

CHAPTER 10



3838 WALNUT STREET

FICTION *Rawly Rawls*

3838 Walnut Street 10

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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.

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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.

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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 ... mmmmmmm." 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.

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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.

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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.

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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.



“Mmmmmmm ... 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.

