure, Mom." Brian looked up at her with a lazy smile. "I'm going to play some games and maybe knock on Rosalin's door again. Come back to my room in a couple hours. I'll be ready."

"Okay, Brian." Darby couldn't help grinning like an idiot. She left the room with a bounce in her step and a belly full of sperm.

~~

April 2, 2015: Apartment 12C and 12E, the Marland and Dahir families.

The pleasantries were over. Carrie knew she had to get down to business. She poured Uba another cup of tea and forced a smile on her face. The living room in 12C was quiet as Uba sipped her tea and returned the smile. Carrie cleared her throat. How would she

approach the obvious truth that Hani was corrupting her son? “So, Uba, Joe has been a bit wild lately.” *He made me buy him condoms to use on your daughter!* She managed not to say that part out loud. “Have you been having any issues with your children?”

Uba put her teacup down, fidgeting with her glasses and then her hijab. “So, I guess word gets around.” She pressed her dark lips into a thin line.

“Nothing has gotten around, Uba. I just wanted to talk, mother to mother.” Carrie kept a stiff smile on her face. If only the other mothers at her church could see her now, grilling her neighbor about her slut of a daughter. *They would do the same thing if a woman like that was having an influence on their sons.*

“Forgive me. Abshir has just been such a handful lately.” Uba frowned. *A literal handful. I should not have let him pressure me into holding his testicles before school this morning. That had nothing to do with his sex education, even if I pretended I was checking on his health.* She looked down at her hands in her lap. Was it wrong that she had touched Carrie’s nice tea things with fingers that had been holding wrinkly balls just hours ago? *I did wash my hands a dozen times afterward.*

“Ahem.” Carrie cleared her throat. The silence in the room was deafening. “Abshir has been a handful. I thought that –”

“Yes, he has. Since becoming a man, he’s grown ... unruly.” Uba nodded slowly, not registering the surprise on her friend’s face. “Taban has tried to rein him in with force. But that hasn’t worked. So, I’ve had to step in and try to get him to use his brain again.”

“Oh, I see. And Hani ...?” Carrie tried to get things back on track.

“Did Gabe give your boys a sex education, or did you have to do it?” Uba picked up her teacup again. It was hard to believe that the same fingers feeling the delicate, smooth ceramic had felt Abshir’s heavy, hairy sacks. She shivered.

“We ... um ... we know they took a class about it at school?” Carrie was confused. Were they talking about what Hani and Joe had been up to? What did that have to do with Hani’s twin? “Are you saying I should talk to Joey about sex?” She sipped her tea.

“Joey’s a good boy. I’m sure it’s fine.” Uba sighed and tried to forget about her troublesome son. “Hani and Joey are cute together, don’t you think? I’m glad they’ve been spending more time in your apartment, rather than running all over the city. It’s nice of you to keep an eye on my Hani.”

Carrie spit out her tea and coughed.

“Oh, my. Are you okay?” Uba stood.

“I’m ... I’m ... fine.” Carrie said between coughs. She looked over at Uba’s innocent face. The woman wasn’t playing with her. She simply didn’t know. And Carrie couldn’t bring herself to tell her that she had seen Hani spray from her vagina all over Joe’s bed.

~~

September 3, 1994: Investigation into the disappearance of Rosalin Ekland.

Nathaniel had spent forty-five minutes carefully examining every machine in the laundry room, looking for any hidden buttons or levers. He had struck out so far. “I’ll find you, Rosalin,” he whispered to himself.

The lights went out. “Shit.” The machines around him all fell silent. Nathaniel fumbled in his pocket for his lighter. When he heard the door to the stairs squeak open, followed by footsteps, he froze. He crouched low and made as little sound as possible. He heard the clip of high heels. It sounded like one woman had joined him in the laundry room. He heard her walk into the room and stop. After that, he didn’t hear anyone or anything else. He doubted that anyone who meant well would walk into a blacked-out room without calling out, so he stayed quiet. He eased his Beretta out of his shoulder holster and thumbed off the safety.

The seconds stretched out into minutes. Nathaniel waited.

“Mr. Glaeser. Are you in here?” Rosalin said.

Nathaniel lowered his gun. “Rosalin?” The lights came back on. He was blinded for a moment, trying to adjust his eyes. He blinked, and there indeed was Rosalin. His eyes widened. She was pregnant, almost to term it looked like. She was dressed in an old-fashioned nightgown, and she had her hair up. He was so shocked by her appearance, that he didn’t immediately notice the second woman in the room. She was standing right next to Nathaniel. *How did she creep up on me?*

With a swift motion, Elizabeth snatched the gun from Nathaniel’s hand and pushed him to the ground.

“Ooffff.” Nathaniel hit the concrete floor hard. His disguise hat and glasses tumbled away from him. He could now see why he hadn’t heard her, she was barefoot. He looked up her shapely legs as she pressed her hand in the middle of his back. She wore a dress from the early part of the century. The modest garment couldn’t hide her zaftig form. He struggled against her. Where did all that strength come from? He couldn’t wriggle away. “What ... what’s going on?”

“Does Dave know you’re here?” Rosalin dropped to her knee to get closer to eye level with her erstwhile boss. “How is he?”

“What ... is this, Rosalin?” Nathaniel lifted his head, but the woman holding him down shoved it back to the concrete. He winced. In one quick motion, the woman pulled off his fake beard and tossed it away.

“I’m sorry she’s so rough, Mr. Glaeser.” Rosalin chewed her bottom lip. “How’s Dave?”

“He thinks you’re dead. We all thought you were dead.” Nathaniel tried to roll toward the woman holding him, but her hand felt like an anvil on his back. She pushed harder, forcing the air out of his lungs in a hiss. “I was ... looking for you ... but now that I found you ... everything’s fine,” he gasped.

“I’m so sorry about all this,” Rosalin said. “Once you give the building a chance, you’ll see that we were wrong. You’ll like it here.”

Elizabeth stepped away from the large man, letting him sit up. She stood warily, ready to catch him if he ran. “This is my building, Mr. Glaeser. You have become a nuisance to me. That will have costs for you.”

Nathaniel sat perfectly still. It wasn’t yet the moment to go for the gun in his ankle holster. He regarded the woman. “Who are you?”

“I am the wolf. I am the stag. I am the mother. I am the sacrifice. I am the resurrection.” Elizabeth’s voice was clear and calm, cutting through the sound of the machines all around them.

“Okay.” Nathaniel returned his attention to Rosalin. If he could convince her to help him, they would have a chance against the ‘resurrection’ woman. “Dave is devastated about your disappearance. He’ll be over the moon to have you back.”

Rosalin put her hands on her burgeoning belly. “I’m not sure he’ll want me anymore. It goes without saying that this isn’t Dave’s.” She rubbed her belly lovingly.

“Um ... whose is it?” It was becoming plain to Nathaniel that Rosalin had been brainwashed. He’d dealt with cults before. The strange thing was, Rosalin didn’t fit the profile for a cultist at all. She was too strong-willed. She was too ambitious.

“The baby belongs to the building.” Rosalin stood, still holding her belly. “Ogganse? What do we do? Can Nathaniel work in the building?” She cocked her head and listened. “Why doesn’t She answer? She’s always here to talk in the basement. When the lights were off, did you see the roots, Mr. Glaeser?”

“Um ...”

Elizabeth frowned. She had been studying the man closely. She didn't like what she saw. "He won't ever serve Her."

"I got kicked off the cops because I had trouble serving. But if the pay is good enough, I'll look the other way." Nathaniel inched his hand along the cool, concrete floor, moving closer and closer to his secondary pistol.

"I think we should make an offering of him in chapel." Elizabeth shook her head slowly. "This one will make a poor doorman."

"No, Mrs. Norwood. He's my friend ... my boss ... we can come up with something else." Rosalin's eyes grew round with worry.

"We can all be civil about this. Let me walk out of here with Rosalin, and we'll leave your building alone." He stared down the strange, curvaceous woman with raven hair. She looked like a person ripped from a different era. "If you slip me some cash, maybe I can help you keep things quiet." He was sitting awkwardly now, his hand almost to his ankle.

Rosalin groaned. "Don't say that, Mr. Glaeser. I know you'd never take a bribe."

"Sure I would." He turned his gaze back to Rosalin. "We're going to walk out of here and keep our mouths shut. Dave will take you back, I promise. He loves you. And you can work at the firm again." His words were slow and even. "Everything's going to be ..." Quick as lightning, he pulled up his pant leg, removed the small pistol from his ankle holster, and fired two shots at the creepy cult leader, hitting her center mass. The sound in the enclosed space was deafening. Ears ringing, he crawled backward until his head hit a washer. He scrambled to his feet, pointing the gun at the woman, waiting for her to drop.

Rosalin stared at Nathaniel in horror, the blood draining from her face. "No ... no ..."

At first Nathaniel thought the woman was wearing a bulletproof vest. But he would have seen the outline of it under her dress. And ... blood was slowly saturating the fabric around the two neat holes he'd put above her left breast. "You're in shock, lady. Sit down, and I'll call an ambulance."

Elizabeth tossed Nathaniel's Beretta behind her, where it clattered. She held up her hands in surrender.

"Great, thank you for that." He kept his secondary pistol trained on her. "Now, please sit down and –" She took a step toward him, and he put a bullet in the center of her forehead.

Elizabeth's head snapped back, and she stumbled until she hit the folding table and steadied herself. She could see blood cascading from her head down to the table. "You've ruined my dress. Natalie had this made for me in 1940. It's beyond repair."

"Fuck, lady. How are you still talking?" He didn't really pay much attention to her words. And when she leapt onto the wall, his mind went on automatic, shutting everything else out. He put a second hand on his weapon and fired again, and again. Tracking the creature as she climbed from the wall to the ceiling, and then moved horribly in his direction. By the time she was above him, he was out of ammunition. He opened the cylinder to reload, but she dropped on top of him before he could do anything more.

When she heard the sickening snap and horrible ripping, Rosalin let out a wrenching scream.

A moment later, Elizabeth stood, holding Nathaniel's head in one hand. It was no longer attached to his body. Elizabeth turned toward Rosalin, her body slick with blood. "It would have been better had we done this in front of the Hungarian Lady." She tossed the head away with a wet thump. "Stop screaming."

Rosalin went silent.

"Run upstairs and tell the janitors to come clean up the mess." Elizabeth looked down at the grisly front of her dress. She reached into one of the bullet holes. There was a horrible squelching as she dug for the bullet, pulled it out, and tossed it to the floor. It pinged as it bounced, coming to rest next to the corpse. "Then tell Mrs. Creech to get me a new dress." She pulled another bullet from her chest and tossed it away, walking over to the sink. "I suppose I'll have to clean in here. Have the doormen block off the basement until everything's spotless."

Rosalin stared at her, holding her belly protectively.

"Run along now, Rosalin. This will make Ogganse happy." Elizabeth gave the woman a flat expression.

Rosalin nodded, turned, and raced out of the basement as fast as her gravid body would allow.

~~

April 3, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

“I am not going to touch you again. That was just to make sure you’re healthy down there.” Uba had now touched her eighteen-year-old son on his privates four times. She had managed to keep it clinical, but she didn’t trust her impulses. Even though his member looked horribly aggressive, gargantuan, and beastly, she found it compelling. The last time, she’d caught herself fantasizing about seizing it in both hands and pumping him madly. He was running wild. Would that be the surest way to control him? No, it was unthinkable. “Don’t give me that look. I’m not going to ...” She watched him lower his pants and underwear. He was soft but still huge and veiny. She eyed his dangling thing with distrust. A part of her scanned the room for something to throttle his penis with. But no, he had promised to behave. She glanced back at him. “Remember what we talked about. It’s healthy for you to let it rest. Have you been touching it yourself? Be honest. It looks like you have. It looks ... enflamed.”

“I haven’t.” He adjusted his glasses and took in his mother’s beauty. His dick lurched. She had finally started taking her hijab off around him again, and he loved to gaze on the black curls that framed her soft face.

“Stay here, I’ll be right back.” She left him in the living room and walked into his room. She found his hamper and rooted through it, coming up with what she’d suspected. Another crusty sock. She turned to walk back to the living room and confront him with the evidence, but her feet wouldn’t move. Without meaning to, she found herself raising the sock up to her nose.

Abshir waited in the living room for his mother, his pants around his ankles. He looked out at the view. The gargoyle just outside their window seemed to be contemplating the same vista. Eventually, Abshir grew tired of waiting. His dick was about half-mast now, and it bounced around ponderously as he hopped out of his pants and underwear. He left them on the living room floor and went to find his mother.

“Mmmmmmmmm ... mmmmmmmmm.” Uba stood with her eyes closed, huffing the overripe, manly scent of her son’s spoiled sock. She was so lost in the experience, that she didn’t notice her son standing in the doorway.

There was some risk to masturbating where she’d see him when she opened her eyes. She had just told him to stop touching himself, and here he was being brazen. He couldn’t stop touching himself, but he could leave. *It looks like she loves my sock.*

A thought occurred to Abshir. He backed away and moved down the hall to the bathroom, wanking his dick the whole way. A plan formed in his mind. If she liked his socks so much, he’d leave them out for her day after day. And then, when she was thoroughly hooked, he’d tell her he’d finally stopped fapping. No more dirty socks. Then he’d see how she reacted.

Abshir entered the bathroom and closed the door. He liked the new plan. It was slow and steady, just as Ogganse wanted. Maybe he'd go down to the basement later and check in with Her. But now, he needed to cum. He closed his eyes and imagined what his mother would look like when he finally got her naked.

# Chapter 11

## She Took More of a Wet Noodle Approach

December 2, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family.

"I'm not really interested in your building's laundry room." Sylvie Kim glanced around with a frown. She shivered. It looked like a normal room found in any New York basement. Indeed, it was nicer than most. It was clean and had newer machines. But something about the space gave her the creeps. "I came here to see your amazing apartment, Darby."

"Let me turn off the lights. I think you'll enjoy it more." Darby held her friend's hand, gently caressing Sylvie's wedding ring.

"I *do not* want you to turn off the ..." Sylvie went stiff as she fell into darkness. "Darby?" She squeezed her friend's hand. "You know you've gone insane, right?"

Darby laughed. She couldn't help it. She was growing to love every inch of their new building, but she always felt wilder in the basement. Her laughter bounced around the humming, thumping machines. "Do you see it? Do you see the roots? Do you hear Her?"

"What is that?" Sylvie's voice was hushed. Her friend's touch was suddenly electric. She squeezed Darby's hand even tighter. "I see something ... red on the walls. It's pulsing."

"That's the heartbeat of the building. Come on, let's touch it." Darby pulled her friend to the concrete wall.

Sylvie's mind had been screaming for her to leave the basement not less than a minute ago. Now, she felt a sense of wonder and possibility.

"You will be indispensable to rebirthing a goddess." Ogganse's voice was comforting and compelling, like a warm river with a strong current.

"Who said that?" Sylvie looked around in the dark, but could only see the pulsing crimson walls. "Someone else is in here with us."

"Oh, you heard Her, too?" Darby was elated. "She's not actually in the room with us. I think we need to set Her free. But first, we need to set ourselves free." Darby had been worrying about her son's plan all morning. Her friend was older, married, and Brian already had a girlfriend. *Me!* But now that she was in the laundry room, she found that her mind had calmed.

"We need to ... set ourselves free." Sylvie nodded to herself in the dark. It sounded right. She reached out her free hand and touched the wall. The glowing concrete felt fuzzy. Tension melted out of her muscles. "What is this stuff?"

“I don’t know!” Darby laughed again, pulled her friend back to the light switch, and flipped it on. They blinked at each other, both smiling. “Do you see why we started down here?”

Sylvie shook her head in wonder. “That was ... strange. Who was that woman that said the thing about the goddess?” She looked around the room, still not releasing her friend’s hand. “She sounded ... really interesting.”

“I think She’s the goddess.” Darby studied her friend. Sylvie looked almost stoned. Darby felt it, too. The roots were like a drug. She hadn’t smoked weed since college, but she remembered the feeling. She supposed her son’s semen was also something of a drug. “I don’t know much about Her. She sometimes talks to me when I come down here.” She pulled Sylvie to the stairs. “Come on up. Brian and I are excited to show you the apartment.”

“Brian’s home?” Sylvie’s lip curled. She had been hoping to avoid her friend’s deadbeat son. But even that thought couldn’t sour her new disposition.

They ascended the stairs and entered the lobby. Sylvie looked in wonder at the intricate carvings on the walls. The art had seemed creepy on her way in. Now, she wanted to stop and study the nearest depiction of a wolf-headed man. But Darby pulled her to the elevator.

“Hello, Mrs. Kwon.” Natalie gave them a warm smile and walked over. “Are you and Brian entertaining a guest today?”

“Hello, Mrs. Creech. Yes, this is my friend, Mrs. Kim.” Darby introduced Sylvie to the building manager. They made small talk for a minute.

“Well, I won’t keep you. You are making Her happy to be sure. Keep up the good work.” Natalie kissed each of Darby’s cheeks. Then she did the same to Sylvie and walked away.

“Well, she’s friendly.” Mesmerized, Sylvie watched the woman’s butt sway.

“You’re staring at her behind, Sylvie,” Darby whispered.

“Oh ... it’s just ... she has such a pretty, vintage dress on.” Even though she’d been caught, Sylvie couldn’t look away until Natalie disappeared down a hallway. She realized that she was still holding Darby’s hand. Her friend pulled her into the elevator. They stood quietly, watching the dial slowly mark their climb. As they passed the ninth floor, she thought she heard something that sounded like a growling animal. She glanced at Darby, but it didn’t seem like she’d heard anything. The noise quickly passed, and Sylvie didn’t worry about it. It was an older building. There were bound to be odd sounds here and there.

In the apartment, Darby finally released Sylvie's hand. "Have a look around. I'll make us some margaritas."

"Wow, Darby. I can't believe your view." Sylvie moved to the tall windows in the living room. "This is gorgeous."

The two women laughed, watched people in the park, and drank their way through a pitcher of margaritas.

Trumpet music interrupted a story Sylvie was telling Darby about her husband. Sylvie widened her eyes questioningly.

"Oh, that's Brian. It's time for him to join us." Darby had to raise her voice even though the music came from his room with the door closed. "I think he's playing Nirvana for us today. Do you like that band?" Darby threw her hands in the air and waved them to the beat, tossing her black hair side to side.

Sylvie surprised herself when she said, "I guess I do like them. Who knew?" She threw her hands up and bobbed to the beat with her friend.

"Come on, let's dance." Darby stood and pulled her friend to her feet. She put her hands on Sylvie's slender hips, looked into her brown eyes, and danced her around the living room, laughing.

"Oh ... my ... gosh ... what are we doing?" Sylvie's high, ringing laugh joined her friend's. She found herself putting her hands on Darby's shoulders and shaking her hips in rhythm with the trumpet.

~~

December 2, 1993: Apartment 9B: Diary of Rosalin Eklund.

Someone, or something, was growling and barking at my door today. Needless to say, I'm not pleased. I'm hungry, tired, and at my wit's end, but I'm not pleased.

The phone hasn't come back online. I haven't left the apartment. And I'm down to only canned food. I wonder if it was the same for the Ostrows. I hope it wasn't. I hope the end came quickly for them.

I tried yelling and waving from the windows again, but no one heard or saw. New York is loud, but still ... you'd think someone would look up. Of course, I did have an audience. Those ghastly gargoyles stared me down while I hung out the window. I know they're made of stone, but I kept expecting them to leap at me. They look so angry. And I swear they move when my curtains are drawn.

I was sitting in my kitchen after lunch, my stomach growling, when I heard barking outside my door. It wasn't someone walking their dog. It wasn't Brian messing with me. It was too loud ... too ... vicious. Of course, I did peek out the spyhole. But I didn't see anything. The thing, whatever it was, was certainly louder than my stomach. The growling shook my door.

For all I know, wild animals are roaming the halls. Because, you know, that might as well happen, too.

Only a few more days of food. Then, I'll have to decide what to do. I don't understand how Dave hasn't tried to check up on me. We're going to be married, and he doesn't wonder where his fiancée is? And what about the people at work?

I'm going to brush my teeth now. I go to bed early and wake up late. Each night, I hope I'll wake up to Nathaniel pounding on my door. If he came for me, I know he'd get me out of here. But so far, all my mornings arrive with disappointment.

~~

April 7, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

Uba had the day off. The twins were at school, and her husband was at work. She was alone in the apartment, but she was still moving lightly on her toes. *Why must I sneak into my son's room?*

There were clothes on the floor. His bed was unmade. A crushed soda can lay on his desk. Uba inhaled deeply. She wore one of her modest dresses, but no hijab. She ran her fingers through her black curls and dug her nails into her scalp, scratching herself wonderfully. Her body wiggled and shook. The smell of overripe teenager was quickly becoming an addiction. It made her feel so delicious. "It's not hurting anybody," she whispered to the empty room.

While her son was home, she had continued to urge him to let his penis rest. But when he was away, she was secretly grateful that he continued to disobey her.

Other than her abstinence counseling, she had ended her sex lessons with him. It was worrying how often he had talked her into viewing or touching his horrible penis. With no lessons, those problems were behind them.

She opened her eyes and spotted a crusty sock on the floor. "There you are, you little devil." She snatched it up and held it to her nose, huffing the smell of spent sperm. Her eyes rolled back. She stood in the middle of his room, legs apart, sock to her nose. It was heaven.

“He touches himself so often. He must really enjoy it. I wonder ...” Still holding the sock, she moved toward his unmade bed. She pulled off her dress and sat on the mattress. In only her bra, panties, and socks, she lay face down on his sheet and breathed in.

“Teenagers ... teenagers ... they smell so goooooood.” She stretched out, luxuriating in being so naughty. “Ooohhhh ... Abshir ... you’ve grown into such a man ... at eighteen. What if you found me ... in your bed?”

Uba rolled onto her back, sock back to her nose. Before she knew what was happening, her hand was inside her panties, exploring her vagina as her husband liked to do. She went rigid when she realized what she was doing, but her hand didn’t stop. It felt too good, and the smell of his seed mellowed her out. Her body relaxed, and she slipped a finger inside. *I’m wet! I’m wetter than I’ve ever been with Taban.* That was a startling discovery.

“Uummpph ... uuummmppphh ... uummpphhh.” She huffed the sock and played with herself on her son’s bed. Her hips writhed in a way she was quite unused to. They had a mind of their own. She didn’t try to stop them. Soon, another of her fingers entered her vagina. They made faint squelching sounds in the quiet room.

“Ohhhh ... my ... oooohhhhhh ... my ...” Uba’s nerves lit up. She arched her back and cried out, pleasure further clouding her mind.

When the room swam back into focus, she found that she’d stuffed the sock into her mouth. She turned her head and spit it out, disgusted with the dirty thing and with herself. She removed her hand from her panties and shivered when she saw her fingers covered in her own goo. “What’s happening to me?” She got off the bed, retrieved her dress, and headed to the bathroom to wash her hands.

“I’ll do better.” She said out in the hall. “I won’t go in his room again.”

As she washed her hands in the sink, she looked into the mirror. Her reflection looked so silly only wearing a bra and panties in the middle of the day. She was a middle-aged woman. A mother. What was she doing acting like a teenager? She shook her head. “I will do better. That was the last time.” She put steel into her voice. She sounded so certain that it made her believe she really was done with his socks.

~~

December 2, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family.

“This is wild! I feel so young!” Sylvie danced with Darby in the living room of her friend’s fantastic apartment. Brian played his trumpet on the other side of the room. For

some reason that Sylvie couldn't understand, he was only wearing his underwear. And he'd clearly stuffed something in there as a joke. Prank or no, Sylvie's eyes often glanced at that absurd package as it bounced in his briefs. She also caught herself running her eyes up and down his lithe body. He was skinny, but had many small, defined muscles. He looked sleek and fast. He was so different than the pudgy man she was used to seeing naked. She doubted her husband had ever looked like Brian.

The song ended, and Brian put down the trumpet. He was glistening with sweat. "Mom, put on the tape I gave you."

The women stopped dancing. They were covered in perspiration, too. Both were breathing hard.

"The Christmas music?" Darby smiled and went over to the stereo. She put in the tape and Christmas in Hollis blasted from the speakers. She turned the volume down. "I thought this was Christmas music."

"This is Christmas music." Brian cocked his hand in a finger-gun and pretended to shoot his mother. "Turn it up, and sit on the sofa, Mom."

"Um ... okay." Darby did as she was told.

Sylvie stood with wide eyes, her mouth hanging open. A mostly naked teenager was dancing suggestively, moving toward her. "Is this ... rap music?"

Brian glanced at his mother and winked.

Darby smiled, understanding him. *He looks so happy. Why did I ever want to deny him this?* She looked at her shocked friend. *Sylvie will be happy too once she lets the wild in.* "Dance with Brian, Sylvie. You deserve to have some fun."

"I do?" Sylvie's hips started bouncing side to side in time to the unruly rhythm of young people's music. Her shock faded. A thrumming sense of belonging replaced it. She was one with the music. She loosened her shoulders and let them shimmy. Brian thrust his hips and swayed his arms in front of her. She laughed. "This is crazy. Crazy!"

"That's it ... you'll be in my bevy ... Mrs. Kim." He could feel her shy away from him when he reached out his hand, but she didn't go too far. He held her hip and spun her so that her back was to him. He guided her, showing her how to use her ass to toy with him.

"Oh ... gosh ... is this really ... okay?" Sylvie looked over at Darby. When Darby nodded her approbation, Sylvie shook her butt for all she was worth. She gyrated in ways that she'd seen young women do on television. But it was something she'd never thought she'd be part of. The song was over. Another rap song came on, and it didn't bother Sylvie at all. Even when Brian put both hands on her hips, she didn't miss a beat. When

he started rubbing his privates on her butt, she did have a moment of worry. That left her quickly. This was what kids were doing these days. She was dancing with an eighteen-year-old. It would be rude to ask him not to do as they do.

“You want ... to be my doe ... Mrs. Kim? You want ... to be ... in my ... bevy?” Brian lifted the hem of her dress up, showing more and more of her slender, pale legs. Soon, he was pressing up against her panty-clad ass.

“I’m not sure ... what you’re talking about.” Sylvie had to shout to be heard over the music. Suddenly, the young man was forcefully turning her around. His lips were on hers. His arms held her firmly, his hands pressing into her delicate back. She went limp. Was he really kissing her, a married woman, in front of his own mother?

Brian was expecting her to struggle, but she took more of a wet noodle approach to his advance. In fact, he had to hold her up to keep her from collapsing. He explored her mouth with his tongue. He wasn’t practiced with kissing. Despite his mother’s blowjobs, he hadn’t yet made out with her. But he had been with a few girls in high school.

Darby watched in awe. Her son was a force of nature. She expected Sylvie to push him away at any moment, but instead her hands hesitantly went to his shoulders. And then she folded her arms around his neck, leaning into the kiss. Darby could tell she was kissing him back now. What would Mr. Kim think of his wife? *Was Sylvie a hidden slut all along? Did Brian somehow know?*

When Brian reached a hand down to her butt and squeezed, the move only inflamed Sylvie. This young, sleek man desired her! *He wants me for his bevy, whatever that is.* She danced her tongue with his. It was a bit awkward kissing him, she suspected they both were without much practice. Regardless, she loved it. She was melting in his arms. Melting into him. Rubbing her crotch into that huge, hard thing he had stuffed in his underwear. *Wait ... it wasn’t hard like that before.*

Another rap song came on, and the couple grinded up against each other, lost in each other’s arms.

~~

April 8, 2015: Apartment 12C and 12E, the Marland and Dahir families.

“Holy ... moly ... you’ve gotten good at that ... Joey.” Hani was on her boyfriend’s bed. She was naked from the waist down, with his fingers buried in her pussy. There was a towel under her. She didn’t want to ruin his bedding, so she’d demanded they put down

a towel any time he went to work on her. "You're ... ooooohhhhh ... now ... way better ... than that guy ... from my old school ... Ben ... Blain ... Brian ... something ... uuuuggghhhhhhhhh. I've ... nnnngggggg ... forgotten ... his name." Her left eyelash fluttered, and her pupils rolled back. "Nnnngggggggggggg."

Joe removed his hand and watched her hips buck. She squirted with several gushes, mostly getting it on the towel.

When her orgasm subsided, she lay on his bed with a goofy smile on her lips. "I ... feel ... really ... good."

There was a knock on the door.

"I'm home, Joey," Carrie said with her ear up against the door. "Is Hani over?"

"Yeah, Mom." Joe smiled, winked at Hani, and pulled off his pants and boxers. His dick was turgid, swaying heavily with his movements. "Don't come in this time. She just finished squirting again."

Hani's eyes went wide. "Behave yourself. That was embarrassing," she whispered, playfully slapping his shoulder. "And ... she's your mother, dude." Despite her shock at his words, she couldn't keep her eyes off his dick. How lucky was she that her family moved down the hall from him?

"Are ... you joking?" Carrie sounded confused.

"Yeah, bad joke. Sorry, Mom." Joe moved on his knees next to Hani, bringing the head of his cock inches from her pretty, brown lips.

The door handle turned and the hinges squeaked.

"Don't come in here, Mom!" Joe laughed. "I was joking about the squirting, but we're not all the way dressed."

The door closed with a thump.

"You really want a blowjob with your mom in the apartment?" Hani gazed at the flaring eye of his cock with skepticism. She kept her voice hushed.

Joe nodded, smiling as he watched his girlfriend suck the head of his dick into her mouth. "Hani's doing something naughty, Mom. So, we'll need our privacy for a while."

Hani stopped bobbing her head and gently pressed her teeth into his cockflesh. It wasn't enough to hurt him, just enough for him to know she wasn't all bark and no bite. She looked up at Joe and made eye contact.

"Okay, I'll stop teasing." Joe shrugged.

“Do you ... um ... have the condoms with you?” Carrie tapped her foot nervously, her ear pressed to the door. She still couldn’t believe that he’d talked her into buying condoms for him. “If you’re going to ... do stuff ... you need condoms.” She felt like he’d been pushing her and pushing her, but finally here was a line she would not cross.

“They’re in the bathroom, Mom. Can you open the door a crack and slip them through?” Joe ran his fingers through Hani’s thick hair.

“Okay.” Carrie squeaked and hurried off to the bathroom.

Hani popped her mouth off his dick and smiled up at him. “Abshir should take lessons from you. Mom has been busting his balls lately. You’re so smooth. You have your mom wrapped around your finger. I can’t imagine getting my mom to buy me condoms and bring them to me while I had you over. Her head would explode.” She kissed and licked his cock. “Also, we’re not having sex. You would break me with this.” She squeezed his shaft with her hand.

“I just wanted to mess with her. We’re not having sex ... *now*. Can you imagine us fucking with her listening to you shriek and cuss?” Joe laughed. “But we will have sex sometime. When we have more privacy.”

“Doubtful.” Hani circled her hand around his dick. “My fingers don’t even touch. You’re a fun toy to play with, Joe, but I’m not going to let you destroy me.”

The door opened a crack, the condoms fell into the room, and the door closed.

“Be safe, Joey.” Carrie was back to listening at the door.

“Safe is my middle name, Mom.” He cupped the back of Hani’s head and guided her back to the blowjob.

~~

December 2, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family.

“This is ... real?” Sylvie was on her knees in front of the teenager, the skirt of her dress pooled on the floor around her. She was dimly aware that her friend sat on the sofa watching them. She was even less cognizant of the world outside her friend’s apartment. Her husband was out there somewhere. So were her kids. It seemed that her everyday life and the penis in front of her couldn’t exist in the same universe. Which one was real? She knew which one had the firmer grip on her mind ... and loins. “I mean ... it can’t be real ... right?” The rhythm of the music coming over the stereo vibrated her insides.

“Touch it, Mrs. Kim. It’s plenty real.” Brian looked over at his mother. He could tell she disproved of his gloating. So, he decided to take this more seriously. “Turn off the music, Mom.”

Darby hustled to the cassette deck, hit stop, and ran back to the sofa. She sat with her hands in her lap, watching Sylvie regard Brian’s penis. She hadn’t realized how much it would turn her on to see Brian seduce another woman. *Is there a way I can touch myself without them noticing me?* She thought not, so she kept her hands in her lap.

The novel silence in the apartment was oppressive. Sylvie needed to say something just to break the quiet. “This must be what those women who hire strippers feel like. We’re both dressed, and you ... Brian ... are nude. I didn’t think I’d ever see ... or touch ... another one.” She dared not make eye contact with anyone in the room for fear of losing her nerve.

“Check it out. You deserve to let the wild in, Mrs. Kim.” Brian put his hands behind his head, flexing his lithe muscles for her. “This is going to be rad.”

“I do feel wild today,” Sylvie whispered. She reached out her left hand with more conviction than she expected, seizing the massive thing at about its midsection. “The veins ... are really ... bulgy.”

“Put him in your mouth, Sylvie!” Darby blurted the words. Why had she ever wanted to be her son’s only girlfriend? She had been incredibly mistaken.

Without thinking, Sylvie stretched her jaw wide, closed her eyes, and complied. “Mmmppphhhh.” *I’ve gone crazy. Darby’s gone crazy.* It felt like her life had been rolling along a perfectly flat, predictable table, and today, it had fallen off the edge. She was free-falling, and had only the penis to hold onto. Well that, and his big, hairy balls. She hefted one of his testicles with her right hand, while she pumped his penis with her left. Normally, when she pleased her husband, she bobbed her head on his thing. But Brian was too big for *normally*. So, she suctioned the head and rolled her tongue along the underside.

“How do you think she looks, Mom?” Brian kept his eyes focused on Sylvie’s distorted face. “She’s not so pretty sucking on my dick, right?”

Her son’s words sent a bolt of electricity down Darby’s spine. She shivered, not knowing what to say. She opened her mouth and grunted like an excited, feral beast. Surprised by the noises she was making, she tried to form words, but huffed and grunted again.

Brian laughed. “I think you broke my mom’s brain, Mrs. Kim.”

“Mmmppphhhhhh.” Sylvie opened her eyes and looked up at Brian’s tauged chest and abdomen. *I’ve broken both our brains, I think. How will I ever look Darby in the eyes again?*

“Suck it.” Brian put his hand on the back of her black, stylish hair, pulling her further onto his dick.

“Gggaaaackkk ... gggaaacckkkkk.” Sylvie’s eyes watered. She was being manhandled by a troubled youth, and ... she loved it. She had always avoided gagging with her husband. It had never been a pleasant feeling. Now, each choke was like wearing a badge of honor. This young hunk of a man desired her enough to shove his thing down her throat. “Gaaaaccckkkkk.”

“Oh ... my ... gosh.” Darby’s whole body vibrated with energy. *Is that what I look like with Brian’s penis in my mouth?* It was like seeing Beauty and the Beast twisted into her most wild fantasy. Brian looked abominable. Sylvie was so petite and pretty. Or at least she had been pretty before making half of Brian’s penis disappear into her mouth. Now, she had a double chin, her cheeks were bloated and misshapen, her forehead was furrowed, and her mascara was running down her cheeks. *I must look equally corrupted when I pleasure him. No wonder he looks down at me that way.*

“We’re going to have an amazing bevy, Mrs. Kim.” Brian pulled her pink lips almost off his dick, and then shoved it back in. He did that again and again. Soon, he was humping her face. “Welcome to 3838 Walnut Street, the wildest building in all of New York.”

“Holy ... smokes.” Darby was beside herself. Brian had never treated her so roughly. Her hand slipped under her dress, inside her panties, and found her gushing vagina. She rubbed her clitoris in quick little circles, watching the corruption in her living room. Whatever happened after today, she was sure Brian would feel emboldened. And she ... would be a lot more willing to give him whatever he wanted.

## Chapter 12

### You're a Rockstar, Mom

May 3, 1940: Apartment 14B, the Norwood family.

"It has become apparent that She no longer approves of you." Elizabeth frowned at the man tied up in her living room. She stood naked, her pale curves glowing in the bright daylight that fell through the nearest window. "You have failed and failed to give Her a vessel."

"We can try some more!" Royce lay on the mossy floor of 14B. He was on his side, naked, directly in front of the statue that they referred to as the Hungarian Lady. His hands were bound behind his back, and his legs were tied together. He willed his penis to harden for his mistress, but it was still slumbering. "I long to be inside you again, but I do need to rest."

"Mrs. Creech?" Elizabeth looked over at one of her three guests. Natalie and Nancy were both nude as well, on their knees, bowing repeatedly to the statue. They had black ash markings on their pale bodies, applied earlier with their fingers: powerful symbols of a long-forgotten religion.

Natalie paused, keeping her spine straight. "You must do what's best for the wild, mistress. As you say, perhaps we've been using Mr. Creneling's liquids incorrectly."

"Mrs. Creneling?" Elizabeth looked over at her neighbor. She waited, but Nancy did not reply. "Mrs. Creneliiiiinnngggg? What should we do with your husband?"

"I'm ... so sorry, Royce. She put something inside me. I can feel it pulsing." Nancy continued bowing to the statue, not looking her husband in the eye. "Please, mistress, do as She bids. My husband has not given me a child. I fear that he's dry. Which means, he won't give you one either."

"Very well." Elizabeth turned her solemn gaze to the man now struggling on her floor. The claws on her left hand extended in a quick flash. "You should be honored. With your sacrifice, Mr. Creneling, we will release a forest in Manhattan. The world will right itself. And She will watch over us."

"No ... wait ... I can serve the building. You'll need loyal men to get jobs here. To look after your ... interests." All the color left Royce's face. He spoke in a quick staccato. "And ... I have money. You'll need money to pay the rent and ... to buy things. And ... I pleased you, didn't I? You could tumble with me whenever you wanted to. At your leisure."

Elizabeth cocked her head and rubbed her chin with her right hand. "I have thought about your proposal, and here is my reply." She swung her claws at him. Blood sprayed, splattering the statue.

Royce screamed.

"I will have enough men to serve me. You are not inimitable or indispensable." Elizabeth slashed him again.

Royce went quiet.

"Your wife has just inherited your money." Elizabeth splattered more blood on the statue. "And you please me more like this than you ever did with your penis." She bent, wiped her claws on the moss, and knelt, waiting. "Now ... your sacrifice is complete. Guide me, Ogganse."

The room was silent. The three praying women heard nothing. They all waited.

After a time, it became clear that the sacrifice had failed.

Elizabeth screamed.

~~

February 5, 1955: Apartment 14B, the Norwood family.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Norwood." Ralf Berger eyed Elizabeth, who was sitting primly in one of his client chairs. He leaned his elbows on his desk. The woman's assistant stood by the open door to his office. Both women seemed unnaturally pallid and wore clothes more than a decade out of date. Combine those elements with Elizabeth's glossy, raven hair, and Ralf thought they looked positively gothic. "My clients are not interested in selling 3838 Walnut Street. And, I must say, the sum that you offered would be laughable even if they were."

"I can gather more resources." Elizabeth didn't care for this man, nor his double-breasted suit and Windsor-knotted tie. But she would play nice. "At least let me have a meeting with the owners. Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins, right?"

Ralf frowned, etching deep lines on his forehead and cheeks. *She must have some connections.* His clients were hidden behind their company.

"Mr. Berger?" Elizabeth smiled pleasantly.

“It simply can’t happen. I would need to see your bona fides.” He shook his head. “Which you haven’t brought. I’m afraid you’re wasting my time.” He stood. “Good day, Mrs. Norwood.”

“Good day, Mr. Berger.” Elizabeth remained seated. She gave her head one, curt nod.

Natalie closed the door and stood in front of it. “What do you need, mistress?”

“See that he stays quiet.” Elizabeth steepled her alabaster hands in front of her. “I don’t want to be interrupted.”

“This is preposterous. I must ask you to leave.” Ralf buttoned his coat to show that he meant business. He was surprised by how quickly the assistant crossed his office. He had time only to let out the quickest little yelp before she sprung over his desk and clamped her hand on his mouth. If he thought the meeting was absurd before, what came next he would find downright insane.

~~

December 3, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family.

Darby’s hand shook as she knocked on her son’s door. Her mind had been ablaze ever since she’d watched her son seduce her friend the day before. She had tried to quench that fire with her husband early that morning. He had been willing, but he’d left her unsatisfied. That was why she carried a surprise for her son hidden in her cleavage. She was almost desperate with need. She knocked again.

“Come in already. Sheesh.” Brian was reading a comic in bed, lying naked on top of the blanket.

Darby opened the door and stepped into her son’s bedroom. Warm light filtered in from the window over his bed. As she glanced at the window, one of the gargoyles appeared to be leering at her. *I swear those things move when I’m not looking.* She rushed across his room and closed his curtain.

“Hey, I need that light to read.” Brian put down the comic and gave his mother a sour expression.

“Now, Brian, you know you shouldn’t be lounging naked. What if your father came in here and saw that ... leviathan ... resting on your thigh?” She pointed to his slumbering penis. With its knobby head and blue-black veins, it seemed to be a threat even when it wasn’t ready for her. A rush of nervous excitement flooded her body. Her heart rattled her rib cage. Her tummy flipped over and over. *What am I doing?*

“We’ve been over this, Mom. I don’t care about Dad. He won’t be leading this family too much longer.” His lips curved into a tight smile. “Anyway, if you’re in my room, it means he left for work. Are you ready for breakfast?” He lifted his dick and presented his balls on the palm and fingers of his hand, hefting them for her.

“No. I’m not using my mouth on you today.” She shook her head and slowly stepped over to his bed. She cringed when his expression filled with anger. Quickly, she held up placating hands. “Don’t worry. I’m not denying you.”

“Go on.” Brian pumped his cock, feeling it slowly engorge. His mother looked even more agitated and excited around him than usual. *What is she planning?*

“Watching you with Sylvie yesterday ... was ... oh my gosh ... really out of this world.” Darby pulled down her jeans slowly, giving Brian a show. She undulated her hips side to side, and spun slowly around, to give him the backside view she knew he loved. *Oh boy, is he ever going to get a backside view today!* “Sylvie was so surprised the first time you sprayed her face. Gosh ... the way she sputtered. And then you pulled her back for another and another. She was drinking from your penis like ... a harlot ... during the last one. And then I had to clean her up, lend her a dress, and send her back to her husband. I ...” Darby shivered as she stepped out of her pants. She then slowly lifted her sweater over her head. “I don’t know how we got here. But ... I feel like a groupie for one of your bands. I can’t stop thinking about you, Brian. I know you want more from me.” She was wearing a leopard-print bodysuit that buttoned at the crotch. There were no panties underneath.

“That’s all it took? I just had to cum on your friend?” Brian laughed. He was hard now, his long dick pointing to the mysterious thirteenth floor above them.

“You’re driving me wild, Brian. I want to rock out with you!” Darby’s mind had been caught in a current. She knew her thinking was warped by her son’s presence. Even though he was slender, he looked so athletic. So full of potential energy. He was just waiting for her to turn him kinetic. “Do you want to ... do it with me?” She reached into her cleavage and pulled out a condom, holding it up next to her face and giving him a look of feigned shock. “I’ll be your Belle if you’ll be my Beast.”

“You can lose the ...” Brian paused. No, he shouldn’t push her. Everything was going according to plan. She was marching herself right into his bed. The condom could stay for now.

“Lose what, pumpkin?” Darby frowned. “I thought you would be happy.”

“Lose nothing, Mom. I *am* happy.” He stopped jacking his cock and gave her a wicked smile. *Once I get it inside her, it’s as good as over. How many days until she forgets about condoms? Five, Ten? No more than a month for sure.* “Put the tape over there in the deck and hit play.”

“Okay.” Darby skipped across the room. When the rock song started playing, she swayed her hips for him, and held her hair up with one hand. The other hand was holding the condom in the air like it was a prize he’d won. She slowly worked her way back to his bed. When she was close, she danced for him while unbuttoning the crotch of her bodysuit. She pulled the flap up and angled her pelvis so he could see her vagina. The look of hunger in his eyes melted her body and mind. *We’re going to do it. We’re really going to do it.*

“It’s time.” Brian patted the blanket next to him.

Still swaying to the music, Darby held out the condom and ripped the foil packet. She had watched her husband put his on enough times that she knew not to unroll it right away. “Let me get us protected.” She smiled as she placed the disc of the condom on top of his knobby penis head. Her smile widened. The condom looked like a silly, little hat. His penis wasn’t quite so frightening with a goofy cap. She shivered nonetheless.

Brian studied his mother closely as she struggled to unroll the condom over his dick. After a few seconds, her smile faded. Then she stuck out the tip of her tongue in concentration. Then she furrowed her brow in confusion. Finally, she let out a long sigh of frustration.

“It’s stretchy, but not stretchy enough. Maybe with a little more force ...” She pulled the thing outward with her fingers. “Oh ... there it goes.” She rolled it on. It went about a third of the way down his shaft. She knew how the condoms looked on her husband, and this was comical by comparison. “The poor thing looks like it might break at any moment.” She poked the valiantly stretching plastic material. “What do you think, Brian?” She glanced at him hopefully. She wanted him to tell her it would be okay. *How odd. I’m his mother. I should be steering him toward better decisions. Instead, I’m asking him to steer me toward risky ones.*

“Giddy-up, cowgirl.” Brian didn’t think the condom would hold either. He wasn’t worried about it. “Hop on and ride.”

“Yes, okay.” Darby stood and planted her feet on either side of his hips. She’d never mounted a man like this before, but she’d never dealt with a penis this height either. “I’m really nervous, sweetie. Really, really nervous. My belly is filled with a whole swarm of butterflies.” She reached under her and held his penis upright. It was so frightful, yet so familiar to her now. She knew its girth, its weight, and the contours of the veins protruding from the shaft. She could have identified it blindfolded. “I just keep thinking about you with Sylvie. I don’t want you to do this with her first. I’m happy watching you with her. But it should be me, Brian. It should be my vagina that ... aaaaaaaahhhhhhhhh.”

“How does it feel?” Brian could see her pupils dilate. Her mouth hung open, letting out a low, animal whine. She looked almost panicked, but she wasn’t lifting her hips off him.

“Oooohhhhhhh ... Brian ... Brian ... it feels ... like my vagina ... is angry with me.” She let herself slip a fraction of an inch down his shaft. The music thumped and bounced around the room, urging her on. Her hips started twitching in time to the beat.

“You’re a rockstar, Mom.” He lifted up the flap of her bodysuit so he could see his dick disappearing inside of her. Her pink lips were spread obscenely beneath the black triangle of hair. The sight was glorious.

“Oooohhhhhhh ... you’re the rockstar ... Brian. I’m your ... uuuuggghhhh ... groupie.” She could see he was having trouble with her bodysuit. With a little struggle, she lifted it over her head. While it was covering her face, and her arms were up in the air, she accidentally slid down a few inches. “Eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” If her vagina had been angry before, now it was in a rage. She struggled out of the leopard print garment and tossed it to the floor. She still had her feet planted on the blanket, squatting on top of him. “This is ... oooohhhhhh ... an absurd position ... for sex. I feel ... uuuggghhhhhh ... like a monkey. Like an ... aaaahhhhhh ... overstuffed ... mommy ... monkey.”

Brian laughed and put his hands on her knees. “That’s what you are. Let the wild in.”

Purpose suddenly burned in Darby’s eyes, replacing the dazed fright that had been there before. She lowered herself again.

“Say it, Mom. Tell me you’re letting the wild in.” Brian ran his hands down her slender calves, feeling them strain with the effort of keeping her balance in that strange squat.

“Ggghhhaaaaaa! Mmmmoooooooo ... ghhhrrrrraaa!” Darby tried to form the words, but she found she could only make beastly noises. *Maybe I’m the Beast and he’s Belle.* She shook her head. No, that wasn’t right. *I’m not the Beast, I’m fffuuuuuullllllllllllllllllll.* “Aarrrrrrggghhhhhh.” Despite the pain, or maybe even because of it, she dropped her hips and speared herself completely. Her body twitched and shuddered, her eyes rolled, and her language was reduced to grunts and yapping cries. *What’s happening to meeeeeeeeeee?*

“Shit ... Mom.” He watched his mother go crazy. Drool ran down her chin. Her eyes went wide, showing much more of the whites than usual. Her whole body trembled and shook in wild undulations that seemed to run up her spine. Brian knew that a woman’s orgasm could be quite a sight, but he hadn’t expected his mother to go so feral so quickly. “You really are letting the wild in.” He could feel her pussy clamping on his dick in rhythm to the music. She was in that discombobulated state for several minutes. Eventually, intelligence brightened her dull eyes again. She looked down at her son, muttering to herself. He smacked her boob to get her attention. “I’m guessing that was new for you,” Brian said.

“Ooohhhh ... Brian ... it still hurts ... but it also ... I’ve never ... I mean ... it feels so ... uuughhhhhh ... good.” Darby extended her thin arms and dug her nails into his lean, muscular chest. Her hips started bouncing on his. Short, little jumps at first, because that’s what she was used to with her husband. “Just wait ... until Sylvie ... feels this. She’s going to go ... uuuggghhhh ... wild.”

“You’re going to ... ah ... ah ... ah ... bring her here ... so that I can destroy ... her pussy?” Brian smacked his mother’s tit again. “You’re going to ... serve her up to me? To be ... ugh ... ugh ... in my bevy.”

“Yes ... Brian ... yes ... Brian ... whatever you want.” Darby burst into tears of joy, her mascara running down her cheeks. The music beat on, and her hips kept pace. She realized she was bouncing higher on his penis now. “I’m going to ... have another one ... I’m ... going ... sssssnnnnneeeeeeeee ... uuughhh ... uuuuggghhhh.” She thrust her pelvis against his and shuddered. Her spine arched, and she stared unseeing at the ceiling. Her strange cries were louder than the music. But the days of worrying about noise complaints were long behind her.

The next half hour was a kaleidoscope of mind-bending ecstasy for Darby. She rode him through orgasms that she wouldn’t have thought possible until that morning. When he pushed her off and positioned her on her hands and knees, she knew she was already hopelessly hooked on his penis. She was about to find out how much her new craving had eroded her sense of right and wrong.

“The condom broke, Mom.” Brian got behind her and flopped his frothy cock on her ass cheek. The condom was wrapped around the middle of the shaft, but the protective bubble it had given them was annihilated. “You want to get another one?”

“Oh ... gosh ... just put it back in!” She looked over her shoulder at his amazing body. “You wanted ... to be my stag ... right? Mount me. Mount me. I don’t care anymore.”

Not bothering to remove the shredded remains of the condom, Brian lined his dick up with the wide cavern that was his mother’s resized pussy. “I want you to have sex with Dad tonight.”

“Why?” Darby grimaced with anticipation. *Why isn’t he putting it back in?* “I won’t be able to feel him. He might notice I’m different down there.”

“You just answered your own question.” Brian shoved into her pussy, listening to her squeal. The cassette stopped, leaving his mother’s strange sounds more room to move around them. Soon the noises of skin smacking against skin, and her wet, squelching pussy, joined her odd whimpering moans. He grabbed her hips and found a rhythm. “This is ... ugh ... ugh ... right. This is ... good.”

“Brian ... ooohhhhhh ... Brian ... so deep ... Brian ... I can't think ... I can't think ... I can't do anything ... but brace myself ... for each of your ... eeeeeiiiiiii.” Another orgasm hit her.

A little while later, Brian didn't bother to announce that he was about to cum. It was clear she wasn't going to stop him. He had wondered how long before she took her proper place holding his seed. He had thought five or ten days. That had been way off. *It was inside an hour.* “Uuuggghhh ... uuuggghhh ... uuuggghhhhh.”

“Gggrrrrraaaaaa ... sssnnnnaaaaaa!” Darby gripped the blanket with white knuckles, her breasts swaying wildly underneath her. When she felt the heat of his stuff inside her womb, her sounds reached a new fever pitch. She arched her spine and climaxed with her son.

~~

April 8, 2015: Apartment 12C, the Marland family.

The book was in front of her eyes, but Carrie found that she couldn't remember what she'd been reading for pages and pages. Her mind was preoccupied. It was late at night, and she was in bed next to her snoring husband. She shook Gabe's shoulder. “What happened to our little boy? Joey's all grown up. I don't like it.”

“Hmmm?” Gabe rolled over and blearily opened his eyes. “What time is it?” His wife came into focus. She was propped up on her pillow, frowning, with a book on her lap.

“What happened to Joey, Gabe? He was hiding behind my skirts not that long ago. Now he's ... so wild.” Carrie closed the book and put it on the nightstand. She was wearing one of her husband's oversized t-shirts as pajamas.

“I don't know about that. You hardly ever wear skirts, babe.” Gabe wore more traditional pajamas. He pulled down the bottoms and rolled on top of her.

“Oh ... Gabe ... we already had sex tonight. We don't have to ...” She could feel his hardness bouncing against her belly and thighs as he got into position. She didn't stop him. Maybe some lovemaking would take her mind off of her motherly troubles. “I'm a little dry. Maybe ... um ... we should get ...”

“What was that ... about Joey?” Gabe pulled her panties to the side and entered his wife. As his hips got underway, he ran his hands over her strong, athletic body. He ended up reaching under her and gripping her ripe ass with both hands.

"It's just that ... ooohhhh ... I think Joey ... is having sex with his girlfriend." Carrie looked up at the ceiling with a preoccupied gaze. Her vagina was not quite lubricated, so it wasn't comfortable sex. But she knew it would be over soon.

"With ... ah ... ah ... that hot black chick ... from down the hall?" Gabe smiled at his wife.

"I wish ... you wouldn't talk like that." Carrie avoided her husband's eyes, putting her hands behind her knees to open more for him more. "Her name's Hani. You know that. And she's his ... ugh ... girlfriend."

"Can you imagine ... ah ... ah ... what she looks like ... naked ... with that dark skin? No wonder ... Joey's hitting that." Gabe was getting close, his hips speeding up.

"Don't be gross, honey. I just wish ... he wasn't in such a hurry to grow up." She turned her head and looked out the window. A whole city out there, and they had to move down the hall from the Dahir family. *Maybe Joey would be single if it wasn't for Hani.*

"Hurry ... to grow up? He's eighteen ... Carrie." Gabe was hanging on the edge of his orgasm. "Have you seen how much ... he's matured in the past ... few months? That black girl ... is really hot. He's a Marland ... he deserves to have her ... in the sack."

"Oh ... God ... Gabe." Carrie looked over at the dumb, pre-orgasmic expression on her husband's face. "You're not ... picturing them ... having sex ... are you? He's your son, and she's a teenager. That's so gross."

"Cumming ... babe." Gabe emptied himself in his wife.

Within a few minutes, her husband was snoring again. Quietly, Carrie got up to clean her vagina in the bathroom. As she walked, she caught herself chewing on her fingernails and stopped. She'd been doing more and more of that lately. She was really worried about Joe and talking with her husband hadn't helped at all.

~~

April 9, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

Uba stood at the front door wearing her hijab and dress, with her purse slung over her shoulder. She was torn. She needed to go into work. But her family had all just left the apartment. She was alone for the first time that day. She grabbed the handle but didn't turn it. Her hands were trembling. "I don't need it. I don't need it. I don't." She shook her head slowly as she moved away from the door and walked into the kitchen. She put her purse on the table and fished out her phone. She stared at it, hands still trembling.

“It’s just a sock. My son’s dirty sock.” She frowned at the phone. She could see her reflection in the glass. She looked tired and harried. She looked desperate. Glancing at the clock, she knew she was going to be late for work if she continued to vacillate.

“Okay, fine. But I’ll never do this again.” Uba turned on the phone and called the store. She told them she wasn’t feeling well and wouldn’t be coming in. The second she disconnected, her body was flooded with anticipatory pleasure. She put the phone down and rushed to her son’s room.

Of course, the place was a mess. She hunted first in his hamper, digging all the way to the bottom. When that didn’t work, she moved around the room, picking up clothes. She always told the twins, when you can’t find something, it’s time to clean. So, that’s what she did. She found the sock tucked into a corner by his desk. It was still wet and sticky. *It’s fresh!* Without thinking, her hand brought it to her nose, and she inhaled deeply. Her eyelids fluttered, her vagina gushed, and her nipples contracted and stiffened. Her body shuddered. This was what she needed. She needed to become part of his budding masculinity. It was okay, because nobody knew, and she wouldn’t skip work for it again. *I’m not doing anything wrong. People have hidden joys all the time.*

While she was busy rationalizing, she found herself rushing to his bed, lifting her dress, and pulling her panties down her legs. It had only been the day before when she’d started masturbating, and she was already more skilled with her vagina than her husband. Why did he ignore her clitoris? Now that she knew what the little button could do, it seemed silly of him.

Sock to her nose, legs in the air, she worked herself to orgasm after orgasm. By the time she was satisfied, several hours had passed. On trembling legs, she stood, picked up her panties, and put his sock in the hamper. Her whole body was buzzing. The world seemed a brighter, more magical place. As she stumbled to the bathroom, she couldn’t help but feel that things were finally right in her life. She was supposed to be surrounded by beguiling, musky masculinity.

While washing her hands, she regarded herself in the mirror. Uba had to admit that she was glowing. She washed her hands and removed her hijab. Still in her dress, she struck a seductive pose. “This is me,” she said to her reflection. “I have never been more a woman than I am today.” She dried her hands and wondered what she’d do with the rest of her day. She had hours until her family returned to the apartment. She didn’t have work. “I could go out for lunch,” she mused aloud. The thought appealed to her.

Back in the shower for the second time that morning, she hummed a happy melody to herself. Once clean and dry, she put on a new outfit. With a little hop to her step, she went to the kitchen, got her purse and phone, and walked to the front door. She paused with her fingers on the handle.

Looking over her shoulder, she could have sworn she heard a deep, male grunting noise. She listened but heard nothing again. The grunting had seemed so intimate and urgent. So, feral. It made her legs go to jelly and her mind swim. "I'm imagining what Abshir would sound like when he's ... um ..."

Her son's room seemed to be calling to her. She let go of the handle and ran to Abshir's hamper, racing for the sock. Soon, she was back on his bed, rubbing her button, with the smell of his spent seed in her nostrils. It was paradise.

## Chapter 13

### I'm Sorry for Trying to Hide it From You, Greg

April 15, 2015: Apartment 12C and 12E, the Marland and Dahir families.

"You're not dressed, Mom." Joe jogged into the living room in a t-shirt and shorts. He was wearing adequate under-support, but even so, he could see his mother give a concerned glance at his crotch.

Carrie turned off the Bible study podcast she was listening to and frowned. He was so strong and handsome. *This isn't right. Joey's supposed to be the black sheep. He's not like his brothers.* She cleared her throat. "I'm not going to go running with you. I changed my mind." She smoothed out her dress. "It's cold today."

"It's not *that* cold." Without hesitation, Joe reached down and lifted his mother into the air. He threw her over his shoulder. He held her by the backs of her thighs and carried her out of the room.

"Joey!" Carrie squealed and kicked her legs feebly. No man had ever handled her like that. "Put me down." Her brown hair hung over her eyes, obscuring the apartment as it spun and sped past her. When he tickled her belly, she couldn't help but laugh. "What are you doing? Put me down."

"As you command, my queen." Joe gently placed her on her bed, looking down upon her with supreme confidence.

Carrie's heart thumped. Her chest rose and fell rapidly. Tears welled in her eyes from laughing. She tried to frown at him but couldn't manage it. "Why ... did you bring me in here?" Carrie found that she liked what he'd done. It was so playful ... and strong. She liked it very much. "Why ... are you just staring at me ... Joey?"

"I brought you in here so you can get dressed. Hani is running with us today. I don't want you to miss it." He turned and headed to the door. "Throw on a sweatshirt over your running outfit, you'll be fine." He left her bedroom and closed the door.

"Oh ... okay." Carrie sat up, still panting. She found that her body was humming with excitement. "Okay ... I should spend some time with my son's girlfriend," she whispered to herself, while getting up to put on her running clothes.

Fifteen minutes later, Carrie was running through the park with Hani and Joe. It was a blessing to have Hani along. The young woman did not have the kind of endurance that the Marlands' had, so Joe jogged slowly for her. Usually, Carrie had to struggle to keep up with her son. Today, she was barely out of breath. "So ... Hani, what are you planning for ... after graduation?" Carrie glanced at the young woman. She was perhaps a little

jealous of Hani's curvy, eighteen-year-old body. Hani was wearing stretch pants and a tight top, and everything seemed to move exactly as it should. Carrie still kept in great shape, but she wouldn't ever be eighteen again.

Hani sucked in air, trying not to panic at the cramp that was terrorizing her side.

"After ... graduation, Hani?" Carrie smiled, pumping her arms as they plodded along the path.

"She's winded, Mom." Joe turned around and moved in front of his women, jogging backward to keep his eyes on them. "Hani, do you need to stop and take a breather?"

Hani shook her head and winced at the pain in her side. "We can't stop ... we need to ... slow down ... first." She tried to smile at her boyfriend, who was obviously showing off. She glanced at Carrie. It was embarrassing that a forty-nine-year-old lady was in better shape than her. And Carrie looked so slim in her tight running pants. Hani couldn't help but feel pudgy next to these two twigs. *In the future, don't date men from athletic families.* But of course, there were benefits. Joe had all those muscles that Hani couldn't keep her hands off of. *I need to answer Mrs. Marland's question in as few words as possible.* "Um ... NYU."

"Oh, that's a great school." Carrie smiled and launched into a long monologue about one of her friends that had graduated from NYU.

Hani was grateful that she wasn't called upon to talk any further.

~~

December 3, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family.

"Rachel's coming into the city for dinner tomorrow night, right? What's the plan?" Greg sat at the table with his wife and son. They had both been spacey and oddly giggly all evening. He scooped a dumpling onto his spoon and slurped it up. If he didn't know better, he would think they were on drugs.

"Oh, no ... Rachel?" Darby rubbed the back of her neck. "I'd forgotten. Shoot, she's coming in the early afternoon, isn't she?"

"Do you have other plans?" Greg glared at his wife.

"Plans? I don't know, Brian, did we have plans?" Darby blushed, giggled, and stared lovingly at her son.

Brian shrugged and laughed. "I had some music I wanted to play for you." He sipped his soup.

Darby's cheeks turned a deeper shade of crimson, and she giggled more. "I suppose ... it's fine if Rachel comes in. I'm really sore and ..." She snapped her mouth shut and stopped giggling. Her eyes turned to her husband. She remembered that Brian had told her she had to be intimate with Greg later. It wouldn't be easy. She really *was* sore from the dredging her son had given her. "I'm really sore, and I could use some time to rest with Rachel."

Greg narrowed his eyes. "Have you been working out again? You're clumsy, Darby. The last time you sprained your ankle?"

"It's okay. It's just a workout show on TV." She gave Brian a furtive glance.

"Shit, Mom. You might as well tell him." Brian slurped his soup loudly.

"What?" Greg paused with another dumpling on its way to his mouth. He put his spoon back in the bowl and scrutinized Darby some more. She looked guilty. What had she gotten herself into this time?

"Oh ... I'm sorry for trying to hide it from you, Greg." Darby's mind raced. She certainly wasn't going to tell him that she'd let their son bone her all day, even after the condom broke. "I ... um ... sprained my ankle again. I'm sorry."

Greg laughed. "Is that all?" He shook his head like he'd married a total klutz. "Well, it's no big deal. Don't hide things from me next time, though. And try to get exercise doing something safer."

Unprotected sex with her rockstar son wasn't in the least bit safe. Darby didn't think her blush could deepen anymore. Her cheeks felt like they were on fire. "I'll try," she squeaked.

Later that night, Darby put on the lingerie that Greg had bought her for her fortieth birthday. The garments were frilly, and silly, and she prayed they would make Greg want her. She knew Brian would grill her about it the next day before Rachel arrived, and she didn't want to let him down. She walked out into their bedroom, swaying her hips. She was pleased when Greg looked up with a startled expression and put down his phone. She gave him her most alluring smile. "Hey there, tiger."

"Hey yourself." Greg smiled right back at her.

They were quickly humping on top of the sheets. Darby cooed for her husband and shouted encouragement. She had been worried that her vagina was too sore for sex. But she found that her husband's size wasn't a problem. *I can barely feel him, thank goodness.* "Oh ... yes ... Greg ... that's the spot ... give it to me." It probably helped that

she was a sopping mess down there. She couldn't help thinking about all of Brian's sperm that was probably swimming around inside her at that very moment. The thought certainly opened the floodgates. "I'm safe right now ... you can finish inside." She wasn't safe to the best of her knowledge, but just in case the unthinkable happened and Brian's swimmers found their mark, she figured she better have her husband finish inside, too.

"Aaaahhhhhh ... Darby ... you're such a slut ... tonight." Greg was right on the edge. While he wasn't getting the sensation he normally got from his wife's vagina, her attitude was more than making up for it.

"Ooohhhh ... Greg ... yes ... yes ... yeesssss." She hoped she wasn't overacting. She tossed her head back and forth, trying to remember how she'd behaved when those orgasms had shattered her world earlier in the day. "Finish ... in me." *I won't have to trick Greg every night. I'll buy some bigger condoms for Brian tomorrow.* She gripped her husband's back as he unloaded inside her. It was a nice moment. She reminded herself that she loved this man. She had married this man. Things hadn't turned out in her family life how she'd expected, but she was sure she could juggle the two men she loved.

~~

April 16, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

The door's squeak woke Abshir, pulling him from a dream of galloping through an ancient forest. As he oriented himself to his room, he lay still. Without his glasses, she was a blur, but he knew his mother's shape in her long nightgown as she slipped through the gloom. She had a small flashlight, and she was sweeping the dim beam across his floor.

It was clear to Abshir what was happening. She was searching for his cum sock. Ever since he'd hatched the plan, his sock had moved while he was out. She hadn't had a chance that day, so he was sure she was coming into his room now to get her sniff on. The yellow light of her search bounced off her glasses as she tiptoed around his room. Abshir smiled. *She thinks she's so stealthy.*

After several tense minutes, Uba still hadn't found the sock that she knew had to be somewhere in the room. She was thrown into a panic every time she made a noise. Taking a deep breath, she tried to calm herself. *It's no big deal. I can tell him I was checking on him. I am his mother. Borrowing his sock is not harming anyone.* Finally, she found the little treasure near the drawn curtains. She snatched up the crusty thing

and turned off her flashlight. She snuck out of his room, quietly closed the door, and raced to the hallway bathroom. Her body buzzed with anticipation, pulse thundering in her ears. She slipped into the bathroom and locked the door.

Abshir waited a moment, put on his glasses, and crawled out of bed. He was naked, but didn't care who saw him like that. The apartment would be his, after all. The goddess had promised him a bevy. His mother, of course. Hani would be his, too. His heavy, flaccid cock swung between his legs as he opened his door and looked both ways down the hall. He could smell what his mother was doing in the bathroom. He could also hear her moans, and the splashing of her fingers in her pussy. Even without his heightened senses, he would have found her. There was a crack of light under the closed bathroom door.

*Oh, Mommy ... game over. You lost and you don't even know it yet.* He walked down the hall and leaned on the wall, enjoying her repressed noises of pleasure.

In the bathroom, Uba sat on the toilet lid, naked. Her nightgown was pooled on the tile floor with her panties. Her legs were spread, and her boobs jiggled on her chest with the motion of her thin arm. "Oooooohhhhhh ... uuuggggghhhhhhh." She grimaced, stifling the louder sounds that wanted to come out of her. It would be mortifying to wake the rest of the family with her shenanigans. *I could have waited until tomorrow.* But no, that wasn't an option. She needed to surround herself in her son's budding masculinity. It couldn't wait.

Hani woke with a start when she heard something in the hall. She had been dreaming of Joe's body and didn't appreciate the interruption. She rolled over. Then she heard the floorboard creek. *It's probably just Abshir going to the bathroom.* She was starting to fall asleep when there was a soft knock on her door. She dragged herself out of bed, put on her glasses, and stumbled across the room. She was wearing an oversized flannel shirt and panties. The shirt was buttoned, and it was long enough to give her enough modesty around her family.

When his sister's door opened, Abshir nodded his head. "I think something's wrong with Mom. Come here."

"What are you ...?" Hani was distracted by the red hue of his eyes. She turned to see what was reflecting off his glasses. When she turned back to him, the red light was gone. The distraction removed, she noticed he was naked. And he was hung like a horse. "What the fuck?" She whispered, shook her head, and went back to looking her brother in the eyes. *I'm fucking out of it. Is this another dream?* Her brother had a stupid, cocky grin on his face. "Put some clothes on before I find a heavy purse to fucking smash your little peepee with."

Involuntarily, Abshir covered his junk with his hands. He didn't like the gleam in his sister's eyes. "Fine. But while I'm changing, listen at the bathroom door and tell me what it sounds like."

He scurried back to his room. When he returned to the hall wearing pants, he found Hani with her ear pressed to the bathroom door. Her wide eyes were the only part of her that stuck out in the gloom. He walked up to her. "Did you -?"

Hani cut him off with a finger to her lips. She grabbed her brother's arm and pulled him back to her room. Once the door was closed, she pointed her finger at him. "What the hell? You wake me up in the middle of the night to hear Mom frigging herself?"

"I thought -"

"Newsflash, idiot, I don't want to hear that shit." She pinched the bridge of her nose and shook her head. "You fucking knew she wasn't in trouble. Is this some sort of revenge on her for when she smashed your dick? Guess what? You deserved it. And I don't care if Mom makes herself happy."

"But I -"

"Zip your fucking creepy ass lips, Abshir." Hani waved her finger back and forth. "You're in a tailspin, bro. You've been off for months. Start acting like your old self. Less cock swinging. More video games. Less pervying on Mom. More ... nerdy shit that you used to do."

"My bevy will -"

"Zip your fucking lips and leave Mom alone." She grabbed his shoulders, turned him around, opened her door, and shoved him into the hall. She gave him one last stern stare and shut the door in his face.

Abshir frowned as he walked back to his room. He could hear his mother valiantly trying to keep her voice down while cumming. He passed the bathroom, went back to his room, and slid into bed. As he fell back to sleep, he was filled with an oddly familiar feeling: doubt. It used to be with him all the time, but this was the first visit from it in a long while. He decided he didn't like it at all. Before school tomorrow he'd go down to the basement. He was sure Oganse would make him feel better.

~~

February 7, 1955: Apartment 14B, the Norwood family.

"I'm confused. Where's Mr. Berger?" Marcus Wilkins sat in his study, his wife standing by his side. The servants had just led Elizabeth and Natalie into the room. "Is he delayed?"

"Good day, Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins." Elizabeth nodded to each and took a seat in an armchair by the roaring fire. She beckoned Natalie to come over and stand by her. "Mr. Berger was kind enough to set this meeting. But I didn't think he needed to join us. I didn't bring a lawyer either. This is my assistant, Mrs. Creech."

Natalie nodded to the owners of 3838 Walnut Street.

"But ... how will we review your paperwork without Mr. Berger?" Marcus took out a cigarette and lit it.

"I brought only a simple contract for sale. Very easy to understand. Problem solved." Elizabeth gave them a warm smile.

"Well, um ... Mr. Berger said that you had an overwhelming offer for Walnut Street. I think you know that we're not inclined to sell. Any offer would really need to move the dial. Right, dear?" He looked up at his wife.

"Yes, indeed." Susan smiled and nodded. Her auburn hair bounced with the motion. "I think so." Whenever her husband addressed her, she knew she was called on to agree. "Would either of you ladies care for some coffee? We have French press. It's all the rage."

"That's very kind of you, Mrs. Wilkins. I am ... thirsty." Elizabeth studied the woman. Susan was a little plump and quite timid. She would make a splendid follower if it came to that. "I'll have some coffee." Elizabeth watched Susan run off to fetch their drinks. She admired the flare from Susan's waist out to her hips. "Do you have any children, Mr. Wilkins?"

"I don't see how that has anything to do with our building." Marcus steepled his hands, trying to keep them from trembling. There was something off about these pale, unfashionable women. They were wearing dresses that looked to be from the 30s.

"No need to be snippy." Elizabeth maintained her warm smile.

When the servants and Susan returned with coffee, Susan served her guests. "Oh!" She was surprised when Elizabeth patted her butt. "I ... I ... never."

"Forgive me, I was just checking." Elizabeth sipped the coffee. It was good.

"Did you just ...?" Marcus stared dumbfounded at Elizabeth. He reached out a protective arm to his wife when she returned to her standing position next to his chair. "Did she just ...?"

Susan nodded her head and looked down at her husband with startled eyes.

Elizabeth let out a long sigh. "I forget sometimes how things work on the outside.

Anyway, down to business." She made several solid offers and was rebuffed.

Disappointed, she considered her options. It would be best if she didn't need to turn the wild on every person she came in contact with. Not, at least, until the goddess was free.

But her dealings often came to that point. She looked up at Natalie. "Please lock the door, Mrs. Creech. I think our negotiations may need a good deal of privacy."

~~

December 4, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family.

"Have a great day, honey." Darby kissed her husband on the cheek and watched him leave the apartment. The second he was gone, she retrieved her purse. She would give Greg about ten minutes to make sure he cleared the building. Then, she'd run out to the store, buy some large condoms, and return to wake Brian. She stood by the door, watching the clock and tapping her foot. She wore a sweater, jeans, sneakers, and a modest amount of makeup.

When enough time had passed, she opened the door and raced for the elevator. She was looking down at the pleasing geometric patterns in the carpet when she heard a woman scream. Her steps came to an abrupt halt, and she looked up. In front of her, there were two boys dressed like it was the mid-fifties. It was so strange. She felt like a kid again, seeing those outfits. And then ... to her shock and horror ... one boy bit the other one on the neck, ripping out his flesh. She heard a woman's scream again and realized that this time it was her own. Blood sprayed and spilled in the hall. The bitten boy collapsed.

Behind the grisly scene, a giant wolf leapt out of the elevator, turning its red glare upon Darby. She just about fainted on the spot. She saw that the remaining boy and the lupin thing behind him shared the same evil eyes. Both were gazing murder upon her. She turned and fled back to her apartment, not daring to look back. She dug her key out of her purse with a trembling hand and stuck it in the lock. A terrible howl filled the hallway. Darby opened the door, flung herself inside, and slammed the door behind her. She turned the deadbolt and ran to the kitchen telephone. She dialed 911, but the line was dead. She tried again and again, but couldn't get a dial tone.

"What's all the noise?" Brian walked into the kitchen and stretched his arms. He was only wearing his briefs, and they did little to conceal his morning wood. The knobby top of his dick was well above his waistline and bounced a little as he moved.

“Oh ... Brian ... it was terrible ... the hall ... the blood ... the wolf.” Darby dropped the phone and ran to her son, hugging him tightly.

*Wolf?* Why did that word send a chill down his spine? Brian separated himself from his mother, walked to the door, and opened it a little. He stuck his head out and slowly exhaled. There was no wolf. No blood. Just a normal, empty hall. He ducked back into the apartment and locked the door. “It’s fine, Mom. There’s nothing there.”

“Are you sure?” Darby didn’t want to check the hall for herself. She pulled her son into another hug, putting her cheek on his hard, warm chest. “The thing meant us harm. I could tell. The look in its eyes was ... evil. It really was there ... you have to believe me.”

“I believe you, Mom.” The strange thing was that he did believe her. He wasn’t sure how harm could come to him in this building. Not with Ogganse looking over him. But somehow, he suddenly felt much less safe. He gripped his mother tighter. It was a good thing he had her, because who else would he rather turn to but his mother? He needed her to love him, to reassure him. His hands fell to her ass, and soon they were kissing.

“Mmmppphhh.” Darby’s tears dried, but her mascara had already run down her cheeks. As she melted into him, her mind let go of the horror she had witnessed. She made out with her son for a long time, relishing the passion and desire in his touch. She let him undress her, even though he ripped her sweater in his excitement. When they were both naked, he turned her around and pushed her up against the wall. She felt the solid weight of his thing as he bounced it off her butt cheek. That made her remember the purpose of her failed shopping trip. “Wait ... no ... no ... condom.” She pushed him away and headed toward her bedroom. At least her husband’s condoms offered some protection. Maybe the next one wouldn’t break.

“Forget it, Mom. My dick’s too big.” Brian tried to push her back against the wall, but she spun away from him. He chased her down the hall. “Forget it.”

“Yesterday will be the only time we have unsafe sex, Brian.” Darby entered her room, her son hot on her heels.

Brian knew she was wrong. If the day before hadn’t happened, he might have let her put a condom on him again, biding his time. But he now knew he had her. She was hooked. It was game over. In her bedroom, he grabbed her around the waist, picked her up, and roughly tossed her onto his parents’ bed.

“Oof.” Darby bounced on her belly awkwardly. “You’re so strong.” Before she could get up, he was pressing her face down into her husband’s side of the bed. “Wait ... wait ... Brian ... we can’t.” Her voice was muffled by the mattress. He had one hand holding the back of her neck, the other pushed her legs together. Was he planning on taking her in a prone position? That would be another thing she’d never done with Greg. “Condom.”

“The building will protect us. But we can’t use condoms. Not anymore. Not with you. Not with Sylvie. Not with Rachel.” Brian lined up his cock. The shape of her ass and the view of her pussy from that position tugged at the primal parts of his brain.

“With Rachel? What are you ...?” Her mind swam as he entered her. She was still sore from the day before, but the pain was brief. “Oooohhhhhhhhhhh.” Pleasure surged from deep inside her as he pressed his penis all the way inside and began rutting her.

“Do you still ... want that condom ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... Mom?” Brian wound his finger in her black, silky hair, pulling her head up a little, asserting control over the founding member of his bevy.

“No ... no ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... it’s okay ... it would only ... break ... on your big thing ... uuuuggghhhhh ... anyway.” Darby gripped her husband’s pillow in both hands. *What would Greg say if he found out I used his pillow to brace myself while Brian showed me a new sex position?* “Ohhhhh ... Brian ... you’re really hitting deep ... ah ... ah ... ah ... from back there. I ... um ... I ... don’t care about anything ... else ... ggaaaaaaa ... mmmooooooo ... arrrrggggg.” She had tried to say, *Just hump me*. But it seemed her capacity for human speech had left her again. She knew she was screaming the nonsense that came out of her mouth. But it was true, she didn’t care about anything. Not even the neighbors. Not even that her daughter was scheduled to show up at the apartment soon. Not even the murder and wolf she’d seen in the hallway.

~~

February 7, 1955: Apartment 14B, the Norwood family.

“Okay ... okay ... I’ll sign ... just please ... stop debasing my wife.” Marcus struggled against Natalie’s grip, but the woman was unnaturally strong. He was seated in the corner of his study. A contract for the sale of 3838 Walnut Street was on the side table next to him.

“It’s ... okay ... Marcus ... at first I was ... ooohhhhhh ... worried ... but now ...” Susan was on all fours on her husband’s desk. She was naked, and Elizabeth, who was still dressed, was behind her. The woman’s long tongue squirmed deep in Susan’s vagina. It was going to make her have another one. She just knew it. “Oooohhhhhh ... Marcus ... I didn’t know ... I didn’t ... aaaaahhhhhhhhh.”

“Sign the document.” Natalie loosened her grip enough to let him grab the pen. When he tried to stab her with it, she banged his head on the side table. Blood smeared the contract, and her prisoner slumped in his chair, unconscious. The two women at the

desk didn't notice the change in Marcus's condition. "Um ... mistress ... a moment please?" Natalie raised her hand.

With a loud slurp, Elizabeth removed her tongue from Susan's vagina. She looked over at their would-be seller. "Mrs. Creech. Now what are we to do?" She frowned.

Susan's mind cleared as she stared over at her husband. "Marcus? Marcus? Oh, heavens!" She tried to get off the desk, but her legs were too wobbly. She fell to the floor and blubbered her husband's name.

"He'll be fine, Mrs. Wilkins." Elizabeth tucked her skirt under her and dropped to her knees. She pushed Susan onto her back and spread her legs. "Honestly, when I'm done with you, you'll barely remember his name." Elizabeth let her tongue uncoil out of her mouth. It was a good foot long and incredibly dexterous. With a wet squelch, it reentered Susan's crevasse.

"Oh ... Marcus ... wake up ... I ... ohhhhhh ..." Susan thrashed on the floor, her breasts bouncing and jiggling from side to side across her chest. "Oooohhhh ... Marcus ... she's going to make meeeeeee ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii!" Her eyes rolled back, and she was seized by another orgasm.

## Chapter 14

### The Same Species as His Wife

December 4, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family.

Rachel knocked and waited. She looked around the twelfth-floor hallway and shivered. The wallpaper, lamps, and carpet were all clean and tasteful, with pleasing Art Deco patterns. The doors seemed to be original; their details were charming. She wasn't sure why, but the space gave her the creeps. She rang the doorbell and knocked again. "Mom?" She had called her mom that morning to confirm their plans, but had gotten the answering machine. "Mom?" She knocked again.

It was odd letting herself into this apartment. She'd never lived here. But it was her family residence now. And she didn't want to disturb the neighbors by banging on the door all day. She pulled the spare key her mom had given her out of her purse and let herself into the apartment. "Mom?"

"Hello, sweetie." Darby walked quickly to the front door with a manic smile on her face.

"Hey." Rachel looked at her mother with narrowed eyes. Darby had a sheen of sweat on her. Her sweater was torn down the front, showing no bra and plenty of cleavage. She wasn't wearing anything on her lower half, although the hem of the sweater was low enough that Rachel couldn't see if she was wearing short shorts or something. But that would be weird for her mother. Also, as her mother closed the distance between them, she noticed that Darby was waddling, like she'd been riding a horse all day. "Are you exercising again, Mom? You know you always hurt yourself."

Darby's grin widened. "You caught me. I was exercising again. And I sprained my ankle." She hugged her daughter tightly. *Brian's wrong. There's no way Rachel will join in.* She pushed her daughter away, holding her at arm's length. Darby studied her daughter closely, seeing her in an entirely new light. "Why are you making that face?"

"Honestly, you're stinky, Mom." Rachel waved her hand in front of her nose. "You smell like sweaty balls."

"Rachel! Watch your language." Darby let go of her daughter and sniffed her armpit. "I do smell ripe, sorry." *Of course I'm stinky. I've been boning Brian all morning. Oh, my gosh. I probably do smell like sweaty balls!* "I'll go take a shower. Make yourself at home, sweetie." Darby quickly waddled back to her bedroom. She closed the door after her. She could hear the shower running in the master bath. She opened the door and steam billowed out. "Brian, remember what I said about running the exhaust fan while taking a shower. This isn't a sauna." She turned on the fan and pulled off her sundered sweater. "I don't suppose you'll mind if I join you?"

"I don't mind, Mom." Brian opened the shower curtain for her. He smiled at his gorgeous mother as she bent to remove her panties. He loved the way her tits hung and giggled when she leaned forward. His dick lurched and began to rise.

"Your sister is here." Darby caught sight of his growing erection. "So, you'll have to keep your hands off me. We can mess around some more tomorrow if you want." She stepped into the steamy shower.

"Sure, Mom. I'll keep my hands to myself." He grabbed a bar of soap and started lathering her. His dick pressed into her wonderfully wide hip.

"I'm serious, pumpkin. No more fooling around today." Darby tried to frown at him, but had trouble fighting the smile on her face. "I can wash myself, thank you."

"Sure, Mom." Brian moved up her torso, hefting her tits as he washed them.

A few minutes later, he had her up against the tiled wall, plowing away at her pussy.

~~

February 17, 1955: Apartment 14B, the Norwood family

"Pass me the salt, dear." Marcus had a bandage on his forehead. He sat at one end of their dining table, his wife at the other.

"You can come and get it." Susan smiled warmly at her husband.

"But ... you should bring it here." Marcus frowned at her, trying not to remember what she'd done with that horrible woman.

"No. I think not." Susan shook her head and sipped her cocktail. "You know, it's so freeing to disagree with you."

"Well, I hope you don't make a habit of it." He got up, walked over to the other side of the table, retrieved the salt, and returned to his place. "We need to put that horrible incident behind us. That woman practically robbed us. We should have gone to the authorities." His soup now properly seasoned, he sipped it from a spoon.

"I'd agree but for the photographs. Another set arrived in the mail today," she said.

"You didn't tell me." Marcus's face turned red. "Did you destroy them?"

"Yes, dear." Now, it seemed that Susan only agreed with her husband when she was lying to him.

"I pray we never see that woman again. What if she blackmails us? Now, it's just to keep silent. But she'll eventually want money." Marcus put down his spoon. His hand was shaking too much to properly serve himself.

"I don't think Mrs. Norwood is interested in money. She has her building now, and I think she's happy." Susan chewed on her bottom lip, thinking about how that long tongue felt inside her. Nothing else in her life could compare. "Actually, Mrs. Norwood has invited us to visit. Did you know her assistant, Mrs. Creedy, has been the building's superintendent for some time? Our management company hired her some years ago. She was responsible for adding that artwork to the lobby. Those strange ladies appear to have been running the place even before we sold it to them. Anyway, Mrs. Norwood is adding more carvings to the lobby and would like us to be there for the dedication."

"Not in a million years." Marcus shivered. He tried in vain not to remember the way his wife looked screaming on the end of Elizabeth's vile tongue.

"Well, let me know if you change your mind. The ceremony is on March 8th. I plan to be there." Susan smiled at how silly he looked. Her poor husband was almost turning purple. *Is he having some sort of impotent fit?* "Of course, I'll spend the night. No sense taking a day trip to the city."

Marcus stood and marched out of the dining room.

Susan shrugged and ate her soup.

~~

December 4, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family.

The doorbell rang. Rachel put down her book, got up, and went to answer it. "Hello, Mrs. Kim." She was surprised to find her mother's friend waiting in the hall. "Mom's in the shower. Want to come in?"

"Rachel! I didn't expect you to be here today." Sylvie stepped into the apartment. She was beside herself with embarrassment. It had taken all her nerve accepting Brian's invitation. She had thought they would make music together again. But with his sister there, she decided that she must have been mistaken. Her cheeks heated, and she pulled her blouse up a bit, hiding more of the exposed skin on her upper chest.

"I think Mom forgot I was coming, too." Rachel shrugged, trying to hide her disappointment. She thought her visit was supposed to be just family. "That's a fancy outfit. Are you going someplace later today?"

“Sorry to keep you waiting, Rachel. Was someone at the door?” Darby waddled into the entryway. Her hair was still wet, but she was dressed and smiling broadly. “Oh, Sylvie. What are you doing here?”

“Brian invited me.” Sylvie grimaced. “This was a mistake. I should leave and –”

A trumpet version of The Cure’s Friday, I’m in Love blared from across the apartment.

“Oh, jeez. I didn’t know Brian was home.” Rachel put her hands to her ears.

Darby rushed to grab her purse. She picked up Rachel’s, too. She kissed Sylvie on the cheek. “Good luck!” Darby grabbed her daughter by the hand and led her out of the apartment.

When they were out of the apartment, Rachel felt her mother’s hand tighten in hers. The viselike grip nearly cracked her bones. Rachel studied her mother’s pale face. “You look terrified, Mom.” They walked to the elevator, Darby moving slowly with her unusual, crabby gait. “Why did we leave Mrs. Kim with Brian? Why do you look like you’ve seen a ghost?”

“Everything’s okay, Rachel.” Darby stopped in front of the elevator. There was no giant wolf. There were no 1950s boys murdering each other. *Maybe I did imagine it.* She looked for blood on the carpet, but didn’t see any. “Sylvie wanted to hear Brian play his music. Your brother’s music is becoming very popular.” The elevator chimed and Darby cringed. But when the doors opened, the car was empty. She sighed with relief. “Come on, I’ll treat you to some coffee or something.” She pulled Rachel into the elevator.

“You’re freaking me out.” Rachel didn’t know what to think, but she followed her mother into the elevator. They went out for coffee, and Rachel didn’t get any concrete answers about what was going on.

~~

April 20, 2015: Apartment 12C, the Marland family.

“I’m home.” Carrie was happy to be home. It had been a tiring day volunteering with the church. They had been feeding the homeless. She was sure it was the right thing to do, but still, it exhausted her to no end.

“Hello, Mrs. Marland.” Hani appeared, gave Carrie a sheepish smile, and rushed past her out of the apartment. “Goodbye, Mrs. Marland.”

“Goodbye.” Carrie could smell the sex wafting off the young woman. It smelled different than the intimate time Carrie had with her husband. That smelled heavy of the Kama

Sutra oil they used. But with the eighteen-year-olds, she could smell something tangy and pungent. Carrie's nostrils flared as the door closed. Hani was gone, but her scent lingered. It made Carrie's tummy feel funny. "I really need to put my foot down about Hani," she mumbled to herself. "This is still my apartment. Our apartment. Gabe and I. It's ours and ..."

"Hey, Mom. What's up?" Joe strolled into the kitchen like he owned the place.

"Were you having sex with Hani?" Carrie put her hands on her hips and tried to look formidable.

"No." Joe shook his head and smiled. "Can you make me a sandwich?"

Carrie started toward the refrigerator and stopped. He was so charming lately. So charming that she'd almost done exactly what he said. "You're old enough to make your own sandwich." She put her hands back on her hips and looked at him. "I know you're lying about Hani. Are you using the condoms I bought you? I'm too young to be a grandmother."

"We're honestly not having sex. She says I'm too big for her." Joe shrugged. It should have terrified him to say anything about his dick to his mother, but he felt completely at ease.

"You *are* pretty tall, but I'm not sure ..." A vertical line creased her forehead as she lapsed into confusion. "You're only like half a foot taller than her. I mean, if you're not having sex, as your mother, I'm not complaining." She looked over at the picture on the fridge. He had been so innocent. Now, she was talking about illicit things with him. "I'm not complaining, but I don't see how your height ..."

"She likes how tall I am, Mom. She's worried about my dick. When we go jogging, you've noticed it bouncing around, right?" Joe went to the fridge and pulled out fixings for a sandwich. "I've got a big one. I was a late bloomer, let me tell you, but now, I wonder ..." He closed the fridge and grabbed some bread. "Did you ever have any similar problems with Dad? Maybe you can help me get over the hump with Hani." He laughed at his own joke. "Mom?" Joe turned around. His mother wasn't in the kitchen anymore. He chuckled to himself. *I guess that was too much for her. I wonder, is a son talking to his mother about his dick the craziest thing that ever happened in this apartment?* He made his sandwich and then happily ate it while taking in the view.

~~

December 4, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family.

“Oh ... gosh ... oh ... gosh ...” Sylvie watched her friend’s son move toward her down the hall, thrusting his hips and blowing his soul into the trumpet.

Brian danced into the living room. He looked around the room and removed the trumpet from his mouth. “Where’s Mom and Rachel?”

“They went out.” Sylvie was staring at the head of his knobby penis. He was so turgid down there, and ... veiny. She had a hard time believing that she’d actually put that thing in her mouth.

“Out’?” Brian ran a hand through his black hair. “Lame.” He caught her staring and his smile returned. “But you’re rad, Mrs. Kim. You dressed up for me! Are you wearing fancy underwear, too?”

Sylvie nodded her head. She wanted to look up and meet his eyes. They were having a conversation after all. But her gaze stopped on his abs, then rolled back down to his penis.

“I’ve already cum a lot today, so we can skip the blowjob.” He laughed when he saw her expression fall. “Don’t worry. I’m just saving it up. We’re going to fuck today.”

“I ... I ... I ...” Sylvie wasn’t sure how to address someone so crass.

“But first, we’re going to dance. Dance for me, Mrs. Kim.” Brian put the trumpet back to his lips. Pretty soon, they were both dancing around the living room.

Sylvie couldn’t believe the way she was gyrating her hips, jumping on the sofa, and whipping her hair. It was ridiculous. She was ridiculous. And she loved it! They carried on for more than a half-hour. When she howled with glee, the teenager suddenly stopped playing.

Brian stared at her with wide eyes. They were both sweating and panting. “Don’t make that sound. I don’t like it.” He looked around the room like something might be stalking him, but it was still just the two of them.

“Oh ... I’m sorry ... Brian.” Sylvie worked hard to catch her breath. The mood had so quickly changed in the room. “I won’t ... be so loud.”

“You can scream, Mrs. Kim. Just ... don’t howl.” He put down the trumpet, leapt across the living room, and lifted her in his arms.

“Ohhhh ... how did you jump so far?” She melted into his grasp. “You’re so strong.” Sylvie was relieved to see the grin back on his face. The mood had shifted again, this time for the better. She let him hold her like a bride. She circled her arms around his neck. “I feel like I’m ... on the cover of one of those romance novels. And you’re even more handsome ... than Fabio.” She felt his strong, lithe muscles press against her

through her clothes. She wanted to kiss him, but that would be crazy. "If Barry saw me right now, he wouldn't recognize me."

"If you think that now, wait fifteen minutes." Brian laughed and carried her to his room.

Twenty minutes later, Sylvie was on her hands and knees. She was wearing only her lingerie. Her hands clutched the sheet below her. Her body was taut and strained, both because of another orgasm about to boil over, and because she was having a hard time bracing against the teenager's long, heavy strokes. They would have to invent a new word for what they were doing, because this wasn't anything like what her understanding of sex was. "Oooohhhhhh ... my ... gggooosssshhhhhh." When he grabbed her hair and pulled her head so that she was staring at his Nirvana poster, her ecstasy exploded. "Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii," she screamed her head off.

"You're in ... my bevy now ... Mrs. Kim." Brian gripped a handful of her ass with the hand not holding her hair. He was used to more of a handhold with his mother, but he didn't mind. He liked Sylvie's slimmer body just fine. "It's rad ... having variety ... in my bevy. I like ... uuuggghhhh ... fucking you." His body convulsed, and he lost his rhythm for a moment. His hips found their tempo again, only to lose it with another shudder. "Shit ... I'm about to ... cum in you ... Mrs. Kim."

"Ohhhh ... goooosssshhhhhhhh," was all Sylvie could reply. Her eyes rolled back. She had come to this apartment today ready to give herself to this freak of nature. And she had done just that. If Barry could see her now, he might not even recognize her as the same species as his wife. "Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii." She felt the heat of the teenager's seed fill her, and her brain shut down. All she could think or feel was white, hot ecstasy.

When Darby and Rachel returned to the apartment several hours later, everything was quiet. "Sylvie must have gone home. I'll check on your brother."

"Are we leaving soon?" Rachel sat in the living room and looked out at the park. It was odd how the gargoyles in this building looked in through the windows. Rachel shivered and focused on the view.

"Yes, Rachel." Darby opened her son's door and peeked in. She gasped and quickly looked down the hall to make sure Rachel wasn't following her. Satisfied that she was alone, she stepped into the room. Brian was lying on his side in bed. Sylvie was splayed out like a rag doll on the floor. They were apparently both asleep. Unlike the last time they'd had Sylvie over, she wasn't covered in sperm. Darby could see between the woman's legs, so she knew that Brian had emptied himself inside her. Sylvie's poor vagina was yawning wide and oozing white stuff. Her once neat triangle of black hair was messy and matted with seed. Darby hoped that the puddle forming under her wouldn't stain the floor. She sighed. Brian had always been such a clean boy. But not anymore. He was too ... wild.

If it wasn't for Rachel's presence in the apartment, Darby would have taken Sylvie to the shower. As it was, she woke up her friend and helped her wipe up and get dressed. Sylvie asked hardly any questions. She looked dazed and exceedingly happy.

"I'm going to need you to stay in Brian's room until we leave for dinner. I don't want Rachel to know what happened." Darby sat her friend in Brian's desk chair. "I think he wants to do it to Rachel, and I..." Darby paused. It was difficult to admit what she'd done with her son, even when Sylvie had now done the same thing. "I'm going to wake him up now and get him ready for dinner. Please don't ... um ... entice Brian. We need to meet Greg at Cho's in a half-hour."

Sylvie nodded. "Do you ... um ... want me to lock up when I leave?" She checked her watch. She was late meeting her own husband, it seemed.

"Just turn the lock on your way out." Darby tried not to think about Brian's little seeds moving inside Sylvie even as they spoke. If she dwelled on it, she would start gushing again, and they would never get to dinner. She walked over to the bed and shook her son. "Okay, Brian. Time to wake up."

~~

April 28, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

"Where is it? Where is it?" Uba went through her son's hamper, tossing his clothes onto the floor. When it was empty, she crawled on her hands and knees, carefully checking for crusty socks. There were none to be found. Just normal laundry, including sweaty socks. She didn't care about those. It was awkward crawling in her long dress, but she did it anyway, working her way around the room, searching in every corner and crevasse.

After an exhaustive search, she sat on her butt in the middle of her son's messy room. "It's my fault. I told him not to touch it, and he's finally listened to me." Her voice was soft and forlorn in the quiet room. "What do I do?" This was the third day in a row that she hadn't found a used sock. She deeply regretted doing laundry so recently. Slowly, she stood and cleaned Abshir's room. She didn't want him to know that she'd turned it over looking for treasure.

When she was done with the room, she rushed to the bathroom to masturbate. But it wasn't the same without the scent of Abshir's sperm. Her orgasms were meager and flat, even with all the techniques she'd taught herself that month. When she finally gave up on pleasing herself, she pulled up her panties, pulled down her dress, and washed her hands. Her reflection looked on edge.

Later that night, Uba was washing up at the sink after dinner. Her daughter was reading at the table. Her men were somewhere else in the apartment. When Taban came up behind her and took a handful of her butt, she shivered, hoping that her husband's attention would scratch her itch. "I like that, Taban."

"Would you also like to have some special time tonight?" Taban whispered in her ear.

"Yes, please." Uba wiggled her butt at him and nodded fiercely. She turned the sink off, opened the dishwasher, and bent over to load it. "Oh!" She gave a little yelp when her husband slapped her bottom.

"Get a room, you two!" Hani closed her book, got up, and left the room in a huff.

"Sounds like a plan." Taban took his wife's hand and pulled her.

"But the dishes ..." Uba didn't know why she was protesting. She desperately wanted Taban to satisfy her. And he was about to do just that.

"You can do them later." Taban dragged her by the hand to their bedroom.

Seven minutes later, Taban was on top of his wife, grunting out his climax.

"Ohhhhh ... Taban." Uba was on her back, her hands holding his shoulders. Tears of frustration streamed out of the sides of her eyes, disappearing into her hair.

"Ah ... that was ... good." Taban lifted himself and looked at his wife's lovely face. "You're crying ... huh? I'm that good ... I guess."

"Yes ... Taban ... that was wonderful." She lied. When he rolled off her, she offered to dispose of his condom. In the bathroom, she dripped her husband's semen onto the palm of her hand and held it to her nose. She curled her lip. It wasn't the same as Abshir's. It was worse than a poor substitute. It was an insult to teenage spunk. She quickly disposed of the condom, washed her hands, and freshened up.

Uba went back to the dishes. As she cleaned and ordered the kitchen, her mind burned with thoughts of her son's semen. She moved into the living room to put on some television. But she couldn't concentrate. She sat staring at the screen, thinking about spoiled socks. Her husband went to bed. Her children went to bed. And she sat and sat, trying to decide what to do. She remembered the weight and feel of her son's wrinkly balls. He was so full of life. And then she fixated on the heft of his penis, the bumpy protuberance of his veins on her fingertips. She should never have given him those sex lessons. But she didn't know at the time that she would turn into an addict. She didn't know that those touches would haunt her.

It was late when she stood, turned off the TV, and switched off the lights. She adjusted her glasses. It was still light in the room, New York was right outside the window. She walked down the hall, intending to ready herself for bed. But she surprised herself when

she passed her room. Her mind still drowning in thirst for sperm, she opened her son's door, slipped into his room, and closed the door behind her.

She opened the bottom drawer of his dresser, fished out a clean sock, and walked to his bed. She shook her son awake.

"Mom?" Abshire tried not to smile as she pulled him out of his dreams. This was what he'd been waiting for. And it had only taken three days. "You want my dick?"

"What? No!" Uba frowned down at him. "I brought you a sock. You can touch yourself." She tossed the sock onto his blanket above his chest.

"You said I wasn't supposed to touch myself." Abshir grabbed his glasses from his nightstand and put them on.

"I was wrong." She folded her arms.

"I haven't fapped for several days." He sat up, keeping the blanket on his lap.

"If 'fapped' means what I think it means, I know you haven't." Uba rolled her eyes. She was trying to play it cool, but her hands were trembling. "I'll leave now, so you can touch yourself."

"How do you know I haven't fapped?" Abshir couldn't hold back his grin. She was so wonderfully transparent. He hadn't forgotten how she'd violently rebuffed him. For revenge, he was going to make her squirm. She would be begging him before it was over.

"I ... um ... a mother just knows these things." Uba started toward the door and stopped. "I read some more books on healthy teenagers. And you need to touch yourself, Abshir. I'm sorry, I was wrong about it before."

"No, I think you were right. I felt great these past few days," he said. "Haven't you noticed my attitude?"

"No." This wasn't true. She had noticed he'd been more chipper and helpful lately. "You're eighteen. It's healthy for young men to ... um ... ejaculate. The books said you'll get backed up if you don't."

"Which books?"

"Books I ... um ... read in the library." Uba gave an exasperated sigh. *Am I really arguing that he masturbate when he actually likes abstinence? What kind of mother am I?*

"If you want to give me some more sex education, you can touch it." Abshir pulled down the blanket. His cock was barely constrained by his underwear.

Uba gasped. She took a step toward him then two steps back. "No ... no ... just ... touch yourself." She turned for the door.

“Wait, Mom.” Abshir pulled down his underwear, pressed his dick into his belly, and lifted his balls for her to see. “I think you need to inspect them again.”

“No ... Abshir ... we already did that. They’re healthy.” While holding the door handle, she looked over her shoulder. She wasn’t weak enough to touch him again. She only needed another sock. That was all. “You can look at pornography while you unload yourself if you want. You have my permission. Goodnight.” Uba raced out of the room before she did something really stupid.

Before bed, she masturbated furiously in her bathroom. But, again, it fell flat. Where before, she had climbed mighty peaks, now, her orgasms were more like boring, rolling hills.

Tense and frustrated, she finally slipped into bed next to her husband. It took Uba a long time to fall asleep.

## Chapter 15

### You and I Will Be Very Good Friends

December 13, 1993: Apartment 9B: Diary of Rosalin Eklund.

This is it. I've held out as long as I can. The phone doesn't work. I can't jump. The food is all gone. If I wait any longer, I'll weaken, and leaving will get even harder. I'm going to have to try for the front door.

Brian already knocked on my door today, so I doubt I'll run into him. Elizabeth hasn't made her daily visit yet, but it's getting late, and I can't wait for her to come and leave. There are days where she doesn't knock at all. Maybe this is one of those days. I certainly want to avoid using my pistol. But that woman is clearly the cult leader. If she comes at me, I WILL put her in the ground.

Mr. Glaeser, if I don't get out and you find this diary, I'm sorry I failed. I tried. I wish you had come to check up on me.

~~

December 13, 1993: Apartment 12C: Rosalin Eklund.

Rosalin wrapped her diary in plastic and carefully placed it in the hidden nook she'd created in the bathroom. She replaced the loose tile in front of the nook, wondering if someone would find it someday.

She needed to prepare herself.

Rosalin put on her jeans, socks, and boots. It was odd leaving her wardrobe behind. She ran her fingers over her dresses until she came to her tops. She selected a plaid, long-sleeved shirt, and pulled it on. She buttoned it to the top, strapped on her shoulder holster, and checked over her Smith & Wesson .38. When she was satisfied that it was ready, she secured it in her holster and slung on a black, leather jacket. She thought about taking a bag with her, but she didn't know what sort of running she would be in for. Instead, she packed a pocket knife, the contents of her wallet, and extra ammo into her pockets. She then put her hair up and took several deep breaths.

Not for the first time, she thought about setting fire to her apartment. It would have been a splendid distraction. But she couldn't sacrifice the innocents in the building.

Rosalin went to the front door and unlocked it for the first time in weeks. She tried to steady her trembling hands. "I'll be on a New York street in five minutes. I can do this." Wiping sweat from her forehead with the back of her hand, she steadied her nerves and slowed her pulse. "Okay." She grabbed the knob and swung the door open.

The hall was quiet. Nothing seemed sinister. The carpet, wallpaper, and warm sconces were all just as she remembered, replete with Deco charm. She took no more than a dozen steps before the elevator chimed. Rosalin could barely hear it over the pulse thundering in her ears. She stopped. A pale woman with raven hair exited the elevator and strode down the hall. Rosalin froze like a deer in the headlights. She had never seen Elizabeth before. But she was certain about the identity of the woman approaching. Elizabeth wore a vintage 1930s dress, that did little to conceal her overly-curvaceous figure. Her feet were bare. She wore no makeup or jewelry.

Rosalin's right hand crept under her leather jacket.

"Thank the Goddess you have finally come out of that stuffy apartment." Elizabeth smiled warmly and stopped fifteen feet away, opening her arms wide in welcome. "Brian has been waiting and waiting for you. Mrs. Kim has kept him busy, but I know you will have an honored place in his bevy. We'll get it right this time. I'm sure of it."

"You're Elizabeth Norwood. You're the ringleader." Inside her jacket, Rosalin slowly unsnapped her holster and rested her hand on the handle of her pistol. It was a reassuring feeling. "Get the fuck away from me, lady."

"Yes, I am Elizabeth. Voice to a goddess. And you and I will be very good friends." Elizabeth took a step closer to Rosalin. "We're going to unleash the wild, reversing centuries of destruction and sacrilege. We're going to get it right this –"

Rosalin drew her pistol and shot Elizabeth in the forehead, cutting the woman off mid-sentence. The gunshot was deafening in the narrow hall, making Rosalin's ears ring.

Blood spurted as Elizabeth's head snapped back, and she toppled backward to the carpet.

Revolver still in her hand, Rosalin was moving again. She thought about putting another bullet in the ringleader, but Elizabeth was clearly dead, and Rosalin might need to save her bullets. She passed by the corpse, opened the door to the stairs, and quickly descended.

*Not a good start. But I'm moving down. This is the closest to freedom I've been in weeks. On the bright side, New York has one less scumbag. This is going to be a messy investigation for the police. Maybe they'll find the Ostrows. She flew down flights of stairs, putting her gun back into its holster. It wouldn't do to step into the lobby brandishing a weapon. I would bet anything the Ostrow remains are in the basement.*

*The police are going to tear this building apart when they...* Rosalin slowed to a stop and looked at the door to the floor she was passing. It was labelled *twelve*.

"I've been going down." She rubbed her sweaty forehead with her palm. "Haven't I?" She leaned against the wall, suddenly woozy.

After pulling herself back together, she descended again. Soon her legs were flying, her boot falls echoing around her. She passed floor after floor, counting them as she went. She passed her own ninth floor where the dead woman was surely lying in the hall. Rosalin continued down: eight, seven, six, five, four. Confusion hit her again. She slowed to a stop. Instead of the sign for *three*, there was *twelve* again. Panting and sweating through her clothes, she stared at the impossibly wrong number.

She opened the door and peered out. The doors on the floor were all marked with a twelve. She could see 12C, Brian's apartment. "I don't ... understand." She closed the door and headed down the stairs, more slowly this time.

Rosalin stopped on the ninth floor and opened the door. There was a pool of blood soaking into the carpet where she'd shot Elizabeth. But the body was gone.

It would have been possible for Rosalin to retreat back to her apartment, but she didn't want to starve to death. *Better to shoot my way out.* She patted her holster and continued down toward the lobby.

The stairwell grew warmer and warmer as Rosalin passed floors five and four. By the time she found herself on the twelfth floor again, it felt like a humid, summer day. As she passed the eleventh floor, she noticed that her boots weren't ringing out with each step. Looking down, Rosalin found the stairs had somehow become covered in lichen and moss. "What the ... fuck?" When she bent to examine the stuff, she saw small ferns growing up around the edges of several steps.

A howl ripped through the air, echoing down from above. Rosalin continued her never-ending descent as quickly as she could, but she was huffing and puffing and her legs were starting to feel like lead. Another howl echoed, this time closer.

There was barely time to register that a wolf was chasing her in a New York building. But the notion did sink in.

When she came to the next landing, she nearly tripped over the skeleton of a large stag. It lay on its side, its massive antlers nearly blocking her path. She stepped on its bones, cracking several of the thing's ribs, and continued downward.

Soon, she could hear panting from the pursuing wolf. When it howled again, it was earsplitting. Somehow there were leafy branches in her way and large stones on the stairs. She had to bend and twist to get past the foliage. "I would have brought a

machete if I'd known." She didn't smile or laugh. It was hard to find the humor in her own words when she was sure she was going insane.

Not wanting to meet the wolf, Rosalin exited onto the fourth floor. The hall was cool and unmistakably jungle-free. It was such a strange juxtaposition that she wobbled on her feet and had to brace herself against the wall. There was one other way down, so she hit the elevator call button and looked for something to push against the door, finding nothing. She didn't know if wolves could open doors, so she held the handle until the elevator arrived.

The car was empty. She entered and pressed the button for the lobby. Nothing lupine burst from the stairwell while she nervously waited for the elevator doors to close. She breathed a sigh of relief when she was descending again, watching the dial fall from four, to three, to two, and then the doors opened. She stared with wide eyes. It wasn't the lobby. "Of course it's not the lobby." She could see the door to apartment 12A across the hall from the elevator. She looked up at the dial again. It pointed to twelve.

Not one to give up, Rosalin hit the button for the lobby again. The doors closed, and she descended. When she looked up at the dial, it was overgrown with vines and fixed on twelve, even though she could feel herself descending. The air grew warmer, and she saw that a forest floor had grown up through the carpet around her boots.

"She hit me with drugs before I shot her. I'm hallucinating." When the elevator chimed and the doors opened, she was on twelve again.

Rosalin took the only option remaining. She walked out of the elevator, into the hall, and headed for 12C. As she passed the door to the stairs, there was a loud boom, and the door rattled on its hinges. Behind the door, she could hear a feral growl. With another bang, the door shook again. On trembling, fatigued legs, she ran to Brian's door and rang the bell. She beat Brian's door with her fist. She rang the bell again. A muffled howl came from behind the stairway door.

The door to 12C opened, and Darby stood in front of Rosalin, giving her a look of surprise. "Ms. Eklund? What are you -?" The stairway door burst open, spilling a massive, snarling wolf into the hall. Darby's eyes widened, her face paled, and she peered at the thing. "Oh no ... it's back. Quickly ..." She grabbed Rosalin's leather jacket, pulled her into the apartment, and slammed the door, turning the deadbolt. "I've seen that beast before. Were the boys back, too? Did you see the murdering boys from the 1950s?" Darby led her into the living room.

Rosalin shook her head. *Did I hear her right?*

"Let me get this jacket off you. You're all red and sweaty." Darby pulled off Rosalin's jacket and hung it in the hall closet. She fetched a glass of cold water and helped Rosalin find a seat on the sofa. Darby sat on an armchair. "You can stay here as long as you like. I

know it's scary out there with that beast. Goodness, I'm still shaking." She held out her hand for Rosalin to see her trembling fingers. "I had almost convinced myself I'd imagined it last time. But you saw it, too, right?"

Rosalin nodded.

"Brian's napping right now. He was very enthusiastic this morning and wore himself out. You wouldn't believe his energy when he gets going." A strained smile parted Darby's pink lips. "He'll be so happy that you're here."

"Thank you ... for taking me in." Rosalin sipped the cold water. It tasted wonderful. It would have been polite to smile, but she couldn't seem to remember how to move those muscles. She was finally starting to catch her breath. The roaring pulse in her ears, and the ringing from the gunshot, faded. She strained to hear if the wolf was outside their door, but all was silent from the hall.

"Yes, of course. You're very regal looking, if you don't mind my saying so. Very pretty. I can see why Brian wants you." Darby's face relaxed. "Oh, don't worry. I'm not jealous. Not anymore." She eyed Rosalin's outfit. "I hear plaid is in right now. Would you ... like to remove your gun? It looks very uncomfortable."

"I'll keep it on. At least ... until I know we're safe," Rosalin said.

"Suit yourself." Darby nodded, and started making all sorts of small talk with her guest. She didn't mind the lack of engagement on Rosalin's end.

Rosalin let her weight sink into the sofa. As her perspiration dried, she sipped the water and tried to figure out how Elizabeth had given her drugs. Outside the window, New York teemed with life. The vast city was so close that she could hear the muffled honking of traffic through the windows. No matter how close New York was, her outside life had never been further away.

~~

May 1, 2015: Apartment 12C, the Marland family.

"It's a pleasant day." Carrie jogged next to her son in the park. The sun was just coming up, filtering through the buildings to the east. The birds were chirping, enthusiastic about spring.

"Yeah, it's nice." Joe was enjoying spending time with his mother. Lately, she'd seemed very unsure of herself around him. He frowned at the thought. "You know ... I'm sorry I teased you about the condoms."

“Oh ... I ...” Carrie glanced at his crotch. She could see his large penis under the fabric of his shorts, rising and falling with his bounding steps. She hadn’t noticed it before he’d mentioned his size, but now that it was in her brain, she caught herself constantly glancing its way.

“I’ve just been feeling so ... easy about everything. And you were giving me a hard time about Hani.” Joe didn’t notice her gaze. He was busy taking in the flowers all around them. “I just reacted by ... having you do something for me and Hani. You know? I was sort of messing with you about the condoms. I’m sorry.” He turned his head to smile at her.

Carrie quickly looked away from his crotch. She gave him a nervous smile in return. “You never used to tease me, Joey.” She knew he had slowed his jog to go easier on his mother, and she was grateful. She wasn’t all that winded at the moment, only working up a light sweat.

“I’m changing. I guess ... I’m getting used to myself.” He shrugged. “I promise not to tease you like that again. And I know you’re trying not to pester me about Hani. We’re getting along pretty well, right?”

“Yeah ... Joey.” Carrie nodded. “So ... you’re really not having sex with her? Just ... that other stuff.” She shuddered, remembering the sight of that dark vagina with the bright, pink interior. *The way she sprayed was so odd.*

“I’m still too big for her.” Joe chuckled. This was the first they’d talked about his size problem since she’d ran out on him the last time he’d brought it up. At least now, she couldn’t run away from him. Any direction she went in the park, he could easily chase her down. The thought excited him to no end. But she didn’t bolt.

“Well ... I hope you’re respecting her wishes. Don’t pressure her.” Carrie wasn’t sure what the right thing to do was. She couldn’t easily talk to the other church ladies about her son’s abnormally large penis. “I know young men ... can sometimes lose sight that their girlfriends are more than ... an alluring body.”

“Don’t sweat it, Mom. I wouldn’t pressure her. We do enough other stuff to keep me happy.” Joe laughed. “Also, I like her devious mind ... not just her body.”

Carrie didn’t join in the laughter. She gave him a worried look instead. “Okay.”

“Anyway, Hani wouldn’t put up with any B.S. It’s one of the things I love about her.” He turned his gaze back to the flowers as they looped around, starting back toward their apartment.

Carrie gulped. *He loves Hani?* So many different emotions hit her that she didn’t know what to think. She stayed quiet and listened as her son talk about how happy he was with his girlfriend.

~~

May 1, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

“Why isn’t Abshir dressed?” Hani frowned at her brother, who was wearing a t-shirt, sweatpants, and no socks.

Abshir stuck out his tongue at his sister. He sat at the kitchen table, drinking juice.

“Your brother’s sick today.” Uba stood by the sink with her arms crossed, frowning at her children.

“No, he’s not. Look at him.” Hani adjusted her glasses and made a show of staring at her brother. She glanced at her mother. “Why aren’t you wearing your hijab? Don’t you have work this morning?”

“I called in sick today. I have to keep an eye on *him*.” Uba sighed.

“He’s eighteen, he can stay home by himself. And he shouldn’t ...” Hani glanced at the clock on the microwave. “I’m late. You better not just play video games all day,” she said to her brother. “I can’t believe Mom is letting you get away with this.” She pointed a finger at her mother. “I can’t believe you’re letting him get away with this.” Hani picked up her backpack, turned, and quickly left the apartment.

Ahem ... ahem ...” Abshir held his arm to his mouth and let out a series of profoundly fake coughs. “I’m so sick.”

Uba shook her head slowly.

“So, what’s this really about, Mom? You want my ...” Abshir’s voice trailed off. *I’m not supposed to push her. I’ll let her walk herself right into this trap.* His body gave a sudden start. For a moment, he thought about what he was doing with crystal clarity. *This isn’t right. What am I doing?* His muscles tensed. His mother and father had promised themselves to each other for eternity. He was fraying the line that connected them. After a few seconds of panic, his mind wandered back into the wild. His muscles relaxed. *This is how it’s supposed to be. She’s my mother. What better person to found my bevy.*

Uba was so busy trying to decide what to say, she didn’t notice the rapid changes on her son’s face. She chewed her bottom lip and looked out the window at the park. “I want you to be healthy. The books said you need to pump your stuff.” That was a lie. She hadn’t read any such books. *To lie is a sin. Sins will lead the incautious woman to more*

*sins. I have to be careful.* “You haven’t been touching yourself, even after what I told you last time.” She walked out of the kitchen, down the hall, and into her son’s room.

“How do you know?” Abshir got up and followed her, stopping in his doorway.

“I do your laundry, sweetie. Mothers always know these things.” She went to his dresser, picked out one of his athletic socks, and held it up for him to see. “This is important. Normally, I wouldn’t have you miss school just to ... touch yourself.”

Abshir snickered.

“But ... you really need to unburden yourself.” She put the sock down on his desk. “You have my permission to watch pornography while you do it. I’ll come and get the sock for cleaning when you’re done.” Uba walked toward the door, but stopped when her son didn’t move out of the way.

“I feel really good about not touching myself, Mom. Getting a day off from school doesn’t matter.” He adjusted his glasses. Seeing the distress and craving written on her pretty face was delightful. Ogganse had been correct about everything. “I won’t do it.”

“Abshir ...” Uba pushed her glasses up her nose, pressed her lips into a thin line, and rubbed her legs together. She was so close to paradise, and he was being obstinate. “... just do what I tell you. It’s for your own good.”

“I won’t fap, Mom.” His face softened. “Maybe if you show me those books you read ... maybe then I’d be convinced. But I think you were right about it in the beginning. Abstinence is the best. You did great with the sex education you gave me.”

“I was wrong.” She wrung her hands together.

“I’m going to show you something. Please, don’t hit me with something heavy, Mom.” Abshir lowered his sweatpants. He wasn’t wearing underwear. His dick was soft, ponderously dangling between his legs. “Look at how healthy my dick looks. I don’t know if you remember it before, but the skin at the top was red and chaffed from all the fapping I was doing. Now ... it’s all perfectly brown.” He stepped out of his sweat pants and placed his hands under his cock, holding it up to her like he was serving it on a platter. “I think I’m going to wait until my wedding day to cum again.”

“No ... that’s ...” Goosebumps rose along Uba’s arms, and a chill went down her spine. She shook with a sudden, violent shiver. And then another one. Her heart was thumping heavily in her chest. She composed herself, feeling heat rise to her cheeks. “No ... that would be really bad. I’m sure a man can’t just hold it that long.” Her lies aside, this had actually become a real health emergency. “I know what to do.” Her husband would always get riled up at the sight of women’s breasts. Her son couldn’t be all that different. *I’ll get his juices flowing, then I’ll leave him with his sock.*

“What are you doing?” Abshir shook his head. He watched her sit at his desk, get his computer going, and open a web browser. He walked over to see her type into the search bar: *attractive women breasts naked*. She clicked on the image tab.

“Oh ... my ...” Uba stared at all the different breasts. She had rarely seen any that weren’t her own, and now there were multitudes in all colors, shapes, and sizes. The sight added to her building horny confusion. Slowly she stood. “Okay, I’m going to leave you with your sock. Let me know when you’re finished.” Quickly, she ran from his room and closed the door.

Uba gave her son his privacy. She had expected him to come out after five minutes and tell her he’d done the deed. Her heart raced at the thought of taking his sock to the bathroom. But five minutes came and went, and he didn’t appear.

She paced in the kitchen, trying to work out some of her nervous energy. Ten minutes came and went, and he didn’t appear.

Years of marriage had taught her that men didn’t last that long, but still, he didn’t leave his room. Uba paced faster, trying not to imagine what her young man looked like with his hands on his penis. It was very hard not to picture his blissful expression when he found his release.

By the time a half-hour had rolled around, her panties were soaked. She went to her bedroom, changed them, and then knocked on her son’s door. “Abshir?”

“Come in, Mom.” Uba opened his door and entered the room. She found him at his desk playing a video game. “You were supposed to tell me when you finished. I was going to clean your sock for ...” A frown spread on her face when she saw the clean sock still sitting on his desk.

“I told you. I’m done with all that, Mom. Abstinence is best.” He didn’t look away from the game. “It will take more than some internet tits to knock me off the wagon.”

“Don’t use that word. Call them breasts.” Uba’s heart fell into an abyss. *Why did I have to be so convincing with my sex talk?!?* Desperation sent icy chills down her spine. She took a deep breath, watching him play his violent spaceship game. “Did you try watching a pornographic video? That would probably be ... more stimulating than a picture.” She looked down at his lap. He still wasn’t wearing pants. His slumbering penis rested on his thigh. *Did I ruin his sex drive so thoroughly? Can he even get hard now?* “Gosh ... I should teach abstinence classes.”

“But you don’t believe in abstinence anymore,” Abshir said.

“No ... I don’t.” Uba had thought she’d be masturbating with his sock by now. Instead, she was standing in his room tense and powerless, watching him play his stupid video game. “What ... um ... what will it take to get you to unburden your testicles?”

Abshir paused his game and swiveled his chair toward her. "I have hardly seen any tits in real life."

Uba let out a sibilant breath, putting a hand to her chest. "I'm your mother."

"My *hot* mother," he corrected. Words about bebies and taking the apartment from his father moved to the tip of his tongue, but he swallowed them.

"I'm not ... hot. I've had two children. You'll be disappointed." She shook her head slowly. "Also ... if I'm one of the first to show you her breasts ... that can't be good for you psychologically. How could I do that to you?"

"I'm eighteen. It won't screw me up. I think I know what I want." He licked his lips, making a point of staring at the wonderfully sloping front of her dress. "And I want tits. Wait." He held up an apologetic finger. "I want *breasts*."

"If I show them to you, you'll touch yourself after?" Uba didn't ask for him to look her in the eye. She had already conceded this battle. Now, they were only working out the terms. It was odd, his glasses seemed to flicker with a red light from somewhere in the room. She was too caught up in what was about to happen to wonder what that was about.

"If you show me your tits, I'll only fap *while* I'm looking at them. Otherwise, I really think abstinence is best."

"I can't believe I'm going to do this." Uba trembled as she gripped her dress and slowly pulled it up. "But ... you're my only son ... and your health is what's important." Right before the dress went up over her eyes, she saw her son's penis lurch, practically jumping in his lap like a fish out of water. Her stomach turned cartwheels, her mouth went dry, and her vagina continued to gush. She folded her dress and put it on his desk next to the all-important sock.

"All the way, Mom." Abshir dropped a hand to his dick, slowly playing with the foreskin as it was pulled back by the expansion of his cock.

"Yes ... I know." Uba couldn't look at him. It was so strange to have him touching himself in front of her. She felt like she was living someone else's life. Her bra came off next. For a few seconds, she covered her breasts with her arm. Then, still looking to the side, she bared herself to him. Uba stood in her son's room, wearing only her panties and socks, praying that he would finish soon so she could take her prize to the bathroom and find paradise.

## Chapter 16

### Stop It, Brian

June 17, 1940: Apartment 14D, the Blevin family.

Elizabeth knocked on the door. She stood in the fourteenth-floor hall with Natalie and Nancy. The three of them had spent a morning of orgasmic bliss in front of the Hungarian Lady. But now, they were washed, scrubbed, and outfitted in newly laundered dresses. While all three ladies had minds that were changed by recent events, only Elizabeth's body had filled out to better match the form of the statue in her possession. Natalie had to take some of Elizabeth's dresses to the tailor. Others were not as adjustable, so she procured new outfits for her mistress. Elizabeth was wearing one now, a stylish, knee-length number that glittered as she moved. She knocked again. When a dog started barking on the other side of the door, Elizabeth curled her lip in revulsion.

"Quiet Mitz!" Nora Blevin hustled to the door, grabbed her poodle by the collar, and peered through the peephole. She saw her neighbors. "Now behave yourself, Mitzzy!"

Mitz continued to bark as ferociously as he could at the door. When his mistress opened it, he switched immediately to low, threatening growls.

"Hello, Mrs. Norwood, Mrs. Creneling, and ..." Nora recognized the third lady from the building but didn't know her name. She nodded to her and smiled. "What can I do for you?"

"May we come in?" Elizabeth tried to smile sweetly, but the dog was grating on her. She glanced down at the small, white thing. It had the temerity to bare its teeth at her! "And can you put Mitz somewhere out of the way?" She knew Nora and her husband had moved to New York after their children had grown and moved out. *How odd that spawn of a wolf would be so easily able to replace human children.*

"What is this regarding?" Nora looked the ladies over. They certainly did look respectable.

"Just a neighborly visit." Nancy smiled sweetly. "We'd like to discuss some issues with the building, expanding your mind, and ... um ..." She placed a hand on her mouth, her eyes widening in surprise. She had almost said something very untoward.

Natalie let out a nervous laugh. "I'm Mrs. Creech from the first floor." She gave the older woman a curtsy. "Mrs. Creneling is always such a kidder." She laughed again. "We won't take more than five minutes of your time."

Nora sighed. "I'll put Mitz away." She dragged the still-growling dog toward the guest room. "I'm sorry he's being disagreeable. He's usually so friendly." When she got the dog put away, Nora suddenly felt quite vulnerable. She told herself she was being silly. What was Mitz going to protect her from? Some silly ladies from the building? She smoothed out her dress and returned to let her guests into the apartment. She found they had invited themselves in. They were all standing in the living room with unnatural smiles on their faces. And for a moment, she could have sworn that their eyes flickered red in unison. Nora blinked, and the crimson light was gone. "So, what can I do for you ladies?"

"Is your husband home, Mrs. Blevin?" Elizabeth turned her attention to a small curio filled with knickknacks. *They're collectors, too.*

"No, he's out for the day. Do you need to speak with him?" Nora frowned.

"Eventually. But you'll do for now." Elizabeth turned toward Nancy, seized her in her arms, and kissed her deeply.

"Oh ... my gosh! What are you doing?!?" Poor Nora was nearly beside herself. She'd never witnessed anything like what she was seeing. She stared in horror as the two women danced their tongues together. Both of them married, no less.

Behind Nora, Mitz barked savagely and scratched at the guest room door. But the small dog could not get out to help his mistress.

~~

May 1, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

"I feel like ... some other woman ... in some other apartment ... with some other man." Uba watched her son pleasure himself. Her eyes narrowed as she studied his two-handed technique. She had only seen her husband touch himself a handful of times. And he had never used two hands. *Because he couldn't fit two hands like Abshir is doing. The apple fell far from the tree here.*

"Less talk ... more tits ... Mom." Abshir grinned and pumped his cock harder.

"Don't speak to me like that." She shook her head. He had become so unruly. Mothering Abshir was now more like trying to control a hurricane or a tornado.

"Please ... uuugghhhh ... be quiet ... and shake your breasts." Abshir tried not to laugh at her confused expression. "Move your ... shoulders side to side."

“Okay, I’ll do that for you.” Uba felt ridiculous standing in front of him in only her socks and panties, shimmying her shoulders. The movement made her glasses slip. She pushed them back up her nose and glanced away from his veiny monstrosity. The sock was still lying on his desk. “You’ve been going for more than ten minutes. You must be ready to unload your burden. Shouldn’t you use the sock now?”

“I’m not ... that close.”

“Well ... um ... that’s hard to believe.” Uba gazed back at the penis with its fat, domed head. The thing looked like it had been designed for mating. It was so long that it was sure to bump up against the cervix. And the head was shaped in such a way as to serve as a plug inside the woman, keeping the seed where it was supposed to be. She shivered violently, which made her boobs shake even more. She could see by the look on his face that this delighted her son. She frowned. “You must be close. How can you keep going?”

“Maybe if ... you play with your ... uuuggghhh ... tits?” He winked at her.

“Out of the question.” Uba’s frown deepened. She stopped shaking her shoulders.

“You have ... fat nipples ... Mom. Are they sensitive?” Abshir took a quick break to squeeze some more lotion onto his dick. Then his hands went back to their long pumping motion, his top hand tightening around the sensitive spot just below the head on each upstroke.

“I fed you with these. Show some respect.” She felt like folding her arms over her breasts, but she wanted to get this over with. And hopefully, her boobs were helping.

“Use the sock, Abshir.” *What will I do if he doesn’t use the sock and spills everywhere?*

“I’ll ... uuuggghhh ... use it when I finish.” Abshir stared at her tits. He had sucked on those nipples years and years ago. And someday, she would birth a goddess who would drink from that same fountain. “Damn ... Mom ... you’re hot.” The sound of lotion squelching in his hands filled the room.

Uba was quiet for a while, listening to the wetness of his masturbation and the deep grunts of his happiness. She tried valiantly to control the way her body responded to him. But despite her best efforts, her pulse raced, her palms sweat, her belly fluttered with butterflies, and her vagina gushed. Time passed, and still, he didn’t climax. Uba was beyond flustered. Finally, she spoke. “Okay ... how do I ... um ... play with my breasts?”

“Uuughhh ... shit ... that’s a good ... Mommy.” Abshir laughed.

“Please behave, Abshir. This is hard enough without that sort of nonsense.” Uba took a deep breath. “What do you need me to do so that you can finish?”

“Heft your ... tits.” His smile was broad and lazy. “No ... not like that. Show me ... uuughhh ... how heavy they are. Slower ... yeah ... like that. Damn ... Mom ... best sick day ... ever.”

Uba felt like a fool feeling herself up, but she needed to feed his horny, teenage mind. “Why do you like them so much? I’m not what I once was, sweetheart.”

“You look ... like a goddess. I like hanging tits ... it’s like they were made ... for milk.” Abshir was finally getting close. “Pinch ... and roll ... your nipples.”

“Okay.” Uba did as he asked. Her frown disappeared, the creases on her forehead eased, and her mouth hung open. “Ohhhhhh ... my.” Her husband hadn’t given her breasts much attention in the last decade or more. And she hadn’t either. Even with her newfound zest for masturbation, she had focused almost exclusively on her vagina. But her nipples seemed happy for the attention. She arched her back as pleasure surged through her. “Oooohhhhhh ... I’m rolling them ... for you ... Abshir.”

“Damn ... Mom.” Abshir grabbed the sock and pulled it over his dick. Seeing the ecstasy on her face was too much. His hands were almost a blur as he finished himself off. “I’m cumming ... aaaaaahhhhhhhh ... cumming ...”

Uba let go of her breasts. Her focus was heightened by the promise of his seed. Avidly, she watched him spasm and moan, his hips bucking as he climaxed. She could see dark saturation spread on the sock. A little at the top at first, then spreading quickly on the cotton material. “Good ... good ... let it all out.” Uba rubbed her hands together. “It’s healthy for an eighteen-year-old to orgasm. You’re doing great.”

“Bevy ... bevy ... aaaaaahhhhhhhh.” With a final shudder, Abshir closed his eyes and let his mind drift in bliss.

“Okay ... I’ll take this to the wash.” Uba didn’t even wait for his aftershocks to subside before pushing his hands away and pulling the sock off his penis. As she inhaled, her eyes rolled back. The overripe, fruity scent of fresh, teenage sperm was overwhelming. “Must ... wash ...” She stumbled to the door.

“Bye ... Mom.” Abshir dreamily opened his eyes and watched her panty-clad butt jiggle as she left. His eyes also caught some wonderfully dancing sideboob as she turned down the hall.

Ten minutes later, Abshir gripped his dick again. He was still sitting on his desk chair, and he could hear his mother trying to stifle her moans in the bathroom. There was also the sound of her deep huffing breaths. She was breathing in the aroma of his cum like an addict. He could smell his own sock all the way from his room. On top of all that, the air was redolent of his mother’s excitement. The scent of her sweat and cum wafted through the apartment. *Next time, I’ll make her let me watch this part.* He was smitten

by the way her face had looked when she'd rolled her nipples. He wondered what her expression would look like when she diddled her clit.

~~

June 17, 1940: Apartment 14D, the Blevin family.

"Oooohhhhhh ... Mrs. Norwood ... what are you doing ... in there?" Nora was naked on the floor of her living room, lying on her back.

Natalie pinned one of her hands to the floor. Nancy pinned the other.

Elizabeth was on her knees, her alabaster ass up in the air. She was between Nora's legs, and her tongue was deep inside the woman's vagina.

Mitz frantically scratched at the guest room door, trying to free himself to save his mistress.

"I can feel it ... worming its way ... at the back of my ... oooohhhhhhhhh." Nora's eyes rolled back, her feet lifted high into the air, and her body shook. *Her tongue is so thick, long, and adroit! I never imagined that ...* It was impossible to finish the thought, because her brain was overrun with pleasure.

After Nora's fifth orgasm, Elizabeth retracted her tongue and sat up. "You can let go of her now." She glanced at Natalie and Nancy. "Fetch me a towel for my face." She ran a finger from her forehead down the bridge of her nose. She was covered in the sticky product of Nora's ecstasy. As her assistants rushed off, she returned her focus to Nora. The woman was still on her back, her legs splayed. Occasionally, she would shudder and convulse within the widening gyre of her rapture. "I'm going to need this whole floor, it seems. You and your husband will grant me access to your apartment at all times. Are we copesetic?"

"Grrrrrrr ... aaaattttteeee ..." Nora tried to focus on the woman, but the world swam around her.

"I think I'll have you over this afternoon to meet the Hungarian Lady." Elizabeth stood when her assistants returned. She took the proffered towel from Natalie and wiped her face.

Mitz howled in the guest room.

"You'll need to get rid of that hound, Mrs. Blevin. I can't stand that noise." Elizabeth cringed.

“No ... more ... doggie.” Nora slowly nodded her head and tried to sit up.

“Get her dressed, Mrs. Creech and Creneling.” Elizabeth went to retrieve her own dress, which Natalie had carefully folded for her and placed over the back of a chair. “She’s coming back to 14B with us today.”

“Yes, mistress,” Natalie and Nancy said in unison. They helped Nora to her feet and began putting her clothes back on her.

~~

December 13, 1993: Apartment 12C: Rosalin Eklund.

“I’m sorry, Ms. Eklund, I don’t think I feel comfortable going to your apartment right now. We both saw the wolf and ...” Darby’s face drained of color as she remembered the hungry way the beast had looked at her.

“Well, I don’t think we have much time. The police are sure to be all over this building soon enough and ...” Relief spread through Rosalin at the thought. *I don’t need to collect my things. The police will be here. They’ll question everyone about Elizabeth’s murder. They’ll come to this apartment, and I can leave with them. I don’t care if they take me away in handcuffs.* “Never mind. It can wait.” She sipped the coffee Darby had provided and tried to smile.

“Won’t you take that gun off now? I’m not sure how I feel about having one in the apartment.” Darby knew how she felt. She didn’t like it.

“If that wolf comes back, you’ll be thankful I have it.” Rosalin frowned. Was there really an apex predator roaming the stairwell of 3838? How much of what had happened that day had been drug-induced hallucination? How much had been real?

“I suppose, but I ...” Darby grew quiet when she heard her son’s door squeak open. “Brian’s awake.” Her whisper was full of excitement, like a groupie that had just spotted her favorite band’s lead singer.

“Mom?” Brian walked into the living room wearing only baggy shorts. He was yawning and scratching his scalp when he spotted Rosalin. His face immediately lit up. “You’re here! That’s rad! Ogganse said that ... I didn’t really think ...” He grinned ear to ear. “So, you finally left your apartment.”

“I was starving, Brian. I had to.” Rosalin wouldn’t tell him anything she didn’t need to. The Kwons might be a nice family, but they had been swallowed by the cult. She was sure of it. Once the police arrived, she would let them do the deprogramming. In the

meantime, she would try to keep things as easy as she could with her host family. “But your mother has been nice enough to take me in and feed me.”

Brian looked at her holster. He cocked his head. “You have a gun?” His blood ran cold. It suddenly felt like someone was stalking him. “Are you a pig?”

“Brian! That’s not nice.” Darby frowned at him.

“I’m not a cop, Brian.” Rosalin eyed him warily. He seemed suddenly hostile in a way she hadn’t seen from him before. “I was just unsafe in this building. There’s ... um ... a wolf.” She could see him visibly tense when she said that.

“I saw it, too, Brian. It was horrible.” Darby nodded.

“So ... you’re not here about the bevy?” Brian frowned.

“The what?” Rosalin caught herself looking at his well-defined abs. She moved her gaze back up to his eyes.

“Shit ... I thought ...” Brian glanced at the gun and shook his head. “After we kissed in the basement, I thought –”

“I have a fiancé!” The words came out of Rosalin’s mouth a bit more sharply than she would have liked. She reminded herself that she needed to get along with these people, at least for a few more hours. “You shouldn’t have kissed me, Brian.” She was amazed to find that after everything she’d been through that day, her body still had energy for embarrassment. She felt her cheeks heating.

“I think you’re not giving Brian a fair chance. I’m sure he’s a much better kisser than your fiancé.” Darby’s tone was suddenly cold. She stood and gave Rosalin a scathing look.

“Wait ... what?” Rosalin didn’t know if she was still experiencing the effects of the drugs or what. Did Darby want her to kiss Brian?

“Look at him. His feelings are hurt.” Darby walked over and hugged her son tightly, running her fingers through his silky, black hair. “I’m going to take care of my son for a while, please make yourself at home.” With her arm around his shoulders, she led him to the door, stopped, and looked back. “I hope you’ll reconsider how you treat Brian. We’re lucky to be in his bevy.”

“What?” Rosalin’s mind was having a hard time reconciling what was happening with reality.

“I can handle things on my own, Mom,” Brian said.

“Of course you can,” Darby soothed him and led him down the hall. “But sometimes it feels good for Mommy to take care of her boy.”

Rosalin heard his door close. She absentmindedly sipped her coffee and stared at the wall. She realized she was alone. In a flash, she was up on her feet. Darby hadn't let her use the phone when she'd asked earlier. She had said that she was waiting for a call. But now ...

The phone was in the kitchen. Rosalin picked it up and dialed. Nothing. She tapped the disconnect button and listened. No dial tone. "Shit." She tried again with the same result. Had the cult cut this line when they knew she was here? Did they know she was here!?! She was still fiddling with the phone when she heard yelling come from the other side of the apartment.

Drawing her revolver, she let the phone fall, dangling from its cord. Rosalin could hear Darby hollering. The woman sounded like she was in pain. *Did my arrival prompt Brian into some sort of violent act?* That didn't make sense. She knew Brian. He was a gentle soul, even if he was misguided.

The screaming continued. It was bestial, rhythmic, and frenzied. It barely sounded like Darby. Rosalin checked her cylinder. She still had five shots. She snapped the gun closed and crept into the hall. Something heavy was banging a regular cadence on the wall. *What is he doing to her?*

Darby was wailing so loudly that her voice vibrated the framed family photos in the hallway.

Rosalin chewed her lip. It didn't sound like pain. Her mind was slow to make the connection because of the violence of her day and ... the fact that Darby was Brian's mother. Maybe it was more the latter. It was inconceivable that they were doing what it sounded like they were doing. But now that her mind had unpuzzled the rhythmic thumping and screaming, it was becoming clear. Either it was the strangest, drawn-out murder in history, or they were having aggressive, feral sex.

Rosalin was right outside Brian's door. She tried the handle with her left hand, her eyes on her engagement ring. She thought of the moment David had dropped to his knee and offered her that ring. How had she gone from the sanity of that day to the present?

With a twist of the handle, she opened the door. It swung in slowly, revealing mother and son fornicating on Brian's bed. It was the headboard that was thumping against the wall. Judging from the deteriorating state of the drywall there, this wasn't the first time it had done that. Rosalin could even see some of the studs showing underneath.

Darby was naked on her hands and knees, her large breasts swaying under her. She was looking straight at Rosalin, but she didn't seem to see the intruder. Darby's eyes were vacant and her mouth hung open. Her shiny, black hair fell around her face.

Brian was equally naked, gripping her hips tightly. He was slamming into her from behind with the thickest dick Rosalin had ever seen. Judging from the length of his strokes, it was also the longest. It was a wonder that it somehow fit inside a woman.

“No.” Rosalin lifted her gun and pointed it at Brian. “This is incest. Stop. She’s your mother.”

Brian noticed his guest. He turned and smiled. Even when he caught sight of the pistol, he felt too good to do anything but grin. “What ... are you ... ugh ... ugh ... doing?”

At the sound of her son’s words, some sense returned to Darby. She focused on Rosalin and let out a frightened shriek between wails of pleasure. “She’s ... got a ... ah ... ah ... aaaahhhhhh ... gun!”

“Stop ... stop humping her.” Rosalin had been trying to keep the peace with the Kwons. She supposed she’d just thrown that out the window. But how could she not? It was their fault for doing ... what they were doing. “Stop it, Brian.”

“You’re not going ... to shoot me ... Rosalin.” He gave her a nod of respect. He liked strong women, and she was proving herself to have a backbone forged of steel. She really was a great addition to the bevy. “We’re not ... uuggghh ... uuuggghh ... hurting ... anyone.”

“You’re fucking your mother ... against her will.” Rosalin spit out the words, holding the gun on him.

“No ... I’m not.” Brian shook his head and continued to pound his hips into his mother’s rippling ass. “Tell her ... ugh ... ugh ... Mom.”

“I want it ... Ms. Ekland.” Darby’s eyes widened as she fought with ecstasy to maintain enough of her mind to communicate. Waves of pleasure surged from her vagina through every nerve in her body. Sweat dripped from her nose onto the sheet below. “Brian is ... special ... and what we’re doing ... is wild ... and wonderful ... ooohhhhhh ... and ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiii ... and ... and ... he’s going to ... put a baby in meeeeeeeeeee ... a special ... babyyyyyyyyyyy.”

Rosalin stared in horror. Something had reduced this nice family to animalistic creatures. And Rosalin was trapped in their apartment. She lowered her gun. She was stuck there until the police showed up to investigate Elizabeth’s murder. More dread rushed through her. Elizabeth’s body wasn’t where Rosalin had left it. *What if the cult covers up the murder? I could be trapped in here ... forever.* Slowly, Rosalin backed out of Brian’s room and closed the door. She stood in the hallway, breathing heavily and staring at nothing. The sounds of sex continued unabated through the door. She stumbled away.

A minute later, Rosalin found herself in the kitchen, trying the phone again. There was still no dial tone. She put her gun back in its holster. Did she dare make another run for it? No, that wouldn't work. She walked in a daze to the living room, sat on the sofa, and tried to come up with a plan. It was very hard to think with Darby screaming and begging Brian to "fill her up."

"Out of the frying pan, and into the fire." Rosalin stared out at New York through the windows. One of the ugly gargoyles stared back at her from the edge of the window frame.

~~

May 1, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir and Marland families.

"You're so bad." Hani smiled at her boyfriend as he lowered his pants and underwear. He was lying on his bed, and his dick was very hard. "But, you know, I'd rather you took your top off. All those muscles need some fingers to massage them."

"My dick still scares you." Joe looked up at his girlfriend. She was standing next to his bed, taking off her hijab. She was still panting from running home through busy streets after school. They had to race to give themselves as much time as they could together.

"It doesn't scare me." Hani tossed her hijab over a chair, shook out her hair, and put her hands on her hips. She did her best to look formidable. "Do you know what happens to ladies that get friendly with monsters? No? They get devoured. I don't plan on letting your dick swallow me whole."

"It ... can't do that." Joe frowned at her. "It's not a monster." His frown cracked, slowly turning into a smile. He was having a hard time suppressing giggles.

"That's what all monsters say." Hani laughed along with him. "Oh, don't worry. I'll play with it. But first, take your shirt off." She pulled off her dress, and jumped onto the bed wearing only her bra, panties, and socks.

"Okay, fine." Joe pulled off his shirt and laughed harder when she immediately rubbed her cheek on his chest and strummed his abs like she was playing the guitar.

"Ohhhhh ... my hunky boyfriend ... who lives down the hall ... he took my heart ... and that's not all," she sang, kissing his chest gently and feeling his muscles move and flex under her dark lips. She walked two fingers down into his pubic hair and up onto his shaft. She seized his dick and squeezed it. "Don't worry, I've got the monster under control."

“Damn ... Hani ... you do.” Joe leaned back and let her stroke him with one hand, while she felt him up with the other.

Outside in the hall, Carrie pressed her ear to the door. Her eyes were wide and her hand was covering her mouth. *It's true. They're really not having sex.* She was relieved. But they were also doing ... all sorts of other things. That was concerning! She could hear her son grunting in pleasure. She pulled her ear away from the door. *No mother should hear that.* Slowly, she put her ear back. *My sweet Joey sounds angry grunting like that. His voice is so deep. He really has changed.*

There was nothing for Carrie to do about the teenagers. They were both eighteen, and they weren't even having sex. But ... it felt so odd letting them pleasure each other while she was home. She pressed her lips into a tight line. Her eyes went wide again. *The stuff Hani's saying! That girl has such a dirty mouth ... and a dirty mind.* Maybe it was just that kids these days were different than in Carrie's youth. It wasn't like Carrie didn't enjoy sex. She and her husband worked their way through a bottle of Kama Sutra oil every few months. But still ...

Carrie's eyes went even wider when her son grunted louder, announcing to his girlfriend that he was about to cum.

With a start, Carrie moved away from the door. Her body felt funny and tingly. She was acutely aware of a buzzing in her belly. Her stiff nipples were poking into her bra. She quickly retreated down the hall, her mind swirling. She was grateful that Joe was too big for sex. But at the same time, as a mother, her heart hurt for him. She wondered how he'd find a wife and a normal life. She wondered how much Kama Sutra oil he would go through when he did finally get married. She imagined he'd need a boatful.

## Chapter 17

### Ready To Make Abshir Stray from Purity

May 4, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

When his mother walked into his room, Abshir gave her a knowing smile. He was still shirtless, pulling his jeans on. He was just getting his dick in the perfect position, to the left where he liked it, before buttoning up. “No school today?” He gave her a hopeful look. “Are you calling in sick for me?”

“No ... um ... no ...” Uba adjusted her glasses and took in his physique. “I knew you’d lost some weight, sweetheart, but ... have you been working out?” His muscles weren’t overwrought, but he looked like he had the body of a boy spending considerable time on a farm. Since her eighteen-year-old lived and went to school in New York, she didn’t think he’d been tossing bales of hay. “How ... um ... did you get a body like that?”

“I just tucked my dick away. Should I get it back out?” Abshir picked up his glasses and put them on, he wanted to see the turmoil in her expression, and he wasn’t disappointed. She was biting her bottom lip, staring at his chest, and seemed quite vexed.

“Quiet!” Uba hissed. She closed his door and leaned her butt against it. She was wearing one of her long, dark dresses, but she hadn’t put her hijab on yet. “Your father and sister are still home.” Her gaze dropped down to the lump in his jeans.

“I honestly don’t care if they see me fapping.” He started to lower his pants.

“No ... stop ... you’re going to school.” She pointed a finger at him. “I said stop. Yes, pull them up. Thank you.” She sighed with relief. “You *are* going to school today. And *I’m* going to work. I just wanted to check and see if you relieved yourself over the weekend. I ... um ... didn’t see any dirty socks in the laundry ... so ...”

“Nah ...” Abshir buttoned his pants and winked at her. “I practiced abstinence.”

“You didn’t ...” Uba lowered her voice. “... touch yourself? I thought we had an understanding. It’s healthy for you to do that.”

“No.” Abshir took off his glasses, pulled on a long-sleeved shirt, and put his glasses back on. “You knocked me off the wagon. Well ... your tits did. But I’m back to being pure again. It’s going to take me weeks to get back to where I was before I fapped for you, but ...”

Uba stamped her foot and spoke harshly. “This is ridiculous ... you’re so difficult these days ... all I want is ...” She paused and took a deep breath. When she started again, she put some sweetness back into her voice. “Didn’t it feel good to let all that pent-up stuff

out?” She walked over to his dresser, pulled out a sock, and put it on his desk. “You have about ten minutes before you need to leave. Why don’t you start the day with a nice release? I’m sure it will help you focus at school.”

“Dang, Mom. You’re like my dealer or something.” Abshir laughed. He grabbed the sock and pulled it onto his foot. Then, he went to his dresser, grabbed a mismatched one, and put it on the other foot. “You’re like the devil,” he said, still laughing. He walked past her, opened the door, and left the room.

Uba stood in her son’s room, trembling and contemplating how she had come to this crossroads in life. She thought about going to her husband for a quick, pre-work sex session. But he would say no. And even if he said yes, he didn’t have what she needed. His spunk was old and tired. She needed the scent of teenage sperm. She bunched her hands into fists, looking out her son’s window. A gargoyle was leering in at her. She blew a raspberry at the statue, the rudest thing she could think of. “Don’t judge me, you ugly piece of stone.”

“Mom?” Hani stopped in the hall. She already wore her hijab, a light jacket over her dress, and her backpack. “What are you doing in Abshir’s room?” Hani could see what her mother was doing. Her mom was picking fights with creepy gargoyles. First, Abshir started acting strange. Now, her mom was going bonkers.

“I’m just ... upset that your brother’s room is a mess.” Uba turned to her daughter and forced a smile.

“Yeah ... well ... he is a boy.” Hani shrugged. “Boys are gross. But my room is clean.”

“That’s good.” Uba nodded. “Are you seeing Joey after school today?”

“Yeah.” Hani felt her cheeks heat. “We’ll be at his place. But don’t worry, his mom will be home.”

“I’m glad she’s at the apartment so much.” Uba’s words were slow and distracted. She could get off work early, and then it would be just her and Abshir at home for several hours. “Have fun with your boyfriend. You don’t need to be home until dinner.”

“Yeah, okay.” Hani smiled and headed toward the front door. She wasn’t going to look a gift horse in the mouth.

~~

December 13, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family and Rosalin Eklund.

The prurient and stomach-turning sounds of bestial sex went on much longer than Rosalin would have thought possible. She sat coiled tightly into one of the Kwon armchairs in the living room. She was forced to listen. She couldn't very well leave the apartment. Rosalin tried her best to tune out Darby's savage cries and obscene exhortations. Instead of horrible incest, she worked to think of her sweet fiancé. He wasn't that far away in Connecticut. If the police investigated Elizabeth's murder, she might see David very soon. She didn't care if she was in handcuffs, it would be a blessing to be anywhere but 3838 Walnut Street.

Eventually, the sounds of sex culminated into one wailing, roaring climax. If Rosalin's count was correct, it was the third time Brian had finished in his mother. She grimaced, and held her revolver by the handle, resting it on her thigh.

A short time later, she heard a door open. And then, another door closed with a click. She could hear water running. Someone was taking a shower. That someone wasn't Brian, however, because he casually walked into the room wearing only his shorts. Rosalin could smell the sex wafting off him from several feet away. He sauntered over and sat in the other armchair, gazing at her in a good-natured way. She stared daggers back at him. They sat in silence while the shower ran in a different part of the apartment.

Brian tapped his finger on his thigh, thinking. "We're friends, right?"

Rosalin shook her head. Her finger wasn't on the .38's trigger because she had discipline. But it was itching to go there.

"Well, we were friends. We had fun talking and sharing life." He smiled warmly. "Maybe we didn't share everything with each other. Like ... why do you have a gun?"

She shrugged.

"Do you believe in fate?" He raised an eyebrow.

"Does your father know what you and your mother are doing?" She could see by the flicker of doubt on his face that Greg Kwon didn't know. Because, of course, he wouldn't allow his teenage son to hump his wife. Unless ... *he's part of the cult, too*. With her left hand, Rosalin pinched the bridge of her nose and shut her eyes. "If you don't stop doing those things with your mother, I'll tell him. I'll tell your father."

"Talk to the hand, girl." Brian's laugh was less sure than it had been a minute ago.

"He'll kill you." Roslin opened an eye and squinted at him. A headache had started throbbing.

"You're backing the wrong stag." Brian shook his head and leaned forward. He was eager for this debate. His brown eyes flashed crimson. "I have to take her from him."

Don't you see? And he has to know. He has to accept defeat and pass the bevy on to me. We are recreating something. A series of events that will lead to a rebirth." He could see from the horror written on her face that he wasn't getting through. "I wish I could take you to the basement again. With the roots all around us, you'd see. But ... I think you have to stay in the apartment." He frowned. "I wish I could hear Her when I'm up here. I'll go down and see what She says."

"Can you ... check if the police are here? Maybe let them know I'm in your apartment?" Rosalin put her gun back in its holster. "And that I have a gun." He was obviously insane, but she didn't think he'd try to hurt her. Even if he did, she had four inches on him, and seven on his mother. She had subdued the Bloomfield Murderer in person. She didn't think the Kwons would even know how to throw a punch. "Look, we *can* be friends," she lied. "Just bring the police here. They'll want to talk to me." She glanced toward the front door. If there was a wolf, should she send him out there? It was difficult to weigh her decisions with her sanity frayed as it was.

"Sure, I'll see if any cops are around." Brian stood and headed back to his room to get dressed. "I'll be back before dinner."

"Oh ... goody." Rosalin shook her head as she watched his muscled back disappear down the hall. The sound of the shower ended. Rosalin sighed. She was going to have to deal with Darby's insanity, too.

~~

March 8, 1955: Apartment 14B, the Norwood family.

"Mrs. Lavey! You look lovely tonight. I trust your husband is watching the baby?" Elizabeth strolled across the lobby, her dress was about a decade out of style, but she didn't mind. It sparkled as she wended around round tables, guests in black-tie, and waiters carrying drinks and hors d'oeuvres.

"Mrs. Norwood." Betsy sipped her cocktail and tried to smile. She had lost one child, and she knew her new baby owed his life to this woman. "Little William is well, thank you. Harold makes a fine nursemaid."

"Yes, indeed." Elizabeth let out a long laugh that resounded over the chatter in the room.

"So ... um ... the carvings look wonderful. You've really decked out the lobby." Betsy looked nervously around the space. Many of the people she recognized from the building, some she didn't.

“They do look wonderful, don’t they? I’m sure She will be honored when She returns.” Elizabeth nodded and regarded a splendid depiction of the Goddess making a gesture of benediction on the wall near them.

“Yes ... um ... I wish Billy could have seen this.” Betsy’s face fell.

“Me too.” Elizabeth’s complexion went even paler than usual, contrasting starkly with her black, pinned hair. “Little William would not exist, and we would be in the middle of a forest primeval.”

“Oh ...” Betsy shivered. She pushed back tears that threatened to ruin her makeup. *I’m done crying about Billy. I have William to care for.*

“That fucking wolf. Every time ... he destroys what I ...” Elizabeth’s teeth ground together. She shook her head. “I’m sorry, today is a day for celebration. Don’t fret about the wolf, my dear. I know how to deal with him next time.”

“Oh, how’s that?” Betsy was trembling. She wished she could return to her apartment. She wished she could return to Billy’s arms. She would never find another lover like him. She hadn’t even bothered trying with the defeated Harold.

“Mrs. Wilkins! So happy you could make it.” Elizabeth waved to a newly arrived guest. She glanced at Betsy. “Enjoy the evening, Mrs. Lavey. Don’t forget to be at chapel at eleven.” Elizabeth rushed off to greet the erstwhile owner of the building.

~~

May 4, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

Uba left work early as planned. She was now back in her apartment, standing naked in front of her dresser, looking over her underwear selection. She frowned at everything. She didn’t own anything that a teenage boy would find sexy. This was a problem, because she didn’t want to bare her breasts to him again. If she could pose in something fetching, she could inspire him to relieve himself, and get her hands on another dirty sock without getting fully naked. She shivered, imagining the moment of satisfaction when she finally had that sock. He had said that she was the only thing that could knock him off the wagon. This was the only way to get what she needed.

She selected a green, matching set of bra and panties that had a little lace. She frowned as she put them on. *I warned myself about sin leading to more sin, and here I am, ready to make Abshir stray from purity.* It didn’t matter. She told herself that all young men touched themselves, and if she was steering him anywhere, it was toward normalcy.

Checking the clock, Uba saw that it was almost time. She raced to the bathroom to check her makeup and hair. She brushed her black curls out over her shoulders. Satisfied, she walked to the front door. It was so strange to move about her apartment in only her underwear. *Goodness, I hope he doesn't bring home a friend!* But she wasn't that worried. He hardly played with his friends anymore.

Uba had just leaned herself provocatively against the wall next to a family portrait when the door opened. Abshir entered the house. Uba said a little prayer under her breath and stuck out her chest. "Welcome home, sweetheart. You look grumpy."

"Hey, Mom." Abshir closed the door behind him, took two steps into the apartment, and froze when he saw his mother. His dark demeanor brightened at the sight. "I'm just pissed that Hani is galivanting around with Joe when ..." *Now is not the time to tell Mom about my bevy.* "When ... I don't have a girlfriend."

"You're frustrated and stopped up ... down there." Uba nodded to his crotch with sympathy. She removed his backpack and jacket, hung them up, and took his hand. "I think you need to come down from your wagon for the afternoon. You'll feel so much better." She led him to his room, closed the door, and seated him on the edge of his bed. "Don't give me that look, this is for your own good," she lied.

"Are you going to show me your tits again?" Abshir's dick strained against his pants. His prim mother was trying to seduce him into fapping. She was a junkie for sperm, just as Ogganse had said she'd be. It was a beautiful moment that he wanted to savor.

"I put on nice underwear for you." Uba went to his desk, grabbed his bottle of lotion, and brought it to him. "I'm not comfortable showing you my breasts again. I –"

"Tits, tits, tits, tits, tits." Abshir thrust his fist in the air with each syllable, like he was leading a march.

"Behave, sweetie." She gave him a pleading look as she took a sock from his dresser and put it on the bed next to him.

"Sorry, Mom." He grinned at her, adjusted his glasses, and stared at her bra. "Please show me your wonderful, hanging breasts. If you do that, I promise I'll fap for you." He waited to unzip his pants.

"Oh ... my gosh." Uba's upper chest and face became very warm. She reached behind her and unclasped her bra. *How quickly I gave up on preserving some spec of modesty.* It was obvious from a brief glance at the front of his jeans that he was already huge and hard. She was halfway there. "Who am I?" She whispered, removing her bra and letting her boobs fall free.

"You're the best mom in the world, that's who." Abshir grinned from ear to ear. "I don't even remember what purity feels like. You make me such a dirty boy." He pulled his

jeans and underwear off his legs. His dick sprung into the air, ready for whatever would come next.

“I’m a bad mom. I’m very bad.” But for Uba, knowing that and doing something about it were two different things. “Put lotion on it and get started.” She nodded to the bottle of hand lotion she’d left for him.

“You know you’re going to have to play with your nipples again, right?” Abshir slathered his hands in lotion and started pumping his shaft.

“I know,” she said weakly. Without hesitation, she hefted her breasts for him. She remembered how he liked it, so she emphasized their weight. She dropped them several times, letting her flesh dance and shake wildly.

“Damn ... Mom ... that’s a killer titty drop.” He had to force himself not to rush over and motorboat her.

“Please ... stop talking like that.” She grimaced at his language. “Just finish up, okay?” Seeing the greed in his eyes, she rolled her nipples with her fingers, one in each hand. “This is what you like, right?” Her mouth dropped open, and her eyes went distant. How strange that she had so ignored her breasts for so long. They felt wonderful. “Ooohhhhhh.”

“Yeah ... that’s hot.” Abshir pumped harder. The sound of his squelching hands filled the room. “What if we ... uughhh ... traded places?”

Despite the situation, Uba burst out with a laugh. She paused rolling her nipples, cupping her breasts while they shook with her cackles. It was a good tension reliever. When her final giggles subsided, she went back to the lovely feeling of pleasuring her stiff nipples. “Like Freaky Friday? You’re so strange, sweetheart.”

“No ... I mean ... I’ll play with your boobs ... and you can play with my dick.” The thought of it sent tingles down his spine.

“Ha!” She barked out another laugh, this time without mirth. “You’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

“Yes, very much.” Abshir nodded earnestly.

Uba gazed at the domed head of his penis. She could see the way he was squeezing just below the glans at the apex of each pump. Why couldn’t she do that for him? She had held it before. They could make each other feel very good. *If I said yes, we could be helping each other out right now. We’re already doing these things, we’d just be doing it to each other.* She shook her head quickly to clear her thoughts. “I’m ... feeling muddled. There’s no way we could do that. I just need you to finish in your sock.”

“If your fingers feel good, I bet your mouth would feel even better.” He pumped himself harder.

“You keep pushing me and pushing me. Where’s the polite boy I raised?” With some effort, she pulled her hands away from her breasts. “There’s no way I’m putting my mouth on your thing. There’s a nine-mile-long list cataloging why that will never happen. Don’t make me say all the important points. Just look at my breasts and finish, okay?” She put her hands on her hips and posed for him.

“I’m not asking for a blowjob, Mom.” He smiled. “I meant *your* mouth on *your* tit. You’re big enough that you could suck on your own nipple. Have you ever tried it?”

Uba’s eyes went wide. She’d never considered such a thing. Certainly, Taban had never suggested it. “I could suck on ...?” She looked down at her dark breasts, she could just see the upper half of her black nipples. She tilted her right breast up and looked at the whole nipple. “Do ... women do that? Do they like it?”

“Sure, Mom. I’ve seen it on the internet.”

“You shouldn’t look at such things. The internet can corrupt you.” Who was she kidding? She was the one responsible for corrupting him. He wouldn’t be touching himself if she hadn’t pushed him into this. He would be a pure young man, instead she had corralled him into a world of need and greed. A world where he asked for more and more. *This is my fault.*

“It’s supposed to feel really good. And I can ... uuugghhh ... tell that you have sensitive nipples.” Abshir’s hands slowed down. If he kept going full speed, he’d cum. Seeing the conflicting looks of moral indignation and lust on his mother’s face was too much.

“And if I did that, you’d finish faster?” Uba was speaking to him, but regarding her breast. It was almost like she was addressing the question to her upturned nipple.

“For sure.” He nodded.

“It’s important for your health that you finish, so ...” She lifted her breast to her mouth and rolled her tongue around her wide areola. “Mmmmmhhhhhh.” Her eyelids fluttered when she nibbled gently on her own nipple. She arched her back and squeezed her breast with her hands. Euphoria took over. *I have wasted so many years! What a gift Abshir has given me with the knowledge that this is possible.*

“Damn ... Mom ... so ... so ... hot.” Abshir’s face went slack. “Wouldn’t it feel good if ... uuugghhhh ... both of us ... sucked on one ... at the same time?”

Uba dropped the breast from her mouth. “No ... no ... it wouldn’t,” she lied. She rushed to the window and shut the curtains on the city and the peeping, stone gargoyle. The room was cast into gloom, which seemed to fit her furtive mood. “I can’t let you touch

me ... even if it would help you finish. We just ... can't." She took a couple wavering steps toward his bed.

The next thirty seconds were a blur to Uba. She wasn't sure what she'd done, but she knew she had done it. It wasn't her son's fault. And now that she was sucking her breast again, while he was sucking on the other one, she found that she didn't have the will to stop. She was on her knees on the mattress next to him. His head was turned, and he held onto her breast with one hand, squeezing it rhythmically. His other hand still pumped his erection. She held her other boob with both hands, angling it up, while slurping on her nipple. Her whole body vibrated with bliss. "Mmmmppphhhh," she said.

"Mmmmppphhhhhhhh," he said. This was better than what Ogganse had promised him. He had never felt more alive. And it was beautiful that they had so much more pleasure ahead of them. *Maybe I don't even need a bevy. Maybe she would be enough.* A sudden shock of doubt hit him. *No, I need Hani and several others to make the Goddess. But for now, Mom is enough.* "Mmmm ... mmm ... mmmmppphhhh." He was trying to tell her that he was about to cum, but his words were muffled by her tit. He thought about the sock, but didn't bother reaching for it. He was too busy with other things.

"Mmmmmmm." One of Uba's eyes fluttered open, the other was shut tight. Her mind swam in bliss. *Is it possible to orgasm just from your breasts? Abshir would know.* But she couldn't ask him. Neither of them were at liberty to speak. Something was building in her. *Oh ... gosh ... I really am going to have some sort of orgasm.* She was so completely swallowed by her pleasure, that she didn't notice that her son was orgasming until she felt the hot splashes of his semen on her belly, breast, and face. It was so startling that she flinched back and fell off the bed, landing on her butt on the floor. Her nipples were now free, and her orgasm was ruined, but she was splattered with teenage sperm. She had one eye closed, because the sticky stuff was running down that side of her face. "You ... didn't use the sock." The wonderful, overripe smell of his fresh spunk filled her nostrils. She breathed deeply, rising to her feet on wobbly legs.

"Uuuuuugggghhhhh." Was all Abshir could say.

"Oh ... my ... gosh ..." Uba watched her boy spray jet after jet of sperm into the air. The stuff landed on his chest ... on his lap ... on the bed ... everywhere. There was so much. "I'm sorry ... I'm so ... sorry," she said and ran out of the room. She didn't have the coveted dirty sock, but he had marked her with his stuff. *I am the dirty sock now!* Her belly burned with anticipation as she raced to the bathroom. She would masturbate with the freshest scent of teenage sperm imaginable.

~~

March 8, 1955: Apartment 14B, the Norwood family.

“Uuuuggghhhh ... ooo ... ooo ... uuuuuuggghhh ... ooo ... ooo ... nnnnngggaaaaaa ... Ogganse!” The chant was low and urgent in the chapel.

“Wait ... what’s going on?” Marcus was held firmly by two women. One was in her twenties, the other probably in her forties. He recognized the younger one from the first time his wife had fallen to these beasts. “This is the work of ... Satan. Who are you?”

“I’m Mrs. Creech, and your other chaperone is Mrs. Creneling. We have no use for Satan.” Natalie spoke in hushed tones. “Nancy, please gag him. He’s disturbing the ceremony.”

“Ooh ... ooh ... ooh ... Ogganse ... ooh ... ooh ... ooh ... Ogganse,” the people that filled the pews spoke in a gathering rush. They were still wearing their black-tie outfits from the earlier unveiling.

“That’s my wife, you can’t ... mmmmmppphhh.” Marcus struggled when they stuffed cloth into his mouth. He watched Susan walk slowly down the aisle toward the platform at the front of the chapel. A woman with her face hidden by a cowl waited for her. Behind the hooded figure rested the rough-hewn statue of a goddess. It had heavy, ponderous breasts and wide hips. The walls of the place were bare and danced in the light of the many candles. “Mmmmpphhh!” Marcus said. His wife had been given a white gown that swished around her legs with each step. She looked like a bride on her way to the altar.

Elizabeth, dressed in dark ceremonial robes, threw back her hood and flung her arms wide. Her black hair was down about her shoulders, shimmering in the warm light. Her eyes were a carmine red, glowing fiercely. Her skin was the color of fresh snow. “We have new devotees that will help bring about the renaissance. With years to plan, we must choose our allies and our road carefully.” She held out her hand to Susan, well aware that she hadn’t chosen this couple with much forethought. They had simply owned the building. Elizabeth pulled Susan on stage, and placed the woman’s hands on the Hungarian Lady.

“Ohhhh ... the stone is warm,” Susan blurted.

Elizabeth disrobed. She was naked underneath, her outlandish curves matching those of the statue. She held up a long knife in one hand for all to witness. She could see Marcus struggling, and hear his muffled whimpers. Elizabeth gave him a cruel grin. “Let Susan Wilkins give herself to Her and become one with us!”

“Ooohhhh ... ugh ... ugh ... oooooohhhh ... ugh ... ugh ... rrrrrraaaahhhh!” The congregants chanted.

In one quick motion, Elizabeth flipped the knife in the air, caught it, and brought it down in a long, quick arc. The sound of tearing fabric filled the chapel. The back of

Susan's dress was suddenly split, but her skin remained perfectly untouched by the blade.

"Oh ... my ..." Susan kept her hands on the statue, leaning forward with her back to Elizabeth. "This is it!" She trembled as she felt Elizabeth's hands gripping and spreading her butt cheeks. She couldn't see behind her, but she knew the woman was kneeling between her legs, her face at Susan's rear. And then that long, unwholesome tongue was pushing its way into Susan's vagina. "Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." Susan didn't care that the chanting crowd was watching her. She didn't care that her husband sat in the pews. She didn't care that no tongue should be able to do what Elizabeth's could. Susan gripped the statue tightly and screamed in ecstasy.

## Chapter 18

### Bad Doggie, Down Boy

December 13, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family and Rosalin Eklund.

“Thanks for letting me stay, Mr. Kwon.” Rosalin sat at the Kwon family dinner table. They were eating dumplings and rice. She had been so starved recently that she scarfed down the meal, even though her stomach turned watching Brian and Darby make lovey-dovey eyes at each other across the table.

“I’m confused, you live in the building, but you’re spending the night on our couch?” Greg eyed the woman suspiciously. She was clearly in her twenties and way too old to be dating his eighteen-year-old son. His wife had said she was one of ‘Brian’s friends’. *But where did he meet an older, authoritative looking woman? One who wears her leather jacket to dinner?*

“She’s had some trouble with her apartment on the seventh floor. She’s just staying one night.” Darby lied to her husband with alacrity now.

Brian watched his father’s simmering reaction with a smug grin.

“I won’t stay long.” Rosalin nodded. She was overheating in her jacket, but she didn’t want to freak out Greg by displaying her gun. And she sure as hell wasn’t going to take it off.

“Mmmmm.” Greg chewed his dumpling slowly. He sipped some water and frowned at their guest. “What is it you do, Ms. Ekland?”

“She’s a reporter,” Darby volunteered. Another lie.

“Actually, I’m working on a story, and I was wondering if you noticed any police in the building today?” Rosalin was having trouble with her chopsticks, but she managed to shove another dumpling into her mouth. She had to admit, the Kwons ate well. Dinner was delicious. She would have enjoyed it under other circumstances.

“You’re doing a story on a police investigation in your own building?” Greg’s frown deepened. Lines of disapproval dug themselves into his face. “I didn’t see anything of the sort. What’s really going on?” He looked over at his deadbeat son. “Brian, are you in trouble?”

“Everything’s fine, Greg.” Darby put a hand on her husband’s wrist.

Rosalin took a gulp of water. This was awkward.

Greg brushed his wife's hand away. "Stop coddling him. You've been bending over backward for him recently. It has to stop."

Rosalin's eyes went round thinking about just how much Darby had been bending over for her son that very day. Her water went down the wrong pipe, and she started choking and sputtering.

"Greg ... our son is special ... he –" Darby said.

"Not another word, Darby," Greg spoke over his wife. "I've had enough –"

"Enough!" Brian let his word ring around the dining room. Other than Rosalin still coughing on her water, the room was quiet.

Darby stared at her son with surprise, admiration, and arousal.

Greg turned pale and slunk down in his chair.

"There now. Let's have a pleasant meal." Brian patted Rosalin's back. "You okay?"

Rosalin flinched from him, but nodded that she was okay. Her inclination was to run, but where would she go? So, she sat and caught her breath.

"You'll treat me with respect, Dad. You'll treat Rosalin with respect. And you'll treat Mom with respect." Brian's words were clipped and icy. He was gearing himself up for the confrontation that Ogganse had promised him. But he couldn't. He glanced at Rosalin and silently cursed. She was a wildcard. It would have to wait. His mother would sleep in his father's bed for a little while longer. "Do you understand?"

Greg nodded meekly. "I ... I ... have to go read some reports ..." He pushed his chair back and stood. "... for work." He walked toward the door.

"Stop!" Brian's voice rang out.

Rosalin watched the scene in awe. Brian looked suddenly so authoritative. It must have been a trick of the light, but she thought his eyes actually flashed red with anger. His mother had quickly devolved into a fawning groupie, like women did with one of the bands he loved. His father was completely cowed, stopping in the doorway with his back to them.

"You'll clear the table and do the dishes," Brian said.

"But ... your mother does the dishes." Greg looked back at his son in confusion.

Rosalin decided Greg wasn't part of the cult. He was too shocked by his son's behavior. "Mr. Kwon, I think your son and mother are part of a secret organization and –"

"Silence!" Brian bellowed.

Rosalin went quiet.

Darby rubbed her legs together. She was soaking her panties. She was sure she was going to leave a puddle on her chair. Her pupils dilated, and her mouth hung open. She felt like Cupid had just hit her with a dozen arrows. “Wow ... Brian,” she whispered.

“Brian ...” Greg desperately wanted to be in another part of the apartment. “I have work to do, I –”

“Put on a fucking apron, and do the fucking dishes.” Brian had lowered his voice to a growl.

Greg turned and ran into the kitchen. A few moments later he came out wearing one of his wife’s aprons. He cleared the table while Darby and Brian made small talk about music, and Rosalin sat in silence eating her remaining dumplings.

~~

May 5, 2015: Apartments 12C and 12E, the Dahir and Marland families.

Joe was late to get out the door for school. He saw Hani step into the elevator, but decided not to call for her to hold it. Instead, the chase was on. He lived for the hunt these days, bolting for the stairs. The stairwell was a blur as he descended. He had somehow thought he would beat her to the lobby, but she was halfway to the front entrance by the time he exited the stairwell. It occurred to him that there was no way a person could beat the elevator racing down from the twelfth floor. *How did I even get close?* “Hey, Hani, wait up.” His heart melted when she turned and smiled at him. She wore the same sort of outfit that she wore every day with a hijab and long dress, but seeing her beauty always felt to Joe like a singularly novel experience.

“Where did you even come from?” Hani had been in the elevator, and she was sure she hadn’t had company.

“I ran ... down the ... stairs.” Joe panted, his tongue lolling out of his mouth a little. “I have ... something to ... ask you.” He had a big, goofy grin on his face.

“The stairs? You are so strange, Joe Marland.” Hani shook her head. “Wait ... you’re going to ask me to prom, aren’t you?”

“How ... how did you know?” Joe brushed his blond hair back with his fingers.

“You’re easy to read, Marland.” Hani turned and continued walking. “Ask me outside. I don’t want them watching us.” She pointed at the carvings on either side. “That wolf-headed man gives me the creeps.”

“The stag is worse.” Joe jogged to keep up with her. A doorman held the door for them, and suddenly, they were enveloped by the aggressive sounds and smells of New York. They hustled down the sidewalk toward school. “So?” Joe said.

Hani looked over at her boyfriend and rolled her eyes. “Of course I’ll go to prom with you. I wouldn’t dream of going with some other doofus who didn’t possess that fine body of yours.”

“I’ll take it.” Joe grinned. “I like your body, too.”

“Of course you do, I’m a goddess.” Hani laughed.

Joe found himself frowning, although he wasn’t sure why.

Hani didn’t notice his change in mood. “You’re also madly in love with my beautiful face and peerless mind.”

“That’s true.” Joe nodded. He took a deep breath, shook his head, and dodged a man in a business suit. “You’re amazing.”

“And so are you.” Hani smiled. “We’ll make an amazing couple at prom. I can’t wait.”

Neither could Joe.

~~

May 5, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

*It’s not working.* Uba spit out her nipple and removed her hand from her vagina. She was naked, sitting on the toilet lid, all alone in her apartment. Her masturbation felt good, but nothing like it had with Abshir’s scent. It was such a letdown without her son’s fresh sperm. She had carelessly washed the stuff off after she was done with it yesterday. It was morning now, her family was at work, and she didn’t have any teenage spunk. Masturbating without it was like listening to a man whistle when you were used to hearing the symphony.

“I don’t even know if I can orgasm.” She shook her head and stepped into the shower. *Yesterday, I’d been on the verge of climaxing while only stimulating my nipples.* Uba shivered. Both she and her son had been sucking on them at the same time. She had never imagined such a thing before. Not with her unruly eighteen-year-old. Not with any man. And yet, she had been the one to put her nipple in his mouth. Once he’d suggested she suck on her own breast, she had hardly waited to try it. *I’m corrupting him, and he’s corrupting me.*

After the shower, Uba dressed and got ready for work. She watched herself in the mirror as she put on her underwear. She didn't look any different, but something had changed. She had become a stranger to herself. "No more socks. No more masturbation. I can live without it." She nodded to her reflection. She felt in her gut that she'd turned a corner. She set her jaw firmly. She could go back to being a good wife and mother. Her son could go back to his purity.

Later in the day, she found herself watching the clock. When it became time for her son to be home, she felt a panic building in her. Hani would be with Joe for the afternoon. Her husband would be at work until at least six. That left a couple hours ...

Without thinking, she clocked out early due to an 'illness', and ran home through the streets of New York. She didn't even notice a few droplets of blood soaking into the twelfth-floor carpet as she exited the elevator. She ran right over them. Uba burst into her apartment some fifteen minutes after her son had been due home. "Abshir? Abshir!?"

"In here, Mom."

Uba rushed into the living room and found her son happily watching TV. "Have you ... touched yourself? Do you ... have a sock for me?" She was panting from her run home.

"A sock for you?" He adjusted his glasses and gave her a quizzical look.

"Did ... you ... masturbate ... yet?" She pushed her own glasses up her nose and tried to appear formidable. "Remember ... it's healthy ... and your sister and father will be home in a few hours ... so you should do it when you get home from school."

"I'm back on abstinence, Mom." Abshir gave her an innocent smile and looked at his show.

"Oh ... for the love of ..." Without even removing her hijab, Uba pulled off her dress, and unclasped her bra. She kneeled on the sofa next to her son, forced her nipple into his mouth, and sucked the other one past her own lips. "Mmmmmmmmm." She was sweaty, and should have been embarrassed to press her perspiring flesh into his face, but the pleasure was too great for such worries. The symphony inside her was warming up again, and her nerves buzzed. One hand firmly held the back of his head, the other her breast. The sound of the television continued, but Uba was barely aware of anything but her bliss. A bliss that was pulling her soul down little by little. But, of course, she felt too good to worry about her soul.

Abshir sucked on his mother's tit and pulled his hard dick into the open. She had been so desperate that he knew this was a moment to push limits. He reached up and peeled her hand off his head and brought it down toward his cock. He was disappointed when she rebelled and wrenched her wrist from his grip. He pulled his mouth away from her

breast and looked up at her. "I've decided I can still be pure if I don't touch it. If you want to make me explode, *you'll* have to make me explode."

In exasperation, Uba spit out her nipple and stood up. "No ... no ... we can do what we did yesterday. And that's it." She moved away from him, putting her hands on her hips. It was difficult to be formidable with him while she was topless. Especially because his gaze was fixed on her chest. "We can't ..." She glanced at the clock. Time was wasting. "Here, I'll heft them for you." She jiggled her boobs in her hands, but she could see that it wouldn't work. He didn't reach for his penis. She had already taken it too far, and now he wasn't satisfied with merely watching. *That is another reason I can't touch him. If I do that, he will need me to do it for each orgasm going forward.*

"I want to stay pure." Abshir shrugged.

"I don't know." She stopped jiggling her boobs and dropped her hands to her sides. "Just this morning I promised myself ..." Her thoughts lost their focus as her eyes roved the improbable length of his penis. That domed head was absurdly huge. How had she and her husband given her son a tool like that? Whose DNA was at fault? She licked her lips. *I know how he likes it. I saw him touching himself, squeezing just below the glans. I could get him to finish quickly, then, before I know it, I'll be in the bathroom with his sperm.*

"You're making the funniest face right now." Abshir laughed. "You look like you want to pounce on me."

"Abshir ... sweetheart ... just touch yourself ... please?" She had nothing left to bargain with.

"What did you mean when you asked me if I had a sock for you? Have you been doing something with my dirty socks?" He flexed his dick, making it bounce and bob like a strutting cock.

This was a line of inquiry that Uba couldn't indulge. She looked at the clock again. Then, her gaze fell back on his ugly, mesmerizing penis. "Fine ... I'll do it this one time. I'll touch you so you can stay pure. Then ... we're both ..." She stumbled toward him, her whole body thrumming with anticipation. "... we're both ... going to ... mmmmmm." Without comprehending the steps that got her there, she found herself on the sofa next to him, one nipple in her mouth, one nipple in his mouth, and her fingers wrapped around one giant penis. She pumped him with her left hand, working the full length of his shaft and squeezing just under the head like she'd seen him do. She had goosebumps all over. She had touched it before in a clinical fashion. But that pretense was over. Her life as she knew it was over. She had a moment of clarity. She was jerking her teenage son, and she would do it each and every day so long as it was the only way to coax his sperm. *I didn't even bring him a sock!*

Abshir's glasses were mashed to his face by his mother's boob. He didn't care. He thought it was hilarious and undeniably sexy. He reached for her ass and grabbed a cheek. It was plush, pliant, and magnificent. He could feel a tremble working through her, increasing in intensity. With the trembling, and the way she was moaning around her nipple, it appeared that she was on the verge of cumming. But her pussy was unattended. Could a woman cum from only her tits? He didn't know. Maybe he'd need to ask the goddess about it sometime.

"Mmmm ... mmmmmm ... mmmmmmm ..." Uba spasmed violently. Stars burst before her eyes. It wasn't anything like the orgasms she'd had with a sock to her nose, and her fingers on her clitoris, but she was having a splendid climax. She and her son were teaming up to give her pleasure. Her hand wasn't stroking him anymore, instead she was spasmodically squeezing him. But that was okay. She still had time to make him explode. She would redouble her efforts once her own climax passed.

His mother's body jerked a few more times, and then she pulled away from him. Her nipple was no longer in his mouth, and her hand wasn't on his dick. He was about to protest, but he paused as she shakily got down on the floor between his legs. Her eyes were wild and fierce, and her mouth hung open as she gripped his shaft with both hands. "You're all ... pent up ... sweetheart. Time ... to free ... yourself." She pumped him awkwardly at first, experimenting with using two hands. She was determined to learn. "Like this ... where I squeeze just below ... the top?" She stared at the dome as it jerked in her hands.

"That's good ... but it's too dry."

Her hands slowed. "Should I go get your lotion?" She glanced up at him, meeting his gaze for the first time in quite a while. Her cheeks heated at the pleasure evident on his face. She was doing that to him. It was sublime. *What mother wouldn't want to make her son that happy?* Her son only grunted at her, so she repeated the question. "Lotion?"

"No ... you can't let go ... of my dick ... or you'll ruin the moment. Keep stroking." He was so close to clutching her hair and forcing her mouth onto his dick. But the goddess didn't want that. The goddess wanted her to cross her own bridges. "Spit on it. Get it ... uggghhhhh ... wet with spit."

"What?" This was something else that she had never considered. *Do women spit on penises, or is my son depraved?* "Um ... is this something ... a woman might normally do for a man?" Confusion wrinkled her forehead. Did she care what couples normally did? *I'm not a couple with my son!* "I'm not sure that we should ..." Her mind was still foggy from the climax, but her hands were finding a nice, milking rhythm on his shaft.

"Just spit on it," Abshir growled.

“Yes ... okay ... anything to speed this along.” She lifted herself up and forward a little, mindful that her nipples were brushing against his thighs. She raised herself higher to avoid that contact, and let saliva fall from her mouth onto his penis. She closed her eyes so she wouldn’t have to look at the flaring hole in the top of the domed head. Quickly, her hands began squelching with each stroke.

“Yeah ... yeah ... Mom ... that’s good ...” Abshir smiled, enjoying the equal parts lust and revulsion on her face. “Open your eyes.” He was thrilled when she did so immediately. He got lost in her gaze as she two-fisted him with growing ease. “Tell me ... you love me.”

“I love you, Abshir,” Uba whispered.

“Tell me ... uuggghhh ... you love me more than Hani.”

Uba said nothing and looked away. Even with her renewed discomfort, her hands didn’t miss a stroke.

“Tell me ... you love me more than Dad.” He was now pushing things. He wasn’t sure if She would be pleased with him.

“I’m only doing this ... so that you can be ... healthy.” Uba’s lie was so thin, she was worried he would start seeing through it.

“Let the ... uuuggghh ... wild in ... Mom.” He was getting close.

Those words sent a shiver down her spine. When had the act stopped being a means to an end? She was enjoying handling his manhood too much. *I only want his sperm. That’s all.* She spit on his penis again and pumped him for all she was worth.

“I’m going to ... aaahhhh ... cum soon.” Abshir clenched his teeth.

“We need a sock!” Her eyes went round with worry. What else did she have?

“You’re ... my dirty sock ... Mom.” He was ready to spray her again.

“No ... no ... I’m not.” *It’s not true, is it?*

“Tell me ... that you’re my ... dirty sock.” Abshir gripped the sofa cushions on either side of his hips, his whole body straining.

“I’m ... I’m ... your ... mother ...” She released his penis with one hand just as his hips started to buck. She pulled off her hijab, held it on top of his penis, and continued to pump him with her other hand. “Yes ... yes ... finish.” She watched as the dark material quickly saturated.

“Aaaaahhhhhhh!” He came into his mother’s hijab and roared, not caring if the neighbors heard him. The ecstasy made him lose focus. When lucidity returned, his

mother was already running out of the room with her precious, semen-soaked hijab. He watched her panty-clad ass shake. A lazy smile spread over his face. He heard the bathroom door slam followed by the sounds of her huffing his sperm. It wasn't too long until her stifled moans filled his ears. He grabbed his dick and started fapping, listening to his mother do the same. Someday soon, she might be ready for them to do this in the same room. He would keep chasing his own purity until that moment happened.

~~

May 5, 2015: Apartments 12C and 12E, the Dahir and Marland families.

Joe and Hani were sweaty from their run home from school. She was breathing hard as they exited the elevator on the twelfth floor. He was hardly winded.

"Hello, Mrs. Branch." Joe smiled at his neighbor from 12D, holding the elevator door for her. His other hand was clasped in Hani's hand.

Grace Branch didn't step into the elevator, instead she stared at the teenagers' joined hands.

Hani rolled her eyes and pulled Joe into the hall.

"Is everything okay, Mrs. Branch?" Joe cocked his head, confused by the woman. He let go of the doors as his girlfriend pulled him toward his apartment. He was walking backward, still trying to be courteous to his neighbor.

"Special place in hell," Grace said. She let the elevator doors close so she could continue to stare at the teenagers.

"I'm sorry?" Joe was at a complete loss.

"She doesn't like us," Hani whispered in his ear.

Joe turned from Grace and put his key in his lock. "She's always been friendly to me in the past," he whispered back to Hani.

When the door was open, Hani pulled Joe into his apartment. She closed the door behind them. "She's racist, Marland. You were fine when you were white, but now ..." She held up her dark hand in his light one.

"But ... she's ... but ... she's ..." He scratched his head. "Really?"

"I'm sorry to have to tell you, but some people ..." Hani shrugged.

"Well, she has hideous bangs," Joe said.

Hani giggled. "You noticed those, too! Agreed. Hideous!" Hani dragged him to his room. She spotted Carrie sitting with a book in the living room. "Hello, Mrs. Marland."

"Hello, Hani. Good to see you." Carrie smiled and waved. "You have a good day at school, you two?"

The teenagers were eager to have some privacy, but they stopped to make small talk.

Out in the hall, Grace hit the call button, muttering to herself. She should not have let the elevator go. It had descended, and now she had to wait for it to rise back up through the building. She tapped her foot, muttering about the loss of purity among today's youth.

Grace's muttering stopped when the door to the stairs leading to the chapel popped open. The sudden bang gave her a start. She looked down the hall at it. Then she checked her watch. "It's not time for services," she whispered to herself.

The elevator chimed, its door opened, and Grace heard a low rumbling. Her face blanched, and her body trembled. Slowly, she turned her head to peer into the open elevator car. Inside was an enormous wolf, head held low, carmine eyes staring her down. The unmistakable threat of its growl filled the hall.

"No ... I've been faithful to Her. I sacrificed my husband," Grace beseeched the wolf. "Where's the stag? You should be hunting the stag."

The wolf took a couple impossibly slow steps toward her, stalking its prey. It did this even though it was making eye contact with the woman.

"Bad doggie. Down boy." Grace waved a trembling finger at the massive beast. "I have served Her. You can't mean to come for me. You can't ... eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii."

The wolf leapt into the hall and seized Grace around the midsection, digging in its teeth. It bounded down the hall with the flopping, screaming woman in its jaws, heading for the stairs to the fourteenth floor. It didn't mind her weak, pounding fists on his head.

In apartment 12C, Joe was telling his mom about math when they heard the scream from the hall. All three stopped and listened. The shriek quickly died. It was followed by silence.

"Goodness, what was that?" Carrie stood quickly. "Joey?"

"I'll check." Joe moved to the front door. He looked out the spyhole and saw nothing. His mother and girlfriend stood behind him, tension bunching their muscles. "I don't see anything. I'm going to open the door." He glanced at Hani. *We're both thinking about that strange day when we saw the deer and wolf.* He tried to give her a reassuring smile. He opened the door and looked out. The scent of fresh blood hit him hard, driving his mind wild. He snarled.

“Joey? What is it?” Carrie squeaked.

His mother’s voice pulled him back from the wilderness that had been trying to open in his mind. He looked both ways down the hall. There was nothing there. He couldn’t see any blood, but the scent was unmistakable. He guessed that there were only a few droplets on the carpet. He’d look for the stain later. “It’s ... nothing.”

“It sounded like a woman screaming.” Gaining courage, Carrie peered over her son’s shoulder. There really was nothing there.

Hani could see how tense her boyfriend was. She frowned. “It was probably some neighbors listening to heavy metal or something.” Gently, she took Joe by the shoulders and pulled him away from the door. “You can close the door, Mrs. Marland. It wasn’t anything.” She waited for the door to close, and then breathed a sigh of relief when Carrie complied.

“That was so strange.” Carrie’s face was tight and drawn.

“Oh, we almost forgot to tell you, Mrs. M.” Hani forced a smile. “Guess who’s taking me to prom?”

Carrie looked at her son and back at Hani and then to her son. “Really?” The odd moment was completely forgotten, she found herself grinning. “You two are going to prom?” She bounced on her toes and clapped her hands. “This is so exciting!”

Joe exhaled, thankful to Hani for changing the direction of things. In the past, his mother’s reaction would have been embarrassing. But she didn’t really bother him anymore. “Yeah, it *is* exciting.”

“Oooohhhh ... group hug!” Carrie bounced up and down, putting an arm around each of them and squeezing them tightly. “You two are such a cute couple!” They were both so strong and vital. Hani was wonderfully curvy, and her son was so lean and muscled. Carrie’s belly did little flips, and she was suddenly dizzy. She quickly let go of them, feeling odd, warm tingles spread through her body. “Okay, you’ve spent enough time with your old mother. You two can go have your privacy now to do your homework ... or whatever it is you do in Joey’s room.” She knew very well what they’d be doing. She planned on listening through the door in the not-too-distant future.

“Thanks, Mom. I’m going to hang with my prom date.” Joe picked Hani up and carried her into his room.

“Put me down, you big brute.” Hani pretended to beat him with her fists and scream.

Carrie watched them disappear into his room. Seeing him carry her made her even more warm and tingly.

## Chapter 19

### You're Boring Me with this Cult Stuff

June 18, 1940: Apartment 14D, the Blevin family.

"Welcome home, Hank." Nora had an odd dreamy expression as she took her husband's jacket and hung it in the hall.

"Hello, dear." Hank held his hand out for the customary after-work martini, but his wife turned away from him without supplying any sort of beverage. He frowned. "Mitzy? Mitzy?" There was no reply. He walked into the living room and looked around.

"Where's the dog, Nora?"

"I gave him away to one of my friends." Nora came in from the kitchen with a martini in her hand. Rather than handing it to her husband, she sat in an armchair and sipped the drink. She was oblivious to his withering stare. Instead, eyeing their collection of artifacts and trinkets in the curio. "You know Mrs. Simmons, my friend from the library? She took Mitz."

"First you lock our dog in the guest room all night, then you gave him away without telling me?" Hank was fuming.

"Sorry I didn't tell you before it happened." She turned her gaze back to her husband. "There are other things I haven't told you." She smiled sweetly.

"We've been married more than thirty years, and there are things you haven't told me?" Hank's face reddened. "What's gotten into you?"

"Our neighbor's tongue, if you must know." Nora giggled. "It was hhhuuuuggggge."

"By Jove, what in tarnation ...? I don't know what you're talking about." Hank scratched his head. "I'm going to get our dog back. Where does this Simmons live?" He stalked toward the door, but was surprised when it opened and three women walked in. "Mrs. Norwood? Mrs. Creneling? What are you doing in my apartment?" He didn't know the third lady, and didn't feel he should bother addressing her.

"This floor belongs to Her now. We need to let the wild in, and you, Mr. Blevins, are in the way." Elizabeth wore matching robes with Mrs. Creneling and Creech. The second the door was closed behind them, all three opened their garments and dropped their clothes to the floor. Underneath, they were naked with strange black lines and symbols painted onto their pale bodies.

"I ... I ... I ..." Hank stared. He'd never seen three naked women at the same time. Heck, that moment had just doubled the number of bare women he'd seen in his lifetime. Frenetically, his eyes darted, trying to take in every detail. He was so taken by the sight

that he didn't notice his wife moving behind him. When she hit him over the head with a stone figurine, he dropped like a sack of potatoes.

"It's time to let the wild in, dear." Nora looked to Elizabeth for approval. When she found a smile on the woman's face, Nora's insides practically melted. She wasn't even concerned when her new friends lifted her husband under the arms and dragged him out of the apartment.

~~

December 14, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family and Rosalin Eklund.

It was sometime in the middle of the night when Rosalin awoke. Something scurried about the Kwon living room. She sat up quickly, her hand pulling her revolver from under her pillow. Still wearing her flannel and pants from the day before, she sat on the sofa, also her makeshift bed, and looked about the room. The curtains were open, and the light of the city filled the space. She gave a start when she spotted one of the gargoyles peering in at her. She was almost certain it hadn't been there when she went to sleep. *I hate those things*. She was tempted to point her gun at it, but she had too much respect for firearms to point at anything she didn't intend to shoot.

There was that sound again. She looked around and saw nothing. She stood and cautiously checked behind furniture and through the doorways. "Rats?" She muttered.

She had her back turned to an armchair when there was a sudden thud, and the chair's springs squealed. Rosalin spun and pointed her revolver. Brian was sitting in the chair, wearing only his briefs and a smug grin. She could see the outline of what looked like a giant, albeit soft, penis through his underwear. Rosalin had heard some women went crazy for large ones. *Was that Mrs. Kwon's downfall? Was she one of those women? Had she seen it and seduced her son? Had Brian flaunted it in front of her as he was doing to me now?* She lowered her gun. The size of his penis was all the more striking due to his lean, compact body.

"Not long ago, I wasn't so confident around women." Brian enjoyed the bewildered look on her face as she ogled his dick. "But this building does things to people. Good things."

"How did you get in here without me seeing you?" She pulled her eyes away from his underwear and glanced around the room. There was no way he could cover the distance from the door to the chair without her noticing.

"I'm fleet of hoof." He laughed quietly, holding his flat stomach. "We're safe in this apartment, you can put the gun away."

Begrudgingly, Rosalin stashed her pistol back under her pillow, still sitting on the sofa. "I don't think the police are going to come. Can you get me out of the building?"

"You asked my dad about that. Why would the police come?" He raised an eyebrow.

"Listen, you're part of a cult and ... what are you doing?" Her lip twisted in disgust as he lowered his underwear, and his fat cock flopped onto his thigh in full view. She didn't like the look of it. Not one bit. It was too veiny, bulbous, and alien, not at all like the modest members she had seen before. Her eyes were drawn to it like they would be to any catastrophe. She could no more look away than she could turn her head from a train wreck.

"You're boring me with this cult stuff. Whenever I get bored, I jerk myself and ... presto, I'm not bored anymore." He pumped his soft cock a few times and let it fall back to his thigh. It was slowly engorging. "So, anytime you say something boring, I'm going to spank it. Cool?"

"Not cool. You can't just touch yourself ..." She watched him start to masturbate again. "I'm engaged to be married. You can't ..." Rosalin saw his hands speed up. The motion was mesmerizing. "Tell me about your mother."

Brian stopped jerking and let his dick stand by itself. Not fully erect, it tilted to the side like a drunk. "My Mom? What do you want to know?"

"When did you start ... doing it with her?" Rosalin watched his dick. It was bobbing arrhythmically on its own, slowly growing. It looked like it was trying to get its balance, becoming more and more upright as the seconds passed. *How did Mrs. Kwon put that inside her? She must be some sort of freak.*

"It's been weeks. Our family moving here is totally rad." He nodded to himself, picturing the breathtaking, callipygian view when he was lucky enough to be behind his mother. Which was often. "Totally rad."

"Did the cult put you two ... together?" Rosalin thought he was probably all the way hard now. She frowned, actively suppressing her flight or fight impulse that came with sharing space with such a horrific penis. Suddenly, he was masturbating again. She gave a little shriek. "I mean ... did she seduce you?" She exhaled with relief when he unhandedly handed the organ.

"I seduced her. Ha!" He barked out a laugh. "You thought I was a loser when we were hanging out. I'm not. I'm going to have so many women. And I'm going to knock up Mom. I'll have a new sister. A goddess." He stretched out his arms and clasped his hands behind his head, pleased with himself. "The Goddess."

“Did the ... um ...” Rosalin didn’t want to mention the cult again. Every time she did that, he jerked his giant cock. She had to be careful. “Who told you this? About the ... special baby?”

“The voice in the basement.” Brian shrugged.

“Elizabeth Norwood?”

“Her too.” He nodded.

“So, it’s not Mrs. Norwood speaking to you in the basement?” Rosalin could at least puzzle some of the mysteries of the cult if she kept him talking.

“The Goddess speaks to me through Her roots. Their voices sound almost the same, but it’s Ogganse in the basement.” He reached down and played with his foreskin, stretching it out, and pushing his fingers underneath.

Rosalin shivered with revulsion, but at least he wasn’t pumping it. “Is that the same goddess that ... um ... will be your sister?” She bit her lip when she saw him nod an affirmative. “Well ... then ... if she’s around now ... in the roots as you say ... why does she need to be born ... to ... um ... you and your mother?” Maybe she could talk him into some sense.

“Boring!” He pumped his dick again, really going at it this time.

“I think you should know ... your cult is leaderless now.” Again, Rosalin was having a damned hard time looking away. “I shot her yesterday.” *What would Dave say if he could see me now? He hated that I had always felt driven to confront evil. He had nightmares about my trip into the den of the Bloomfield Killer. If I make it out of here, I don’t think I’ll tell him about this. He’s too good a person to be tainted by –*

“You’re lying.” Brian jerked his dick even more fiercely, sitting up and then leaning forward. Anger colored and creased his otherwise pale, smooth face. “Elizabeth’s fine. I would know if something happened to her. The building would know.”

“Don’t be so certain ...” Rosalin’s hand crept under her pillow. “She’s made you believe in strange things. But everything has an explanation.”

“I don’t even know if I want you in my bevy!” He spat the words. He let go of his dick with one hand, but continued to pump with the other. “I don’t see how you fit with Her.” He leapt up into the air, latching onto the ceiling with his free hand and his bare feet. He looked down at her with savage indignation, still jerking his cock. “I’ll talk to Her tomorrow. She’ll tell me Elizabeth’s fine. She’ll tell me what to do with you.” With that he awkwardly crawled along the ceiling, masturbating the whole way. He disappeared through the top of the doorway.

Rosalin was petrified. She stared at where the eighteen-year-old had disappeared. Her mind searched for an explanation, but found none. Teenagers didn't crawl along the ceiling in defiance of gravity. Not in her experience. Something was very wrong. She prayed that she was still under the effects of the drugs Elizabeth must have given her. That was the only thing that made any sense. *Maybe I imagined him? Maybe this was a nightmare?* No, that wasn't the case. She turned her head and saw his underwear on the floor in front of the armchair, right where he'd left them.

Rosalin didn't fall back asleep that night. She sat on the sofa with her gun on her lap, listening for the sounds of someone creeping along the ceiling and wondering what would become of her.

~~

May 6, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

"Joe asked me to prom." Hani sat at the dinner table with her family eating breakfast. She got almost no response. Her father continued to look at the newspaper. Her mother was daydreaming, staring out the window, and didn't respond. Her brother was the only one that seemed to hear her, and rather than congratulations, he gave her a frown. "I said yes," Hani added.

"He shouldn't have you." Abshir adjusted his glasses and deepened his frown.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Hani didn't like the person her brother had become. "Joe's hot and funny and smart and ..." She turned toward her mom. "... he has a huge cock."

"What did you say?" Uba blinked and focused on her daughter. "What did she say, Taban?"

"Mmm?" Taban didn't look up from the paper.

"I got invited to prom." Hani smiled sweetly at her mother.

"Was it Joey?" Uba frowned.

"Who else?" Hani stood. "I don't know what's wrong with this family. You should all be happy for me."

"No one cares about prom. By the time it rolls around, you won't even remember Joe." Abshir ate an orange slice noisily.

"Ugh. That's idiotic." Hani walked away from the table.

Uba noticed that Abshir's gaze fell to his sister's butt. This concerned her. But she didn't have the foggiest notion what to do about it. She supposed if she kept draining him, he would have less bandwidth to sexualize his twin sister. She chewed on her lower lip. The thought was unnerving. But she knew she needed the scent of his seed. She had hidden her defiled hijab in the closet last night, and the anticipation of getting it out after her family had left for the day made her head swim and ... if she was honest ... her vagina swim, too. That moment couldn't arrive fast enough. Uba stood and collected her daughter's dishes.

"Nah, Mom. Dad should clear the table." Abshir waved a finger at her.

Uba put the dishes back down on the table, unsure of what to do.

"Clear the table, Dad." Abshir put authority into his voice.

Taban put down the paper, stood, and looked quizzically at his son. Slowly, he walked around the table, passing his wife. He stood next to Abshir for a moment, lifted his hand, and swatted the top of Abshir's head.

"Ow! What the hell, Dad?" Abshir covered his hair from further attack.

"Watch how you talk to me." Taban's eyebrows knitted in anger. "You clean the table." He looked to his wife. "Don't do any dishes this morning. Make Abshir do them before school. I have to go to work." He turned and walked away.

"I'm sorry, Abshir. You have to do the dishes." She saw the dark clouds in her son's expression, and quickly left him to his chores. She found peace and quiet in her bathroom, and only ventured out when she suspected that her family was gone. She checked the apartment to be sure she was alone, then she went straight for the crusty hijab. Unearthing it from the back of her closet like a treasure, she hurriedly undressed and climbed onto her bed. Her eyes rolled back when she stuffed the pungent thing under her nose.

In short order, Uba had one nipple in her mouth while she massaged her clit in furious circles. The dirty hijab was perched on her other breast, well within smelling range. It was paradise. The only shame was that she had to leave for work within the hour. She was determined in the meantime, to burst her mind with as many orgasms as possible. And the first one was just around the corner.

~~

December 14, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family and Rosalin Eklund.

“Good morning, dear.” Darby found their guest in the kitchen, sipping coffee. The woman was back to wearing her leather jacket. Rosalin’s hair was unbrushed and wild, and her face looked wan. “How did you sleep?”

“We need to get out of this building, Mrs. Kwon.” Rosalin was grateful for the weight of her pistol in its shoulder holster. She didn’t know what fresh nightmares the day would bring, but she expected several.

Darby laughed like Rosalin had just made a splendid joke. “You’re so silly. We’re happy here.”

“What about your husband? Is Greg happy?” Rosalin watched the smile fade from the woman’s face.

“Everything’s fine. It’s natural for a teenager to assert himself toward his father.” Darby poured herself some coffee.

“I’m not talking about the apron or the dishes. I’m talking about what you and Brian do when Mr. Kwon is at work.” Rosalin’s shoulders bunched. She tried to relax them with several deep breaths. “That’s not ... natural.”

“What’s more natural than a mother bonding with her son?” Darby shrugged.

Greg walked into the kitchen wearing a suit and tie. His outfit was sans apron. He kissed his wife on the cheek. “Get that boy to start looking for a job today. It’s time he moved out.” Greg smiled at his wife, scowled at Rosalin, and rushed out of the apartment. The women were silent until they heard the front door close.

“Where *is* Brian?” Rosalin shuddered, thinking of the way he’d scurried across the ceiling in the middle of the night. *Did I dream that?* She didn’t think so.

“He’s eighteen. He’s sleeping in, of course.” Darby leaned her butt on the counter and sipped coffee. “I understand that you’ve been through a lot. I know it must have been hard cooped up in that apartment. And then ... the wolf.” She shuddered. “Anyhoo, I’m picking up some hostility toward Brian and maybe even myself.” Darby stared at her disheveled guest. The woman’s skin was pallid, and she had bags under her eyes. Darby thought Rosalin didn’t look nearly so regal in the mornings. “We have shown you kindness by bringing you into our home and sharing our special secret with you.”

“Many thanks.” Rosalin’s voice dripped with sarcasm.

“I see that look on your face. You think you’re a tough girl, huh?” Darby shook her head and sipped her coffee. “When you start dancing to Brian’s trumpet, you’ll feel differently. You’re going to be part of his bevy, whether you realize it or not.”

“What ... the fuck ... is a bevy?” Rosalin looked away from Darby. The fallen mother and housewife had an avid giddiness to her expression that disquieted Roslin.

“A bevy is a group of ladies needed to bring about a particular renaissance.” Darby frowned. “Look, I didn’t understand before either. Even now, I have a hard time believing our luck. But here we are, in the center of a new era.”

“I can’t believe *my* luck.” Rosalin sighed. Her inclination was to leave. To get the hell out before Brian woke up and did something worse than defy gravity. But she had a feeling that it was more than drugs that foiled her escape the day before. “This place won’t let me leave. Every time I walked down the stairs, I ended up back at the top of the building. The elevator was the same. Also, there was a ... forest growing in the stairwell.” It was so strange to say it out loud.

“I believe you. This building is miraculous. I mean, can you imagine my surprise to find myself here?” Darby laughed. “Before we moved to 3838 Walnut, I thought incest was disgusting. I thought it was unnatural. I thought ... well, I didn’t give it much thought beyond that. But now, I’ve never been happier. And I’m not even jealous of Brian and Sylvie. Or you and Brian. Just wait ... just wait until you feel his penis inside you. Woman to woman, let me tell you, Ms. Eklund, there is nothing like being filled by something so perfectly made for conception.” She put down her coffee and held her hand in front of her dress, forming a circle with her fingers over her belly. “To feel him erupt right here is like nothing else in the world. It’s raw, untamed, and ...” She shivered, grinning wildly. “... powerful. So ... powerful.” A dreamy expression passed over her pretty face. “All you have to do is let the wild in.”

“Right ...” Rosalin stared at where this woman was indicating on her lower belly. The image of Brian’s ugly, giant penis rose in her mind. She pictured it inside this poor woman, stretching her, and defiling her with a deep detonation. “Your phone isn’t working. Can you see about getting it fixed?”

“Sure.” Darby smiled and picked up her coffee. “I’ll talk to Mrs. Creech later today. But all this chatting about Brian has made me a woman possessed. You’ll know what I mean soon enough.” She winked at Rosalin. “I’m going to go wake him up. I suppose I’ll be busy for the next few hours.”

“Wait, I ...” Rosalin watched her rush off toward her son’s room. She shook her head and went about making breakfast. At least Brian would be busy for a while.

~~

May 6, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

Uba skipped work again. She spent most of the morning masturbating. By the time noon rolled around, she found that the hijab didn’t smell so fresh. Her last orgasm was

weak and pathetic, leaving her craving the ecstasy she'd felt that morning. She dropped the garment in the wash, showered, and ate lunch. There were still a few hours before Abshir got home. She was sure Hani would be off with her boyfriend after school. That gave her time in the afternoon to extract more of her son's precious seed.

It occurred to her that she would need to excite him if it was going to go quickly. The underwear that she owned had certainly failed in that regard last time. So, she left the building and headed for the nearest department store. It was mortifying to buy lingerie, especially knowing that she would have to hide it from Taban. She tried to not see judgment in the eyes of the saleswoman as Uba selected several frilly sets of sexy undies and had them rung up.

Running through busy sidewalks, she raced home with her bags dangling from her arm. She checked the time as she reentered the building, hustling past the horrible image of a wolf-headed man. She veered toward the basement. There was time enough for a quick hand wash and a spin in the dryer.

As she scrubbed the new garments with some detergent in the sink, she looked around the basement. She was alone, but ... it felt like she wasn't. The hairs on the back of her neck stood up. "Hello?"

It seemed to Uba that a voice was pressing into her mind, but she couldn't hear the words. With it, came the sense of something savage and unrestrained. "Is somebody there?" She rinsed the lingerie and put them in the dryer, eyes nervously darting about the basement. She leaned against the table and crossed her arms, watching the clothes tumble. "How strange that I'm going through so much trouble to look sexy for Abshir," she muttered. "I've never done that for Taban."

"You're a good mother." The clarion voice of a woman filled Uba's ears. The woman continued, "It's more important to be a good mother than a good wife. The future is with Abshir. The past is with Taban."

"What? Hello!?" Uba jumped, wildly looking about the room. There was nobody there. She didn't hear the voice again. By the time the dryer finished, she had convinced herself that she'd imagined the woman and her strange words.

Time was running out. Soon, Abshir would be home. She needed to be ready to greet him, so she rushed to the elevator and went home.

In her bedroom, she frantically changed out of her clothes. *My panties are soaked through. The thought of his semen has me all riled up.* She tossed her things into the hamper and put on one of the lingerie sets. It was a ridiculous, impractical two-piece combination of mostly transparent, purple material. Practicality was relative she supposed. It would be effective for sparking the mind of a teenager. So, in this case, it was practical.

After a quick, embarrassing check in the mirror, Uba hustled to her son's room. She pulled off his blanket and stretched out on his sheet. She was on her belly, and she hoped that would do the trick. Abshir had focused mostly on her breasts, but she knew men liked butts, too. She had just posed herself in the perfect position, when she heard the front door open and close. Her heart thudded a steadily increasing beat against her ribs. Her tummy turned over and over. She glanced at her wedding ring and wondered if she should take it off. She decided it would be less faithful to Taban to do this with his ring cast aside, so she left it on.

"Mom, I'm home!" Abshir saw his mother's purse. That meant she was home. She was playing hooky from work again. He took this as a good sign. His dick lurched in his pants.

"In here, Abshir," she called to him.

He dropped his backpack in the kitchen, went down the hall, and opened his door. "Oh ... shit." He stopped in the doorway and stared at her ass. "Where did you get the underwear?" The cut of her panties accentuated the flare from her waist out to her hips and the mind-bending curves of her backside.

"I bought them for you." Uba worried her bottom lip. "I'm afraid I'm going to steal your purity again." She pushed her glasses up on her nose and stared at the tent his penis was making in his pants.

"It's cool!" Abshir laughed. "Anyway, if I don't touch it, I can stay pure. It doesn't matter if you jerk me."

"Oh ... gosh ... I really wish you wouldn't talk like that." She continued to stare.

"Nice." Abshir undressed. She hadn't said 'no'. Ogganse had steered them to a magnificent place. "What ... what are you staring at?" He was naked now, standing next to the bed. "Is something wrong with my dick?"

With a shyness that was unusual to her, she sat up and glanced up into his eager face. "There's nothing wrong with it. I mean ... it's ... really big ... but I'm not even looking at that." She beckoned him over, reached out, and held his dick.

Abshir was ready for the handjob to start. But instead, his mother pushed his cockhead up to his lean stomach with one hand and examined his heavy balls with the other. Abshir smirked. What would his father say if he could see the ring he'd given his wife rubbing up against hairy, wrinkly teenage testicles?

"It's just ... these are the source of so much magic." She gently massaged one ball and then the other. "They don't look all that appealing, but I always taught you not to judge a book by its cover."

“They are ugly, aren’t they?” Abshir studied the loving, dreamy way she was gazing at his balls.

“They are ... and they’re also lovely. If you only knew what they’re capable of.” Uba glanced at him nervously, afraid she’d said too much. Still holding his penis out of the way, she turned her attention back to his overripe testicles. “In a way, they’re beautiful. My boy has grown up and he’s ... gorgeous. I want you to know how I feel about you, Abshir. I want you to know that I’m a good mother.” *It’s better to be a good mother than a good wife.* With that thought, she leaned forward and sucked his left ball into her mouth. It felt so strange and heavy resting on her tongue. Shock hit her. *Why did I do that?* Until that moment, she had never thought about putting that particular body part in her mouth. But suddenly, it was happening. Tentatively, she rolled her tongue around it. Soon, she was jerking his penis with her hand while lovingly caressing his ball with her tongue.

Abshir adjusted his glasses and watched the magnificent sight. She hadn’t even given him a blowjob yet, and here she was devouring his ugly balls like they were the most delicious thing she’d ever tasted. Letting her cross her own bridges, he didn’t say anything. He didn’t interfere in any way. Instead, he put his hands on his hips and let her explore this newfound pleasure.

## Chapter 20

### Rosalin Found Herself Tapping Her Foot to the Beat

December 14, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family and Rosalin Eklund.

The late morning rolled around. Rosalin was trying to read a book, but she was mostly just reading the same page over and over. It was hard to concentrate with the pressure of her imprisonment in 12C and with her cellmates being raving lunatics. The sounds of baboon sex had been coming from Brian's room for hours. Everything about it was wrong. Sons and mothers weren't supposed to do it. It wasn't supposed to go on for more than fifteen minutes. It wasn't supposed to make civilized people devolve into lesser primates. It wasn't supposed to be so violent that one could feel the vibrations of each impact all the way out in the living room. It wasn't ...

*That's enough!* Rosalin stood, pulled out her pistol, and checked that it was loaded and ready. She snapped the cylinder closed and tucked it into her shoulder holster. "We're going to see if I was drugged or what." She flipped on her leather jacket, walked to the front door, and left the Kwons behind. The hall on floor twelve seemed normal enough ... except for the faint sound of Darby's muffled hollering coming through the closed door. Rosalin looked around, there was no sign of a wolf, wilderness, or anything off. Just the tasteful Art Deco wallpaper, carpet, and fixtures she expected to find.

Upon entering the stairwell, she was both relieved that she could no longer hear the mating Kwons and filled with anxiety about what she might find. Thankfully, everything seemed normal enough. Her sneakers smacked the stairs as she descended. There was no moss under her feet. No ferns or skeletons of long dead stags. The floors fell in the correct order.

Pausing at the ninth floor, Rosalin pushed open the door. She peered down the empty hall. She vacillated for a second and then decided to check. Sprinting down the hall, she stopped at about the spot where she'd left Elizabeth's corpse. There was no sign that the shooting had happened. No blood. No police tape. Nothing. She looked down the hall to her old apartment. There was no notice on the door asking for a police interview. It was exactly as she'd left it. "This is strange," she muttered.

Rosalin got down on her hands and knees, searching the carpet. There was no trace of Elizabeth. After an exhaustive, fruitless search, she stood. The sudden movement made her dizzy, and she leaned her hand against the wall to steady herself. There was the faint, rhythmic thumping from the Kwons fucking again. *Impossible! I'm three floors down.* She pulled her hand away from the wall like she'd been scalded. To her horror, the sound of Darby's muffled wailing was in the hall with her. A wave of nausea washed over Rosalin. She turned and walked toward the sound. Somehow, she was on the

twelfth floor again, and the Kwons' door stood open right in front of her. She stepped back into the apartment and slammed the door behind her. Confusion reigned. Clutching her hair with both hands, she pushed her back against the front door.

"Oooohhhhh ... you're turning me ... uuuuggghhh ... turning me ..." Darby's voice was now only muffled by Brian's flimsy door. "Turning me ... inside out ... Brian ... eeeeeiiiiiii."

Rosalin could now hear Brian's grunts as well. His voice was much deeper than usual. Rosalin shook her head, denying the feelings that were seeping into her. "It's disgusting. They're disgusting," she said defiantly to no one.

A knock on the front door made Rosalin jump. *Did the wolf decide to show up?* She shook her head and stepped away from the door. No, that wasn't it. Wolves didn't usually rap their knuckles gently to be let in. They huffed and they puffed and ...

Another knock. The sound of sex continued in Brian's room. Even if they heard the knock, she didn't think the Kwons would come to the door. Rosalin stood and did nothing. The doorbell rang. Slowly, she eased her pistol into her right hand and moved to the door. Just as the doorbell rang again, Rosalin looked through the spyhole to see a well-dressed Asian woman standing there. She was pretty, with black hair in a braid that fell over her shoulder. Rosalin looked over her shoulder. The sounds had quieted in Brian's room, but no one was coming. Gun at the ready, Rosalin opened the door.

"I'm so sorry I'm late. I could hear you out in the hall, Darby. Do you think that's what I sound ...?" Sylvie stopped talking when she saw that a strange woman had opened the door instead of Darby. "Um ... hello." Sylvie eyed the woman. The woman was sweaty, with wild hair and some sort of punk outfit. Her face was pale and Sylvie could tell that the woman might be dangerous. Sylvie nervously pawed the carpet with the toe of her high-heeled shoe. "Hello?" Her rational brain said to flee back to the elevator and visit the Kwons some other time. But the more robust inclination was to see Brian. "May I ... come in?"

"Yeah." Rosalin stepped out of the way, closing the door after the woman had entered. "Who are you?"

"I'm Sylvie Kim." Sylvie awkwardly stuck out her hand. She waited a moment. When it went unshaken, she pulled it back. "I'm friends with Darby. With ... Mrs. Kwon." Sylvie had been so put off by the woman's slovenly appearance that she hadn't noticed her regal facial features. "Oh ..." Sylvie snapped her fingers a few times. "You're Rosalin Eklund. You've finally come to be with Brian. That's great! I guess we're going to be working pretty closely together. You know ... um ... in his bevy." Sylvie pulled Rosalin's jacket open to get a better view of the woman's flannel shirt. "You have big ones. Bigger than mine. About the same size as Darby's, I think. I can't wait to see them uncovered."

I'm sure Brian loves them." Sylvie opened the jacket a little farther, saw the shoulder holster, and bunched her eyebrows in confusion. Slowly, she looked down at the woman's right hand and noticed the gun for the first time. It was so unexpected that her mind hadn't registered it until now. "What ... um ... what are you going to do with that?" She glanced at the closed front door.

"You don't live in the building?" Rosalin kept her pistol down by her thigh.

"I live on the Upper East Side." Sylvie could hear the thumping of the headboard in Brian's room. Darby was starting to wail like a wounded animal.

"But you're part of the cult?" Rosalin could tell this poor woman was harmless.

"It's not a cult. It's real magic. And Brian's penis is ... well ... you know, right?" Sylvie wasn't getting the vibe from this woman that she wanted to be in the bevy. "Can I ... can please just go to his room?" Slowly, she edged around Roslin.

"You should run back to the Upper East Side, Mrs. Kim." Rosalin put her pistol back in its holster.

"I ... can't ... not until I see Brian." Sylvie rubbed her legs together. "We're going to make music together."

Rosalin watched the woman scurry down the hall. She heard Brian's door slam. Disgusted and bewildered, Rosalin sat in the living room. The thumping stopped, and she was shocked when Brian's trumpet began to play one of his rock songs. "I thought 'making music' was an aphorism," she said to herself. At least it wasn't sex. Maybe it was good that Sylvie had arrived.

Despite all that had happened, Rosalin found herself tapping her foot to the beat. The song went on for a while. Sylvie had said she was going to make music *with* Brian, but Rosalin only heard the trumpet. Brian finally switched to another song. And another. The music changed her mood. She didn't dwell on the strangeness of the ninth floor. She wasn't thinking about disgusting incest. She stood and started shaking her hips to the beat, taking little dancing steps toward Brian's room.

Curiosity seized Rosalin. She shimmied her way down the hall, bobbing her head and shaking her rump. *He's playing his soul out. I didn't know Brian could make music like that.* She paused in front of the door, bouncing to the beat. *Are the ladies dancing for him? Are they playing some sort of percussion?* Without thinking about it, Rosalin put her hand on the doorknob and turned.

Although Brian was still belting out the notes, Rosalin stopped dancing when she peeked into his room. What she saw was so debased, that her mind had hard a time accepting it. It was almost as outlandish as the improbable forest in the stairwell. Darby, Brian, and Sylvie were all naked. Brian stood, his trumpet pressed to his lips. He

gyrated his hips in time to the music, making it difficult for the women to stay with him. Both his mother and Sylvie were on their knees. Darby had half his massive cock down her throat. Sylvie was behind him, pressing her face into his ass crack. Rosalin had never imagined such perversion.

Brian saw his reluctant guest at the door. He thrust his hips for her, turning so she could see his rippling abs as he moved. *She's not running. She's not pointing her gun. Progress.* When he made eye contact with her, she didn't look away. Last night, he'd thought she was too stiff to ever be a part of what She wanted to accomplish. But he could see it in her eyes now. She wanted to let the wild in. She just didn't know how ... yet.

~~

May 6, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

Uba felt powerful. Resting on her tongue was a thing of power. Her son's testicle was heavy with its load. She closed her lips around the wrinkled flesh, trying to gauge how much it held. She was so close to his sperm, an ambrosia that would send her straight to paradise. She wore lingerie for her son. She lovingly sucked his balls. And soon, she would have her reward.

"Let my dick fall, Mom. I want to see it rest on your face." Abshir gazed down at her. He was still waiting for his first blowjob. He supposed he would have to wait a while longer, but that was fine. The way she worshiped his ugly balls was unexpected and titillating. She was still pressing his cockhead to his belly to get it out of the way. "Let it fall."

"Mmmmmppphhhh." She said around his left ball. She slowly lowered his penis until it was resting on her face, pressing against the right lens of her glasses. *It's longer than my face!* Not for the first time, she wondered how such a garish and dangerous penis could have come from her and Taban's union. Her cheeks heated at the thought of her marriage. She dropped her left hand by her side so that Abshir wouldn't have to look at the ring they were currently desecrating.

"Perfect. This is perfect." Abshir adjusted his glasses and stared at her. Half of her face was blocked by his veiny cock, the other half looked confused and thirsty. He could see the doubt in the one exposed eye, but she continued sucking on his ball nonetheless. "Worship me ... Mom." His grin grew wider. "Worship Her ... just as She said you would."

Even his blasphemy couldn't get her to stop. And it was true. She *was* worshipping the power he stored in his testicles. The miraculous seed that sent her to paradise deserved to be praised and maybe even idolized. She shivered at the thought, spat out his ball, and sucked the other one into her mouth. The movement covered up more of her face with his penis. It was absurd letting him rest his thing where it was. But she found that it thrilled her, too.

Abshir let her continue her ball worship for a long while. Eventually, he glanced at the clock. They didn't have forever. His father wasn't ready to find them like this. Neither was Hani. They would be someday soon. But not yet. He wanted her to pump him with her hand while she continued working his balls. But he didn't want to ask her directly for it. He was still trying to guide her toward crossing her own bridges as She wanted. "I don't care if it's impure, I need to fap while you do this." Slowly, he moved his hand toward his cock. Sure enough, she lifted her left hand and slapped his fingers away.

"Mmmppphhh," Uba said with as much authority as one can muster while swirling a testicle with one's tongue. She narrowed the one eye that was uncovered in a stern way, so he could see that she wouldn't stand for ruining his purity. Not when there was a way to keep it *and* milk his seed. Her left hand slid easily around his shaft, and she pumped his penis. She was aware that her wedding ring was now pressed against Abshir's turgid flesh at an angle where he couldn't miss the sight of it. It didn't matter anymore. What mattered was finishing him and absconding with his sperm.

"Uuuuggghhhhhh ... Mom ... like that ... yeah ... you're so good at squeezing it ... just below the head." Abshir had never seen a more beautiful sight. To pump him, she'd lifted his cock a little off her face, but it was still hanging right above it. The juxtaposition of the frightful dick and her lovely, distorted visage made his mind go fuzzy.

"Mmmppppphhhh!" She was proud that she'd learned the technique just from watching him touch himself. She had learned it so well, he wouldn't have to touch himself anymore. Looking up, she could see the animal urge to erupt building in him.

"Eeerrmmmm?" She asked. The head of his penis was just above her hairline. She couldn't let him spray his stuff in her hair. That would make a terrific mess, and she wasn't sure how well she could huff the stuff if it was all up there. She spit out the testicle, but kept pumping him with her left hand. "You're close, right? We need a sock."

"I want to ... uuughhh ... cum on your tits," Abshir said.

"Oh ... my gosh ... you did not just say that to me." Uba was going to offer some sort of other protest, but she saw clarity return to his expression. His orgasm was moving farther away. In desperation, she rose up higher, squatting in front of him so that her breasts were level with his bloated penis. She still wore her lingerie, and that was a big win. She had bought it to entice him to explode without her having to get naked, and

she was very close to that goal. "Fine ... go on then ... I bought this underwear for you. You might as well make it dirty." And if he sprayed her breasts, she would be able to sniff his semen just fine.

"I'm going to make you ... dirty ... Mom." Abshir's body trembled.

"Um ... okay ... okay then ... I suppose you are." She increased the tempo of her pumping and added her other hand. She worked hard for several minutes, but he didn't explode. Her arms were getting tired. Looked down at his penis, she realized he was dry. "I'm sorry! I forgot to make it wet. That must be uncomfortable." She stopped pumping, dropped some unladylike dollops of saliva onto his penis, and went back to her motions. She cringed at the squelching sounds, but he seemed to like it. "Go ahead now. Do you like my breasts, sweetheart? You can finish on them. Just finish ... just ... please ... finish." Her arms burned with the strain of coaxing out his seed. "Please ..."

"Aaaaaahhhhhhhh!" Abshir arched his back and sprayed his mother.

"Oh! Oh ... gosh," Uba said. After that, she closed her mouth because he was blasting sperm so violently that she couldn't control the trajectory, and it was splashing her face as well as her upper chest. She held onto his thing, desperately trying to aim it, but it jerked in her hands each time he spasmed like a vicious, spitting serpent. By the time he was done groaning and shuddering, she had her eyes closed. His hot sticky stuff was all over the front of her. She reached her hands up to her face tentatively and felt around. After all that, she even ended up with some in her hair.

"That ... was ... awesome." Abshir looked down at her. He felt like a conquering hero. A moony smile took over his face. He watched her wipe her eyes clean with the back of her hand. She was breathing deeply and visibly trembling. "I feel ... pure ... Mom."

"That's good ... Abshir." Uba stood. Her legs shook and her mind buzzed. The pungent, fruit scent was getting to her. She could taste his salt on her lips. *Oh, no, I'm tasting his sperm. It wasn't ever supposed to get that far.* "I want you ... to be pure." *My son is pure, while I'm being turned into a dirty sock. And the worst of it is, I don't know how I feel about it.* She wobbled to the door without looking back at him. "Must ... clean ... your dirty sock ... now." She stumbled into the hall.

"What ... sock?" Still smiling, he watched her go.

Uba didn't answer her son. She made her way to the bathroom and closed the door. Leaning her butt against the door, her hand was instantly in her panties. Her other hand lifted her boob to her face, so she could inhale deeply. A minute later, she found herself having another taste of her son's stuff. She licked his salty, cooling sperm greedily off her upper breasts, shuddering as she swallowed. *I'm going too far.* But it didn't stop her from thoroughly cleaning her boobs. By the time her first orgasm rolled through her, she was frantically sucking his sperm out of the fabric of her bra.

As she descended from paradise, it was clear to Uba that she was lost. Wonderfully, hopelessly lost. She was in a wilderness of pleasure, and she didn't want to find her way home.

~~

May 7, 2015: Apartments 12C and 12E, the Dahir and Marland families.

"Hey, Abshir. How's it going?" Joe was holding Hani's hand as they entered the lobby. Usually, Abshir returned home from school slower than Joe and Hani. But today, he was ahead of them, waiting for the elevator.

Abshir glanced at his neighbor and sister, rolled his eyes, and jogged for the stairs.

Joe watched his former friend's backpack bounce as Abshir hoofed it through the stairwell entrance. Joe couldn't help but take off after him. It was a chase, and that was something he couldn't miss. His girlfriend, however, could. She held firmly to his hand with surprising strength, anchoring him to the lobby floor. They screeched to a halt in front of the carving of the sacrificial stag. Joe looked back at her quizzically.

"Don't give me that look, dude. 'What am *I* doing'? What the fuck are *you* doing chasing my weirdo brother?" She pulled him back as some other tenants walked by. She glanced at them. They were a mother and her adult son holding hands. She looked quite regal, and he was handsome. She guessed he was about twenty years old. Hani looked back into Joe's eyes. "So? What are you doing?"

"I ... um ... thought it would be fun to take the stairs." Joe smiled.

Hani patted his cheek like her boyfriend was a simpleton. "That would not be fun. Let Abshir do the weirdo stuff. Stay with me, please."

"Yeah, sure." Joe gave one wistful look at the stairs. *I could have caught him.* He let Hani pull him to the elevator. The other tenants were holding the door for them. "Thanks! I'm Joe Marland on twelve. This is Hani Dahir ... also on twelve." He had been so shy before moving to the building, but that had changed completely. His smile was warm and open. He stepped into the elevator, still holding Hani's hand.

Hani saw the woman, who was maybe in her forties, looking at their clasped hands. "We don't live together on twelve. Different apartments. It's not like a 'help me step-bro, I'm stuck in the shower' kind of thing. We're not related."

“Hello, I’m Ms. Eklund, and this is my son Steven.” Rosalin’s smile was a bit wooden. She knew exactly who Joe was, and it made her uncomfortable. She gripped her son’s hand tighter and pulled his hip closer to hers. “How are you two enjoying the building?”

Steven winked at Hani.

Hani stared at Steven, trying to make him uncomfortable. The elevator doors closed. After a few moments, Steven averted his gaze. Hani smiled in triumph.

“Um ...” Joe watched the exchange with an amused grin on his face. “We like the building. It brought us together.”

“Are you sure you should be mixing?” Steven said without looking at them.

“Steven!” Rosalin frowned at her son. “I’m sorry.” She looked at the young couple and saw the hurt in their eyes. “He wasn’t talking about your skin color. He was talking about the wolf and stag.”

“Like in the lobby?” Joe cocked his head.

If it was possible, Hani upped the intensity of her stare into Steven’s soul. It was difficult with his eyes directed elsewhere.

The elevator stopped and chimed on nine. The doors slowly opened.

“I’m sorry.” Rosalin stepped out of the elevator, pulling her son. “Steven shouldn’t have said that, but ...” She looked back at the teenagers. “It always ends in tragedy.”

“What does?” Joe furrowed his brow, perplexed. He was starting to wonder how many people in his building were racists.

“I can’t say more.” Rosalin glanced at her son and back to the elevator as the doors closed. “Resist Her if you can.”

The doors closed.

“Talk about weirdos.” Joe tried to laugh it off, but he could see the dark clouds that had passed over his girlfriend’s mood. As the elevator continued with its ascension, Joe picked her up, holding her like a bride about to cross the threshold of their new home. “If by tragedy, she means out-of-this-world orgasms, then I’m afraid that is how it will end for you today, my dear.”

“Oh, no. You’re a weirdo, too!” Hani smiled. “But if I have to, I will bear that tragedy.” The elevator chimed, and the doors opened to twelve. “Take me to your room and make me your woman. I’ll be your out-of-her-mind, tragic woman.” She kissed him on the lips as he carried her down the hall. They laughed together as they stumbled into his apartment.

“Hello, Joey. Hi, Hani.” Carrie was sitting in the living room, looking at her phone and chewing on her nails. She put the phone away and dropped her hand to her lap. When they came into the room with Hani in his arms, she couldn’t help but smile at young love. “You two certainly do look nice together. Hani, you fit so nicely in Joey’s arms.” Her belly flipped as she took in how young, vital, and beautiful the eighteen-year-olds were. She blushed when she realized how her comments might be construed as dirty. “I suppose you two are off to do homework.”

“Yep, I’m going to study hard.” Joe lowered his hand, so that he was supporting Hani by gripping her ass. He saw his mother staring at the move, but neither woman protested. He squeezed Hani’s cheek a few times and pecked her on the lips. “Really hard.”

“Yes, I see.” Carrie could see his large penis bulging his pants right under where he held Hani’s butt. It was mesmerizing to think about the kind of joy those two would have together. She would need to get out the Kama Sutra oil later that night and seduce her husband. Her whole body vibrated as she watched the teenagers rush off to Joe’s room.

There were no good excuses for listening at her son’s door. She believed him when he told her they weren’t having sex. She often heard Hani’s muffled jokes about her son’s penis and how it wouldn’t fit. Carrie knew he pleased her in other ways. As she pressed her ear to the door, she could hear Hani already moaning. *I can’t believe she squirts from her vagina.* It was clear that the incident wasn’t a one-time thing, she heard them talking about it in his room often enough. *She must be built so very differently from me.* But even as she said it, she could feel that she wasn’t totally dry down there. It was so strange, listening to the teenagers made her wetter than doing her marital duties with Gabe.

“Oooooohhhhhh ... Joe ... I’m gushing ... what a ... tragedy!” Hani’s voice was hard to miss, she was speaking loudly.

Carrie frowned. Did the young woman think it a tragedy that she was always so wet? Carrie couldn’t very well talk to anyone in church to get advice. She knew from experience that Uba wouldn’t be receptive to such a conversation about her daughter. But Carrie was becoming very fond of her son’s girlfriend. If there was something troubling Hani, Carrie wanted to help. Even if it was about sex ... with Joe. Carrie shuddered as she listened to Hani’s moans spiral louder.

It was so strange that Joe and Hani didn’t put in more of an effort to keep things quiet when they knew she was home.

“Damn ... Hani ... you’re cumming ... you’re cumming.” Joe’s voice was deep and urgent.

“Nnnnnngggggggg,” was Hani’s reply.

Carrie's eyes went wide. *Oh, my! Tragedy or not, Hani certainly does seem to be enjoying herself.* Carrie put a hand to her chest, her heart swelling with pride. She would never have thought that she'd ever be a proud mother about one of her offspring's sexual abilities, but there it was. She was a beaming mother.

After several minutes, Carrie could hear that they were switching to Joe's pleasure. She listened to his low grunted sounds and Hani's often profane encouragement. Carrie rubbed her legs together, trying not to let it affect her too much. After several more minutes, Carrie moved away from the door and hustled to the master bathroom. She needed a cold shower. After that, her foggy mind would clear up. Any residual heated feelings would have to wait until she could channel them into a romantic night with her husband.

## Chapter 21

### No Duh, Ms. Eklund

December 14, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family and Rosalin Eklund.

“Look what I brought home.” Greg pulled a three-foot Christmas tree in through the front door. “I was thinking we could invite Rachel over and decorate it tomorrow.” He was still wearing his suit from work, his tie flipped over his shoulder. He put his briefcase down, leaned the tree against the wall, and took off his shoes. “Darby? Brian? Where is everyone?” He walked into the kitchen to find their houseguest leaning against the counter, holding his *World’s Greatest Dad* mug in her hand. “Why are you still here?” He said.

“I suppose the building wants me here.” Rosalin eyed the man. She thought about telling him, or at least giving him some sort of warning. *He won’t believe me. I can see it in his eyes.*

“Is your apartment still not fixed?” Greg walked over, took the mug out of her hands, and dumped the coffee into the sink. “Darby?” He called into the apartment, while washing the mug in the sink with soap and a sponge.

“I’m here, Greg.” Darby strolled into the kitchen, adjusting her oversized sweater like she’d just slipped it on. Her legs were bare, and the sweater hung down just far enough to hide her panties. “What did you bring home?” Her eyes were distant and dreamy.

“Why aren’t you wearing pants?” Greg stared at his wife’s milky legs. He hadn’t thought about it for a long while, but she was an attractive woman.

“I’m sorry, Greg. I missed your question.” Darby glanced at Rosalin. The woman looked ashen and disheveled. Her blond hair was messily coming out of its braid. Her lip was curled in disgust as she returned Darby’s gaze.

“I ... um ... forgot.” Greg put the mug on the drying rack and reached for a dishtowel to dry his hands, all the while staring at his wife.

“Well, I remember *my* question, silly.” Darby giggled. “And you didn’t answer it.” She hoisted herself up on the counter, crossing her legs in a showy display. She made sure not to give her husband a peek of her panties. She was without a doubt still leaking Brian’s stuff. If Greg saw that saturated cotton ... well ... Darby didn’t know what he’d do. “What did you bring home?”

Greg ogled his wife’s legs. How had he ignored her for so long? “Oh ... um ... a Christmas tree. It’s by the front door.” He waved in that general direction without looking.

Rosalin studied each side of the Kwon marriage. Both husband and wife looked like they were on drugs. Being locked in her own apartment was crazy. But having to share space with the Kwons was deranged. And the building that kept spitting her back up to the top was beyond all of that. Put it all together, and she was feeling attenuated with reality. "If I might? I have a question that –"

"What a rad day!" Brian walked into the kitchen wearing only tight sweatpants. Even though he was soft, he was sure the pants showed off his dick well. This thought was confirmed when all three sets of eyes turned toward him and ended up fixated on his crotch. "Fuckin A, man. I feel so good." He flexed, showing off his washboard abs and other lithe muscles. "Go out and pick us up some dinner, Dad." He smiled at his father.

"Right, okay." Greg turned to go.

"Wait!" Brian said.

Greg stopped.

"I want barbeque from that place we went to on my birthday." Brian moved over next to his mother, pulled her off the counter, and put his arm around her shoulders.

"Oh, I like their bulgogi." Darby wrapped her arm around her son's waist and melted into him.

"But that'll take me over an hour to get there and back." Greg turned. His body tensed when he saw how his family was standing hip to hip.

"You better go hella fast then." Brian shrugged and kissed his mother on the cheek.

"I guess." Greg frowned at them. He took a few hesitant steps toward the door while looking back. He then turned and sprinted out of the apartment.

Brian laughed.

"I hope you didn't send him there to be mean." Darby's dreamy expression was finally dissipating.

"I sent him there so that I could do this." Brian lowered his sweatpants and stepped out of them. He wasn't wearing underwear. He put his hand on top of his mother's shiny, black hair and slowly pushed her down to her knees. By the time Darby got hold of it, his dick was already swelling. "And we needed to give Sylvie a chance to avoid the walk of shame," Brian said.

"Mmmmmpphhhh," Darby agreed. She already had his dick halfway down her throat, bobbing with enthusiasm.

“Oh ... my ... God. You two are animals.” Rosalin stared at the horrible, debasing blowjob. This poor, delicate woman had become her son’s willing sex slave. And they had no shame. “Stop ... just ... stop.”

Brian winked at Rosalin. He had seen the way she’d responded to his music earlier. “Hey, Sylvie, my dad’s gone. You can leave.” He called toward his room. “And bring my trumpet.”

“No ... no ...” Rosalin couldn’t shoot them. But she could resort to violence. She was bigger than them, and she knew how to use her body. She couldn’t let them continue to turn themselves into beasts. The cult couldn’t win. “I told you to stop.” She took one big step over to mother and son, shoving Brian in the chest and pulling Darby backward by her hair.

With a gurgling plop, mother and son separated. Brian’s now fully hard dick, wobbled out in the open. Its dark veins and ruddy, knobby head looked even more garish shining with Darby’s saliva.

“What ... the fuck?” Brian stared at the woman as she dragged his mother backward over the kitchen floor.

“Hey ... stop ...” Darby reached up as she was scooted back on her butt. She pulled at Rosalin’s fingers, but couldn’t weaken the woman’s grasp.

“I’m not letting you go.” Rosalin backed up against the wall, still holding the squirming Darby, who was seated next to her. “Now, we’re going to stop all this perversion. Got it? This isn’t you. You’ve been programmed by Elizabeth. But she’s gone now. If you keep doing this stuff you’re going to regret –”

“Here’s the trumpet. I ...” Sylvie walked into the room. She was clean and dressed, ready to go home. She held the trumpet in her hand and looked from Brian’s penis, to Darby’s struggles, to Rosalin’s menacing body language, and back to Brian’s glistening penis.

“What ... um ...?”

“Go home, Mrs. Kim.” Brian took the trumpet from Sylvie and slapped her on the rump, getting her moving in the direction of the front door.

“Okay ... I can’t come back tomorrow, I have to be at a soccer game, but ... maybe ...” Sylvie’s eyes circumnavigated the room again.

“You can call me later, Mrs. Kim.” Brian pointed toward the front door. “You need to go.”

Without another word, Sylvie hustled away and left the apartment.

“Now, are you prepared to be reasonable?” Rosalin reached under her leather jacket with her free hand, her fingers coming to rest on her pistol’s grip. She wasn’t going to shoot him, but she might need to threaten him. “You’re eighteen and you’re impressionable.

The cult planted ideas in your head.” She glanced down at Darby, who was futilely kicking the floor with her bare feet as she struggled. “I don’t know what your excuse is, Mrs. Kwon. But I know ...”

Brian put the trumpet to his lips and played *Baby Got Back*.

“I know ... um ...” Rosalin’s hand moved away from her gun. She found her hips shaking side to side in rhythm to the song. “What ... um ... what is this music?” She let go of Darby and moved away from the wall, shimmying in her socks around the kitchen floor.

“Oh ... this is a good song. It’s about ladies’ butts.” Darby rubbed her head where her scalp stung from Rosalin’s grasp. With the music bouncing around the kitchen and swelling inside her, it was easy for Darby to forgive Rosalin. Slowly, Darby rose to her feet and started dancing, too. Her style was more flamboyant and undulating than Rosalin’s tame shimmying. “You should hear the words sometime. It’s a hoot. Brian has played it for me before, and then I shake my booty for him.” Darby lifted her sweater, exposing her panty-covered ass, and shook her butt at Rosalin.

“This music ... this music ...” Rosalin felt she ought to be disgusted, but she laughed instead. She lifted her leather jacket, turned, and shook her jean-clad ass at Darby. They both put their hands on their knees and bounced to the beat.

Brian played his heart out. He was starting to understand more about the world. The roots of the building had told him that music held power, but he didn’t know how powerful it could be. *Thank you, Ogganse*. He thrust his hips and swayed as he played, his dick flopped around with his movements like it was alive. It was time to switch things up. He moved from *Baby Got Back* to *Damn I Wish I Was Your Lover*.

Rosalin stopped shaking her booty. Or, at least, she no longer made it her singular focus. Sweaty and hot, she took off her leather jacket and whipped it over her head. Her shoulder holster was now on full display, but she didn’t even think about hiding it. She shimmied and slid, moving with and around Darby, having a sort of physical back and forth with the wilder dancer without touching.

“Let the wild in ... Ms. Eklund ... this is what it’s like being in the bevy.” Darby backed herself up on her son, so that his penis bounced off her sweater over her rump. “Only ... when you’re finally Brian’s, it’s even better. It takes over. You’ll think about nothing else. You’ll want nothing else. And you’ll help us bring a goddess into the world.”

“That is ... some ... insane shit.” Rosalin wasn’t lying, but she also wasn’t slowing down with her dancing. She tossed her jacket onto a chair. Sweat dripped off her nose as she made some serious moves on the kitchen floor. She hadn’t danced like that since her cousin’s wedding. David had been with her, jiving next to her. Now he was somewhere else, and she was with Brian and his mother. And it was so hot. She unbuttoned the top

of her flannel. When Darby bopped away from her son, Rosalin found herself turning to take her place. *His penis is so heavy!* The knobby head of Brian's dick thumped hard against the back of her jeans as she backed up into him, gyrating to the music.

Darby danced up to Rosalin and caressed her cheeks. Her guest's face was rosy and flushed, covered in perspiration. Rosalin had looked so frazzled not long ago, so wan, but now Darby thought she was brimming with life again. As they boogied in unison, Darby took a handful of Rosalin's hair and turned her to face Brian. She met no resistance. Rosalin turned, and Brian continued to blow his trumpet.

"Wait ... I ... um ..." Rosalin was lost in the music. She let Darby push her head down. Even as Rosalin lowered to her knees, she was bobbing to the music. Suddenly, she was eye to eye with Brian's bouncing, destroyer of a cock. It was even more worrisome looking at it up close. The veins were so dark they were almost black. The head had the most aggressive shape Rosalin had ever seen. "I'm ... engaged ... to David." But the music carried away her misgivings just as it lifted her soul.

Brian slowed down his hips to steady his cock right in front of Rosalin's pretty nose. He changed songs again, moving on to *Smells Like Teen Spirit*.

"That's right. Now you're getting it." Darby swayed to the song, standing behind Rosalin. She smiled and nodded at her son. She knew they were thinking the same thing. All the pieces were coming together. Moving Rosalin's head in time to the music, she pressed forward and brought the woman's regal lips in contact with her son's cock.

"Shit ... shit ..." Rosalin let the massive cockhead press against her lips. It left something warm and salty behind. *Was that precum? He's dripping with the stuff.* After everything that had happened, she would have thought that her capacity to be surprised had diminished. But she was shocked into a kind of paralysis, meeting Brian's monstrosity up close. She could have easily pushed back on Darby and removed herself from the situation, but she let the woman maneuver her. Rosalin closed her lips tight as Brian's cock pressed up against her face again, leaving another warm, sticky trail from her nose across her cheek. "It's ... huge."

"No duh, Ms. Eklund. He's not like any man you've been with before." Darby swayed to the beat, still holding Rosalin's blond hair. With her other hand, Darby grabbed Rosalin's strong jaw and opened her mouth wide. "It's time to learn about bevy life, sweetie," Darby cooed, aiming Rosalin's gaping maw at Brian's penis. When the head was past her lips, Darby let go of the woman completely to let nature take over. Dancing behind the incipient blowjob, Darby watched as Rosalin tentatively put her trembling hand on Brian's shaft and bobbed her head to the song's rhythm.

"Mmmpphhh." Rosalin was only sucking on the head, but her mouth had never been so full. Even in her inebriated state, it was pathetically obvious that she shouldn't be

doing this. It should sicken her to pleasure an eighteen-year-old. She caught a glimpse of her engagement ring clutching his throbbing, steely flesh. That *did* disquiet her. She doused that feeling by closing her eyes, but she didn't stop. The music compelled her onward. She could feel Brian's desire for her in the tempo of the notes he played. It thrilled her. She'd often felt sexy and desired while doing this for David's normal-sized penis. Sucking Brian's dick was more than sexy. She felt like a goddess. She was worshiping him, and he was worshiping her. She didn't even really consider what his mother was doing, dancing somewhere behind her. Her hands started to pump the shaft as she grew less timid.

Brian wanted to verbally welcome his latest doe to the bevy. He wanted to congratulate her, to taunt her, to tell her how special their babies would be. But he didn't dare remove the trumpet from his lips. She was hooked, but he knew she could easily wriggle away. And if that happened, they would be worse off than before. And ... she still had that gun under her arm. So, he continued to beguile her with music. Pleasure slowly moved through him. He was used to his mother's all-out, wild blowjobs. Rosalin was timid, and she used too much teeth. He found himself enjoying the thought of her doing it more than the actual blowjob. But that was okay, it was a very compelling thought. He'd been lusting after her even before she'd rebuffed that kiss in the basement so long ago. And now, here they were.

A little less than an hour later, Greg returned with dinner. "I'm sorry if it's cold, I had a long way to go." Without asking, he put on an apron and served Brian, Darby, and Rosalin at the dinner table. Brian and Darby were holding hands on top of the table, talking about that bevy game of Brian's again. Rosalin sat very still, staring blankly ahead. Greg didn't worry himself over their guest. Maybe she'd had a rougher day than him, although he doubted it. Either way, she'd be out of their hair soon enough. He'd make Darby promise to send their guest packing tomorrow.

Rosalin barely touched her food. She wasn't hungry. Her stomach kept roiling every time she thought of how much sperm was in there. She watched the Kwons eat their barbeque. She nodded and offered a faint smile when spoken to, but didn't utter any words. After the blowjob, after she'd sucked Brian's teenage balls dry, she'd let Darby remove her shoulder holster. Her gun was hanging in the closet now. That seemed like a big step in her move toward staying with the Kwons. She glanced at Brian out of the corner of her eye. He had seduced her with his trumpet. It was the darndest thing.

~~

September 15, 1940: Apartment 14B, the Norwood family.

“I need a stag and a wolf.” Elizabeth lay on her mossy bed. She was naked, as was her habit on the fourteenth floor. Her acolytes were in supine poses around her. Natalie, Nancy, and Nora were naked as well. While Elizabeth’s fair skin was unblemished in the morning light, the others wore black lines and symbols on their bodies. Much of that had been smudged during the night’s activities.

“Like from the story you saw in the statue?” Natalie leaned up on an elbow and gazed adoringly at her mistress. “Did She speak to you again?”

“I hear Her, but She speaks only silence.” Elizabeth sat up and held her breast, looking out her window at the city of trees rising high into the air. “It doesn’t matter. I know what She wants. And I know When she wants it. The doe must conceive under the right moon. We have years to wait, but we should start preparing now.”

“What do you need, mistress?” Nora petted Elizabeth’s slender calf with saccharine affection.

“I need you to lie on your back. I will sit on you while I do my morning prayers.” Elizabeth stretched, her heavy breasts rising and falling on her chest.

Nora rushed to get on her back on the soft moss. “Praise Ogganse. May She return to mmmmmppphhhhh.” She reached up and held Elizabeth’s perfectly round ass cheeks as the woman settled her vagina on Nora’s lips.

Natalie and Nancy moved to their knees on either side of Elizabeth, bowing repeatedly.

Elizabeth started the chant. “Uuuuggghhhh ... ooo ... ooo ... uuuuuuggghhh ... ooo ... ooo ... nnnnngggaaaaa ... Ogganse!” She held her hands up to the ceiling which was still plaster, but had the quality of mottled leaves.

“Oooo ... nnnnngggaaa ... oh ... oh ... nnnnngggaaaa ... uuuuggghhhhhh ... ugh ... ugh ... oooooooo ... Ogganse!” Natalie and Nancy said in melodic harmony. They continued to bow in a rhythmic motion, their breasts jerking and bouncing as they rapidly vied with gravity.

“Mmmpphhhh ... mmpphhhhh ... mppph ... mppph.” Nora said into her mistress’s vagina. Whenever they did this, she tried her best to please *and* to pray.

The women prayed like that for a while. Eventually, Elizabeth’s orgasm welled in her like a soaring phoenix. Her eyes rolled back, and she held her arms higher, imploring the heavens. “Uuuuggghhh ... uuuuuugggghhhhh ... Ogganse! Ooooo ... oh ... oooo ... oh ... eeeeeiiiiiiii!” She shuddered and shook, her wide hips and narrow waist undulating on top of Nora. When she was done, she climbed off the woman and stood on the loamy floor of her bedroom. Sweat trickled down the arch of her spine. She shivered. “Bernard! Come in here and dress us. I want to walk the building and think on things.”

Nora sat up slowly, sucking in oxygen.

Natalie and Nancy sprang from the bed and toweled off their mistress.

“So, are we to have deer in the building?” Natalie was unsure how that would work.

“I’m still thinking. We will make room for the spirits of these animals to roam the halls. We will invite them in. But ... actual deer would be hard to control. Wolves even more difficult. We would have to exert our influence over them to make sure the conditions were right. We would have to take the wild out of the animals to do this.”

“We have a building full of people. We can manipulate them. I don’t know what Her magic is capable of ...” Nancy smiled at her mistress, kissed Elizabeth’s full breast, and gave a curtsy. “But look at me. Look at Mrs. Creech and Mrs. Creneling.” She gestured at the woman climbing out of bed with Elizabeth’s juices on her face and wilderness in her eyes. “If we cannot domesticate deer and please Her, maybe we can let the wild back into man.”

“Her magic is capable.” Elizabeth nodded. She ignored Bernard when he opened the door and hustled into the room carrying pressed dresses for all four women. He hung three dresses from a branch, and moved over to Elizabeth deferentially. She moved when needed to let him put her underthings on. Her smile was fixed on Nancy. “You’re a clever, pretty thing. We’ll turn young men into stag and wolf. We’ll turn the stag’s mother into a breeding doe. We will provide him with a bevy of does. And when the time is right, we will let the wolf have him. And the time does have to be right. I can feel it. The stag must die right before the Goddess’s birth. Then, the Goddess will kill the wolf.”

“And what of the wolf’s mother?” Natalie eyed her husband as he finished dressing Elizabeth. He didn’t look at his wife. He never made eye contact anymore. Natalie figured that was for the best. The covenant she’d made with him had been sundered months ago. “Will the wolf lie with his mother, too?”

“No!” Elizabeth, dressed now, strolled to the window and looked out at the forest. “He is a wolf. He should be cunning, clever, and charming. So, we will give him the tools to lie with women and feel his wolfish nature. But the whole point of Her story is that the love of the *stag* for his mother is what brought the Goddess into our world the first time. We might push others in the building to find those bonds in their own families ... but we won’t guide our wolf in that direction. We know nothing of the wolf’s mother in the story. It would anger Her to join them.”

“Yes, of course.” Natalie bowed her head. She lifted a leg, helping her husband dress her. “How do we find a stag and a wolf?”

Elizabeth smiled, a plan coming into her mind. "For starters, I think the building will need a new manager."

~~

May 11, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

"Mmmpppphhhhh." Uba was dressed in pink lingerie. She thought it looked ridiculous on her dark skin, but ridiculous was in vogue in her life now. After all, it didn't get any more absurd than rolling your tongue around your son's huge testicle while pumping him with your right hand. And that's just what she was doing. It was Monday, and she had gone without his seed over the weekend. This made her desperate to draw it out. "Mmmpppphhhhh!" Her glasses were fogging up, but still, she looked up at his blurred, blissful grin.

"Use your left hand on my dick. I want to see your ring." Abshir stood with his hands on his hips. He was naked, with his school clothes strewn around him on his bedroom floor.

"Mmmmm?" She had been keeping her left hand down by her side to hide the ring from him. She had wrongly assumed that he wouldn't want to see it. That if he saw it, guilt would cause him to lose his erection. She had been wrong. As she traded hands, making sure to angle her pumps so he could see the ring, she could feel his ball contract with excitement in her mouth.

"Damn ... Mom ... so hot." Abshir adjusted his glasses and looked down at his mother's beautiful, heart-shaped face. She was going to be his dirty sock again. "I'm ... about to ... cum." He extended his hands down by his sides, his fingers wiggling in the air. His back arched.

Uba spit out his ugly testicle and rose on her knees. The last few times she'd made him release, she had gotten better at aiming his seed. She knew he liked it on her breasts, and that was convenient for her to smell ... and taste his seed when she rushed off to the bathroom. "Go ahead and finish on Mommy's breasts, sweetheart. Let it all out. We don't want you backed up, and you went the whole weekend without an ejaculation."

"Fuck ... Mom!"

"Oh ... no ..." She frowned. His language was getting worse. She would have to figure out how to rein in his wild side as she continued his daily releases. At present, she didn't have time to think on it further. Her eighteen-year-old son began spraying her chest, and it took all her concentration to keep him from making a total mess of her. His large

serpent of a penis jerked with each blast, but she was ready for the recoil and felt the warmth spread on her neck and cleavage. When he was done, the landing zone was contained with his warm, white stuff soaking into her bra. “Okay ... okay ... I have to go clean myself,” she lied. Standing, she hustled on wobbling legs toward the door. The ripe fruit smell of his sperm was overpowering her capacity to think. *I need to get the bathroom while I can still remember how to walk and turn door handles!*

“Not ... today ...” Abshir was still seeing sparks before his eyes when he reached out and clasped his mother’s wrist. He redirected her stumbling steps in an arc around him until she was almost at his bed. Then he pushed her onto her back.

It all happened so quickly. It was such a betrayal of their agreement that Uba didn’t understand at first why she was on her son’s mattress with her legs hanging over the edge. The smell of Abshir’s sperm corroded the spinning gears of her mind, grinding them almost to a halt. “What ... um ... what happened?” She lifted her head, looking down over her semen-coated breasts and bra to see her son toss his glasses carelessly away. “Don’t do that, you’ll break them. Your father spent ... oh my ... gooosssshhhh.” Suddenly, her son’s face was between her legs. She felt him pull her panties to the side. She put a hand on his head to send him away, but never got to the push. His mouth was on her vagina, quickly finding her clitoris. It was a place Taban had hardly visited, but Abshir seemed to know exactly where to go. She flung her head back on the mattress and squealed. “Eeeeeiiiiiiii!” It felt better than when she touched her clitoris. She wouldn’t have thought anything could feel better than that, but here she was. Without thinking, she spread her legs for him.

“Nnnnoommmm ... noooooommmm ... nnnnnnoommmm.” He ate out his mother like he was a ravenous beast. Her wails and cries incited him further.

“We ... shouldn’t ... Abshir ... oooohhhhhh ... I can ... take care of ... uuuuggghhhh ... myself ... later ... it’s dirty ... there.” Uba said the truth of it. It was dirty down there, because she was a dirty sock. She lifted her breasts up, inhaling deeply. Her eyes rolled back. She lifted her boobs further and lapped up the salty, cooling semen from her cleavage. She was in paradise. She had no further coherent thoughts. Only orgasm after orgasm.

## Chapter 22

### A New Tenant in 14A

May 13, 2015: Apartments 12C and 12E, the Dahir and Marland families.

“Wow ... that was ... wow.” Hani lay naked on her boyfriend’s bed. Her head lolled to the side, and she offered a smile. Normally, her grins were sharp, clever crescents. This was a lazy, half-moon. “You still have those ... jumbo condoms ... your mom got you?”

“Yeah.” Joe sat up. He was naked, too. His dick had been taking a break, relaxing on his thigh. But it lurched at her words, lumbering back into its dramatic, turgid state.

“Whoa ... easy, big guy.” Hani laughed. “I wasn’t going to hump you today.” She leaned herself on one elbow, aware that Joe’s gaze had fallen to her breasts. *I suppose boys like when they hang sideways.* She laughed louder. *Who am I kidding? Boys like whatever my knockers do. They could sing the Star Spangled Banner and Joe would complement them on their pitch.*

“What’s so funny?” Joe stared at her tits.

“You are. Even after everything we just did. You’re still ...” She pointed to his angry-looking cock. It was fully hard now and had the demeanor of a thing that wanted to burst through a wall and douse everything on the other side with cum. She held her belly, laughing harder, imagining his penis going on a rampage. “I was thinking about having sex *after prom*. That would be the perfect time for us ... to be disappointed by ... you know ... you not being able to fit.” Her smile faded. “I’m joking, dude. I’ll do some research on how to take a big one. The internet has all the answers. It’ll be fine.”

“It’s not that big a deal.” Joe shrugged.

“Oh, you’re such a baby!” Hani barked out another laugh. Her smile returned. “Come here, baby. Mommy will make you feel better.” She roughly grabbed his hair and pulled his face to her tit. She was eighteen, he was eighteen, and they looked nothing alike. That didn’t mean she couldn’t be his *Mommy* when the mood hit them. As she expected, he was instantly done pouting. Instead, he suckled at her black nipple like he might somehow make her produce milk through sheer force of will. “That’s right. That’s a good baby.” Hani stroked his silky blond hair and cooed. With her other hand, she reached over and took hold of his dick. It was still slick with cum from before. She whispered little sweet nothings while fapping him and feeding him her nipple. For some stupid reason, it filled her heart with warm bliss when her boyfriend was grunted. She let her mind happily wander.

“Mmmmmmmmm.” Joe thought it was weird that she liked to play *Mommy*. But it didn’t bother him. Hani was an odd duck, and he loved her for it. And it sounded like they were

going to have sex in a couple weeks. The thought made him nervous, even with the confidence he'd found when they moved into his new apartment. His thoughts lingered on her disappointment when they finally tried and it didn't fit. He wondered what the internet would tell her about trying to make it work. He wondered if she was worrying about it, too.

"I was just thinking ..." She continued to stroke his hair and pump his cock with her hand.

"Mmmmm?" Joe looked up at her. Their eyes met, and his inner turmoil calmed. He didn't see any distress on her face.

"What is up with our basement, Joe?" Hani pressed her full, dark lips together. "There's only a laundry room. Isn't that weird? Where's the mechanical room? Where's the furnace?"

Joe popped his mouth off her breast. "That's what you're thinking about? Who cares? It's probably behind some door we haven't noticed."

"I was curious, so I looked everywhere down there." Hani fapped him faster. "There's no door."

"Doesn't it feel good when I suck on your boob?" Joe arched his eyebrow.

"Yeah, it's nice." She nodded.

"But not good enough to keep your mind from wandering?" Joe knew it wasn't fair. His mind was wandering while she stroked him. He just wished she was thinking about *them* or something.

"I guess." Hani shrugged. Suddenly, his dick was out of her hand. He was standing up, and then he was lifting her in the air. "Hey ... what are you doing?" She playfully beat his chest with her fists. "Ooohhhh ... what *are* you doing?" She was shocked to suddenly be upside down. His dick was right below her head. She grabbed it for support.

"Aaaawwoooooooooo." Joe didn't care that his mother was home. She spied on him enough on the other side of the door. He heard and smelled her there all the time. He might as well give her something to listen to. "I know how to keep your mind from wandering." He spread her legs, looking directly down at her pussy. "I'm digging in."

"Oooohhhhhhhh!" Hani's shriek was three-quarters arousal and one-quarter surprise. She knew her boyfriend was strong. After all, she spent lots of time petting his muscles. But she loved to be reminded how strong he really was. "Oh ... shit ... you're wolfing down ... my pussy!" Her eyes screwed in her head. Without thinking, she arched her neck back, angled his dick up, and sucked on his cock.

The teenagers had their very first standing sixty-nine. Their thoughts didn't distract them for the rest of the afternoon.

~~

December 19, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family and Rosalin Eklund.

The Christmas tree was still leaning by the front door. The Kwons hadn't had time to set it up, or even put it in water. There was a dusting of needles on the carpet under it, which had fallen as the tree dried out. Rosalin stared at it from the kitchen. It was early in the morning, and Greg was already gone. His son had him doing so many chores in and out of the apartment that Rosalin couldn't keep track. Darby was still asleep in her bed, and Brian hadn't yet come out of his room. Rosalin dreaded the moment he woke and reached for his trumpet. She also longed for it.

Over the past several days, Rosalin had become familiar with Brian's horrible penis and seductive music. Each morning, she'd wake up on the Kwon sofa and swear that today would be different. There would be no dancing. No blowjobs. No watching mother and son hump like hopped-up rabbits. Each day would dash her convictions.

"Good morning, dear." Darby walked into the kitchen, stretching her arms over her head. She was only wearing panties. The stretch made her breasts rise on her chest. When she relaxed, they fell back to their normal, hanging position, jiggling with her movements as she poured herself coffee.

"Good morning." Rosalin looked away. "Did you get a chance to ask them about the phone?"

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Creech said she's still working on it." Darby smiled. "Brian's modem won't work either. You know, he used to look at naked women on his computer? But he hasn't complained about it being out. He doesn't need it with these girls around." Darby shimmied her shoulders and laughed at her dancing boobs. She delighted in the way Rosalin watched her breasts sway out of the corner of her eye.

"Were you always like this?" Rosalin turned back toward the woman and nodded to her shaking breasts.

"No. Not before I let the wild in." Darby walked over to where Rosalin was sitting. She leaned forward and took hold of Rosalin's collar, making a show of trying to smooth it out. She just so happened to also be dangling her breasts inches from the woman's face. "You can't keep wearing the same shirt and pants. You're getting stinky."

Rosalin was silent. It was dried sweat and cum that Darby was smelling.

“And you can’t keep wearing my panties. Your butt is too big. You’re stretching them out.” Darby moved from the collar to brushing Rosalin’s blond hair with her fingers. “Such pretty hair. But it’s getting oily.”

“My butt isn’t too big.” Rosalin frowned but didn’t push the fussing woman away. “I don’t love wearing the same clothes either. And your underwear is ... tight.”

“You could walk around the apartment naked. Brian would love that.” Darby kissed Rosalin’s cheek, straightened, and sipped her coffee. She pulled a chair over from the dining room and sat down next to her guest.

“The clothes stay on. And I’m not doing that stuff with Brian anymore.” Rosalin felt defeated saying something so pathetically untrue. “Dave would have a heart attack if he knew what I’d already done.”

Darby looked at the engagement ring on Rosalin’s finger. “Dave is the past. Brian is our future. Don’t you feel alive when his salty stuff blasts onto your tongue? Don’t you feel like you’ve never truly belonged anywhere else? He worships you, you know. It’s not just your regal face. He likes how smart and tough you are.”

“Oh, my God.” Rosalin hid her face behind her mug.

“What are we going to do about your stinky clothes? If you want to wash them, you’ll have to go around naked for a while. I could ...” Darby cocked her head and listened, but it was just someone out in the hall. Her son wasn’t up yet.

“Why don’t you take me on a shopping trip?” Rosalin looked back at the poor, browning Christmas tree.

“That was a strange elevator ride, wasn’t it?” The day before, Darby had tried to accompany Rosalin down to the lobby so they could talk directly to Mrs. Creech. But somehow, the elevator always ended up at the top of the building. Darby was starting to take such stretches of reality in stride. *At least we didn’t see the wolf!* “I don’t think I want to try that again. But I can go shopping for you if you give me your measurements. Or, I can go to your apartment and pick up some of your things. I wouldn’t mind if we stopped sharing a toothbrush.” Darby grinned to show her that she was kidding.

“Fine. I’ll give you the key.” Rosalin sighed.

“You know, since we’re sharing cooties anyway, would you like to kiss me?” Darby blushed. There wasn’t much that heated her cheeks these days, but she was being very forward. “It’s just that ... Brian really likes you ... and as his mother ... that means I really like you.” She waited. “Don’t make that face. I’ve kissed Sylvie. She likes it. And Brian says I’m a very good kisser.” She waited again. “I see you looking at my boobs. You could play with them if you like.”

Rosalin sat, sipped her coffee, and frowned.

“Okay.” Darby stood and finished her coffee. “After I check on Brian, I’ll get dressed. Give me your key, and I’ll go get some of your things. If we’re bringing your stuff up here, I think we’ll move you into my bedroom. Greg can sleep on the sofa.”

“Wait ... I didn’t want ...” But Rosalin was talking to Darby’s disappearing ass. *Well, at least, I’m not blowing any teenagers today. I’m so sorry for what I’ve done, Dave. I promise I’ll get control.*

~~

December 19, 1993: Apartment 14B, the Norwood family.

“It’s too bad Nancy and Nora didn’t have our lifespan. They would have loved to see this. The completion of all our work.” Elizabeth put the key into the lock of the fourteenth-floor apartment. The Crenelings were long gone. But Elizabeth had moved a new tenant into 14A that year.

“Yes, mistress.” Natalie bowed her head in reverence for her friends, lost to time’s ravages. “Why ... um ... why did you give me the gift of this body while they aged?” She had never asked her mistress this before, but the subject hadn’t really come up. She gazed at Elizabeth’s naked rump and bit her lip with suppressed desire. She always wanted her mistress like a woman come upon an oasis in the desert. But she only acted on it with Elizabeth’s invitation. Natalie rubbed her legs together under her dress. She was still dressed for work, carrying a paper sack in one hand.

“I seem to have lost the ability. When I first let the wild in, I bubbled with power.” Elizabeth turned the key, and the lock clicked. The door opened, and she heard feral growling and vengeful snarls. She ignored the sounds and stepped into the apartment. “But I lost some of my abilities quickly. You were the only one to absorb so much of my power. The others were lesser shadows.”

“Yes, I see.” It made sense to Natalie. It fit in with other pieces to the puzzle. For instance, Elizabeth heard the goddess right away, but complained about Her silence ever since. She followed her mistress into the apartment. There were some aspects of the wild here. Some moss on the walls. A few ferns popping up through the floor. But outside the windows, Natalie could still see the familiar gargoyles, and beyond them, New York. She tightened her grip on the bag as they approached 14A’s new tenant.

“Let me out ... let me the fuck ... out!” The male voice was savage and harbored an animus toward those entering the apartment.

“Who’s a good doggy, Robby?” Elizabeth walked down the hall and stopped at the entrance to the master suite.

“I’ll fucking kill you!” Rob leapt at his captor. But the branches across the doorway made for an impenetrable cage. He snarled and lashed out with daggerlike fingernails. He was naked and dirty, his long, pale dick swinging between his legs.

“That’s the spirit!” Elizabeth clapped her hands, causing her boobs and belly to pleasantly jiggle. “You have less than nine more months in here, and then you’ll be free to kill me and any of my cervid friends.”

“You tricked me, you bitch!” Rob could still see the woman’s beauty. But what had once beguiled him into following her to the mysterious fourteenth floor, now was a thing he wanted to destroy. “I’ll kill you!”

“Yes, I know. You tell me that on all our visits.” Elizabeth’s smile was full of pride. She glanced at Natalie. “Isn’t he a lovely puppy, Mrs. Creech?”

“Isn’t he too ... malevolent for the story?” Natalie grimaced as she pushed the bag of food through the living bars of his prison. She jumped back when he ripped it from her hands and tore it open, feasting on the sandwich inside. “I thought that the wolf was charming and clever. This one ...”

“No, no. He’s perfect. And he’s contained.” Elizabeth turned her attention back to the eighteen-year-old as he ate his daily meal. “He won’t strike until we’re ready. And then ... he will do exactly what wolves do.”

~~

December 19, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family and Rosalin Eklund.

Rosalin’s hips bounced side to side, her bare feet shimmied on the living room floor. Without meaning to, she was dancing her way toward the trumpet music. *I’m sorry, Dave.* It was too much. The music was too much. The magnetic pull of Brian’s horrible, black-veined dick was too much.

If the building wasn’t actively keeping her imprisoned, Rosalin was sure she’d have the willpower to run far, far away. But she was trapped. So, she danced.

The sounds of Darby’s grunting and wailing bounced down the hall from Brian’s room. They were just loud enough to be heard over the music. Rosalin was very familiar with the brutal, feral sounds of mother and son mating. It still made her shudder. It still

made her stomach go cold with disgust and revulsion. But that was only half her mind. The other half threw her hands in the air and shook what her mother gave her.

The door to Brian's room was open. Rosalin danced into the doorway. She wasn't shocked by what she saw. The days of surprise were behind her. But the raw intensity of their fucking hit her body like standing in front of a carnal explosion. Rosalin's body undulated harder with the music, her pussy flooded the borrowed panties, and her stomach cartwheeled. Mother and son were both naked.

Darby was on the floor, positioned like a dog, facing the door. Any semblance of intelligence was gone from her wild, grimacing face. Her large breasts swung under her to the cadence of her son's slamming hips, which was also the rhythm of the song. She was grunting and wailing like an injured doe.

Brian was, of course, behind her. His body moved with a liquid, whiplash motion. His abdominal and chest muscles flexed over and over. His black hair was wet with sweat, and his cheeks were ballooned comically as he played the trumpet.

"I'll come back ... later." Rosalin had to shout over the music. Despite her words, she didn't leave. Instead, she shimmied into the room.

Brian dropped the trumpet from his mouth and tossed it on the bed. The last few times, he'd been pushing Rosalin. He wanted to continue that. Without ceremony, he shoved his mother off his dick. She collapsed on the floor, her hips still bucking with the same rhythm as before. She rolled onto her back, and her hand went between her legs. Brian pointed to his dick. "Time to prove your worth, Rosalin. You want in my bevy, you have to suck."

"Um ... could you play the music some more?" Rosalin's body stopped bopping. She stood very still. Even with Darby's continued moaning, the bedroom felt quiet and hushed.

"Nope." Brian shook his head.

"Well ... um ... maybe I'll go back to the living room then." Rosalin took a couple steps back. "Your mom's stuff is all over it. I don't want to put it in my –"

"I'll play for you some more ... if you take off your clothes." Brian nodded to the grungy flannel she had on. His mother had promised to get Rosalin a change of clothes today, but he'd distracted her.

"Brian ... I can't. You know about Dave. I love him. What we've already done is bad enough." The top button on her flannel was undone. She quickly buttoned it.

"Suit yourself. But I'm going to stop playing if you don't start undressing." Brian stood, picked up his trumpet again, and played Touch Me (All Night Long).

“Damn ... you ...” Rosalin swayed her hips. “I’m not a stripper.” But she found her fingers undoing their recent work on her top button. The only bra she had was dirty, so she wasn’t wearing one. It wasn’t something she could borrow, like a pair of Darby’s panties that she could squeeze into. She regretted not having anything underneath as the last buttons gave way, and she exposed a gap of flesh down the front. She hated herself for doing it, but she moved the two sides of her shirt around suggestively. She swayed to the music, making a fool of herself.

“Ooohhhh ... ooohhhh ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii!” Darby orgasmed on the floor, jerking her hips up in the air.

Brian played his heart out, his eyes never leaving the exposed pale cleavage between Rosalin’s breasts, and the alley of vulnerable belly she displayed for him.

In Rosalin’s mind, Brian was more dangerous than the Bloomfield Killer. That man had merely wanted to strangle her. This man wanted to sculpt her into a woman she hardly recognized. As she pulled the flannel to expose a little hint of pink nipple, Rosalin looked down at Darby. The woman was panting on the floor, starting to show some sapience in her eyes again. *Is that my future? Will Brian’s music turn me into that?* Her lip curled in disgust, but Rosalin kept stripping. She didn’t want the music to end. When she showed her full left breast, Brian changed songs to something she didn’t know. It had a faster tempo. She was pleasing him, so she kept dancing, slowly revealing her delicate left shoulder.

“Yeah ... that’s rad ... Ms. Eklund.” Darby sat up. She was now rubbing her own nipples, giving her vagina a break. “You go ... girl. Shake it ... shake it!” Darby laughed as she watched the flannel come all the way off. “You have ... nice boobs. They’re plump! You’ll feed so many of Brian’s babies with those.” Darby moved over and rested her back against Brian’s bed, her head nodding to the music. She squeezed her breasts. “I’ll do the same thing with these girls.”

Rosalin tried to ignore the fallen mother. She remembered seeing a woman do a stripper dance in the movie Road House. Her cheeks heated with shame, but she tried to copy those movements as best she could. She unzipped her jeans, pulling them slowly down her legs to the tempo of the song. She turned her back to the Kwons and bent over, giving them the show she thought they wanted.

“Oh ... my ... God ... look at her butt.” Darby clapped her hands and whistled loudly enough to be heard over the trumpet. “She looks like one of those rap guys’ girlfriends.” Darby laughed. “My anaconda wants some!”

Brian switched it up on the trumpet, moving to Baby Got Back. It was a better song for stripping anyway.

Rosalin stepped out of her jeans and shook her ass at them. She was only wearing panties made for a five-foot-two woman. And Rosalin was five-foot-nine. But she knew by the way Darby hooted and hollered and the way Brian played his trumpet that they didn't think she looked ridiculous. Rosalin whipped her blond hair in circles and shook her ass into a major booty quake. She didn't stop until Brian switched songs again.

"Yeah ... now you're getting it. This is what being Brian's doe is all about." Darby took in the sight of the woman. Rosalin didn't have the widest hips, but she was so tall, Darby was sure she'd have no trouble popping out Brian's babies. "Suck him ... Ms. Eklund."

"No." Rosalin shook her head as she kept dancing stripper style for them. Little beads of sweat flew off her glistening boobs as she shook them back and forth. "It was in your pussy ... Darby. I can't." But of course, she could. And she would if the Kwons decided to ask her more persistently. She was naked in front of them now, slowly lowering her panties. She was poised to do the unthinkable, taste another woman on a man's cock.

Brian removed the trumpet from his mouth. "That's rude, Rosalin." He frowned at her.

Rosalin stopped moving, one foot in the air, her panties still around the other ankle. She looked at Brian with wide eyes.

"You can go now." Brian put down his trumpet and pointed to the door.

"I ... um ..." Rosalin finished removing her panties and stood, no longer dancing. She felt like such a doofus standing naked in front of them, but she didn't cover herself. She also felt like a giant. David was six-foot-three. She felt feminine next to her fiancé. Relative to the Kwons, she was a high-rise. "I'm sorry."

"No more music for you today. I want you to think about what you said." Brian could smell her excitement. Heck, she was so turned on, he probably would have smelled her before the changes that enhanced his senses. *This will help get her in line.*

Without the music, it was easier for Rosalin to confront this lurid teenager. She balled her hands into fists. "Look, I don't care that I saw you run along the ceiling. I don't care that your dick is ... wrong." She pointed at the knobby head as it belched precum. "I don't care that you're not the nice boy I once thought you were. I'm willing to ... use my mouth. All you have to do is wash it first. And ... play some more music."

"Get out." Brian's eyes flashed crimson.

"You better do as he says." Darby stood on wobbly legs and put an arm around her son's waist. "You wouldn't like Brian when he's angry."

Rosalin was shaking like a leaf. It wasn't anger. It wasn't fear. It was need. What had they done to her? "Please ... I ... can't do it while it's covered in that stuff." The froth on Brian's dick was drying, leaving a white crust.

“Get ... the fuck ... out.” Brian leapt from his mother’s grasp and clung to the ceiling. His dick was still hard, looking stranger than ever combined with all his twisted pale limbs as he pointed to the door again.

Rosalin picked up her clothes hurriedly and raced out of the room. Once back in the living room, she sat on the sofa and put her face in her hands. Tears ran down her cheeks. The trumpet didn’t start back up, but the sounds of sex did. She listened to the Kwons go at it for several minutes, resisting her impulses. Finally, the sound of one of Darby’s climaxes churned that terrible mix of desire and disgust in Rosalin’s stomach. With her clothes piled next to her on the sofa, she leaned back and dropped a hand between her legs. She listened to the Kwons turn their backs on civilization, and she brought herself to several soaring orgasms of her own.

~~

May 14, 2015: Apartments 12C and 12E, the Dahir and Marland families.

“Hello, you two. Time for homework?” Carrie had skipped volunteering at church so she could listen to her son and his girlfriend. She was worried that it was becoming a problem for her, but she told herself over and over that it was harmless. The teenagers didn’t even know that she liked to press her ear to Joe’s door.

“Actually, we want your help, Mom.” Joe put down his backpack.

Hani stepped in next to him, adjusted her hijab, and dropped her backpack next to his.

“Oh ... you want my help with ... your homework?” Carrie’s pulse suddenly beat in her ears. A sheen of sweat formed on her forehead. An explosion of butterflies beat their wings in her tummy. *Will they make me watch their games? Can I say no?*

“What? No.” Joe cocked his head. He could smell the sweat on his mother and hear her heartbeat shooting through the roof. “What’s gotten into you?”

“We want your help searching the basement, Mrs. Marland.” Hani smiled sweetly. She didn’t notice anything amiss with her boyfriend’s mother.

“Oh ... did you lose something down there?” Carrie worked hard to control her breathing. Her son wasn’t going to rope her into his homework sessions with his girlfriend. That would have been preposterous. How could she think that? Carrie glanced at his crotch. Even though it was soft, she could see the outline of his large slug under his pants pointing to the left.

“No, we’re looking for the mechanical room. And whatever else is hidden down there,” Hani said brightly. “It’s been bothering me for a while. So, we’re going to solve that little mystery.”

“Oh, we shouldn’t do that. I’m sure the building keeps those doors closed on purpose,” Carrie shook her head.

“That’s just it. There are no doors.” Joe strode over to where his mother was sitting on the sofa. He put his finger on her chin, and tilted her head up so that they were eye to eye. “Searching will be easier with you, Mom. You’re coming with us.”

“Okay,” Carrie whispered. She stood up. It had been a rollercoaster of emotions since the teenagers had returned home from school. She was glad that her son was giving her some direction. It was calming.

“Great, let’s go find out what’s what.” Hani laced her arm in Carrie’s and walked her to the front door.

“It’s probably nothing, Hani.” Joe followed his women out of the apartment.

“We’ll find out,” Hani said over her shoulder.

## Chapter 23

### The Girls Who Dated the Gordon Gekko Types

May 14, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

“Ohhhhhhh ... gosh ... noooooooooooooo ... not with your ... fingers ... too ... ooooohhhhhh ... gosh ... I’m such ... a dirty sock ... so dirtyyyyyyyyyyy.” Uba was wearing one of the lingerie sets she’d bought to please her son. The front of the lacy outfit was covered in sperm, as was her cleavage, neck, and face. She was on her son’s bed with her legs in the air. She lifted her boobs up toward her nose, huffing the pungent, overripe fruit scent.

As had become his habit the last few days, Abshir was munching on his mom’s box after his orgasm. He had pulled her panties to the side, and he was focusing on her clit, sucking and nibbling the erect, little button. He gripped her trembling thigh, digging his fingers into her supple flesh. He was pulled between lust and laughter. She was undeniably hot, and her pussy was a tangy delight. At the same time, he thought it hilarious that she’d taken to calling herself a dirty sock. He made louder slurps on his mother’s wet gash so she wouldn’t hear him snickering.

“Ohhhh ... sweetheart ... how did you ...?” Uba’s eyes rolled back, her body seized, and she went completely silent. It was such a big orgasm, it paralyzed her. Her brain barely worked, but she could hear her son noisily lapping the spring of juices that welled from her vagina.

A while later, Abshir finished making his mother cum. He pulled back from her pussy, wiped his face on her soft inner thigh, and put his glasses back on. “You want to suck my balls again before Dad and Hani get home?”

“Oooohhhhh ... gosh ...” Uba’s right eye was closed. Her left eyelid fluttered uncontrollably. Her glasses were fogged. She tried to sit up, but her head fell back to the pillow. It seemed her body refused to obey her more every day. She struggled to move through paradise so that she might show her eighteen-year-old son that she was still a formidable mother. “Gosh ... I can’t believe ...” Her hands returned to her boobs, and she pushed them up so she could smell his semen again.

“Or we could do something new.” Abshir grinned. “Did you know that I’m a virgin?”

That sobered Uba up some. She sat up, straightened her foggy, sperm-splattered glasses, and focused on him. “Of course you are a virgin, Abshir.” She blinked several times and shook her head to clear it. “It’s how we raised you ... and ...” She noticed how hard he was again. “And ... have I corrupted you? You were abstinent not that long ago, and now

you want to have sex?” She put her face in her hands, not even noticing how slimy her skin was.

Abshir frowned. It was time to back off. He knew that She wanted his mother to cross her own bridges. And his mother had been doing a heck of a job so far. “I was kidding, Mom. But my balls do need to be emptied again.” He started pumping his dick.

“No ... don’t touch it!” She leapt over to him, pushed his hands away, and took over pleasuring duties. Soon, she had the familiar, hefty weight of his testicle in his mouth, while she pumped his giant penis with her hand inches in front of her face.

Later, Abshir was basking in the glow of his most recent orgasm when the doorbell rang. His mother was in the bathroom. He could hear her trying to keep quiet as she furiously masturbated. So, it was up to him to answer the door. Or not. He chose to ignore it. But whoever it was wouldn’t give up. After a couple minutes, he put on a t-shirt and shorts and went to the front door.

“Good day, young man.” Elizabeth smiled warmly when Abshir opened the front door. “I’m Mrs. Elizabeth Norwood.”

“Oh ... hey ... I’m Abshir Dahir.” He stared at her alabaster face, shocked by her beauty. His eyes traveled downward. She was even more shapely than his mother, wearing some sort of vintage dress. Despite his mother’s recent efforts, his cock sprung back to life. “What can I do for you?”

“You haven’t been to the basement recently, so I need to give you a message.” Elizabeth stood primly with her hands clasped. “You must speed things along with your mother. You have about a week until her womb needs your seed. When she’s fertile, you will smell her readiness.”

“What ... um ... what ...?” He was completely nonplussed. “Who are you?”

“I am the building, darling. And the building is me.” She flashed her most disarming smile. “So, will you seal the deal with your mother?”

Abshir looked over his shoulder into the apartment. He could hear his mother stifling an orgasm. It sounded like she was biting down on a towel or something. “The Goddess said I should let her cross her own bridges.”

“That’s why I mentioned the basement. Your mother’s bridge-crossing has gone slower than She thought. You’re going to need to help your mother along. We don’t want to miss this moon.” She nodded and turned down the hall.

“Wait ...” There were several questions racing through his mind. “My mom won’t go for it. Not with only a week to make it happen. You don’t know her. I need to loosen her up more first.”

Elizabeth walked back to him, grabbed his shirt, and stared at him. They were almost exactly the same height, so they were perfectly eye-to-eye. "Have faith, Abshir." Elizabeth leaned forward and kissed him on the mouth. She roughly pulled his body up against hers, grabbing his ass and grinding her pelvis against his.

"Mmmppphhhh?" Abshir was perplexed, but he found that he didn't care. He was lost in the magnetism of this strange woman. An epiphany hit him: this is what his mother felt like when he overwhelmed her with pleasure. Maybe it wouldn't be so hard to knock her up. He would just have to think about what she liked. Maybe he had already known this. The pussy eating had been a good start. Just as he started to work his hands up the front of Elizabeth's old-fashioned dress, she broke the kiss and pushed him away.

"That's a good boy." She patted his short, black hair affectionately. "You're beginning to understand. And if you don't believe me, you can always visit the roots in the basement." She gave him a peck on the cheek and grabbed his penis through his shorts. "Use this as She intended. Your mother will release a scent when she's ready." Elizabeth released his turgid member, turned, and strode down the hall. She entered the stairwell and ascended.

"Holy shit!" Abshir's glasses were fogged. He took them off, wiped them down, and stared at the hall. The woman was gone, so he stared at the stairwell door for a while hoping she would come back. *The basement. I should go ask Her in the basement.* He looked down at the tent in his shorts and past it to his bare toes. He wiggled them. He was in no condition to be walking around in public, but he didn't care. He stepped out into the hall, closed the door behind him, and headed to the elevator.

~~

December 19, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family and Rosalin Eklund.

"I didn't see any pajamas at your place." Darby was dressed in her own pajamas. She stood with her hands on her hips, looking at Rosalin with disapproval. It was well past bedtime. Greg was sleeping on the sofa, and Darby had just tucked her son into his bed. "Or nightgowns. You didn't have any of those."

"I usually sleep ... naked." Rosalin lowered her voice on the last word. She watched Darby's pink lips curl into a smile. "But I'm not going to sleep naked in your bed." Rosalin turned away from her. "I'll see what you brought. I'm sure I can wear one of my shirts." She walked over to the suitcase that Darby had filled with Rosalin's clothes. "It'll be nice to wear something clean." She lifted some panties. "And nothing too constricting."

Rosalin removed an oversized t-shirt that David had once left at her place along with a fresh pair of panties, locked herself in Darby's bathroom, and took a long shower. When she was done, she tossed her crusty flannel, jeans, and socks in the hamper, and put on her bedtime clothes. She moisturized using Darby's lotion, brushed using her own toothbrush, and finished getting ready for bed. When she returned to the bedroom, Darby was in bed, reading. "Oh, my God."

Darby looked over with concern on her face. "What's wrong?"

"You look so domestic. This is what I thought I'd have with Dave someday." Rosalin walked up to the other side of the bed and hesitated.

"It's not the same. You wouldn't even let me kiss you." Darby giggled. "I assume you've kissed your fiancé."

Rosalin turned pale thinking about David.

"You poor thing. Come to bed, let Mommy Kwon make you feel better." Darby put down her book and patted the mattress next to her.

Rosalin curled her lip in disgust.

"Look, Rosalin, I think you need to warm up to the idea that we're all a big family now. We're here for Brian. Isn't he so smart and handsome?" Darby smiled.

Rosalin rolled her eyes.

"Well, he is. And I know you feel that way, too. We're his bevy now. And it's not just about having fun. We're going to change this city." Darby's face grew serious. "Can you imagine how many people we can help when we let the wild into New York? It's time to stop living in the past. Brian is our future."

"He kicked me out of his room today." Rosalin maintained a prominent frown as she lifted the covers and slipped into bed.

"He's a teenager. He's moody. For the record, after you left, I told him it was fine if you would rather not suck it with my stuff all over it," Darby said.

"Oh, my God." Rosalin stared at the woman.

"I'm on your side, Rosalin. We all are. It's time you saw that." Darby nodded earnestly.

"Please turn out the light." Rosalin rolled onto her side, facing away from Darby, and tried to get her head comfortable on the unfamiliar pillow. *Greg's pillow. Am I replacing the patriarch of the family?* She thought about the browning Christmas tree by the front door.

“Yes, dear.” Darby clapped her hands twice, and the light switched off. She snuggled up to Rosalin’s back. “You’re bigger than my husband.”

“Oh, my God.” Rosalin tensed but didn’t move away from the insane woman. She was exhausted and hadn’t slept in a real bed in a long while. Quickly, she was sound asleep.

~~

December 20, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family and Rosalin Eklund.

It was early when Rosalin woke. She lay in bed and listened to Darby’s slow, even breathing. Spending the night in the Kwon marital bed felt like the most intimate thing she’d done in that apartment. When Brian played his trumpet and demanded blowjobs, she responded with some primal part of herself. But with Darby, even though they’d done nothing more than cuddle, she had basked in the comfort of sharing a bed with the short, curvy woman. Rosalin had snuggled with her, unconscious for most of the night. That seemed more vulnerable than swallowing cum while bobbing your head to the rhythm of some rock song.

*What will Dave be planning for Christmas?* Rosalin tried to think of more sane things. She guessed that her fiancé would go to his mother’s for the holiday. *Will he miss me? Does he care?* Rosalin was perplexed by the lack of rescue attempts. She sighed in the dark, got out of bed, and walked over to the window. She opened the curtain and looked out at the park. The sun wasn’t up yet, but city lights flooded into the room. Darby continued to sleep behind her.

A gargoyle peered in through the window, seemingly looking right at Rosalin. Its stone face was frozen in a kind of leer. “Fuck you,” Rosalin whispered to the statue. She closed the curtains, put on a clean bra, sweater, jeans, and socks, and went to the kitchen to find coffee.

“Did you enjoy my bed?” Greg was wearing his suit already. Not long ago, he’d had to creep into his room in the dark while the women slept to get himself ready for work.

“It’s nice.” Rosalin gave him a tight smile that didn’t extend to her eyes. “I may have drooled on your pillow a little. Sorry.”

“Look, I don’t know what’s going on around here,” Greg said.

Rosalin found the coffee and poured herself a mug. She waited, but Greg didn’t say anything else. “Were you going to add a ‘but’ or something?”

“Things are spiraling out of control. I can’t deal with Brian. Darby won’t listen to me. And you seem to be moving in like some kind of squatter.” Greg tightened his tie and picked up his briefcase. “I have to go pick up some comics for Brian out in Jersey before work today.”

“You really don’t know what’s going on? You must have some clue.” Rosalin studied him. He didn’t look like he had any clue. She sighed. “Just keep your daughter away from here. Don’t let her step foot in the building. Do you understand?”

“This is all your fault, isn’t it?” Greg turned a dark expression on her.

“No, it’s not. It’s the cult’s fault. Or, it’s a coven of witches. Or maybe aliens crash-landed here. It’s one of those things. And we’re all swept up in it.” Rosalin watched him stare at her like she was crazy. What she was saying was so plainly obvious that anyone in that apartment should see it. But she was constantly amazed at the ability of people to become delusional about hard truths.

“I expect you to be out of my apartment by tonight. I’m sleeping in my own bed.” Greg turned and left.

Rosalin watched him go, shaking her head.

“The old man is delusional.” Brian stood in the doorway, wearing only briefs that did little to conceal his morning wood. The knobby head of his cock stood above the waistband, covering his belly button.

Startled, Rosalin tried not to let the eighteen-year-old know he’d surprised her. She steadied herself before turning to address him. When she saw his dick, she felt butterflies in her stomach. “Oh, my God.”

“I think I’m going to tell him today. It’s time for the delusion to end.” Brian rubbed his chin. “I’m the man of this house.”

“You’re a boy. You act like this is a game.” Rosalin sipped her coffee, trying to keep her hand steady.

“I’ve seen you gargle my cum, Rosalin. Don’t act like you’re above the bevy.” He frowned at her. “You’ve got a major stick up your ass. I can’t believe I ever thought you were cool.”

“I can’t believe I ever thought you were sweet.” Rosalin could see that stung him. It gave her courage to be able to stand up to him like this.

“I was lost. I was stupid. Now, I’m going to be a father.” Brian held his head high as he sauntered into the kitchen and leaned against the counter near Rosalin. “Elizabeth says that Mom is already pregnant. She’s carrying the Goddess inside her.”

Rosalin shivered violently enough to spill her coffee. "Elizabeth is dead. I shot her in the head."

"No, she's not." Brian shook his head.

"Yes, she is." Rosalin put force into her words.

"No, she's not." Brian shrugged.

They went back and forth until Rosalin ended it by slamming her palm onto the counter.

Brian smiled and slammed his palm onto the counter, too. He used the reverberating slap as the opening to create a beat for a song, rapping his knuckles on the counter in time to the music in his head.

"What ... what are you doing?" Rosalin's hips bopped side to side to the rhythm of Brian's percussion.

"I'm taming you by making you wild." He used both hands to drum the counter. "You need to stop being so rude to us. You're the third member of my bevy. Before we even approached my sister, we let you in. You need to open up and say thank you."

"Fuck ... you ... Brian." She put down her coffee cup and danced across the room.

"Soon enough." With his hands, he found a nice rhythm for a stripper. "But first, take off your clothes and make it a show like yesterday."

"You're so bad ... so ... so bad." She undulated like a movie stripper again, removing her clothes and teasing Brian. "You think ... like a boy ... you act like a boy ... you misbehave ... like a boy," she said as she lowered her jeans with her back to him.

"I have a dick like a man." Brian moved one hand away from the percussion that kept Rosalin going. With his free hand, he lowered his briefs and stroked his cock.

Rosalin looked back at him over her shoulder. "You have a dick like a horse, not a man." She shivered again, but continued the striptease. Soon, all her clean clothes were strewn about the kitchen, and she was naked again. She danced to his percussion.

"My cock is clean." He jacked himself harder.

"Okay ... okay ... I didn't even have time ... to promise myself I wasn't going ... to do this today." She shimmied toward him, making her boobs bounce and shake to his obvious delight.

"A blowjob would be rad. But it wouldn't change you. I need you to chill." Brian let go of his penis and caught her by her messy, blond hair as she tried to kneel in front of him. He pulled her over to the counter and made her put both hands on the granite. He

moved his drumming from the counter to her ass, alternately smacking either cheek to the continuing rhythm.

“Oh ... this is so ... odd ... you’re playing music ... on my butt ... and it makes me ... want to dance.” She wiggled and bobbed her ass in time with his drumming. “My cheeks are going to be ... what are you doing?” She craned to look back, but couldn’t see him. He had knelt behind her. She felt his lips on the back of her thighs. Her eyes widened. He was probably staring at her buttocks. Here was another thing that made her feel more vulnerable than a blowjob.

“Keep shaking ... your booty ... it’s perfect ... and ... it’s mine,” he said between kisses on the backs of her thighs. He removed his right hand from drumming duty, but kept his left playing her ass cheek like a bongo. With his right index finger, he caressed down her crack and over her asshole. He could see her sphincter puckering. He laughed. “Keep dancing ... keep shaking it.” His finger moved down and ran along her gash. It came away covered in her excitement. “You’re dripping wet, Rosalin.”

Rosalin grimaced and kept dancing. Her fingers were pressed hard into the countertop. She looked down at her engagement ring. *I’m sorry. I’m being debased, Dave. And ... I like it.* “Ooohhhhhhhhh.” Her hips jerked out of rhythm when his finger found her little button. “What ... was that?”

“That’s your clit, baby.” Brian laughed louder. “Your precious Dave never found it, huh?”

“No ... he did. It just ... didn’t feel like ... ooohhhhhhhhh ... that.” Rosalin tensed. He was expertly rubbing it. Suddenly, he stopped playing music on her ass cheek, but the rhythm continued on her clit. Rosalin’s whole body jerked and spasmed. She made odd hooting noises that sounded like they came from a forest. She was no longer self-conscious. She no longer cared about her exposed buttocks or what her ass looked like from inches away. Worries about Greg and crash-landed aliens fell away, too. Ecstasy took the place of everything else. She no longer bopped to Brian’s rhythm, but she did find herself rolling her hips in little circles, matching his cadence on her clit. “Ohhhh ... Brian ... I’ve never ... uuuuggghhhhh!” Her eyes shot wide when he dipped his tongue into her asshole. Even after everything else, it was so unexpected.

“Nnnnoommmmm ... nnnnoommmmmmm.” Brian ate her ass and worked her clit with his fingers. This was something he’d been practicing on his mom and Sylvie in recent days. It gave him such a rush to make this tall, regal woman tremble and cry out like a lost piglet. They had been friends for a while. Now they were something more. Much more. “Nnnnoommmmm ... nommm ... nommm.” He ate her ass with passion.

“Ooohhhhhh ... shit ... Brian ... you should stop ... or I’ll ... uuuuggghhhhh ... Oh ... Brian ... I’ll ... cum ... with you ... back there ... and ... ooohhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Rosalin tried and failed to stifle her wail. She wondered how many people on the twelfth floor



Carrie followed Hani's gaze to the broken dryer. Her brow furrowed in thought. "When I was younger, I remember hearing about a club that was super-secret. You had to know someone fancy to get in there. You know, date one of those Gordon Gekko types."

"Ew, Mom." Joe laughed and blew her a raspberry.

"Ew, what?" Carrie let out a nervous giggle. Her son made her anxious sometimes.

"Ew, you're telling us about someone you dated before Dad," Joe said.

Hani grinned, looking back and forth between mother and son. She fiercely enjoyed the Marlands.

"Didn't you hear me? This was just something I heard about. I'm a fine, Christian woman. Your father is the first man I was ever with." Carrie blushed.

Joe guffawed.

Hani chuckled.

"Well, anyway." Carrie's checks were bright red. "The entrance to the club was a laundromat in Brooklyn. One of the washing machines was out of order. If you hit the right button and climbed in, there was a tunnel to the club."

"Sounds like a fire trap," Hani said.

"Yes, I'm glad you're thinking about such things. Safety first." Carrie put her hand on Hani's thigh, and then quickly removed it. "This was about 1988, and we were less cautious than today. I mean ... they were less cautious."

"Who's they?" Joe raised an eyebrow.

"I'm talking about the girls who dated the Gordon Gekko types." Carrie got down from the table and walked over to the broken dryer. She tried the door, and it swung open. "It opens." She peered in. "I don't see anything."

"Well, it was a good try." Hani watched Carrie's skinny butt wriggle as the woman bent over, sticking her head practically into the dryer.

"No, I mean, it's really dark. Too dark." Carrie reached her arm in. "I can't feel the back of the drum."

"Holy shit, really?" Joe pulled out his phone and walked over. He turned on the flashlight app and handed it to his mom.

"Language, Joey." Carrie pointed the flashlight. "Holy shit. It's a short tunnel." Without thinking, she crawled into the dryer.

Joe exchanged a glance with Hani. "You were right!"

“Get used to it, hot stuff.” Hani hopped off the table, kissed her boyfriend on the cheek, and followed his mother into the dryer. Joe went in after them.

The laundry room was quiet. A few minutes later, the elevator chimed, and Abshir stepped into the room. No one was doing laundry, but someone had left a dryer door open. He absentmindedly closed it and turned off the lights.

The roots glowed around him, faintly crimson, luminous, and pulsing with the building’s heartbeat. He raised his arms and listened. “I am here. Was Elizabeth Norwood right? Did you send her to me?” It was a stupid question. He could feel in his bones that he now knew what She wanted. Nevertheless, he waited with bated breath.

“I am Ogganse and you make me so proud, my stag,” the woman’s voice was resonant and full of warmth. “Elizabeth speaks the truth. She is wise, beautiful, and almost a goddess herself. Listen to her, always.”

Abshir nodded in the dark. “I hear you. I hear you, Ogganse.” He asked her more questions and meditated as the building pulsed around him.

## Chapter 24

### I Brush My Teeth for Oral Hygiene

May 14, 2015: Apartments 12C and 12E, the Dahir and Marland families.

“I don’t understand. What am I looking at?” Carrie crawled out of the tunnel and took in the long, dark ... cave with wide eyes. That *was* the best word for it. Cave. Roots dangled from the ceiling. She had to step around a stalagmite. It was a spooky, dank place made visible by the lights of Hani and Joe’s phones. Somewhere, water was slowly dripping, the sounds echoing around the space.

Joe let out a long, low whistle. “It looks like a bear could live down here.”

Hani giggled. “Don’t sound so eager?”

“Not that kind of bear. And no, I only have eyes for you.” Joe gave her a playful shove and stepped into a shallow puddle. “Shit.” His sock was soaked through.

“How many kinds of bears are there?” Carrie moved up to the wall and examined markings on the stone. “Like brown, black, and grizzly?”

“It’s a gay sex thing, Mrs. M.” Hani carefully stepped around a puddle. “I was joking.”

“Oh ...” Carrie didn’t hear her. She was too busy examining the depiction of a wolf-headed man running with a massively curvaceous woman. “Hey ... these are like the carvings in the lobby.”

“That’s interesting.” Hani walked up next to Carrie and examined the drawings. “The wall is full of them.”

“I don’t think we’re going to find the missing furnace in here.” Joe walked off on his own further down the cave. It seemed to go on and on. He caught the glimmer of something. He was far enough away from the women that Hani’s light was faint. He shut off the flashlight on his phone. “Whoa.” He was surrounded by red, pulsing light. “It’s beautiful.” The light moved through the roots and the rock all around him. He reached his hand out, enraptured. A low, rumbling sound broke him out of his reverie. Something nearby sounded angry.

“Don’t wander off, Joey.” Carrie took her eyes off the wall drawings and looked for her son. She couldn’t see him. “Joey?”

“Where did that boy go?” Hani glanced up, too, shining her flashlight away from the wall, down the length of the cave. She saw the silhouette of her boyfriend’s tall form running toward them. She heard his feet splashing through puddles.

“Careful, Joey. You’ll break your neck running in here.” Carrie frowned at him.

“Get back in the tunnel ... there’s something in here.” Joe stumbled on a stalagmite.

“What?” Carrie stared at her son.

Hani didn’t wait for explanations. She grabbed Carrie’s hand and pulled her back toward the exit. Once there, Hani shoved the woman in head first and crawled in after her. Joe was only a few steps behind them.

In a panic, Carrie crawled as quickly as she could. It didn’t take long to reach the dryer. But the door was closed and latched. She pounded on it. “Let us out! Let us out!”

“There’s something big behind me. Hurry up!” Joe’s feet were only a few feet from where the narrow tunnel widened into the cave. He could hear something snarling. Whatever it was, it was too big to climb into the narrow tunnel with them, but he could feel it thumping against the stone wall. One of his feet was suddenly grasped, and he was pulled backward about a foot before he braced his arms against the sides of the tunnel, arresting the movement. “Something ... has me. We need ... to get out of here.”

“Oh ... gosh ... oh ... gosh ... help ... someone help!” Through the dryer door, Carrie saw the lights in the laundry room turn on. A moment later the door opened, and she tumbled out.

“Hold on, Joe.” Hani climbed out of the dryer, braced herself against it, and leaned her arm in. She wasn’t strong like Joe, but she could give him the leverage to pull free.

“It’s still ... got me ...” Joe grabbed Hani’s hand and pulled.

“Come on ... Joe!” Hani strained.

“Joey! Joey! Joey!” Carrie screamed.

Abshir stood scratching his head. Once he’d opened the dryer, he’d nearly been bowled over by Carrie. Now his sister was reaching into the drum and ... it was very confusing. He couldn’t hear Her voice anymore. This circus had ruined his meditation.

“Aaaahhhhhh.” Joe pulled hard. If he had had time to think, he might have worried that he was going to pull Hani’s arm out of its socket. The grip on his foot pulled off his shoe, and he flew forward out of the dryer. Joe landed on top of Hani on the laundry room floor.

“Oh ... my ... gosh!” Carrie slammed the dryer door closed. “I am going to have a very stern talk with Mrs. Creech. That machine is worse than a fire trap. What was that thing?”

Joe and Hani didn’t reply. They stared at each other on the floor, their faces inches apart. Hani’s eyes were wide, and she was panting. Joe stared at her in shock.

“What thing? Why were you all in a dryer?” Abshir adjusted his glasses. Jealously spiked when he saw that Joe had ended up between his sister’s legs. He was about to tell them to get a room, when Carrie started shrieking.

“You’re bleeding, Joey! Your foot is ... bloody!” Carrie hopped and waved her hands in the air, not sure what to do.

Joe looked down at his shoeless foot. His sock wasn’t white anymore. It was as crimson as the lights in the cave. There were two holes in his ankle, welling a considerable amount of blood. “My sock’s dirty.”

Abshir laughed.

“It’s not funny, asshole. We almost died.” Hani flipped her middle finger at her brother and rolled out from under Joe. With Carrie, she helped Joe hop to the elevator. They took him to the emergency room.

Abshir watched them go. He thought about exploring the strange dryer. But if Hani was going to the hospital, that meant he had more time alone with his mom. He hustled back to his apartment.

~~

December 23, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family and Rosalin Eklund.

“Should we maybe put the Christmas tree up?” Rosalin looked toward the front door, where the short, browning tree was still propped against the wall.

“No time. Sylvie is coming over today.” Darby moved around the living room, dusting. She was dressed in a lovely, flowing dress. She had applied makeup and perfume. Her hair was artfully done up in a style popular with groupies of the bands her son liked. “We have to make sure the apartment looks lovely. And then ... well ... once she’s here, we’ll be busy with that.”

“Wouldn’t putting the tree up make the apartment look nice?” Rosalin was dressed in jeans and an oversized sweater. She was reclined on the sofa, her bare feet propped on the coffee table.

Darby paused and looked toward the front door with a frown. “I told Greg to throw that thing out. That man has been so forgetful since Brian told him about the bevy.”

“Nothing like having your son steal your wife to distract a man.” Rosalin didn’t mask the harsh tone in her voice.

"I suppose you're right." Darby smiled and went back to dusting.

"Why do you even care what the apartment looks like? Sylvie isn't going to care. Brian ... well ..." Rosalin rolled her eyes. "He's eighteen. He wouldn't notice if he lived in a sty."

"Gosh darn it." Darby put her duster down and placed her hands on her hips. "You need to stop being so rude. You're either in the bevy or you're not. You sleep with me at night. You drink Brian's stuff every day. You let him please you with his tongue. And then you ... you say stuff like that." She tightened her lips into a thin line. "What's a sty?"

"It's a place where pigs live." Rosalin sighed. "And I'm not going to do anything with Brian today. I refuse to touch him until the phone is fixed."

"Do I look like Mrs. Creech? Does Brian look like he works for the telephone company?" Darby shook her head. "Are you going to refuse to kiss me today, too? After everything?" She walked over to the sofa and sat on Rosalin's lap. Darby loved how tall the woman was, it made her feel so petite and feminine. "I saw you brush your teeth not ten minutes ago. Why would you do that unless you wanted a kiss from your bevy-wife?"

"Oh, my God. Don't call yourself that." Rosalin's mouth curled in disgust. "Hey, let go of my tit." Despite her words, Rosalin didn't push the woman away. "I brush my teeth for oral hygiene. Not for you. I ... mmmpppphhhhh." *And here I am making out with a woman again. At least I'm not blowing Brian.* It was a small consolation. She found herself moving Darby so that the woman straddled Rosalin's left thigh. Her hands gripped Darby's ass. Rosalin certainly didn't mean to rock Darby's hips, but she soon had the woman grinding her panties on Rosalin's jeans. "Mmmpppphhhhh." She hadn't made out like she had in the last few days since she'd first started dating David.

After a few minutes, Darby broke their kiss and stood back up. "You bad, bad girl. You're distracting me. I need to tidy up some more. And you should save some of that pizzazz for Brian."

The doorbell rang.

Darby jumped up and down, her braless boobs going wild under her dress. She clapped her hands and squealed. "Eeeiiiiii ... it's time. Sylvie's here!"

"Why are you so excited? You spend every day fucking." Rosalin wiped saliva off her mouth with the cuff of her sweater.

"I am always excited to spend the day intimately with Brian, Sylvie, and even you." Darby grinned despite her dour houseguest. "But also, today is going to be special. We have something planned."

"What?"

"You'll see!" Darby laughed and went to open the door.

Rosalin's eyes narrowed. She didn't like the sound of that, whatever it was. *It's probably just some new, weird sex thing.* Maybe Darby was going to strap something on and take her son from behind. Rosalin didn't care. Just as long as the woman didn't think she was going to put anything in Rosalin. That was one bright line she wouldn't cross. If she got out of the building someday, she'd want to look David in the eyes again. That would be hard if she caved into the music and let them penetrate her. She shivered, picturing what Darby's twisted face looked like when Brian pierced her with his giant cock.

~~

May 14, 2015: Apartment 12C, the Marland family.

"How's my brave man feeling?" Carrie brought her son some hot lemon water on a tray.

"I'm fine, Mom." Joe lay on his bed, his foot wrapped in bandages. "I'm lucky it was only a few cuts." It was more like a few deep puncture wounds, but he'd escaped any major injuries.

"I'm your mother. I should have known better than to go into that place. I'm so sorry for leading you into that cave." Carrie put the tray on his nightstand, sat next to her son, and patted his t-shirt. "Oh ... I forget how strong you are. So many muscles." Her left hand lingered on his chest, her fingers gently caressing the cotton of his shirt. Her wedding ring glinted with her movement in the lamp's warm light. "You'll heal really quickly, I'm sure. You'll be dancing by prom."

"Yeah, I think so, too." Joe grinned at her. He could see the worry behind her mask of confidence. He glanced out the window at the city lights. He couldn't see any gargoyles. Which was odd. Wasn't there a gargoyle clinging near the window? He shook his head. It had been a rough day. He looked back into his mother's loving eyes. "What happened with that out-of-order dryer?"

"Oh ... well, you don't want to hear about that now. Why don't you read a book or something?" Carrie shook her head. "I want you to rest."

"Mom, tell me." He put his hand firmly on her forearm and squeezed, feeling the warmth of her skin. He could detect her pulse with his fingers pressed into her flesh. Her heart was accelerating.

"Well ... um ... I complained to Mrs. Creech. But she said that what happened to us was impossible. That the dryer is just ... a dryer." Carrie lifted her right hand to her mouth and nibbled on her nails. "I was very put out by her attitude. So, I called the police and animal control. They asked to see the doctor's report. And the doctor said that you

weren't bitten by anything." She sighed. "Everyone thinks you caught your foot on something in the basement. I told them all that even if that was the case, the basement is dangerous, and ..."

"Mom, it's okay. *I'm* okay." Joe gently pulled her hand away from her mouth, so she couldn't chew on her nails.

"Your father went down to look at the dryer. But he couldn't open the door." Carrie shivered. "Maybe Mrs. Creech locked it to keep the tenants safe. But ... why was there a tunnel? And what was that cave? It really happened, didn't it?"

"It's okay, Mom." Joe pulled her into an awkward hug. He rubbed her back. Her heart was beating very fast now. He could smell the sweat gathering on her skin.

"Ever since we moved here ..." Carrie pulled away from the hug, wiping away tears with the back of her hand. "... I thought we were so lucky. It was such a good deal ... such a beautiful building. But ... what happened today was terrible. And I can't help this horrible feeling ... I mean that cave is below us right now. Whatever attacked you ... is ..." She pointed to the floor, her face ashen, her eyes wide.

"I probably did get my ankle caught on something. There's nothing under the building that's all that bad. Just a weird cave. New York has tons of strange underground places. Remember that essay I wrote last year about the access tunnels?" He smiled at her with confidence. He didn't like lying to his mother. *There is something down there*. But they wouldn't ever go to that cave again. And the tunnel was obviously too narrow for the thing to get through. She didn't need to worry about it. "It was just spooky, and we let it get the better of us."

"But your shoe?" Carrie frowned.

"If anyone does go to investigate, they'll probably find my shoe caught on something in the tunnel." He shrugged.

"What about doing laundry? How do I ever go back there?" Carrie started blubbering. She didn't like crying in front of her children, but she couldn't hold it back.

"Shh. It's okay." Joe pulled her back to the bed and hugged her tightly, rocking her slowly in his arms. "Shhhhhh ... it's okay, Mom." He could hear her heart thundering. He could smell her sweat and the sweet, floral scent of her shampoo as he pressed his nose into her chestnut hair.

After a long cuddle, Carrie stood again. Her legs were shaky. She tried to smile through the tears. "I'm supposed to be comforting you. But you turned it around on me. You've become such a man, Joey." She wiped her cheeks. "I'm going to let you get some rest. Holler if you need anything."

“Will do.” Joe watched her go. When he was alone, he let out a long sigh. “What the fuck was in the basement?” He said to no one.

~~

December 23, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family and Rosalin Eklund.

“Come on, Rosalin. We’re ready for you,” Darby called out from Brian’s room.

Rosalin sat on the sofa. There wasn’t any music playing, so she wasn’t inclined to go and see what the ladies were doing. In fact, Sylvie had been over for almost forty minutes, and she hadn’t heard the sounds of sex at all. Not even the deep gurgling sounds Darby made when she gave her son a blowjob. Rosalin shivered, thinking about how twisted and wild the once-tame woman looked with that horrible, knobby head in her mouth.

“Rosalin? You haven’t run away, have you?” Darby poked only her head out of the bedroom doorway. “We’re ready for you.”

“Respectfully, you can fuck off, Darby. You can all fuck off.” Rosalin was quite proud of her willpower. Of course, the tables would quickly turn if Brian started blowing his trumpet. But she prayed he wasn’t feeling musical today.

“Don’t be rude.” Darby scrunched up her face in mock disgust. “We have something special planned for you. It’s time. No more one foot in and one foot out for you. We’re all in this together. For Brian. For the building. Come on.”

“You’re not really inspiring me with your cult shit.” Rosalin shook her head and kept her butt fixed on the sofa.

“We put a lot of work into this.” Brian’s voice rang out from the room. “Stop being difficult.”

“Make me,” Rosalin called back. She tensed, waiting for the music to start.

“I don’t want to make you,” Brian yelled.

“That makes two of us.” Rosalin’s nipples poked at her sweater. She looked down at the headlights. Her body hadn’t gotten the memo about telling Brian to fuck off. Her pussy was gushing. Her body and her mind were on different pages. She had become so habituated to the music and to the Kwon’s lurid lives that her autonomous systems thought it was time to procreate. It wasn’t. Rosalin stood up. *Maybe I will mess around with Brian a little. Just a little.* She found her feet carrying her down the hall. “Okay, what is all this cult nonsense about? I ... um ...” She stopped in the doorway. Brian was

wearing a tuxedo. Darby and Sylvie were wearing wedding gowns. The women smiled at Rosalin. Brian looked at her with hunger.

“It’s time we had a little ceremony.” Sylvie held her arms out and twirled. “We’re both wearing our wedding dresses. What do you think?”

Darby gave a showy twirl, too. “I had to have mine tailored. I was a skinny, little thing when I married Greg.” She pointed to the bed where a wedding gown was laid out on the blanket. “I got your measurements from your clothes and had them alter that one, too. It’s vintage ... because vintage is in.” Darby gave Rosalin a sheepish grin. “And also, vintage is cheaper. We don’t have a lot of money.”

“You bought me a wedding dress?” Rosalin stood in the doorway, her face slack with disbelief. Every time she thought she understood how insane things were in 12c, someone ratcheted up the crazy.

“Take off your things and try it on.” Sylvie nodded encouragement.

Rosalin snorted a derisive laugh.

“We’d very much like to see you wear it,” Darby said.

“I bet you would.” Rosalin shook her head.

“I told you, Mom.” Brian’s jaw clenched. “It’s only the music.”

“Well, it will be hard to get her into the dress while she’s dancing. But we can manage.” Darby shrugged. “After today, I don’t think we’ll always need the music. But you play so beautifully, sweetie. It’s not like it’s a bad thing when you blow your trumpet.”

“No ... no ... don’t.” Rosalin reached out a hand, but didn’t move. She was beyond resorting to physical violence with these people. She couldn’t threaten them. She couldn’t bully them. “I’ll go back to the living room. You three can play dress-up and ... shit.” She watched Brian put the trumpet to his lips and blow. At the first note, her hip shot to the side. She posed like that while he held the opening note, and then she was bopping along with the song.

They were all dancing. Brian lifted his feet and slammed them down on the floor, unconcerned by what the people in 11c might be hearing. Darby pranced over to the bed and lifted the vintage wedding dress, swaying with it. Sylvie moved over to Rosalin and removed Rosalin’s sweater as best she could while they were both shaking their rumps.

It took them one and a half songs to strip Rosalin naked, and two more songs to fit her into her new wedding gown and remove her ponytail. Eventually, all three brides were dancing around the bedroom, while Brian stood on his bed, thrusting his hips. The tuxedo couldn’t hide his massive boner. Nor was that in its job description. Darby had intentionally gotten him a tight tux.

“So, what ... are we just dressing up ... like it’s a wedding ... or what?” Rosalin shimmied across the room, a wide grin on her face. “I don’t see ... a preacher ... or guests ... or a chapel.”

“This is ... the dress rehearsal ... dear.” Darby spun close to Rosalin, leaned up on her tiptoes, and planted a sloppy kiss on the woman’s lips. “We need to make sure ... that you’re ready for the ... real thing.” Quickly, her hand darted to Rosalin’s left hand and pulled off Rosalin’s engagement ring.

“Hey ... give that back.” Rosalin was too excited to put up much of a fight. She watched Darby spin away. “Okay ... you’ll give it back later.”

They danced for a while longer. All of them were dripping sweat and laughing.

“Okay ... it’s time.” Darby swung her hips as she pulled Rosalin up to the wall. She placed Rosalin’s hands on the drywall next to a rock poster. “Keep your fingers ... on the wall. No matter what. It’s part of our rehearsal.”

The music had put Rosalin in a cooperative mood, so she bopped her ass back and forth with her hands on the wall.

Sylvie swung over and lifted Rosalin’s gown over her butt. She held it up and bounced to the beat next to her. “Here comes the groom!”

“Oh ... this is so embarrassing.” Rosalin was certain what would come next. Brian loved eating her out from behind. “I wish ... you’d do this in private ... Brian.” She knew her buttocks were on display for everyone. But that didn’t slow her hips from their steady dance. Despite her shame, she couldn’t stop grinning. She heard the trumpet move in behind her. She was confused when she felt something push at the underside of her leaking pussy. Her eyes went wide, but still, she kept shaking her hips to the music.

“Don’t tense up. It’ll make it harder to fit it in,” Darby cooed in Rosalin’s ear. She moved her blond hair to the side and kissed Rosalin’s slender neck.

“You’ll finally be one of us.” Sylvie was still dancing and holding the gown up behind Rosalin.

“I don’t want to be ... uuuugggghhhhhh.” Rosalin felt the fat cockhead push at her opening. *I’ve been such an idiot to think this wouldn’t happen.* Despite Darby’s earlier words, Rosalin tensed. Her fingers dug into the drywall. The worst part was, she couldn’t stop her body from bobbing to the beat.

“Open up to him.” Darby nibbled on Rosalin’s ear. “Let the wild in.”

“I ... uuuugggghhhhhh ... it’s too big.” Rosalin had never had anything like it inside her pussy. It didn’t hurt as much as she had expected, but it did hurt. “That’s enough ... that’s enough ... we’ve had our rehearsal.” *What are we rehearsing!?!*

“It’s barely in.” Sylvie laughed and patted Rosalin’s pale butt cheek. “You’re so tall. You’ll have no trouble taking it. You should have seen *me* on *my* first time.”

“Uuuuggggghhhhhh!” Rosalin’s smile was gone, but her hips were still moving with the song. Her pussy opened as Brian’s cock explored her insides for the first time. She *was* letting the wild in. “Fucking ... fuck ... that’s big. You can’t just keep ... uuuuggggghhh ... pushing ... and pushing ... I ... oooooohhhhhh.” It hit a previously unexplored spot deep inside her. The pain was still there, but it was completely buried by pleasure. Suddenly, she understood what Darby and Sylvie had been trying to tell her all along.

Brian removed the trumpet from his lips and handed it to his mother. Without the music, Rosalin stopped bouncing her ass. But Brian didn’t mind. He now had her on the hook. She wasn’t going to slip away. “My bevy. My woman.” He grabbed her hips and lunged the rest of the way inside her. He held himself there, his hips resting on the curve of her ass. He realized that he was up on his toes to reach into her. That wouldn’t do, so he bent her legs and lowered Rosalin to his level. He continued to stay buried in her as she hooted like a demented barn owl.

“Oooooooo ... ooooooo ...” Rosalin knew she sounded like an idiot. But the pleasure that seized her prevented her from caring. She searched for words, finally finding one. “Condom ... oooooooo ... condom ... condom.”

“That would defeat the purpose of the ceremony, sweetie,” Darby whispered in her ear. “You can relax now. You don’t have to do anything other than accept Brian.”

“Damn ... Rosalin.” Brian pulled almost all the way out and slammed back in. This caused Rosalin to let out an earth-shattering shriek. He did it again, and again. Soon, the rhythm of his hips and her hollering were making a song of their own. “Damn ... you’re tight ... for such a tall ... chick.”

“Gggaaaaahhhhhh.” Rosalin’s eyes crossed. *I understand now why Darby fell for her son. I understand why Sylvie is trashing her marriage. This is ... this ... is ...*

“Eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” An orgasm completely derailed Rosalin’s train of thought. She honked and hooted and writhed, while Brian continued to pound into her with steady, punishing strokes. Her eyes rolled back, and her body twitched.

“Look ... at her. All that ... ugh ... ugh ... attitude ... ugh ... ugh. Where did it ... all go?” Brian watched the pink sheath of her pussy form a tight ring every time he pulled back. “What is ... she now?”

“She’s in love, Brian.” Darby rested her head on the wall so she could watch Rosalin’s ecstatic face. “She accepts you. She accepts the wild. She’ll be perfect tomorrow.” Darby ran her fingers along the wedding gown. It wasn’t expensive, but she thought it suited

Rosalin's regal aspect perfectly. "You look wonderful, Rosalin. We're so happy to make you a part of this."

"Gggrrrraaaaahhhhhhh." Rosalin clenched her teeth. She glanced over at Darby's eager face. Rosalin wanted to tell her to fuck off. She wanted to tell her how good Brian felt. She wanted to scream that she'd discovered something new and cataclysmically blissful. But all she did was hoot like an injured swan and wind her way up to another mind-destroying climax.

## Chapter 25

### Joey, Sweetie, You Have a Visitor

December 23, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family and Rosalin Eklund.

“Not ... inside ... not ... uuugggghhhhhh.” Even now, with Brian humping her savagely from behind, Rosalin was trying to draw a new line in the sand. He wasn’t playing his trumpet, so she prayed that she could enforce this final barrier. The alternative was total surrender.

Sylvie was still holding the wedding gown up over Rosalin’s pale ass. Darby was still leaning her head against the wall, staring at the silly, ecstatic expressions on Rosalin’s face. Brian had his hands on Rosalin’s hips, his body on autopilot. He grunted as he slammed into her, forcing her to bend her knees so that her pussy was down on his level.

“Ooooooooooooo ...” Rosalin pursed her lips, hooting and honking her way to another orgasm. She didn’t know what the rehearsal was for. She didn’t understand the wedding dresses or Brian’s absurdly tight tuxedo. But she did know that her life had just undergone another massive shift. Even if she escaped the building, there was no going back now. “Not ... inside ... inside ... ooooooooo ... hnnnnnnnggggkkkk.” A whiplash of pleasure surged through her nerves, and she jerked her head forward, almost knocking it on the wall.

“Careful, dear. You don’t want to give yourself a concussion.” Darby took the hem of her wedding dress and wiped the sweat off Rosalin’s twisted face. “I did that once. My noggin just about broke the headboard. I was seeing stars for hours. Oh, gosh, you look ravishing, and you sound like a dying swan. It would be silly if it wasn’t so ... sexy!” She tried to kiss Rosalin, but the woman was almost comatose, her head was lurching forward with each thrust she absorbed, and there wasn’t much space to maneuver next to the wall.

“Not ... ooooooooooooo ... uuugggghhhh ... inside!” Rosalin shrieked.

“Oh, I heard you before. It’s just, he needs to do it inside.” Darby grinned. “Don’t worry, you’ll love it. His stuff is so hot, you can actually feel it in there. And his head is so big, I swear it stops up my womb like a cork. We probably conceived the very first time he filled me.”

“Ooooooooooooo.” Rosalin’s eyes rolled. Listening to Darby wasn’t helping. The woman was painting a picture that should have disgusted Rosalin. Instead, it set her off.

“Uuugggghhhhhh.” She shuddered and came again.

"I ... ugh ... ugh ... think you're turning her on, Mom." Brian's laugh was low and guttural, punctuated by the effort of slamming into the newest member of his bevy. "Slap her ... ah ... ah ... ass for me ... Sylvie."

"Yes, Brian." Sylvie still held the gown with one hand. She brought her free hand down on Rosalin's ass. It didn't even make the woman shriek. Rosalin was too busy with her crazed hooting.

"I wasn't trying to turn her on. I'm just so excited to share you, sweetie." Darby looked at her handsome son. He still had the top of his tux on, and she thought he looked very dapper in a bowtie. Especially, with his neck corded with exertion and sweat dripping down his grimacing face. "I adore watching other women realize what an amazing boy I raised. Only eighteen, but you play music and hump like a genius. *My* genius."

"Ahhhh ... Mom ... enough ... with that shit," Brian snarled. He didn't mean to snap at her, but his orgasm was getting close, and she was making it hard to concentrate. Sylvie slapped Rosalin's ass again, and Brian admired the way the impact ripples from her hand canceled out the ripples rushing from where his hips slammed into her cheeks. "I'm going to ... ugh ... ugh ... uuuggghhhhhh ... cum!"

Rosalin was descending from the high of her last orgasm. Her eyes went wide, and she looked over her shoulder. Her fingernails dug into the wall. "Brian ... Brian ... we shouldn't ... uuuggghhhh ... shouldn't ... uuuggghhhh." It was hard to get her point across when he kept pulverizing that sensitive spot deep inside her. Her mind tried to regroup, but she couldn't gather any momentum for rational thought. "Brian ... Brian ... uuuuuggghhhhhh."

"Now ... I'm going to ... uuuuggghhhh ..." Brian's hips fell out of rhythm. "... make you ... uughhh ... my doe ... forever. Aaaaaahhhhhhhh." He threw his head back and roared.

"Oh, yes!" Darby clapped her hands and stared at the mating pair with bright eyes.

"Oh ... my God." Sylvie's jaw dropped as she watched Rosalin get seeded for the first time.

"Nnnnnngggggggggg." Rosalin did indeed feel the wave of heat spread inside her. She imagined that knobby cockhead stopping her up like a bottle. She would never be able to look her fiancé in the eyes again. To make matters worse, she wanted Brian's cum. She thrust her ass back to meet Brian's final thrust. She had to make sure he was buried deep inside her. Her mind exploded in ecstasy. She was accepting a load of molten bliss right into her core. Her eyes screwed up, and she had the mother of all orgasms. For a while, she wasn't even sure if she was in New York, or if instead, she'd been transported somewhere deep into humanity's primordial past. When the tides of pleasure finally stopped inundating her mind, she heard the slap, slap, slap of sex. She blinked her eyes. She was on Brian's floor, lying on her side.

“Ohhhhh ... Brian ... Brian ... we’re ... such a happy ... family.” Darby wore her wedding gown bunched uncomfortably around her waist. She rode her son hard and fast on his bed. Sylvie was on her belly next to them, making out with Brian.

Rosalin watched Darby’s back as she gyrated her hips in a serpentine bouncing motion. Rosalin saw that Brian’s tuxedo pants were still around his ankles. His knees bounced comically with his mother’s movements on top of him. “Whaaaaa?” Rosalin watched this and reached between her legs. She had been blasted by cum. Her hand came away covered in the pungent, fruity-smelling stuff. Her lip curled with disgust for only a moment. Then, she let in the wild and did what she had become habituated to. She stuck her fingers in her mouth and ate his cum. All while watching Darby hump him to another orgasm.

~~

May 15, 2015: Apartment 12C, the Marland family.

“Joey, sweetie, you have a visitor.” Carrie stuck her head into her son’s room and smiled. Joe sat on his bed, wearing shorts and a t-shirt. His ankle was still wrapped in bandages. Although he said he was healing quickly, Carrie had kept him home from school. It was a Friday, and she thought he could use the weekend to rest. She could see the confusion on his face. Carrie was a little confused, too. “A woman from the ninth floor is here to see you. She has flowers and seems very nice.”

“A woman from the ninth floor?” Joe raised an eyebrow. He’d talked to a few other tenants in the lobby or elevator, but he wasn’t close to any of them.

“She said her name is Mrs. Eklund.” Carrie glanced back down the hall and looked back at her son. *Are random older ladies hitting on my son? How would she even know he was injured?* She nibbled on her fingernails. “If you don’t know her, should I send her away?”

“Oh, no.” Joe remembered her. “You can send her in.”

“Okay.” Carrie walked down the hall, ushered the woman to her son’s room, and stood in the doorway.

“Joe, I was so sorry to hear about your accident.” Rosalin stepped into the room, put the vase of flowers on his desk, and straightened her oversized flannel shirt. Her hair was in a long, blond braid. She wore jeans and wool socks. Carrie had asked her to remove her sneakers when she’d entered the apartment. “What a lovely room.” She offered a somewhat wooden smile.

“Thanks for the flowers.” Joe rubbed the back of his neck. “Good to see you again.”

Carrie stood with her hands clasped, looking intently between her son and the guest. They didn’t seem to know each other well.

“You’re most welcome.” Rosalin wagged her eyebrows like she was trying to clue him in on something. Her eyes darted to where Carrie stood by the door. Nonverbal communication wasn’t always easy, but she could see he understood her. That was a good sign.

“Mom, can you give us a moment?” Joe glanced at his mother.

“Oh, I think it’s best if I stay right here.” Carrie smiled nervously at them.

“If you’re worried about anything sordid, it’s quite all right.” Rosalin felt like telling the woman to fuck off, but she’d gotten better over the years at containing those inclinations. “I have a son about Joey’s age. As a mother, my heart went out to him when I heard about the injury. I just wanted to check in and express my well wishes.”

“Oh, you’re friends with her son?” Carrie smiled at Joe like that explained everything.

Joe shrugged. He didn’t want to lie to her. “Just give us a moment, Mom.” He gave her a stern look.

“Oh, okay.” Carrie stepped into the hall, shut the door, and put her ear up against it.

With his mother gone, Joe gave the woman an easy smile. “So, what’s up, Mrs. Eklund?”

“It’s Ms. Eklund, actually. I was engaged once but never married.” Rosalin walked slowly about the room, looking at the various posters, models, and other sundry miscellanea that made up an eighteen-year-old boy’s room. Her eyes paused for a moment on the tissue box on his desk. A knowing smile played on her pink lips, and she moved on with her circuit of the room. “You don’t know what’s happening to you, do you?” She kept her voice pitched low.

“Um ... what?” Joe liked this woman. He guessed she was in her forties, with a regal face, and confident, stiff body language.

“That’s what I thought.” Rosalin sighed and sat on the edge of his bed, near Joe’s knees. “I can’t tell you much. I’ve been sucked into this place, too. I can’t give it up. But I think I can help you.”

“I’m not sure what I need help with. If you’re talking about the basement, I’m not going into that cave again.” Joe’s warm smile didn’t fade.

“My, you *are* very attractive. I think She expects women to fawn over you in the months to come.” She put a hand on his bare knee. “So, if you show some interest in me, I’m sure I can visit you often.”

“You’re pretty, Mrs. Eklund. But I have a girlfriend.” Joe laughed at her boldness. “And I don’t have any idea what you’re talking about.”

“Have you seen the wolf? Or the stag and his bevy?” Rosalin squeezed his thigh. “Please keep your voice down, I think your mother is listening to us.”

“She is.” Joe nodded. “And you mean the carvings in the lobby?”

“I mean the creatures that sometimes race through the building,” she whispered. “You have seen them, haven’t you? And you’ve met the beast in the basement. I once knew that creature well. I can help you, Joe. I wish I could say more.” Rosalin glanced out the window. One of the hideous gargoyles was staring in at them through the glass. “I think you should kiss me now.”

“My girlfriend, Hani, would probably disagree.” Finally, his smile faded. This woman was so odd.

“Sorry, Joey. If I don’t kiss you, She might get suspicious.” Rosalin grabbed Joe’s blond hair and roughly pulled his face to hers. Her other hand grabbed his engorging dick through his shorts. She darted her tongue past his lips, giving him a one-way make-out session. When he pushed her away about a minute later, she broke the kiss and stood up. “That wasn’t so bad, was it?” Rosalin took a deep breath. Her panties were soaked. “You really are quite magnetic. Um ... if you run into my son, don’t tell him about this. Steven’s father was a ... um ... well, he wouldn’t understand my being with a ...” Rosalin shrugged. “You know ...” She let out a small, quiet howl like it had some significance. When he looked at her blankly, her lips curved into a tight smile, and she crossed the room. When she opened the door, Carrie nearly fell into the room. “Hello, Mrs. Marland. I think I can show myself out.” She walked to the front door, collected her shoes, and left.

“Were you spying on us, Mom?” Joe tried to smile, but the visit had thrown him off his game. He opted for a thoughtful frown instead.

“No ... I was just ...” Carrie put a hand to her chest. “I ... um ... those are nice flowers she bought. I guess you’re making friends in the building.”

“I guess so.” Joe nodded. “Can I have some privacy? I need to rest.”

“Yes, of course.” Carrie closed the door.

Joe listened to his mother’s rapid heartbeat as she walked into the kitchen. He heard her pouring herself several glasses of cold water and gulping them down. Then she went to the living room and turned on the TV. When he was sure he wasn’t going to be interrupted, Joe pulled out his turgid cock. It was time to fap.

~~

May 15, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

“Mom, are you home?” Abshir was eager to get on with his quest to pleasure his mother. He had six days left to meet Elizabeth’s deadline. He didn’t know if his mother had skipped work for him, but he sure hoped so.

“Hello, sweetheart.” Uba was wearing a long dress and a hijab. “I was just about to leave.” Her son looked so good, she wanted to eat him up. “Don’t give me that look.” She adjusted her glasses. “I know how important our time together is. Especially, lately. I hate to leave. But my boss said I can’t keep missing work.” She grabbed her purse, slung it over her shoulder, and tried to step around her son. He moved to his left to block her.

“You’re late for work.” Abshir’s eyes flashed red.

“Well, I wanted to see you before I left. I won’t be home until late and ... mmmmpppphhhh.” Uba was shocked to have her son’s lips pressed against hers, their glasses clacking together. *This is new!* His lips had spent a lot of time on her vagina recently, but he’d never kissed her like this. Certainly not with *tongue* like he was doing. “Mmmmpppphhhh.” She pushed him away, but he persisted, pressing a hand into her lower back. She squirmed against him until she felt his other hand pulling up her dress. She shivered and melted when his familiar, dexterous fingers pushed aside her sopping panties and entered her.

Abshir was amazed how well his forwardness was working with her. *Why was I supposed to let her cross all those bridges on her own?* Then, the painful memory of her slamming his dick returned. Maybe she was letting him kiss her now because of all those bridges she’d crossed in between then and now. In the present, she still had her purse slung over her shoulder, and she hadn’t even tried to hit him with it. After a couple minutes, her tongue tentatively began to dance with his. He felt her hands reach for his sides and grip his shirt tightly. She was now pressing against him. He wondered what his dick felt like to her, poking into her stomach. He had to admit, he was a fan of the way her breasts pressed heavily into his chest.

Uba lost herself in the make-out session. When his fingers made her orgasm, she went stiff as a board and forgot to breathe. As she came out of it, she found that there were tears in her eyes. The way her son made her feel was so ... beautiful. Finally, she pushed him away, breaking their lips apart. “Abshir ... wait ...”

“But ... Mom ...” He pulled off her hijab and ran his fingers through her shiny, black curls. He kissed her on the lips again but stumbled when she shoved him. He was about to try again, but he paused. “You’re crying.”

"I'm fine. But you need to wait a minute." She pulled her purse off her shoulder, removed her phone, and dropped the purse by the wall. "I have to tell work I won't be coming in today." She let her dress fall back to her ankles and walked awkwardly, with her panties still bunched, into the living room to make the call. She looked out over the park as she put the phone to her ear. "Yes, hello, Peter. It's Uba. I won't be able to make it in today."

Abshir couldn't keep his hands off her. He walked up behind her, dropped to his knees, and slid under the hem of her dress. *That smell!* The scent of her excitement was so thick in the enclosed space that he could almost see it. He breathed in. Elizabeth had said that she would give off a scent when she was ready to breed. The miasma he inhaled was heady and wonderful, but he didn't think she was ready. He had more time. So, he massaged her ass cheeks with his fingers while his mother talked to her boss. After a moment, he began nibbling on her perfect, round butt.

"Yes ... Peter ... I understand." Uba trembled. Her mind seemed to be twisting and twisting. *How is this my life? I'm about to get fired while my son is mauling my butt like a hungry lion.* "If you'll just ... give me one more chance. I know I've missed a lot of ... um ... yes." Uba put her hand over the microphone as she gasped. Her son was spreading her cheeks and licking down her crack. *He's an animal. This can't possibly be real. This can't be my life.* She waited for Peter to finish the bad news. "Yes ... Peter ... is this like a two-week notice thing, or ...? I see. I'm sorry. Yes, goodbye." She disconnected the call and tossed her phone onto the sofa. "Oh, gosh ... sweetheart ... that's so dirty." She stared at the park, trying to reconcile the different parts of her life. The more she gave into pleasures with her son, the more the rest of her world crumbled.

"Noooooommmmm ... noooooommmmm ..." Abshir ate her ass to his heart's content. When he finished and came out from under her dress, his glasses were so fogged he could barely see his mother. "Did you get fired?" He wiped off his lenses on his shirt.

"Oh, Abshir. Your father is going to be so angry with me." Uba turned and looked at her son. A frown played on her lips, but her eyes were hungry.

"Why, because I ate your ass?" Abshir laughed.

Uba put a hand to her mouth. She giggled. She couldn't help it. The whole thing was so preposterous. She burst out laughing and hugged her son tightly. He was about five inches taller than her, so she pressed her cheek against his strong neck. "This is so strange. I don't know what's up or down anymore. What am I doing?" She worked to suppress her laughter.

"Well, you're spending time with me. Work was getting in the way." Abshir kissed her again. They made out in a living room for a while. When they broke their kiss, he

started undressing. "Take off your clothes, Mom. You're going to help me with my daily release."

"Daily?" Uba's mind swam as she pulled off her dress. "It's now several times a day, isn't it?"

"You're the one that insisted on doing it." Abshir stood naked in front of her, his cock jutting out proudly in front of him. "I was abstinent until you came at me with all that stuff about healthy young men needing to cum."

"You're right. It's my fault." Still in her boring bra and underwear, Uba dropped to her knees in front of him. "I'm such a dirty sock. You use me to soak up your semen every day. Such a ..." She grabbed the now familiar shaft. It was so thick and strong. She pumped with her hands. "... a ... big ... dirty ... sock," she said between licks of his huge, hairy testicles.

"Suck my balls, Mom. You're my dirty sock." Abshir adjusted his glasses and grinned down at her.

Uba nodded her head and slurped one heavy testicle into her mouth. His massive penis obscured half his face as she looked up at him. Insanity had become the norm in their apartment. There was no escape. *I don't want to escape. I want to breathe and drink his sperm each and every day.*

~~

May 15, 2015: Apartment 12C, the Marland family.

"How's my number one patient doing?" Hani walked into her boyfriend's room with a big smile on her face.

"Hey, Hani." Joe smiled back. "Mom let you in?"

"Yeah ..." Hani closed the door behind her. "Who got you the flowers?"

"About that." Joe told her about the strange visit from Ms. Eklund.

Hani stood in the middle of his room, listening. Her jaw hung open. When he finished, she slowly pulled off her hijab, folded it, and hung it on the back of his desk chair.

"What a horny bitch!"

"I know, right?" Joe nodded. "But I'm not sure that was the most interesting part of the story. She knew about the deer and the wolf we saw in the hall. Or, I think she did. She

hinted that ...” His voice fell away, thinking about what was waiting in the cave under their building.

“She’s a horny bitch *with info*.” Hani sat next to him on the bed. “Of course, she knows something. Hot older ladies don’t just stop in and kiss strange teenagers.”

“I agree. But, the building, Hani.” Joe rubbed his chin.

“I mean, this place is obviously haunted.” She waved a hand expansively all around her. “I knew that even before the cave. I mean, we almost got trampled by disappearing wild animals. It’s not like those things live on the roof.”

“Yeah ...” Joe had been having such a good time at 3838 Walnut Street that he hadn’t really stopped to think about everything that had happened. His own transformation and his initial hunger after moving in were probably also part of it.

“Not to mention the fucking lobby. How many buildings in New York have creepy pagan rituals etched into their walls?” Hani shrugged. “So, are you going to bang this lady to get the dirt on the ghosts in this place?”

“Um ... I wasn’t planning to, but ...” Joe’s cock surged at the thought of visiting Ms. Eklund.

Hani saw the lump in his shorts lurch. She pointed and laughed. “You pop the most poorly-timed woodies, I swear.” She tensed, moving her hand slowly toward his dick, like it was a snake that might strike her. Her hand darted out and grabbed his cock. She pumped it through his shorts. “If that big, tall bitch from the ninth floor didn’t drain this, I better get to it. You’re injured, and we can’t have your blood pooling in the wrong places.”

“You’re so strange.” He watched her pull down his shorts and underwear. Soon, she was happily stroking his dick with both hands. He smiled. “You just roll with anything, don’t you?”

“Duh.” She rolled her eyes at him. “I think we should figure out what the hell is going on here. But I don’t want you sneaking off with that horny bitch. I’ve been practicing for prom, and I don’t want some random, dark horse lady to come along and take your virginity before I can get you over the finish line.”

“You’ve been ... uuugghhhh ... practicing?” It was getting difficult for Joe to concentrate with the way she squeezed the base of his head with her fingers on each upstroke.

“That’s not important.” Hani giggled, leaned forward, and dropped a large dollop of spit on his cockhead. “What’s important is that I want to be there when you see her. If she kisses you again, I want to watch.”

“You want ... to watch?” Joe was certain he’d misheard her.

“Yeah.” She stared him down and raised an eyebrow. “And afterward, you better tell me that I’m a better kisser than her.”

“Oh ... maybe you should kiss me ... so I can compare.” Joe tapped his lips with his finger.

Hani shrugged. Without slowing the handjob, she leaned over and kissed her boyfriend. They made out for a while. The only sounds in the room were smooching lips and spit-squelching cock. She broke the kiss and leaned back. “Fix my glasses, they’re crooked.” She didn’t want to take her hands off his dick.

“Sure.” Joe reached out and adjusted her fogged glasses until they were level.

“So?”

“So?” Joe was confused.

“Who’s the better kisser, dummy?” Hani leaned over and spit on his cock again.

“Hani Dahir is the best kisser I’ve ever ... uuuggghhh ... met.” Joe was going to cum soon.

“Damn right.” Hani nodded. “So, just repeat that after I watch you kiss her again.”

“Oh, my God.” Joe’s hips jerked off the bed.

“If she swallows your cum, you’ll have to remember who does it better.” Hani dropped her lips to his cockhead and bobbed her head.

“I don’t ... understand you ... Hani ... but ... I ... love you!” Joe was euphoric.

At those words, Hani glanced up at his ecstatic face. He was about to cum. Boys said the stupidest things when they were about to cum. She would have to pin him down on those words later. He’d been through a lot lately. Maybe he didn’t mean it. Maybe ... and then he was blasting her mouth with hot, salty seed. She closed her eyes and concentrated on swallowing.

“Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Joe growled out his climax. He didn’t care that his mother was home. He didn’t care that he could hear and smell her on the other side of his door. He didn’t care that his apartment building was haunted. He loved his girlfriend, and she was bringing him to the heights of pleasure.

When the last blast was well and truly swallowed, and he’d stopped trembling under her hands, Hani pulled her lips off his dick and sat up. She stood and reached over for some tissues from his desk and wiped off the excess cum that dribbled down her chin. Satisfied that she was presentable again, she smiled. “So, do I get to cum, too, or are you too injured to take care of me?” She pulled off her dress.

“You’re ... so ... beautiful.” Joe stared at her hourglass figure with glassy eyes.

“And don’t you forget it.” Hani wiggled her panties down her legs and climbed onto the bed. She straddled his head and laced her fingers in his silky hair. “Now ... while you work down there ... I’m going to list all the things you can and can’t do with Ms. Eklund.”

“Mmmpppphhhh.” Joe nodded and slurped at her pussy.

“Number one, you *can* let her show you her tits.” Hani giggled at how eagerly he ate her pussy. Men were so wonderfully predictable. “Number two ...”

## Chapter 26

### You're insane! You're all lunatics!

June 21, 1957: Apartment 14B, the Norwood family.

"Good evening, Susan." Elizabeth stood on the sidewalk outside 3838 Walnut Street. She could feel the building looming behind her. The mass of stone, steel, and concrete was akin to a coiled dragon, ready to spread its wings and pounce on the city. It was a reassuring feeling.

"Good evening, Mrs. Norwood." Susan stopped before her old building and gave a little curtsy. "You didn't have to come out here to meet me." She gazed at Elizabeth. The woman was wearing a dress that would have been in high style almost two decades ago. But even with dated sartorial decisions, Elizabeth possessed such a strong measure of cold, captivating beauty that Susan's breath caught in her throat.

"I wasn't out here to meet you, dear. You're not that important." Elizabeth held her hand out to Susan and smiled when the woman curtsied again and kissed the back of it. "I enjoy coming out here from time to time. I like to feel the building at my back." She also enjoyed making the stream of pedestrians wend around her, like she was a mighty rock in a river. Men in their suits and hats scuttled by. Women in fine dresses and perfectly coifed hair gave her curious glances. The smell of fear and desire from the people was most pleasing. "How is your dear husband?" Elizabeth took Susan's hand and drew her into the building.

Every time Susan set foot in what had once been hers, she felt like she was walking into a waiting maw. She shuddered as they entered. "Hello, James." She nodded to the doorman.

"Good evening, ma'am." James tipped his hat as he held the door.

Elizabeth ignored the man.

Inside the lobby, Susan took in the expansive, pagan art that lined both walls. She stopped to gaze at the wolf-headed man in all his beastly glory. Several tenants entered the building talking, and Susan stepped out of their way. Elizabeth didn't defer to the people. The woman was still holding Susan's hand, so Susan couldn't stray too far. It was quiet in the lobby. A stark contrast after the sounds of the city. She listened to the tenants' voices echo until they entered the elevator and disappeared. "My husband is well, thank you for asking."

Elizabeth barked out a laugh. "That isn't true. But you are keeping him tame, I see."

“Yes. He’s ... very docile these days.” Susan nodded. “Might we go to your apartment?” Susan lowered her voice, and looked around the now empty space. “I’m sure I could please you as much as you –”

“I have two things I require of you. If you please me with those requests, I will take you up to my bedroom.” Elizabeth gave the woman a warm smile and pressed Susan’s hand to Elizabeth’s overripe bust.

“What do you require, mistress?” Susan curtsied again. She couldn’t help herself. To think, she had once been a proud woman.

“My power ebbs even as the building throbs with energy. I tried beguiling a woman at the bank, but she refused me. Can you believe that?” Elizabeth’s face went dark. “I did paint the bank red.”

“Oh ... I see.” Susan hoped desperately that she was talking in metaphor.

“I need more money. There are major renovations to the basement that can’t be put off. And I can’t simply initiate every contractor in the chapel.” Elizabeth straightened her spine. It almost sounded like she was making a request, and that made her blood boil.

“Oh ... I don’t think Marcus would be willing to part with any more assets. The sale of 3838 put us quite a bit behind, and I ...” Susan’s voice trailed off as she saw the darkness spreading on Elizabeth’s face.

“Your husband, yes. That brings me to my second requirement.” Elizabeth pulled Susan toward the elevator. “I require your husband. Bring him to me when the time is right, and I will be quite pleased.” She hit the call button for the elevator. She pulled Susan’s hand under her dress and placed the woman’s fingers on her vagina. “You need only agree to part with some money and a husband. If I have your approbation, you can come up to my wilderness right now.”

Susan gnawed on her bottom lip. “Will you hurt Marcus?”

“I intend to give him a tremendous gift.” Elizabeth smiled as the elevator doors opened. She pulled Susan into the elevator.

Susan’s eyebrows furrowed. A gift didn’t sound right. But she was inclined to believe Elizabeth. Her fingers wormed their way into Elizabeth’s warm, wet vagina. “I suppose I have already agreed to help Her any way I can. It is for Her, isn’t it?”

The elevator doors closed. Elizabeth hit the button for twelve. “It’s always for Her.”

“Anything She needs.” Susan practically melted when her zaftig mistress leaned forward and kissed her on the lips. Any trepidation she had vanished as she lost herself in Elizabeth’s arms.

~~

December 23, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family and Rosalin Eklund.

“Big day tomorrow, Rosalin, how do you feel?” Darby stepped into the master bathroom already in her long, silk pajamas.

Rosalin was brushing her teeth. She spit in the sink and rinsed the brush, looking at Darby through the mirror with wary eyes. “What’s happening tomorrow? What were we *rehearsing*?” She put her hand on the front of her oversized t-shirt, holding her belly. Her mind overheated every time she thought about all the seed Brian had pumped into her depths. She had no doubt that his swimmers were still wriggling in there. Her lip curled in disgust. *When it happened, I wanted him to do it.* Her cheeks turned crimson with shame.

Darby watched the different emotions play on the woman’s face. “It’s a surprise, sweetie.”

“I don’t like surprises.” Rosalin frowned at her.

“You’ll like this one.” Darby picked up a hairbrush, moved behind Rosalin, and brushed her new bevy-wife’s long, blond hair.

“Fuck you, Darby.” Rosalin’s frown turned into a grimace. “I feel ... I feel ... totally out of control.”

“That’s good. We want to foster that. Let the wild in, sweetie.” Darby smiled as she brushed.

Rosalin snarled. “Fuck that.” She turned on Darby, grabbed the woman’s black hair, and forced her to look up into Rosalin’s eyes. “What the hell are you planning?”

“Oh.” Darby dropped the brush. It clattered on the floor. Her eyelids fluttered. “I do love the way you handle me.” She winced in pain as Rosalin’s grip on her hair tightened.

“Okay ... okay. It’s just a ceremony. Very similar to the rehearsal.” She studied the confusion and anger on Rosalin’s face. “You already know your part. You just have to wear the wedding gown I got for you, and give your vagina to Brian when it’s time.”

“Holy ... shit.” Rosalin let go of the small woman and leaned against the counter.

“Let me guess. At the chapel?” She thought about all those rows of pews. *Performing sex acts for an audience?* What was this building doing to her? “I won’t do it.”

“Oh, come on.” Darby rubbed her head. “Of course you will. Brian will lead you with music if he needs to. But, I hope you’ll go with the decorum that the situation calls for.”

Rosalin stared at Darby. "I ... um ... I ... well ..." She clenched her fists. "Can't you just let me leave?"

"I'm in this *with* you, sweetie. I went down in the elevator with you. I tried." Darby reached out and uncoiled Rosalin's left fist. She saw that the woman had put her engagement ring back on. Darby didn't bother to remove it. It wasn't the time. "We went down on the elevator, but ended up back at the top. This building wants you, Rosalin. This building loves you. It's holding you close."

"I need Dave." Rosalin let out a long, shaky breath.

"There's no going back to him now. David is the past, Brian is the future." Darby put a hand on Rosalin's belly. "Brian is in here now. He's a part of you. Where are you on your cycle? You might already be pregnant."

Rosalin's shoulders slumped. The insane woman was right. It was too late. There was no turning back. She pulled Darby into a tight hug. "I should have never moved here. I should have never befriended Brian. I should have starved myself in my apartment. I ..."  
Without thinking, she bent a little, and her lips found Darby's accommodating mouth. *I shouldn't take comfort in this woman's arms.*

"Mmmppphhhh." Darby made out with Rosalin for a few minutes. She then broke the kiss and smiled up into Rosalin's bewildered face. "My bevy-wife."

"Don't call me that." Rosalin's voice was soft now.

"Bevy-wife, bevy-wife, bevy-wife." Darby lifted Rosalin's shirt and pulled her bevy-wife's panties down her legs.

"What are you doing?" Rosalin frowned at her.

"Brian got to put his penis in your vagina today." Darby pushed Rosalin back until the tall woman was sitting on the bathroom counter. Darby spread Rosalin's long legs. "It seems only right that I should put my tongue in the same place on the same day. My regal, pretty bevy-wife."

"Shit, Darby. You shouldn't ... ooohhhhhh." Rosalin leaned back, her mouth forming a rictus. The Kwons had her. There was no music playing. There were no threats in play. There was only the connection she had with this strange woman. She let Darby eat her out with greed and passion, tenderly running her fingers through Darby's black hair. "There's ... really ... no turning back ... ooohhhhhh ... now."

~~

May 15, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

“Your sister is out with her boyfriend. You should go out, too. Don’t you want to have fun in the city today, Abshir?” Uba struggled with the butterflies in her stomach. Her knees trembled. She knew she was sweating in an unwomanly fashion. Her eyes darted around the room.

“Hani’s gone, but where’s Dad?” Abshir was still lying in bed with his curtains drawn. When his mother closed the door behind her, it was gloomy in his room.

“He’s here.” She nodded nervously. She wasn’t wearing her hijab, but she did have a modest dress on. Underneath, she wore her boring underwear. Her husband still didn’t know that she owned so many sets of lingerie. And she didn’t intend for him to find out. “He’s watching television in the living room.”

“You want to drain me, but you can’t get Dad to leave the apartment.” Abshir reached for his glasses and put them on. “So, you’re trying to get me out to remove temptation.” He pulled the covers down to his feet. He had slept naked, and his morning wood rose majestically toward the ceiling.

“I ... um ... your father wants to rest at home today.” Her curt nod was not much more than a nervous twitch.

“It’s Saturday. Shouldn’t you have an early shift?” Abshir laughed.

“Shh.” She glanced at the closed door, holding a finger to her lips. “I haven’t told your father yet that I was fired. He’s going to be so angry with me.”

Abshir laughed louder. “You haven’t told him? Well, have you at least told him how good his son is at eating pussy?”

“No,” Uba squeaked. Her eyes were large in the gloom, staring longingly at her son’s penis.

“So, what are you doing here? Shouldn’t you have left the apartment to pretend to go to work?” Abshir’s chortle died down. “Why make me leave? Or was that some sort of half-assed excuse to come in here because you know I’m not going anywhere?”

“We can’t. Not with your father home.” She shook her head violently.

“I didn’t come into your room, Mom.” He pointed at his dick and winked.

“I know you need a release. But it will have to wait until Monday. After school, I can give it the attention it needs.” Uba took a step toward his bed.

“The attention it deserves,” Abshir said.

“Yes ... um ... it deserves attention.” Uba chewed on her bottom lip. “And so do your testicles. I know how full they must be. But it will have to wait.”

Abshir didn't bother with a retort. He put his hands behind his head and smiled at her. Less than a minute later, his mother was lying in bed next to him, slurping on his fat, hairy ball and pumping his dick with her hand. Life was grand at 3838 Walnut Street.

*Did I lock the door?* Uba couldn't remember. Her mind was swimming. It couldn't hold onto many thoughts that didn't revolve around her son's profoundly masculine body and what she was doing with it. *Taban ... if Taban walks into this room he'll, murder me. He'll murder us.* She popped her mouth off Abshir's testicle.

“Once you pop, you can't stop.” Abshir gripped her curly, black hair and brought her full lips back to his ball.

“Wait ... wait ... your door ... mmmpppphhhhhh.” Uba's hand paused on her son's penis for only a moment and resumed pumping. She couldn't be bothered to worry about the door or her husband. Her world narrowed down. There was only her son and his abnormally large parts. She pleased him for a good while in the dark room. Eventually, he started trembling under her. Finally, her brain pushed a salient thought through. If she was to be a dirty sock with her husband home, there was a good chance he would notice. She *had* to finish Abshir, but she *couldn't* finish him. She pulled off his testicle again with a wet smacking sound. Her hand stopped stroking his length. “I ... need a sock. A real sock. You can't spray it on me today.”

“Sure ... I can. I'm .... about to cum, Mom.” Abshir gritted his teeth.

“Oh ... gosh ... oh ... no.” Uba saw his massive balls contracting. It was too late. She put her hand on the dome of his penis. The heat and pressure of his first spurt hit her palm. *This isn't going to work.* She almost did the unthinkable and covered his sperm hole with her mouth, but that would have been stupid. And she was a smart, self-possessed woman. So, she angled his penis away from her and let him spray his bedsheets. It was comical how much there was and how high it arced in the air. “There you go ... oh ... gosh ... good boy ... have your release.” She pumped his penis as his hips jerked, listening to him grunt at her. It was lovely to witness, but all that potent sperm was going to waste. How would she breathe in its scent while pleasuring herself in the bathroom? That thought started to gnaw at her.

“Aaaaaahhhhh ... damn ... damn ... Mom. That was ... awesome.” Abshir shuddered.

“And with ... Dad in the next ... room ... awesome. Hey ... what are you doing?” He had barely finished cumming before his mother was pulling him off the bed. He tumbled to the floor. “What the ... hell?”

“Your sheet ... I'm sorry ... Abshir ... I need your sheet.” Uba hurriedly untucked the fitted sheet. There was a long, soaked stain of his sperm, and it was going with her. She

balled up the sheet and turned for the door. "I need to put it in the wash." She stumbled and fell to her hands and knees. She felt her son's hand around her ankle. The sheet fell to the floor right below her face. "Abshir ... let me go." She felt him lift her dress. "I'm serious, young man. I need to get this into the wash before the stain sets. Let me goooooooooooooo." Her eyes rolled back. Her son was noisily munching on her backside again. He'd pulled her panties to the side and had gone right to work. She wasn't surprised when he included her vagina. His wonderful, strong fingers worked into her sopping crevasse.

"Nnooooo ... nooooo." Abshir tossed away his glasses and went to town on his mother's asshole. Licking her and tonguing her to his heart's content. His fingers ran along the ridges in her pussy, making her moan and squeal. He wondered if she remembered that his father was in the other room.

"Oooooohhhh ... gosh ... so dirty ... ssssooooo ... dirty." That word reminded her of the sheet. Uba dropped to her elbows, lowering her face to the spermy bedding. She inhaled deeply and quivered with pleasure. The scent was pure paradise. She used the sheet to muffle her cries, even as she huffed it like a crazed addict. She hadn't forgotten about her husband. All she could do now was try to keep herself quiet enough that he wouldn't come to see what was making noise.

A while later, Uba stumbled out of her son's room. She was dazed and disheveled, carrying the precious sheet. Her wobbly legs took her into the bathroom. She closed the door, sat on the toilet lid, and put the sheet up to her nose. Her fingers practically flew on her clitoris. It wasn't how she had expected to spend her Saturday, but here she was.

~~

December 24, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family and Rosalin Eklund.

"I won't do it." Rosalin looked at herself in the mirror. She was in her wedding gown while Darby and Sylvie were weaving her hair with flowers into a fishtail braid. "I'll hang out with you, though. We can finally set up the Christmas tree. It's Christmas Eve, ladies. Wouldn't you rather -"

"Greg finally threw away that icky tree." Darby scrunched up her nose at her unruly bride. "We don't celebrate Christmas in this building, Rosalin. We celebrate nature. We celebrate Her. And soon we will celebrate Her rebirth!"

"Rosalin, if you don't participate in the ceremony, Elizabeth will be so mad," Sylvie said.

“Elizabeth’s dead,” Rosalin frowned, looking at all the makeup spread on the bathroom countertop, waiting to be applied to her face.

“If that’s the case, she’s undergone her own renaissance, just like the Hungarian Lady,” Sylvie waved a finger at Rosalin like she was being naughty. “You need to stop being so rude.”

“The Hungarian Lady is the statue, Sylvie, the goddess is trapped inside,” Darby smiled at her handiwork with the interwoven flowers. “Your hair looks rad, Rosalin! Super groovy.”

“The kids don’t say groovy anymore.” Sylvie wagged her finger at Darby this time.

Rosalin listened to them bicker and chatter, her stomach churning. Dread and anticipation forced a sheen of sweat onto her forehead.

“Oh, no. She’s sweating. Greg? Greg? Bring the fan in here,” Darby called over her shoulder into the apartment. “If she’s sweating, the makeup won’t ever go on.”

“I don’t care about makeup.” Rosalin could tell no one heard her. She was just a doll to these women. They were playing dress up. She wished she wasn’t beyond threatening them with her gun. She thought of it hanging harmlessly in the closet. At least she had ended Elizabeth when she had the chance. Who knows, maybe once she was in the chapel, she could somehow get the people to listen. The cult was leaderless. Rosalin was a natural leader. It could work. And if it didn’t, she did desperately want Brian inside her again. If he took her on stage, would it be so bad? She shuddered and considered her plan Bs as the other women continued to fuss over her.

~~

June 21, 1957: Apartment 14B, the Norwood family.

“What did you do to my building?” Marcus stood in the basement. It was a large space with plumbing, electrical, and a boiler. And where there had once been a solid wall, there was a large crevasse leading into darkness. The gap was perhaps a little wider than him and about his height.

Elizabeth stood with her arms crossed, giving him a look that said it wasn’t his building. *Not anymore.*

“Did you know it was here, dear?” Susan had a flop sweat going. She walked over to where several janitors stood with large sheets of plywood. She knew some of these men

as tenants of the building. She looked around. There was a wood frame already erected and bolted to the wall around the crevasse.

“No, because it wasn’t here.” Marcus gave his wife a sour look. He barely knew the woman anymore. He didn’t know how she’d talked him into coming back to 3838 Walnut Street. Well, he did know how. But even that incentive seemed thin. “This woman has gotten these fellows to dig and dig. I don’t know what’s going on, maybe she’s opening a gate to hell.”

“As you can see from the fissure, it’s a natural break.” Elizabeth rolled her eyes. “Look, this is a sacred place. The men I sent in to explore said they felt the wild strongly in there. I felt it, too. I need an outsider to go in there and tell me what he feels. That’s you, Mr. Wilkins.”

“Like hell.” He shook his head.

“It’s miraculous in there, Marcus.” Susan struggled to remain chipper. She looked over at Elizabeth and drank in her beauty.

Marcus glanced back and forth between the two women. He wasn’t an idiot. He knew they remained lovers. He had seen the abomination of their services in the chapel. He didn’t trust them one bit. “I’m going to leave now.” Maybe it was finally time for a divorce. He hated to admit defeat but – “Hey ... put me down.”

“There’s food and water in there.” Elizabeth watched as several of her janitors and doormen dragged Marcus to the crevasse. “We’ll open it back up in a month. I just want to see what it does to you in that time.”

“You’re insane! You’re all lunatics!” Marcus couldn’t comprehend what they were about to do. “Susan ... stop her. This is –” He went quiet when one of the men hit him over the head with something heavy. They roughly dropped him. He lay where they tossed him on the cool, dank floor, trying to get his bearings. That was made all the more difficult when the light falling through the crevasse was blocked by plywood. The sound of hammers on nails sent chills down his spine.

The boards were halfway nailed when Marcus started pounding on them from the other side, screaming to be let out.

“That’s too loud.” Elizabeth glanced at the working men. “Harold, I want you to get this soundproofed.”

“Yes, mistress.” Harold nodded and continued hammering.

“Will he be okay?” Susan felt the last shreds of her old life falling away from her.

“I’ll get you an apartment in the building, Mrs. Wilkins.” Elizabeth looked over by the door. “Mrs. Creech, do we have anything available?”

Natalie stepped out of the shadows. "I can find something for her, mistress."

"Good. That way she can be close to her husband and close to me." Elizabeth smiled. "Come along, dear. You can stay on the fourteenth floor with me while we find you a more permanent home." She took Susan around the waist and led her to the elevator.

"What about my home upstate?" Susan tried to keep her head on straight.

"We'll sell the mansion dear." Elizabeth gave her a reassuring squeeze.

"Oh, okay." Susan was so delighted to be in her lover's arms, that her husband's muffled yells suddenly sounded even more distant.

~~

December 24, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family and Rosalin Eklund.

In the end, Brian had to drum his hands on his tuxedo-covered thighs to get Rosalin to leave the apartment. The three women, clad in wedding gowns, danced to the beat of his improvised percussion, he trailed behind them down the hall, and then up the stairs to the hidden floor. When Rosalin faltered for a moment, he started beatboxing, and that got her going again.

"Have you ... done this, too ... Darby?" Rosalin stopped to whip her braid around her head and shake her booty. She couldn't focus on anything but the exhilaration of moving her body as she shimmied up the stairs. She had been revolted and afraid not long ago, but now she laughed when Sylvie spanked her butt. All her plan B ideas had faded from her mind. She knew she would take Brian in front of the assembled mass. And she knew she would love it.

"If only Davey could see you now." Darby giggled and bounced her hip against Rosalin's as they entered the fourteenth-floor hallway.

"Fuck off, Darby." But Rosalin's wide grin undercut her words. Brian's music pushed David so far out of her mind, Rosalin had a hard time picturing him. And it wasn't just the music, it was Brian's animal magnetism. *And his cock. Definitely, his massive, gross dick drilling into my core again.* She gyrated her hips faster.

"This is the most wonderful processional music." Darby's laugh echoed merrily around the hall. She put her hands behind her head and thrust her hips forward and back to the rhythm of her son's music. "I love Brian's beatbox. Oh ..." She laughed louder. "Brian's doing a beatbox now, and in a few minutes, he's going to beat another box." She looked at Brian while jiving side to side. "Brian ... I made a dirty joke."

Brian continued his beat as he grinned at her. Soon, they were near the chapel entrance, and he went quiet. He didn't want to interfere with the prayers.

When Brian stopped with his music, Rosalin ended her dance. She was glowing and sweaty. Despite the end to the rhythm, she still felt good. The beat continued to course through her veins. "I can do this, Darby. Whatever happens in there, I'm with you guys." She smiled at her friend. "It's so strange to say, but I'm glad to have you all in my ... in my ..."

"Bevy is the word you're looking for." Brian walked up next to her and slapped her ass playfully.

"Yes, I suppose I'm in a bevy." Rosalin nodded and stepped into the chapel doorway. "It's so strange to say that ..." Her voice trailed away. The pews were full. She recognized some people from the building. There was Mrs. Breaming from 9A. Mrs. Creech was in the front row. Mrs. Wilkins from 3C sat with her son nearby. Susan Wilkins had denied the existence of the chapel when Rosalin had interviewed her weeks ago, but here she was. The cult ran through the whole building. Rosalin had been right. They were all smiling at her. That was shocking. But what chilled Rosalin to the bone was the cloaked and hooded figure standing next to the statue in the front of the room. The loose robes couldn't hide the outlandish curves underneath. Rosalin reached to her side for her gun, but of course, it was still in apartment 12C.

"Welcome ... welcome ... to this special occasion." Elizabeth threw back her hood and gave the room a warm smile. "Brian, you might want to get ahold of your new bride. She looks like a doe in the headlights. We don't want her to bolt."

Brian eased himself closer to Rosalin and linked her arm in his. If she decided to run, he wondered if his new strength was enough to stop her.

"Right. Let's get this started before anyone gets cold feet." Elizabeth let out an easy laugh. Her congregation all turned forward in the pews, serious expressions suddenly on their faces.

Elizabeth rose her hands to the ceiling, beseeching the heavens. "Uuuuggghhhh ... ooo ... ooo ... uuuuuuggghhh ... ooo ... ooo ... nnnnngggaaaaaa ... Ogganse!"

"Uuuuggghhhh ... ooo ... ooo ... uuuuuuggghhh ... ooo ... ooo ... nnnnngggaaaaaa ... Ogganse!" The chant was urgently repeated by everyone but Rosalin.

It was time to start the ceremony.

## Chapter 27

### She Made a Fist and Walloped Him

May 16, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

Uba lost herself over the weekend. She helped her son find his release a dozen times. Often, right under her husband and daughter's noses. By the end of Sunday, she did the unthinkable and put her mouth directly on the massive, domed head of her son's penis. Earlier, Abshir had caught her scooping his sperm into her mouth. He had suggested it might be easier for her to drink right from the source. To her great shame and amazement, she had done just that. And now, she found herself trying to figure out how to please his ungainly thing with her small mouth. Her head bobbed awkwardly. Of course, she didn't ignore his magnificent testicles. She held one in each hand as she kneeled on the bathroom floor.

"I know I'm supposed to say you look ... uuuggghhhh ... beautiful ... doing that." Abshir sat on the toilet lid and stared at his mother. She was wearing only boring socks, panties, and bra. Her glasses were fogged and askew on her twisted face. Her mouth was open so wide it gave her an uncharacteristic double chin. Her eyes were round, showing something that looked like panic. She wasn't anything like the mother he was used to. Certainly not the bullheaded woman that had smashed his dick with her purse. "I know ... uuuggghhhh ... what I'm supposed to say. But honestly, you look ... silly ... and hot."

"Mmmppphhhhhh." Uba stared up at her handsome son in confusion. Her whole being was set on coaxing his release. She barely heard his words, or registered the red glint in his eyes. She bobbed her head faster. When she heard someone walking down the hall right outside their locked door, she froze. She wanted to put her finger up to her lips to shh Abshir, but her mouth and hands were otherwise occupied.

"It's okay. It's Hani. She isn't listening to us. I can hear her texting," Abshir said.

Uba arched her already furrowed brow in confusion. *He can hear her texting?* But she didn't have the wherewithal to contemplate that. His hand cupped her head and gently encouraged her to continue. Soon, she was bobbing on his long penis again, gargling on the wide top of his penis. "Ggggaaaacckkk ... gggaaacckkkk ... gggaaaacckkkk."

"That's my ... uuuggghhhh ... good doe." Abshir was close to his release. He couldn't wait to watch her guzzle the coming flood. She was addicted to his cum now. He was sure she'd do her best to swallow all of it. "And I'm ... your young buck ... Mom." His grin was dulled by pleasure. "I'm going to replace ... uuuggghhhh ... Dad. You'll ... be mine."

"Nnnppphhhh ... ggaaaacckkk." Uba found it hard to shake her head in disagreement while her mouth was tethered to his penis. She still tried. But then his hot sperm

flooded her mouth, and she forgot to be stern or contrary to his nonsensical boasts. She did the thing that surprisingly came naturally to her, she drank his semen as quickly as he blasted it onto her tongue. “Ggllllmmmm ... ggggmmmm.” His explosion was a whirlwind of new experiences. When he was done, she found herself with something more familiar. She was panting, sitting on her butt, looking at his deflating penis. In her hand was a palmful of semen. She held it up to her nose and huffed, letting the familiar scent linger.

Abshir found her to be quite accommodating while she was focused on the scent of his cum. He lifted her onto her shaking legs, pushed her panties to the side, and made her straddle his face while he was still sitting on the toilet lid. It was lovely to listen to her huff, whine, and try to keep her voice down as he brought her to several orgasms with the rest of the family doing various mundane things in the apartment.

~~

July 22, 1957: Apartment 14B, the Norwood family.

“Oh ... that stench.” One of the janitors stumbled back as he and his fellows pulled free the makeshift wall that had blocked the crevasse in the basement.

“Steady yourselves.” Elizabeth watched with Natalie by her side.

“It smells like death.” Natalie wanted to cover her nose, but her mistress’s stoicism prevented her from showing any weakness. She did see several of the workmen hurriedly tie makeshift masks over their faces.

“Well, then. That’s probably what it is.” Elizabeth didn’t know what she had hoped for, but a mundane death seemed unworthy of the experiment. “It’s good we didn’t inform Mrs. Wilkins of apartment 3C about our unveiling today. I doubt she wants to see her ...” Her voice fell away as several workmen peered into the crevasse and started screaming. “Quiet ... quiet, you fools.” But she couldn’t control them. As the barrier was pulled aside, more men stumbled and yelled in fright.

“That’s enough for now.” Natalie shooed them toward the elevator. “It’s just a man that died performing a grand experiment. Remember, no one is to talk about any of this and ...” Now that she was closer, she looked into the crevasse. *I was wrong. It’s not just a man that died.* It wasn’t a man at all.

Elizabeth waited for the building staff to pile into the elevator and leave. When she was alone with her faithful servant, she walked up to the opening and peered in. Marcus Wilkins was indeed dead. But he was hardly recognizable. He had fur and wolfish

features. Antlers had also sprung from his head. His glassy eyes were a dull burgundy, and stared at the ceiling, seeing nothing. His clawed fingers were bloody and ragged. Elizabeth looked at the inside of the wall that had kept him in. It was shredded. He had broken through one layer of plywood, but the thicker timber behind it had held. “Well now.”

“Was this your plan, mistress?” Natalie thought over all she had learned about Her. No matter how much she considered the different stories, she couldn’t decide how this fit into their burgeoning religion.

“Yes ... yes ... of course. The magic worked exactly as expected.” Elizabeth frowned at the dead creature. She had no idea what had happened, or how she might use this new power.

Natalie curled her lip and stepped over the monstrosity. She could feel the vibrations of the place as she moved a little way into the cave. She didn’t travel far, fearing to step out of the light that fell through the crack. “Look ... he’s been drawing on the walls. How much did you tell him of Her story? There’s so much here.”

“Nothing more than a few fragments.” Elizabeth dropped to a knee and looked into the face of the erstwhile man that had let the wild in. Marcus was still a part of this creature, but he made up only a plurality. The rest was an amalgam of beasts. “Come, Mrs. Creech. We need to dispose of this body.”

“Should we remove it?” Natalie studied a crude depiction of the wolf-headed man, clearly drawn in blood. “Perhaps a pyre for him in this cave? I’m sure She would approve.”

“Yes, that’s exactly right.” Elizabeth stood and smoothed out her dress. “But I’m afraid we might have to do it ourselves.”

~~

December 24, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family and Rosalin Eklund.

“Holy ... shit.” Rosalin stood with her hands on the statue of that overly feminine deity. Rosalin’s hips swayed in time with the rhythmic chanting in the chapel. On either side of her were Darby and Sylvie, wearing their own wedding gowns and holding up Rosalin’s gown to expose her ass to the congregation. Rosalin looked over her shoulder at so many tenants from the building that she knew from her brief time trying to get information on the missing Ostrows. The tenants all had fervent expressions as they gazed at her ass. When Darby spread Rosalin’s butt cheeks, Rosalin shuddered. She was,

at that moment, upping the amount of people that had seen her buttocks by an order of magnitude.

“And now ... nnnnggggaaaaaa ... ooo ... ooo ... we give our stag another doe for his bevy, so that he might fulfill Her wishes and break the spell that binds Her. Uuuuugggghh ... ooo ... ooo ... Ogganse!” High in the air, Elizabeth held an elaborate crown with an art deco antler design.

“Nnnngggaaa ... ooo ... ooo ... Ogganse!” The crowd chanted.

His tuxedo removed, Brian knelt naked before Elizabeth. His pale skin glowed in the light of the many candles glowing about the chapel. His turgid penis cantilevered away from his body, its blue-black veins were primed and hungry for what came next. “I am ready, Mighty Ogganse.” He bowed his head and let Elizabeth put the patinaed, copper crown on his head.

“Rise and place a fawn in your new doe.” Elizabeth smiled as her stag straightened and moved toward his swaying bevy-bride. “As you insert your key into her lock, you will open more doors, letting the wild in. You will elevate the deer whose memory lives on in Her heart. And you will defeat the lupine threat that so calamitously destroyed true love. Ooo ... ooo ... uuuugggghhhh ... Ogganse!”

The crowd continued their low, urgent chant.

“Holy shit ... holy shit ... holy shit.” Rosalin knew from the rehearsal that Brian wasn’t like David in many ways. One of those was height. So, she bent her knees, lowering her pussy to put it on his cock’s level. Her body continued to writhe in time to the horrible praying that filled the chapel. It wasn’t just Brian’s music she responded to, it seemed. “We’re really ... going to do it ... in front of all these people?” She was still looking over her shoulder. When she caught his wicked smile, she trembled. Her pussy became an even wetter, sopping mess. “Holy shit!”

“It’s been like taming a wild horse.” Brian stood behind Rosalin, blocking the congregation’s view of her ass. He winked at his mother, who grinned like a fool back at him.

The pews went silent. All waited for the ceremonial first plunge.

“We don’t tame the wild, Mr. Kwon.” Elizabeth gave the couple a benevolent smile. She stood at an angle where she could watch the sacred penetration. “We let the wilderness out of its prison.”

“Right ... sorry.” Brian was aware how quiet the chapel had become. He could hear trees swaying in Elizabeth’s apartment nearby. “Tell me you want it, Rosalin.”

Rosalin wanted to say *fuck you*. But instead, she let out a long hiss. She really did feel like a feral thing.

“Good enough.” Brian lined up the knobby head of his dick and entered Rosalin’s pussy. She was perfectly tight, warm, and drenched. He met with less resistance than he had the day before. “That’s a good ... uuuggghhhh ... bevy-wife.” The squelching of her plundered crevasse was loud in the quiet. Behind it, he could hear the congregation’s rapid breathing as they watched his ass flex with the thrust.

Rosalin went completely silent. Her mouth formed a perfect O. For several seconds, she forgot to breathe. The statue under her hands grew warmer and warmer, especially on the left side. It was responding to her mating. She didn’t know if the heat was anger or approval. She glanced at Elizabeth, still unsure how the woman still lived. *It’s obvious. This isn’t a cult, it’s a coven.* “Oooohhhhhhhhh.” Her strained lungs sucked in oxygen again. Coven or not, she was a part of it now. “Deeper ... Brian ... deeper ...” Her own sibilant words surprised her. She barely sounded like herself.

Brian grabbed her hips, his fingers moving on her soft, pliant flesh, almost like he was playing the trumpet with both hands. “You’re ... mine ... Rosalin.” He slammed into her and held his dick all the way in. She hooted and honked at the sudden plunge, almost like a real doe. Her pussy gripped his shaft, strong as a strobing vise. “Say it ... uuuggghhh.” He pulled almost all the way out of her and slammed back in. The smacking sound of their skin echoed off the walls. Nearby candles guttered. He slammed into her again and again, finding a steady, eager rhythm with his hips. “Say ... it ... say ... it ... you’re mine ... you’re ... mine ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ...”

“Fuck ... off ... fuck ... off ... fuck ... off ...” But Rosalin didn’t mean it. She was in heaven. His dick did something to the back of her pussy that she’d never even considered until the rehearsal. The statue was now almost too hot to touch on her left hand. The engagement ring that David had given her was burning her finger. Without lifting her hands from the statue, she pulled off the ring and carelessly tossed it away. It felt like a weight had been lifted from her shoulders. “David ... is the past ... hhhnnnnkkkk ... Brian ... is the future ... oooooootttttt.” With another honk and a hoot, her body went rigid, and she orgasmed on the invading cock.

“That’s my bevy-wife.” Darby leaned forward to speak directly into Rosalin’s ear. She was still by Rosalin’s side, holding the wedding gown up and out of her son’s way. “You’ve let the wild in. Now ... make us a fawn. Let his seed find your egg. Let his penis stop up your insides like a cork. The most perfect mating tool on the planet is inside you right now.”

“Ggggaaaaaa.” Rosalin’s eyes rolled back. The woman’s words were sending her on another orgasmic spiral.

The congregation watched in silence as the eighteen-year-old's lean, strong body whipped into the older woman's backside over and over. They let the ecstasy of her cries and her strange animal noises wash over them. As Brian worked his way to his own climax, they began their urgent chanting again. All but Brian and Rosalin sang their low, guttural prayer in perfect unison.

Brian felt like he wanted to hump Rosalin for days. He had the urge to bury his dick inside her and let it stay there for eternity. They really felt like a lock and key, flawlessly joined. But all things must end. It was the law of nature. The only law he followed now. So, he gripped her hips tighter and let his hips slam their way to a crescendo.

"Oooooohhhhh ... Brian ... deep ... ooooooo ... Brian ... nnnnnggggg ... in my ... belly ... Brian ... Brian ... eeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." Rosalin felt the heat of her mounting stag fill her womb. Her mind exploded in ecstasy.

The congregation was now yelling out their chant, the sound bouncing off the walls.

"Aaaaahhhhhhhhhhh!" Brian roared in pleasure and triumph. They had consecrated their union. He slammed into her one last time, holding his bony hips on the soft curves of her ass. "Daaaaaaammnnnnnnnnnn." He shuddered as his balls contracted. She was his more than any groupie in the world. This proud, regal woman was his. And he would never let her go.

"Oooohhhhhh noooooooooooooo." Rosalin's pussy convulsed around the still-hard cock. She was hugging the statue now, resting her face on its face. Her saliva dribbled down its cheek. The only worry left to her was that she wouldn't be able to replicate the ecstasy of that moment. When he started moving in her again with loud, squelching sounds, she knew she wouldn't have to wait long to see if she could fly that high again.

~~

May 19, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

"Are you okay, Uba?" Taban looked at the plate of poorly prepared food in front of him. Then, he pointedly eyed his wife. She had been out of sorts for days with a constant dazed look on her face and her chores only halfway done. "This rice is mush. These vegetables are burnt."

"I'm fine, Taban." Uba adjusted her glasses and aimed a distant smile at her husband. *Perhaps I haven't been cooking well because I haven't been hungry. My belly has been so full of Abshir's seed.* At that thought, her eyes darted around the table. Abshir was looking at his father with a mocking smile. Hani was staring at Uba with an

exasperated, can-you-believe-this-is-my-mother expression. "I'll ... do better with dinner tomorrow," Uba said.

"You might as well tell him." Abshir nudged her shin under the table with his foot.

Uba's eyes went wide with fright. She stopped breathing. Her pulse thundered in her ears. Would Abshir tell her husband of her depravity?

"Damn, Mom. Just be honest with him." Abshir smirked.

"What ... what has she done?" Taban could clearly see the horror on his wife's face. He couldn't imagine what had happened. "What are you keeping from me?"

Uba tried to speak, but her mouth moved like a fish, soundlessly gulping. *My mouth. He's looking at my dirty mouth. This is the end.*

"Mom got fired." Abshir held out his hands and shrugged.

"Wait, what?" Hani stared in disbelief.

"Is this true?" Taban frowned at his wife. "Why would you tell our son and not me? When did this happen? Stop staring at me like a witless child, Uba!"

It was an uncomfortable night in apartment 12E.

Taban yelled at his wife. And then, when Abshir kept laughing, he vented at his son.

Hani quietly escaped to spend most of the evening in 12C.

Uba found herself at a strange crossroads between the horror of having her secret outed and the relief that Abshir had kept the bigger secret. She was filled with remorse, guilt, and a desperate need for penance. As a form of apology, she pleased her husband with her mouth, and did not visit her son's room at all.

Abshir went to sleep that night disquieted. He wasn't sure why he did some of the things he did recently. Taunting his mother like that would cause her to push him away. And he only had a limited time to seal the deal. He drifted off to sleep wondering what scent she'd give off when she was ready for him.

~~

May 20, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

Abshir woke early. Something was tugging at his mind, drawing him out of dreams. He inhaled. There was a sweet, tangy scent in the air. It smelled of promise and creation. He bolted to a sitting position and looked around the dark room. He could hear his sister

and father, both still sleeping. He could also hear his mother, in her bathroom, trying to be quiet as she furiously rubbed her clit. Her excited scent was different. *This is it! I must succeed today.* He prayed that she had already crossed enough bridges that she would easily leap this last chasm with him.

It was a school day, so Abshir got ready as he normally would.

After a few harsh words for his unemployed wife, Taban headed off to his own job.

Hani practically skipped out of the apartment, excited to walk to school with Joe.

The second they were gone, Abshir pulled off his shirt and pants. His underwear did little to contain his turgid dick. The domed head stuck up out of his waistband, covering his belly button. He strutted into the kitchen like that, finding his mother leaning on the counter and drinking coffee.

“No ... no ... absolutely not. You’re going to school, young man.” She wagged a finger at his peacocking display. “I’m very cross with you, tattling on me to your father. You’ll go to school, then we’ll see if I can forgive you enough to relieve you when you get home.” She pointed toward his room. “Go! You’re going to be late.”

“Nah.” Abshir put his hands on his hips and breathed the air.

“What ... what are you sniffing?” Uba narrowed her eyes. How had she gotten into this mess? Her son was eighteen. He was barely an adult. He often behaved in ludicrous ways. Like he was doing now, moving toward her and huffing like he was a bloodhound. “Go get ready for school.” She was wearing a long dress with boring underwear underneath. On instinct, she shuffled her feet to drop the hem of her dress as low as it would go. She put down the coffee mug and shook her head. “Stop that! You’re acting weird. Weirder than normal even.”

“Don’t you smell that?” Abshir stopped in front of her and dropped to his knees. With his hands, he wafted the air from in front of her pussy toward his face. He breathed heavily through his nose. Then, his head suddenly exploded in pain. “Ow.” When she slapped him on the head, he rubbed his hair and looked up at her. “Why’d you do that?”

“Because you’re behaving like an animal.” She slapped his head again. “I told you to get dressed and get to school.” *Is it possible that he smells how wet I am? Is my body betraying me to him?* She was working so hard that morning to balance her life. And looking down at his strapping, teenage body wasn’t helping any. “If you’re a good boy now, I’ll take care of you later. But you need to go to school. And I need to look for work. Your father would be very disappointed if –” She was stunned when he grabbed her hips and buried his nose between her legs, making a show of noisy inhaling. “Abshir ... sweetheart ... get a grip.”

He did as his mother commanded. He gripped her ass and wouldn't let go. He made munching sounds through her dress, enjoying her struggles.

"No ... Abshir ... you're going to school. This isn't happening. Not again. We can't keep shirking our responsibilities." Uba couldn't shake off her son, so she made a fist and walloped him hard on the ear.

"What?" Abshir fell sideways, his right ear ringing. It took him a moment to realize she'd punched him. He snarled and jumped to his feet. "What the fuck, Mom?" He grabbed her shoulders.

Uba saw insanity in her son's eyes. Her blood boiled. She hit him again, this time on the nose. There was a cracking sound as his glasses broke.

"Damn." Abshir's vision was fuzzy from the punch and from the fractures in his lenses. He put his hand to his nose, and it came away bloody. "You can really punch."

"I'm sorry about your glasses. We can add that to the list of things your father will be angry about." She shook out her throbbing hand. Hitting someone really hurt. "Have you got ahold of yourself? Don't look at me like that. You brought this on yourself. What are you ... what ... are you ... eeeeeiiiiiiii!" The next several seconds were a blur of arms, legs, and other body parts. At one point, his heavy penis accidentally slapped her forehead. When their struggle was done, she found herself victorious, sitting on top of him, pinning his hands to the floor. "Gosh ... Abshir ... you've gone ... insane." She panted and stared down at him. The thrill of the fight buzzed all through her body. "Even ... with your crazed eyes ... and bloody nose ... and broken glasses ... you're beautiful." Her tummy filled with fluttering butterflies. "How did I ever make something ... as perfect ... as you?"

"We're going to fuck today." Abshir gave her a crimson smile.

"I'm going to ... wash out that mouth!" She loosened her grasp on his wrists, and suddenly, he flipped her over. She found herself with her back on the floor, her son now pinning her arms on either side of her head. His grin was bloody, and his eyes twinkled a carmine color. Yet, he still looked handsome. "I don't know ... what's happening ... Abshir." She felt the weight of his leaden penis press down into her fluttering belly. Without thinking, her hips gyrated under his pressure. "Let me ... drink your stuff ... and then you can go to school." She tried to keep the pleading out of her voice.

"We've been messing around for weeks, Mom. It's time to stop goofing off and get serious." He released her wrists so that he could tear the front of her dress, but she used the opportunity to flip them over.

Once again, she was on top. Her dress was still covering her vagina, but she was rubbing it on the shaft of his penis anyway. She had never made such lurid motions when she

did her marital duties with Taban. “Oh, no, Abshir. Oh, no.” Uba lifted up the hem of her dress, awkwardly pulling it from between them. She used the dark fabric to wipe the blood from his face. It seemed like his nose had stopped bleeding. “So handsome ... so handsome.” Tenderly, she cleaned his face as best she could, her hips continuing their serpentine coil. “I think ... I’ll call your school then.”

Abshir let her stay on top of him. He watched her reach for her phone on the counter. He listened to the quaver in her voice as she told the school he was sick today. He smiled up at the flustered, shocked look in her eyes. He wished he wasn’t looking through broken glasses, but that was a small thing. He had gotten her blood heated with their little tussle, and now she was about to boil over. He could see it clear as day. She had gone a bridge too far. He placed a hand on her hip, feeling those wonderful gyrations. *Who knew my mother could move like that?* When she disconnected the call and tossed away her phone, Abshir thought about what to say next. He knew he should tone it down a little, so he did. “We’re having sex today, Mom. You’ll be helping me with my releases in a whole new way.”

“Oooooohhhhhh ... noooooooo.” Uba tried to angle herself so that her clitoris rubbed on his penis. She couldn’t quite figure it out, but the way he rubbed on her nether lips felt divine on its own. “We need a condom. I’ll get one of your father’s.” She didn’t stop grinding on her son.

“No, Mom.” Abshir shook his head. “No condom. You’re my dirty sock, remember? And I don’t cum on the outside of my socks, right?” The look of horror-stricken understanding on her face was priceless.

“Oh ... gosh.” Uba’s heart thundered in her ears. She looked down at his perfectly sculpted chest and abdomen. It was hard to remember that he had been chubby for most of his life. She lifted her right hand and clenched it into a fist. “I should beat you for the way you talk to me.” Her hand trembled.

“Beat my dick with your pussy.” Abshir laughed. “Teach me a lesson.”

Uba unclenched her fist and brought her hand down, defeated by her own thirst. Slowly, she pulled her dress over her head and threw it carelessly on the floor next to them. “I’m going to regret this.” She pulled her panties to the side and lifted her hips high, giving her son’s penis room to stand tall and proud beneath her. “We’ve gone insane.”

“Let the wild in.” Abshir massaged her tits through her bra. He half expected her to push his hands away, but she didn’t. Instead, she reached between her legs and grasped his dick. At that sight, his bloody grin went wide and feral. “Let’s fucking go, Mom.”

“You can’t ...” But she let the reprimand fall from her lips. His wide head was pushing against her slick lips. She could tell that things were about to pivot in a big way. Every

time she moved forward with her lusts, another part of her old life fell apart. She wondered what she would destroy next as she put her weight on him and slowly spread her vagina with his massive penis.

## Chapter 28

### With Any Luck, We Made a Goddess

May 20, 2015: Apartments 12C and 12E, the Dahir and Marland families.

“Hey, Jer ... hey, Mark.” Joe flashed a smile as his friends passed him in the hall. He was holding Hani’s hand, hustling to their next class.

“Looking good, barely a limp,” Mark said.

Jerry gave Joe a high five.

“Looking good, Bev, Deb, and Gail.” Joe shot a finger-gun at the girls as they marched in the opposite direction. “Save me a dance on Saturday?”

The girls giggled and rolled their eyes at him. Beverly gave him a demure wave, but avoided Hani’s eyes.

“When did you get so popular?” Hani smiled as her boyfriend continued to greet just about every student headed in the other direction.

“People like me, Hani.” Joe laughed. “You’ll have to learn to share me with my adoring public.”

“Speaking of sharing you, are we still visiting Ms. Eklund today?” Hani squeezed his hand. She was excited to see what would happen with that strange lady.

“Yep.” Joe nodded and said hello to some more people. “I was thinking that –”

“Hani, where’s Abshir?” Alex walked up to Hani and blocked her path. “We were supposed to do a presentation in history together.”

“He’s not here?” Hani’s forehead creased in confusion. She straightened her glasses and her hijab. “He was right behind me this morning. I’ll text him. He isn’t sick or anything.” She looked at Joe. “Wait until I tell you what he did at dinner last night. High drama.”

“I don’t get your brother.” Joe shook his head.

~~

May 20, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

“It’s ... too ... bbbiiiiiiiiggggggggggggggg.” Uba’s hips had stopped gyrating. She sat motionless on her son. The tree trunk of his penis felt like it was growing right into her belly.

“It’s all the way in, Mom.” Abshir still had blood on his teeth when he smiled. He held his mother’s wide hips firmly, pressing his fingers into her soft flesh. “You look so ...” He searched for the right word as he examined her curled lips, her crossing eyes, and her furrowed forehead. “You look so dumb, Mom. I love it.”

“Oooohhhhhhhhhhh.” She was aware that he was insulting her. Taban has his issues, but he’d always been kind to her during sex. “I’m ... not dumb ... uuuggghhhhhhh.” Her body spasmed. “Apologize ... now.” This is what she got for being intimate with an unruly teenager. She adjusted her hips and a gyre of pain and pleasure opened in her mind.

“I’m ... uuuggghhh ... not saying that you *are* dumb.” Abshir pulled down her bra with his left hand, exposing her tits. “Just that you look ... dumb. Like the second you sat on my dick, you dropped a hundred IQ points.” He carefully pinched her large, black nipple, making her whole body convulse in a sudden shiver.

“Just ... stop talking.” Uba could threaten him with physical violence, but she wasn’t inclined to try. Look where punching him had landed her: pinned on his giant prong. “I must have ... really lost my mind.” She didn’t push his hand away from her breast. Even though he was being a little too rough, it felt too good to stop him. “Oh ... when you do that ... little sparks ... shoot ... oooohhhhhhhhh.” Without meaning to, her body went back to the snake-like motion she had been using when she was rubbing on him before. But now, things were quite different, because the wide dome of his penis was rebounding deep inside her, causing her to wince in pain at times and shudder in pleasure at other times. Often, the two feelings would overlap in a novel way. It was *all* new to her. She realized her hands were up in the air, clawing at nothing. But she was in such a state that she couldn’t rein them in.

“Damn ... Mom ... this is it.” He brought his other hand up to her tit, and soon he was adjusting both dials like he was eagerly looking for just the right radio transmission. “It’s happening.”

“I’ve ... oooohhhhhhh ... somehow ... uuuggghhh ... become ... your ... dirty sock.” The pain was receding as she adjusted to his size. As the torment of her body diminished, her ecstasy increased. Her eighteen-year-old son was a revelation. A difficult, wild revelation, but one nonetheless.

“You’re mine, Mom. Ride me. Ride me.” He slapped her tits like he would the rump of a horse to get it moving.

Not of her own volition, her hips took off at a mad gallop. Her hands fell to his shoulders, clutching on for dear life. “Ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... what’s happening?” Uba’s eyes went wide. Her breasts flopped heavily on her chest. Sweat beaded on her face. Her nostrils flared like a startled mare. “You’re going to ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... break meeeeeeeee.”

“Me ... ugh ... ugh ... break you?” Abshir barked out a harsh laugh. Tired of looking through broken lenses, he tossed his glasses away. As she rode him at a fevered pace, sight became less important. The slick vise of her pussy, and the soft pounding of her curves onto his lean, narrow frame grew to fill his whole being. This is what he was made for. And this is what his mother was made for. And they wouldn’t ever stop so long as he had a say in the matter. “I’m not ... ugh ... ugh ... breaking you. You’re ... ah ... ah ... ah ... doing the riding.”

“Abshir ... sweetheart ... I can’t stop ... my hips ... I think ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... there’s something wrong ... there’s ... uuuuggghhhhh ... something ...” Uba had gone through plenty of orgasms lately, so she recognized the building pleasure wave inside her. But this was a tsunami compared to the others. And the others were already more intense than anything she’d experienced in her married life. She threw her head back, her hips thumping down onto her son’s hips a handful of times. They then jerked to a stop. She had a sudden worry that his penis had permanently damaged something deep inside her. It felt like a floodgate had been broken. Then, there were no more thoughts. She went completely stiff and still, her back arched dramatically. Her unseeing eyes stared at the ceiling. Her fingernails drew blood on his shoulders. She opened her mouth into a wide circle, but only a faint wheeze escaped her lips.

“Yeah ... Mom ... cum for me.” Abshir had never been prouder. *The journey’s been long, but so is my cock.* He laughed. He didn’t care if he made sense. He didn’t care if the world made sense. He watched her stunned, frozen face as she climaxed. When she started breathing again, he slapped her tits and told her to “giddyap.”

Uba felt like a woman possessed by her feral ancestors. She rode her bloody son on the floor like a mad woman, grunting and crying out as she ascended each peak, then, going completely quiet and still when her orgasms hit her. She was a sweaty, spasming mess of exhaustion and satisfaction when she dismounted his long pole and lay on the floor next to him. Her husband had never lasted nearly so long, so she assumed they were done. “What ... what are you ...?” She was putty in his hands as he removed her bra and panties. She was now wearing only her socks, which offered her no protection when he pushed her onto her belly and spread her ass cheeks. She looked over at the clock. It was only ten-thirty in the morning. She was so tired, she felt like she must have been riding him all day. “Sweetheart ... I think we’re done. That was too ... uuuuggggghhhhhh.” And just like that, he was back inside her again. Taban had never taken her like this. She

didn't know what was more surprising, that he could keep going, or that he could hump her while she was flat on her belly.

"Damn ... Mom ... your ass feels ... so good ... against my hips." Abshir found a rhythm with long, steady strokes. He could hear his mother gasp each time he bottomed out in her. He put one hand on the small of her back and held her curly hair with the other. He looked down at the wonderful, glistening curve from her delicate back fading to her round, rippling ass. "So much ... for abstinence ... huh?"

"I'm ... uuuggggghhh ... such a bad ... uuuggggghhh ... mother." Uba pressed her bloody fingernails into the floor, trying to find purchase to brace herself against the onslaught.

"Not ... a bad ... ugh ... ugh ... mother ... ugh ... ugh ... just ... a dirty ... sock." Abshir gripped her hair tighter. She had always dominated him, physically and otherwise. But that was past. This was the way of the future.

"Dirty ... sock ... dirty ... sock ... dirty ... I'm ..." Uba climaxed again, surrendering herself to her son's drive for release. Her mouth opened, but no words came out. Her mind turned, but no thoughts formed. She knew only the ecstasy of giving her teenage son a sleeve to vent his seemingly unending needs.

Eventually, Abshir was ready. "Gonna ... cum ... gonna ... cum ..." His words were punctuated by the loud slapping and squelching sounds of their joining. The scent of her fertility filled the kitchen. He breathed it in with each ragged breath. "Cumming!" He waited for her to try to reason with him, to beg him to pull out. But she had long since stopped making sense. It seemed she could only mutter gibberish about dirty socks. He pulled her hair to make her arch her back more and unloaded in her pussy.

Uba was thrust to another soaring peak when the heat of his seed filled her. She wheezed, every muscle in her body rigid with the glory of accepting her son fully. By the time she had recovered enough for thought, her vagina was empty of penis, and her son was sitting on the floor, leaning against a cabinet. Still on her belly, she looked over at him with wide eyes. Even with his penis at rest on his thigh, it was a formidable sight to behold. *How did I take it?* Thinking about it inside of her brought home the realization of what they'd just done. Her mind was thrust from darkness into the harsh reality of light. "Oh, no. Oh, no, no, no." Slowly she sat up, spread her legs, looking down. She could feel his stuff leaking out. "Noooooo." She reached down there and scooped his sperm onto her fingers. She held it up in front of her face, looking at it like it was some sort of alien goo. "What did we just do, Abshir?" She whispered.

"With any luck, we made a Goddess." His smile was relaxed and blissful.

"Oh ... my ... gosh." Her stomach turned. But despite the horror provided by a clearer mind, the smell of his seed wafting up to her flaring nostrils was thrilling. "Oh ... my ... gosh." She held her dirtied hand under her nose and huffed with delight. Soon, she was

masturbating her stretched, flooded vagina. She didn't even care that he was watching her.

~~

May 20, 2015: Apartments 12C and 12E, the Dahir and Marland families.

"Any word?" Hani met Joe at lunch. Usually, they ate with a group of friends, but today they found a quiet spot for just the two of them in the cafeteria.

"Jill checked when she was working at the front office." Joe gave her his warm, disarming smile. "It's an excused absence. He must have been sick this morning."

"Hmmm." Hani rubbed her chin. "Abshir and my mom haven't responded to my texts. I'll check in on them before we visit Ms. Ekland, okay?"

"Sounds good." Joe nodded. "What are you worried about, exactly?"

"Abshir has been so odd and ... aggressive lately." Hani shook her head.

"I'll go with you to check on them. If there's something wrong, I'll take care of it," Joe said.

Hani laughed. "You're so funny." She dug into her lunch.

Joe looked off into the distance. He wasn't smiling anymore.

~~

May 20, 2015: Apartments 12C and 12E, the Dahir and Marland families.

"I'm ... really sore ..." Uba rolled off her son, listening to the loud, slurping plop as she dislodged his penis. There was so much semen in her womb that she could instantly feel it flowing over her thighs in rivulets. "Oh ... gosh ... what time is it?" Earlier, they had humped again in the kitchen. Then, she had insisted that they eat something. But halfway through lunch, her son had bent her over the table and taken her from behind. Then, around noon, she had showered, thinking they were done. But he had joined her in her bathroom. They had wasted a lot of water while he smashed her from the back again. After that, they had gone to his room and humped some more. She had learned several new positions in his room, and had taken two more loads. Her mind was

scrambled. *The rest of the world still exists, right? Taban and Hani are out there somewhere, thinking that today is a normal day. They will return home, right?*

“It’s three forty-five.” Abshir leaned over and patted her round ass cheek affectionately. “We have another hour-plus until we’re interrupted. Hani’s hanging with her boyfriend, as always. Want to help me with another release?” He squeezed her supple flesh.

“Oh ... my gosh ... again?” She looked over at him with raised eyebrows. “What are you, a machine?” She had long since taken off her glasses, and his handsome face appeared fuzzy.

“I’m a teenager in love.” He waggled his eyebrows.

“You ... love me ... but you’re not *in* love with me.” She searched for meaning. “We just got carried away while I was helping you avoid getting stopped up.” Uba sat up and covered her breasts with her arm. “We’ll have to figure out how to navigate this going forward.”

“I’m going to navigate my dick back into your pussy.” Abshir’s dick lurched on his belly, starting to harden again.

“I raised you better than –”

“Mom, Abshir, are you home?” Hani’s muffled voice made its way through Abshir’s closed door.

Despite her deep fatigue, Uba had never moved so quickly. She was up on her feet, racing to the door, her body bouncing and shaking. She grabbed the handle and locked the door. She turned to Abshir, who was still on the bed with an inflating organ, and put her finger to her lips.

Abshir shrugged. “She came home early, go figure.”

Uba looked around the room. She didn’t have any clothes in here. She thought about the apartment. How much of a mess had they left? Did they pick up their clothes in the kitchen? Had she cleaned the sperm off the dining room table? The day was all such a blur, she wasn’t sure. She swiveled her head, hoping to find some way out of this.

There was a knock on the door.

“Abshir, what’s going on? Where’s Mom? The place is a mess.” In the hall, Hani eyed her boyfriend, who pointed to a large bra laying in the hallway.

“I played hooky today. Had some girls over.” Abshir’s muffled voice sounded pleased with himself. “I still have a girl in my room, but she’s naked, so ...”

“You’re disgusting.” Hani shook her head.

Joe sniffed the air. He smelled lots of sex. It was hard to tell how many women Abshir had had over, but Joe thought he only smelled the excitement of one woman.

“Where’s Mom?” Hani repeated.

In the room, Abshir looked at his panicked mother. For a brief moment, he thought about telling his sister the truth. But now wasn’t the time. He would need guidance on that. And anyway, he could smell Joe out in the hall. That was a stench that soured him. He wanted to get them away as quickly as possible. “Mom went out looking for work. She said I could chill at home today. So, the second she left, I invited some chicks over. You better not tattle on me.”

“What happened to you?” Hani’s lip curled. “You better clean this place up before Mom and Dad get home.” She grabbed Joe’s hand and pulled him toward the door. “Mystery solved. My brother is a pig. Let’s go talk to that horny older lady.”

But Joe wasn’t sure the mystery was solved. He could sense the woman in the room with Abshir. Under the rapid heartbeat and the sex smells, she seemed very familiar to Joe.

~~

December 31, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family and Rosalin Eklund.

“Happy New Year, darling.” Darby leaned over and kissed Rosalin on the lips. She was pleased when the woman didn’t pull away or protest. She broke the kiss and put a silly New Year’s hat on Rosalin’s head, gently pulling the elastic strap under her chin. “Isn’t our life marvelous?”

“Fuck you, Darby.” Rosalin was naked, leaking cum onto the living room armchair cushion. Darby, also naked and leaking, sat sideways on her lap. From Brian’s room, they could hear the steady thumping, grunting, and squealing of Sylvie and Brian’s celebration.

“To think, we’re entering the year where everything changes.” Darby smiled and put on her own silly hat. “It’s us. We’ve been chosen. My belly holds the most important baby in the world.” A wide grin split her face. “Although your baby will be important, too.”

“Fuck ... me.” Rosalin shook her head slowly. Although, the severe look she was going for was undercut by her nudity and her silly hat.

“If you insist.” Darby slid down to the floor and spread the woman’s long legs. “I love the way you and Brian smell all mixed up together in your ...” She lowered her voice conspiratorially. “... pussy.”

“Oh, my god.” Rosalin shuddered. “Just eat me out already.” She grabbed Darby’s silky black hair and pulled Darby’s lips to her vagina. “Ooohhhhhh ... Happy ... Fucking ... New Year ... Kwons.” Rosalin leaned her head back and let her eyes roll.

“Mmmppphhheee ... mmphhooo ... yyyrrrpphhh.” Darby slurped her son’s cum from the stretched out vagina before her.

~~

May 20, 2015: Apartments 12C, 12E, and 9B, the Dahir, Marland, and Eklund families.

“Is this it?” Joe tried not to look too eager in front of his girlfriend. They were both expecting Rosalin to be horny, and Hani seemed cool with it, but Joe wasn’t exactly sure.

“Well, it’s 9B. That’s the apartment number she gave you.” Hani slapped his arm and laughed. “I’m not used to seeing you so uptight. I’m still me, your lovable, understanding girlfriend. We’re still trading in our v-cards this weekend. We’re here to find out about the ...” She looked around the hall in a way to include the building. She then straightened her dress and glasses. Finally, she adjusted the colorful hijab she wore for the occasion and knocked on the door.

“And if I have to suck face in order to get us information?” Joe whispered.

“Works for me. As long as I get to watch.” She playfully punched him on the shoulder. “And so long as you tell me that I kiss better afterward.”

The door opened before Joe could respond.

“You’re late.” Rosalin frowned at the eighteen-year-olds. “Come in.” She ushered them into her apartment and closed the door.

“I had to check on my brother after school. So that took us a couple extra minutes.” Hani examined the older woman. She was as she remembered from the elevator: pretty in a regal sort of way, with a straight posture that accentuated her tall stature. She was wearing jeans and an oversized sweater. She didn’t have any makeup on, and her hair was back in a simple ponytail. To Hani’s eye, she didn’t look like a horny MILF. But she would take Joe’s word on it.

“Your brother’s acting strangely?” Rosalin kept her voice low. It sounded almost like she was purring. Her voice had a faint rasp to it. She suddenly pulled Joe close, thought for a moment, and then pulled Hani in, too. They were pressed against each of her heavy breasts, but she didn’t seem to mind. She pushed down on Joe’s shoulders, so that his ear was next to Hani’s. She then bent down and whispered in their ears. “I don’t think

Elizabeth hears much. But I know the gargoyles watch for her. I've been docile for decades and a fine member of the congregation. So, that buys us some space, I think. But, we will have to be ... lascivious, or she will become suspicious."

"Can't we close the curtains?" Joe looked out the living room window. Sure enough, one of the ugly statues was perched outside the window, leering in at them. *They're just statues.* But that was empty reassurance. He had already been sure they were moving when he wasn't looking. This confirmed it.

"That would draw their attention," Rosalin purred in their ears.

"So, what ... are you going to tell us things while Joe sucks on your tits?" Hani kept her voice very low. The woman's breath filled her nostrils with warm spices. It happily reminded her of a pumpkin latte. "And I suppose I'll have to watch," Hani added to make the ground rules clear.

Rosalin leaned back and studied Hani. "You're pretty." For the first time, a crescent of a smile curved her lips. "During my time in this building, I've learned that it can be wonderfully fulfilling to be in another woman's arms. If you don't mind taking off your clothes, I'll show you. Joe can watch."

"But ... um ..." Joe's erection comically tented his pants. His jaw dropped at the sudden turn of events. When Hani glanced at him, he could see they were both blindsided by this. "What about your son? Is he here?"

"I sent him out for the afternoon." Rosalin glanced out the window. "Don't worry, he's not the jealous type."

"Why would he -?" Joe ran his hand through his hair.

"You want to do stuff with me?" Hani pressed her lips together, rubbed her chin, and then let out a friendly laugh.

"We don't have to. But if you want an experienced woman to show you things ..." Rosalin pulled off her sweater. She was only wearing a bra underneath.

"Oh ... my ... God." Joe stared at her milky cleavage.

"Wow." Hani stared at the woman's ample bust. "I ... um ... have been with women before. So, it's not like I need you to give me a roadmap, lady." She glanced at Joe, who looked even more shocked. "You know me. How can that surprise you, Joe?"

"Please don't let me be dreaming." Joe said.

Rosalin guffawed and shook her head. Hani rolled her eyes.

“So ... what are we doing here?” Joe looked back and forth between the two women. He was having an even harder time suppressing the eagerness on his face. “I’m ready for whatever.”

“I know how teenage boys are, Mr. Marland. Let’s let your girlfriend decide.” Rosalin reached behind her and unclasped her bra. Without much drama, she unveiled her breasts. They wobbled with her movement, sloping beautifully on her chest. Her alabaster skin practically glowed in the afternoon light, with a lattice of blue veins running just beneath. Proud pink nipples pointed right at Hani. “Well?”

Hani pulled off her hijab and tossed it on the back of an armchair. She ran her fingers through her black, wavy hair and shook it out. She bit her bottom lip playfully, drawing out the moment. “Well, if we must.” She silently mouthed *eeny-meeny-miny-moe* while pointing back and forth between her and Joe. At the end, her finger ended up pointing at Rosalin. “I pick ... titties!” She clapped her hands with glee.

“Excellent choice.” Rosalin held out her arms. “Come to Mommy.”

A part of Joe was crestfallen. He had come here expecting to get with a hot, older woman while his girlfriend watched. That wasn’t to be. On the other hand, he was able to sit on the sofa and watch his short girlfriend grab a wonderfully round, jean-clad ass as she buried her face in the woman’s tits. His dick was painfully hard as he admired their contrast in skin color. They complimented each other perfectly. His heart thumped in his chest as he watched Hani’s brown lips move from one pink nipple to the other and back again. His mind fogged over when Hani happily, and noisily, motorboated the woman, making Rosalin laugh.

“You’ll want to take your cock out and jerk it.” Rosalin looked over at Joe. “You are the wolf after all. You’re expected to show little restraint.” She shuddered as Hani rolled her nipple with her tongue.

“I *am* the wolf.” Joe lowered his pants and underwear to his ankles. His dick sprung up in the air. It looked wicked and hungry. He grabbed it with both hands, but paused before stroking. “Wait ... what? Wolf?”

“I’ll explain.” Rosalin pulled Hani’s dress over her head. “Oh, my. You are spectacular, aren’t you?”

“Thank you.” Hani gave a bow and went back to mauling the woman’s tits.

“Let me tell you a story.” Rosalin lifted Hani, carried her over to the sofa, and sat down, putting Hani on her lap. The teenager never let her mouth venture far from Rosalin’s heavy breasts. “Once, there was a goddess who lived for eons just beyond the forests of Earth, through a looking glass of sorts. She was a powerful goddess, but uninterested in the lives that rose and fell on our side. Then, one day, She observed a stag return to the

bevy of his birth. A group of does and an aging stag, his father, did not welcome him.” While Hani suckled at her tit, Rosalin told the full story. Joe was so interested in the story that at times his hands would falter in their pumping. Eventually, Rosalin reached over and gave him a handjob, while her other hand stroked Hani’s hair. The odd magic of the building never ceased to amaze her. She wondered what Darby would think if the woman could see her now. She shuddered and tried to put that out of her mind.

When the story was over, there was silence in the living room for a while. At one point, Rosalin spit into her palm. After that, the squelching sound of her hand on Joe’s dick and the sucking, grunted sounds of Hani on her breast filled the space.

“So ... um ... what’s that story have to do with ... uuuuggghhh ... us?” Joe was finding it hard to think. Rosalin was skilled with her hand, and the movements of her arm were making her upper breasts jiggle above Hani’s face in the most fetching way.

“Well, you see. The goddess wants out,” Rosalin said. “And the wrong woman has gotten hold of Her magic.”

## Chapter 29

### My Sweet Bevy-wife

May 20, 2015: Apartments 12C, 12E, and 9B, the Dahir, Marland, and Eklund families.

“And so ... I’m almost certain that you’re the wolf ...” Rosalin jerked Joe’s long, hefty dick as he sat on her right. She turned her gaze from him to his girlfriend, sitting on her left. “... and your brother is the young buck.” Rosalin worked two fingers inside the teenager’s pussy. For a girl that talked a lot about her promiscuity, Rosalin thought she was awfully tight.

“And that’s ... uuuggghhh ... bad?” Hani was having trouble keeping her thoughts cogent. She’d just listened to a long story that didn’t seem entirely clear. *It might not be the story’s fault. It might be that we’re all naked, and Ms. Eklund really seems to know her way around a pussy.*

“I told you. It always ends badly for ... everyone.” Rosalin had told them as much as she dared. She didn’t know if they would be careful with the knowledge yet, so she held much of the murder and mayhem back from them. But the central point was clear, the building was dangerous. And being chosen as the wolf was a curse.

“But I feel ... great ... Ms. Eklund.” Joe smiled at her dreamily. He meant to look at her regal face, but instead, he found that he was staring at her boobs, which were jiggling wonderfully because of her pumping arms. “I mean ... it’s not just the handjob that has me feeling like ... this. Ever since moving here ... I feel like a new ... uuuggghhh ... person.”

“That’s what I’m trying to tell you.” Rosalin wished they didn’t need to have this conversation while doing something that turned off their teenage minds. It’s not like eighteen-year-olds were great at focusing anyway, but when you started pleasuring them, their IQ dropped precipitously. She glanced at Joe and narrowed her eyes. “Are you ... are you going to cum?”

“T-minus ... maybe a minute ... Ms. Eklund.” Joe’s balls were humming. It was going to be a big explosion.

“Hani, your boyfriend is about to go supernova, I want you to make sure he doesn’t coat my living room.” Rosalin let go of Joe’s cock and pulled her fingers out of Hani. She pulled the dark-skinned girl onto her lap, ass up in the air. She placed Hani’s face near Joe’s dick and let nature take its course. Almost immediately, she went to work, bobbing her head up and down. The sounds of her slurping and encouraging moans filled the room. Rosalin admired the girl’s firm, plump ass. She put two fingers back inside Hani,

from the back this time. "Drink it all up. I don't want Steven coming home to a mess. I don't usually have guests."

"Oh ... shit ... I think I seriously ... love being the wolf." Joe's distant smile spread. He entwined his fingers in his girlfriend's curly hair.

"That wasn't my point. Ugh." Rosalin shook her head. It would take more than one meeting to get through to these two. "Never mind. We've got time. Go ahead and cum."

"Yes ... uuuugggghhhh ... ma'am ... aaaaaaahhhhhhhh." Joe thrust his hips in the air, making Hani gag. She didn't seem to mind. She adjusted on his cock and gulped down as much sperm as she could. When they were done, there was only a minor mess pooled near the base of his cock, slowly dripping its way toward his balls. As his brain cleared, he pulled Hani's mouth off his cock, and stood. He didn't want to stain Rosalin's sofa after what she'd said about making a mess.

"Do you eat pussy, Joe?" Rosalin maneuvered Hani so that she was sitting on Rosalin's lap facing Joe. The girl had cum running down her chin and onto her boobs. Her face was delirious, she looked just about ready to cum again. "Pussy, Joe, do you eat it?" Rosalin said.

"Um ... yeah. I'd make a terrible wolf if I didn't." His legs were wobbling a little, and he saw that more cum was dribbling out of his hole. He scooped it with a finger before it could fall to the carpet below. "Why?"

Rosalin spread Hani's legs, exposing her glistening slit. "We might as well see what we're working with. Finish her off."

Without a word, Joe dropped to his knees. It was so strange seeing those pussies stacked one on top of another. One dark, with a neat triangle of black hair on top. The other lighter, framed by blond hair. He leaned forward and licked along the darker one, quickly finding Hani's clit with his tongue. *The other pussy is right there!* He hadn't missed the cold aloofness Rosalin exuded. He knew it was silly to try and wow a woman like Rosalin, but he also knew that he had to try. Without losing focus on his sucking work on Hani, he slipped a finger into Rosalin. She was warm and ... wet. *She likes me!* Or maybe she liked them. Either way, Joe's finger was inside another pussy. He didn't care how dangerous being the wolf was, this was a life he wasn't going to give up. Not ever. "Mmmpppphhhhh." He contentedly ate and fingered the women.

Rosalin lost her ability to continue her warnings. The young man was talented with his finger, and it was wonderful feeling his short, zaftig girlfriend writhe on top of her. She surrendered herself to pleasure.

They finished about a half-hour later. Joe stood, his dick still hard, with a proud, glistening smile on his face. "That was awesome."

“Wow ... just ... wow.” With cum still on her face and chest, Hani climbed off Rosalin. She stepped over to Joe, her legs shaking, and gave him a big hug, burying her face in his lean, muscled chest. “Wow.”

“There’s a bathroom down the hall to your ... well, you know where it is. My apartment has a similar layout to yours.” Rosalin stood. She was a mess, too. Hani had leaked onto her. Rosalin’s own juices were sticky on her thighs and sinking into the sofa. She watched the teenagers go to the bathroom arm in arm, and then went to get the enzymatic cleaner. Raising her own teenager in the building, she had learned how best to get bodily fluids out of upholstery long ago.

Fifteen minutes later, they were all dressed and at the door. The teenagers wore wide grins, Rosalin’s face was more somber.

“Let me say this directly.” Rosalin put her hand on Hani’s shoulder. “Your brother is the stag. I’m sure of it. And that means he’ll try to bed your mother. And ... you. I don’t know how to warn your Mom, but I suggest you watch out for her. And take care of yourself.”

“Ha!” Hani laughed. “That would be the day. Abshir has turned into a weird creep. Mom would never ...” Hani remembered when her mother had smashed her brother’s dick with her purse. She thought over other oddities since moving into the building. Her smile disappeared.

“He wasn’t always a creep, was he?” Rosalin nodded. “The building’s magic is working on him.” She glanced at Joe. *At least Elizabeth isn’t caging this one.* “Abshir will have powers of persuasion he didn’t have before. And he will have a compulsion to create a bevy out of the women closest to him.”

“Okay, we’ll keep an eye on him.” Speaking of compulsions, Joe felt like hunting Abshir down right now. His once-upon-a-time friend was dangerous and should be dealt with. He clenched his hands into fists and quelled those feelings. “I promise.”

“I ... um ... enjoyed spending time with you.” Rosalin gave Hani a stiff hug. “As long as we have meetings like today, I think we should fly under the radar.” She gave Joe a hug.

“Um ... not that I didn’t like your titties, but couldn’t we just meet somewhere in the city without all the sex?” Hani crossed her arms and hugged herself. She was trying not to think about her brother and what he was up to.

“Elizabeth has spies. She doesn’t trust the city, so she keeps better watch on you when you’re out,” Rosalin said. “She’s overconfident in this building. That is to our advantage.” She opened the door. “Good luck, you two. Be careful. Come back.”

They said their goodbyes, and the teenagers headed back to the twelfth floor. In the hall outside Joe's apartment, Hani promised to text him if anything weird happened. Joe promised to come running over. They parted with a kiss, and Joe entered his apartment.

"Where were you today, Joe?" Carrie came rushing to the front door when she heard him. "You always come home with Hani after school."

"Oh ... I ... we ... visited Ms. Eklund on the ninth floor." Joe could tell by the way his mom was hiding her hand that she'd been nibbling on her nails in worry. "I'm fine. She's a nice lady that wanted to tell us some history about the building."

"Oh ... that's good. I was worried." Carrie raced into her son's arms. He was just an inch taller than her, but he felt so tall and solid in her arms. "My big, strong son." She pressed her face into his neck. "Oh ... you smell nice," she purred, squeezing him tighter.

"Oh ... that's ... um ..." He knew she could be smelling only one thing: a combination of cum, sweat, and pussy juice.

"I love you so much, sweetie. I ... oh!" Carrie moved a little, and her belly was poked by her son's penis. She quickly let go of him and looked down at the bulge. Of course, from the condoms and from listening at his door when he was with Hani, she knew he had a big one. Even so, knowing about it and getting poked by it were two different things. "You went to that lady's apartment?"

"Mom, it's not like –" He started.

"And that means you and Hani didn't have your time alone today." Carrie's eyes were very wide as she stared at the tent. "You really aren't my little boy anymore. You ... um ... probably need privacy in your room." When he didn't move, she shooed him. "Go on. I know what teenage boys do."

"Okay." Joe shook his head. It was awkward, but whatever. Something like that would have mortified the old Joe. But the new version could shake it off. "I'm going." He walked toward his room. *She's right, anyway. I do need to fap.*

Carrie watched her son's butt disappear down the hall. She walked over to the living room, picked up a magazine and used it to fan herself. She sat with a plop on the sofa and stared into space while fanning her face. "Mark and Justin weren't anything like this," she whispered to herself. "Maybe ... it's just the sudden transformation into manhood." She was feeling hot and bothered, especially because she knew she wouldn't get a chance to listen to her son with Hani today.

She dropped the magazine and hustled down the hall. But she could listen to her son spank his monkey all by himself. Somehow, that seemed weirder than listening to him with Hani. Nonetheless, she was soon in the hall with her ear planted against his door. She could hear him grunting. She smiled. She was so proud of the man he'd become.

When Hani entered her apartment, she moved quietly and cautiously. The apartment wasn't a mess anymore, so at least her brother had cleaned. *The woman in his room couldn't have been Mom. That's impossible.* She walked down the hall. Her brother's room was open. "Abshir?" She found him at his desk playing video games.

"Oh, hey." He glanced at her and waved a hand. "The women are all gone now. Sorry about before."

"You really had women here?" Hani pressed her lips together. "I don't understand what's –"

"I'm home." Uba's voice came from the front door.

"We'll talk about this later. I won't rat you out. But you need to behave." Hani pointed a stern finger at her brother and went to find her mother. She found her removing her hijab by the front door. "Hey, Mom. How was your day?" Hani narrowed her eyes and studied her mother's face.

"Oh ... hello, Hani. I was out looking for work all day. Yes, indeed." She hated lying to her daughter, but what was the alternative? She couldn't very well tell her that her mother had turned into a dirty, sperm-soaked sock. Uba held her belly, feeling queasy. She knew it wasn't possible, but she felt like Abshir's stuff was sloshing around in there. She winced. "That was a rough ride on the train. I need to go shower and freshen up. Help me with dinner tonight?"

"Sure, Mom." Hani watched her closely as her mother hurried toward her room.

~~

January 22, 1994: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family and Rosalin Eklund.

"No ... absolutely not. I forbid it." Rosalin stood tall in the living room of 12C. She wore jeans and a tank top. Her relative height should have given her an advantage in such situations. But the Kwons weren't so easily cowed. Rosalin shook her head slowly. "Fuck ... no. You may not invite Rachel here. I won't allow it."

"Rosalin, honey, this is our apartment." Darby's smile was tight. She smoothed out her miniskirt. She was dressed like a groupie for Brian: headband, ponytail, and all. "And Rachel is my daughter. I think she might think something was wrong if I never invited her back to the apartment."

“That’s not what this is about.” Rosalin’s voice was low and cool. *What can I do? What can I do? I can’t let anyone else fall into this trap.* “You want to seduce her! Greg? Greg? Where are you? I can’t believe he’s putting up with this.”

“Dad is now the elder stag who lost his bevy to me.” Brian looked up from the armchair where he was languidly splayed, his legs draped over the chair’s arm. He was the only one undressed in the room. His body looked thin and pale on the dark upholstery. His soft cock was resting on his belly. He pulled the headphones to his Walkman off his ears. “It’s my decision. Rachel is coming over for a little concert. She’s my next doe.”

“Your father is a human being. Not a deer.” Rosalin counted off points on her fingers. “He never had a bevy. He had your mother. The only thing that man has lost is his dignity and his marriage.” Rosalin’s eyes blazed. “I will not let Rachel get sucked into this building, too.”

“You haven’t even met her, Rosalin.” Darby’s tone was that of a patient mother trying to reason with her toddler. “I think she’ll like being in our bevy.” She paused. “No ... she’ll love it. Can you imagine? My two greatest creations bonded together, lock and key.”

“Lock and key,” Brian agreed.

“I can imagine it, yes. And it’s disgusting, Darby.” Rosalin put her hands on her hips. “I can’t believe I’m the only one –” She looked over at Brian who was drumming out a rhythmic beat on his thigh. His cock listed to the side like a drunk serpent as it engorged. “No, you can’t win every argument this way ... no ... you can’t ...” Rosalin’s hips shimmied side to side, keeping time with Brian’s beat. “No ... no ... no ... Rachel ... Rachel ... Rachel ... no ... no ... no.” It was beyond embarrassing. She danced toward him, her words coming out in a sing-song timed to Brian’s cadence. She dropped to her knees and turned Brian so that he was facing forward.

“Can’t you see why I want Rachel to be part of this bliss?” Darby writhed her own dance, making evocative movements like she’d seen Madonna do. “Who wouldn’t want to share this with her daughter?”

“Mmmmmppphhhh,” was all Rosalin could say. She had sucked that familiar, knobby cockhead into her mouth, and now her head was bobbing in time to Brian’s music. It felt like everything in the world was moving to Brian’s beat. She seized his fat shaft with both hands and pumped him. “Mmmppphhhhhh.” Her panties were already flooded. Why did she get so much pleasure from servicing this possessed eighteen-year-old? She didn’t know, and her ability to care was slipping away. Soon, there was only room in her mind for bringing him his release.

“My sweet bevy-wife.” Darby danced next to them so she could see her son’s mammoth cock disappear into Rosalin’s mouth. “We will all be so happy together.”

“That’s right ... Mom.” Brian cupped the back of Rosalin’s head and watched his mother dance. “Shake it ... shake it.” With his free hand, he increased the drumming rhythm on his thigh.

“Yes ... we’re wild ... and free.” Darby pulled off her top and removed her bra. She shook her boobs for her son, filled with joy at the delight on his face. “Soon ... Rachel will be free ... and then ... all of New York.”

~~

May 21, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

“Yes, he’s still not feeling well.” Uba stood in her kitchen, clutching her phone to her ear. “I think it’s a cold or something.” She thought she looked ridiculous in the frilly lingerie that she wore for Abshir. But as she looked across the kitchen at her strong, naked son, she could tell that he liked ridiculous. *He likes it a lot.* “What? Oh, yes, he’ll probably miss tomorrow, too. Yes, I’ll confirm tomorrow. Thank you.” She disconnected the line and put her phone down on the counter. “So ...” She gulped and stood with her hands by her sides, letting him drink in the sight of her. “So ... are you going to use me as your dirty sock again today? Am I just supposed to mop up all your sperm?” He wasn’t wearing his glasses anymore, and that made him look so different. Or maybe it was just that his body was so strong, and his penis was so wicked.

“Yep.” Abshir’s eyes flashed crimson. He stretched his body, getting ready for the workout ahead. They had all day, and he was going to make the most of it. The miasma wafting from her ovulating body hung in the air. He couldn’t recall another scent as alluring as hers.

“I suppose this is how I’m going to help you from now on? With my vagina? And we can’t use condoms, because ... I’m just a sock.” Uba trembled. *What has happened to me?* “Am I just a sleeve to you? Is your mother only a sleeve for your penis?”

“You’re more than that.” Abshir quickly closed the distance between them. “You’re my first girlfriend, Mom. You’re my doe. You’re at the top of a pyramid that will be made out of many.” He turned her around and roughly bent her over the counter. She gasped and weakly pushed back at him, but didn’t offer much resistance.

“Many?” Uba pressed her fingers and boobs into the countertop. She could feel the cold on her nipples through the lacy material. The sane parts of her mind had been in a constant retreat since she started relieving her son. Now, she could barely hear them. “Ugh ... not so rough.” An icy thrill went down her spine as he mauled her butt with one hand and gripped her hair with the other.

"*Many*women, Mom." He pulled her panties to the side and stuck a finger into her pussy, enjoying the way she grunted at the intrusion. "You're at the top. Hani will be just below you. Then, whoever I want. Girls from school. Women in the building. Hot women on the street. I'll form a bevy to welcome the goddess."

"I ... uuuggghhhh ... don't understand. What I'm doing for you is ... special." Uba let him do as he pleased. Even when he stuck a wet finger in her butt, a first for her, she didn't do more than flinch. "There should be no ... other women ... until you're married. Wait ... did you say Hani's name? I can't ... uuuugggghhhhhh." His penis thrust inside her. Her vagina was sore, but also more welcoming than she would have imagined. It only took him a few strokes to push into her womb and shove away her cogent thoughts. She hissed and grunted. "Sock ... sock ... dirty ... dirty ... uuuugggg ... sleeve." Uba's eyes rolled back, and she wheezed. If she had been able to think, she would have been startled by how quickly her orgasm was upon her. It seemed each time with her son set the bar for pleasure higher. She went stiff as ecstasy coursed through her veins.

"Damn ... Mom." Abshir pulled himself halfway out of her clutching pussy. He chuckled at the way her ass jiggled, moved by the shudders that shook her body. "You're hungry ... for it." He gripped her hair tighter. "I've done it. By sliding into you ..." He thrust his hips forward and slapped them on her ass. "... I'm sliding Dad out. He's lost. I've won. I'm the young stag mounting his mother. You'll kick him to the curb now."

"Nnnnnngggggggggggg." Uba floated down from paradise, her orgasm turning into the unstoppable, tidal ecstasy that accompanied his long, heavy strokes. "No ... love ... no ... uuuggghhhhhh ... love." She clutched at the counter, but of course her fingers couldn't find purchase on the hard, smooth surface. "No ... love ... your ... father ... eh ... eh ... eh ... no ... love ... ugh ... ugh ... your ... father." She tried, but couldn't quite bring her mouth to put together a complete sentence.

"No ... love ... Dad ..." Abshir cackled, pulling her thick, lustrous hair to arch her back more. "You're not ... ah ... ah ... ah ... in love with him anymore?"

The room resounded with the smacking of their skin, his laughter, and their grunts. Uba's voice was high, like an injured bird. Abshir's noises sounded like the beastly efforts of a large, devilish animal.

"I ... eh ... eh ... sock ... I'm your ... dirty sock ... just ... use me ... to masturbate ... use me ... to release ... eh ... eh ... eh ... healthy ... young men ... need to ... oh ... no ..." Her eyes rolled back, her body went stiff, and she went completely silent. Another major climax was upon her. Her former life was falling apart, and she didn't care. She would forsake almost anything for the bliss she'd discovered by joining with Abshir.

Abshir gave up trying to taunt or cajole her into saying more lascivious things. She just wasn't making much sense. Anyway, he felt that his once stuck-up mother telling him



... ooohhhhhh ... I don't understand ... I feel like ... a jungle animal ... in the trees ... eh ... eh ... eh ... and I love it ... I love it."

"Tell me ... ugh ... ugh ... that you choose me ... over Dad." Abshir held her with one extended arm, his hips speeding into high gear. She looked perfect. Her star-struck eyes were perfect. Her swaying, wobbling tits were perfect. The way she gritted her teeth at his onslaught was perfect. It was all perfect.

"Can't ... oooooohhhh ... Abshir ... can't ... say that." Uba held his upper arm. He could drop her at any moment. She was at his mercy more than ever. But even so, she wouldn't let him destroy her feelings for Taban. "Oooohhhhhh ... eh ... eh ... eh." She tried to latch onto the feelings for her husband, but found the familiar dedication and loyalty difficult to locate. "Oooohhhhhh ... Abshir ... we're on ... the ceiling ... I ..." She went stiff and quiet again as she climaxed.

"Give it time ... Mom ... give it ... fucking ... time." Abshir wasn't in a hurry. He would pound her over and over, shaping her into the perfect doe. The most important step was already done. She was ovulating and filled to overflowing with his cum.

## Chapter 30

### She Asked Me All Sorts of Odd Questions

May 21, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

“Taban? I have an odd question. Do you think all young men coming into adulthood want to replace their fathers?” Uba stood in her bedroom, watching her husband. He looked as he often did in bed, frowning at his laptop. *How can he look so normal when our son took me like a savage on the ceiling? All the world should be pulling their collective hair out. Up is down, left is right, dogs are cats now. And yet, no one but Abshir and I feel any different.* She put a hand to her belly. She *did* feel different. All that sperm certainly seemed to be sloshing around inside her. *I’m a dirty sock.* She shivered. “Taban?”

“HmMMM?” Taban typed and didn’t look up.

Uba sighed. She turned her back and removed her dress. How odd that I should feel so vulnerable undressing after today. How do I have any shame left? She looked over her shoulder, but he was still staring at his screen. “I asked if boys want to replace their fathers. Did you want that when you were a teenager?”

“Boys want to *be* their fathers.” Taban finally looked up at his wife. Without much interest, he watched her slip into her pajamas. “What’s all this business about replacing fathers? Have you been reading something you shouldn’t?”

“I ... well ... no. I was wondering ... because I know men seek to conquer and ... um ... do you think we should go to sleep, or ...?”

“We can have sex. Go fetch a condom.” He waved her toward the bathroom.

Later, Uba was on her back under her husband, trying to sound enthusiastic. “Yes ... yes ... Taban ... I love feeling you.” And that would have been true, if she could have felt him. But he seemed much smaller inside her than he once had.

“Gosh ... woman ... you must really ... be excited ... you’re so wet that I can barely feel you.” Taban grimaced. Despite his wife’s vagina not being up to its usual resistance, he was going to orgasm soon.

“It’s all for you ... Taban ... all for you.” Uba tried to keep her voice down. She didn’t know how jealous Abshir would be if he heard her.

“Yes ... aaahhhh ... yess ... all ... mine ... aaahhhhhh.” Taban convulsed on top of his wife.

Uba stared at the silly faces he was making. She tried to see the man she had seen only a few weeks ago. But he had somehow eroded in her mind. His orgasmic face wasn't fierce like Abshir's. This wasn't a man who would carry her away or breed her on the ceiling. She shivered, wondering at the miracle that had happened to her as she'd been humped like a rag doll high in the air. Taban was losing her. Even as he finished his silly, little climax, he was slipping away.

~~

May 21, 2015: Apartment 12C, the Marland family.

"Ooohhhh ... Gabe ... you feel so good." Carrie buzzed as her husband moved on top of her. It was late, and they were doing it missionary on top of the covers. "Do you think ... Joe is ready ... for sex?"

"What?" Gabe paused his hips and looked down at his wife. "Why bring this up ... now? Anyway ... he's got a hot ... girlfriend ... and she's exotic. I'm surprised he isn't already ... hitting that."

Carrie curled her lip in disgust. "Don't be racist ... or crude. She's a nice girl. They haven't had sex yet because ..." She looked up at him. It didn't seem the moment to inform her husband that their son had a giant thingy. "Never mind. We shouldn't be talking about this now. Make love to me, Gabe."

"Sure thing ... little lady." Gabe went back to work, imagining he was between Hani's shapely legs.

Carrie closed her eyes and wondered what it would be like to *be* Hani after prom. The girl was so short. Of course, a more suitable mate for Joe might be a taller woman. A woman like ... Carrie. At that dirty, dirty thought, Carrie squealed and orgasmed under her husband.

~~

February 5, 1994: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family and Rosalin Eklund.

"So, my boyfriend was saying that Tonya Harding is going to go to jail." Rachel sat in her mother's living room. Her mother sat across from her, sipping some tea. Her mother's friend Sylvie Kim was there. Also, some random, tall lady with blond hair was there, watching Rachel closely. Rachel's brother and father weren't there. It was turning out to

be the strangest visit. "It's just so terrible what happened to Nancy Kerrigan. I can't believe the level that some people will stoop ..." She eyed the blond woman. "I'm sorry, is my story boring you? You're Mrs. Ekmont? What are you doing here again?"

"I'm Ms. Eklund." Rosalin pressed her lips tightly together. "And this has been a lovely visit. I'll walk you out, Rachel." She put her teacup down and stood. Everyone else stayed seated.

Darby let out an awkward laugh. "Rosalin is always such a kidder."

"Mom, this is really weird. First, we go down to the basement to show me those trippy red lights. Then, we come here, and this strange woman is waiting for us." Rachel gestured at Rosalin. "Then she tries to kick me out before we're done with tea. Where's Dad and Brian? What's going on?" Ever since the trip to the basement, Rachel felt flustered and nervous. Her belly kept flipping, and her thoughts were foggy.

Darby let out a nervous laugh.

Rosalin sat back down.

Sylvie stared at Rachel over her teacup, measuring the woman's worth for the bevy. Of course, as Brian's sister, there was no question that Rachel would be added. But still, Sylvie felt like vetting the girl. "How serious are things with your boyfriend?"

"What?" Rachel turned to the woman and cocked her head. "Um ... he's great. He's really handsome and –"

"More handsome than Brian?" Sylvie cut in.

"Than Brian? My brother's a doofus. I don't understand –" Rachel stared.

"Your brother is a god, Rachel. A living god." Darby's face heated with anger. "You *will* appreciate him."

"Mom ... I ..." Rachel put down her teacup.

"Maybe you should go, Rachel." Rosalin stood again. "I think that you should go."

"Who the fuck are you again lady?" Rachel stood, too. "I came here to spend some time with my family, and –"

"Time for some divine intervention." Brian stepped into the living room. He was naked but for a pair of socks, his pale skin glowing in the afternoon light. His flaccid dick swung with each confident step. The trumpet shone brightly. "I was hoping they could soften you up a little, Rachel. But my bevy is ... well ... it's a work in progress."

Rachel was so stunned that she felt her limbs tingling. "What's ... what's ..." Her brain got even more cloudy. Her gaze fixed on her brother's improbably long, heavy dick as it

swung out in the open. Ice filled her veins. Several uncontrollable shivers hit her. “What’s ... a bevy?” The blackish veins on his cock tapped some instinctual part of her brain that sent her into flight. Unfortunately, she was so confused that she ran into the armchair and ended up sitting down again. Her eyes never left his penis. *Gosh ... it’s disgusting. My brother is a freak!*

“A bevy is a group of does that all service one stag. That stag must be the strongest and toughest, or another might steal his does.” Brian walked over to Rosalin and gently pushed her down so she was sitting on the sofa again. Now his mother, Sylvie, and Rosalin were all in a neat row. It was tidier than his bevy actually was, but it made him smile to see them like that.

“But you said something about *your* bevy.” Rachel still stared openly at her brother’s dick. “You’re not ... a stag.”

“I’m not?” He flashed a wicked smile. “You’ll feel differently when I mount you like a true doe.” Brian lifted his trumpet to his lips.

“Brian, please. She has a boyfriend. A life outside the –” Rosalin stopped speaking when Brian’s trumpet blared out Smells Like Teen Spirit.

Rachel watched in awe as the three women on the sofa stood and started dancing around the room. Brian was dancing too, his lean muscles flexing with his movements, his dick swaying and, to her horror, growing. Without thinking, she rose from the armchair. She thought for a moment that she would finally flee, but her body had something else in mind. Awkwardly at first, she raised her arms and pumped her hips side to side in time with Brian’s music. “What’s ... happening ... to me?”

“You’re letting ... the wild in ... sweetie.” Darby danced over to her daughter and playfully smacked her young, firm butt to the beat a few times. Then she spun away across the room, lost in the music.

“It’s this building ...” Rosalin shimmied toward the young woman. Like all the Kwons, Rachel was much shorter than Rosalin. This put Rachel’s face at about boob height for Rosalin. Rosalin shook her shoulders, making her boobs dance under her sweater, right in front of Rachel’s nose. “This building ... changes us. It’s not too late ... it’s not too late ... to run.” Rosalin’s voice matched the melody of the song. She turned around and shook her jean-clad butt at the twenty-two-year-old.

“Shit ... Brian ... I love this.” Rachel put her hips behind Rosalin’s rear, gyrating with Rosalin’s motion. She threw a hand in the air, looping it in circles like a lasso. “Yeeee ... haaaaawww!” Laughter spilled out of her and spread throughout the room, until all the ladies were cackling and doing the rodeo cowgirl dance.

“You look rad, Rachel!” Sylvie danced up to her and dry humped Rachel’s thigh while still riding in her invisible rodeo. “Rad! Rad! Rad!”

“Rad! Rad! Rad!” Darby echoed.

“Rad! Rad! Rad!” Rachel squealed.

“Fucking ... hell ... it’s too late.” Rosalin’s words were sour, but her face was split by a wide grin.

“Oh ... my God ... you guys. I love this ... I ...” When Rachel looked over at her brother again, her body kept dancing, but her mind shut down. His body was gyrating like a male stripper Rachel had once seen. His cheeks were puffed out in an all-out effort to blast his music. And his dick was puffed out, too. It was even scarier looking when it was hard: long, bulbous, and cruel. Rachel felt her mother’s hands on her shoulders, pushing her to the carpet. “I’m dreaming ...” Rachel dropped to her knees, still bopping to the music.

“Suck him ... Rachel!” Darby moved next to her children so she could see Brian’s penis enter Rachel’s mouth for the first time.

“Suck him! Suck him! Suck him!” Darby and Sylvie chanted together.

Rosalin tried to look away, but instead, she pulled off her sweater and twirled it over her head. She saw Sylvie and Darby follow her example with their tops. “Whoooop ... whoooop ... wwwhhoooooopp!” Rosalin didn’t mean to whoop, but the wild had her in its clutches.

It should have been mortifying for Rachel. She was face to face with Brian’s knobby cockhead. She could even see clear precum dribbling out of it at an alarming rate. All these older women were watching her and encouraging her. Again, she felt like she was at a strip club. “Brian ... it’s so ...” She reached out trembling fingers. Her hand looked delicate and pale next to his giant dick. Still nodding her head to the music, she grasped the thick, turgid shaft and experimentally squeezed it. It was hard and spongy all at once. “My brother’s ... big ... dick.” Her voice was so soft that it was lost under the trumpet’s notes. The older ladies were still chanting and hollering out their encouragement. Rachel took a deep breath and sucked that large cockhead into her mouth.

All three older women cheered and danced around the room while Rachel bobbed her head on her brother’s big boner. Pleasing a man had never done much for Rachel. But pleasing Brian made her absolutely gush. She’d never been wetter. A brief moment of clarity hit her. This was her own flesh and blood she was gagging on. And her mother was watching and praising her efforts. It was insane. But insanity seemed to be the theme for the moment.

Bra after bra came off and were tossed around the room. Soon, Rosalin, Darby, and Sylvie were merrily bouncing their boobs as they shimmied, writhed, and watched the monumental blowjob.

“Mmmpphhh ... ggggaaacckk ... gggaaacckkkk!” Rachel had given a few blowjobs in her day, but never had she been so frenzied to make someone cum. And this was the first time she had ever handled a tool like Brian’s. She wasn’t sure she was doing it right. But there was no faltering. The music wouldn’t allow it. “Gggaaaaaacckkkkkkkkkk.” The massive, steely thing felt jarring at the back of her throat. But she was determined to get over any discomfort. When she’d come over to the apartment earlier, she hadn’t expected to be blowing a giant cock like a wild slut. But here she was. The moment was incomparable.

The blowjob went on and on. Eventually, Brian took the trumpet from his lips. The only sounds in the living room were heavy breathing from the ladies as they caught their breath, Brian’s urgent grunts, and Rachel’s happy gurgling.

“They look better than I’d hoped.” Darby walked over to Rosalin, put her arm about the woman’s waist, and rested her head on the upper slope of Rosalin’s boob. “It’s every mother’s dream to see her children get along so well.”

Rosalin gave a derisive snort.

“Gonna ... cum ... Rachel. You’re so pretty ... with your face ... all ... bloated ... I’m going to ... fucking drown you.” Brian held his trumpet by his side. He was relieved that even without the music, she was giving her best efforts to milk him. Of course, she didn’t have the skills of any of the other bevy members, but that didn’t matter. It was her first time. She would get lots of practice, and he was sure she’d soon swallow cock just like their mother. “Gonna ... fucking ... cum ... uuuuuggggghhhhhh!” He arched his back and let loose.

Rachel’s eyes went wide as the first fiery burst of seed hit her tongue. She pulled her mouth off him, but that just meant her face was in the line of fire. By the time he was done, her hair, face, and the front of her clothes were all wet and slimy. She wiped her eyes and looked down at herself. “Oh ... my ... God. What did we just do?” Without her brother’s trumpet music, sanity peeked its way into her mind. “What did we just do!?!”

“Calm down, Rachel. We’ve all blown him. It’s marvelous, isn’t it?” Darby walked over to her daughter and helped her wipe sperm from around her eyes.

“You have?” There was real alarm in Rachel’s voice. “Mom ... I can see your tits.” Rachel stared at her mother’s hanging breasts. “We’ve all gone crazy! I’m going crazy!”

“I told you this was a bad idea.” Rosalin folded her arms casually over her bare boobs.

“What’s going on? This is crazy!” A new type of frenzy took over Rachel’s cum-covered face. She stood, ran for the door, tripped over the coffee table, and fell to the floor.

“Brian ... your music. We can’t have her running around like that into the city.” Darby gave a sharp look to Brian. “She’s a mess.”

Brian’s trumpet was already at his mouth. He played something upbeat and catchy.

Before Rachel could even pick herself up off the floor, her butt was wiggling in the air to the beat of Brian’s new song. Her mother helped her up, and together Darby and Sylvie undressed Rachel as the three women danced together. Rosalin danced on the other side of the room, trying not to be part of what came next. But, of course, Rosalin couldn’t take her eyes off the spectacle. It didn’t help when Rachel was placed bent over the back of an armchair, facing Rosalin. The two women locked eyes as Brian, still blaring his trumpet, stepped up behind her and slapped her ass with his heavy dick.

With both hands on the trumpet, and his sister’s ass bouncing to the music, Brian found it difficult to penetrate her. It didn’t help that she was so tight. He had become used to pussies that were the right size for his dick. But, of course, Rachel hadn’t been changed like that yet. He didn’t think she was a virgin. But he also didn’t give her boyfriend credit for stretching her much. He tried a few more times to guide himself in without hands, but it was too difficult. Still playing the trumpet, he gave his mother a meaningful look.

“Oh ... of course.” Darby immediately understood. “And of course *I* should be the one to do it. I made both of you. And now, I’ll join you together.” She bopped closer to them and took hold of the familiar penis. With her other hand, she found that her daughter’s pussy was sopping. Just as it should be.

“Mom ... you’re touching my ...” Rachel looked over her shoulder with an expression that was a concoction of startled, ecstatic, and repulsed. “You’re going to ... put it in? No ... that’s Brian’s dick ... you can’t ... uuuuugggghhhh ... put it ... uuuuugggghhhh ... in.” But, of course, it was too late. She was already stretching to accommodate her brother. Her eyes went round, and she looked forward again, over the back of the armchair. That tall, blonde woman was dancing topless and staring right back at her. Rachel gritted her teeth at the pain of taking something so large. “Thissss ... uuugggghhhh ... is not how ... I thought ... ooohhhhhhhh ...” Her mouth formed a perfect rictus when her brother’s cockhead nestled at the top of her womb. It was breathtaking. She continued to lock eyes with the blond woman. “He’s ... in my ... belly ... oooooohhhhhhhh.”

“I know ... I know ... I know about that cock ... I know about that cock.” Rosalin sang along with Brian’s melody. Soon, she was pulling down her jeans and underwear. She leaned her back against the wall and masturbated while still moving to the beat. She wasn’t alone, she saw that Darby and Sylvie were playing with their pussies, too. “I

know ... I know ... that big and meaty cock ... it worms its way ... in my brain ... and now I think I'm stuck." Rosalin sang quietly. Her clit hummed under her fingers, and her jaw dropped as she watched Brian begin long, heavy thrusts into his sister.

"Nnnngggg ... nnnngggg ... nnnnggggg." Rachel hissed out cries between her clenched teeth. *My doofus of a brother is pushing his way into my fucking soul.* Her eyes rolled up, and her fingers dug into the armchair. The orgasm was quantitatively and qualitatively different than any she'd had before. She didn't even recognize it as a climax until after she'd come back down. It was better than any drug she'd tried. Soon, she was throwing her ass back to meet his thrusts. Even when the trumpet music ended, she didn't stop. Brother and sister smacked together, joining in perfect harmony.

"I ... oooooohhhh ... told you ... she'd love it." Darby pumped two fingers in and out of her pussy. She looked over at Rosalin with a smile.

"Fuck ... off ..." Rosalin's fingers were a blur between her legs.

"Gonna ... hump you ... until ... you can't ever ... walk straight ... again ... Rachel." Brian grabbed his sister's slim hips and increased his pace, aiming to pulverize her pussy.

"Gonna fuck you ... right into ... Her ... dimension."

"Ohhhhhhh ... my ... God ... Brian ... Brian ... Brain ... Brian." Rachel surrendered herself to the power behind her. The way her afternoon was going, she wouldn't be surprised if she *did* end up in another dimension. Nothing made sense anymore. Nothing needed to make sense. She climaxed again, hissing through her teeth. And when a little while later he took her to another peak, she cried out with wild abandon. By the time her brother's hips fell out of rhythm behind her, she had been driven to so many orgasms that her mind was mush. She didn't even think to tell him to pull out.

"Making ... another ... fawn ... now ... uuuuuuggggghhhhhh." Brian arched his back and planted his dick all the way inside Rachel. He unloaded, relishing the recoil from each blast into her womb. His bevy was growing. When he was done cumming, he rested his head on her sweaty, heaving back. "We're ... going to need ... to get another wedding dress ... Mom." He looked lovingly over at his masturbating mother. "We're going to need ... another ceremony ... in the chapel soon."

Darby nodded her agreement and had an orgasm of her own.

~~

May 22, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

“Morning, Mom.” Abshir had waited until his sister and father left before leaving his room. Now, he found his mother sitting in the living room, looking at the city, and drinking her coffee. She was wearing one of her long, formless dresses, but she didn’t have her hijab on. Abshir was naked, his erection absurdly pointing any direction he turned his hips. He did a slick, little spin and sat on an armchair. “I heard you fucking Dad last night. Was he better than me?”

Uba looked over at her son, holding her mug in front of her face. The morning light made her eyes and wedding ring sparkle. She shook her head in answer to his question.

“Did you call the school to tell them I was sick today?” Abshir absentmindedly stroked his dick.

“Your sister suspects something is wrong. She asked me all sorts of odd questions this morning.” Uba frowned.

“Did you ... call the school ... to tell them ... I was sick today?” He said the words like she was mentally challenged.

“I called the school.” She nodded.

“Great! I’m going to brush my teeth. You go get some lingerie on. We’re going to have the best day ever.” His wide grin sparkled almost as much as her ring.

“Are you going to keep filling your sock with sperm?” Uba shivered as she stood.

“Are you my sock?” Abshir winked.

“I’m your dirty sock, sweetheart.” She walked toward her bedroom, but paused in the doorway and looked back. Anticipation and trepidation played equal parts on her face.

“Well, then. As a healthy young man, I’m going to have to fill you with cum and toss you in the laundry when I’m done.” He laughed, thinking of that odd washer that his sister and Joe had fallen out of. He really *could* toss her in the laundry, but why would he want to? He wanted his mother by his side. “Go on, get something sexy on. Get me excited.” He watched her leave. After fapping for a few minutes, he hopped onto his feet and went to go brush his teeth. When he was done, he found his mother in the living room, standing in some racy lingerie. The bra did its best to push up her tits. He thought it looked wonderful and ridiculous. Maybe it was wonderful because it was ridiculous.

“So ... I guess ... we just start then?” Uba nervously bit her bottom lip. Abshir still wasn’t wearing his glasses, and he looked so different to her. Maybe it wasn’t just the glasses. She rubbed her legs together. Just the sight of his nudity was enough to make her vagina gush. Especially with his thing hard as a board like it was. She tried not to stare at it.

“Your father and I did missionary. Would you like –”

“Did you let Dad cum in you?” Abshir’s grin faded.

“He ... um ... wore a condom. We don’t want ... a baby.” Her voice fell. It was obvious to Uba how stupid that was to say when she’d just spent the day before drenching her womb in sperm. That thought made her squirm even more, her vagina was quickly soaking through the sheer, lace panties.

Abshir laughed. His voice rang off the walls. When his cackling finally died away, he beckoned her over. “Let’s start with a blowjob. As my first doe, you’re going to spend a lot of time sucking.”

“I would rather not. If you’re just going to put your stuff inside me anyway, we could just skip ...” Her voice fell away when she saw his darkening expression. A few minutes later, she was on her knees in front of her son, bobbing her mouth on his mighty shaft. She hadn’t done much oral pleasuring, so it was still a bit awkward for her. It was a different experience than last time. Now, she wasn’t just trying to get to the high of sniffing his seed. That let her be more leisurely and loving about it. His grunts of contentment and desire had a keen effect on her. By the time the blowjob ended, her vagina was practically on fire. She mounted him quickly and dropped her hips. “Oooooohhhhhhhh.” Her mouth formed a circle, and her eyes crossed. His penis was pushing her buttons deep inside. “Abshiiiiirrrrrrr ... you no longer ... hurt inside meeeeeeee.” Her hips undulated, and she ran her fingers through his hair. “To tell you ... eh ... eh ... eh ... the truth ... Abshir ... eh ... eh ... I could barely ... feel your father ... last night. And ... I think he noticed ... too. I’ll need ... to figure out ... how to tighten ... myself ... eh ... eh ... back up.”

“Nah.” Abshir pulled the lingerie under her boobs and kissed her nipples, teasing her with playful bites. “I’m not going ... to give your pussy time ... to tighten. My dick’s ... going to be inside you ... every chance ... we get.”

“Oooooohhhhhhhh ... yeeessssssssss.” How many hours of bliss did Uba have to look forward to? She switched her movement so that she was bouncing on him. She lifted her hips absurdly high with each stroke. How odd that the first real man she’d been with was her eighteen-year-old son. “I ... eh ... eh ... eh ... also ... want ... you inside me ... at every chance.”

“You ... don’t want a baby ... with Dad.” Abshir rolled her nipples with his fingers, watching her stiffen and arch her back in response. “But you ... ugh ... ugh ... will want a baby ... with me.”

“Nnooooooooooooo.” Uba threw her head back. She might want to argue, but now was not the time. She went perfectly quiet. Her eyes were wide and round as she orgasmed. She was in paradise. And that’s where she’d stay all day.

## Chapter 31

### Yin and Yang, Motherfucker

May 23, 2015: Apartments 12C and 12E, the Dahir and Marland families.

“Do you have them?” Hani had worn a billowing dress and hijab to prom. Now, they were at a friend of a friend’s sprawling house in New Jersey. She was alone with Joe in a guest bedroom. Their privacy meant that she could finally show him the sexy underwear she’d been wearing all night.

“Do I have the ...?” Joe grinned. “Condoms, check.” He held up the box of extra-large protection his mother had bought for him. “My mom actually offered to show me how to put one on. Can you believe it?” Joe chuckled as he took off his ill-fitting tuxedo.

“What? No!” Hani burst out laughing. “Your mom’s crazy, she ...” Hani stopped folding her dress and looked over at Joe. “Ms. Eklund didn’t say anything about your mom going crazy, did she?”

“She said Abshir was a danger to your mother. But ... I don’t think she was worried about my mom.” Joe narrowed his eyes, thinking about what he would do if he caught Abshir doing something he shouldn’t. He ground his teeth together.

“I thought my parents wouldn’t let me come tonight. Dad said I needed to come home after prom.” Hani finished folding her dress and hung it on the back of a chair. She quickly folded her hijab and did the same. “But Mom insisted that I could stay out all night if I wanted. She said that she trusted me, and that I deserved to have some fun.”

“Abshir wasn’t at prom.” Joe frowned. “Which means he’s in your apartment right now.”

“It’s fine. Dad’s there, too.” Hani shrugged. “What are we talking about my brother for? This is our big night, let’s have fun!”

Joe looked around the room. He sniffed the air. “What do you think the others are doing now?” When they’d gotten to the house, they and their friends had hung out for a while, dancing and excitedly chatting. Then couple after couple had disappeared to find privacy in different parts of the house.

“They’re fucking, obviously.” Hani reached behind her and unclasped her bra. She looked over at her boyfriend as he pulled off his underwear. His cock was already hard, jutting obscenely out from his body. “Just like us.” She took a deep breath to settle her nerves. “I must really love you to want to try that monster.” She removed her bra and pointed at his dick, the garment hanging from her hand.

“We ... um ... don’t have to ...” Joe fished a condom out of the box and held it up hopefully. “But you did say you’ve been practicing.”

“Sure, but the toy I’ve been using isn’t quite your size. And, well, I imagine you’re going to smash me, and I’ve mostly just been gently stretching ... so ...” Hani shrugged. “Why are we talking before sex like an old married couple?” She held out her arms, aware that her tits were wobbling just the way he liked. “Take me. Take me hard!”

Joe took a moment to stare at her boobs. He sniffed the air again. “You’re right about the others. They’re mostly humping.”

“How do you know?” Hani watched him tear the packet and pull the condom out.

“It’s ... in the air.” He smiled at her and attempted to roll the condom onto his cock.

Hani laughed. “You should have had your mom show you how to put that on. You’re terrible at it.” She walked over to him and took the condom and his dick into her hands. “I’ve never done it with one this size, but your mom got you the right condoms. It should be pretty much the same as what I’m used to. Relativity being what it is and all.”

“You’re lucky I’m not the jealous type.” Joe gently ran his fingers through her curly, black hair.

“*You’re* lucky that you’re not the jealous type.” Hani concentrated as she rolled the prophylactic over the bulging veins on his shaft. “If you were, you wouldn’t be my boyfriend. I would have kicked you to the curb.” She finished with the condom, took her glasses off, and put them on the nightstand. “Now then.” She shimmied out of her panties and put them next to her glasses. “Let’s do this.”

“Let’s do this.” Joe picked her up and carried her around the room. “First ... I’ll take you back to my cave.”

Hani’s laughter echoed off the walls in the unfamiliar room. Playfully, she beat her fists on his powerful muscles. “Put me down you brute. I’ll never be your cavewoman.”

“Don’t make me bonk you on the head with my club!” He tickled her and tossed her onto the bed. They had already spread out a large towel to keep things clean. He aimed her at the center of it.

“Eeeiiiiiii!” Her dark, zaftig body suspended as she fell, and then bounced as she sprung up and down on the mattress. When she settled on the towel, she whipped her hair out of her face and looked up at him with fire in her eyes. “I’ll never succumb to your big, dumb club, Mr. Caveman.”

“Aaheehaheehaaaaaaheehaheehaaaaah!” Joe beat his chest like Tarzan.

“Oh no, the victory cry of the bull ape!” Hani put her hand to her mouth in pantomimed shock.

Joe grinned down at her. “Is this weird? Are we weird, Hani?”

“Of course we are.” Hani rolled onto her back and spread her legs, pointing her pussy at him. She had trimmed her bush into a perfect triangle for the occasion. She smiled, reached down, and spread her pussy open. “Does it look like it’ll fit?”

“Wow! I love that view.” Joe could feel his blood boiling. The V of her legs coming together tugged at the real caveman that lived in the primordial part of his brain. He didn’t feel like he was playing anymore. The bright, internal pink of her pussy contrasted wonderfully with the rest of her. Almost like it was highlighting for him exactly where he needed to go. He glanced up at her magical tits, hanging perfectly on either side of her chest, and then ... up to her pretty face and wry smile. He realized he’d forgotten to breathe, so he got that started again. “I love you, Hani.”

“Of course you do.” She grinned at him. She thought he looked earnest and hungry. It was a perfect moment. “Now climb onto this bed and *show* me how you feel.”

“Awwwwwooooooo.” Joe tilted his head back and howled at the ceiling. He didn’t care if his friends heard him.

“Awwwwwooooooo,” Hani joined in the howl, still spreading her pussy for him.

He leapt onto the bed, and the next minute was a ravenous jumble of greedy tongues, grasping limbs, and grinding bodies.

“Ooooooffffff.” Hani felt like she’d had the wind knocked out of her when he entered and burrowed his dick into her. “Slowwwwww ... doooowwnnnnnnnn.” She gritted her teeth, her arms and legs squirming as pain seized her. “You’re definitely not ... my toy ... uuuggghhhh.” Her fingernails raked his back, leaving long red marks.

“I ... love you ... Hani ... ooohhhhhh ... shit ... I love you.” Although, he had to admit to himself, Joe didn’t love the condom. He could feel her tight pussy, but the sensation was attenuated. He didn’t dwell on it. A condom was smart, and they were not dummies. He could live with it.

“You ... uuuggghhhh ... keep saying ... that.” Hani’s voice was deeper than usual and strained. Cords on her delicate neck stood out. The slight muscles on her arms went taut as wire. “I feel like ... I’m giving ... reverse birth ... to your fucking ... redonkeykong ... dick ... uuuggghhhhhhhhh.” She gritted her teeth as she looked up at his adoring, pain-free expression. “I’m glad ... you’re enjoying yourself. Now ... slow ... the fuck ... down.”

“Right.” Joe smiled and winked, stopping the slow downward thrust of his hips. “How’s it ... feel?”

“I just ... told you.” Hani worked on relaxing her vaginal muscles like she’d done in practice. “Give me a ... moment ... here.” She closed her eyes and focused on her breathing. She tried to pay attention to the sensation of his magnificent, ripped body on top of her soft flesh. “Yin and ... uuuggghhhh ... yang ... motherfucker.” Her body went through several violent shivers. Her pussy slowly moved from a sharp, biting pain, to something more like a throbbing ache. “I’m worried ... you’ll get stuck ... in there.”

“That can’t happen ... right?” Joe raised his eyes at her, perplexed.

Hani opened her eyes and laughed. “You need ... to look at ... more porn.” She nodded her head. “Okay ... captain ... you are cleared for landing. Finish your ... uuuggghhhh ... descent.”

“You mean ...?”

“Shove ... your cock ... all the way ... into my pussy ... mister.” Hani tensed again, bracing herself. But when he continued working into her depths, the pain didn’t get worse. In fact, the first wisps of pleasure floated through her mind.

“You don’t look ... so angry ... anymore.” Joe bottomed out and held himself inside her. He closely studied every aspect of her twitching, strained face.

“I’m ... uuuggghhhh ... beginning to see ... the advantages ... to having a big boyfriend ... oohhhhhhhh.” Hani’s eyes fluttered. What had started as a slight breeze of pleasure was building itself into a gale. “I ... um ... I ... uuuggghhhh ... wasn’t going to tell you ... oooohhhhhh ... but I ... should ... tell you ... that ... um ... I love you ... too.” She lifted her head and they kissed. His cock was nestled up against something special in her womb. With love in her heart and lust in her loins, Hani pointed her toes at the ceiling and had her first orgasm on that giant dick.

~~

May 23, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

Taban was asleep in bed.

His wife, however, was not by his side. She was in their son’s room. The day before, Abshir had promised to give her lots of practice on her budding blowjob skills, and that’s what occupied her mouth now.

“Tell me ... I’m your stag ... Mom.” Abshir stood naked in his room, looking down at his kneeling mother. He had one hand tightly laced in her hair, helping her with her bobbing motion.

“Mmmmmpppphhhh,” Uba said. She was also naked, looking up at him with wide, pleading eyes.

“Tell me ... you’re my dirty sock.” Abshir still hadn’t bothered with wearing glasses after his mother had broken them. In fact, his vision wasn’t blurry anymore. He could see every line in his mother’s face as her complexion twisted to allow his dick past her lips. “You’ll empty ... my balls ... whenever I want, right? You want me to be ... healthy, right?”

“Mmmmmpppphhhhhh!” She said with more urgency. The idea that she had become her eighteen-year-old son’s sperm rag was a fire raging through her mind.

“Nah ... nah ... don’t finish me ... off.” Abshir roughly pulled her mouth off his dick. “You’re still ... ovulating ... so I need to put as much cum as I can ... in you.” He pushed her onto all fours and dropped to his knees behind her.

“Oh ... my gosh. I am not ... ovulating. That would be a ... uuuuugggghhhhhhh ... terrible ... uuuuggghhhhh.” Her son’s long, thick penis pushed into her vagina, robbing her of words. Her jaw dropped, and she stared blankly at the wall. *Is it that time of the month? I don’t think so, but ...* She tried counting the days, but her mind fragmented with each rough thrust she absorbed from behind.

“You’re ... a magical ... prom date ... Mom.” Abshir slapped her ass.

“Oooooohhhhhhhh ... eh ... eh ... prommmmmmm.” Uba let her son’s penis push her mind higher and higher. Her sanity edged away from her, driven toward the chaos of a massive climax.

“I wonder how ... ugh ... ugh ... Hani’s prom went?” Abshir grinned thinking about what he’d soon do with his twin sister. Now that he’d knocked up his mom, he was sure She would want him to build his bevy. “I bet ... she wishes ... she had stayed home ... with us ... rather than going out ... with her pathetic ... boyfriend. He probably ... can’t even ... get it up.” He slapped his mother’s ass with satisfaction.

“Hani ... noooooooo ... she wouldn’t ... not ... noooooooo ... eeeeeiiiiiiii.” Uba didn’t want to think about her daughter having sex. And, as it turns out, she didn’t have to. Her climax pushed everything else from her mind.

~~

May 23, 2015: Apartments 12C and 12E, the Dahir and Marland families.

“Oooooohhhhhh ... Joe ... this is new ... this is neewwwwwwwwwww.” Hani pumped her legs in the air as another orgasm flooded through her.

“Shit ... Hani ... you look ... so hot.” It was true. She always looked cute when she was writhing in pleasure, but now her eyes were beyond frenzied, and the distortion of her pretty face made her seem almost demonic. He loved it. He felt her nails bite into his back, and wondered if he was bleeding. He hoped not. They had put a towel on the bed, but he didn’t want to get blood everywhere.

“Nnnnggggggaaaa!” Hani came down from her high. She could tell she was going to be sore tomorrow, but for the moment, her pussy was all pleasure and no pain. “Best ... prom ... ever!” Hani gripped his face in her hands and smooched his cheeks. “I’m going to ... ride you now ... big boy.” She couldn’t have moved his weight on her own, but he let her flip their positions. In the past, she hadn’t ever swapped like that without dislodging her partner’s dick. But not this time. Another benefit to having a hung boyfriend.

“How does ... it feel ... now?” Joe wasn’t worried anymore. It was obvious she liked it. He supposed all her practicing had gotten her ready. He did, however, enjoy hearing her say how much she liked it.

“It feels ... like I’m sitting ... on a telephone pole.” Hani gyrated her hips. She looked down at her belly. Her eyes widened when she saw the faint outline of his cock bulge her stomach from within. “Look ... look ... it’s up ... above my belly button ... I’ve never ... uuuuuggggghhhhhh.” She held her breasts up and to the sides so she could have a good view at the way he was deforming her belly.

“Are telephone ... poles ... good?” Joe smiled up at her shocked expression.

“They are ... when they’re ... pushing up ... against that spot.” Her eyes rolled upward. “Yes ... that spot ... right there ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhh.”

~~

May 23, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

“Oooohhhhhh ... Abshir ... eh ... eh ...” Uba lay on her belly on her son’s floor, he was behind her, hammering away with his penis like a demented monkey. “You already ... finished ... twice.” She tried to look back at him, but her shuddering body wouldn’t allow it. “How many ... more times ... tonight?”

“How many ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... times ... would I use my sock ... in a day ... before I tried ... abstinence?” Abshir pressed his hands on the delightful curve at the small of her back.

“You’re ... a teenager ... so ... eh ... eh ... eh ... every day?” Uba’s breasts were tugged by the floor every time she absorbed the shock of his hips. It was rough, but she liked the feeling on her compressed nipples.

He barked out a savage laugh. “Of course ... every day. Don’t be ... stupid ... Mom. How ... many ... times ... a ... day?” He punctuated each word by plowing her depths.

“Oooohhhhhh ... Abshir ... sweetheart ... I don’t ... ehhhhhhh ... know.” Uba’s eyelids fluttered. Her face was twisted into something of a maniacal grin and something of a contorted snort. “Two ... times?”

“You ... spent a lot of time ... up close ... with my balls.” Abshir smacked her ass and watched the ripples. “Two ... times? You know there’s ... ugh ... ugh ... way more ... in there ... than that. My socks ... were fucking ... dirty ... right?”

“Oooooohhhhhh ... so dirty.” Uba couldn’t understand how anything could feel so good. Her life hadn’t prepared her for this sort of pleasure.

“Gonna ... cum ... Mom.” Abshir’s hips fell out of rhythm.

“I’m ... so ... dirty ... eeeeehhhhh ... nnnngggggggg!” Uba almost bit her tongue when the fire of her son’s seed hit her womb. Once again, paradise opened its gates to her.

~~

May 24, 2015: Apartments 12C and 12E, the Dahir and Marland families.

In the morning, Hani sat on Joe’s lap out in the backyard of their borrowed house. Their friends joked, laughed, and chatted. But she felt too peaceful to join in. She settled her weight on him, aware that even after the night before, he was as hard as could be under her.

Joe had his arms resting easily around his girlfriend. There was none of the restless energy that so often pulled him into action. He watched his friends and smiled, occasionally laughing at a joke. They were all celebrating the end of something. The end of school. The end of their time together. But there was no sadness in him. He could feel that bigger things waited for him just ahead. And he had Hani by his side. They had said they loved each other last night. He didn’t see how anything could get in the way of the bond they were forging together.

~~

March 15, 1994: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family and Rosalin Eklund.

“Good morning, dear.” Darby walked into the kitchen. Her robe was open, exposing a gap of nudity down the middle. Her pregnancy was showing now, the curve to her belly ever expanding.

“Morning.” Rosalin leaned her butt on the counter, sipping coffee and looking out the window. One of the gargoyles rudely stared in at her. She ignored the ugly statue. In the background, she could hear Rachel wailing and Brian grunting. They were humping on the ceiling of the living room. “They’ve been fucking like rabbits.” Rosalin nodded toward the living room and straightened her sweater. She wasn’t sure, but she thought that maybe her belly was starting to expand, too. She hadn’t taken a pregnancy test, but it was obvious Brian had knocked up all his bevy. It seemed that Rachel and Rosalin had had the worst of the morning sickness, although Rosalin was mostly past it. Darby and Sylvie were having easier pregnancies.

“They’ve been fucking like deer, you mean.” Darby smiled and poured herself some coffee. She added some sugar and took a sip. “This is good.”

“Greg made it before starting his shift.” Rosalin curled her lip. There was a time when she’d hoped the former patriarch of the family would be helpful to her escape. But he had been beyond worthless. She sipped from her mug. *Well, he does make good coffee.*

“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii!” Rachel’s orgasmic scream echoed around the apartment.

Rosalin winced at the sound.

Darby smiled. “They are so wonderful together. It’s funny that a sister and brother would bond this way as adults when as children they would always –”

The doorbell rang.

“Oh, who could that be?” Darby put down her coffee and closed her robe.

“Maybe someone finally complained about the sound?” Rosalin shrugged.

“Be a good girl and see who it is.” Darby stepped over to her and gave Rosalin’s large boob a friendly squeeze. When the woman turned to answer the door, she patted Rosalin’s jean-clad butt. “It might be the new girl Brian wanted to try out for the bevy. Keep her in the hall if it is, we don’t want to scare her away. I’ll tell Brian to finish in his sister.”

“Oh ... my God.” Rosalin shook her head. *If it's the new girl, I'm going to tell her to run away as fast as she can.* She walked to the front door, opened it, and stared. Rosalin was a woman not easily shaken, but her face blanched and her knees went weak. In the hall, stood Elizabeth. The woman looked stark with her alabaster skin and dark hair. Her curves were poorly hidden under a 1940s dress. To her right, a giant wolf sat, looking for all the world like a dog trying to be a good boy. He was so big that the tips of the wolf's ears were almost as high as Elizabeth's shoulders. To her left, stood a proud stag.

“Good morning, Rosalin.” Elizabeth's smile was warm and friendly. “I do hope you're not planning on shooting me today.”

The wolf growled.

The stag snorted and pawed the beautiful, art deco carpet.

Both animals had bright, carmine eyes.

“I ... um ... I ...” Rosalin pointed at the wolf.

“Oh, you must have seen these boys around the building. I don't know where they came from, but they sometimes follow me around.” Elizabeth clapped her hands. “Get on, you two. You can't come into the apartment.”

The stag snorted and bounded away toward the open door that led to the fourteenth floor. The wolf waited a split second, and then gave chase. Quickly, both animals were gone.

“*You* can't come in here.” Rosalin's shoulders slumped. She hadn't seen this woman since Rachel's ceremony, and the thought of letting her into the apartment made her skin crawl.

“It's my building, darling.” Elizabeth stepped through the door, delicately pushing Rosalin aside. “I see that you're swelling with the stag's child.”

“You can't see that.” Rosalin closed the door and folded her arms over her chest.

“Whatever will we do with you? Always so recalcitrant.” Elizabeth wagged a pale finger at Rosalin. “Listen to sweet Rachel. She has so happily surrendered herself to Her power.”

“Mrs. Norwood!” Darby hustled toward her guest. “I wasn't expecting you. I ... um ... I assure you, Rosalin is perfectly tame. When Brian mounts her, she sounds just like Rachel does now.” She nodded toward the living room, where her daughter was making noises that were bereft of any sort of sapience.

“Don't worry, Darby. I like the fight in Rosalin.” Elizabeth stepped over to Rosalin and patted her cheek in the most patronizing way.

“What ... um ... what can we do for you today?” Darby wished she had spent more time putting herself together that morning.

“I want to dance. I’ve been spending time with a very unsavory fellow upstairs. I swear, that man wants to bite my head off.” Elizabeth moved toward the living room. She stopped in the doorway and looked up to the ceiling. “I see he’s been building his skills up there. It isn’t easy to take a woman from behind with her hanging like that. I’m impressed.” She looked over at Darby. “Fetch his trumpet. I need to blow off some steam.”

“Yes, of course.” Darby raced off to her son’s room.

Ten minutes later, the living room was a mess. Armchairs were overturned. Pillows were on the floor. Cushions leaned against the window. Everyone was naked.

Rosalin, Darby, and Rachel danced around the room, moving their hips to Brian’s music. While Rosalin and Darby had more to jiggle and shake, Rachel’s body was still slim. Even though she had humped for over an hour that morning, Rachel boogied in a frenzy. Sweat dripped off her extremities, and cum left a trail showing the path of her intense dance.

On the sofa, Brian sat, playing the trumpet. Elizabeth rode him. Her movements were serpentine, smooth, and quick, perfectly matching the syncopated rhythm in the room. She rode him in reverse, leaning forward to give the trumpet room.

“My ... stag ... oooohhhhhh ... my wonderful ... stag.” Elizabeth dug her fingers into his knees, but she was careful not to extend her claws. Her massive breasts swung and her wide hips didn’t miss a beat. She was surrounded by fecundity, and she herself had the body of a fertility goddess. How odd then that she had never conceived. It was another part of the magic that she hoped to one day understand.

“Is there ... anything else ... you need ... other than ... Brian’s penis?” Darby danced close to the mating couple, shaking her booty. She prayed that Elizabeth would enjoy the view.

“Drink ... from your daughter’s ... ugh ... ugh ... fount.” Elizabeth pointed at the black triangle between Rachel’s legs. “Celebrate ... the life ... Brian put there.”

Darby’s hips fell out of rhythm. “I ... um ... haven’t even kissed her. Rosalin and I have ... but um ... not Rachel.” Her dance was now awkward and out of sorts.

“Drink ... ugh ... ugh ... from her fount.” Elizabeth rode her stag hard, her body jiggling and rippling with the music. “Now.”

“She’s got the wolf outside, better do it, Darby.” Rosalin didn’t like the look in Elizabeth’s eyes.

A little while later, Darby was on her knees behind her daughter, bopping to the music. “Mmmpphhhhh ... nnnnwwwaaaaa.” Her hands dug into Rachel’s firm butt, and her mouth greedily slurped Brian’s seed from where it had been deposited.

Rachel was bent over, her hands on the wall, shaking her ass in her mother’s face. Her mouth formed a circle, and her eyes were clouded and dreamy. “Mom ... ooooohhhhhhh ... Mom ... I can’t ... believe ...” It was odd that there was still anything that might be hard to believe after all that had happened to Rachel in the past month. Her once nerdy brother could now hang from the ceiling and send her into fits of ecstasy with his horse cock. Her mother encouraged him. And her father knew everything, but didn’t so much as lift a finger to stop it. She was going to need to break up with her boyfriend. He lived in a world that Rachel barely recognized anymore. “Oooohhhhhh ... Mom ... you’re drinking it ... you’re really ...” Her brother’s music tugged at her soul. “... drinking ... Brian’s cum ... from my ... oooohhhhhh ... pussy.”

Rosalin danced and watched mother and daughter. She had tried to save Rachel, but the woman was too far gone now. Rosalin had never been so powerless. Well, that wasn’t true. When Brian worked his cock inside her, Rosalin could hardly remember her own name. But other than that, this moment felt like a low point.

“Yes, drink from ... your daughter.” Elizabeth was approaching her own climax. Her hips kept in time with the music. Tingling warmth spread out from her core. “Let Brian’s seed ... uuuuugggghhhh ... strengthen ... the baby ... in your belly. The precious ... goddess ... soon to ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” She let out a feral scream, arched her back, and orgasmed on her young stag.

## Chapter 32

### What Have I Done? He Said Yes!

July 19, 1944: Apartment 14B, the Norwood family.

“We have little more than ten years to get this right.” Elizabeth stood in her apartment, looking out at the magical view of forest canopy. She held her arms out parallel to the floor as Natalie dressed her. Her toes wriggled on her moss carpet, and she took a long inhale of the herbal scents that surrounded her. “We’ll need to decide on what sort of families to target. Are you keeping track of everyone in the building, Mrs. Creech?”

“Of course, mistress. I’m doing my best in that regard.” Natalie gently caressed Elizabeth’s alabaster curves as she maneuvered underwear onto the woman. All the garments were sturdy. They had to be to contain the ample body of a fertility goddess. “But there is only so much I can do without arousing suspicions.”

“We need you in a better position. Let’s see what we can do about making you the building’s manager.” Elizabeth wiggled into her dress and let Natalie smooth and brush the fine wool fabric into place.

When the doorbell rang, Natalie paused her work with her mistress’s shoes. She hadn’t heard that chime in some time, and it struck her that the bell for 14B no longer resembled the bell for 1A. The new sound reminded her of ice crystals gently knocking together. It was lovely. She quickly finished fastening the shoes and stood. “Are you expecting someone?”

“I am.” Elizabeth nodded and adjusted her hair. “The building’s manager, dear.”

Natalie bit her lip and drank in her mistress’s beauty. “Might I ... have a kiss before we meet with him?”

“I’m sorry.” Elizabeth patted her on the cheek. “I can’t smudge my makeup. We don’t want to scare him off.” She strode past Natalie to the front door and opened it with a flourish. “Mr. Snead, good day.”

“Good day, Mrs. Norwood.” William Snead frowned deeply. He wasn’t normally the kind of man to fidget, but his fingers tugged on the pleat in his trousers. This woman made him uncomfortable. “What seems to be the problem?”

“Come in, and I’ll show you.” She beckoned him in with a warm smile. She quickly checked the hall outside her apartment. It was empty, so she closed the door.

“Good day, Mrs. Creech.” William, still fidgeting with his trousers, spotted the woman from 1A. “I don’t suppose ...” He looked around, stunned by the dilapidation in the

apartment. Things had gone so far south that there was vegetation growing on the walls and floor. “By Jove ... what in the ...?”

“It seems you noticed that a forest is springing up in my little apartment.” Elizabeth laughed merrily. “Now, let me ask you about the application process you went through to become the building’s manager.”

“What?” In a stupor of amazement, he walked past Natalie toward the bedrooms. It was worse the farther into the apartment he went. When he glanced out the window expecting to see New York, he gasped and had to support himself on the wall. “Is this ... a trick?” There was no city to be seen. Only a forest primeval rising high into the air.

“No trick.” Elizabeth walked up to the man, put her hand on his jaw, and roughly turned his eyes toward hers. “About my question? I would like to know how one becomes the building manager of 3838 Walnut Street.”

“I ... I ... I’m the manager.” He put his hand on her wrist and tried to loosen her grip, but she held firmly to his jaw.

“Not for long, my dear.” Elizabeth laughed.

Natalie winced, but she did not turn away when the torture began. It only took her mistress about thirty minutes to get the inside track on replacing William Snead. When she was satisfied, the man was a bloody wreck. Natalie still couldn’t look away, but she also couldn’t take another minute of his suffering. It was all so unexpected and ghastly. *Whatever She wants must be right. Even so, perhaps it should come to a close.* “Mistress, if he's answered all your questions. Could we let him go?”

“Yes, please.” William tried to stagger to his feet, but Elizabeth pushed him back down.

“Do you not apprehend what this is about, Mrs. Creech?” Elizabeth’s eyes flashed red and dagger-like claws extended from her fingers. She glanced at her servant, a feral smile on her face. “*You* are about to take over this building.” With a swipe of her hand, Elizabeth decapitated the erstwhile building manager. His head bounced on the floor with a few sickening thuds, and came to a rest. His eyes appeared to still be staring in stunned silence at the swaying trees outside the window.

“Oh, yes of course.” Natalie finally turned away. “I will do my best, mistress.”

~~

May 24, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

“Was he pathetic? I bet he was pathetic.” Abshir leaned in the doorway to the hallway bathroom. His sister had rolled in late that morning and gone straight to the shower. Now, she was wearing a dress and getting herself freshened up. He sniffed the air, thinking that Joe would have marked her with his seed last night, but he didn’t smell cum on her. Maybe she’d washed it off.

“What?” Hani was brushing her hair and daydreaming about her boyfriend. Her body was still thrumming from taking her first big cock. “What are you talking about?” She curled her lip in disgust and looked at her brother.

“Did you guys have sex last night?” Abshir wondered how best to approach his sister. Maybe he should make her think she was a dirty sock, too. He would have to ask Her. “How bad was he?”

“Ugh.” Hani rolled her eyes. She adjusted her glasses and stared at his face. “Did you get contacts or something?”

“What?” Abshir frowned at her. She wasn’t making it easy. Hani never made things easy. *We used to get along so well. Until she started dating Joe.* He shivered.

“Your glasses. You haven’t been wearing them.” Hani brushed her hair slower, distracted by her brother’s creepiness.

“No, I haven’t.” He nodded.

“Uuugghhh ... stop staring at me like that.” Hani frowned. “What did you do with Mom and Dad last night?”

“Not much. Had dinner and hung in my room by myself.” Abshir shrugged. “It wasn’t the prom or anything. I didn’t get boned by our neighbor down the hall.”

“Where’s Mom?” Hani was about ready to slam the door in his face.

“Still sleeping. I think she had a late night.” Abshir couldn’t wipe the smirk off his face.

“Out of my way.” Hani stood, smoothed out her long dress, and pushed past him into the hall. She was suddenly nervous that something had happened to her mother. *She’s fine. She’s fine. Ms. Eklund said to keep an eye on her. She didn’t say that the building would do something to her right away. She would have warned me.*

“Hey.” Abshir glared at her butt as she stormed to their parents’ room. The sight of her rolling ass calmed him. She was already as good as his. The bevy would expand.

Hani opened the door to her parents’ room. Her father wasn’t there. Of course he wasn’t, he never slept in. *He must have gone out before I got home.* That meant that her mother and Abshir had been alone together, perhaps for hours. “Mom?” Hani rushed to the bed

and pulled the covers back. "Are you okay?" Like her father, her mother didn't usually wake up late.

"Hani?" Uba smiled up at her daughter. She stretched, not caring about how revealing her nightgown was to her daughter's eyes. "I feel so ... satisfied." Her voice was slow and lazy. Her eyes moved languidly around the room. "What time is it?"

"It's almost noon." Hani didn't like the look of her mother. "Are you sick? Did something happen?"

"I'm ..." Uba still felt incredibly satisfied and relaxed, but seeing the worry on her daughter's face sharpened her focus. "I'm fine. I ... didn't mean to sleep in." The nightgown *was* revealing, so she sat up and covered her boobs. "Thank you for waking me, Hani. I'm sure we have lots to do today."

From his position leaning in the doorway, Abshir snickered.

"What's your problem?" Hani directed a scowl at him.

"Leave your brother alone. He was sad to miss prom, so we stayed up late watching movies together." Uba got out of bed, still covering her boobs with an arm. "He's probably tired."

"I *am* tired, Mom." Abshir ignored the hateful glances coming from his sister. "But not from going to bed late. I had a crazy workout yesterday."

"Oh ... I ... um ..." Uba's cheeks heated, and she rushed to the bathroom.

"I thought you said that you didn't see her after dinner last night." Hani pointed her hairbrush in accusation.

"Must have slipped my mind." Abshir shrugged and smiled.

Hani strode out of the room, elbowing her brother as she passed. She went to her room and locked the door. Something weird was going on for sure.

~~

July 31, 1994: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family and Rosalin Eklund.

"Oh ... my ..." Rosalin stopped in the doorway of Brian's room. The stag himself lay on his back napping on his bed. He was naked without any covers. A ray of afternoon sunshine warmed his pale, lean body. His somnolent cock rested contentedly on his thigh.

His mother was awake, sitting up. She had his head in her lap, stroking his hair and whispering sweet nothings to him. Darby's belly was swollen, and her nipples were large and dark on her heavy breasts.

Sylvie was also quite gravid, napping by Brian's legs. Her cheek was pressed to the thigh not occupied by his sleeping cock.

Rachel sat with her back to the wall in a daze. She still had her hoodie top on, but was wearing nothing on her lower half. Her legs were splayed, showing to the room the cum that oozed from her pussy. She wasn't as slim as she'd been to start the year. Her belly and breasts were swelling under her hoodie.

Sleeping on the floor were the two newest members of the bevy. Both were co-eds that Brian had picked up outside a Mid-town bar several weeks before. The brunette, Sandy, had pale skin and a slim body. The blond, Peg, had tan lines around her curviest bits. They were both leaking cum.

"What are we going to do with you, Brian?" Rosalin moved about the room gathering her maternity dress as she stepped over things. She picked up the trumpet and regarded it, holding the instrument with one hand, and her belly with the other.

"Be careful with that." Darby smiled at Rosalin.

"This isn't sustainable." Rosalin put the trumpet on his desk. She didn't bother to whisper. She didn't care if she woke anyone.

"It's not supposed to be. This is about change." Darby grinned and looked down at her sleeping son. "I made him, and together we're going to make a goddess."

"And what will the goddess make?" Rosalin rubbed her belly. What sort of world would she bring her child into?

"Exactly. Exactly." Darby nodded enthusiastically. "A new world. We can't even imagine what will become of this city. So many lives changed."

"Anyhoo." Rosalin pulled off her dress and stepped over Peg. She dropped the dress on Brian's desk chair and crawled onto the bed. "Do you think he's ready? I haven't felt his dick since yesterday." Rosalin hated to admit it, but she was long past caring what the Kwons thought of her.

"Let me check." Darby leaned over, dangling her boobs onto his chest. She reached out and hefted her son's balls. "He's teeming with life. Just like always." She flashed a white crescent of a grin at the other woman. "All aboard."

Rosalin pushed Darby's hand away, quickly kissed the woman on the lips, and grasped the torpid shaft. She pumped life into him with steady even strokes. "Ohhhhh ... it's always such a shock to see it grow."

“Imagine my surprise the first time I saw that thing hard.” Darby shook her head. “The funny thing was, there was a time before that ... um ... I walked in on him right after we moved into this building. He was touching himself while looking at pictures on the computer. I could have sworn that his penis wasn’t all veiny and ... it seemed much smaller. Do boys continue to develop at the age of eighteen?”

“Some do.” Rosalin wasn’t surprised to learn this. The building had corrupted Brian’s mind, why not his body, too? The worst part of it was that she didn’t care. As long as that dick was in the apartment with her, she was going to crave it. It didn’t matter how evil it was. “I’m going to ride him, now.” She straddled him, which wasn’t as easy as it used to be. Her body was much more ungainly. Holding her belly with one hand, and his cock with the other, she settled her hips and guided him in. “Oooooohhhhhh ... why does that feel ... so good?”

“Because my son is a breeder, Rosalin. He was made to breed.” Darby stroked his black, silky hair. When she looked down at this face, she saw that he was awake and smiling up at her.

“You don’t know how ... uuuggghhhhh ... true ... that probably ... is ... uuuggghhhh,” Rosalin said. Even with the difficulty of her gravid body, her undulating movements were smooth and rhythmic. She had been getting lots of practice, that was for sure.

“I bred you ... didn’t I?” Brian turned his grin on Rosalin.

“Yesssssss ... yesssssss ... you did.” Rosalin saw stars dance before her eyes. She was going to cum very quickly this time. The knobby head of Brian’s dick was pressing on a spot at the back of her womb. “Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii.” She threw her head back and screamed.

The rest of the bevy woke and sat up, watching the mating couple. They all knew exactly how Rosalin felt as the woman went wild with ecstasy.

~~

May 24, 2015: Apartment 12C, the Marland family.

“So ... Joey ... how was prom?” Carrie jogged next to her son through Central Park. It was a warm afternoon, and sweat dripped off her. She worked on her breathing as she listened to her son talk about his friends, the music, and the general scene. Her ears perked up when he moved on to stories about the after-party. She noticed how easily her son was breathing as he regaled her. He had turned into such an athlete. Her eyes darted around the park, but kept coming back to him. She was so in awe of his fluid grace and his seemingly boundless youthful energy. His youthful, male energy. Her

gaze darted to the bouncing member under the front of his shorts. Icy tingles went down her spine, and she quickly looked away.

“Mom? I asked you a question.” Joe smiled easily. He could see that his mother was uncomfortable. He was so relaxed these days that he had a tendency to over-share. He often had to make sure he wasn’t pushing things too far.

“What?” She caught his confident gaze. If her face wasn’t already bright red from the effort of keeping up with him, she would have blushed.

“I asked if you want to hear about ... my relationship with Hani. You did buy us the condoms after all.” He winked at her and immediately regretted it. He could see her brow crease with worry.

“Yes! Please tell me ... you used ... the condoms.”

“We used them all right.” Joe figured some moms would be open enough to hear about their son’s sex lives. And he knew she was curious. She listened to him and Hani through the door to his room often enough. “We used four condoms, actually. One of them broke, and we ... um ... enjoyed the other ones. By the way, Hani laughed when she heard that you offered to show me ... how to put one on.” He chuckled remembering Hani’s face at the time.

“You ... told her ... about that!?” Carrie was aghast. “I was only ... trying to help you.”

“It’s cool, Mom. You’re a cool mom.” Joe’s laugh echoed off a copse of nearby trees. “Both Hani and I appreciate how supportive ... you are of us. She has more experience than ... me. So she ... showed me how to put them on.”

Carrie wanted to chew her fingernails, but that wasn’t really possible on a jog. “Well ... okay then. And ... the condoms ... fit? They weren’t ... too big?” She glanced at the front of his shorts again. “Or too small?”

“They fit fine.”

“Are you sure?” She could feel that she was about to say something stupid. He brought it out in her lately. “I should check ... to make sure ... they fit. A pregnancy would ruin ... your life ... and Hani’s.”

Joe started to laugh it off, but stopped when he saw the crazed sincerity in her eyes. He slowed to a walk and pulled his mom off the trail, under the shade of an oak tree. He lowered his voice. They stood eye to eye. “I know you care about me, but I don’t think that’s normal, Mom.”

“But I want to,” Carrie blurted. “I mean, I feel ... strongly about it ... as your mother.” She was still panting. “I did the same thing ... for both of your brothers.” *Great, now I’m lying to him.* Her gaze got lost in his eyes. He was breathtakingly charismatic. “Your

brothers ... understood that ... it was important. But ... um ... don't ask them about it. They wanted it ... to be private ... between me and them."

"Fine, Mom." Joe shrugged. If his mother wanted to test condoms on him, it was no skin off his back. He tried to remember how he would have felt about such a thing before 3838 Walnut Street. He decided that his old self would have probably been mortified. "Sure, we can do it when we get back to the apartment." He headed back to the trail, stopping when his mother didn't follow. "Come on, we still have a long way to go."

Carrie's knees were practically knocking together. *What have I done? He said yes!* "Sorry, sweetie. Just ... catching my breath." She jogged after him, wondering what the rest of her day would be like.

~~

May 24, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

"What was Hani's problem this morning?" Abshir was in his parents' bathroom, sitting on the toilet lid. He looked down at his mother, who was lovingly working his ball with her mouth while pumping his cock with her left hand. The shaft obscured half her face. The glint of her wedding ring reinforced the idea that he still had a long way to go with her. She wasn't *his* yet.

Uba spit out the testicle and moved the penis to the side so she could look up at him with both eyes. The position, kneeling before him as she was, struck her as not conducive to having a meaningful conversation with her son. Nevertheless, she continued. "Your sister suspects something. I told you that." She continued jerking his penis as she talked. "We have to find a way to throw her off the scent."

Abshir sniffed the air. His mother still smelled fertile, but he didn't think that was the scent she meant. "We don't need to fool her. I don't plan on sneaking around like this for long." He gestured to the locked door.

"Um ..." Uba gulped. "Because ... you're going back to abstinence?" She didn't like that thought. Not one bit. She had taken her bite of the apple, and now what she wanted most in the world was ... more apple. "You know that won't be good for you. These ..." She grabbed his testicle with her right hand and gently squeezed. "... will get all backed up. You're a special boy, Abshir. You have so much stored in there, that I fear it might harm you more than other eighteen-year-olds."

"Damn, I was going to argue with you, but hearing you say those things makes me want to bury my dick in your pussy." He grabbed her shoulders and pulled her up.

“I have a hard time when you talk like that, sweetheart.” But Uba didn’t act like she was having a hard time. She quickly straddled his lap and guided him in. Her eyelids fluttered when he spread out her vagina. “Remember ... to be quiet ... your sister ... is home.”

“She’s in her room, listening to music. We’ll be ... uuuggghhhh.” Abshir lost his train of thought. His mother’s pussy was too tight, hot, and wet. “I ... love you ... Mom.”

“I ... eh ... eh ... love you ... too ... sweetheart.” She was already bouncing on him. How had such an insane and unthinkable act so quickly become second nature to her? It felt like she’d always known how to ride a magnificent penis. Her son’s magnificent penis. “Oooohhhhh ... my ... I’m already ... going to ...” Her recently started hips stopped. Her eyes rolled back, her body stiffened, and she went completely silent. There was no joy comparable to having the domed head of Abshir’s penis wedged at the back of her vagina.

“Damn ... Mom ... you’re already cumming.” Abshir chuckled. He stared into her face. It looked like she was having a stroke. He supposed he was short-circuiting her brain in a way. When her facial expression returned to somewhere closer to normal, he reached around and slapped her hefty ass. “Get going ... Mom ... I think we’re going ... to have a long day.”

“Yesssssssss.” Uba slowly nodded and put her hips in motion again. “A very ... eh ... eh ... long ... eehhhhhh ... day ... for your ... dirty sock.”

~~

May 24, 2015: Apartment 12C, the Marland family.

“Oh ... my gosh ... oh ... my gosh. If the other church wives saw me now, they’d ...” Carrie was still in her running clothes, still covered in perspiration. They were in her bathroom with the door closed. The box of XXL condoms was on the counter next to her. Her son’s shorts were around his ankles. She stared at the bulge in his underwear.

“I’m sure some of the church ladies have done this for their friends.” Joe shrugged. “I mean, you said it wasn’t that big a deal.”

“I ... yes ... I’m sure many of them ... ohhhhh ... gosh!” She put a hand to her mouth when he lowered his underwear and his long, soft penis fell out and dangled. “It was so big in your underwear, I thought you were already hard.”

“I have to be around a hot woman to get a boner. No offense, Mom, but you’re my mom.” He rubbed his chin. “Of course, that does make the condom thing a problem.”

“Right ... of course. Well, I am your mother.” Carrie hoped he wouldn’t notice her trembling. “I’ll turn around and you can touch it with your hands. Think about Hani. Then ... you’ll put the condom on and we can inspect it.” She turned around and looked at the wall.

“You really did this with Justin and Mark?” Joe reached for the lotion.

“Yes, of course.” Carrie nodded, still looking away. She winced at the wet sound of him pumping lotion into his hands. And then ... she buzzed at the squelching sounds that followed. She had heard him masturbate many times before. But that had been through a bedroom door. Now, she was in the same room! *I’ve lost my mind! There’s no other explanation.* Her body went through all sorts of involuntary reflexes when she first heard him grunt his satisfaction on the other side of the bathroom. Perspiration sprung anew on her skin, butterflies flapped madly in her stomach, and her vagina was doing something ... odd. She had never felt it tingle like that before. Her body was taut and tense, her fists clenching as she listened and listened. She wondered if it would ever be time to turn around, or if she would simply spontaneously combust while he pulled his penis behind her.

“Okay ... Mom. I’ve been thinking about Hani, and that did the trick.” He didn’t let his mother know he’d been thinking about Rosalin Eklund at the same time. Joe released his turgid dick, letting it cantilever away from him. It bounced slightly with his pulse.

“Okay.” Carrie reached for the box of condoms and pulled one out. With shaking fingers, she tore the packet. “Would you like me to show you how to put it on?” She didn’t know why her voice had suddenly turned reedy. She reached behind her, holding out the condom.

Joe’s laugh filled the enclosed space. “I told you, Hani showed me how. I’ll take that.” He took the condom and rolled it onto his dick without much issue. “Okay, Mom. You can turn around and inspect.”

“Right. Let’s make sure it fits.” She didn’t turn around. Her heart was beating faster now than when she’d been on her jog. She felt like it was going to thump its way right out of her chest. She tried to control her breathing.

“Mom?” Joe watched her back quickly rise and fall. She looked like she was panting. “You can turn around now.”

“Right. Right. Here goes.” Carrie turned around, her eyes immediately drawn to her son’s penis. “Oh ... my ... gosh.” She had known it was big, but the idea of it hadn’t prepared her for the reality. She had been with several men in her life, and her son looked like he was a different species from them. *How can he be a different species from his father? They share the same DNA.* Her eyes got very round and her jaw went slack. A

furrow of shock and confusion formed on her forehead. Her breathing got even more rapid. "Gosh ... Joey ... you aren't like ... the others."

"You mean my brothers?" Joe put his hands on his hips, waiting for her inspection.

"Yeah ... you're bigger ... than them." She took a step toward her son. Her mind was swimming, the room seemed to be spinning, and she wavered side to side. "Joey ... you're having ... an odd effect on ..." Carrie keeled sideways.

Joe caught his mother as she fainted. "Mom?" He looked at her face, but she was out cold. "Well, that was weird." He picked her up in his arms and carried her into her bedroom. He still had his shorts and underwear around his ankles, so he had to shuffle with her across the floor. He spotted one of the gargoyles positioned as if it was looking in at them through the window. He wondered what he looked like to it, waddling with his cock sheathed in the brightly colored condom, his mother still dressed for their jog hanging limply in his arms.

"You okay, Mom?" Joe put her down on her bed, resting her head on the pillow. She didn't answer. She was still passed out. He felt for her pulse in her neck. It was beating rapidly. "Don't worry, I'll wait here until you feel better." Joe removed the condom, pulled up his underwear and shorts, and sat down next to her. He picked up a book from her nightstand and started reading.

## Chapter 33

### Control Your Son: He's Trying to Start a Fight

May 27, 2015: Apartments 12C and 12E, the Dahir and Marland families.

"I think I'm ready to try it again." Hani took off her hijab, folded it, and put it on the back of Joe's desk chair.

"It?" Joe trained his affable smile on his girlfriend.

"Your dick, dude." Hani rolled her eyes. "My pussy's still sore, but things are getting better down there."

"I suppose you *have* been walking funny the last few days." Joe quickly undressed. They had run home from school, and there was a sheen of perspiration on his skin.

"I'd like to see you sit on a telephone pole and then not walk funny." Hani removed her long, black dress. "Now, where are those condoms?"

"In the nightstand." Joe continued to undress.

"Not the most original place for condoms, Marland." Hani removed her bra and pranced over to the nightstand, making sure to jiggle in his line of sight. She opened the drawer, took out the box of condoms, and looked inside. "Hey, there's one missing. Are you stepping out on me?"

"Um ... no ..." Joe shook his head. "How do you know there's one missing?"

"We used four. There should be eight left. There's seven." She narrowed her eyes and looked at Joe. "Oh ... my God. You did fuck someone else. You look guilty. You never look guilty. Who was it? Did you go and see Ms. Eklund without me?"

"Look, I'm sorry. My mom was mortified, so she asked me not to tell you." Joe told her about his mother making him try on the condom and subsequently fainting. "She made me promise not to tell you."

"Your mother ... saw you with a condom on? Like ... with your cock ... looking like that?" She pointed at his dick. The fat, turgid thing nodded with his pulse. It looked like it was affirming her statement. "That's ... fucking ... weird."

"It's not." Joe shook his head. "She did the same thing for both of my brothers."

"She did not." Hani shook her head. "I swear ... this building ..." Hani put the condom box back in the drawer. She stepped across the room, picked up her bra, and put it back on.

“Look, the only reason I didn’t tell you was because she asked me not to.” Joe’s dick was still raging hard. It hadn’t yet got the memo on the changing mood in the room. “Normally, I tell you everything. But ... she’s my mom.”

“It’s fucking weird, Joe.” Hani wiggled into her dress. “Are you going to try on cock rings for her next?”

“That’s not fair.” Joe shook his head. He pulled on his underwear and pants. His dick was restrained, but it stuck up above his waistband. “Why are you angry? Because I didn’t tell you right away?”

“Because you’re showing your dick to your mom, dude! And then lying to me about it.” Hani put her hijab back on. “That’s ... fucking ... weird.”

“It wasn’t sexual. I mean ... she’s my mom. It’s not like she’s competition for you.” Joe pulled his t-shirt back on.

“Ugh ... that’s such a gross thing to hear.” Hani pressed her lips together and stared at her boyfriend. He was so handsome, and his face was incredibly sincere. She almost forgave him on the spot. “No ... no ...” She shook her head. “I need to think. There’s something wrong here.” She turned and ran to the door. When she opened it, she nearly tripped over Carrie, who had obviously been listening to them. “Are you fucking kidding me?” Hani gave Joe an I-told-you-so glance and stormed out of the apartment.

Carrie looked at Joe with trepidation. He didn’t seem angry. He seemed dejected more than anything else. “I’m sorry. Do you want to talk about it?”

“How much did you hear?” Joe pressed his lips into a thin line and crossed his arms.

“I ... um ... I didn’t ...” Carrie looked down at her housedress and fussed with it like there were some wrinkles that urgently needed her attention. “I didn’t hear anything.”

“You heard everything.” Joe shrugged. “It is weird, isn’t it? Showing you my cock like that, I mean.”

“I’m sorry.” Carrie’s heart swelled with a need to comfort him. He was so handsome and lovely. And he was hers. He was her creation. Her responsibility. “You need a hug.” Carrie pulled her son’s arms off his chest and circled her arms around his shoulders. She pressed her lean body up against his leaner physique. He was still hard from his girlfriend leaving him high and dry, and it felt like a steel bar was pressing into her belly. “I’m so sorry. Mommy’s here for you.”

Joe didn’t question it. He hugged his mother back. *Was the condom thing weird?* It was hard for him to judge. He was so easy-going these days that negative thoughts rolled right off him. He put his hands on his mother’s strong back. “Thanks, Mom. It’s fine. I should have just told Hani about the condom thing right away. Lesson learned.”

“You’re so wise.” Carrie’s body was thrumming in her son’s arms. She pulled her head back so she could look into his eyes. “You’re so wise and beautiful, Joey. I can’t believe I was ever worried about how you’d turn out.”

“Me either.” Joe laughed.

“Oh ... my ...” Her gaze fell to his smiling lips. She was a moth winging herself toward flame. “I’m always here for you. When you need me.” Without thinking, Carrie committed the largest sin of her life. She pressed her lips to her son’s lips. Her tongue quickly darted into his mouth. It was clear that she should never do a thing so perverted, but she didn’t abate. Arguments for why she should stop came and went in her mind, and she only became more aggressive with her tongue. She had a wonderful marriage. What Gabe didn’t know wouldn’t hurt him. Not long ago, the thought of Frenching her son would have made her vomit. Now, it made her want to dance.

Joe took hold of her shoulders and pushed her away, holding her at arm’s length. “Mom ... what are you doing?” His heart raced. He was suddenly questioning fundamental aspects of his life that had until that moment gone completely unassailed. *Is my mother ... hot?*

“Oh ... I ... um ... was trying to comfort you, sweetie.” Carrie’s cheeks turned red. She licked her lips and lost herself in the calm depth of his gaze.

“Did you do this with Justin and Mark?” He studied her face, expecting to find doubt there. He was met by the undying expression of a mother’s love.

“No ... no ... don’t be silly.” Carrie’s heart rattled her ribcage. “I kiss your brothers on the cheek sometimes. But ... you’re special, sweetie. And ... you just had a fight with Hani. I want to *be* there for you.”

Joe shrugged. He was sorting through his feelings and found that he liked this. And why shouldn’t he do what he liked? He was the wolf, after all. “Awwwwwoooooooooooooooooo.”

Carrie flinched from the sudden, feral noise. She watched in awe as her son howled like a beast. He had so much confidence. Her vagina was doing that novel tingling thing again. When he quieted down, she found that she was trembling. “Why did you do that?”

“Because I’m happy, Mom.” Joe grinned. “Because I love you.”

“Oh ... Joey ... I love you, too! Does that mean I can ... comfort you some more?” Carrie returned his smile. Despite what should have been an intensely odd and awkward situation, she felt at ease.

“Yes.” Joe released his grip on her shoulders and brought her into another embrace.

~~

Down the hall in 12E, Hani paused outside her brother's room. The sounds were unmistakable. Her stupid twin brother was fucking the shit out of some slut. Hani had hardly ever seen him with girls at school, especially recently. She couldn't imagine how he had become such a Lothario. *I don't have to imagine it, Ms. Eklund told us.* Icy tendrils went down her spine. She backtracked to the kitchen and found her mother's purse where she usually left it. Her mother never left the house without her purse. "No ... no ... it can't be ..."

Hani texted Joe. *I think something's going on. Can you come over?* She waited a minute, but he didn't answer. Quietly, she went to her parents' room, but didn't find her mother. Uba wasn't in the bathrooms or the living room either. That brought Hani back to the hall where her brother's grunts and the sounds of slapping skin moved through the door in a muffled cacophony. "It's not her. It's not," Hani whispered. She put her hand on the doorknob, took several deep breaths, and opened the door.

~~

August 4, 1994: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family and Rosalin Eklund.

Rosalin was having a hard time sleeping. It wasn't the baby kicking in her belly that kept Rosalin up. It wasn't even the thought of what sort of apocalyptic world she would bring her son into. She worked hard not to think about that, hoping that whatever magic the building had would stay contained. It was the grunts, squeals, and rhythmic thumping that were turning Rosalin into an insomniac. Usually, Brian liked to hump his bevy in his own room. But tonight, he was with his mother in what had once been his parents' room, and was now the room Darby shared with Rosalin.

"Shit, will you two keep it down?" Rosalin rolled onto her back. Her gravid body moved ponderously. She felt like a whale. Despite the fact that Darby was even bigger than her, Brian held his mother in the air. He had a hand and foot attached to the ceiling, and he wrapped the other arm and leg around his mother. Darby's head was hanging in such a way that her eyes were looking upside down toward Rosalin. But Rosalin doubted the ecstatic woman saw her.

"Brian ... Brian ... oooooohhhhhhhh." Darby was in heaven in her son's arms. Nothing could compare. "Here comes ... another one ... eeeeeiiiiiiii!" Her heavy breasts and belly moved like the tides as her son slammed into her. When her orgasm passed, she found that she was looking down at Rosalin, although her perspective was inverted. Her bevy

wife was in their bed, rubbing her vagina like she was trying to kindle a fire down there. Brian constantly made Rosalin's loins burn with desire. "Ros ... Ros ... Rosalin ... do you see ... the goddess ... in here?" Darby held her rocking belly for emphasis.

"Oh ... shit ... you guys." Rosalin's face was contorted. Upon seeing them, she had completely forgotten about sleep. "You look ... so wrong ... up there."

"You look wrong ... down there." Brian leapt down to the bed, removed his dick from his mother's pussy with a wet, slurping sound, and placed her next to Rosalin. "Your turn ... Rosalin." He lifted Rosalin into the air and sprung back to the ceiling. These women were much heavier than they'd been months before, but he didn't mind. "Gonna ... fuck ... my doe ... again." Brian positioned her pussy and shoved into her with a grunt.

"Uuuuuggggghhhhhh." Rosalin surrendered herself to the tidal waves of pleasure. She always did. She might talk some smack, but she always spread her legs. As long as Brian's pulse thumped in his cock, she didn't think she would ever leave that building. "I'm ... ugh ... ugh ... I'm ... uuuggghhhhh ... yours ... Brian. Fuck me ... as much as you want."

Brian barked out a laugh between grunts. "Okay ... then." His hips went into overdrive.

Darby stared up at them and masturbated to her heart's content. Everything was right at 3838 Walnut Street.

~~

August 4, 1994: Apartment 14B, the Norwood family.

He could smell her. Rob could smell her whenever she was on the fourteenth floor. Hell, he could smell her sometimes from different parts of the building. Not long ago, he was sure he'd caught the scent of her having sex a floor or two below them. He snarled. The bitch was cruel and evil. Once he got out of his cage, he would tear that woman limb from limb.

The door to 14A opened, and he sat up. Rob loathed when Elizabeth or her lackey showed up. It was terrible how much he longed to see someone, even them. The relief at hearing the door open flooded him with rage and shame.

"Have you been a good puppy?" Elizabeth strode into the wild, empty apartment, carrying a bag of bagels. "Are you hungry?"

"Gggrrrrrrrrrrrr." Rob paced inside his cell, a low, rumbling, growl coming from him. "Let ... me ... out." His voice was hoarse and croaking from disuse.

“Oh ... I will.” Elizabeth dropped the bag close enough for him to reach through the bars. She studied his long dirty nails and the filthy rags that he wore. “I know it’s been trying for you. But you have an important part to play. I promise, it will be worth it once you’re free.” Her bright, white smile was warm and inviting.

“You’re nothing but lies.” Rob snatched the bag and tore it open. Bagels spilled out onto the moss of his floor. He picked one up and gnawed on it.

“I have nothing but truth for you.” She shrugged like she didn’t much care if he believed her.

“You ... tricked me ... you ... lured me.” He spoke with his mouth full. All the manners his mother had worked so hard to instill in him were gone. He was a shell of the young man he’d been all those months ago, when he’d caught a glimpse of this woman’s tits and followed her right to hell.

“You’ll thank me someday.” Elizabeth nodded. “And that day is soon, so take heart.” She studied his dirty face. “Do you still smell the buck?”

Rob nodded slowly.

“And what would you do if you found him?” Elizabeth cocked her head.

“Grrrrrrrrr,” he growled around his second bagel.

“That’s good. That’s marvelous.” Elizabeth clapped her hands. “Enjoy the meal. We’ll see you soon.”

Rob watched her round, beguiling ass leave the room. He remembered following that ass into this building. He remembered thinking she was the most beautiful thing in the world. But, of course, he should have listened to his mother more closely when she’d warned him to never judge a book by its cover.

~~

May 27, 2015: Apartments 12C and 12E, the Dahir and Marland families.

“No ... fucking ... way.” Hani stood with her hand on her brother’s open door. She still wore her hijab and long dress, but she had discovered that her mother and brother were not so modestly dressed. The woman who had always taught Hani how to act like a proper lady, was on all fours, wearing the most ridiculous, pink lingerie Hani could imagine. Her mother’s face was twisted. Her eyes stared at nothing, unseeing through fogged glasses. Uba was making a strange whining sound from deep in her throat.

Abshir was grabbing fistfuls of their mother's pliable ass. He was slamming his hips into her butt with long, punishing strokes. He was naked, not even wearing his glasses.

"You're home ... ugh ... ugh ... early." Abshir winked at his sister like he'd been expecting her. Truth be told, he should have heard and smelled her when she entered the apartment, but his mother had distracted him from other senses.

"Snnnnooooorrrkkkkk!" Uba let out a wild snort of surprise. Her vision came into focus on her daughter's horrified face. "Oh ... oh ... oh ... no ... no ... noooooooo!" This was a nightmare. She'd lost her job because of her son. Her marriage was falling apart. And now, she could see from Hani's expression that she was going to lose her daughter, too. "Abshir ... ooohhhhhhhh ... stop ... ssssttoooppppp ... ugh ... ugh."

Abshir did not stop fucking his mother. He did, however, add a little pause at the apex of each stroke. He felt that it added a little more drama to the sex. Would he stop, or wouldn't he? He looked down at the way the pink sleeve of her pussy gripped him on the way out, protruding well down the shaft. "You should ... see this ... Hani." He grinned at the sight. "Mom's pussy ... hugs my dick ... like a sock. A ... ugh ... ugh ... dirty ... sock."

So many different feelings and thoughts hit Hani. Confusion was what dominated. She stared at her mother's tortured face, watching her helplessly brace herself for each impact. "Stop ... it ... both of you."

"I'm ... sorry ... Hani." Uba's eyes rolled back, she stiffened, and her mouth froze in a silent scream.

Hani stared at her, horror pushed through the confusion. And there was something else stirring inside her, but she refused to acknowledge it.

"Don't ... worry." Abshir stopped humping for a moment, holding himself firmly buried inside their mother. "Don't look so ... scared. She's not dying ... or anything. This is what ... Mom looks like ... when she's cumming." Abshir let out a barking laugh.

Hani turned and ran. *I'm dreaming ... I'm dreaming ... I'm dreaming.* Her brother's laughter followed her out of the apartment. She slammed the door behind her and raced down the pristine, art deco hallway. *She tried to warn us.* The door to 12C was still unlocked. She opened it. She wanted to scream for Joe to help her, but she couldn't get any words out. So, she ran into the apartment. She found her boyfriend right where she'd left him in the doorway to his bedroom. He was in his mother's arms. Hani's legs turned to Jello, and she lurched to the side, reaching out to the wall to keep from crashing into it.

Joe heard the thump in the hall and removed his tongue from his mother's mouth. He pushed her away and stared at Hani, who looked like she'd just seen death. He should

have heard her come down the hall and open the door, but he had been too distracted. “Hani ... this is ...”

“Oh ... my gosh ...” Carrie’s cheeks were blazing crimson. “Hani ... dear ... I was just ... we were just ... um ... well ...” She started chewing on her nails.

“This ...” Hani pointed a finger back and forth between mother and son. “This ... is fucking weird. And the worst part ... is that I needed you, Joe. I fucking needed you to not be ... a stupid motherfucker.” Hani turned and ran from the apartment.

“Hani ... wait.” Joe ran after her. He stopped out in the hall. She wasn’t running back to her apartment. She was running toward the elevator. He stopped, watching her turn at the door to the stairs and disappear, descending down the building. “Where is she going?” He said to no one. The smell of sex was suddenly strong in the hall. Joe turned and saw his mother peeking out of their open door. But she wasn’t the source of the scent. Farther down the hall, Abshir stood naked with his hands on his hips. His hard dick was on full display, rivaling Joe’s own cock in girth and length. Uba’s head, without a hijab, was peeking out of the doorway, very much like Carrie was. The woman looked scared. “What did you do?” Joe growled toward Abshir.

“I was minding my own business, asshole.” Abshir hated the sight of Joe so much that it killed his boner. “I suggest you do the same.”

“What did you say?” Joe tried to remember being friends with this person. It hadn’t been that long ago, but it seemed like ages. They were both eighteen. They liked the same games and had the same sense of humor. But now, when Joe looked at him, he saw red.

Carrie stepped out of the doorway and grasped her son’s shoulder. “Don’t do anything stupid.” She glanced at the dark, naked boy in the hall with apprehension and then looked back at her son. “He’s crazy. Leave him be.”

“You want some, Ahab?” Abshir gave the Marlands the middle finger and thrust his hips at them, making his heavy, flaccid cock swing.

“Uba, control your son. He’s trying to start a fight.” Carrie lost her grip on Joe as he took several steps down the hall. She redoubled her efforts to contain his anger, hugging him and digging her heels into the carpet. Even so, he dragged her along.

“I’m sorry, Carrie.” Uba didn’t move. She was, of course, keeping her lingerie-clad body out of sight. “Abshir, sweetheart, get back in here. We need to discuss what happened.” She could feel a trickle of sperm run down the inside of her thigh. Every step into blissful perversion with Abshir had led to another part of her life spiraling away. If he kept taunting the boy down the hall, Uba would have to go out there and drag him back. That would mean exposing herself to the Marlands and any other neighbor who wanted

to see what the ruckus was about. She gripped the doorframe tightly. "Abshir ... you're naked ... get back here. You're embarrassing me," she hissed.

"I'm going to fuck you up." Joe closed the distance between himself and Abshir. He was barely aware of dragging his mother along with him.

"Joey, you need to go after Hani. She's confused and upset." Carrie was trying to wrap her head around the whirlwind of that afternoon. *Was I really making out with Joey just minutes ago? That seems impossible.* Not only had it happened, but it had been all her. *He's so handsome that I couldn't help myself. His own mother.* She pulled on his chest with renewed force. "No ... Joey ... Hani needs you."

Joe stopped about ten feet from Abshir. He watched Uba leap from the doorway. The woman was dressed in absurd, pink lingerie. Her body jiggled and swayed as she grabbed Abshir and pulled him back into the apartment. The door to 12E slammed. The Dahirs were gone. "Huh?" Joe stared at the door, trying to make sense of it.

"What in the world?" Carrie was dumbfounded. "Was she ...?" Still holding tightly to her son, she replayed the last few minutes in her mind. Her brain got stuck on the size of Abshir's penis. Earlier, Carrie had mused that Joe was a different species from his father, or any of the men Carrie had been with. But he seemed to be the same species as Abshir. Or, maybe all teenagers were built with giant units now. It was beyond confusing.

"Mom ... Mom ..." Joe shook his mother's shoulders. "It's okay. I think I know what's happening. You were right, I need to go find Hani. Go home, okay?" His mother didn't move, she only looked at him blankly. So, he picked her up, carried her back to his apartment, and put her down inside. "Stay here, Mom."

"Joey?" Carrie rubbed her forehead.

"Yeah?"

"Why was your friend naked?" A furrow of confusion creased her brow. "And why was Uba dressed like that?"

"I'll tell you later." He didn't want to explain to her that their neighbors, mother and son, had been having sex. He especially didn't want to explain it since he and his mom had just been making out. He would have to ask Rosalin why he'd kissed his mother. That was completely out of left field, but what was happening in 12E had been predicted to him. "I have to go after Hani now. Keep this door locked. Don't open it, especially if Abshir comes around."

Carrie's eyes went wide thinking of that dark, lean boy with the giant penis just down the hall. "Locked. Got it." Her son went to kiss her on the cheek. Embarrassingly, she thought he wanted another kiss on the lips, so she turned her face toward him. They awkwardly bumped noses.

“Okay ... I’m going after Hani.” Joe stepped into the hall, closed the door, and raced toward the stairs.

~~

In the kitchen of apartment 12E, Uba was furious. She stood with her hands on her hips, trying her hardest to look fierce in pink lingerie. “This is a disaster. A disaster. I don’t know what I was thinking ... doing all that stuff with you. It stops now. Hani may never speak to me again. How can I even look her in the eye? And ... you ... standing naked in the hall with no shame. Mrs. Marland saw your penis. Do you know that? And she saw me in this!” She gestured to her body.

“Are you done?” Abshir wasn’t worried. His mother was still his dirty sock. And his sister would be next. If anything, today’s events helped move things along.

“Am I done? Not hardly.” Uba stamped her foot. “Look at me when I’m talking to you.”

“I am looking at you.” Abshir stared at her tits as they shook with her angry movements.

“Look at me up here.” She pointed to her eyes. “You’re still not looking! Abshir, my life is ruined. You ruined it ... with your ... penis.” She glanced down to see the monster between his legs rising. “No ... no ... we cannot ... you can’t possibly.” She shook her head. Her purse was nearby, she could give his appendage a solid wallop like she had in the past. But she didn’t reach for her purse. “What if your father walks in next? That would destroy *everything*. We have to stop this now before it’s too late.”

“It’s too late.” Abshir took a possessive step toward his mother. “You’re mine.”

“No, I’m not.” Uba backed up against the wall. “I need ... to clear my mind.” She stared at the wide, domed head of his penis. It was leaking copious amounts of clear fluid. She imagined that hungry looking member nestled at the back of her womb. “We need to clear our heads.”

“No, we don’t.” Abshir moved quickly toward her.

A couple minutes later, Uba found herself in the now familiar position of lying on her belly with her legs together. Her son was spearing her from behind like a mad monkey, his feet firmly planted on the floor just outside Uba’s wide hips. She pressed her fingers into the floor so hard she thought she might remove flooring. “Eh ... eh ... eh ... soooooooooo ... goooooooooood ... sweetheart.” Her head nodded forward with each impact her body absorbed. It was odd to think that only a few weeks ago, she hadn’t even known about this ecstatic sex position. And only minutes ago, she had thought the

affair was over between her and her wayward son. It seemed that for the novel parts of her life to grow, the old parts needed to fall away.

“You’re ... ugh ... ugh ... mine ... Mom.” Abshir slammed savagely into his mother over and over, trying with all his might to pierce her very soul.

“Yessssss ... eh ... eh ... yessssssss.” Uba nodded, her black curly hair falling around her face. “I’m ... yours ... Abshir ... I’m your ... dirty ... sock. Soak me ... with your stuff ... and I’ll ... eh ... eh ... eehhhhhh ... soak it ... all up.” And that’s exactly what she did.

## Chapter 34

### There Was a Loud Snap

May 27, 2015: Apartment 9B: Rosalin Eklund.

The doorbell rang over and over. Someone was leaning on it. “Are you expecting anyone?” Rosalin rose from her son’s bed and started dressing.

“You’re my whole world, Mom. Who else is there?” Steven lay naked, uncovered. His soft cock was resting on his hip, and his gaze idled on his mother’s lovely ass as she shimmied into her panties.

“Shut up, bozo.” Rosalin screwed her face into a sardonic smile and looked over at him. “No mother wants to hear that. You’re twenty-two. At some point, you’ll have to break away from me.” She put on her bra as the doorbell kept ringing. “You’ll have to break away from this building.” She pulled on a sweater and picked up her jeans.

“Have to, maybe.” Steven shrugged. “Want to, nah.”

“Get dressed, Steve.” Rosalin hopped on one foot as she left the room while pulling on her jeans. She finished buttoning and zipping them before checking the front door spyhole and seeing Hani there. Rosalin opened the door.

“Everything’s going crazy, Ms. Eklund. You were right about my brother and mom. You were wrong about Joe and Mrs. Marland.” Hani blinked repeatedly, fighting back tears.

“Ssh ... don’t say anything.” Rosalin reached out, put her hand on the girl’s mouth, and dragged her into the apartment. She half-carried, half-pulled Hani to the living room, where one of the gargoyles peered in through the window. “I know you’re crying and that something happened, but we have to kiss now. Do you understand?” By placing a finger on her chin, Rosalin turned Hani’s pretty, dark face up toward hers. “I swear I’m not trying to take advantage of you. But this isn’t my building. It’s hardly my life.”

“I ... understand.” Hani nodded and parted her lips. This felt like cheating on Joe to her. It was one thing to make out with this woman in front of him, it was another to do it behind his back. *Get a grip, Hani. Your boyfriend is upstairs sucking on his mother’s tongue.* Hani went up onto her toes and planted a prim kiss on Rosalin’s regal lips. Soon, the two women were making out.

Rosalin groped Hani’s ripe butt in a way that the statue outside was sure to see. The eighteen-year-old kissed her back with energy and passion. Soon, Rosalin felt Hani’s hands on her own ass.

After a while, Hani broke their lips apart. “Is that ... enough ... for the spies?” Hani looked into the hall and saw Rosalin’s son standing there with his jaw hanging open. “There’s another spy.” She pointed to him.

Rosalin turned, her cheeks heating. It was odd that after all the prurient years she’d spent at 3838 Walnut Street, she could still feel shame. “Go back to your room for a while, Steve. I have to deal with something.”

“Can I help you deal with it?” Steven looked hopeful.

“Go back to your room.” Rosalin still held the girl’s ass, but there was an edge to her voice.

“Okay.” Steven turned and disappeared down the hall.

“And you ...” Rosalin lifted Hani into her arms. “Tell me what happened.” Slowly, she carried Hani to her bedroom while the teenager told her what she’d discovered on the 12<sup>th</sup> floor. When the story was done, Rosalin put her down on the bed and closed the door. “That’s upsetting. Did you feel anything for your brother when you saw them?” Rosalin crawled onto the bed. She didn’t bother pulling off Hani’s hijab or dress. Instead, she slipped under the hem of Hani’s skirt and spread Hani’s wonderfully curvy legs.

“I felt disgust. Abshir and Mom ... together ... I don’t know ... I wanted to puke.” Hani felt something more than that. She was sopping wet, and it wasn’t left over from almost having sex with Joe for a second time. And it wasn’t the beautiful woman pulling her panties to the side. Maybe it was that, a little.

“Okay, good.” Rosalin ran a finger along Hani’s vaginal lips. “So, this wetness is for me then?”

“Yes,” Hani lied. *This woman is smoking hot. I’m wet for her.* It was a good argument, but Hani wasn’t convinced. She tried to push the image of her brother’s leering smile out of her mind. There was something about the way his hips had paused at the apex of each long stroke into their mother. He was so totally in control of pure chaos. “He said something ... about my mom’s pussy stretching on his dick. He said she looked like a dirty sock. It’s sick.” Hani shivered.

“Did he have any musical instruments around him?” Rosalin slid her fingers into Hani’s pussy, stroking her gently. She didn’t have to actually pleasure Hani, since Rosalin was hidden under the dress. But she wanted to. She thought the girl could probably do with some pleasant distraction right now.

“No ... um ... no instruments. He doesn’t ... even like ... singing ... ooohhhhhh.” Hani valiantly tried not to think about how her brother’s hips knew how to keep rhythm despite his lack of musical talent. “He said that ... her pussy was ... a dirty sock ... like ...

what he'd jerk off in. He was using ... Mom ... to jerk off ... uuuuugggghhhhh." Hani convulsed, her eyelids fluttering.

"Hmmmmmm. Okay ... you don't have to tell me anymore. I know how upsetting it is." Rosalin tenderly licked and nibbled on Hani's clit. "Just think about being here ... with me. You're safe here." That wasn't remotely true, but it seemed like the right thing to say.

"He wants ... ooohhhhhh ... to do that to meeeeeeeeeee." Hani put both hands on Rosalin's head, clutching it through her dress.

"We won't ... let ... him." Rosalin said between clit licks.

"Noooooooo ... he won't use me ... to jerk off ... like a dirty sock ... ohhhhhhhh ... shit ... eeeeeiiiiiiii." Hani's orgasm was explosive. She bounced on the bed, grinding her pussy into Rosalin's waiting mouth.

Rosalin stopped questioning her. Instead, she made the teenager cum several more times, then she crawled out from under the dress, lying next to the panting girl in bed. "And what about your boyfriend?" Rosalin knew her face was slick, but she didn't bother to wipe herself off.

"He ... fucked up." Hani looked over at the woman. *She's so shiny. Did I really cum that much?*

"The wolf isn't supposed to bed his mother." Rosalin put fingers from her clean hand on Hani's nearest boob and gently kneaded and played with her ample flesh through dress and bra. "Do you think maybe you mistook what Joe was doing with his mother because of what you'd just seen at home?"

Hani rolled her eyes at Rosalin. "Yeah ... I'm not a fucking woman looking for her fainting couch."

"What?" Rosalin lifted an eyebrow, continuing to play with Hani's breast.

"I'm tough, Ms. Eklund. I wasn't about to pass out, and I wasn't seeing things. Joe had his tongue down his mom's throat." Hani shrugged. "I like the way you touch my tit. How many women have you slept with?"

"A few." Rosalin thought of poor Darby, shuddered, and closed her eyes. "Maybe Elizabeth is trying something new. But I don't think so. The wolf is the only one in the building that isn't supposed to mount his mother. I ..." A thought occurred to Rosalin. "Do you think Joe and Mrs. Marland have been doing this for a long time? Were they ... attracted to each other in that way before moving to this building?"

"Nnnnooooo." Hani shook her head. "Although ..." Hani told her about Carrie making Joe try on the condom and subsequently fainting.

“Maybe it’s coincidence. Some moms fall for their sons without the help of Elizabeth Norwood. I’ve read about it.” Rosalin rubbed her chin. “Maybe she was already on the edge, and then the wolf’s charisma pushed her over. The wolf is designed to be clever and charming, right up until the end. Maybe she was susceptible already and ...”

“How is this helping me?” Hani saw two gargoyles outside the bedroom window. To throw them off the scent, she leaned over and licked Rosalin’s face from the corner of her mouth, across her cheek, and she ended by nibbling on her ear. Tasting her own cum on a woman was beyond odd, but not worth dwelling on, all things considered. She pulled back and looked deeply into the woman’s blue eyes. “I can’t go back home. I can’t go to my boyfriend for help. What do I do? I mean ... Abshir is going to try and use me like a dirty sock, too.” Hani shuddered and her belly did somersaults. “Should I tell my dad?”

“He’ll know soon enough. And he won’t be much help.” Rosalin’s expression soured as she remembered how pathetic Greg had turned out. The man was still a doorman in the building, giving himself to the place like it hadn’t ripped his family from him.

“My pussy’s burning up.” Hani pulled off her hijab and shook out her hair. She then wiggled out of her dress. She barked out a bitter laugh. “I thought Joe and I were going to have sex for the second time today. Instead, I’m in bed with you.” She playfully slapped Rosalin’s tit through her sweater.

“Are you always this horny?” Rosalin frowned at the teenager.

“You’re the one that seduced me, bucko!” Hani jabbed another playful finger at Rosalin’s tit. “Wait ... are you fucking your son, too? Is that what you meant about everyone *but* the wolf?”

Rosalin shrugged. “It’s a way to honor the original mating of stag and doe. Elizabeth is trying to resurrect the moment that captured the goddess’s attention with your brother and mom. She encourages everyone else in the building to participate as a way of celebrating that union.”

“That’s fucking weird.” Hani thought about her brother’s long, punishing strokes and the way her mother’s ass shook as she accepted the force of that union. She was so absorbed in the thought that she started choking on her own spit.

“Are you okay?” Rosalin patted the girl’s back until she was done coughing. “It’s upsetting stuff, I know.”

“Do you think Abshir is using my mom right now?” Hani looked up at the ceiling. “I mean ... he could be using her as his cum rag ... as we speak.”

“I don’t know ... I don’t know if he is. I don’t know what we can do about it. It’s just –” Rosalin was cut off by Hani’s lips on hers. The smaller woman made out with even more

ferocity than before, removing Rosalin's sweater and bra, and working her jeans down her legs.

"Mmmpphhhhhh!" There was a fire burning between Hani's legs. She had fled to Rosalin's apartment for help of one kind. Now, she was going to take help of another kind. She was going to rub her pussy all over the woman. If her brother could have a cum-soaked sock, Hani was going to turn Rosalin into a different kind of tool: a cum-soaked humping pillow.

~~

August 29, 1994: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family and Rosalin Eklund.

"What sort of ceremony will this be?" Rosalin turned around to let Darby zip up the elegant, maternity dress. They were all dressed to the nines in Darby's bedroom. Brian had on an expensive tuxedo that Elizabeth had bought for him. Darby, Rosalin, Rachel, Sylvie, Sandy, and Peg all wore dresses one might see on a red carpet somewhere.

"Mrs. Norwood said that the moon was right, and that we were celebrating the coming goddess." Brian pointed at his mother's burgeoning belly. Her due date was almost upon them. It thrilled him to think about the deity that hid inside his mother. That they had created together.

Rosalin felt a shiver go down her spine. She protectively placed a hand on her belly, turning around now that her dress was zipped. "I don't think we should go tonight. I don't like it."

"You never like it, but you always end up along for the ride anyway." Brian laughed. "Do I need to get out my trumpet?"

"Maybe you should." Rosalin nodded eagerly. It would be much easier to be transported through the evening by an omnipotent dance.

"Mrs. Norwood said there was to be no trumpet tonight." Darby kissed her son's cheek and then rubbed her lipstick off with her hand. "I think this is a bigger deal than the bevy weddings. Maybe tonight's ceremony is what makes this baby a goddess." She tenderly caressed her belly. "What do you think, Sylvie?"

"Maybe." Sylvie protectively put her hands on her own belly. "Will our babies play together, if yours is ... you know ... divine?"

"I don't know what she'll be like. Maybe she won't be a baby at all." Darby let her chin jut out proudly. "We are so close to changing everything."

"I'm sure your baby can play with Rosalin's baby," Peg said to Sylvie. "And when Sandy and I have our babies, your baby can play with them. And Rachel, too."

"Yeah." Rachel nodded eagerly.

"Thanks." Sylvie tried not to look bitter. It wouldn't do to show jealousy of Darby's goddess child, not on such a special night.

~~

May 27, 2015: Apartment 12C, the Marland family.

"Did you find her? Did she forgive us?" Carrie put her hand behind her back, hiding her chewed fingernails. She had been waiting for her son in the living room, looking out at the city. When he returned, she'd jumped to her feet and ran to greet him. He was sweaty from chasing his girlfriend. The old part of her expected to be grossed out by his teenage perspiration. But instead, her nostrils flared, and she breathed deeply. His manly odor calmed her mind, but set other parts of her body into a frenzy. "Are you still together? Are you broken up?"

"Chill, Mom." Joe pressed his lips into an irritable scowl. "I didn't find her. I lost her scent in the stairwell. I don't know if she went through the lobby."

"Well ..." Carrie let out a nervous laugh. "You can't be expected to smell her in a large room like the lobby. You're not a bloodhound. Maybe she went to the park to think?"

Joe walked into the living room and closed the curtains. He didn't want anyone spying on them. He was starting to feel like he was living in a fishbowl. He turned to his mother. "Mom, about what happened with us -"

"It was so special, wasn't it?" Carrie beamed at him. "I love you so much, Joey. And honestly, if you had told me even yesterday that it would feel so right to ... um ... show my love in that way, I would have thought you were crazy."

"It is crazy, Mom." Joe shook his head. "I think we really messed up with Hani. I've been so laid back lately that I just sort of went with it. But ... um ..." He looked at the anguish on her face. "You didn't do anything wrong. These things happen, I guess. Let's just forget it happened, okay? I have to find Hani and help her. That's where my focus is right now." He walked back to the front door.

"Wait ... Joey ..." Carrie held her stomach like she might throw up. "I feel sick. What did I do? Did I mess everything up?"

“No.” Joe stopped and returned to his mother. He put both hands on her shoulders and looked deep into her eyes. “I love you so much. But there’s a lot going on that I don’t understand. I think ... you’re feeling this way because you’re confused.”

“I’m not confused. I love you with all of my heart ...” Her eyes narrowed with intensity. “... and every other part of me. I love you so much, I could burst, Joey.” To Carrie’s credit, she didn’t kiss him again, even though it felt like that’s what the moment was calling for. She could see he didn’t want it. “Just tell me you’re not mad at me.”

“I’m not mad at you, Mom. But I have to find and help Hani.” He pointedly gave her a chaste kiss on the cheek. “I’ll be back later. You and Dad can have dinner without me.”

“Oh ... I’ll keep some food warm for you.” She watched him go. “You’ll be hungry when you get back!” She called after him as he left the apartment. “Good luck!” She said the closing front door. Then, she set about pacing the living room and chewing on her fingernails.

~~

August 29, 1994: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family and Rosalin Eklund.

“Uuuuggghhhh ... ooo ... ooo ... uuuuuuggghhh ... ooo ... ooo ... nnnnnngggaaaaaa ... Ogganse!” The chant was low and urgent in the chapel. The pews were full of people from the building. Many of them appeared to be in a deep trance.

“Oooooooo ... oh ... oh ... oooooooo ... ugh!” Elizabeth stood next to The Hungarian Lady statue at the head of her congregation. She wore a formless cloak and held her hands up to the heavens. “Ogganse ... Ogganse ... oooooooo ... Ogganse!”

Brian sat in the front row with his bevy. His mother was on one side, and Rosalin was on the other. Rosalin wasn’t chanting with the others, but that was okay. She was there to support him. That’s what mattered. His mother was putting everything she had into her chant. When he looked over at her, her eyelids were fluttering and her gaze seemed focused on nothing. Brian looked around the room. Almost the whole building had turned out for this event, for him. He didn’t see Mrs. Creech. That was odd, as the woman was hardly ever separated from her mistress, especially at chapel. He was having a hard time keeping up with the chanting, he was too excited. His foot bounced on the floor, and a sheen of perspiration shone on his pale forehead.

Once the opening chant was done, Elizabeth lorded over the silence that followed. She gazed about the room with a victorious smirk on her face. Eventually, she spoke. “This is a great day. The stag’s mother is almost due. The moon is right. All the pieces are in

place for us to free Ogganse and return this city to glorious wilderness.” She held her hands up for silence as the crowd muttered with excitement. Quiet returned to the room. “Brian, please come up here.” Elizabeth waved the eighteen-year-old on stage, greeting him with a warm smile.

“What’s up, Mrs. Norwood?” Brian grinned ear-to-ear. “Need me to take out my dick?”

Elizabeth laughed. “No. Not today. I just need you to stand at the front of the stage.” Elizabeth pulled him by his tuxedo jacket into position, right at the end of the middle aisle that cut through the pews. She turned and looked at the crowd. “It is very important that everyone stay seated during the next part of the ceremony. Other than the imminent resurrecting birth that Mrs. Kwon will soon give us, this is the most pivotal moment. No matter what happens, stay in your seats.”

The crowd nodded their heads. There was excited murmuring until Elizabeth held up her hands again.

Rosalin watched all this with growing dread. If Elizabeth wasn’t impervious to bullets, she would have brought her gun. Not that there was anywhere to conceal it under her dress. But if she had a pistol handy, it would certainly be in her hand now. Brian looked so vulnerable standing at the head of the chapel. He wasn’t innocent, but he exuded the naïve exuberance of a teenager. Rosalin didn’t know what to do, but she watched Elizabeth carefully, worried she might pull out a knife at any moment and sacrifice the young man. Rosalin looked around, and it seemed she was the only one picking up on those vibes. But that made sense. Most people who are in a cult don’t know it.

Darby beamed at her son. Pride swelled inside her. Brian was so strong and magnificent standing up in front of all these people. He had claimed her and rescued her from a boring life and marriage. Now she had meaning. Her son was her everything, and together they would change the world.

Rachel squeezed her mother’s hand. She wasn’t sure what was going on, but she could feel her mother trembling with excitement. “Why is he up there?” Rachel whispered to her mother.

“Shh.” Darby put a finger to her lips.

“It’s time, Mrs. Creech.” Elizabeth’s voice boomed in the chapel.

With a clatter, the door opened. In stepped a teenager bound by a straitjacket. Natalie trailed him into the room, controlling him with a rod that was attached to the back of his collar.

The teenager was tall, his brown hair and pale face dirty. He snarled at the tenants seated nearest the center aisle. People’s eyes widened, and they scooted down the pews

away from him. As the congregation took in the sight of this horrible creature, a low murmur moved around the chapel. Many eyes went to Elizabeth for reassurance.

“Day after day, the wolf grew hungrier and more bold,” Elizabeth said. “And Ogganse grew more desperate to save her stag. She devised a plan to birth herself as a fawn. It was deep magic that required a sacrifice and the right alignment of the moon. She was lucky in her timing, but could not find the right sacrifice in her world, no matter how many she tried.” Elizabeth’s voice rang clear and true. She paused, meeting the eyes of each of Brian’s bevy.

“What’s going on?” Brian’s skin crawled at the sight of the disheveled person held on a leash by Natalie Creech. “Who is he?”

Darby stood up, her daughter still holding her hand. “Brian? Are you okay?”

“I’m fine, Mom.” Brian started to back away but found Elizabeth’s iron grip on his shoulder. He couldn’t move.

“Let me finish please,” Elizabeth said over the worried hum that now filled the chapel.

“Shit.” Rosalin stared at the new boy and understood. But she didn’t know what she was supposed to do about it. *How am I, a massively pregnant lady, going to stop a bulletproof woman?* She took a deep breath to calm herself and tried to come up with a plan. Time was clearly running out.

“Quiet now. Quiet everyone.” Elizabeth held up her hands for calm.

Rob lifted his head and howled, making people cover their ears around him.

“Enough!” Elizabeth screamed. A sudden quiet filled the room. She continued in a more sedate tone. “The wolf attacked before Ogganse could unpuzzle the spell. Only after the buck fell was Ogganse born into our world. Of course, she exacted terrible vengeance on the predator. And so, here we are.”

Natalie pressed a button on the rod she carried, releasing Rob from the straitjacket. The teenager looked around the room with murder in his eyes, flexing his arms. He was so feral that most in the room forgot he was human. With a snarl, he bounded down the aisle toward Brian and Elizabeth.

“Stop him!” Rosalin stood and pointed at the frenzied, homicidal boy. But she could hardly be heard, because the whole room was in an uproar. People were screaming, climbing over pews, and heading toward the exit.

Only Elizabeth and Natalie remained calm. Both wore expressions of beatific joy and triumph.

“Brian!” Darby willed her gravid body to move. She had less ground to cover getting to her son than the rabid teenager, but she was moving much slower. She pushed Rachel’s grasping hand away, wobbled in her heels, and lunged.

Rob wasn’t expecting an ambush. One moment he was closing in for the kill, the next, something massive hit him from the side, and he sprawled into the pews, crashing into tenants like a bowling ball. He ripped and tore with teeth and fingernails at his assailant.

“Nooooooooo!” Elizabeth stared in horror. All her calm evaporated. Her pallid face turned a shade paler. “Not her!”

Brian leapt onto the ceiling, dangling above the fray.

“Get the fuck off her you fucking ...” Rosalin wasn’t nimble, but she still knew how to fight. She used the extra mass of her pregnancy to her advantage, knocking the feral teenager off Darby. In a fluid motion, she continued her momentum into a chokehold. Her arms were slick with warm blood. She tried not to think about it. She had faced down killers before. She had been in the lair of evil before. She could handle this.

“Mrs. Creech ... Mrs. Creech ... stop them!” Facing the horror of defeat, Elizabeth’s mind reverted to its old, impotent self. She stood and screeched for others to fix this mess, when she should have known that she herself was best equipped to handle it.

“I have to ... kill her ... I have to ...” Rob struggled and hissed. He grabbed at the restraining arm and tore himself free.

Pain flashed in Rosalin’s mind. She looked at her left arm. It was covered in blood, but she didn’t think it was her blood. As the teenager rose to his feet and looked about the room of screaming, fleeing tenants, Rosalin flexed her arm. It hurt, but still worked. With grim determination, she rose to her feet. “That’s my bevy wife you messed with, you fuck.” The teenager looked over at her just as Rosalin jabbed him in the throat with her right fist. Then, with strength she didn’t know she had, she grabbed his ears and twisted his head violently to the side. There was a loud snap, and the wolf fell to the floor.

“No ... no ... nooooooooo!” Elizabeth found herself in a tortured hell. She stepped over to the panting Rosalin. At the woman’s feet, next to the dead wolf, Darby lay lifeless, her unseeing eyes staring into nothingness. Her beautiful gown was covered in blood, and there was a deep gash on her throat. She was clearly dead, taking the promised goddess with her. Elizabeth slapped Rosalin, knocking the woman unconscious. Rosalin fell with a thud. But really, Rosalin hadn’t made matters worse. The doe wasn’t supposed to die. Once the wolf had killed Darby, Elizabeth’s whole plan had gone up in flames. It didn’t matter that the wolf was dead. Not anymore.

“What ... um ... do we do?” Natalie approached and stood nearby, the hem of her dress soaking up blood from the pool on the floor.

“I don’t know ... I don’t know.” Elizabeth bent down and checked on Darby, even though it was obvious there was no point. “Mrs. Kwon is dead. This night is ruined.”

“What?” Brian dropped from the ceiling. “Mom?”

Rachel ran up next to her brother and hugged him. She was sobbing, not wanting to look at her mother on the floor.

“All you needed to do was die, Brian.” Elizabeth turned her burning, crimson eyes on the stag. She seized him and his sister, lifting them into the air. The room was mostly empty now, only a few tenants remained. Elizabeth tucked one struggling Kwon under each arm and strode toward the exit. “Maybe you can still be of some use.”

## Chapter 35

### Awwwwwooooooooooooo

May 27, 2015: Apartments 12C and 12E, the Dahir and Marland families.

After searching for blocks around their apartment building, Joe returned to 3838 Walnut Street without finding any sign of Hani. Usually, he was friendly to everyone, but he didn't bother saying hello to Greg, as the doorman held the door for him.

In the elevator, Joe's finger hovered over the buttons. He didn't hit twelve, opting for nine instead. Maybe Rosalin would know what to do. Maybe Hani running off was something the woman could have predicted. If so, she should have a plan.

The elevator stopped on nine, and Joe got out. He sniffed the air and caught Hani's scent. She'd been on this floor recently. Maybe she went to Rosalin for advice? That made sense. Joe jogged down the hall, eager to reconcile with his girlfriend. He pushed the doorbell and waited.

The door opened and Rosalin stood wearing only an oversized sweater. Joe could smell sex on her. He could smell Hani's juices wafting off her. The muscles in his shoulders bunched with tension. He looked over her shoulder and saw Steven smirking at him.

"Hello, Joe." Rosalin sighed. She could see this wasn't going to go well. "Would you like to come in? I think we have some things to talk about."

"You've been fucking Hani," Joe growled. He watched Steven chuckle to himself and disappear down the hall.

"Well, yes. Anytime you two come here, we need to do that sort of thing." Rosalin leaned her head out and looked at the other apartment doors. All was quiet. "You know that."

"But it wasn't us 'two' that showed up, was it? Hani went behind my back." Joe ground his teeth. "I was out searching the city for her, and she was here fucking you?"

Rosalin shifted her weight uncomfortably. "Will you come in? It's important that you don't let your anger take over. That's ... um ..." She looked past Joe both ways again. "Let's talk inside."

"My anger? Where's Hani? You're hiding her like I'm some sort of abusive boyfriend." Joe let the anger surge into him. It was unusual, but felt natural.

"Joe, your face is getting red. Please try to calm down." Rosalin glanced over to the closet where her gun was stored. "Come in and we can talk."

“Are you, like, her girlfriend now?” Joe was practically roaring. The thought of losing Hani boiled his blood. “Send Hani out. I need to talk to her.”

“Come in, Joe. It’s not safe talking out in the hall like this. Hani’s here. You can talk to her inside.” Rosalin stepped aside. “If you want, you two can talk while I jerk you.”

Joe’s lip curled. He didn’t move.

“I mean, I have to jerk you or something. You know how it is.” Rosalin shrugged. “Blowjob then?”

“I only know what *you* told me. Why should I believe you?” Joe called into the apartment, “Hani? Hani? What’s going on? Are we still together?”

Hani stepped out of Rosalin’s bedroom wearing her dress, but not her hijab. She crossed her arms and frowned. “You’re acting like an ass, Joe. I didn’t do anything wrong, and you were making out with your mom. Shit, I found my brother fucking my mom, and you don’t even seem to care about that. All you care about is that I fucked Ms. Eklund. So, no, Joe, no, we’re not together.”

Joe had never felt such rage. He wanted to rip the building to pieces around him. It took every bit of willpower to turn and walk away. Without another word, he headed home.

~~

“What happened?” Carrie could see that her son was upset. She had always prided herself on being a tough mother. But her heart broke seeing his red, pained face. “Did you find her?”

“We broke up, Mom.” Joe’s blood continued to boil over. He stalked through the apartment toward his room. His mind was in turmoil.

“Oh, my gosh! I’m so sorry, sweetie.” Carrie didn’t mean to chew on her fingernails right in front of him, but she couldn’t help herself. “What do you need from me?”

“Just stay out of my way.” There was a laundry basket at the end of the hall filled with his folded clothes. He was supposed to put the clothes away before bedtime. Instead, he kicked the basket with a scream.

“Oh!” Carrie nearly bit her fingertips off she was so startled by the eruption of violence. Her eighteen-year-old son had always been so mellow. Her heart thumped seeing his fiery anger. And, strangely, her vagina tingled. *He’s so strong and forceful.* She watched him disappear down the hall. She cringed, and her belly flipped when he slammed the door. *What will he do to calm himself? Will he masturbate?* Her mind raced, thinking

about that giant penis in his hands. The same hands she sometimes held with loving affection. She lifted her hands and looked at her fingers. Her wedding ring glittered.

Carrie glanced at the clock. Her husband would be home no sooner than an hour from now. If she was going to act, it would have to be at that moment. She marched down the hall and listened at the door. She heard a rhythmic thumping sound. She knocked on his door. "Joey? I'm coming in." She opened the door. He wasn't masturbating as she had expected. Instead, he was on his bed punching one of his pillows. "Stop ... stop that. Joey ... do you hear me?"

Joe ignored his mother. There was a torrent of vitriol pouring out of him. It was so much more than even a breakup should call for. He didn't understand it, but he was trying to channel it away from anyone he cared about. Punching the pillow was helping, so he continued.

"Joey ... talk to me. Stop hitting your pillow." Carrie rushed over and tried to embrace him, but inadvertently caught an elbow to the nose. "Ow!" She grabbed her face with both hands and stumbled back, ending up on her knees on the floor.

The scent of blood cut through the madness of his anger like a knife. Joe stopped punching the pillow and slowly swiveled his head toward his mother. She had tears in her pretty eyes, and he could see blood on her chin. Slowly, he moved over to her and brushed her hands away from her nose. He leaned closed and examined it with his eyes and fingers. "It's not broken, Mom."

"Oh ... okay ..." Carrie tasted iron on her lips. "I must look ... ghastly." Her son was staring at her with a predatory intensity that made her weak in the knees. "I should get cleaned up."

Joe leaned his head back and howled. "Awwwwwoooooo."

Carrie stared with wide eyes. She had heard that ladies sometimes got wet vaginas. She was different, which is why she and her husband kept lover's oil supplied in the bathroom for their 'date nights.' If she didn't know better, however, she would have thought that she'd just creamed her panties. Her son's howl was so visceral, primal, and urgent. It pulled her along with it to some wild part of her mind. "Oh ... my ..." she whispered.

Joe grabbed his mother by either ear, holding her head still. He leaned forward slowly, extended his tongue, and licked her. His tongue trailed from her chin, over her full lips, to her dainty nose. He thrilled at the sanguine taste.

"Oh ... my ..." Carrie was now sure she'd flooded her panties. She trembled.

Joe leaned back and gazed deep into her eyes. After a while, he shook his head. "I'm sorry ... I'm sorry ... Mom. I don't know what -"

“Ohhhh ... Joey ... I never!” Carrie couldn’t believe how handsome and enthralling he was. Being with Joe now was no longer a choice she was resisting. It was a necessity that couldn’t be fought. To push him away now was no different than denying herself breath. She lunged into him, pressing her lips to his. Her tongue was quick and greedy. The sweet taste of his mouth and tongue mixed with the bitter iron of her own blood.

“Mmmppphhhhh.” Joe let his mother wrestle him to the floor. She was on fire on top of him. Her tongue danced with his. Her hands roved over his chest, groping his muscles through his shirt, massaging him with determination. Her thighs squeezed his thigh. She was an athlete, and she was strong. Her grip on him was ferocious. Even so, he could have pushed her off if he wanted to. He didn’t want to. Instead, his hands began exploring her in earnest.

The thought of touching her son was a fever that burned Carrie’s brain. He had blossomed into a man. A strong, charismatic man. A man that couldn’t be denied. And she wouldn’t deny him. After what seemed like forever, she pulled away from the kiss. “I ... love you. I love you ... I love you ... I love you.” She panted and grinned like an idiot. Her hand desperately pulled at the hem of his shirt. She would have torn it off him if she could. She thrilled at the way his fingers kneaded her boobs. There was so much hunger in his touch.

“I love you ... Mom.” Joe could see that she wanted his chest bare. But they were so intertwined that she struggled to pull his shirt up. He abandoned her tits for a moment and tore the cotton of his shirt up the middle. Then, his hands went right back to hefting her perfect handfuls.

“Oh ... my gosh. How did you ...?” Carrie stared at his pale bare chest, mesmerized. “But you like that shirt.”

Joe shrugged and aimed his wolfish grin up at her. His blood was still boiling, but the cause was not Hani anymore.

“Don’t start howling again.” Carrie watched him closely. “If you do, your mother will lose it.” She bent her face down to his chest, inhaling the smell of sweat. Her eyelids fluttered at the scent. “I’ll lose it ... Joey ... I swear ... I will ... I swear,” he said between kisses on his wonderfully strong and lean pectoral muscles.

“Aaaaawwwooooooooooooo,” Joe howled.

“Oh ... my ... gooosshhhhhhhhh.” Carrie trembled. She kissed her way down his chest.

“That feels good, Mom.” Joe cupped the top of her head with his hand. Gently, he put downward pressure on her.

“Oh ... Joey ... Joey ... I love you ... and ... I love ... your six-pack.” Carrie kissed each of his abdominal muscles multiple times. “Your father ... used to have ... a stomach like

this. It's so ... sexy." She let him push her further down. Soon she was unbuttoning his pants and unzipping him. A massive shiver hit her when her lips touched his pubes. A mother's lips shouldn't ever be in that place. It seemed like a clear warning sign. So, she did what any crazed woman who was out-of-her-mind-horny would do. She ignored the warning and reached her hand into his underwear. When her fingers encircled the thing, she gasped. She had seen it hard, so she knew what it was. But seeing and touching were two different things. "Oh ... darn it, Joey. It's so hot in my hand ... and huge."

Joe still rested his fingers on his mother's head. He took a fistful of her hair and gently tugged. "Don't faint on me, Mom."

"I am ... feeling ... really ... lightheaded." The way her son held her hair sent ice-cold electric shocks down her spine. "I'm going to pull it out. If I do faint, I'm sorry." Carrie kissed his six-pack once more for good luck and pulled his penis out into the open. She stared at the massive head inches from her face. To her credit, she kept it together and stayed conscious. "You ... um ... you're ... leaking. Did you already ... uuuummm ... achieve orgasm?"

"No, Mom. It's precum." If his blood hadn't been boiling the way it was, he might not have pushed her mouth onto his cock. But he was out of his mind that afternoon one way or the other. And for now, he was out of his mind this way.

"Mmmmmmmppphh." Carrie struggled for only a moment when his firm grip pushed her onto his penis. Her mouth had to open wide for him. Much wider than it had with any other man. He was salty and hot on her tongue. Tentatively, she moved the head around her mouth, getting used to this novel thing. She hated that Hani had broken his heart. But what luck it was for her! As strange as this was, as much as she knew other mothers might not understand, she was exactly where she needed to be. With an awkward motion, she pumped his hefty shaft with her hand and rolled her tongue around his head.

"Damn ... Mom ..." Joe tightened his grip on her silky, brown hair. "Hani would be ... so pissed ... if she saw this."

"Mmmmmmm!" Carrie didn't know why, but that excited her even more. She was so incensed that she tried to pleasure him the way she would her husband, pumping with her lips. "Ggggaccckkkk ... ggaaaackkkk." She was surprised by how quickly her gag reflex kicked in.

The sound of his mother's choking cooled Joe's boiling blood some. She sounded uncomfortable and awkward. Which reminded him how uncomfortable and awkward their lives would be after this. He tried to focus on regaining his senses and extricating himself from his mother's mouth and the situation. "Mom ... I don't think we ..."

“Gaaacckkk ... gggaaacckkkk ...” Carrie pushed her body to the limit, desperate to show her son how much she loved him. She always told him to demonstrate in deeds rather than words. And this was one heck of a deed. Her free hand went to his testicles. She massaged them, one at a time, while still pumping the shaft, figuring out how to blow him properly. She hadn’t noticed his balls when she’d seen him with the condom. The things were heavy and felt overripe. How much seed did he store in there? She thought about her son walking around the city, going to school, with so much semen hanging between his legs. She shuddered. “Mmmmm ... mmpphh ... mmpphhhh.” The gagging had stopped. She’d figured out how to take about half his length without her body rebelling.

“Mom ... I don’t think ...” Joe swam in ecstasy. It was clear he wasn’t going to suddenly become sane. He wouldn’t pull back on the reins. Hani had broken up with him. And because of it, his mother had fallen right into his lap, literally. His mom lacked Hani’s skill, but more than made up for it with loving effort. Hani was playful, light, and fun. His mother was determined, soulful, and intense. She had been all these things at different times in his life. Of course, he’d never even conceived of her using these traits in the present context. *I’ve been blind*. His mother had listened at his door all those times because she wanted this. She had made up the condom fitting scheme because she needed him. And as his orgasm approached, he found that he needed her. He needed her in this way and in all ways. There was a depth of connection with her that he was only starting to understand. “Oh ... God ... Mom ... I’m gonna ... aaarrrrrrrrrrr.” He growled as his orgasm rose to the surface.

“Mmpph ... mmpphhhh ... mmpphhhh!” Carrie had never been so desperate for sperm. Her head bobbed frantically, her heart thundered in her chest, and her delicate fingers pumped his massive pole. “Mmpphhhh!” Without words, she pleaded for him to finish. She thought of the last time she’d done this act for her husband and would have laughed had her mouth not been full of penis. Her son was something very different than his father. Not a man. *More like a ... super-powered distillation of quintessential maleness personified*. “Mmpphh ... mmpphh ... mmpphhhh,” she urged.

“Aaaaahhhhhhhh ... cumming ... Mom.” And just like that he’d gone from seeing red in anger to seeing white in pure ecstasy. His hips bucked, and his body flopped on the floor as he grunted and growled. He could hear his mother gulping and that sent his orgasm up another notch. For a few, brief moments, his mind transcended time and space. All he knew was pleasure and love.

“Ggglllmmmmpp ... gggallmmmp.” Carrie bravely swallowed his seed as fast as she could. But she was having difficulty keeping up with the pace of his explosions. The taste was salty and almost herbal, like his seed contained the essence of a primordial sea and a wild forest. Again, this was different than anything in her experience. She and

Gabe had an active sex life. She thought her experience was complete. But her teenage son was showing her how little she knew. When he was finished, she rose from his penis, breathless, her lips and chin covered in sperm. "Oh ... gosh ..." With dazed eyes, she looked at her son's face. The pleasure she saw there filled her with inimitable joy. She ignored the blood that had smeared on him from their make-out session. "Only a mother ... can feel this ... with her boy."

"Huh?" Joe lifted his head and looked down at his cum-covered mother. Her nose wasn't bleeding anymore, but she still had red on her face mixed with white. "What did we ... do ... Mom?"

"You ... um ... didn't like it?" She glanced at his penis. Strangely, it was still turgid, standing tall and proud. His white stuff was running down the sides, slowly oozing over his protruding veins.

"I loved it. But ... I mean ... what are we doing?" Joe ran a hand through his long, blond hair.

"I don't care. I don't care, Joey. I want this. *We* need this. It doesn't matter what we're doing." Carrie shivered. "We just need to do it." She pulled down his underwear and pants, taking them the rest of the way off his legs.

"What are you doing?" He stared at her. Her face was so full of love, passion, and determination. Her expression was oddly juxtaposed with the cum and blood plastered over it.

"Hani was a wonderful girlfriend. I'm sorry about what happened." Carrie straddled her son, lifting the hem of her dress to her waist. "But, you know, silver linings and all. I've been feeling that you were special for a while now. I've been fighting myself about you. But I'm done with that. I know what we need." She pulled her panties to the side. They were indeed sopping wet. "Since I painfully lost my virginity, I have never had sex without ... you know ... love oil. But I don't think we need it. You're special, Joey. You made me this way." She ran her fingers along her slit and lifted them to show him. The wetness glistened along with her wedding ring.

"Holy shit, Mom. What are we doing?" Joe's blood whooshed in his ears. The tangy scent of his mother's arousal filled his nostrils. He watched her center her pussy over his cockhead, trying to get lined up. "Um ... condom ... you said ... I needed ..." He only mentioned it halfheartedly.

"Condoms are for *her*. Not for me." Carrie bit her lip with concentration. "I'm your mother, Joey. There should be nothing between us. There should be ... oooooohhhhhhhhh." She lowered her hips, and his penis slipped in. *Of course he hurts. Buck up, Carrie! What did you expect, a parade? This is the real deal, and I mean*

*business.* With a grimace of determination, she lowered her hips some more.  
“Uuuuuggggghhhhhhhh.”

“Wow.” Joe’s earlier climax had cooled him for only the shortest while. His mother was now whipping him up into another frenzy. He had been so good about wearing a condom with Hani, but now he didn’t insist. He didn’t even think to mention it again. She was right, there shouldn’t be anything between the constricting, wet warmth of his mother’s pussy and his cock. Nothing but friction. “Awwwwwooooooo!” Joe grabbed her hips and pulled her all the way down.

“Uuumppph.” Carrie’s insides were stuffed. A bright point of ecstasy lit up at the back of her womb. It was so strange, her lips were painfully stretched, but the long rod hit some special button that countered the pain at her entrance with a heavenly feeling deep inside. “Oooohh ... boy ... that’s ... something ... isn’t it?” Her voice was high and reedy. She tried to breathe, but it was difficult.

“I love you ... Mom. I love you ... I love you ... I love you.” He gripped the flesh around her hips and forced her to bounce on him, taking long strokes. His gaze roved between her tits dancing under her dress and her twisted face. Red-tinged cum dangled off her chin, swinging in rhythm to her ride. “I was so angry ... and now ... all I feel is love.”

“Oh ... my ... gosh ... ugh ... ugh ... oh ... my ... gosh ... what’s happening ... to meeeeeeeee?” Carrie’s eyes crossed, her body convulsed, and she lost herself completely. “Eeeeeiiiiiiii.”

Joe watched his mom go completely out of her mind. She grunted and screeched like a monkey, pulled at her own hair with clawing hands, and her eyes rolled back until they were almost completely white. “Cum ... Mom ... cum ...” Still gripping her hips, he held himself buried to the hilt. He could feel her pussy pulse and squeeze his dick with a force that surprised him. He watched her spasm and twitch. It took her a long time before her eyes focused on him again. Then, her hips went back into their bouncing motion.

“What ... was that ... what was ... that? Oh ... my ... gosh.” Carrie had a goofy, confused grin on her face.

“You ... ugh ... ugh ... had ... an orgasm ... Mom.” Joe grinned back at her. His whole body surged with joy and pleasure.

“No ... Joey ... ugh ... ugh ... you’re not the first man ... to give me ... ugh ... ugh ... an orgasm. That ... was something ... else.” She rode him hard. The smile fell from her face, replaced by determined intensity. She was glad for all the jogs the two of them had done in the park. For an older lady, she was holding her own. *I doubt Hani could ride him like this.* That thought sent a shiver down her spine, and a surge of pleasure moved in her core. “You’re ... ugh ... ugh ... something ... else ... Joey. I love you ... ugh ... uuuggghhh ... so much.” Sweat dripped off her nose, onto her lips, and down her chin. She wiped her

face with her hand and found something slimy. She was so enamored of her son, she had forgotten about the blood and sperm on her face. What would have once made her retch, now made her soar. “Oooohhhhhh ... Joey ... it’s happening again! Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” Her scream reverberated around the room. Minutes ticked by, marked by the steady beat of their skin slapping together. She rode him to three more orgasms before completely exhausting herself. “I ... can’t keep ... going.” She panted. “Are you ... close?”

“I could be close.” Joe circled his arms around her back. She was a tall woman, almost his height, so it was quite different moving her about than moving Hani. He winced as he tried not to think about his girlfriend. *My ex-girlfriend*. Without dislodging his dick, he picked her up, stood, and waddled to the bed. He put her down on her back and immediately started pumping her. He looked down at her awestricken face. His eyes went down to her boobs as they rocked on her chest. Her dress was soaked with sweat, blood, and cum. He thought it was the perfect look for her.

“Ooohhh ... my ... oooooohhhhhh ... my ... oohhhhhh ... gosh ... right there ... yes Joey ... right there ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” She was already having an orgasm in this new position. He humped into her with such savagery that even though missionary was what she most often used with her husband, everything felt novel. The length of his tool allowed him to piston her with bone-rattling percussions, while still feeling like he wasn’t speeding through it. She lost herself in a series of orgasms.

“What happens ... when I ... cum ... Mom?” Joe had always been thoughtful and considerate. That part of his mind was in retreat, but it wasn’t gone.

“Only ... one place ... for that ... ugh ... ugh ...” Carrie was perplexed by what he was now doing as he lifted her legs high into the air, bending her so that her feet flopped up in the air at about the same level as her head. “Finish ... in my ... vajayjay ... oooooohhhhhhhh. What are you doing ... with your hands?” He was grabbing her butt, his arms in a position to keep her bent and her legs open. Since he was grabbing her rear end, she did the same to him. Her chewed fingernails dug into his round, taut flesh.

“More ... leverage ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... Mom.” Joe wasn’t lying. The position let him slam into her like she was made to receive his dick. He stared into her eyes even as her head was jolted by each pounding blow she absorbed. The depth of their connection astounded him. “I’m ... uuuggghhhhhh ... getting close.”

“Yes ... yes ... yeessssss.” Carrie gritted her teeth at the violence and joy of their coupling. This man was stealing her heart. This man who she had shepherded into adulthood. This man who she had worried would be the runt of the litter had turned out the undeniable alpha. This man ... who looked into her eyes in a way that gripped her soul. They were more connected as people than she thought possible. At the same time, they had reduced themselves to nothing more than two humping animals in need of finding that perfect release. “In ... meeeeeeeeeeee.”

“Aaaaawwwooooooooooooo!” Joe threw his head back and howled as the dam holding back his climax burst.

“Awwwooooooooooooo!” Carrie didn’t know why they were howling, but she was here for it. What better way to celebrate the wild connection they were forging? She felt the heat of his seed in her womb and howled louder, her own orgasm carrying her mind far away.

A while later, mother and son lay on Joe’s bed. Joe was on his back, staring at the ceiling, completely and totally grunted. His mother had a lazy smile on her face, her cheek resting on his shoulder, her leg draped over his. Joe still wore the tatters of his torn shirt, she still wore her stained dress. They were both still covered in blood, sweat, and cum.

“You are so magnetic, Joey. I’ve never experienced anything like it.” She gently brushed her fingers over his abs, tracing the stark outline of each one.

“Me either, Mom.” A pang of guilt hit him. He had lost his virginity with Hani only a few days ago. They were supposed to have had sex for the second time today. Instead, he had found something else entirely. “Mom?”

“Yeah?” She giggled, her body achieving new levels of peace and relaxation.

“Did you seduce me? Was this planned, I mean? Or ...?” He felt too good to continue.

“Never mind.”

“I’m as surprised by today as you are. My goodness, I never thought I’d kiss my own son, let alone ... all that.” She giggled again. “But I’ll tell you this. If you play hard to get after this, I *will* seduce you. There’s no way we can avoid doing that again.”

“Mom?” Joe held her arm and squeezed questioningly.

“I’m joking, I’m joking.” But Carrie wasn’t joking. She was undeniably hooked. Sex with Joe wasn’t in question. The only thing she had to figure out was how they should hump in the healthiest way going forward. *I might have to get back on the pill.*

## Chapter 36

### If the Building Doesn't Want You to Leave

May 27, 2015: Apartment 12C, the Marland family.

"You seem happy tonight, Carrie." Gabe took a bite of ravioli and gazed at his wife. It was true, she was practically glowing. "You look like you did on our wedding day."

Joe's fork paused on its way to his mouth, his ravioli dangling. His eyes darted between his parents. He expected guilt to swell in his heart at any moment, but none came.

"Do I look pretty?" Carrie dazzled the male members of her family with her smile.

"Yes," Gabe and Joe said at the same time.

"You look very pretty, Mom." Joe ate the ravioli.

"Thank you, Joey. I feel splendid. Really splendid." The image of her son's little swimmers working deep inside her dropped into Carrie's mind. "I've just thought of something, and now I feel even more splendid."

Gabe chuckled. "What happened at church today? Did Jesus stop by to help you with a bake sale?"

"I didn't volunteer today. I didn't meet Jesus. But I was baptized ... in a way." She glanced at her son and winked.

Joe looked at his father's confused expression. *I should feel bad for him.* But the only thing that rose inside Joe was laughter. His mirth rang out in the dining room.

Carrie threw her head back and cackled along with Joe.

"What's so funny?" Gabe rubbed his head in confusion.

"Oh ... I got a bloody nose today. Joe helped me with it." Carrie calmed down, nudged her son's foot with her toes, and smiled at her husband. "My first nosebleed. So, it was a baptism of sorts."

"What happened?" Gabe frowned.

"I wasn't thinking. Ran right into the wall next to the door." Carrie shrugged. "I can be such a klutz." She beamed at her men, looking from one to the other. "Today does feel a bit like my wedding day." *I promised my heart to Gabe, but Joey stole it.* She sighed. Guilt ebbed into her otherwise satisfied mind. *I should make it up to Gabe. Can I have sex with Gabe tonight, or will I be wet? After two decades of dry marriage, that's*

*something he's sure to notice. I need to sit down tomorrow and figure out how this new thing with Joey is going to work. I have to be smart about this.*

“What are you thinking, Carrie?” Gabe took another bite of his ravioli.

“Oh, I was just thinking about our wedding day.” Her smile was tighter now, but she still felt a rush when Joe rubbed her foot with his toes under the table.

~~

May 27, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

“She won’t return my calls.” Uba was worried sick about her daughter. She was still trying to sort through the insanity that had taken place that day. Ever since her son had started her down the dirty sock trail, her life had been falling apart, piece by piece. *Daughter, work, friends ... only my relationship with my husband has been spared.* She picked up her phone and called Hani. Wearing a long, formless dress, Uba sat on her son’s desk chair. She looked over at him, reclined on his bed. He still wore no glasses, but at least he wasn’t naked. He was dressed in jeans and a t-shirt now. “What do I say if she picks up?”

“It’s after ten, she’s obviously not coming home tonight. She’s not going to pick up.” Abshir shrugged. He wasn’t concerned. He had been promised Hani, and he knew the building would deliver. “Give up. Focus on the twin that’s here.” He hefted his cock through his pants in a way she was sure to notice.

“Stop that, sweetie. Your father’s home, and I’m upset about Hani. And goodness knows what Carrie thinks of us.” Uba disconnected the call when she got voicemail again. “Don’t look at me like that. I should cut you off completely after what happened today. But if you behave, we can do stuff tomorrow.”

“You don’t get it, Mom.” Abshir barked out a short, derisive laugh. “I’m the stag. You’re my doe now. We aren’t negotiating anything.”

“I am still your father’s wife.” Uba’s voice wavered with uncertainty.

“I am still your father’s wife,’ Says the woman with my baby in her belly.” Abshir’s tone was full of scorn.

“That’s not true.” Uba put a hand to her belly. Her lips pressed together with queasiness. She put her phone on his desk where she could keep an eye on it in case Hani texted or called back. “I’m still your mother.” She tried to give her son a stern look, but feared he could see right through her.

“Yes, but things change. I’m eighteen now. I’m a man.” Abshir rubbed his chin. “What we’re doing is so important *because* you’re my mother. That’s what She thinks. There’s no closer bond than a mother and her son. And there’s no greater way to show the depth of those feelings than to mate. I mounted you, Mom, I claimed you. You’re mine now. We are closer than you ever were with Dad.”

“No.” Uba shook her head frantically.

“Here, I’ll show you.” Abshir unbuttoned his jeans. He pulled them down.

“You’re not wearing underwear!” Uba stared at his semi-hard penis.

“I thought we might do some stuff tonight.” Abshir laughed. “I wanted to be prepared.”

Uba licked her lips. “Um ... all right ... okay ... after your father goes to sleep. I’ll ... um ... be your sock for you. But maybe ... just with my mouth.” She was spooked by his talk about pregnancy. He was right, she had been incredibly stupid about that. A baby would be unlucky but possible. She shook her head, thinking about her cycle. Everything had been such a whirlwind recently, she wasn’t sure where she was. “After he’s asleep ... we can do that. And if you want to use my vagina, you’ll pull out.”

“You’re still not getting it.” Abshir started jerking his cock with both hands. It quickly hardened to its full, imposing height. “Come over here and suck on it.”

“Your father could come in here any minute. Put that away,” Uba hissed.

“I don’t care if he comes in here. You’re ... mine ... now.” Abshir said the words slowly, making steady eye contact.

“Oh ... gosh ...” Uba’s worries about her husband and daughter faded. She picked up a magazine and fanned her face. “Why do you make me ... so flustered ... and confused?” She stared at the massive dome at the top of his cock. It looked like it was designed specifically to dam up her womb. And she knew how his balls stored an absurd amount of sperm. *He’s right, isn’t he? I’m pregnant with my son’s baby.* As the room seemed to spin around her, Uba slipped from the chair and crawled across the floor to her son’s bed.

“Say it, Mom.” He increased the pace of his hands on his dick.

“I’ll help you now if you can keep quiet.” Uba knew it wasn’t the right thing to say. It also wasn’t what he wanted to hear. She crawled up on the bed and eagerly sucked his penis into her mouth. “Mmmpppphhhhhhh.” Now, she didn’t have to answer him anymore.

“Nice try, Mom.” Abshir clutched a fist full of her luxurious, curly hair and lifted her mouth off his cock. He held her so that she had to meet his gaze. “Say it.”

“I don’t know what you want me to say,” Uba squeaked. She had never been so thoroughly at someone’s mercy before. She had never loved relinquishing her power like this before. “Tell me what you want to hear, Abshir.” Her body was frozen like prey in the grip of a hunter.

“You are mine,” he said.

“Okay ... okay ... I’m yours.” Uba tried to nod her ascent, but he held her head too firmly. “And also your father’s.”

“Shit, really?” Abshir’s face darkened. He pulled her up onto the bed, pushing her face down on his blanket. “I’ll have to show you.” His eyes blazed carmine as he lifted her dress and exposed her panties. Her ass was perfectly rounded, catching the light in a way that set his mind on fire. He could smell her excitement. He inhaled, noticing an absence. There was no longer the scent of fertility. *Of course. She’s no longing ready, because she’s started ripening.* The thought of the goddess inside her filled him with joy. He released her hair, slapped her ass, and watched it ripple.

“Ow!” Uba looked over her shoulder. “Not so loud. Let me get you off with my mouth. Then you’ll be satisfied.”

“Nah.” Abshir examined her panties. They were her boring everyday underwear. She wasn’t wearing lingerie with her husband home. “Let me see.”

Uba grimaced, but she spread her legs a little for him. “Like this?”

“So ... fucking ... wet.” There was a dark stain spreading on the cotton from her pussy. He gripped her panties with both hands.

“Wait ...” Uba’s eyes went wide with surprise when he tore her panties apart. She shivered and trembled. “What are you ... uuuuggghhhhhhhhh.” Before she understood what was happening, it was too late. His long, thick tool was inside her. It was ecstasy, and it was torment. What she’d said earlier was true. Her husband could knock on Abshir’s door at any minute. Taban was decisive, protective, and sometimes violent. If he thought something was amiss with her, he would surely burst in. “If your father ... catches us ... he’ll murder ... us.” She gripped the sheets. Not long ago, she had never had sex in such a prone position. Now, it was second nature to her. She, as a woman, was made to receive. And this position seemed the perfect way to accept the long, meaty offering her son constantly made to her.

“He won’t ... ugh ... ugh ... it is my right ... to take you from him.” Abshir placed his hands on the small of her back for support, watching her ass ripple and shake with each of his lunges. “You are ... in your place ... ugh ... ugh ... and he ... will soon ... be in his.”

“Oooooohhhhhhhhhhh ... Abshir ... noooooooooo.” How had she ever controlled this boy?

There was a knock on the door. “Abshir ... what are you doing in there?” Taban’s voice came muffled through the door.

Uba’s blood had been running hot, but now that her nightmare had arrived, her veins ran cold. She looked over her shoulder at her son as he continued to hump her. She offered the only thing she could, a pleading look. But he only grimaced in pleasure, clearly savoring her vagina for all it was worth. *Are his eyes glowing?* Quietly, she ventured a word. “Please ... uuuggghhhh ... please ... uuuuggghhhh.” *Why does it have to feel so good? If sex with Abshir was like sex with Taban, I could easily refuse. But ...*

“Come in ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... Dad.” Abshir winked and grinned at his plaintive mother.

“Nooooooooooooo,” Uba hissed.

“I can’t find your mother, and the strangest noises are coming ...” Taban opened the door. Nothing could have prepared him for the sight that greeted him. Mother and son were on the bed. His beautiful wife was on her belly, looking directly at him. She had horror and lust written on her face. Her dress was up over her waist, and their son was pounding a gigantic penis into her from behind. Now that the door was open, he could clearly hear the squelching and slapping skin that he’d thought he’d heard out in the hall. Despite the intrusion, Abshir didn’t stop. Indeed, he looked over at Taban with a maniacal grin on his face, his eyes glowing like hot embers. Taban trembled, his limbs weak. “What ... um ... what ... are you doing?” *This calls for violence.* But no violence came to him. Instead, he backed into the hall and closed the door. He stood there, listening to the most forbidden copulation imaginable. Now that their secret was out, both his wife and son were making louder cries and grunts of passion.

“You see ... ughhhhh ... uuggghhhhhh ... you see ... Mom?” Abshir really let his hips go, pile driving into her without mercy.

“He ... eh ... ehhhh ... eeehhhhhhh ... left me ... he abandoned ... me ... Abshir.” Uba stared at the closed door. “Maybe ... he’s going to get ... a weapon.” Even that thought didn’t stop the frenzy of her joining with her son. She waited for her husband to return while being humped by their son, but Taban did not come back with a weapon or otherwise. “He ... uuuggghhhh ... left me. I’m ... yours ... Abshir.”

“My ... dirty ... sock.” He punctuated each word by driving her hips into the mattress.

“Yeessssss ... use me ... like a sock,” Uba screamed.

Outside in the hall, Taban heard his wife’s words. He stayed rooted to the hallway carpet, unable to move. He had an impulse to flee the building, but it was clearly too late. Some sort of evil had slipped into his apartment when he wasn’t looking, and nothing would be the same.

“Dad! Dad! Come in here!” Abshir shouted at the door.

“What ... eeeehhhh ... are you doing?” Uba’s face was twisted by ecstasy, panic, and confusion. Her husband hadn’t murdered them yet. Why was Abshir tempting fate?

“Dad!” Abshir bellowed. When the door opened again and he saw his father, his face twisted in a wicked grin. “What have I ... ugh ... ugh ... done ... Dad?”

“Taban ... eh ... eh ... I’m so ... sorry.” Uba couldn’t believe that her son was still humping her, even as his father looked on. Her life was now a smoldering ruin of what it was before they had moved to that building.

“Quiet ... Mom.” Abshir slapped his mother’s ass to assert some control. It worked. She didn’t say anything else. She only moaned and grunted as she absorbed thrust after heavy thrust. When he was satisfied that his parents were both quiescent, Abshir asked again, “What ... have ... I ... done?” He punctuated each word by slamming his hips onto his mother’s ass.

“You’ve ... taken my place.” Taban fell to his knees, looking away from his son’s demonic eyes. He met his wife’s tortured gaze. “I should have protected you, Uba.”

“Eh ... eh ... eh ... oooohhhhhhhh.” Uba clutched the blanket, but said no words. Her son wanted her mute, so that’s what she would do.

“Shut up ... Dad. Go ... to bed ... uuuggghhhh ... Mom’s sleeping ... here tonight.” Abshir slapped his mother’s ass again to make sure everyone knew where they stood.

“Yes, Abshir.” Taban could think to do nothing else but obey. He stumbled to his feet, walked down to his room, and threw himself on the bed. He spent a fitful night listening to the savage mating that was going on in his apartment.

~~

May 28, 2015: Apartment 9B: Rosalin Eklund.

“Are you sure you have someone who will take you in?” Rosalin glanced out the window. The sun hadn’t yet come up, but the city lights backlit a gargoyle as it peered in at them with a stoney, inquisitive expression.

“I’m popular, Ms. Eklund. Lots of friends that could give me a couch to sleep on. And I’m eighteen, so ... no legal issues with my parents.” Hani nodded. She had her phone and the clothes she was wearing. Everything else was in the apartment. Her knees went weak thinking about what else was in the apartment. Her brother and his big dick. *If I*

*want a big dick, I can go find Joe. They're both banging their moms, but at least Joe is sweet.* She shivered. "What do I do about my stuff?"

"I have a plan for that. I'm going to go talk to Elizabeth." Rosalin was already talking softly. It was the middle of the night, and her son was sleeping in his room. She lowered her voice even further to say the next part. "I'm going to lie to her. It's dangerous, but worth the risk to get you out."

"Why can't we just leave? Like ... right now?" Hani looked at the tall, regal woman. She had felt so close to her, but how well did she know this woman? Rubbing your pussy on someone didn't mean that you understood them. Or that they could be trusted.

"If the building doesn't want you to leave, you can't leave. I want to get you away from here. The best way to do that is to get Elizabeth on board." Rosalin checked herself in the hallway mirror. She'd showered and dried her hair. It was up in a sensible ponytail. Her face was without makeup. She straightened her sweater. Everything looked presentable for a meeting with the owner of 3838 Walnut Street. "Please stay here, Hani. I'm going to go talk to her now. With any luck, we'll have you out of this building before dawn. Once you're gone, promise me you won't come back."

"I mean ... I can't just abandon my parents. Maybe Mom can come with me?" Hani frowned. "Dad ... Dad doesn't know what's going on. And Abshir ... I have to help him."

"Now is not the right time. The building has warped their minds." Rosalin glanced at the gargoyle. "Kiss me." She walked over to Hani, bent down, and took the teenager into her arms. They made out for a few minutes and then parted. "Trust me. I'm going to save your whole family." Rosalin hoped that wasn't a lie. "But first, I'm going to save you. I'll be back soon."

"Isn't Elizabeth sleeping right now?" Hani watched Rosalin's jean-clad butt as she strode to the door.

"Like this building, she never sleeps." Rosalin opened the front door and headed toward the top floor.

~~

May 28, 2015: Apartment 12C, the Marland family.

"Where are you going, young man?" Carrie corralled her son, stepping in front of him as he headed toward the front door with his backpack on.

“School.” Joe blinked at her. It was so strange seeing her the morning after. She was fresh-faced and ready for the day. Her hair was back in a tail with a headband in front. Her yoga clothes fit her snugly. She looked like his mom always looked before heading off to a morning workout. The only difference was that she hadn’t been able to wipe the smile off her face all morning. She was still grinning as she put her hand on his chest to stop him. Joe smiled back. “You know I have to go to school, right?”

“Wrong!” She walked her fingers over his chest and pinched his pectoral. “You’re so buff.”

“Oh my God, Mom.” Joe watched her carefully, like she was a snake that might bite. “You can’t grope me like that,” he whispered. “Dad’s in the kitchen.”

Carrie was feeling beyond bold. Her son really had her in a tizzy. She leaned forward to put her lips next to his ear. It pleased her to know that Hani would have been too short to easily pull off such a maneuver. In the faintest of whispers, she said, “I felt bad for your father last night. So, I wanted to make it up to him with a wild night in bed.”

“Mom ... you can’t tell me –”

“Shh, Joey.” She squeezed his bicep to quiet him. “But I couldn’t have sex with him. Our whole marriage, he’s known that I was dry. That we needed oil. But last night I was sopping. And I still am. How could I explain that?”

Joe didn’t know whether to cringe or pop a massive boner. So, he did both. “Mom, I –”

“What are you two whispering about?” Gabe stood in the doorway, adjusting his tie.

“Oh ... Joey’s having girl troubles.” Carrie quickly pulled away from her son.

“Yeah ... Hani and I broke up.” Joe could see his mother’s cheeks turn red. So, at least she could feel shame. With his dad right there, now was the moment to break away from his mother and head to school. He could spend the day getting his head around what had happened. He’d figure out a strategy for dealing with his horny mom.

“Hani? Damn. That’s terrible. She’s so hot ... and exotic. That dark skin ...” Gabe shook his head.

“Don’t be racist, Gabe.” Carrie frowned at her husband. “Or gross.”

“I wasn’t.” Gabe shrugged. “I’m heading out. You want to ride in the elevator with your old man, sluggo?” He stepped over and pretended to punch his son in the chest.

“No ... I forgot something. I need to do some quick homework. Have a good day.” Joe waved to his dad.

“Have a lovely day, honey.” Carrie kissed Gabe on the cheek and straightened his tie again for good measure.

“Right ... off to the mines.” Gabe picked up his briefcase and left the apartment.

Carrie and Joe stared at each other for a long while after the front door closed. The clock in the kitchen marked the time with audible ticks. The sound of their breathing was the only other noise. Carrie’s was rapid, and Joe’s more evenly paced. Just like when they went out jogging together.

Joe was the first to move. He shrugged out of his backpack, letting it fall to the floor with a thud. Then he raced across the living room and closed the curtains. “Shit ... Mom. I want you.”

“I know. I know. I can see it in the front of your pants.” Carrie started to remove her top. She paused as doubt hit her. *He hasn’t seen me naked yet. Well, just my lower half.* Carrie had to admit that Hani was stacked in the boob department. *And his ex-girlfriend is, well, a perky teenager. And I’m not. Will Joey be disappointed in my body?* She stood there with her hands on her top, wondering what to do.

“I feel like I have to pinch myself. Because ... it’s you. This is all happening ... with you.” Joe rushed over to her and lifted her in the air, spinning her about the room.

“Oooohhhhhh.” Carrie wasn’t used to being handled like that. She felt light as a feather. They were nearly matched in stature, but she was feminine and delicate in his arms. “Normally, I would tell you not to rough house in the living room.” She let out a whooping laugh as he tossed her not very high in the air and caught her under the arms. “You’re so strong, Joey.” She wrapped her legs around his waist and kissed him deeply. Their tongues danced, and she ran her hands over the wonderfully defined muscles in his back. When he moved his hands down to her butt with obvious need, she shivered. She was sure that she’d just gushed into her panties.

“Mmmppphhhh.” Joe carried his mother out of the living room, down the hall, and into his bedroom. The curtains were already closed. He had been keeping them closed ever since learning that he was living in a fish bowl. Breaking their kiss, he tossed her onto his bed, watching her lovely body jiggle and shake. He started to undress.

“Condom?”

“I told you, Joey. You don’t need one with me. Only with the others.” She frantically pulled off her pants and panties, leaving on her top. She checked her underwear and saw that she had indeed creamed them. “Look what you did to me.” She tossed her panties to him and watched with wide eyes as he lifted them to his nose and inhaled deeply.

After several deep breaths, he moved her panties from his nose. “The condom thing is kind of hypocritical.” Joe finished undressing and hung the panties from his dick. He enjoyed the way her eyes bulged as she stared at it.

“A mother ... has every right to have double standards ... now and then.” Carrie’s mind was distracted. She worked hard to form words. “We’re special, sweetie. You won’t have what you have with me with anyone else.”

“I know.” He felt like he should push the condom thing further but didn’t know how. He stood with his hands on his hips, looking at the dark triangle between his mother’s legs.

Carrie pulled her gaze away from the turgid, massive penis and roved her eyes up his amazing, masculine body. She settled her focus on his face. “You’re still worried about it? You’re such a good boy. Most men would plunge in without a diving suit the second a woman let them.” She scooted to the middle of his bed, opened her legs, and pointed her vagina at him. “I bought you those condoms, so you know I thought they were important. But not with me.” She tried to remember her conviction the night before to be healthier and safer with him. It was a hazy recollection. “You have full access to my vajajay. I promise it’s okay.” She watched him stare at her vagina. The moments stretched out. “Please, Joey.” She held out her hands, beckoning him. Her feet rotated and her toes curled with anticipation.

“Sure.” Joe shrugged. He pulled the panties off his dick and inhaled again. “I could smell you from a mile away, Mom. But having these is a special thing. I’m keeping them.” He walked over to his dresser, put them in the top drawer, and dove onto the bed.

“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” Carrie giggled and shrieked. She felt like she was a teenager again as they wrestled, their limbs entwining, their skin pressing tightly together. “Joey ... Joey ... Joey.” She laughed as he kissed her neck and shoulders. His hands found her boobs. *At least he seems to enjoy the feel of them, even if I don’t know if he’ll like what he sees.* She kept her top on and maneuvered him between her legs. “Joey ... lay it down on top of my vajajay ... I want to see it on my belly. I want to see how far it’ll go inside me.”

They both looked down when Joe rested his heavy balls on his mother’s pussy and let his cock thump down on her belly. The fat dickhead extended up past her belly button.

“There you go, Mom.” Joe was happy she’d had the notion. He loved imagining how deep he was about to be in her.

“Oh ... gosh.” Carrie’s neck strained, and she pushed herself up on her elbows to look down at the monstrosity. “It’s beautiful.” It was actually sort of hideous. But its brutish nature was much more compelling to her than some pretty, dainty penis. She stared at the bulging veins. She could see the tool nodding with his pulse. “You’re going to stuff your mother completely full.” *How did I take that thing yesterday?*

“How did you take it, Mom?” Joe continued to stare at his dick, resting on her trim belly.

“You read my mind, Joey.” She rocked her hips, rubbing her vagina on his heavy, hairy balls. “Now, put it in put it in put it in put it in put it in,” she muttered as she watched

him lift it and place the head at her entrance. She wished she had an angle to see it slide in. “Tell me what it looks like as it enters me.” Her chest rose and fell. She panted, waiting for ecstasy.

“Nah, Mom. I’d rather just show you.” Joe pushed his hips forward and impaled his mother for the second time. Her searing, high-pitched cry of joy was the most wonderful sound in the world.

## Chapter 37

### Do it again!

August 29, 1994: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family.

“Brian ... Brian ... what happened to Mom?” Rachel knew very well what had happened to their mother, but she couldn’t bring herself to accept what she’d seen.

Brian didn’t respond. His mind was a confused jumble. He and his sister were each tucked under one of Elizabeth’s arms. They were descending the main stairwell.

“Brian ... Brian ... what’s happening? What’s ... mmmppphhhhh?” Rachel’s mouth was muffled by Elizabeth’s hand. She couldn’t say anything more. Her body was stiff with fright. Her sight was jarred by each stair, making it impossible to focus on anything. She could hear the woman’s heavy breathing and the slap of Elizabeth’s feet on each tread.

“You’re taking us to the basement.” Brian tried to crane his neck to look up at Elizabeth, but she was holding him too tightly. “We’re going to talk to Her. She’ll know what to do.” He hadn’t asked a question, but he hoped to receive an answer anyway. All she gave him was silence. “We’re going to talk to Her, right? She knows what to do. She can save my mother.” They continued to descend. “It’s Her, right? She’ll make everything okay?”

“She doesn’t speak, you idiot,” Elizabeth hissed. “That was me. I speak through the roots. When I first possessed the statue, I could hear Her ... or ... at least ... an echo of her. But that was long before you were born. She might be dead. I don’t know. I’m doing everything I can to return Her. But your mother just ruined decades of plans.”

Brian tried to process this information. “But ... when the lights are off ... and I can see the red glowing ... I can hear Her. She knows the way.”

“Maybe the next stag won’t be such an idiot,” Elizabeth snarled. “I’m lost, you moron. I’m trying, but I’m lost.” They reached the ground floor, and Elizabeth opened the door to the lobby without losing her grip on the Kwons. She sprinted to the basement stairs, opened that door, and continued her descent.

“You’re lying. I heard Her!” Brian began to struggle against Elizabeth’s thin, pale arm. He was pressed to her jiggling body in a way that would have been delightful under different circumstances.

“Have it your way.” Elizabeth arrived in the laundry room. She threw down her human baggage in front of the dryers, opened the out-of-order dryer door, and walked over to the lights. She flipped them off. The room glowed with the faint, carmine roots leading all the way up to the statue. “It is I, the goddess Ogganse.” She altered her voice, adding more resonance and gravitas as she always did when impersonating the goddess.

“Climb into the tunnel. If you both enter, you will find a chamber on the other side with your mother restored. But you must move quickly.”

“Brian?” Rachel clutched at her brother.

“What tunnel?” Brian’s eyes and ears strained. The voice seemed to be coming from Elizabeth, but also emanating from inside his own head.

“The drying machine. Enter it and you will find a tunnel,” Elizabeth said.

“Yes, Ogganse.” Brian didn’t hesitate. “Come on Rachel, our mom’s in there.” He helped his sister into the dryer. “Do you see a tunnel?”

“See, no. But I can keep crawling.” Tentatively, Rachel moved forward into the dark. “Is Mom really in here?” She had seen so many magical things, she didn’t doubt her brother.

“Yes.” Brian climbed in after his sister. Trusting the goddess to reunite him with his mother. They would laugh and laugh about the time she almost died in the chapel.

“Oh ... it opens up.” Rachel crawled into a space where she could stand. She could see a little in the cavern, because the walls pulsed with a steady, red glow.

“Here we come, Mom!” Brian followed his sister.

Elizabeth waited for both twins to enter the cavern. When they were through, she turned the lever that shut the inner door to the cavern. She bent at the entrance to the dryer door and listened. Soon, the siblings began banging on the thick inner door. It was a faint sound. “The last man to stay in there was weak. But you two are strong. You were already part of the building. Now you will become more so. Explore in there. Rut in there. And let the magic in. I will check on you two later.” Elizabeth could hear their muffled, panicked screaming as she closed the dryer door and straightened the out-of-order sign.

“At least some good will come from tonight.” Elizabeth turned the lights back on and looked around the laundry room. It was a clean, well-ordered, silent place. And now it was time to clean up the mess on the top floor, too. She ascended the stairs, hopeful that the Kwons would grow powerful immersed in the magic that dwelled at the base of her building.

~~

May 28, 2015: Apartment 12C, the Marland family.

“Oooohhhhhhh ... gosh ... my ... vajajay ... my vajajay ... feels ...uuugghhhh ... ughhhhh ... uuugghhhh ... soooooooooo ... goooooood.” Carrie was so ecstatic that she was crossing her big toe over the next one. She looked up at her flopping feet as her body absorbed each heavy stroke from her son. “I ... ugh ... ugh ... didn’t know ... I could cross ... my ... ugggghhhhh ... toes.”

“What?” Joe was covered in perspiration. He was staring down at his mother’s athletic top. It was dark with sweat, her tits making jaunty back and forth bounces underneath.

“You’re making ... me so happy that ... ooohhhhhhh ... that ... uuugghhhh ... that Mommy’s toes ... are crossing.” Carrie’s smile was broad and twisted by her passion. She felt her son’s pace slow. That speed let her feel the way his long penis pushed and pulled on her overtaxed vagina. It was wonderful, but she needed a pounding. “Don’t ... stop ... don’t stop ... sweetie ... don’t ever stop ... I’m so happy ... my vajajay is so happy ... I want to do this for ... for ... ooooohhhhhh ... my.” When he started railing her again, her eyes crossed and then rolled back in her head. “Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.”

“Mom ... Mom ...” Joe knew he shouldn’t cum in her. Not again. But the animal part of him was too strong. They had been going at it for almost a half-hour, and he was ready. He gripped the backs of her thighs, bent her knees toward her boobs, and let loose inside her pussy. “Awwwwwwoooooooooooo.” Joe threw his head back and howled with wild abandon. His hips jerked to an erratic stop, and he left his cock completely planted inside her. The howl continued for the length of his orgasm, then died out. He fell forward and rested his head on the pillow next to his mother’s ear. He relished the floral scents of her expensive shampoo, the musk of her sweat, and the tang of her excitement hanging in the air. “I ... love you ... Mom. I ... love you so much.”

“Ooohhhhhh ... sweetie ...” She ran her fingertips along his muscled back. “I love ... you too.” Her mind was drawn to the presence of his mighty penis resting inside her vagina. The weight of it pushed against the back of her womb, sending little spasms of pleasure up her spine. “Ooohhhhhh ... Joey ... I was worried about you. But you blossomed ... into a man. A perfect man ... who doesn’t need to hide under ... my skirts anymore.”

“Um ... Mom?” Joe was so relaxed he felt like he might melt into her. “I’m doing worse than hiding ... under your skirts. I’m ... sorta ... hiding in your ... pussy.”

Carrie shivered at the dirty word. She shivered again at the naughty thought. “You’re eighteen ... you use dirty words. Even though ... I taught you not to.”

“Yeah, I guess.” He mustered enough energy to brush her hair behind her ear and kiss her wonderfully slender neck.

“Say it again.” Carrie drew in her breath and waited for the son to say something naughty.

"I'm hiding my dick in your pussy, Mom." Joe flexed his cock on the word 'hiding.'

"Nnnnnngggggggg." Carrie squirmed under her son, her fingernails digging into his back. "Oooohhhh ... goshhhhhh. What did you just ... do with your penis?"

"I don't know." Joe shifted his weight so that he was more on top of his mother. He looked down into her pretty eyes. "I flexed it."

"I didn't know men could *flex* it." Carrie flashed him a giddy smile. "Do it again!" Her laughter echoed off the walls of her son's bedroom, but the sound was quickly cut short when his penis jumped inside her again. "Oh! Oooohhhhhhhh ... my ... that's wonderful," she purred. "Is that how you keep it hard? I didn't think it was supposed to stay hard after ... you know."

"No, Mom. It just stays that way when I'm excited or ... even sometimes when I'm not." He kissed her round cheek.

"The trials and tribulations of being a teenage boy." She laughed again. "You can come to me whenever it's like that. Even if you ..." She was going to start talking about him having a new girlfriend, but she didn't want to get out too far over her skis. "Anyway, Mommy will take care of you."

"What about Dad?" Joe narrowed his eyes. Even at the mention of his father, she looked blissfully happy. He would have expected that topic to sober her.

"Well, I don't think he'd want to take care of your big thingy for you!" Carrie burst out laughing, louder this time.

He didn't think it was *that* funny, but Joe laughed with her. Her pussy spasmed on his dick, gripping it with each of her chortles. It felt wonderful. Before he knew it, his hips were moving again. Their laughter turned into animalistic grunts. And their smiles twisted into snarls of pleasure. A desire built in him. He longed for a specific position, but he wasn't sure how to ask for it. "I really ... want to do it ..."

"You are ... Joey ... ugh ... ugh ... you are ... doing it." Carrie looked up at her flopping feet. Her toes were crossing again.

"No ... Mom ... I really want to ... ugh ... ugh ..." He would just have to spit it out. "I want to ... do it ... doggy."

Carrie bit her bottom lip and nodded. "You would like ... uuuggghhhh ... to see me ... on my hands and knees." She was nervous about what he might think with her butt so exposed to him. "I'm not ... young and tight ... like ... other women."

"You're an athlete, Mom." Joe pulled out of her pussy with a wet, squelching sound. "You have an amazing body."

“Oh ... Gosh ... thank you.” Carrie looked down at the frothy penis in disbelief. It was covered in their combined juices. “We made a mess.” She rolled over on the bed and got on her hands and knees. She tried not to think about disappointing her son. *Get a grip, Carrie! He’s clearly enjoying himself.* “Do you ... like how I look?” She arched her back and looked back at him over her shoulder.

“Your ass is amazing.” Joe gave it a soft slap. The sound reverberated around the room.

“Oh!” Her eyes opened in shock and pleasure. “Slap me again. Show me how much you like my ...” She thought about using a bad word in front of him. She figured it was probably okay. “... ass.”

With a big grin on his face, Joe slapped her ass, harder this time. “Yee haw!”

Carrie screeched when his hand came into contact with her bottom. “Oh my ... gosh! Why do I love that so much?” She laughed and shook her butt for him, her insecurities forgotten. “I can’t believe how you’ve grown up. I can’t believe that we get to share this together. Isn’t this fun? I can’t believe ... ooohhhhhhhhh.” Her eyes crossed when he entered her vagina from behind. “I ... uuuggghhhh ... can’t believe ... how big you’ve gotten.”

“I ... ugh ... ugh ... can’t believe ... how tight your pussy is ... Mom.” Joe gripped her hips and found a punishing rhythm with his hips. He looked down at her arched back. He was glad she’d kept her top on, the band of it looked wonderful over her tiny, flexing back muscles. Her ass rippled with each shock her body absorbed. Her head hung forward, her ponytail wet and limp. This felt like the perfect position to him. She was submitting to him like a female dog ... like a bitch. He shook his head to clear it. *That’s not right. Mom’s not a bitch.* As the pleasure of her squelching pussy-grip worked its magic on his cock, a thought came to him. *She’s my luna wolf. And I’m her alpha. Dad isn’t the alpha anymore. Neither are my brothers. It’s me. Mom has chosen me. And I won’t ever let her go.* “Awwwwwwoooooo.” Joe relished every second inside his mother.

“Awwwwoooooo.” Carrie’s high-pitched howl harmonized with her son’s lower, more guttural call. She didn’t know why they howled together, but she loved it. She had lived her whole life trying to fit in with stuffy friends, uptight church ladies, and the other judgmental moms. She was ready to let the wild in. Ecstasy flowed through every nerve in her body. She was quickly approaching another orgasm. Her son’s huge penis somehow fit her perfectly. She was frantic to make the feeling last forever.

“Awwwooooooo ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii.” She shuddered and convulsed as Joe continued to pummel her from behind.

Several hours later, mother and son lay on top of the stained blanket on Joe’s bed. Everything was quiet. Faintly, they could hear city noise coming through the window.

Carrie rested her head on her son's chest, listening to his steady heartbeat. The life inside him thrilled her. She still had her top on, but she was feeling more comfortable. *He erupted in me four times this morning. I shouldn't be shy.* She sat up and sat cross-legged facing him. The position allowed more of his stuff to leak out of her. She looked down with mock disapproval at the blanket between her legs. "We really did a number on your covers. I'll have to have the laundry people stop by this afternoon." Ever since their horrible incident in the laundry room, Carrie had been using a laundry service for the family. She moved her gaze from the stained blanket between her legs, to her son's loving eyes. That silly, satisfied smile returned to her face. "I'm going to be honest with you, Joey. Because ... you've earned it."

"Sure, Mom." Joe nodded and returned her smile, confident that whatever she was about to say, they could handle it together. "What's up?"

"Well ..." Carrie took a deep breath. "I know it's silly that I've kept my top on this whole time. After everything we did ..." She bit her bottom lip. "Anyway, I want you to know that I'm worried about disappointing you. I know Hani is curvier than me. And she's ... well ... she's eighteen. And ... I'm not. So ... I thought maybe ... your old mom's boobs ... you know."

Joe's smile widened, beaming assurance and confidence to his mother. "You like when I use bad words now, right?"

"Yes?" Carrie was unsure if she was getting through to him. This seemed like a non-sequitur.

"Well, in that case ... show me your tits. I bet you'll like my response." Joe trained his gaze down to her sport top and held his eyes there pointedly. When she didn't move, he sat up, his soft, heavy cock rolling onto his thigh. "Tits, tits, tits." He thought for a moment, and then added, "Please."

"Is this your way of telling me that you're a horny teenager and that it doesn't matter what my boobs look like?" Carrie smiled despite herself. No man had ever talked to her the way her son was. And he was the last man on Earth that she'd expect to call for her 'tits, tits, tits.' Regardless, it was somehow wonderfully charming. Just like everything he did. When he did nothing more than wink at her breasts in response, she let out a short laugh. "Okay, we'll see if you like them, mister." As she reached for her top, she felt like asking him to be kind with his comments. But that would show too much weakness. She had told him about her insecurity. That was enough. "Here goes." She closed her eyes and lifted off her top, letting her breasts fall free. Keeping her eyes closed, she tossed the top carelessly away and rested her hands in her lap. With a bit of woman's craft, she pressed her arms in a little, making her boobs stand out a bit more.

“Wow ... Mom ... they’re gorgeous.” Joe’s eyes widened to drink in the sight of her pale beauties. Her nipples were large and puffy. This was a surprise to Joe, although he had once been intimately acquainted with them. “I love them. They’re so white. And the blue veins make you seem so vulnerable and exposed.”

“I am exposed.” She opened her eyes. The first thing she noticed was that he was hard again. That was a good sign. Then she zeroed in on his face, which looked very much like she’d just unwrapped the best present ever. “You really do like them. They’re not too saggy?”

“Damn, Mom. They hang perfectly. I won’t ever grow tired of looking at them.” He reached out and put his hand under her left boob, weighing it. “Nice and heavy.” He then shook her boob from beneath and laughed in delight at the way it jiggled. “I can’t believe you were worried about showing me. I hope you’ll go topless all the time now.”

Carrie hadn’t realized how tense she’d been. She could feel the cords in her shoulders relaxing. “I’m so relieved. And yes, I’ll show them to you lots. You can even suck on ... oooohhhhhhhhh.” Her son hadn’t waited for her to finish her sentence before latching his lips onto her nipple. She cupped his head, running her fingers through his long, sweaty hair. “Ouch! Careful ... not so rough with your teeth. Yes ... yes ... that’s better.” Her whole body thrummed. “You’re back at my breast ... Joey ... and it’s so ... splendid. Everything ... about you ... is splendid ... oooohhhhhhhhhhh.” She cooed and stroked his blond hair.

“Mmmppphhhhhhh.” Joe could think of nothing but his love for his mother. He maneuvered her onto his lap without losing his suction on her tit. In no time, he was back in her pussy again, and she was riding him hard. He was glad she was so fit. Despite their morning’s activities, she was still able to keep up a good pace. At first, he had tried to keep her lust for him out of his life. Then, he’d started to wonder how he would fit their new relationship into his life. Now, he could see that sex with her would come to dominate his life. They were a perfect fit, and there was no going back.

~~

May 28, 2015: Apartment 9B: Rosalin Eklund.

Rosalin knocked on the door of 14B. Her hand didn’t shake, but her tummy was flipping over. It wasn’t her own safety that concerned her. Her fears revolved around leaving Steven alone in this cursed building. She pressed her lips together as she thought of leaving the Dahirs, the Marlands, and everyone else under the spell of Elizabeth

Norwood. There would be so much more violence, destruction, and death if Rosalin didn't do something.

Elizabeth opened the door, standing naked without any hint of shame or propriety. She looked Rosalin up and down. "You're still a beauty after all these years. You know, I think that's why I've been so lenient with you." She turned, leaving the door open, and walked into the forest that was her apartment. Moss covered the floor, ferns grew in the corners, and the furniture seemed to have returned to nature, while still retaining its original function. Leaves, lichen, and vines abounded. "Come in."

"Hello, Mrs. Norwood." Rosalin entered the apartment and closed the door behind her. Her heart raced. "I wanted to talk –"

"I know you've been humping my wolf. And the stag's sister, too." Elizabeth draped herself on what had once been a sofa and sneered at her guest. "Why do you always have to be in the middle of things?"

"They broke up." Rosalin stayed standing. She clasped her hands in front of her.

"Oh, that was going to happen sooner or later. My stag is about ready to expand his bevy." Elizabeth waved a hand at some moss and branches that had once been an armchair. "Please sit, you look like you're standing with a stick up your rear end." Elizabeth watched the woman closely as Rosalin sat and uncomfortably crossed her legs. Elizabeth spread her own legs, allowing a full view of her wild, bushy vagina. "So, how is the wolf? I expect he's off chasing new women now that the Dahir girl spurned him."

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about. She confided in me." Rosalin tried to smile, but she knew it was a faint, pathetic thing. *She hasn't heard about Carrie Marland. That's helpful.* She gave up smiling and opted for sincere. That was a much more natural expression for her. "I'm afraid the wolf has sullied the stag's sister. He bred her right before their breakup."

"What?" Elizabeth's posture didn't change, but her eyes blazed. "No ... no ... my spies saw them using condoms. You're wrong."

"They did it once without a condom, and he didn't pull out. That was what the breakup was about." Rosalin could see the anger boiling up inside the immortal woman. Rosalin felt the pressing desire to fight ... or run. But she stayed seated and waited for Elizabeth to process this information.

"I should not have let them couple. But I was trying not to interfere. Things needed to go differently." Elizabeth quickly stood and paced the room, her zaftig body bouncing and shaking with angry movements. "Every time something goes wrong. And now this. The wolf has claimed the stag's sister? I can't undo that. I can't ..."

“The stag doesn’t have a sister in the story the goddess told you. Only a mother.” Rosalin’s voice was soft and unfrontational. “Hani isn’t important for his bevy.”

Elizabeth stopped pacing, turned, and stared at her guest. “Yes ... you’re right. I was so fixated on ...” She nodded. “You’re right. Let’s feed Hani to the Kwons and be done with it.”

Rosalin’s face blanched. “You might need Hani. She’s tied to both the stag and the wolf. If you need to bait them into a confrontation ... at the ceremony ... she should be useful.”

“It’s uncommon for you to make so much sense.” Elizabeth rubbed her chin. “But now that she’s been soiled, I can’t send her to the stag. Don’t tell me you want to keep her as your plaything.”

“No ... no ...” Rosalin took a deep breath. “Let her leave the building. She can stay with someone in the city. When you need her, you can invite her back to the building.”

Elizabeth sat on the sofa again, spreading her legs. “I suppose I was going to let the wolf head off to a university and do his wolfish things there. The blessed moon happens during their spring holidays. The wolf will be back in the building for that. And we can lure Hani back here easily enough. Yes, that’s fine.” Elizabeth waved a dismissive hand.

“I hope I was useful.” Rosalin stood and turned to leave.

“Why bring this to me in the middle of the night?” Elizabeth watched the woman freeze mid-stride.

“I ... um ...” Rosalin turned back to the woman who had ruined her life. She thought of David out there somewhere, living his life without her. She thought of Steven’s father, whose mind Elizabeth had twisted before she had deformed him completely. She shuddered.

“You never could say no to my kitty.” Elizabeth opened her legs wider and beckoned Rosalin with a finger.

“Yes ... of course. I’m happy to please you.” Rosalin took off her sweater and undershirt. She folded them and placed them on the moss cushion of a nearby chair.

“That’s not true. You don’t like pleasing me. Which makes it all the sweeter.” Elizabeth’s laugh didn’t echo in the living apartment. The sound was swallowed by all that surrounded them. “Leave your brassiere on. I like that you cling to civilization, even as the wild consumes you. You’re a lot like this city will be when She comes back. Both you and New York have that stick so far up your butt that it will never come out. But, at the same time, neither of you can do anything but let the wild in.”

“Yes.” Rosalin was in no mood to argue. She stepped over to the devolved sofa and dropped to her knees on the moss floor just in front of the waiting pussy.

“Tell me how much you love the wild.” Elizabeth couldn’t wipe the grin off her face. She so enjoyed these moments of victory. They were far sweeter than the times when she had to resort to the lesser of her animal instincts and force the matter with violence.

“I love the wild, Mrs. Norwood.” Rosalin stared at the forest of black hair that surrounded the woman’s pussy lips. “I’m happy to let the wild in.”

“No, you’re not.” Elizabeth leaned forward, cupped the regal woman’s head, and pulled Rosalin’s lips onto her waiting vagina. “Aaaaahhhhhh ... yes.” Elizabeth left her hand entwined in blond hair, her grip firm but lenient. She knew how to handle Rosalin. “You have always known how to dine on my box. I’m surprised you spend so much of your life obsessing over men. First, your sad fiancé, whatever his name was. Then, poor, unfortunate Brian. Oh, let’s not forget the headless detective. And now, your sweet son. Your men have always been fools.”

“Mmmppphhhhhh.” Even if Rosalin had wanted to argue, the pussy in her face prevented her. Instead, she gave her all to pleasing Elizabeth. The words hurt. But Rosalin would have her revenge in the end.

“Ooohhhhhh ... I can feel your intention ... through your tongue.” Elizabeth rotated her hips. “You would ... defy me ... if you could. But you can’t ... you’re mine ... Rosalin Eklund. You’re mine ... just as every single person in this ... ooooohhhhh ... building is mine.” Her whole body undulated as a delicious orgasm approached. “Just as ... uuuggghhh ... this whole city ... will be mine ... in about nine months’ time.”

## Chapter 38

### He Can't Feel My Vajajay

May 28, 2015: Apartment 9B: Rosalin Eklund.

"Wait ... maybe there are answers in the artwork." Hani turned toward the reliefs. Rosalin led her by the hand through the lobby. It was early enough in the morning that there was no one about but them, and the doorman, Greg. "Maybe if we stop to take some pictures with my phone, I can research it later." Hani glanced at the wolf-headed man as he made an aggressive dancing pose with the stag on the wall.

"Shh." Rosalin turned back and gave Hani a look that said there were no answers there. "Come on." Rosalin increased her pace a little, holding tightly to Hani's small, warm hand. She wanted Hani out of the building, but didn't want to be seen running out.

"Okay." Hani understood. She only had her phone and clothes. She had left her hijab behind in Rosalin's apartment, her black hair bouncing with each hurried step. The hijab was something she wore for her parents. And it seemed she was leaving the nest sooner than expected. "My other stuff?"

"I told you. I'll see what I can do." Rosalin's voice was sibilant in the large, open space. *Does this girl know what I'm risking for her?*

"Morning, Ms. Eklund." Greg tipped his hat at the women. "Morning, Ms. Dahir." He stepped in front of the door rather than opening it. "You seem to be in a hurry. It's too early for school." He glanced at Hani, but otherwise kept his focus on Rosalin.

Rosalin came to a halt. She felt the girl squeeze her hand tightly. Rosalin loosened her grip. "She's leaving the building, Greg." Rosalin couldn't stomach this man defending Elizabeth after everything that woman had taken from him. But this place wasn't about right or wrong ... rational or insane. This place was about twisting the world into one woman's crazed resurrection fantasy. "Step aside. Mrs. Norwood has given her permission."

"You know, it's not just me standing in your way." Greg frowned. "If the building doesn't want you to leave, you won't leave."

"I know better than most." Rosalin nodded grimly.

"What do we do?" Hani whispered.

"Mrs. Creech?" Rosalin yelled behind them, projecting her voice across the lobby.

"Yes, I'm coming." Natalie hustled out of the hallway that led to her apartment. Normally, she was meticulously put together, but she looked like she'd just woken

moments before. She stopped halfway across the lobby. “Our mistress called, Greg. You are to let these two out despite the unusual circumstances. Ms. Dahir is leaving us.”

Greg stepped aside and opened the door.

Rosalin nodded to Natalie. She pulled the girl to freedom. “Come on. Let’s get you out of here.”

Even at that early hour, the sidewalk was bustling. The two women wove into the crowd and quickly disappeared from sight.

~~

June 15, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

“Eh ... eh ... eh ... Abshir ... Abshir ... fill me ... plleeeassssee.” Uba was naked on all fours, as she often was over the past weeks. She humped her son when the sun came up and when it went down. She spread her legs for Abshir when her husband was at work, and when he was home. She lost any sort of shame or perspective. Her daughter was gone. Her marriage was sundered. Her working life had ended. But none of it mattered when her son’s long penis was inside her.

“Fuck ... Mom ... when is ... Auntie Eedo gonna ... be here?” Abshir held his mother’s hips.

“Wha ... wha ... what?” Uba looked over her shoulder with wide, dazed eyes. Her glasses were fogged, and her head was bouncing from each impact she absorbed, making it hard to see him clearly.

“Did I ... ugh ... ugh ... stutter?” Abshir slapped her ass.

“Ow! No! Eh ... eh ... no.” To be so under his power made her passions rage even harder. She swooned, dropping her forehead to the floor. “Eedo arrives ... with Uncle Dalmar ... on Thursday.”

“Shit ... Mom ... I told you ... ugh ... ugh ... uggghhhhhh ... to make her ... come alone.” Abshir increased the tempo of his hips. He added extra weight to the bottom of each stroke, making sure she’d feel every inch.

“I ... uuuuggghhhhh ... don’t control ... my sister ... sweetie.” Uba thought about what her son wanted to do with Eedo. It made her stomach queasy and set off little explosions of pleasure in her mind. “Your father ... will distract Uncle Dalmar. It will ... work.”

“It ... better ... Mom.” Abshir’s hips fell out of rhythm.

“It will ... it will ... it ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii.” When her son unloaded in her, Uba’s thoughts were nothing more than searing white ecstasy.

Later in the day, as the shadows lengthened in apartment 12E, mother and son were on the kitchen ceiling. Uba still wasn’t used to doing it like a monkey above the forest floor. While gravity didn’t affect her son, it still pulled her downward with alarming determination. She had her arms and legs wrapped around him. He held her with an arm on her back and a hand on her butt. They had been rutting for a long while up there without any talking. There was only their grunting, passionate cries, and the sounds of slapping skin and squelching parts.

Taban entered the gloomy apartment and put down his briefcase. He followed the noises into the kitchen. His blood ran cold when he looked up. His wife and son were mating in the shadows again. With their dark skin, Taban could barely tell where mother ended and son began. But he could see Abshir’s eyes glowing crimson, staring right at him. Taban cleared his throat. “I quit my job today.”

“Ugh ... ugh ... ugh.” Abshir grunted more aggressively. He tightened his hand on his mother’s ass, possessively digging his fingers into her supple flesh. “Ugghhhhh ... uuuggghhhh ... uuuuggghhhhhh.” He stared across the kitchen, looking through his father.

“Eh ... eh ... oooohhhhh ... eh ... eh ... eehhhhhhhh.” Uba hadn’t noticed her husband’s arrival home. Why would she? Her stag was all that mattered.

“I quit my job today.” Taban mustered the courage to speak louder. He winced at the awful wet noises that mammoth penis made in his wife’s once trim vagina. “Mrs. Creech says that I’ll start working as a janitor in the building tomorrow.”

“Ugh ... ugh ... gggrrraaaaaa” The noise Abshir made was something between a laugh, a grunt, and a growl. “That’s ... good ... you can start ... by cleaning ... ugh ... ugh ... the puddle ... underneath ... us.”

“Eh ... eh ... wha ...?” Uba craned her head to look. Her husband was a much diminished man. She had stopped apologizing to him a little over a week ago. Now, she hardly thought of him at all. She turned her gaze back up to her son’s devilish smile. “Eh ... eh ... eh ...”

“Right away.” Taban scurried to get cleaning supplies. Within a minute, he was on his knees on the floor, trying not to get dripped on by the rutting couple above him. It was a horrible fate, but Taban could not see any other way. He was destined to be supplanted by his son. All things were as they should be, even if they would have been impossible to contemplate a few months before.

~~

June 17, 2015: Apartment 12C, the Marland family.

"I'm having another wet night, Gabe." Carrie sauntered into their bedroom wearing lingerie. She had always had an active sex life with her husband, and the frequency hadn't changed lately. But her motives had. Her son called her special nights with his father 'pity fucks.' Joe didn't say it in a mean way, he didn't do anything with malice. He was too easygoing and charming for that. Joe said it because he knew that when he used naughty words, it riled her up. And also because it was true. She felt bad for stepping behind Gabe's back, even if it was with their strapping son. So, she had to make it up to him. "Very wet," she purred.

"Oh ... um ..." Gabe was sitting with his back to the headboard, working on a laptop. "I've got work, Carrie."

"Really, other men would die to be with me." Carrie put her hands on her hips and frowned. *I should tell him that this is a pity fuck!* She shivered at the naughty thought.

"Honestly?" He looked up from the screen. "Ever since you started getting wet, I can't feel you. I liked it better when we used oil. Now ... I don't know ... it's like ...?" He shrugged.

"Like a hot dog flying down the Holland Tunnel?" Carrie ground her teeth.

"What?" Gabe furrowed his brow.

"Never mind. Do your work. I'm going to go watch some TV." Carrie stormed out of the bedroom.

"You're still wearing your ..." Gabe winced when the door slammed. "... lingerie." He shrugged again. Joe was already in bed. What did it hurt if his wife watched the Bachelorette in fancy underwear?

Carrie headed straight for her son's room. She was in such a huff that she didn't bother knocking or opening the door quietly. She found him shirtless, his covers up to his waist. He had his phone in his hands, typing out something. He was so handsome, that Carrie's mood instantly improved. She closed the door softly behind her and locked it. "Who are you texting?"

"Hani." Joe smiled at his mother. "She's still living at her friend's place."

"Are you thinking about getting back together with her?" Carrie had heard more about Hani in recent weeks. *I'm not jealous. Hani's a nice girl, and I'm his mother. I can't get jealous.* A tight smile curved her lips.

“No ... I don’t think so. We’re just talking. I think she’s hoping I’ll have info on her family, but I haven’t seen Abshir or Mrs. Dahir in a long time.” Part of what Joe said was true. While he and Hani had been friendlier than he let on, he was pretty sure they wouldn’t get back together. There was the small matter of his relationship with his mother, which wasn’t going to go away. Not if he had anything to say about it.

“It’s so strange to think about them holed up in 12E ... doing that stuff.” Carrie shivered. She lived in a glass house, so she wasn’t going to throw any stones. “Anyway, do you like how I’m dressed?” She posed for him. She loved the way his eyes danced over her body with hunger. It was hard to remember being insecure with him, even if it hadn’t been that long ago.

“Is Dad asleep?” Joe put his phone on the nightstand. He couldn’t imagine that his mother got dressed in lingerie and walked right past his awake father.

“He’s awake. He’s working.” Carrie shifted into a few more poses for him. Her smile warmed and eased even as she remembered her recent rejection. “Get this ...” She rushed across the room and sat on her son’s bed. She was happy to see a tent forming under the covers. “He said he can’t feel my vajajay anymore. He thinks it’s because I’m always wet now.”

“It’s because I resized your pussy, Mom.” Joe beamed at her.

“Oh ... I know, Joey.” A shiver went down Carrie’s spine. “Say that again, please.”

“My big dick resized your pussy, Mom. Dad’s little dick can’t feel anything now.” Joe winked at her.

“Oh ... my gosh ... the things you say!” Carrie practically tackled her son. In no time at all, she was slobbering all over his penis. “I love it ... I love it ... I love it,” she said between kisses on his long, heavily-veined shaft. “I love you ... I love you ... I ... mmmpppphhhhh.” On impulse, Carrie sucked one of his large, heavy balls into her mouth. She had never done this for any other man. It was massive. She ran her tongue over the wrinkles, thinking how tonguing a man’s sperm sack would have grossed her the heck out not long ago. She would have gagged. *But not with my Joey.*

“Mmmppphhhhhh.” She knew how sensitive a part of a man’s body this was, and given his size, it must have been extra sensitive for Joe. He put so much trust in her. That thought tickled her spine and vagina.

“Mom ... ooohhhhh ... Mom ...” Joe watched her stroke his cock and ardently suck his ball. “You look so ... cute ... like that.”

“Mmmppphhh?” She turned her eyes up toward him and stopped stroking. She spit out the testicle and smiled. “Cute? Cute? I’m your mother, Joey. I’m not cute. The girls at college will be cute. I’m ... I’m ... beautiful.” She mounted him, spreading her panties to

the side. "I'm a goddess ... and you'll worship me ... ooohhhhhh." She lowered her hips, and his penis slid into her easily. It was hard to remember a time when she'd been a tight fit for him. "You'll ... uuuggghhhh ... worship my ... vajajay ... like a goddess." Her hips undulated in the most obscenely splendid way, moving the large head of his penis around the back of her womb.

"Shit ... Mom ... I might worship ... your pussy like a goddess's pussy ... ugh ... uuuggghhhh ... if you didn't call it a vajajay." Joe had a twinkle in his eye as he fondled her boobs through the lingerie.

Carrie tried to frown. She couldn't quite do it. Her vagina felt too good. Her belly felt too splendid. She leaned forward until their noses were touching. Her hips kept moving. "Worship my pussy ... Joey."

"Yes ... ma'am." Joe pulled his mother into a kiss. He thrust his hips up to meet hers. For a brief moment, his mind wandered to the word 'goddess.' He thought of what Rosalin had told them. He thought of Abshir and Hani and their mother. *Something's wrong in this building.* But then his mother's pussy started squeezing on his dick, and the ecstasy pushed those dark clouds away. *There's nothing better than being in your mom's pussy. We already love each other. It probably happens all over this city. It's not odd that Abshir and I are both doing it on the same floor. What's odd is that I hadn't considered it earlier.*

Carrie undulated on her son for a long while. She was afraid to bounce on him like a cowgirl, for fear of creaking the bed and alerting her husband. This was fine for her, as the movement made her orgasm like crazy. Fortunately, in the end, her serpentine hips were enough to make her son climax, too. When they were done, she kissed Joe goodnight and stumbled out of the room. Her husband was still working in bed when she returned to their bedroom.

"What did you watch?" Gabe didn't even glance at her. If he had, he might have wondered why her lingerie was askew, and she was a sweaty mess.

"Oh ... a western." Carrie laughed, not breaking stride as she headed for the bathroom. "Lots of cowgirl action."

Gabe barely heard her. He was so absorbed with his laptop that he didn't even notice the water turning on for her second shower of the night.

~~

June 18, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

“Have fun you two. Don’t get into any trouble.” Uba waved at Taban and Dalmar as they left the apartment for a night on the town.

“I hope they have a good time.” Eedo smiled nervously at Abshir. He was serving tea. The women had taken off their hijabs, and Eedo felt like her nephew was constantly stealing covetous glances of her long, flowing black hair. Eedo didn’t wear glasses, but otherwise, she looked very much like her sister. “Um ... Abshir ... did you get contacts?”

“This building is a miracle, Auntie.” Abshir smiled pleasantly as he handed her a steaming teacup. “My vision is perfect now.”

“Oh ... that’s nice.” Eedo looked around the living room. “Where’s Hani?”

“Oh, she’s off getting ready for college.” Uba didn’t like lying to her sister, but she knew that it was important. She rubbed her belly thoughtfully. “You know how it goes.” She smiled dreamily.

“Shouldn’t you be getting ready for college, too?” Eedo’s frown etched deep lines into her face. *I do not like the way that boy is looking at me. He’s changed so much since last year.* It wasn’t just Abshir’s slimmer build and lack of spectacles. It wasn’t that he’d turned eighteen. There was something almost sinister about her once innocent nephew. Eedo rubbed her legs together uncomfortably.

“Oh, he’s not going to college. He’s going to stay in this apartment.” Uba took a sip of her tea.

“What?” Eedo’s eyes widened. “I thought you were a scholar, Abshir. I don’t understand.”

“You’ll understand soon enough.” Uba nodded her head sagely and turned to her son. “It’s time.”

“Sure, Mom.” Abshir stood and pulled his t-shirt over his head.

“Oh ... my.” Eedo was in shock.

“Do you know how teenage boys have to constantly tug their privates?” Uba watched her sister’s aghast expression closely.

“I do not!” Eedo tried to avert her eyes, but found she was drawn to the sight of her nephew’s muscular body. She’d never seen such a masculine form before. “Tell him to put his shirt back on.”

Abshir pulled a crusty sock out of his pocket and tossed it to his aunt. It landed in her lap.

“What ... is this?” Eedo didn’t touch the dirty thing. She simply stared down in horror. As she inhaled, she grew lightheaded. The sock wafted an aroma that reminded her of some sort of overripe tropical fruit. “I feel ... strange.”

“I think you’re growing more powerful. One whiff, and look at her.” Uba glanced toward her son while waving a hand at her sister. “Are we sure this is right? You could have me forever, Abshir. I would be enough for you.”

“The goddess, Mom.” Abshir walked over to Eedo, picked up the crusty sock, put it in her hand, and moved that hand to her nose.

“Ohhhhhh ... gosh ... mmmmmmmmm.” Eedo huffed the dirty laundry. She should have been embarrassed, mortified even, to be doing such a vile thing in front of her family. But they wanted her to. And ... she couldn’t help it. “Why ... does this smell ... so good?”

“It’s my cum, Auntie. That’s the sock I jack off into.” Abshir grinned, stepped away from her, and continued undressing.

“Oh!” That revelation jarred Eedo out of her stupor. She tossed the sock away. “What ... what is this, Uba?” Eedo stood. “Something is very wrong here.”

“You’ll love it, Eedo. Don’t fret. The life you’ve known will come crumbling down, like mine has.” Uba stood, walked over to her sister, and put her hands on her shoulders to keep her from running. But restraint wasn’t necessary. Her sister was too busy staring with bugging eyes at Abshir’s penis as it sprung from his pants. Uba bent down, picked up the sperm-soaked sock, and put it in Eedo’s hand again. “This is Abshir’s dirty sock. I’m Abshir’s dirty sock. And soon, you will be, too.”

“Never,” Eedo whispered. She tried to backtrack her day. How had she ended up in such an insane place? “Dalmar ... I need to call Dalmar.” But she didn’t go for her phone.

“Touch his penis, Eedo,” Uba whispered.

“Never.” Eedo shook her head.

Twenty minutes later, Eedo was learning a new sex position. She was prone on her belly. Her nephew thundered away at her vagina from behind. Her legs were pressed together, and her toes pushed at the floor. Her whole body was taut, as she had to brace herself for each impossibly long thrust that seemed to rivet her to the floor.

“Mmmmmpphhhh ...” The horrible, crusty sock was in her mouth, the scent rising in her nostrils. With her teeth clamped down on the cotton, she couldn’t form words. But she looked over at her sister seated nearby. She wanted to implore Uba to do something. But even if Eedo could form words, what would she ask for? Would she stop her humping nephew or beg for more? “Mmmmmpphhhhhhhh.”

“Is that what I look like?” Uba was the only one still dressed. She sat in the armchair, leaning forward. Her sole focus was on the mating couple in the center of her living room. Her sister’s face looked equally ecstatic and bewildered. “She looks lovely.”

“Mmmppphhhh!” Eedo said.

“Yeah ... Mom ... ugh ... ugh ... you look ... just like Auntie ... when I smash you.” Abshir stopped his hips, kept himself buried in his aunt, and adjusted his position so that his feet were firmly planted on the ground. “Monkey style, Mom. I know ... you like that.”

“Mmmppphhhh?” Eedo looked back over her shoulder with wide eyes as her nephew’s hips went back into motion. *He does look like a monkey when he does that. A powerful, strong monkey, claiming my vagina.* Her eyes rolled back, and she climaxed again.

“Yeah, I do love it when you do monkey style.” Uba pulled off her dress. She had been having so much sex that it had been a while since she’d masturbated. Of course, she wore fancy underwear underneath. If she was going to bother to dress on a given day, she was going to wear lingerie or something frilly. All her old boring underwear had been pushed to the back of her dresser drawers. “Turn her into a sock, Abshir. Make her a dirty, dirty sock.” Uba shivered as she rubbed her clitoris.

“Just ... about to ... Mom ... aaaaaahhhhhhh!” Abshir roared like a stag that was about to claim his second doe.

“Mmmppphhhhhhh!” Eedo bit down harder on the sock, rolling from one orgasm right into the next one.

“Oh ... yesssssssss.” Uba arched her back, her fingers speeding little circles on her button. She was going to climax right along with them.

A couple hours later, Abshir was resting in bed. He had exhausted himself. He lay naked on the covers, smiling dreamily at the gargoyle that glared in at him through the window.

The sisters were in Uba’s shower. Uba had already cleaned herself of her son’s semen, and now she was scrubbing Eedo with a soapy washcloth. She hadn’t really paid much attention to women’s curves before, but seeing Eedo bounce and jiggle the night away had changed something inside Uba. “Now you’re one of his does. Like me. He’s our stag.” Uba washed the soap off her sister’s dark nipple, leaned down, and sucked it into her mouth. She applied alternating suction, just how she’d taught Abshir.

“Whhaaaaaa ...?” Eedo’s dreamy gaze followed the rivulets of water down the slope of her boob to Uba’s pretty, dark lips on her breast. She tried to jumpstart her brain, but it felt like her nephew had broken more than her vagina. She couldn’t think straight.

Uba squeezed and kneaded her sister's boob. She was beginning to see why Abshir made such a fuss about her breasts. Eventually, she released the nipple and continued washing Eedo. "We don't have time for me to explore my new ... feelings. But we'll do that later. As the head of the bevy, I think I should get to sample the other does, don't you?" The look of shock and acquiescence on Eedo's face made Uba's vagina gush. She was getting a taste for another of her son's recent interests: power.

"I can't believe any of this has happened." Eedo turned a one-eighty for Uba, presenting her butt for a thorough scrubbing. "Ooohhhh ... you're my sister Uba ... you can't touch me like that." She shuddered as Uba gently massaged her buttocks.

"Says the woman who spent the last however many hours finding paradise on the end of my son's perfect penis." Uba finished washing Eedo and turned off the shower.

"Come on, careful now." She helped Eedo out of the shower. The woman was so dazed that she would have fallen if not for Uba's secure grip on her elbow. "We'll get you dry and dressed, and you can't mention any of this to Dalmar. Not yet." She towed off Eedo, giving special attention to her breasts, butt, and the flare from her waist out to her hips.

"How could I tell Dalmar?" Eedo thought that the mention of her husband's name might sober her. But her mind continued to swim in the buzzing after-glow of the novel brand of sex that had been thrust upon her.

"Exactly. And Taban will keep your secret, too." Uba smiled. "And he'll keep Dalmar occupied and out of the apartment for most of your trip."

"Taban knows?" Eedo could add that to the growing list of things she couldn't fathom.

An hour later, Eedo sat on the sofa leaning her head on her sister's shoulder. She was still buzzing. She wondered if she would ever revert to the way she'd felt before sex with Abshir. The sisters were both dressed, watching television. The front door opened, and the husbands returned. Eedo barely looked at Dalmar. She kept her eyes mostly on the TV. She heard the men laughing with Uba. They all sounded so normal. She didn't know how her sister did it.

When it was time for bed, she helped unfold the pullout and make the bed. She quickly brushed her teeth, dressed in a modest nightgown, and got into bed before her husband could have alone time with her. She pretended to sleep when he came to bed. But sleep did not come. She lay on her side, still buzzing, thinking of the bizarre little creatures swimming inside her, trying to find her egg. She grew tense for a moment at the thought of pregnancy. The buzzing ebbed. She thought about Abshir's horrible, ghastly monster of a penis, and her tummy flipped. *I should run away. This is all very wrong, and I know what they mean to do with me tomorrow.*

Her husband was now snoring next to Eedo. Silently, she slipped out of their guest bed. She thought for sure she would head to the front door. But her feet had something else in mind. She found herself quietly padding down the hall. Her hand went to Abshir's doorknob. *What am I doing? What do I want?* That was the wrong question. She amended it. *What do I need?* The answer was on the other side of the door.

The door barely creaked as she opened it. A gasp escaped her lips when she saw that the teenager was masturbating at his desk. She had never seen a man do that before. It was such an ugly, compelling action. He had a sock on his giant penis. She stepped into the room and closed the door. "You don't need that sock, Abshir."

Abshir turned toward her, a sharp grin on his face. His eyes glowed crimson. "I don't need it?"

"No, you don't need it." Even the sight of his wicked eyes wasn't enough to make her flee. "I'll be your sock. If you'll let me, I'll soak it all up."

"Sure, Auntie." Abshir laughed and removed the sock from his dick. He swiveled his chair toward her. He laughed louder when he watched her stumble in her hurry to mount his dick. It was going to be a long, wonderful night.

## Chapter 39

### Natalie Creech Provided the Drugs

July 21, 2015: Apartment 12C, the Marland family.

Carrie jogged through the park next to her son. Her feet fell heavily. The two Marlands had been silent for more than a mile, both lost in their own thoughts. She looked around and didn't see many people. *Now's as good a time as any.* "I want to ... talk to you ... about something ... Joey." She huffed and puffed, sweating profusely. She glanced at him, and he seemed to be out for a leisurely stroll. His forehead just barely glistening in the sun with perspiration.

"If this is about college ... I don't have to go." Joe smiled at her. "I could stay home with you."

"You absolutely are going ... to college ... just like your brothers." She slowed to a walk and put her hands behind her head, sucking in air. "We've gone crazy. But not *that* crazy."

"If you say so, Mom." Joe slowed his pace to match his mother's. "I suppose even if I go, I won't be that far away. Actually, I think it will be kinda hot to have you visit my dorm room every weekend."

"Oh ... my gosh ..." Carrie blushed. "Sometimes ... I wonder how we ended up here."

"We love each other." He gave her a friendly pat on the butt.

Carrie's belly flip-flopped at the intimate touch in public. "Yes, we do." She was starting to catch her breath as they walked.

"You wanted to talk to me about something else?" Joe raised an eyebrow. "Hani? She's doing well. She still hasn't come back to the building. I haven't seen her since graduation."

"No." Carrie shook her head. "Not Hani, although I'm glad to hear she's doing as well as possible given the circumstances." She shivered, glad that Hani was away. Her thoughts turned to Uba and Abshir holed up in that apartment. They never went out anymore. She wondered if they humped more than she did with Joe. Carrie shook her head again, this time to clear it. "Joey ...?" She sought out his gaze and made eye contact. Her son was so charismatic that even that small shared moment gave her a rush. She took a deep breath. "I'm pregnant." Her footsteps faltered but then got going again.

Joe's eyes went wide. "Well ... I suppose I should have seen that coming."

“This is the part of the conversation, where I, as a good mother, should chastise you for making a baby out of wedlock. I should ask you, what kind of girls are you sleeping with that wouldn’t use protection?” Carrie couldn’t quite bring herself to frown. Even when dealing with something as momentous as an unplanned new life, she was still buzzed and giddy in her son’s presence. “But, of course, *I’m* the girl. And it was my fault. I wanted your stuff. I wanted it so badly ... so many times ... that ...” Her feet finally came to a stop. Her knees felt weak, and her pussy gushed. “I’ve decided to keep the baby.” She absentmindedly rubbed her hand on her belly. “I have a feeling that after three boys, I’m finally going to have a girl.”

“Aaawwwwooooooo!” Joe howled and grabbed his mother, lifting her into the air and spinning her around. “I can’t wait to meet her. We created a life, Mom.” He whispered in her ear. “I’m so happy.”

Carrie laughed with wild abandon. “Me too, Joey ... me too!”

~~

July 30, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

“It’s positive.” Uba stood naked in her son’s room, holding the pregnancy test. “We’re having a goddess!” She was so excited she wanted to screech, but first she wanted to gauge Abshir’s reaction.

Naked also, his heavy cock soft and resting on his thigh, Abshir looked his mother over. He rested his arm on Eedo’s bare hip, as the woman snored in bed next to him. He rubbed his chin, frowning at his mother.

“You aren’t pleased?” Uba’s fingers toyed with the test nervously. “I thought everything was leading to this. Mrs. Norwood said that we would change New York with this baby. That you and I ...”

“That mother and son would be mother and father to the great rebirth?” Abshir couldn’t hold the scowl much longer. His expression cracked, and a smile broke through. His laughter bounced off the walls and woke Eedo.

“Wha ...?” Eedo sat up, covered her bare breasts with an arm, and looked at her nephew. Even after throwing herself into the absurd affair, she was still embarrassed to be naked in front of them.

“Suck my cock, Aunt Eedo.” Abshir pointed to his growing dick.

“Yes, of course.” Eedo hurried to comply. Once her mouth was stretched around that giant, domed head, she wondered what her husband would think of her constant visits to her sister’s place if he knew the truth. She shivered and bobbed her head.

“So, you *are* pleased.” Uba let out a long exhale. The smile on her son’s face did so much to put her world right. After all, with her old life in tatters, he was her whole world now. “You shouldn’t tease me like that.”

“Of course I’m pleased.” Abshir laughed again. “At only eighteen, I’m the father of a goddess. Aren’t you pleased, Auntie Eedo?”

“Mmmpppphhhh.” Eedo continued to bob her head on the giant penis.

“Get over here, Mom. I want both my cum socks on the bed.” He beckoned his mother over.

Uba dropped the test to the floor and rushed over, happy with the way her son’s eyes followed her swaying breasts. “What do you want?”

“You were always so good at doing my laundry, Mom.” Abshir rolled his eyes playfully. “I left a load in one of my socks recently.”

Uba crawled onto the bed, her breasts dangling under her. There was bewilderment on her face.

Abshir laughed again. “I know you and Auntie have been fucking, Mom. She told me how you thought it was your right to sample the bevy.” He laughed harder at his mother’s flummoxed expression. “Isn’t that right, Auntie?”

“Mmmpppphhhh.” Eedo was already nodding her head as part of the blowjob. It was a convenient way to show her agreement.

“Your desire for her has fueled my desire. I didn’t mean to ...” Uba studied his face closely. “You’re teasing me again.”

“Yes. Now do some laundry,” Abshir said. When his mother continued to look confused, he turned Eedo so that her lower half twisted to face Uba. He spread her legs and pointed to the white cum leaking out of her dark pussy. “Clean my sock, Mom.”

“Oh ... I see.” Uba was between her sister’s legs before she had time to think about it. She licked and sucked. She was, by now, used to the tang of her sister’s excitement. This was different. Her sister’s juices were combined with the briny flavor of her son’s sperm. *Goodness, he shot so much inside her. It just keeps coming out.* Greedily, Uba gobbled down everything that leaked from between her sister’s legs.

“Mmmpppphhhh!” Eedo was beside herself. She was stooping to a new, depraved low. And she loved it. She opened her legs wider for Uba.

“Eat up, Mom. You’ve got a baby inside you. You’re going to need ... your strength ... uuuuggghhhhh ... to carry me a goddess.” Abshir was going to cum. Soon, both of his women would be eating his seed at the same time.

~~

August 5, 2015: Apartment 12C, the Marland family.

“Where are you going dressed like that?” Gabe was working on his laptop in bed. It was late. He watched his wife walk briskly across their room wearing only lingerie.

“I’m going to watch some TV, Gabe.” Carrie gave him a tight smile. She hadn’t told him about the baby yet, but she would have to soon. It wasn’t much longer until she would show.

“Right.” Gabe watched her leave the room. When she quickly glanced back at him before leaving, his eyes flitted from her trim ass to her face. *Did she look guilty?* His wife had been acting odd for months now. She was also so manically happy. He couldn’t remember the last time he’d seen her chew her fingernails. And of course, her pussy had become so wet that Gabe couldn’t feel her anymore. The more he turned down sex with her, the more she seemed to want it. He frowned. *What’s going on?*

Gabe worked for another ten minutes before putting the laptop aside and getting out of bed. He was already in his pajamas, but even so, he felt a chill in the air. He shivered and left his room. He was going to turn right toward the living room and thermostat, to see what his wife was watching and turn up the heat. But he paused. The light was creeping out into the hall from under his son’s door to the left. The sound of urgent, murmuring voices came through his son’s door. Gabe couldn’t hear any distinct words, but it sounded like a woman was in there with Joe.

Still unsure of what was going on, Gabe stepped toward his son’s room. He listened at the door. Now, the sounds were unmistakable. *Joey dumped that hot girlfriend right about the time Carrie started acting odd. He hasn’t picked up any new girlfriends. He spends a ton of time with his mother.* The pieces slid into place in Gabe’s head like some sort of horrible puzzle. “No ... it can’t be.” Gabe tried the door handle, but it was locked. He remembered that Carrie had insisted sometime after the Hani breakup that Joe get a lock on his door. Gabe hadn’t thought anything about it at the time. But now ... He rammed the door with his shoulder. It didn’t give at first, so he rammed it again and again. By the time the door burst open, his shoulder was barking in pain. He barely registered the injury. He was too shocked at what he was seeing.

“Oooooooooohhhh ... nooooooooooooo.” Carrie was on her back on Joe’s bed, her son between her legs. She still had her lingerie on, with her panties pulled to the side. Her feet were still pointed at the ceiling in pleasure, even as the horror of the moment washed over her.

“Dad ... uummmmm ...” Joe stopped his hips.

Gabe stood in the doorway, holding his shoulder. “You’re ... fucking our son?”

“I’m ... not ... sorry.” Carrie’s own words surprised her. “Not ... sorry ...at all. This is ... the closest I’ve ever ... been to anyone.”

“I’m sorry, Dad. But ... you shouldn’t have ignored her.” Joe wiped sweat from his forehead.

“I’m going to kill you.” Gabe quickly crossed the room. His son’s fist moved so quickly, he didn’t see it coming. Suddenly, he was on his back, more pain branching down his nerves. “You ... hit me.”

“You were attacking us. I had to defend Mom.” Joe pulled out of his mother with a loud squelching sound. “What should we do, Mom?” He had been so confident in the past few months, but he still looked to her for guidance.

“Get dressed, sweetie.” Carrie sat up and pulled her panties back into position. “Gabe, we’re getting a divorce.”

“I’m going to tell all your church friends, you bitch.” Gabe slowly stood but didn’t make another move toward them.

“No, you won’t. Because that would make you look terrible. And I know you, Gabe.” Carrie shook her head. *This is it. I’m giving up my marriage for my son. I suppose this was where this was leading all along.* “Anyway, after what I’ve learned, I bet half those ladies are doing the same things with their sons. It’s so common that Mrs. Dahir down the hall is sleeping with Abshir. It’s the way of things, Gabe. You didn’t keep the fire of our marriage lit. Joe swept in and claimed me.”

Joe, dressed now, shrugged modestly. “I think you should leave now, Dad. Get your stuff together and leave the building.”

Gabe lunged at Joe again and was met with another fist. He stumbled back against the wall, turned, and fled.

“I’ll keep an eye on him, Mom.” Joe did just that. He even helped his father pack. He wondered at his lack of guilt. The moment somehow felt natural and ordered. He took his father’s key before he left and saw him out of the apartment. When Gabe was gone, Joe turned to see his mother standing in the living room. She was still in her lingerie, a broad smile on her face.

“I should have had the courage to do that without having him catch us. But maybe that’s why we were being so careless.” She held out her arms.

“Is this really what you want? I mean ... Dad just left.” Joe frowned.

“And you certainly put him in his place.” Carrie giggled. Her whole life she’d hated confrontations, but what had just happened added a buzz to the high she normally felt around Joe. When her son didn’t come to her open arms, she cocked her head. “Are you okay, sweetie?”

“Yeah, Mom.” Joe nodded and walked toward his mother. “I guess I feel like I shouldn’t be okay. But, here we are.” He picked her up like a groom holding a bride and walked toward her bedroom. “You’re all mine now, huh?”

Carrie grinned ear to ear as he carried her. She wrapped her arms around his neck. “Yes, I am. Are you going to sleep in my room tonight?”

“Our room, Mom.” Joe laughed, entered the room, and tossed her on the bed. “This is our room now. We’ve never done it on this bed.”

“No ... no we haven’t.” Carrie frantically removed her lingerie. When it was mostly off, she got on all fours and presented her ass to him.

“Magical ... Mom.” Joe undressed and climbed onto the bed behind her. “Your ass ... your pussy ... they’re mine now.”

“Oh ... yesssssss ... say more dirty things.” Carrie was beside herself with anticipation.

“That baby in your womb, that’s mine.” He entered her quickly. She was sopping wet and stretched from before, so he slid right in. “Not Dad. Not my brothers. Until I go to college, you’re all mine.” He grabbed her hips and got into a good rhythm.

“Even ... after that ... Joey ... ugh ... ugh.” Carrie tossed her head back and forth. Ecstasy radiated from her vagina. “Every part ... of me ... is yours ... uuuggghhhhhh ... forever ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” Her mind was swept away in a momentous orgasm. Ever since they’d moved into that building, life had been getting better and better. And she was sure it hadn’t peaked yet.

~~

August 16, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

It was so unusual for Uba to be nervous. "I don't think it's wise to welcome so many women to your bevy at once. Your sock game is strong ... but ..." Uba frowned at her son from her position in the hall. She fidgeted with her long dress.

Abshir stood naked in his bathroom, brushing his teeth. His aunt, wrapped in a towel, kneeled between him and the sink, giving him an exuberant blowjob. He turned toward his mother, offering her a smile that was frothy with toothpaste. "It'll be fine."

"Three women, Abshir?" Uba hadn't put on her hijab yet, but she was getting ready to welcome their guests. These were all Eedo's friends, wives from Buffalo where Eedo lived. Although Eedo was in New York City more than she was Buffalo these days. "At least don't let Eedo drain you this morning. You'll need to save your sperm."

"Shit ... Mom ... these nuts are never ending." Abshir had to turn to the side a little to spit toothpaste into the sink. His aunt moved with him, never losing suction.

"Are the drugs necessary?" Uba's hands continued to fidget.

"It's just E. Mrs. Creech got it for me." Abshir shrugged. "Do you think she would give us something that would harm the bevy?"

"No ... I ..." Uba had her doubts. But the sight of her sister trying to suck Abshir's soul out of his penis clouded her mind. Before she knew what she was doing, she was masturbating while watching them in the bathroom. Her worries were soon forgotten.

Later that day, apartment 12C was full of women. The ladies were all beautiful, all wearing hijabs and long dresses, all sitting and chatting in the living room. Uba's doubts crowded back as she served the tainted tea. But she supposed her son was right. If Natalie Creech provided the drugs, that was as good as coming from Elizabeth. And Elizabeth was practically a goddess herself. Uba smiled at each woman as she served them. She then sat next to Eedo. It was amazing to her that she would be able to strike up an easy conversation with these people, knowing that all three would have their lives turned upside down in a matter of hours. But that's what she did. *The bevy must grow, and these are all strong, beautiful women. Perfect for my Abshir. And ... I will get to sample them as well. It is my right as his mother.* That thought sent a tingle down her spine.

It didn't take long until the women were showing signs of the drug. Each of them received a crusty sock from Eedo. Unlike Eedo's horror when she was first confronted with a sock, the women picked up their socks and began inhaling upon Eedo's instruction. Uba watched in awe as these upstanding women devolved before her eyes.

Since the women knew Eedo, she took the lead on instructing them. Uba stayed quiet. So did Abshir, although he rubbed the long, hard serpent in his pants as he sat in a chair near the doorway.

“Good ... good ... how does that sock make you feel?” Eedo said.

“I’m floating,” Cureeji said.

“It’s better than roses,” Binti said.

“My tummy feels ... weird.” Filsan huffed and huffed the sock. It wasn’t just her tummy. Her vagina was practically melting, and she found she couldn’t stop rubbing her thighs together.

Uba stared at their glittering rings in stark relief to the used socks they held. Another moment of doubt hit her. But it was a brief visit. Her own hunger for bringing these women into the fold quickly crowded out all other feelings.

“That’s perfect.” Eedo smiled at the women. “Now, Binti, I know your sex life is nonexistent. And Filsan, I know you and your husband are constantly doing it. What about you, Cureeji? How’s life in your marital bedroom? Please give us details.”

Cureeji found herself telling the whole room about things that should have remained private. She let them know about her husband’s affair, about how frosty it had been between them after. She even mentioned how she masturbated thinking about the young man that lived next door. She did this all from behind the mask of the redolent sock, as she continued to hold it up to her nose.

When Cureeji was done excitedly describing her masturbation, the room went quiet. All the ladies, and the one man, were breathing hard and heavy. It was clearly a pregnant moment, and Eedo was pleased with herself. She had done just as instructed. “Now, Cureeji and Binti, you are both frustrated. Why don’t you kiss to let off some steam.”

Binti lowered the sock from her face and stared at Cureeji. The woman was about her height, but much slimmer. Binti had always harbored a secret attraction to women, but had never given that particular fire any fuel. Now, it was suddenly blazing inside her.

Cureeji didn’t care for women, but she wanted to get back at her husband. This was the perfect opportunity. “I feel so free ... and strange.” Still clutching the sock tightly, she got up, walked over to Binti, and sat next to her. “We’ve known each other for a long time. This feels natural, doesn’t it?”

Binti nodded her head, parted her lips, and lowered her eyelids to half-mast.

Cureeji saw the signs and leaned forward. Soon, both women were making out, tongues entwined.

“Oh ... my ... gosh.” Filsan was still huffing her sock as she watched her two friends go at each other with hunger. “Something odd’s happening.” She didn’t just mean in the room, something weird was also happening between her legs.

Uba moved over next to Filsan, practically sitting in her lap. She took off her hijab and then removed Filsan's. "You have very pretty hair." Uba smiled, cocked her head, and leaned in for a kiss.

"What do you think, Abshir?" Eedo looked back over her shoulder. Her nephew had both hands on his penis. He was pumping it with fast, steady strokes. "Do you want help with that?"

"Yeah, get over here." Abshir removed his hands. He watched his aunt hurry over and start one of her now familiar blowjobs. *I won't let her drain me again. I have to save some cum for her friends.* Contented, Abshir leaned back in his chair and watched the ladies make out. Cureeji and Binti both still wore their hijabs and dresses. They looked right and proper, except for sucking on each other's faces. His mother and Filsan were without their hijabs, and Filsan was letting the older woman remove her dress. Soon, Filsan's bra was gone, too.

"Mmmpppphhhhh." Uba kissed and nibbled on Filsan's dark nipples. *I've gotten to this woman before Abshir!* That was a delightful thought. She listened to the little surprised sounds that escaped Filsan's lips as Uba expertly worked her nipples. "Don't ... forget ... the sock ... Filsan."

"Yes ... yeesssssss." Filsan was still clutching the sock in her left hand. She lifted it to her nose and inhaled the mesmerizing scent. All her nerves were on fire. "Strange ... so strange." Despite the pleasure that encircled her, a nagging thought tugged at her mind. "What about ... our husbands?"

Uba moved her lips away from the woman's breasts, her smile glowing. "Once you feel my son's penis inside you, you won't remember your husband's name." She pinched a nipple for emphasis and watched the woman flinch in delight. "What's your husband's name by the way?"

"Oh ... I barely remember now." Filsan looked over at her two friends as they groped each other and stuffed their tongues down each other's throats. Then, Uba's words hit her. What did Abshir's penis have to do with anything? *As if I would ever ...* Her gaze moved across the room and settled on an astonishing scene. It was, of course, depraved the way Binti and Cureeji were behaving. But it seemed Eedo had outdone them in the debauchery department. Filsan had never witnessed another woman giving oral sex, nor had she ever seen a penis like the one that Eedo avidly bobbed her head on. "Oh ... no."

Uba followed Filsan's gaze. "Oh ... yes."

Seeing Filsan's interest, Abshir roughly pulled his aunt off his dick. He finished undressing and walked over to his mother and Filsan. He stopped right in front of them,

his glistening dick inches from Filsan's face. Binti and Cureeji were so busy making out that they didn't notice him. That would change soon enough.

"It's ... monstrous!" Filsan's eyes were wide.

"How does it compare to your husband's?" Uba thought a little taunt wouldn't hurt.

"You know, what's-his-name's penis."

"It's ... scarier. Much ... more frightening." Filsan found that she was trembling.

"Here we go." Uba wove her fingers into the woman's silky hair. "It's not so scary when you get to know it. Let me introduce you." She pulled Filsan's head into place and pushed her lips against the wide dome of her son's penis. The woman kept her mouth shut.

"What's she doing?" Abshir stared down at Filsan's wide eyes. Her pupils were dilated, meeting his gaze.

"She's unsure, sweetheart." Uba kept a steady pressure on the back of Filsan's head, rubbing her brown lips on the bloated head. She could see Filsan's lipstick smear. Precum made the woman's mouth and chin shiny. "Relax. You're one of his does now. Everything in your life is about to change. In this apartment, you'll know only pleasure."

"There she goes." Abshir smiled as Filsan opened up and let his invading cock explore her warm mouth. With his mother's guidance, the woman was soon bobbing her head and gagging on his dick like a professional. Well, maybe she hadn't gone pro yet, but she was learning fast. He let the blowjob go on for about ten minutes, before ending it and sitting next to Filsan.

"Let me help." Eedo came over and removed Filsan's panties.

"I'll get her into position." Uba roughly moved Filsan to a straddling position, holding her hips high over Abshir to leave room for his great length.

"It won't fit," Filsan hissed.

"If Eedo and I can take it, so can you." Uba put her hands on the woman's shoulders and applied downward pressure.

"You're his mother ... and aunt!" Filsan felt her hips buck and fight as the penis pressed against her vagina. She tried not to let Uba line it up. "This is ... wrong ... oooooohhhhhh." She had never been more stretched as the tip slipped inside. Five minutes later, her hips were still bucking, but the fight had gone out of them. She rode the teenager hard and fast, committing herself to an act that could hardly be called sex. At least, not as she had understood the term before today. This was something much more wild and powerful.

Hearing the yelps and cries of pleasure from Filsan, Binti and Cureeji finally parted lips and looked over. They both stared with wide eyes and hanging jaws. They couldn't comprehend what they were seeing. Fortunately for them, they didn't have to understand it. Uba and Eedo descended upon them, undressed them, and taught them to finger each other while they watched. They learned like apt pupils, driving each other into bliss. The sisters then settled into each other's arms and vaginas while they too enjoyed the sights and sounds in the room.

Twenty minutes later, Filsan was a sweaty, exhausted wreck. The only thing that kept her riding was the desire for more of the ecstasy that Abshir packed between his legs. "Please ... please ... plllleeeaaasssseeeee ... ohhhhh ... uuuggghhhhh ... uuunnnnnn." She didn't recognize the feral sounds that she was making.

"Gonna ... cum ... in your fucking ... doe ... pussy." Abshir gripped her ass tightly and held her.

"Oh ... my gosh ... uuuggghhhhh ... not ... inside ... oooohhhhhhh." The fight returned to Filsan's hips for a moment as she tried to dislodge herself. But when the first splash of scalding seed kissed her womb, her mind went blank, and the most massive climax of the day overtook her.

When he was done cumming, Abshir pushed Filsan off his dick. He watched her fall sideways, nearly comatose. She was still convulsing. He looked at the other guests, who were masturbating each other. He expected them to put up some sort of fight, too. "Which one's next?" He smiled at them.

Both Cureeji and Binti raised the hand that wasn't occupied with the other woman's vagina.

"I'll try!" Cureeji said.

"I need it." Whined Binti.

Uba laughed. "There's only one penis, ladies, so you'll have to take turns."

But this was only partly true. Because while Binti was next in line to ride Abshir's massive penis, Cureeji got to spread her legs and ride his skilled tongue at the same time.

The rest of the afternoon was filled with manic sex and periods of rest for the women. Abshir, on the other hand, didn't get very much rest at all.

## Chapter 40

### What Are the Kwons Up To?

August 26, 2015: Apartment 12C, the Marland family.

“Oooohhhhhh ... Joey!” Carrie clapped her hands together as they entered the dorms. “Orientation day! This is so exciting.”

“Come on, Mom.” Joe looked around. There were too many other students and parents around to pat his mother’s butt like he wanted. “It’s not that big a deal. You’ve been through this twice already.”

“And I suppose I’ll have to do it one more time someday.” She rubbed her belly. The pregnancy was just starting to show, but she wasn’t wearing maternity clothes yet. She wore the same tasteful dress that she’d worn when she’d accompanied both of Joe’s brothers to their college orientation.

“I suppose.” Joe smiled and patted her butt. He couldn’t help himself. He noticed one of the nearby dads give him an odd look. The man was trying to gauge Joe’s relationship to his mother no doubt. Joe winked at him and smiled.

“Joey! Not here.” Carrie’s cheeks flushed crimson. When he slapped her butt again, she tried to shoo him away. “You’re impossible sometimes.” She smiled and shook her head. “I swear.”

“Looks like check-in is over there.” Joe took his mother’s hand and led her over to meet his RA. He was still getting used to holding her hand without her wearing a wedding ring. Life was strange.

The Marlands found his room right as his new dormmate and family were leaving. Joe and his dormmate got to know each other for a few minutes, while Carrie made small talk with his parents. Then, the Marlands had the room to themselves.

“There’s a box on this bed, so I guess the one without a box is yours.” Carrie tried to remember if her dorm room had been this small. “It’s ... nice.” She looked around the bare room.

“It’s perfect, Mom.” Joe wasn’t carrying a box. He planned to move his things in later. That meant his arms were free to pull his mother into an embrace. He dug his fingers into the soft globes of her ass.

“Gosh ... Joey ...” She stared into her son’s smoldering eyes. “What if they come back?”

“You heard them. They’re going to lunch. We have plenty of time.” His erection extended up past his waistline, hidden only by his t-shirt. He rubbed it on her burgeoning belly. “I want to christen my new bed.”

“I told you, we have to be careful today. We’ll do it one weekend after you start school.” She leaned her neck to the side to give him access, shivering as he kissed his way down to her delicate clavicle. “You’re not ... um ... making this easy for me.”

“I’m ... going to miss you ... Mom. I need ... to start creating memories ... with you here.” He kissed her tits through her dress, slowly lifting the hem of her skirt.

“No ... we have to be smart. I’ll let you have your way with me back at the apartment.” Carrie trembled. She didn’t stop him when he kissed his way over her curving belly and ducked his head under her dress. “No ... don’t pull my panties to the side. Oooohhhhhhhh ... okay ... you can do that ... but only ... oral ... and we have to be quick.” Twenty minutes later, Carrie was laying on her back on her son’s new, unmade bed. Her panties hung from her ankle, suspended up in the air. Her dress was up around her waist. And, of course, her son was where he belonged, in between her legs.

“Our first ... fuck ... in my ... ugh ... ugh ... dorm.” Joe was still mostly dressed. His cock pumped his mother’s pussy without mercy.

“Oohhh ... ooohhh ... oooooohhhhhhhhh.” Carrie wanted to reply, but his penis was smashing her womb, knocking her mind into oblivion. Not long ago, she had expected to be making this trip with her husband. Now, she was getting divorced and gripping her son’s ass while he plowed her in his tiny dorm. “Nnnnngggggggggg.” Her eyes rolled back, and her climax went supernova.

Later that afternoon, they were on the subway heading home. She was seated next to Joe, leaning her cheek on his arm. It thrilled her to have walked all over his campus with his sperm inside her. She looked around at the other passengers, wondering what they would say if she told them the source of her happiness. She smiled, imagining their wide eyes as she lifted up her skirt to show them the mess Joe had made of her panties. Of course, she would never do such a thing. But the thought was delicious. She leaned her lips up to his ear. “You’re a bad boy for banging me in your dorm today,” she whispered.

“When we get home, am I getting rewarded or punished?” She smiled and put his hand on her thigh.

“Both.” She purred. She kissed his cheek and went back to looking at the other people, wondering if any of them harbored secrets as miraculous as hers.

~~

September 3, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

"I ... feel like a queen." Uba lay on the center of her bed, her head resting on her pillow. She was sweaty and covered in the bevy's juices. Abshir's women lay all around her, each resting on, or touching, some part of Uba's body. They were all naked and spent. Abshir had taken them all repeatedly during the day. When he'd retired to his room to rest, Uba had taken her turn with the women all night.

Outside the window, New York's lights shone brightly. It was early morning, but the time of day didn't matter in the city. Not yet anyway. When the goddess that was slowly growing inside her swelling belly arrived, things would be dark and peaceful at night. Uba wondered what would happen to all the buildings. Would they disappear? Would they crumble? What would happen to all the people in the city? She reached her hand out and squeezed a random boob. Uba found that she didn't care about the answers to those questions.

"Uba?" Eedo stretched and looked over at her sister.

"Isn't it lovely, Eedo?" Uba smiled. It had been her sister's boob she'd squeezed. And such a lovely boob at that. Uba had come to greatly admire her sister's body.

"What's that?" Eedo listened but could only hear the other women sleeping around them.

"This apartment. This life. You have a baby in your belly. I have a goddess in mine." Uba exhaled contentedly. "Eat my vagina. I want more."

"I'm resting, Uba." Despite her words, Eedo climbed over Filsan and settled between her sister's legs. "Clitoris, lips, or a little bit of everything?"

"I'll have a number five." Uba reached out and grabbed another random boob. It was smaller, so she was sure it was Cureeji's.

"Right, fingers and clitoris. Got it." Eedo smiled briefly up at her sister, then descended her mouth down to where it belonged and got to work.

"Oooohhhhh ... yeesssssss ... such a dirty sock." Uba arched her back and dove into bliss.

~~

September 5, 2015: Apartment 14B, the Norwood family.

“What is it, Mrs. Creech?” Elizabeth stood naked at her bedroom window, a fern gently grazing her shin. She looked out at the enormous trees, their canopy practically covering her entire line of sight. Here and there, birds flew branch to branch and sung to one another. Small mammals scurried up and down trunks.

“Tenants have been complaining about tremors in the laundry room.” Natalie stared at the white globes of her mistress’s butt. The way her rear end arched dramatically into the small of her back called to Natalie with a nearly irresistible force. Elizabeth’s skin was so pale and soft, it needed to be touched. But Natalie stayed in the doorway, her hands clasped in front of the waist of her dress. Her outfit had been stylish eighty years before, but it felt like no time had passed to Natalie.

“You long for my body, don’t you?” Elizabeth didn’t turn around.

“Yes.” Natalie nodded. “Always, mistress.”

“What are these tremors?” Without turning around, Elizabeth beckoned her over. “Something to do with the roots?”

“Not the roots.” Natalie hustled into the room, pulled up the skirt of her dress, and kneeled behind Elizabeth on the soft moss. With adoration, she planted little kisses along the curves of her mistress’s ass. “I think ... it’s ... the cave.”

“The cave?” As she thought about this, Elizabeth spread her legs and leaned onto the windowsill, which was little more than driftwood at this point. “What are ... aaaahhhhhh ... the Kwons up to?” She relaxed as Natalie’s familiar tongue delved into her crevasse from behind.

“Mmmppphhh?” Natalie didn’t know what the Kwons were up to. That was above her paygrade.

“Maybe they ... ooohhhhhh ... sense how close the goddess is.” Tendrils of ecstasy crawled up Elizabeth’s spine. “Although ... I must confess ... the building’s power seems unchanged. Do you feel anything, Mrs. Creech?”

“Nnnn ... nnnnnn.” Natalie shook her head, her nose burrowing in Elizabeth’s butt crack.

“That’s probably it.” Elizabeth’s body buzzed. “Keep an eye on it ... Mrs. Creech ... and ... also ... ooohhhhhh ... insert two fingers.”

Natalie did as instructed.

~~

September 22, 2015: Apartment 12C, the Marland family.

"It's nice to be in the park with you, without ... you know ... jogging." Hani took in the fall color on the trees. She wore a sweater and a skirt that came down to her knees. There was a chill in the air, but they were walking briskly enough that it didn't bother her. These days, she had given up wearing a hijab and overly modest clothes. In fact, her sweater showed off just a hint of cleavage. *Mom would die if she saw me dressed like this.* Although, she mused, her mother might not be so easily scandalized as she remembered her.

"You never did enjoy running." Joe laughed. He knew he should be tense hanging out with his ex-girlfriend, but it didn't seem to have any negative effects. He still enjoyed her company.

"But you and your mom, you still go jogging ... and ... other things?" She could feel her cheeks flush. She looked away from Joe. "I've seen Ms. Eklund a few times. She wanted me to warn you about the building ... about Mrs. Norwood."

"I feel great, Hani. Honestly, what could Elizabeth Norwood possibly do to me?" Joe shrugged.

"Whatever it is, it's bad. Rosalin says you shouldn't go back to the building. No matter what." Hani frowned.

"Like you?" Joe raised an eyebrow.

"Yeah, like me." Hani nodded.

"My mom lives at 3838 Walnut Street." Joe's cock gave an involuntary lurch inside his jeans at the thought of his mother. "I can't not see her."

"Are you still ... um ..." Hani glanced at Joe, saw him nod in his assured, cavalier way, and her cheeks heated even more.

"How about you, are you dating anyone?" Joe watched her closely. He could smell the anxiety wafting off her. There was also the scent of excitement, but he didn't know if that was for him, or someone else. "Still getting it on with Ms. Eklund?"

"She's a nice lady," Hani said. "And there have been a few guys here and there. You know me."

"Yep." Joe let out a good-natured laugh.

"You're not jealous?" Hani furrowed her eyebrows. She tried to keep her eyes off him and on the path ahead of them.

"You know me." Joe laughed a little louder. "Are you jealous?"

“Of your mom?” Hani whispered. “Yes ... I mean ... I’m not angry. But ... I look at what you have with your mom. And then ... my mom is ... what she is now. She’s like a sex zombie or something, Joe. It’s fucking twisted.”

“My mom’s not a sex zombie.” Joe’s smile faded for the first time on their walk.

“I agree. That’s what I’m saying. You seem to have found something ... special with her. It’s weird but ... whatever. It smarts a little that you left me for ...” Hani caught herself. “My point is, my mom has gone off the deep end, but yours ... is still herself ... mostly.”

They walked in silence for a while. Eventually, Joe spoke. “So, how are classes?”

They made small talk for the rest of their walk.

~~

September 25, 2015: Apartment 12C, the Marland family.

“Oh ... my ... that was wonderful.” Carrie walked hand in hand with her son across campus. The moon wasn’t out, but she didn’t mind passing through the shadows between lamps. She felt safe with Joe. Profoundly safe. Sweat on her face was wonderfully cool and refreshing. “No one has taken me out dancing in ... years ... decades actually.” She whispered the last part like it was some sort of terrible secret. “And I’ve never been partnered with someone that could move the way you do, Joey.” She smiled at him in the dark.

“I’m impressed you could move like that with a baby in your belly.” Joe squeezed her hand.

“I’m not *that* pregnant.” Carrie giggled and rubbed her belly with her free hand. “Anyway, mister, do you want to see some more moves back in your dorm?”

“Casey’s got some sort of role-playing tournament tonight. He won’t be back until late.” Joe was doing his best not to scandalize his roommate. Hanging a sock from the doorknob worked only when your mother wasn’t the woman inside with you.

“Perrrrrrfect!” Carrie purred and pulled her son. Even in heels, she was able to run to his dorm at a good pace, her son right behind her.

Once inside his room, they were in each other’s arms. Quickly, Carrie had her son back where he belonged, deep inside her. “My ... uuuuuggghhhh ... vajajay ... is so ... ugh ... ugh ... happy.” She stood with her back to the wall. Her panties were on the floor, and her dress was up around her waist. Her fingers were pressed into the back of her son’s polo shirt, digging her nails into his hard, bunching muscles.

“My cock ... is never ... happier than when ... ugh ... ugh ... it’s in your ... pussy ... Mom.” Joe slammed into his mother. He wondered how thick the dorm’s walls were. He decided he didn’t care if he was making a racket for his neighbors.

“It’s your pussy ... sweetie ... it’s yours ... forever ... and ever ... and ... iiiieeeeeeeeeee.” Her body seized, her mind went blank, and she climaxed like any good mother visiting her son at college would.

~~

October 19, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

The doorbell rang. Abshir and his mother were, of course, home, along with the rest of the bevy. Abshir was naked. The women were all either wearing only panties, or panties and a borrowed t-shirt from his dresser in Filsan and Binti’s case. Abshir sat on the sofa, his soft cock resting on his thigh. He looked down at Eedo and Binti as they each massaged one of his feet. “The doorbell, Mom.” Abshir called over his shoulder.

“Let me put something on.” Uba was racing to her room. Once there, she threw on a dress and smoothed it out as she walked back through the apartment. The doorbell rang again just as Uba opened the door. “Oh ... Mrs. Norwood. I wasn’t expecting you.” She didn’t know what the protocol was for a visit, so she stood and stared awkwardly for a moment. Then, she gave the woman a deep curtsy.

“Mrs. Dahir, may I come in?” Elizabeth walked into the apartment without waiting for a reply. The skirt of her long dress seemed to catch an invisible breeze and billowed behind her as she strolled into the living room.

“Abshir, sweetheart, we have a guest.” Uba closed the door and hurried to follow her, fixing her hair with her hands. “Mrs. Norwood is here.”

Abshir tensed. He turned and started to rise from the sofa.

“Don’t get up, don’t get up.” Elizabeth gave the room a warm smile. She eyed the women at Abshir’s feet speculatively. “It’s nice to see my stag being treated so well. I haven’t seen most of you since the last wedding ceremonies.” She waved a hand at Cureeji, Filsan, and Binti. The ceremony had been for the three of them, each taking a turn resting on the statue while their stag plundered their depths. “Please continue.” Elizabeth sat on an armchair.

“Filsan and Cureeji, please get us some tea.” Uba watched the women rush off to the kitchen, while Binti and Eedo went back to work on Abshir’s feet. “Other than tea, what else can we get for you?”

“You can take off that silly dress and stand in front of me. I would see how the goddess is coming along.” Elizabeth rolled her eyes at Abshir like Uba was being dense.

“Yes, of course.” Just as quickly as she had slipped into the dress, Uba pulled it off. Wearing only panties, she hurried over to Elizabeth, standing right in front of her chair.

Abshir tried to remember how formidable his mother had been earlier in their lives, before moving into the building. It was hard to fathom that this was the woman that had slapped him on occasion or pounded his dick with her purse that one time. “Isn’t it funny that –?”

“Shh!” Elizabeth held up a finger to silence the eighteen-year-old. She stared at the dark-skinned belly in front of her with admiration and wonder. “Look at the way it curves. Sure enough, she’s growing in there.” Elizabeth ran her fingers from the undersides of Uba’s breasts, down to her pubic hair, and then back up again. “Are you honored, Uba? Do you feel how special your child is?”

“Yes.” Uba’s body was wracked by uncontrollable shivers. The light touch on her belly sent waves of pleasure through her. Her heart swelled with pride.

“Look at you.” Elizabeth turned her attention from the belly and let her gaze wander past Uba’s ponderous breasts up to the woman’s mesmerized face. “You are the perfect doe, aren’t you? If I told you to jump out of that window, you would, wouldn’t you?”

“Um ...” Uba furrowed her brow in confusion.

“Wait ... Mom’s not going to –” Abshir started.

“Quiet, stag.” Elizabeth’s voice was sharp and cutting.

Filsan and Cureeji returned to the living room with tea things, but sensing the atmosphere, stopped in the doorway.

Binti and Eedo stopped their massage and looked over at the strange, pale woman.

Elizabeth reached up, grabbed Uba’s black nipples, and roughly used them to pull the woman to her knees. Now, they were more or less on the same eye level. “If I told you to jump out of that window, what would you do?”

“I ... um ... would want to, Mrs. Norwood.” Uba’s eyes went wide with fear. She wanted to rub her nipples, which still hurt, but she didn’t dare. Instead, she put both hands on her swelling belly. “But ... I must protect the baby. I wouldn’t jump.” Uba averted her gaze, looking down at the floor.

There was a long silence. Elizabeth stared at Uba. Uba watched the floor. Everyone else gazed at Elizabeth.

“Right!” Elizabeth clapped her hands and laughed, her voice gaily ringing around the apartment. “How right you are! Protect the baby at all costs.”

Everyone who was not Elizabeth breathed long exhales of relief. A few even joined in the laughter. The tea was set up, and the foot rub continued.

“Now, it strikes me that you’re in the perfect position, Uba.” Elizabeth gave Abshir a grin. “Do you mind if I borrow your mother?” Elizabeth lifted up her dress and spread her legs, revealing to all with a viewing angle that she wasn’t wearing panties.

“Mom’s *mydoe*.” Abshir frowned.

“True. And *you* are *mycreation*.” Elizabeth put her hand on top of Uba’s head. “Thus, by the transitive property, she is my doe, too.” Slowly, Elizabeth pulled Uba’s head between her legs. “Surely, you share her with your aunt and the other does.” Elizabeth rolled her eyes in pleasure as Uba’s tongue began working her vagina.

“Yes.” Abshir liked seeing his mother eat pussy. But those women weren’t possessive. He was in charge of his bevy. As he listened to the moist sounds of his mother’s tongue on Elizabeth’s vagina, he felt out of control. “It’s fine, Mom, eat her out.” He winced. Giving permission after the deed had already started only made him feel worse.

Elizabeth relaxed in her chair and nodded to Abshir. “She’s very good.” She looked down at Uba, making eye contact as the woman worked her clit. “You’re very good. I imagine you get lots of practice.” Elizabeth turned her attention to Eedo, where she was still massaging Abshir’s foot. “Does your sister lick you every day?”

“Um ... I ...” Eedo was suddenly at a loss. Her heart thumped in her chest. “Mostly ... I pleasure her. But I’m not here every day.”

“Oh, that should change. It’s time you stopped going home to your husband.” Elizabeth waved a dismissive hand. “Abshir, I want it to be perfectly clear who’s in charge.” Her hand was still on Uba’s head. Elizabeth pulled the woman’s hair so that Uba’s nose and mouth were covered in vagina, and she started to struggle to breathe. “There will come a time when I give orders. You must obey, or all my plans will go up in smoke again,” Elizabeth said.

“Mmmppphhhhh!” Uba put her hands on Elizabeth’s pale thighs, struggling to get enough separation from her vagina to breathe. But the woman was too strong.

“Do you understand?” Elizabeth smiled at Abshir.

“Yes, I understand.” Abshir was suddenly rethinking things. He had assumed this had been all about him, but that wasn’t so. “I am grateful, and I’ll do what you say.”

“Very good.” Elizabeth released Uba.

“Ooohhhh ... gosh ... oh ... gosh ...” Uba pulled back and sucked in air.

“Now, back to work, Uba.” Elizabeth pulled her dress all the way off. As Uba returned her tongue to her vagina, Elizabeth massaged her own breasts and played with her nipples, sending little shocks of electric pleasure through her body. “And I would like to watch some rutting. Which one of you will ride your stag for me?”

Every woman in the bevy raised her hand except for Uba. They all looked to Elizabeth for permission.

“What do you think, Abshir? They’re all so pretty and docile.” Elizabeth grinned. “While I borrow your mother, which will you have?”

“Aunt Eedo, kiss me.” Abshir beckoned her. “The rest of you, get me hard.”

Eedo moved onto the sofa, quickly pressing her lips to her nephew’s. They made out, while Binti crawled up on the other side and licked and sucked Abshir’s chest, paying special attention to his nipples. Cureeji kneeled between his legs, sucking the wide, domed head of his cock into her mouth. Filsan got on her knees next to Cureeji and plopped one of Abshir’s testicles into her mouth.

“How lovely. A bevy that works together ...” Elizabeth’s laugh was a bit more disjointed and distant as her pleasure grew. “This is what I like ... to see.” She nodded at the women all working hard to please the teenager. “I chose ... this family well. Now ... Uba ... make me ... explode.” She mashed Uba’s face into her vagina again. Although this time, she made sure to allow the woman to breathe.

~~

December 24, 2015: Apartment 12C, the Marland family.

“It’s weird doing this without Dad.” Justin sat in the living room next to the Christmas tree.

“Shit, dude, don’t bring that up.” Mark frowned at his brother. His fiancé, Clair, sat next to him on the sofa.

“Dad didn’t treat Mom right.” Joe stood by the window, looking out at New York.

“I want us to have a pleasant evening. No talk about your father.” Carrie smiled apologetically at Clair, refilled the woman’s wine, and walked toward the kitchen.

“It smells lovely, Mrs. Marland.” Clair smiled at Carrie.

“Thank you, dear.” Carrie stopped in the doorway. “Joey, I’d like some help in the kitchen. Why don’t we leave your brothers with the view for now.”

“Sure, Mom.” Joe left his perch by the window and followed his mother into the kitchen.

“Your brothers don’t know anything, Joey.” In the kitchen, Carrie grabbed Joe’s wrist and pulled him close, keeping her voice down. “Don’t talk about your father. Don’t give them any reason to be suspicious of us.”

“They should know, Mom,” Joe hissed. He pulled his mother into an embrace and stared deeply into her fathomless eyes. “I should go out there and tell them that you’re mine. ‘Merry Christmas, everyone. I own Mom’s pussy now. I’m the alpha here.’”

Carrie went stiff, trembling in her son’s arms. Her mind swam and vagina gushed.

“Do you need a hand in there?” Clair called from the living room.

“No thanks, we’re good. We’ll be back in a minute,” Joe called back. His eyes never left his mother’s. “Are we good, Mom?”

“Are you going to tell your brothers about us?” Her voice was high and reedy, barely audible over her pulse thudding in her ears.

“If you kiss me now, I’ll keep it a secret.” Joe smiled. “But your pussy is mine either way.”

Carrie chewed on her bottom lip, her arms snaking around his shoulders. “They could come in here any moment.”

“Better hurry then.” He shrugged.

“I love this side of you, Joey.” Carrie’s body felt like jelly. When his grip went down to her butt and possessively squeezed, her mouth zipped over to his. Soon, their tongues were entwined, and they were groping each other in the middle of the kitchen. Carrie desperately wanted to let him shove his big thing inside her, but that would have been insane. And she wasn’t insane. She was only ... ever so slightly crazy.

They broke apart after a few minutes, mother and son panting and smiling.

“We can’t let them know,” Carrie said.

“Sure.” Joe shrugged.

“But I don’t want you to forget that I’m yours while your brothers are here. So ...” Carrie glanced at the doorway. She could hear the others talking in the living room. “So ...” She lifted up her skirt, moved her panties to the side, and ran two fingers along her slit. The fingers came away glistening. “So, open your mouth and taste me.”

Joe laughed and did as she instructed.

“Good boy.” She put her fingers in his mouth and closed his jaw with her other hand. She let him happily suck on her fingers for a moment, then she withdrew them and put her panties and skirt back in place. “Have I told you that I adore the way you love my taste?”

“What taste?” Mark walked into the kitchen with an empty wine glass.

“Mom’s cooking, dummy.” Joe playfully punched his brother’s arm. “We’re lucky to have a mom that can cook like she does.” Joe took Mark’s wineglass and refilled it.

“She’s not that great a cook.” Mark winked at his mother.

“You take that back!” Carrie laughed and playfully punched Mark’s other arm.

“Okay, okay. You’re a good cook, Mom.” Mark retreated from the kitchen, laughing back into the living room.

“You see, we’re a nice, normal family tonight.” Carrie smiled at Joe. She lowered her voice. “And when they leave, we’ll go back to being absolutely perverted.”

“Music to my ears, Mom.” Joe gave his mom’s butt a pat and helped her finish preparing dinner.

## Chapter 41

### And What Sort of Gown Will I Be Wearing?

January 22, 2016: Apartment 12C, the Marland family.

There wasn't much that upset Joe these days. But he didn't like being ambushed. Hani hadn't mentioned anything about Rosalin joining them on their walk in the park. As he strode to their meeting place, there was Rosalin, standing right next to Hani. They were both bundled up in hats and warm jackets. There was snow on the ground. For his part, Joe wore no sleeves at all. He felt more alive when he was out in the cold. "What's going on?" He closed the distance between them. He could smell Hani's arousal on the breeze. Rosalin's regal face didn't change, but he picked up the scent of fear when she spotted him. "Don't tell me you happened to run into her in the park." Joe stopped several feet away from the women.

"Obviously you weren't going to come if I told you she'd be here." Hani rolled her eyes. "Don't be an asshole and listen to her."

"Joe, it's almost time." Rosalin spoke quickly, trying to get the words out. "There's going to be a ceremony, and you are meant to –"

Joe snarled at Rosalin. He wasn't sure where the noise came from, but it seemed to work. She turned a shade paler and stopped talking.

"Joe ... are you ...?" Hani stammered.

"I'm fine. I'm fucking fine." Joe turned his wrath back on Hani. "I don't want to hear it anymore about the building. I'm sorry about what happened to your family. But my mom lives right down the hall, and she's fine. I visit her all the time. I'm fine. I'm better than fine ... I'm ... I'm ... alive." Joe threw his head back. "Awwwwwooooooo!"

Birds rose from nearby trees as the howl reverberated around the park. Passing joggers turned their heads, looking over with wide eyes.

Joe turned and galloped away from the women, disappearing into a copse of trees.

"He doesn't seem fine." Hani stared at the spot where her ex-boyfriend had disappeared.

"The building's magic is building in him even though he's away." Rosalin pressed her lips together. "We don't have a lot of time."

"What are we going to do?" Hani folded her arms and frowned. "We have to save my family ... and his."

“I suppose we’ll wait and hope for an opening.” Rosalin put her arm around Hani’s shoulders and pulled her into an embrace. “I’ll look for a moment to disrupt the ceremony. Elizabeth Norwood has one chance at this. It has to be on the right moon, before your mother gives birth. We don’t have to insert a very big monkey wrench to grind the whole thing to a halt.”

“And then what?” Hani was in a daze. Joe had seemed overexuberant lately. But today, he was wild. She found herself walking through the frozen park arm-in-arm with Rosalin. “Won’t Mrs. Norwood just start over and torment families for the next several decades until she has another go at it?”

“Okay, so we might need a big monkey wrench.” Rosalin nodded.

“You have a gun, right?” Hani imagined Elizabeth riddled with holes. It was a satisfying thought.

“I’d kill her if I could.” Rosalin shrugged, pulling the shorter woman closer, so that Hani’s head rested against her breast. “I tried once. I shot her right in the head. But the woman didn’t stay down. She’s tied to the power of that statue. And I’d bet she’s indestructible as long as that holds.”

“So how do we untie her?” Hani felt warm and protected in this woman’s arms. She believed in Rosalin. This woman could fix things.

“I don’t know. I’ve looked for ways for a long time. And ... I think she keeps me around just to prove that point ... that there isn’t a way.” Rosalin sighed. “Nobody can hurt her.”

Another howl rose into the air from far across the park.

Rosalin cocked her head and listened. “And Elizabeth Norwood can hurt whomever she likes.”

~~

February 2, 2016: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

“I didn’t know you were a seamstress, Mrs. Creech.” Uba stood naked in her living room, her hands absentmindedly rubbing her large, round belly. Her son was also naked, his massive penis hanging softly between his legs. He had his arms outstretched to either side, as Natalie measured him. The other members of the bevy all lounged about the room. Each woman wore nothing. Eedo was showing now, but her belly was smaller than her sister’s.

“Mrs. Norwood didn’t want to bring in an outside tailor. She wants everything to go smoothly with the ceremony.” Natalie was in one of her dresses from the previous century, her eyes focused on her work. She put down the measuring tape and made some notes on a pad of paper. “I’ve picked up some useful skills over the years.”

“You’re always useful, right Mrs. Creech?” Abshir reached down and squeezed her boob.

Natalie jabbed Abshir in the solar plexus, knocking the wind out of him. She smiled at the wheezing sounds he made. “Hands to yourself and your bevy, please. I’m useful to Mrs. Norwood, and only Mrs. Norwood. I don’t belong to you, Mr. Dahir.”

“Uuuggghh,” Abshir said.

“He means he’s sorry. We’re very sorry.” Uba’s body tightened, and her eyes grew round. She knew not to mess with Elizabeth or the woman’s possessions. “He won’t touch you again, isn’t that right, Abshir?”

“Sure ... yeah.” With some difficulty he extended his arms again so the woman could continue her measurements.

“What’s your connection to Mrs. Norwood?” Cureeji thought she might as well ask, since no one had ever told her.

“I am her servant. When she received the Hungarian Lady’s power, she passed a small amount on to me.” Natalie smiled warmly to herself. She bent down, pushed Abshir’s penis and balls roughly to the side, and measured his inseam. “I guess you could say that we share in the magic of this place. We’re soul mates.”

No one knew what to say to that. Natalie finished her work with Abshir and moved on to measuring his mother.

“Will we have wedding gowns like before?” Uba held still as the measuring tape circled around her belly.

“No ... no ...” Natalie chuckled to herself. “This isn’t a wedding. This is something much more special.”

“Oh ... I see,” Uba lied. “And what sort of gown will I be wearing?”

“Something that doesn’t attract wolves.” Natalie made more notes on her paper pad.

“And what am I wearing?” Abshir frowned at the pale woman.

“You will look very dapper, don’t worry.” Natalie chuckled to herself again.

An awkward silence persisted until she left apartment 12E. Then, Abshir ordered his bevy to get him hard. Just to show them that he could.

~~

February 13, 2016: Apartment 12C, the Marland family.

Unlike most of his fellow college freshmen, Joe returned home every weekend. His pace always picked up as he turned onto Walnut Street. Today, he was whistling, wondering what his mother would be wearing when he entered the apartment. She had gotten almost as round as a full moon, and he loved when she wore things that showed off her enormous belly.

Joe nodded to the doorman, Greg, as the man held the door open for Joe. Pausing in the lobby, Joe stared at a depiction of the wolf-headed man getting decapitated by a goddess. The relief was oddly gory. *It's so weird that this is my home.* He had a pang of empathy for the wolf-headed man. He stepped over to the wall and ran his fingers along the smooth, raised contours of the relief.

"We're not supposed to touch the art," Greg called over.

"Right ... of course." Joe stepped away. *Mom's waiting for me anyway.* He hustled across the lobby. But instead of taking the elevator, he ran up the stairs. He practically flew up the building, taking three steps at a time. By the third floor, he was panting. By the sixth floor, sweat dripped off him. By the ninth floor, he was howling for joy. His voice echoed up and down the empty stairwell.

When he burst into the twelfth-floor hall, he stopped and looked toward 12E. A seething hatred threatened to boil over. Abshir was a stain on this otherwise perfect building. Joe shook his head. "That's not right," he muttered. *We used to be friends. I love his sister.* Joe rubbed his forehead. "Do I love his sister?" Joe frowned and stared at the door to 12E. Somehow, he'd ended up right in front of it. The Art Deco hall around him was silent, but he could hear rhythmic thumping from inside the apartment. There was also a woman wailing and the scent of mating.

Joe reached out for the doorknob, but pulled his hand back before touching anything. He turned and walked slowly to 12C, pulled out his key, and let himself in. He looked around the entryway and into the kitchen, shutting the door behind him. *With all the amazing things that have happened here recently, and the terrible things in 12E, I wonder what life was like in this apartment before us.* He put his hand on the wall, and he almost felt like he could hear the whispers of a tragic past.

"What are you doing, sweetie?" Carrie stood in the doorway to the living room, wearing maternity lingerie. She cradled her massive, bare belly and beamed at her son.

"Just thinking about all the people that lived here before us." He pulled his hand away from the wall and exhaled. When he turned toward his mother, his frown dissolved into

a smile. Tight muscles that he hadn't realized were bunching, released and relaxed. "You look ... hot."

Carrie laughed and fanned her face with her hand. "I feel hot too. All flushed and splotchy if I'm being honest. And she's kicking up a storm." She nodded to her belly. "It wouldn't surprise anyone, but I think our baby is going to be an athlete. She feels so strong. Oof. She just kicked me hard." Carrie giggled.

"This is so magical, isn't it?" Joe closed the distance between them, dropping to his knees in front of his mother. He put his hand to her belly. "Oh ... it feels like she's fighting in there."

"She sure is ready to get out." Carrie grinned down at her son and put her hands on top of his. "I'm afraid I won't be running in the park with you this weekend."

"Of course. But ... you know ... can we still ...?" He looked up at her with real worry.

"Sex?" Carrie rolled her eyes. "You eighteen-year-olds have a one-track mind." She narrowed her eyes in mock suspicion. "Lucky for you, forty-nine-year-old pregnant ladies can't seem to get enough of it either. Oooohhhhhh ... Joey." When he pulled her panties to the side and went to work on her vagina, she spread her legs for him and ran her fingers through his long hair. "You're always ... uuugghhhh ... so feral ... when you lick ... down there."

"Mmmppphhhh ... mmmppphhhh." Joe held her ass tightly, pulling her pelvis forward. He worked his tongue deep into her tangy cleft. His mind wandered in circles, thinking about how he was tasting the hole where he came from, and also where his sister would soon arrive from. There was so much life-giving power in his mother.

"Uuummmm ... Joey ... standing is ... getting hard for me." Carrie's legs trembled.

Joe stood, lifted his mother off the floor, and carried her into their bedroom. She was heavier and more ungainly each time he visited, but he could still lift her with ease. He used to toss her down on the bed like some conquering hero, but now, he laid her down gently.

"Ooohhh ... Joey ... I know you like it from the back. I can't really lie on my belly." With some effort, she pulled off her panties, leaving on the upper part of the lingerie. Carrie got on her hands and knees. "But we can still do it like dogs. Ruff, ruff." She giggled.

"Awwwoooooo." Joe undressed in a hurry, tossing his clothes carelessly around the room.

Carrie watched her son howl and undress, her gaze fixing on his monstrous penis. Her eyes went wide, and her pupils dilated. "Awwwoooooo!" Her high-pitched howl joined his deep one. "Awwwoooooo ... Awww ... ooohhhhhhhhhhh." Her eyes

crossed, and her howls turned into grunts and whines when he entered her. She dug her fingers into the covers and tried her best to brace herself for the onslaught of her son's merciless hips.

The room was filled with the sounds of Joe's howls, Carrie's cries, and the slapping of skin. The pungent, tropical scent of her excitement quickly moved throughout the apartment.

"Oooooohhhh ... Joey ... uuuggghhhhh ... my vajajay ... my vajajay ... my ... eeeeeiiiiiii!" That started an ethereal string of climaxes for Carrie.

Much later, mother and son lay naked in bed together. The curtains were closed, as Joe always requested, and they could just barely hear the urban jungle sounds through the windows. Carrie lay on her back, her legs spread wide, with her vagina leaking profuse amounts of semen. Joe lay on his side, taking in all the outlandish curves of her body.

"When you get milk, can I drink it?" He ran his finger around her darkening nipple and watched her shiver in response.

"HmMMM?" Carrie had been so pounded into submission that the gears of her mind were turning slowly.

"Milk from your tits, Mom. I want some." Joe gave a little growl of interest.

"Oh." Her smile was distant and dreamy as she looked into his clear, blue eyes. "I'll have enough to feed you both." She giggled. "Although she might not want to share. Our girl seems to have a feisty attitude." She put a hand on her belly.

"She'll share." Joe put his head down on the pillow, never taking his eyes off his beautiful mother. "I can't wait to meet her."

"Me too, sweetie." Carrie sighed. "We won't have to wait long."

~~

February 18, 2016: Apartment 9B, Rosalin Eklund.

Tracking the Marland boy around campus wasn't hard. Rosalin thought of her old journal from the 90s. She'd recovered it when she'd moved back into 9B. But she hadn't started journaling again. With David gone, and Nathaniel even more gone, she hadn't had anyone who she hoped might read it. As she sat on a low concrete wall, bundled against the cold and waited for Joe's class to end, she wondered if she should start journaling again. Maybe the result would be something to leave for Steven if the worst happened to her. Maybe it would help people avoid the next cycle if she couldn't stop the

tragedy from this cycle unfolding. Maybe a wrathful goddess would rise in a matter of days, and none of this would matter.

Rosalin checked her watch. Joe's class had ended five minutes ago, but he hadn't exited the building yet. *Did he give me the slip?* She didn't think so. She was a detective after all, trained in tracking without being detected herself. She'd caught the Bloomfield Killer this way. She checked her watch again. *What would my journal entry be about today?* She didn't know, because she didn't know what she was doing. Following Joe wasn't much of a plan.

"What do you want, Ms. Eklund?" Joe hopped over the concrete barrier from behind Rosalin and sat a foot away from her.

Despite her normally calm disposition, Rosalin gave a little jump at being discovered. She quickly recovered and retained a calm face. "Good day, Mr. Marland."

"What do you want?" Joe gave her a hard stare.

"Next week, Mrs. Norwood is going to have a ceremony." Rosalin hadn't prepared herself to talk about this in a credible way. She wished she'd spent more time thinking about how to make her case.

"Good for her." Joe shrugged. "My mom's due pretty soon, so I suppose I'll be busy helping her. You'll have to decline the invitation to Mrs. Norwood's ceremony for me."

"Oh, you're not invited, but she expects you to be there." Rosalin held up her finger. "Look, she expects you to kill Abshir Dahir. Then, she expects Uba Dahir to give birth to a goddess. A goddess that will kill you and everyone that you love."

"You mentioned some of this before. It doesn't make any more sense now." Joe pressed his lips together. "This is the shit you've been telling Hani?"

"Just take your mom and leave. Have her go out for groceries or something, and then meet out in the city. Elizabeth is overconfident. She won't expect you to run. Once the night of the ceremony passes, I doubt she'll even look for you."

Joe shook his head slowly. "I've never felt more at home than at 3838 Walnut Street. We're not going anywhere."

"It's not just you that you'd be saving. Your mother, the Dahirs, countless others ... the innocent baby in your mother's belly." Rosalin watched him get up and walk away.

"Stop following me." Joe didn't look back.

Rosalin chewed her bottom lip as she watched him go. He wasn't as lost as the stag, but the building had a different kind of hold on him. Whatever she was going to do, she would have to do it on her own.

~~

February 22, 2016: Apartments 12C, 12E, 9B, and 14B.

“I feel ridiculous.” Uba frowned at the outfit that had been created for her. She and the other bevy members were all dressed similarly in rough-spun cotton dresses made to look like dirty athletic socks. Uba felt it looked even worse with her big, bulging belly. She adjusted her glasses and looked down at herself.

“I think it looks awesome.” Abshir laughed. “When we get back from the ceremony, I’m going to fuck all of you in those outfits.”

Cureeji turned her eyes downward, ashamed.

Filsan and Binti both grinned eagerly.

Eedo adjusted her sock outfit and frowned at her sister. *We gave up our marriages for this?* She looked over at Abshir in his resplendent ceremonial robes and shivered. He was so handsome. *No, I gave up my marriage for that teenager. And I would do it again a thousand times over.*

“Okay, it’s almost time. Is everyone ready?” Abshir was giddy. He wasn’t sure why they were having the ceremony before the goddess arrived, but he had learned not to question Elizabeth.

~~

Three floors down, the doorbell to 9B rang. Rosalin was already wearing a sparkling gown, looking at herself in the mirror. The skirt of the gown bulged where her pistol was strapped to her thigh. It wasn’t great, but it would have to be good enough. There would be so much going on that she didn’t think anyone would notice her. The doorbell rang again. She hustled to the front door. “Coming.” When she opened it, she blinked in surprise.

“I’m here, Rosalin. What’s so urgent?” Hani looked around the empty hall like she might be discovered any second.

“What are you doing here?” Rosalin hissed. “You need to leave.”

"*You texted me.*" Hanı wasn't wearing a hijab. She wore a long dress and a jacket, but still, it was odd to have her hair exposed when she was so close to her mother. She glanced up at the ceiling, toward the twelfth floor.

"No, I didn't." Rosalin heard the stairway door handle rattle. "Hurry, I'll hide you inside the ..." But before she could pull Hanı into the apartment, Elizabeth exited the stairs and strode toward them.

Both Rosalin and Hanı froze, looking at the woman.

"Rosalin, thank you for collecting such a valuable guest." Elizabeth was wearing a glittering gown under dark, open ceremonial robes. "Everything is coming together splendidly, don't you think?"

"Yes." Rosalin did her best to force a smile.

"Come along, I want you both in the chapel." Elizabeth grabbed each of their elbows and led them down the hall. "Where's Steven?"

"He's out." A chill went down Rosalin's spine.

Elizabeth tsked. "Shame on you. You should have had him here. When the city falls, this will be the only building left standing. We can protect him here. But you've always had issues with trust."

"I have." Rosalin let herself be led away from her open apartment door. There was nothing she could do but go to the chapel now. "And the wolf?"

"I understand that he's in the building already. I thought I might have to fetch him. But his mother went into labor not long ago." Elizabeth smiled. "So, we can shepherd him to his place when the time is right. That's why we have Hanı here, after all. I do hope he still cares for you, child." Elizabeth squeezed Hanı's elbow tighter.

"I'm such a fucking idiot." Hanı ground her teeth together.

"Don't be too hard on yourself." Elizabeth's laughter rang about the hall and then into the stairwell as they climbed. "All the pieces are falling into place this time. I can feel it."

~~

"Is it time for the hospital?" Joe sat anxiously on the bed next to his mother. He wore a t-shirt, jeans, and socks.

Carrie was on her back next to him, her head resting on a pillow. Her maternity dress was draped on her. “No ... the contractions aren’t close enough together ... yet.” She gritted her teeth. “Thank you for ... coming ... sweetie.”

“Of course, Mom! Whatever you need.” He gripped her hand and held it tightly.

~~

“Uuuuggghhhh ... ooo ... ooo ... uuuuuuggghhh ... ooo ... ooo ... nnnnngggaaaaaa ... Ogganse!” The chant was low and urgent in the chapel. The place was full, almost all the tenants and building’s workers were there. The pews practically overflowed with people, their voices resounding in the space that was created from two hollowed-out apartments. “Ogganse ... ugh ... ugh ... Ogganse ... ooooooo ... ooooooo ...”

The ceremony had gone off without a hitch so far. Elizabeth stood next to the statue, her hood up. She waited for Natalie to return with the wolf. Uba was well protected in the front left corner of the chapel, well away from her son, who stood as commanded in the back. The rest of his bevy was around him. They were all expendable, of course. But his mother most certainly was not.

When Natalie returned without the wolf, Elizabeth frowned. She beckoned the woman forward. When Natalie was close, Elizabeth whispered under the sound of continued chanting by those in the pews. “Where is he?”

“He wouldn’t leave his mother, mistress,” Natalie whispered back.

“Did you tell him we had Hani?” Elizabeth’s smile faded. Plans never went the way they should.

“I don’t think he believed me.” Natalie hated displeasing her mistress, but she couldn’t very well drag the wolf up here by herself.

Elizabeth rubbed her chin and looked around the room. “Fine. I’ll take Hani and retrieve him myself. Abshir is to be escorted to the statue when the wolf arrives. Then they can do their thing right here.” She pointed to the crimson-stained floorboards under her feet. “Uba is not to leave her protected corner. Understood?”

“Understood.” Natalie nodded and curtsied.

Elizabeth removed her robes, handed them to Natalie, and strode to where Hani stood in the pews. The girl was craning her neck to get a look at her mother. “Come on,” Elizabeth grabbed Hani’s elbow and dragged her down the aisle. The chanting continued all around them. Out in the hall, things quieted down.

“Are you going to kill me?” Hani hoped the woman couldn’t feel her trembling. She tried to put on a brave face. “I’m not scared of you.”

“Killing you isn’t exactly Plan A, dear.” Elizabeth made a soft scoffing sound as they went to the special stairway that connected the thirteenth and twelfth floors.

At the end of the hallway stood a giant stag, its antlers scratching the ceiling. Next to it, sat a massive wolf. Both animals had eyes that were an eerie, carmine color.

“What the fuck are those?!?” Hani tried to cringe away, but Elizabeth held her elbow firmly and pulled her along.

“Honestly, I don’t know. They’re not under my control.” Elizabeth dragged the eighteen-year-old girl down the stairs.

“I’ve seen them before,” Hani whispered.

“Lucky you. Most that see them don’t live to tell me about it afterward.” Elizabeth’s eyebrows lifted in amusement as they descended.

“They’re part of the goddess ... already in our world.” Hani didn’t know why the idea suddenly burned in her brain.

“Absurd. I’m the only piece of Her already in our world. Those creatures are just some after-effect of my power.” Elizabeth entered the hall on twelve, still dragging Hani along. “Also, if they were part of the goddess herself, why would they keep eating my loyal followers?”

Hani thought on that as they stopped outside the door to 12C.

Elizabeth rang the doorbell.

“Don’t come to the door, Joe!” Hani screamed. “This is it. This is what I was – mmmmpphh.” Hani stopped shouting when Elizabeth’s iron grip closed over her lips.

“Quiet, young lady.” Elizabeth hissed to the girl. “Mr. Marland, as you can hear, your paramour is here. Come on out,” Elizabeth said clearly to the closed door. She could knock down the door and drag the boy out. But she wanted him to come to the chapel under his own power. She wanted him hunting the stag as he was meant to. “Your old pal Abshir is threatening to impregnate his sister against her will. He wants to do it tonight in front of everyone in the chapel. I thought you might like the chance to stop him.”

Hani’s eyes widened. “Mmmmpphhh ... mmmmpphhh!” She said into Elizabeth’s hand.

A few moments later, Joe opened the door. “This is a really bad time. Mom needs to go to the hospital now.”

“You could take her now, but I’m afraid for poor Hani once we go back up to the fourteenth floor.” Elizabeth shrugged. “Or you could come up with us and deal with Mr. Dahir. I’m sure your mother’s baby can wait a few minutes.”

Carrie waddled up behind Joe, holding her belly and grimacing. “I’ll be alright, Joey. Go tell Abshir to leave his sister alone, and then come back. Mrs. Norwood, you can leave Hani here with me. She’ll be safe.”

“I’m afraid she’s under my protection, Mrs. Marland.” Elizabeth gave an elegant shrug. “I can’t leave her.”

“I’ll be back soon, Mom.” Joe turned, kissed his mother on the cheek, and stepped out into the hall. “If you need to go to the hospital without me, call a taxi. I’ll catch up.”

Carrie nodded. “Be quick.” She stood and watched the three of them move down the hall. It was all so odd, but she could feel in her bones that Joe needed to go. As strange as the moment seemed, it also felt right. She closed the door and returned to her bed. The contractions were getting closer together. She prayed the baby would wait.

## Chapter 42

### We Won't Have Much Time Together, Mother

February 22, 2016: Apartments 12C, 12E, 9B, and 14B.

“Ooohhh ... ohhh ... my.” Carrie’s labor was progressing fast. It was clearly time to go to the hospital. She looked at the clock. Joe had only been gone for five minutes. When would he get back? She went to look for her phone, pausing for a contraction. Her body seized with pain. When it was over, she continued.

Her phone was on the counter, right next to Joe’s. He hadn’t taken it with him. Which meant she might have to leave without him. She picked up her phone and thought things over. Another painful contraction decided it for her. She dialed the hospital. Nothing happened. The call didn’t go through. She called 911. Nothing. She tried Joe’s phone, but got the same result. She then tried the landline, but it was dead.

Leaning on the counter, Carrie weighed her options. She decided to go knocking on doors for help.

Twenty minutes later, she returned to her apartment exhausted, scared, and frustrated. She had tried every door on her floor and the three floors below, and nobody had answered. She had gone to the lobby, and there were no doormen on duty. She had tried to exit, but the front door was impossibly locked. She had beat on the glass, but passing New Yorkers barely glanced at the crazed, pregnant lady yelling for help. She had barely been able to return to her apartment. There was no help. Joe still wasn’t back. She was alone, and the baby was getting closer.

“Please wait,” she said to the baby. As if in reply, the baby gave her belly a mighty kick. “Now is not the time to be a fighter, little one. You should just ... aaaaahhhhhh.” She nearly fell to the floor in pain. Not knowing what else to do, Carrie stumbled to her bedroom, flopped onto the bed, and rolled onto her back. She prayed Joe would return soon.

~~

“Why don’t you stop Abshir yourself?” Joe walked up the secret stairway ahead of Hani and Elizabeth. “Just let me walk out of here with Hani.”

“It’s your vocation to set right what Mr. Dahir has disturbed.” Elizabeth couldn’t wipe the smug grin off her face. *It’s happening. It’s finally ...* The building shook under their feet.

All three people stumbled against the wall. When Elizabeth lost her grip on Hani's elbow, the girl tried to flee down the stairs. But Elizabeth easily caught her again.

"Are you okay, Hani?" Joe was nearly thrown off his feet as the building gave another violent shake.

"No, Joe. I'm pretty fucking far from okay. She wants you to ... mmmmmpphhh." Hani's warning was cut off by Elizabeth's hand clamping down on her mouth again.

A threatening snarl escaped Joe's lips.

Elizabeth's only reply was a long, crystal-clear laugh. "I'm immortal, you idiot. You have a tiny sliver of Her power in your veins. I *am* Her power."

"Are you making the building shake?" Joe tentatively removed his hand from the wall. The stairs didn't tremble again.

"Not directly, but I take it as a sign. The ceremony will be successful this time. We are feeling the first rumblings of Her awakening." Elizabeth's grin widened. "But come along, we need to get you to the church on time." She laughed more gently this time as they ascended the stairs. "You're the only person standing between Abshir and his sister now. He is ready to take what's his."

For the first time, Joe was ready to believe some of what Rosalin and Hani had warned him about. It sounded like Elizabeth was confirming it herself. As they entered the fourteenth floor, which was really the thirteenth he reminded himself, he made a silent oath to himself. *I won't do what she wants. I won't hurt Abshir. He was my friend. I'll be rational and talk him down. Then, I'll take Mom to the hospital.*

~~

Rosalin waited nervously. The congregation chanted their silly Ogganse chorus the whole time Elizabeth had been gone. Natalie stood on stage leading the chant. Of course, Rosalin joined in. She didn't want to stand out. But she wasn't a part of this. Not anymore. She patted the gun strapped to her thigh under her dress. For her son, and for millions of others, she would end this horrible cycle tonight.

There was only the small problem of how. She eyed the Hungarian Lady with its outlandish, maternal curves. Even if it wasn't magic, she doubted bullets would do much to that stone. The how was hazy, but Rosalin knew she would seize the moment when it came. She held her regal head high, chanted, and waited for the right time.

~~

“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii. You’re not ... waiting ... are you ... little one?” Carrie had only managed to partially strip. She lay with her legs spread. It felt to her like the whole building was shaking. Maybe it was. Pain seared into her brain, she closed her eyes, and she pushed for all she was worth. “Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii.”

The baby was arriving, and there was no one to help. She wondered how many women could give birth on their own. She was going to quickly learn if she was up to the task.

Carrie opened her eyes and blinked. She was starting to see a strange, carmine glow in the room. And ... she was even more startled to see that the light was emanating from between her legs. “Oh ... my gosh ... what’s happening ... to my vajajay?” Sweat dripped from her brow. Her eyes went very round. Then, she could no longer think about what was happening. All she could do was push. “Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii!”

~~

“What the fuck is *he* doing here?!?” Abshir pointed an accusing finger at Joe when he entered the chapel.

The chanting continued from the pews in subdued tones.

Joe growled, almost lunging for Abshir right away. He heard Hani’s muffled cries, and his mind wandered back to her. Trying to breathe deeply. Joe took a step back. He was only six or seven feet from Abshir. Joe could take him in a second if he wanted to. *Is that what I want?* “Listen ... Abshir ... things have gotten crazy. Hani ... doesn’t want this. Let her leave with me. And you can –”

“What the fuck are you talking about?” Abshir’s smile was cruel and lean. “You’ve lost it, Joey. I don’t care about Hani.”

“She could be in your bevy,” Elizabeth said.

Greed seeped into Abshir’s eyes as he gazed at his pretty sister.

“Mmmpphhh ... mmppphhh.” Hani’s glasses were so fogged that she could barely see. She struggled against Elizabeth’s clamping hand. Hani’s rapid pulse thudded in her ears, so that she could barely hear. She had never been more helpless or frightened. She could feel the building rumbling under her feet again. When she lost her balance, Elizabeth held her steady.

“Let’s talk this out.” Joe clenched his fists so tightly his knuckles turned white. “You let Hani go, I let you have this stupid ceremony. I’ll leave you alone forever.” He caught himself crouching in a predatory manner. He made an effort to straighten his spine, but his posture reverted when the floor danced under his feet. He could hear concrete, steel, and wood groaning in the structure around them. “Look ... I have to go. My mom needs me.”

“Mommy needs you?” Abshir’s tone was mocking.

Joe snarled and moved toward his erstwhile friend. But a woman’s scream made him pause. He turned toward Rosalin who was coming toward them down the center aisle. She held Natalie before her. Rosalin had the barrel of a revolver placed at the back of Natalie’s head. “Eeeeeiiiiiii.” Rosalin screamed to draw attention to herself and to shut up the incessant chanting. It worked on both accounts. The chapel went silent.

“What are you doing, Rosalin?” Elizabeth’s smile faded.

“Just as I thought. Your pet doesn’t age, but she isn’t like you, is she?” Rosalin pressed her lips together grimly. Her dress sparkled as she moved. “She’s not getting up from a bullet in the skull. Not like you. She has less of the statue’s power.”

It seemed like the congregation held its collective breath.

“You can’t hurt me.” Natalie’s voice quavered.

“Oh, I can hear it in your tone. I can.” Rosalin stopped roughly fifteen feet from Elizabeth.

“I’m sorry, mistress.” Natalie’s eyes met Elizabeth’s wrathful gaze. “Don’t let it end here. We’re so close.”

“You’ll be fine, Natalie.” Elizabeth ground her teeth together.

“I’m leaving with Joe and Hani.” Rosalin’s voice rang clear and true. “Once we’re outside, I’ll let Mrs. Creech go.”

“No ... you won’t hurt her.” Elizabeth let go of Hani.

Hani raced into Joe’s arms. She held him, trembling. “We have to help her.”

“How?” Joe stood still, watching. He hugged Hani close.

“You won’t touch a hair on Mrs. Creech’s head. If you do, you’re dead.” Elizabeth took a couple steps toward Rosalin and paused. “Let her go, and I won’t harm you or your son.”

“Steven’s safe.” Rosalin shook her head. “If you take one more step toward me, I’ll blow her brains out. Step aside and let all of us leave.”

“There’s no way out.” Elizabeth’s nostrils flared. Her body was taut. “Where would you even go? You’re tied to this building now. So is your son.”

“Not one more step, Elizabeth Norwood.” Rosalin’s hand didn’t shake despite the trembling of the building. “I ... will ... kill ... Mrs. Creech.”

“No, you won’t.” Elizabeth took another step toward Rosalin and Natalie.

“Run!” Rosalin screamed to Hani and Joe.

The gunshot was deafening, its percussion reverberating off the chapel walls. Natalie Creech’s head exploded, ejecting brain, blood, and fragments of skull onto people in nearby pews. Natalie tumbled forward and landed with a thud in front of Rosalin.

Rosalin remembered that the last time she’d shot Elizabeth, the woman had gone down. She had stayed down, at least for a little while. *Maybe this will buy us some time.* While Elizabeth let out an ear-shattering wail, Rosalin took careful aim and unloaded the rest of her bullets center mass. She could have laid a playing card over the holes in Elizabeth’s chest.

Elizabeth abruptly went mute and jerked backward. She fell to one knee, staring at the floor. But she didn’t go all the way down.

Everyone stared.

“Come on!” Rosalin dropped her pistol and ran toward the back door. “We need to go, Hani.” Just as she passed Elizabeth, one of the woman’s pale hands shot out and grabbed Rosalin by the leg.

“Nnoooooooo!” Hani watched as Elizabeth hurled Rosalin across the chapel. The regal woman flew through the air like a rag doll, striking the wall behind the stage with a sickening sound. Hani’s next scream was formless. There was no way Rosalin would survive that. Indeed, the woman didn’t get up. Rosalin lay in a heap behind the statue, her dress still sparkling.

“Close ... the ... door,” Elizabeth hissed. Her voice was wet with the blood in her lungs. Slowly, she stood. Everyone else in the room seemed riveted to their spot, watching her. “The ... door.”

“Right.” Abshir and Eedo moved to the door and slammed it shut.

“Abshir? I have to see my son.” Uba struggled as the workmen restrained her from her corner in the front of the chapel.

“Keep her there and silent.” Elizabeth pointed at Uba and turned toward the back of the chapel. Her dress was bloody and tattered, but the wounds had closed. “Now ... Joey Marland ... it’s time for you ... to do your duty. This is all Abshir’s fault. Finish this.”

“What ... what are you talking about?” Abshir blinked in confusion. “Just give her whatever she wants, Joe. Don’t be an asshole. I’ll take good care of Hani.”

Joe snarled and lunged at Abshir.

~~

Carrie gave one last excruciating push, and the baby was out. Although, as she panted and stared at the creature, she was quite sure what she had produced wasn’t a baby. Glowing bright red, it crawled away from her vagina, unfurling as it went. Her mind rebelled at the sight. But she wasn’t horrified. She loved this creature. It was, after all, her daughter. It continued to unfold and move. Its glow faded some but remained. By the time it reached the end of the bed, it could stand on the floor. Carrie realized it wasn’t an it. She was a she. A pale, fully grown woman with an absurdly zaftig body. “Oh ... my ... gosh. What’s ... happening?”

“Isn’t it odd how life turns out?” Ogganse’s form rippled as it solidified. She turned and smiled at her mother. “The last time I arrived in this world, I sprung from a doe. Now, it was the she-wolf that bore me. Your love for the wolf is the thread that pulled me through the eye of the needle. Thank you.” Ogganse bowed, her faintly glowing breasts hung down ponderously before her. “We won’t have much time together, Mother. Collect what you need and leave this place.”

“The front door ... is locked, I’m not sure ... I can walk, and ... my son is upstairs.” Carrie stared with wide eyes. This strange woman had a wonderfully calming effect.

Ogganse moved over to the side of the bed, leaned forward – her dark nipples grazing the covers – and kissed Carrie’s sweaty brow. “None of those problems will vex you. You now have the strength to walk.”

The room shook violently, books fell from the shelves. A vase broke on the floor.

“What’s happening?” Carrie sat up. She already felt more energized, and there was no pain when she moved her legs.

“The wrong woman grasped my power.” Ogganse stood and gracefully glided to the doorway. She stopped, turned, and looked back at Carrie. “Please leave, Mother. There won’t be much left of this place soon.” With that, her curvaceous, naked form swept out of the doorway.

Carrie watched the door until the goddess’s glow had darkened and all she could see was a slice of the normally lit hall. Another violent tremor shook the room. Cracks formed in the plaster, and dust dropped from the ceiling. When the shaking subsided, she quickly

pulled on a pair of panties, jeans, socks, and a t-shirt. Miraculously, her old jeans fit her. She suspected that the goddess was responsible for that. *My daughter turned out to be strong, just like I thought.* Carrie filled a backpack with essentials, put on sneakers, and left her apartment. Her only plan was to find Joe and Hani and get the hell out of the building.

~~

There were no tenants in the basement to see a certain dryer fly across the laundry room. There was a hole opening in the masonry behind where it had been. Brother and sister were finally going to exit their prison. Their roaring would have been deafening to anyone foolish enough to stay and watch them widen their exit. Eventually, it was wide enough for their malformed bodies to press their way through.

Soon, both siblings were in the laundry room proper, smashing machines and wreaking havoc. Their giant antlers gouged the ceiling and their fangs tore through metal. When the laundry room destruction was complete, the pair moved up the stairs, burrowing through the building to make enough room for their ascent.

~~

Elizabeth's eyes shone brightly as Joe tackled Abshir. "Yes ... yes ... finish him!" But even as she said the words, she felt a shift in the air. Something wasn't right. She glanced at Natalie's remains, telling herself that it was a fair price to pay. But even so, loss welled inside her. The chapel shook. Fire sprung up along the far wall as candles toppled over and their flames went free.

"Gggrrrrrrr!" Joe's frenzy was arrested by Elizabeth's words. *What am I doing?* He looked down at the terror in Abshir's eyes. It was the fear of prey knowing his predator wasn't going to let go. Joe had raked his nails across Abshir's shoulder, tearing shirt and skin. Blood flowed, driving a thirst inside him. There was a horrible inclination to clamp his teeth down on Abshir's neck until the life went out of his former friend.

"No! Joe, don't hurt him. He's still my brother!" Hani leaned against the wall near the closed door. Cracks formed near her hands, running up the wall.

“Sorry ... Hani ...” Joe couldn’t fight it. The desire to kill was too great. He was about to lunge in for the final bite when the door to the chapel blew open with a sound like a thunderclap. He paused, turned his head, and saw the most beautiful woman in the world step into the room. Her curves were beguiling, her nakedness mesmerizing, and she emitted a faint, carmine glow.

“Let him go, Brother.” Ogganse smiled at Joe. “This is not what I want.”

Joe did not go in for the kill.

All the building’s tenants stayed seated in their pews. The workmen stood still in their barrier of bodies around Uba. Hani pushed her back into the trembling wall and watched in amazement.

Elizabeth looked at this breathtaking woman with wide eyes. She glanced toward Uba. The lead doe was still pregnant. So, this newcomer couldn’t be Ogganse. Indeed, the naked woman had instructed Joe not to kill Abshir. That was wrong. “Get out of here, you’re ruining it!” She pointed an angry finger at the glowing woman. “You’re a fake. A charlatan!”

“You have always confused your desires for mine.” Ogganse looked around the room solemnly. “I have watched you for nearly a century and every choice you made ran against what I tried to show you when you lifted the mantle of my power. Those witches caused us all much distress, I’m afraid.”

“Eeeeeiiiiiii!” Elizabeth extended her claws. She raced at this imposter, intent on shredding her to bits.

“Really?” Ogganse easily avoided the razors of Elizabeth’s claws and tossed Elizabeth across the room.

“Uuugghhhh.” Elizabeth landed next to the Hungarian Lady. She was shocked to see that the statue was nothing more than rubble. She tried to rise, but an unusual feeling assaulted her: pain. She stayed on the rust-stained stage. “You ... destroyed the statue.”

“Well, it *was* my prison.” Ogganse turned to Joe and Hani. “Run.”

Joe lifted himself off Abshir, looking at his bloody hand with revulsion. He moved over to Hani and hugged her tightly.

“Mom!” Hani yelled.

Rosalin opened her eyes. She found herself at an odd angle against the back wall. She tried to move but couldn’t. She thought it likely she’d broken her back. She blinked and took in the sight of the full chapel, the goddess, and Elizabeth lying nearby in pain.

*Ogganse looks nicer than I imagined.* She was able to smile as she watched events unfold.

“I don’t think your mother will want to leave.” Ogganse watched Abshir scurry to his feet and run to the other side of the chapel, throwing himself into his mother’s arms. The rest of his bevy followed him. Ogganse nodded. “All who wish to continue following Elizabeth Norwood may stay. All who feel otherwise must leave now.”

A handful of tenants rose and silently fled out the door. The rest stayed, including all the Dahirs.

Ogganse turned to Hani. “You choose to stay?”

“Fuck no, but I’m not leaving without my mom.” Hani hugged Joe tighter as the building shuddered.

“Uba Dahir, what do you choose?” Ogganse called across the chapel.

“I choose my son.” Uba yelled back.

All eyes turned to Abshir. He stared at Elizabeth, lying injured on the stage. His brow furrowed, and he hugged his mother tighter. “I choose Elizabeth!”

Ogganse moved closer to Hani and Joe. She leaned toward them, her breasts brushing against their bloody clothes. “Sometimes, when something is broken, it can’t be fixed.” She frowned at the teenagers. “You must collect Mother and leave. Hurry.”

Those choosing to stay stumbled out of the pews, moving toward the front of the chapel to be near Elizabeth.

Hani looked around at the delusional people. Her eyes suddenly widened with a thought. “What about Rosalin?” She stood on her toes, trying to see the very front of the chapel.

“She is broken too, but in a different way. But I promise to take care of her.” Ogganse smiled and kissed both Hani and Joe on their cheeks.

“There you are, Joey! Oh, my gosh you wouldn’t believe ...” Carrie entered the chapel and stopped next to her son. “Oh ... you’ve met her. Isn’t she lovely?” She spotted Natalie’s remains and gave a little yelp of surprise and disgust.

“Wait ... what?” As the building shook again, Joe grabbed his mother and pulled her into a tight embrace along with Hani. He had to circle his arm around the overstuffed backpack she wore.

“No more time, run, now.” Ogganse nodded gentle encouragement at them.

Hani gave one last glance across the chapel. She noticed that her once proud father was one of the men protecting her mother, while she was in Abshir’s arms. *Ogganse’s right.* Tears fell down Hani’s cheeks. She turned with Joe and Carrie. They ran from the

goddess, from that horrible chapel, from the rest of the Dahirs. They didn't look back. Once they got back on the twelfth floor, they raced past their apartments.

"The elevator is faster. We should take that," Carrie held her son's left hand tightly.

"No elevators during an earthquake." Hani held Joe's right hand as they stopped outside the elevator.

Carrie hit the call button. Hani opened the stairwell door. Monstrous sounds of roaring and destruction echoed up the stairway.

Hani slammed the door. "The elevator's good."

With a ding, the elevator doors opened, and the trio stepped in. Carrie hit the button for the lobby, and the doors slowly closed. She looked over at Hani. Tears were streaming down the girl's brown cheeks. "I'm so sorry, Hani."

"Me, too." Hani pressed herself into Joe's side and let herself weep. The elevator car jolted and rocked with the building, but it continued to descend.

"She's making the elevator work for us." Carrie dropped her forehead to her son's shoulder. "Our daughter's doing it."

"No ... shit," was all Joe could say.

Hani's eyes opened wider, but she didn't utter another word.

~~

Rosalin watched as the goddess walked toward her. The wall around the chapel's doorway was being demolished by something large on the other side. Rosalin kept her eyes on the destruction, even as Ogganse kneeled next to her.

"You were very brave. Your son is safe and free from this place." Ogganse's voice was loud enough to carry over the enraged roaring coming through the widening hole in the wall, but at the same time, her tones were calm and reassuring. "I'm afraid Brian and Rachel will arrive here soon. They are not themselves anymore. Would you like to see them, or would you like to sleep?"

Rosalin turned her eyes away from the doorway and looked up at the beauty of Ogganse. Rosalin smiled and tried to nod her head, but found she couldn't. "Sleep ... please," she croaked.

"Very well." Ogganse nodded and placed her hand on Rosalin's forehead. "I hope you find the other side to your liking."

And just like that, Rosalin found herself in the most beautiful dream.

~~

The reliefs on the lobby walls had already crumbled to dust by the time Carrie, Hani, and Joe sprinted through the lobby. The front doors were shattered, allowing them to step out onto the sidewalk. There was a crowd of people standing in the street, gawping at the collapsing building. The trio ran out into the midst of them. Traffic was stopped and people were getting out of cars to look. Gargoyles plummeted from great heights, smashing on the sidewalk. The crowd backed up.

The three former residents of 3838 Walnut Street turned and stared as their building neatly imploded. Miraculously, the destruction didn't spread to the buildings on either side. When it was over, there was nothing more than a mountain of rubble where the stately apartment building had once stood.

~~

March 15, 2016: Dorm 22b, the Marland family.

"My RA says you have to move out, Mom." Joe smiled at his mother. She was sitting on his bed reading a book.

"Casey doesn't seem to mind." She nodded at their roommate's bed that was just a few feet away.

"He's not in charge." Joe laughed. Casey was off at class so they had some private time together. Joe sat on the bed next to his mother, running his hands along her trim legs. "You look fantastic for someone who gave birth less than a month ago."

"Like a goddess, would you say?" She put down her book and ran her hand under her son's shirt, gently raking his six-pack. Soon, her hands were quickly unzipping his pants. "Do you have another date with Hani tonight?"

"Yes, is that a problem?" Joe watched her lovingly suck his cockhead into her mouth. He groaned as she moved her tongue in circles.

"Nnnngggg ... nnnnngggg." She met his clear, blue gaze and shook her head without removing his penis.

“Okay ... good.” Joe laced his hand in his mother’s hair, leaned back, and let her show off her amazing blowjob skills. Maybe a little later, they would work on making another goddess.

~~

March 15, 2016: New York Central Park, Hani Dahir and Joe Marland.

“Did you go to the chapel to save me, or to fight my brother?” Hani held Joe’s hand. Just because they’d been seeing each other again, didn’t mean she couldn’t hold his feet to the fire a little. She shivered despite her puffy jacket.

“I left my mom while she was in labor to save you.” Joe squeezed her hand. “I barely scratched your brother.”

“It’s all so fucked up.” Hani shook her head. She wasn’t crying, that was an improvement. She leaned into Joe and put her arm around his waist. “When you first fucked your mom, did you know you were going to create a goddess? I mean, was that what it was all about?”

“I wish I could say yes.” Joe held her closely. It was cold out, but he had on short-sleeves. Hani no longer wore hijabs, and he loved the feel of her silky hair on his bare arm. “But we just went sort of crazy for each other. We didn’t know about Ogganse.”

“Well, I forgive you.” Hani smiled. “Although, that past tense is sort of deceptive. You’re still going crazy for her, aren’t you?”

“Sure.” Joe laughed. Even with the destruction of the building, he hadn’t lost his carefree attitude. In fact, all his changes had remained intact. For instance, he could smell Hani’s arousal hanging in the air around them. “I humped her before coming to meet you tonight. You like that though, don’t you?”

Hani sighed. “I suppose every girl wants to be with a guy that loves his mother.” She squeezed him. “But I’m not as easy as her. You still need to win me back.”

“I’m not making you go jogging, that’s a start, right?”

“I suppose.” Hani sounded dubious.

“I’m also taking you out to an amazing pho restaurant tonight. You can slurp as much soup as you want.” Joe turned them to the right, heading out of the park.

“You really know your way to my heart.” Hani breathed in the crisp, spring air. “I think I might love you again, dummy.”

“I love you, too.” Joe smiled as they strolled through New York. He was happy it wasn’t the forest primeval. There were better restaurants this way.

THE END