

CHAPTER 1



3838 WALNUT STREET

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

3838 Walnut Street

Illustrations by SatanicFruitcake

Written by RawlyRawls

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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 ... uuuuggghhhhhh ... 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 ... aaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh.” 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.

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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!



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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."

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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.

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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.

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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.



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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 12th 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.

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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.

