
CHAPTER 17
3838 WALNUT STREET

3838 Walnut Street 17

Illustrations by SatanicFruitcake

Written by RawlyRawls

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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.

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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?”

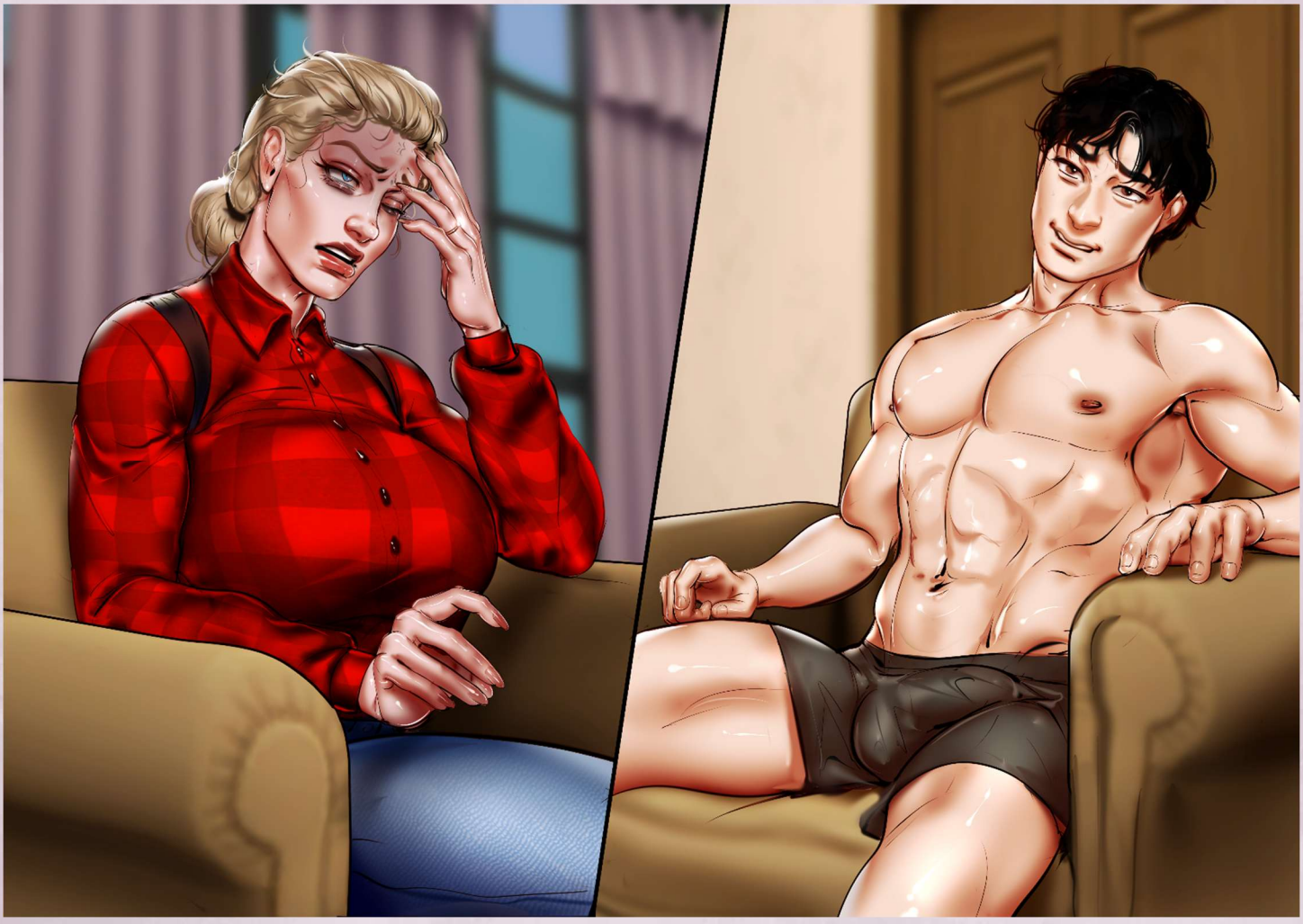
She shrugged.

“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."

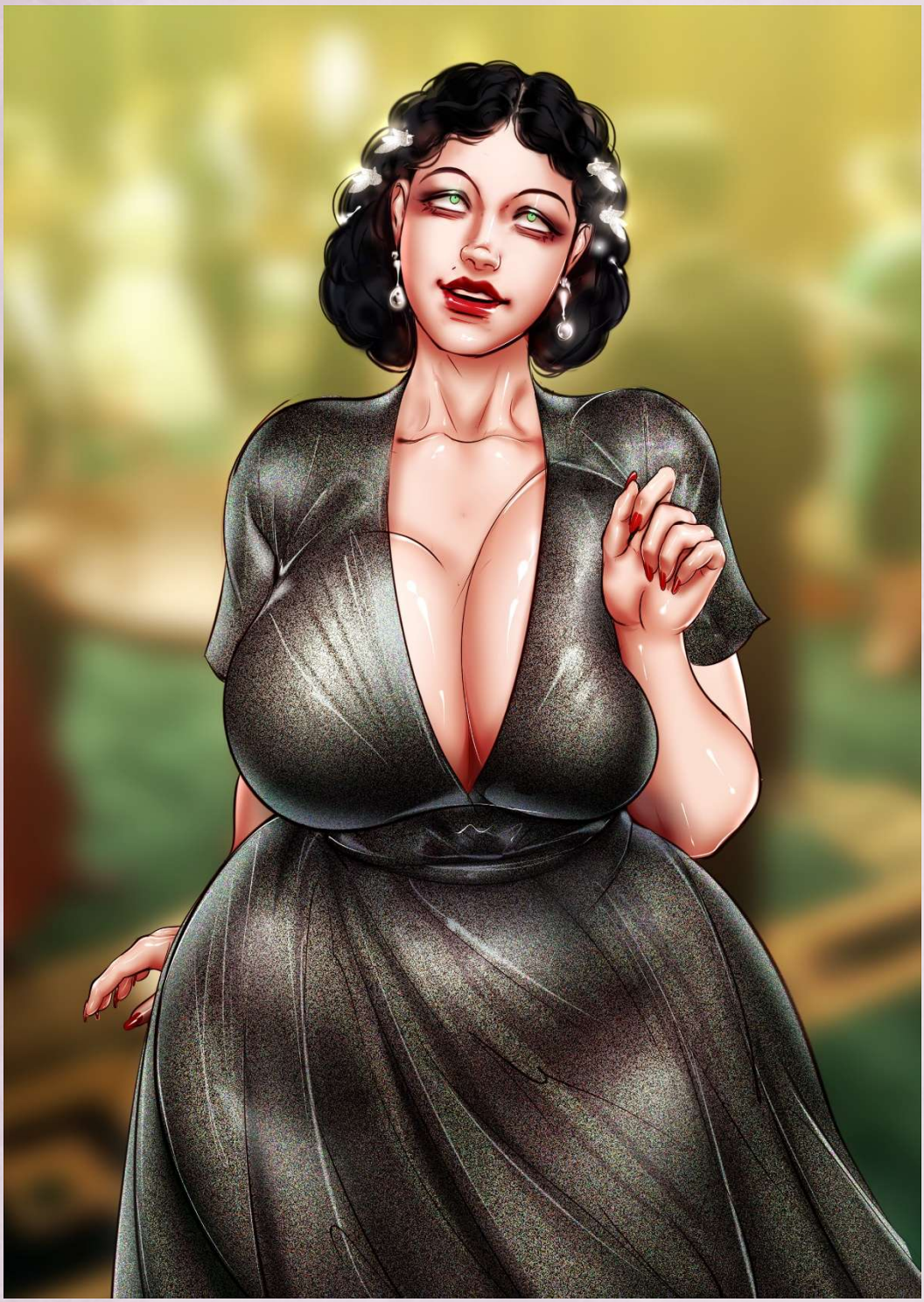
"Can you … check if the police are here? Maybe let them know I'm in your apartment?" Rosalin put her gun back in its holster. "And that I have a gun." He was obviously insane, but she didn't think he'd try to hurt her. Even if he did, she had four inches on him, and seven on his mother. She had subdued 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.

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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.*

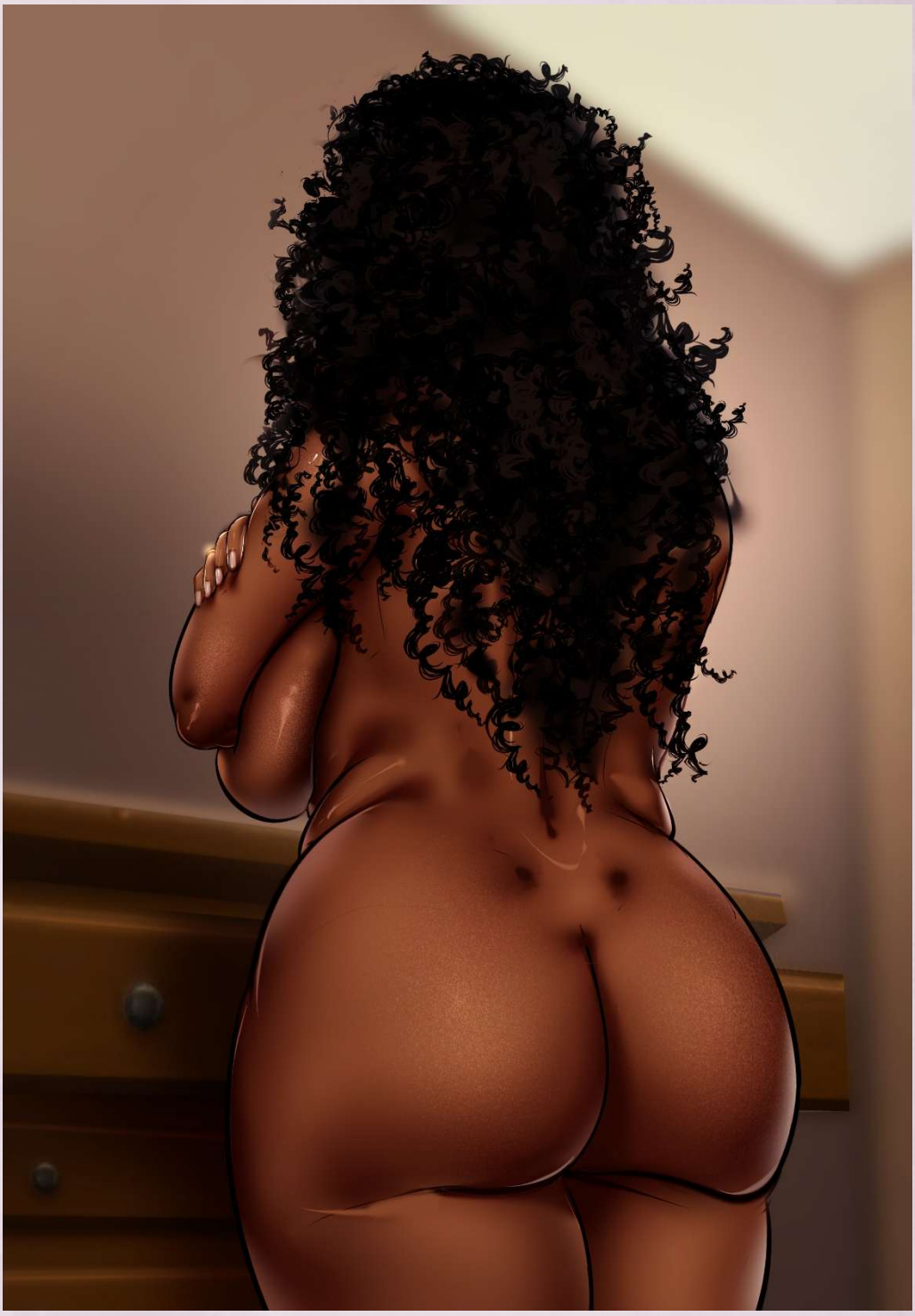
“That fucking wolf. Every time … he destroys what I …” Elizabeth’s teeth ground together. She shook her head. “I’m sorry, today is a day for celebration. Don’t fret about the wolf, my dear. I know how to deal with him next time.”

“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.

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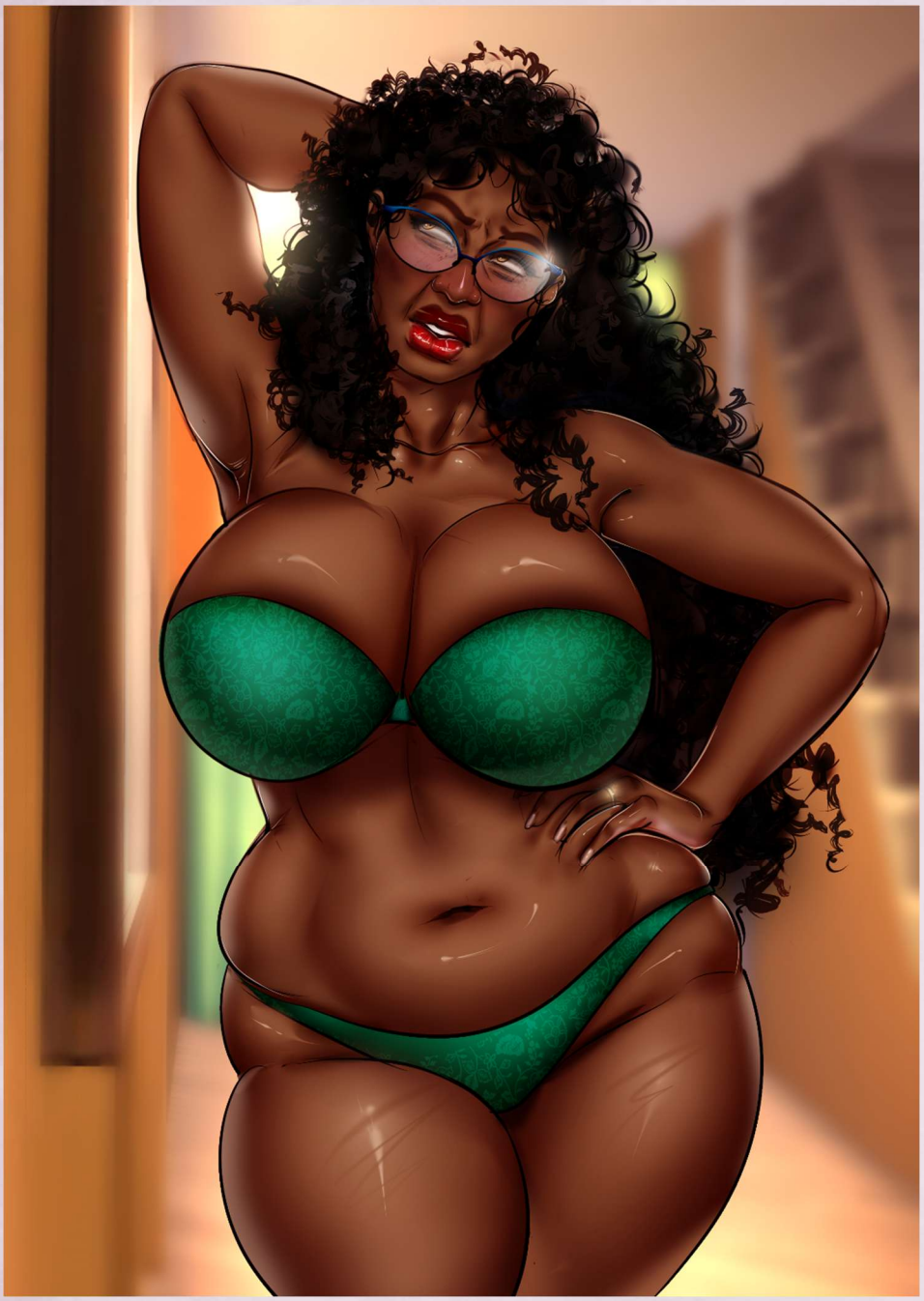
May 4, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.



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.

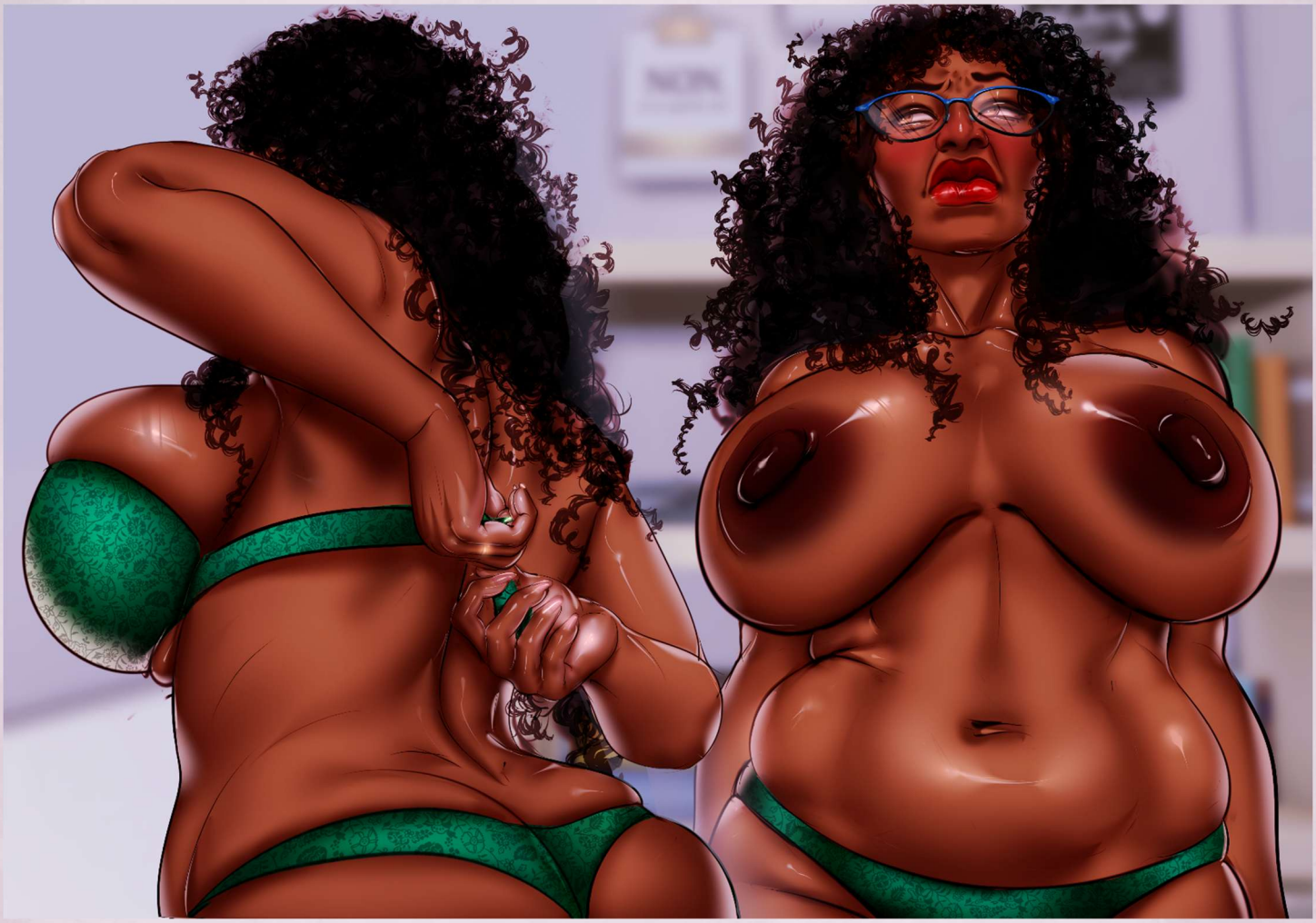
"I put on nice underwear for you." Uba went to his desk, grabbed his bottle of lotion, and brought it to him. "I'm not comfortable showing you my breasts again. I –"

"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. “Ooohhhhhhh.”

“Yeah … that’s hot.” Abshir pumped harder. The sound of his squelching hands filled the room. “What if we … uugghhh … 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.

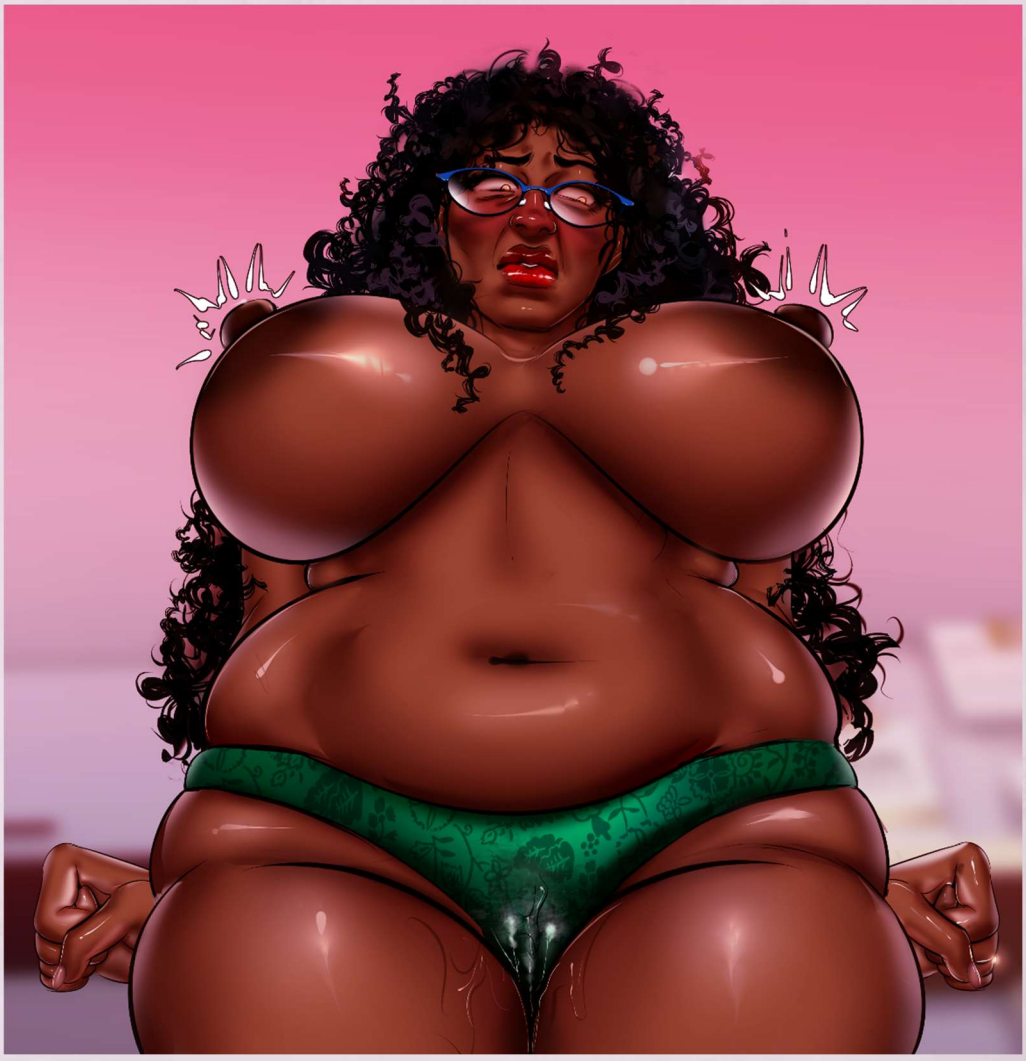
“Ha!” She barked out another laugh, this time without mirth. “You’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

“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."

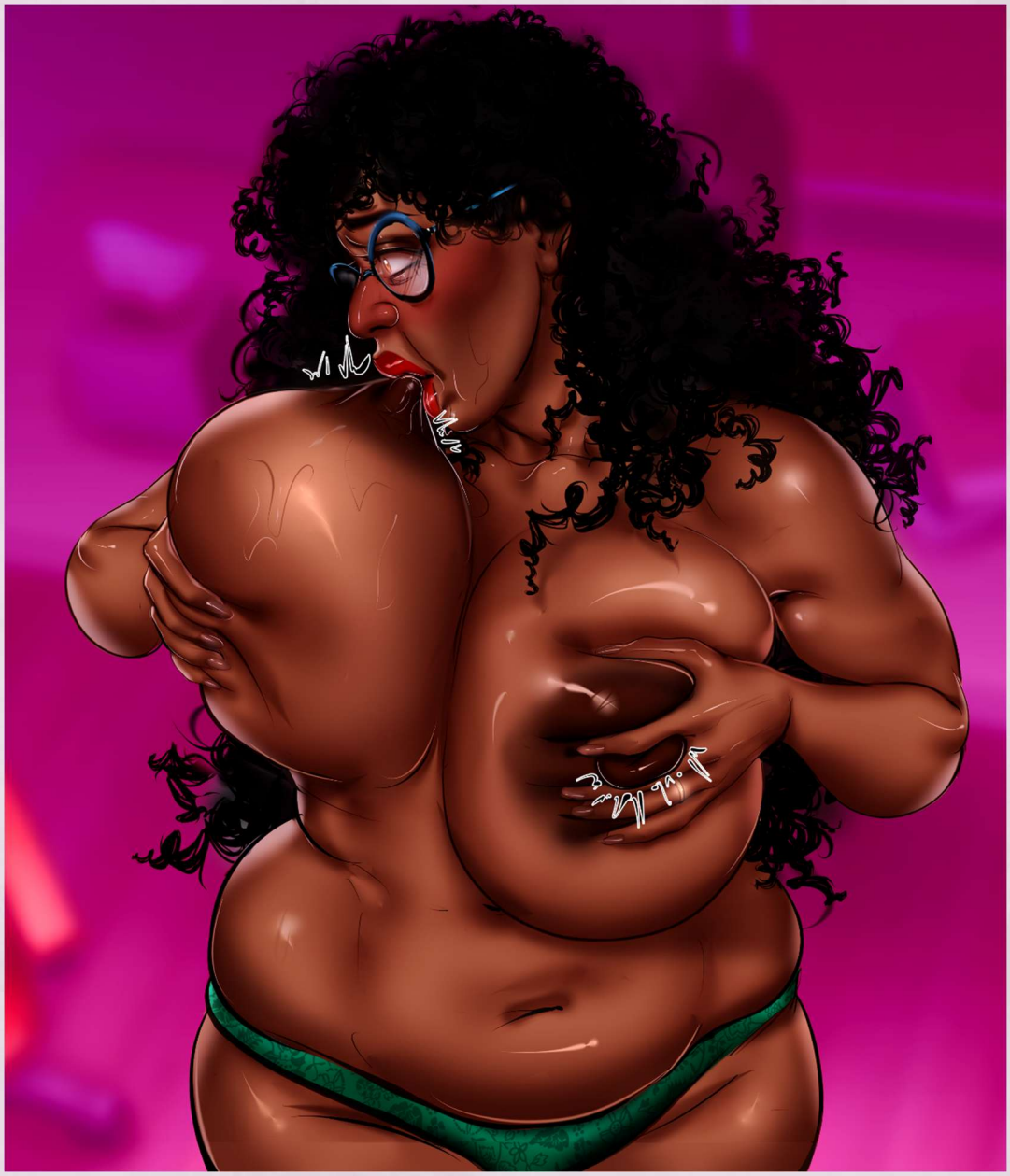
"You shouldn't look at such things. The internet can corrupt you." Who was she kidding? She was the one responsible for corrupting him. He wouldn't be touching himself if she hadn't pushed him into this. He would be a pure young man, instead she had corralled him into a world of need and greed. A world 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. “Mmmmhhhhhh.” 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 … mmmmpppphhhh." 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.



"Uuuuuuggggghhhhhh." 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.

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March 8, 1955: Apartment 14B, the Norwood family.

“Uuuuggghhhh … ooo … ooo … uuuuuugghhh … 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 … ooooooohhhhh … ugh … ugh … rrrrrrraaaahhhhh!” 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. “Eeeeeeiiiiiiiiii.” 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.

