
CHAPTER 15
3838 WALNUT STREET

3838 Walnut Street 15

Illustrations by SatanicFruitcake

Written by RawlyRawls

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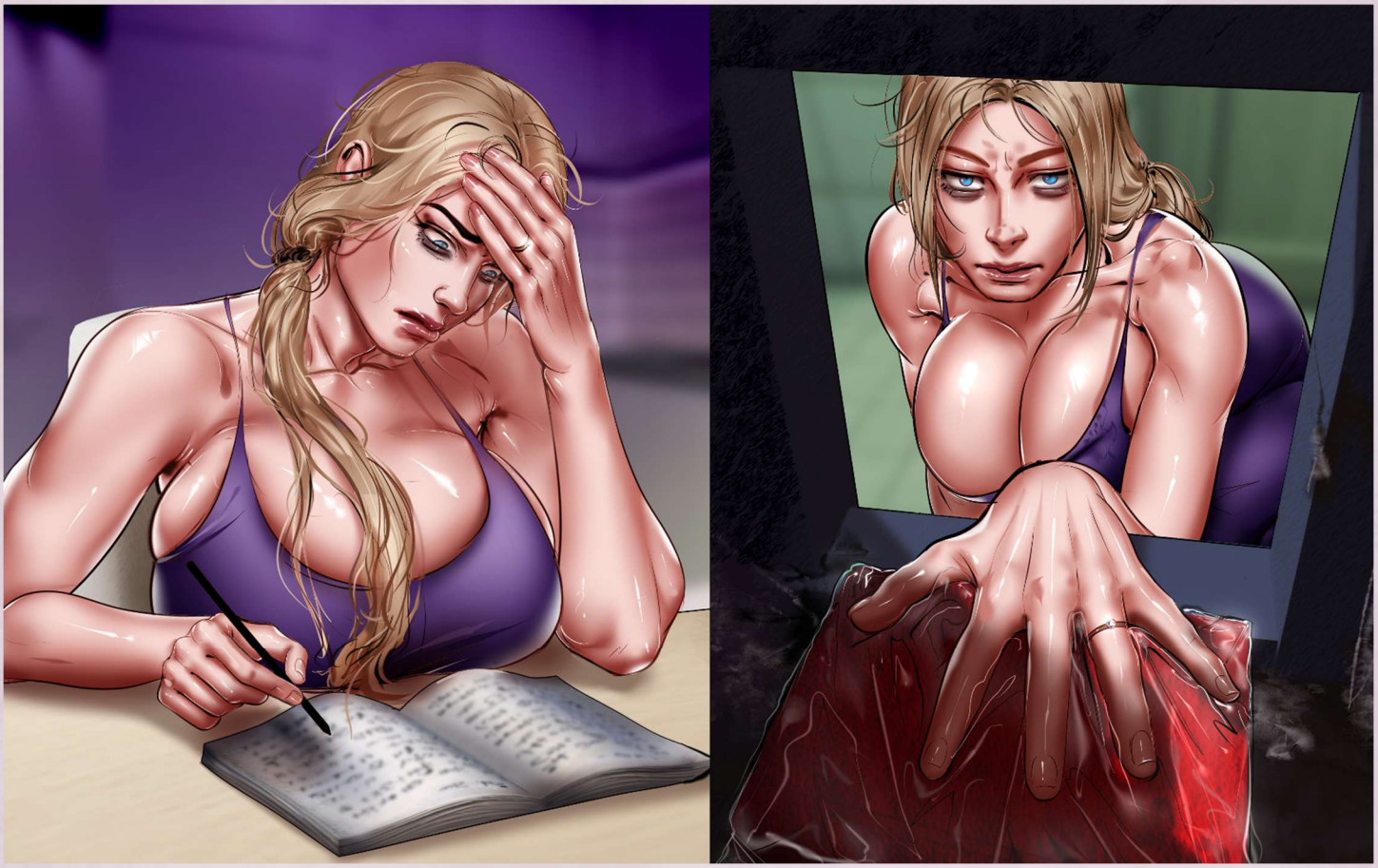
Chapter 15
You and I Will Be Very Good Friends

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.

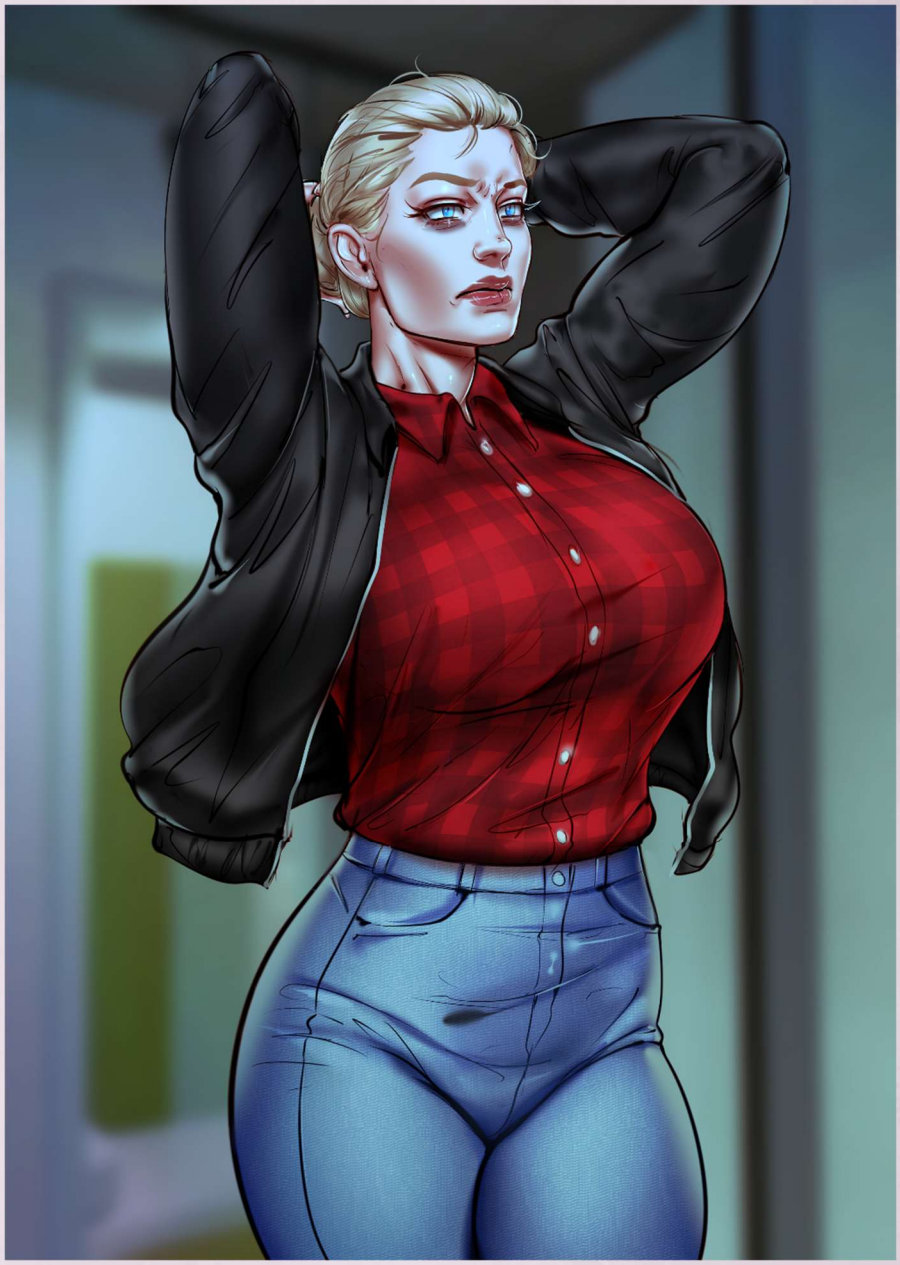


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December 13, 1993: Apartment 12C: Rosalin Eklund.

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.



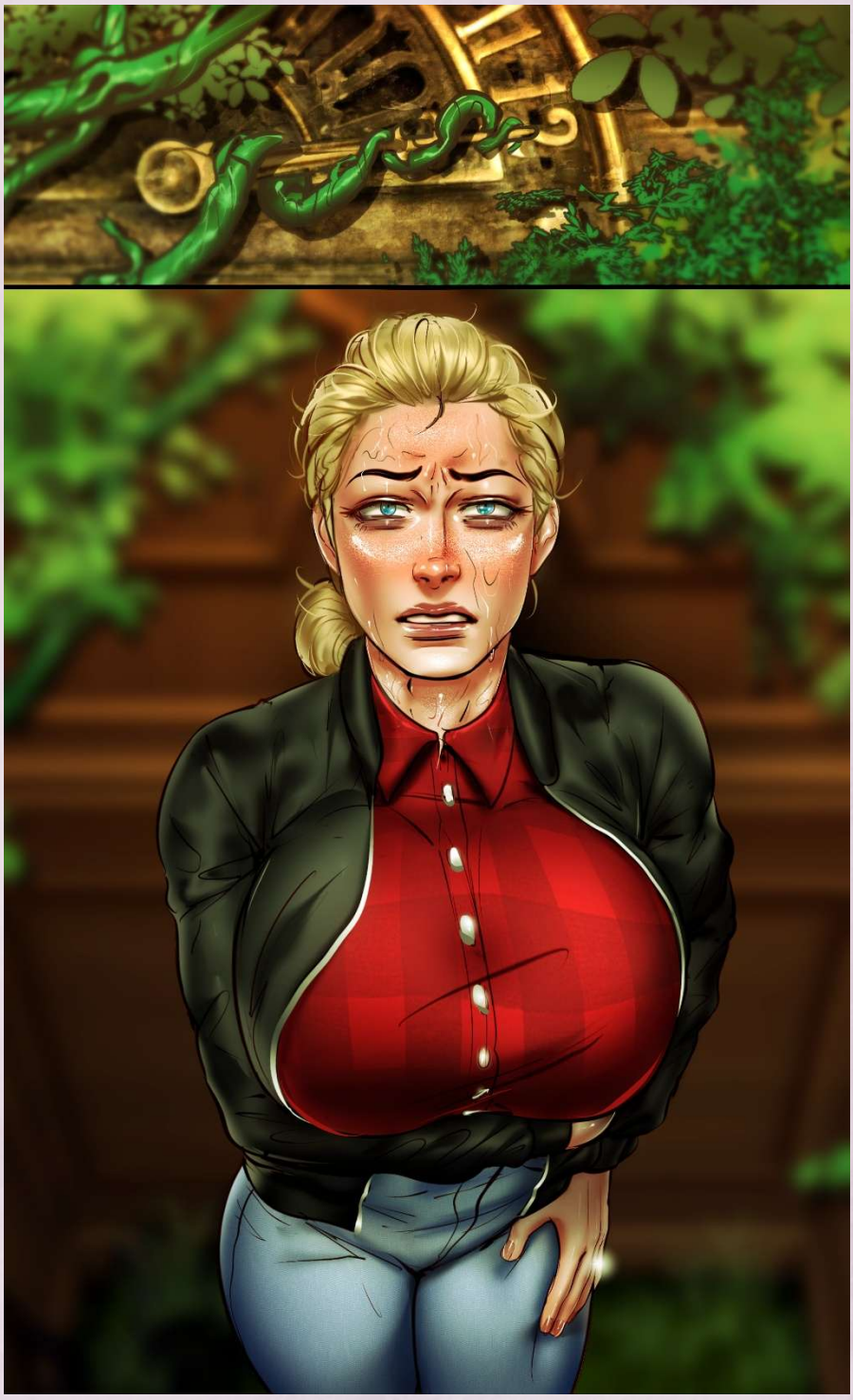
When she came to the next landing, she nearly tripped over the skeleton of a large stag. It lay on its side, its massive antlers nearly blocking her path. She stepped on its bones, cracking several of the thing's ribs, and continued downward.

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.

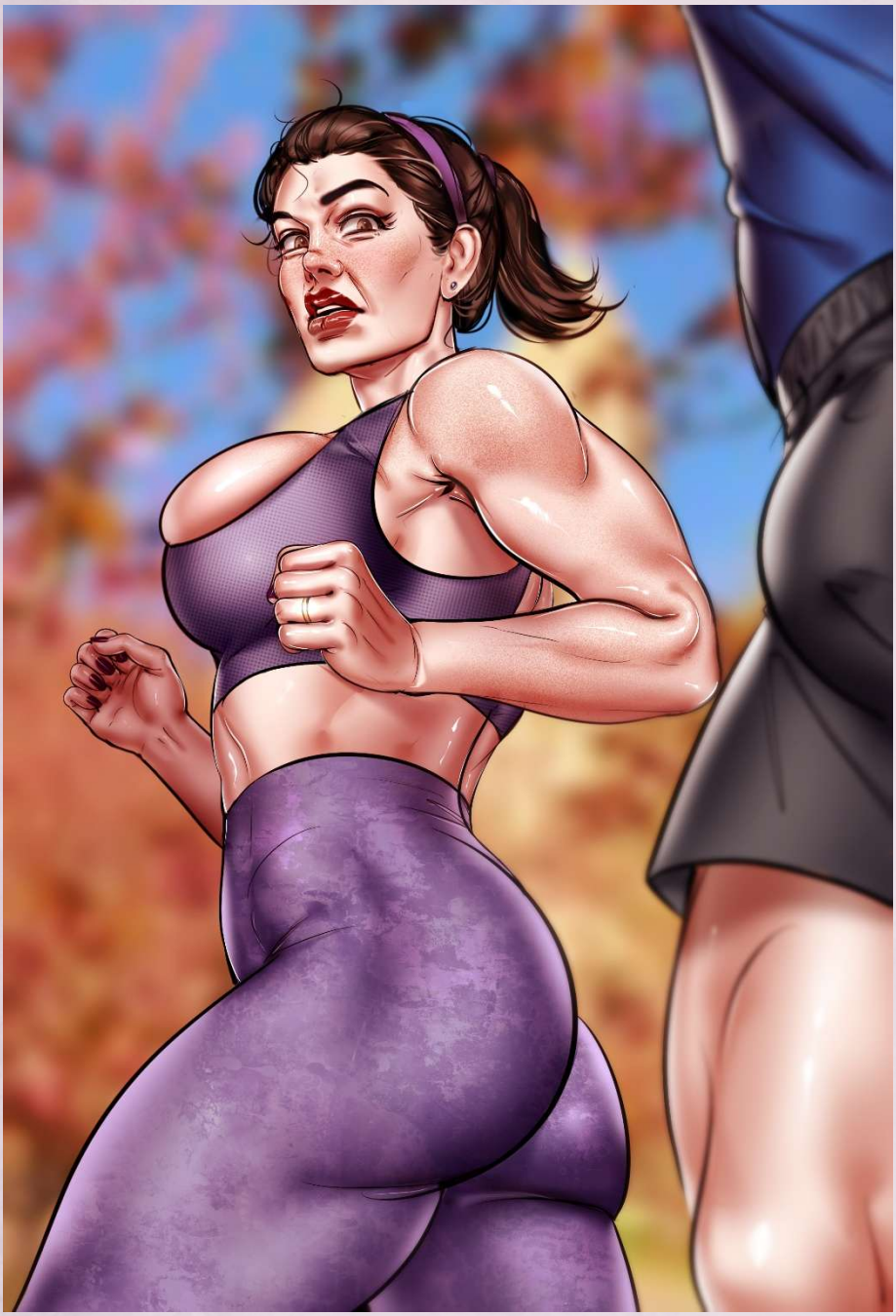
Rosalin let her weight sink into the sofa. As her perspiration dried, she sipped the water and tried to figure out how Elizabeth had given her drugs. Outside the window, New York teemed with life. The vast city was so close that she could hear the muffled honking of traffic through the windows. No matter how close New York was, her outside life had never been further away.

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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?"

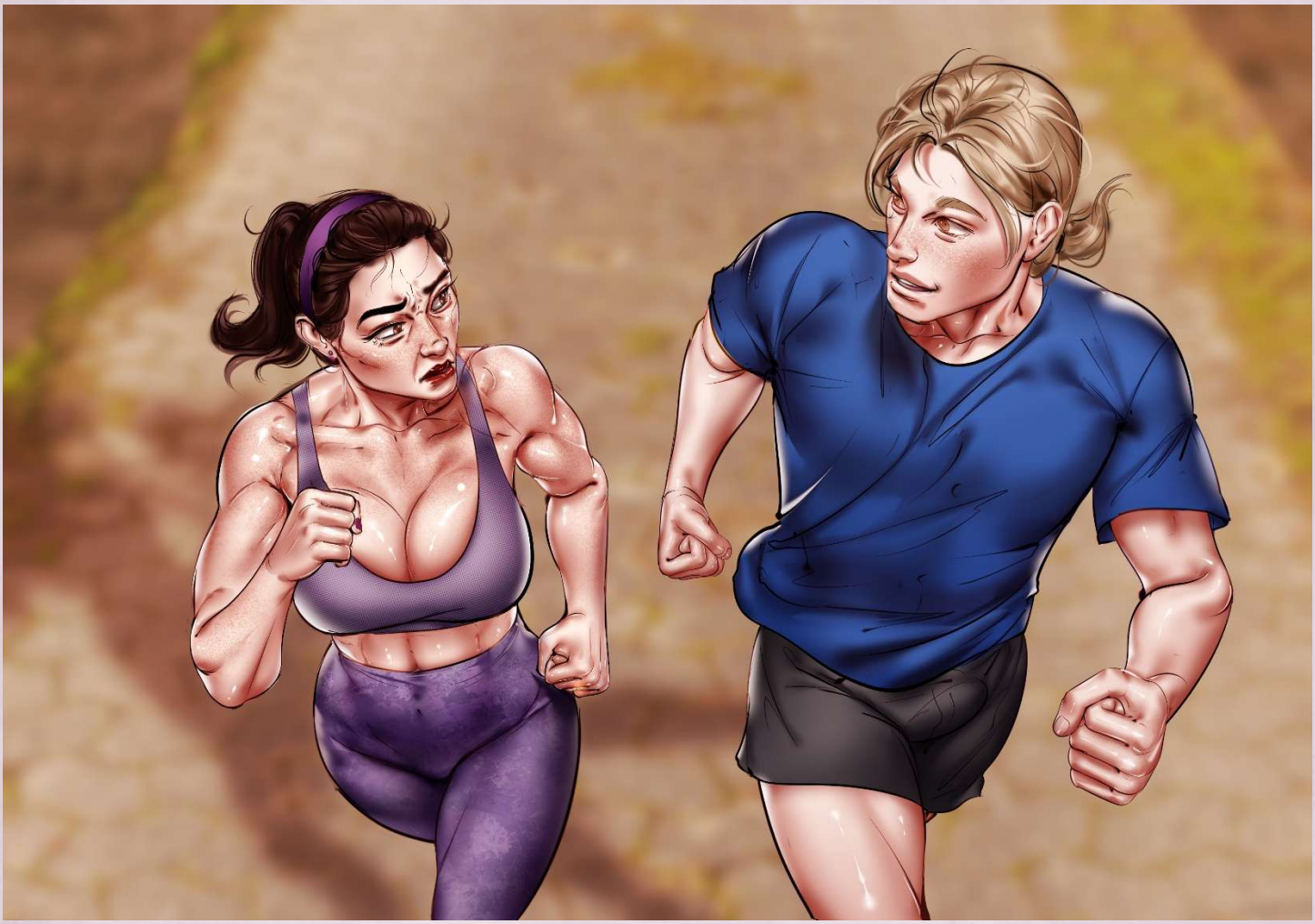
"Yeah … Joey." Carrie nodded. "So … you're really not having sex with her? Just … that other stuff." She shuddered, remembering the sight of that dark vagina with the bright, pink interior. *The way she sprayed was so odd.*

"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.

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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 bevies 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.

