

CHAPTER 11



3838 WALNUT STREET

FICTION *Rawly Rawls*

3838 Walnut Street 11

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Chapter 11

She Took More of a Wet Noodle Approach

December 2, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family.

"I'm not really interested in your building's laundry room." Sylvie Kim glanced around with a frown. She shivered. It looked like a normal room found in any New York basement. Indeed, it was nicer than most. It was clean and had newer machines. But something about the space gave her the creeps. "I came here to see your amazing apartment, Darby."

"Let me turn off the lights. I think you'll enjoy it more." Darby held her friend's hand, gently caressing Sylvie's wedding ring.

"I *do not* want you to turn off the ..." Sylvie went stiff as she fell into darkness. "Darby?" She squeezed her friend's hand. "You know you've gone insane, right?"

Darby laughed. She couldn't help it. She was growing to love every inch of their new building, but she always felt wilder in the basement. Her laughter bounced around the humming, thumping machines. "Do you see it? Do you see the roots? Do you hear Her?"

"What is that?" Sylvie's voice was hushed. Her friend's touch was suddenly electric. She squeezed Darby's hand even tighter. "I see something ... red on the walls. It's pulsing."

"That's the heartbeat of the building. Come on, let's touch it." Darby pulled her friend to the concrete wall.



Sylvie's mind had been screaming for her to leave the basement not less than a minute ago. Now, she felt a sense of wonder and possibility.

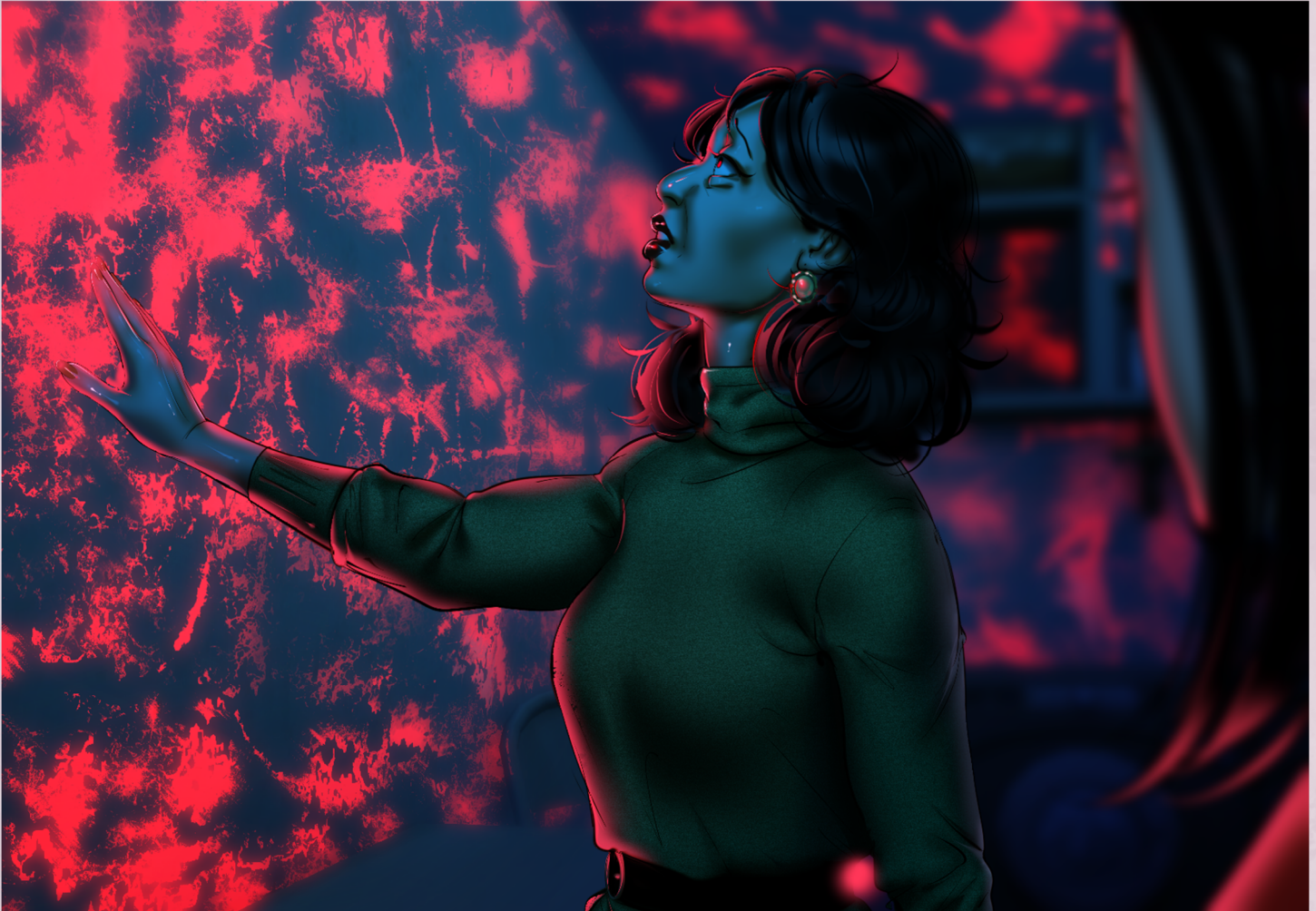
"You will be indispensable to rebirthing a goddess." Ogganse's voice was comforting and compelling, like a warm river with a strong current.

"Who said that?" Sylvie looked around in the dark, but could only see the pulsing crimson walls. "Someone else is in here with us."

"Oh, you heard Her, too?" Darby was elated. "She's not actually in the room with us. I think we need to set Her free. But first, we need to set ourselves free." Darby had been worrying about her son's plan all morning.

Her friend was older, married, and Brian already had a girlfriend. *Me!* But now that she was in the laundry room, she found that her mind had calmed.

“We need to ... set ourselves free.” Sylvie nodded to herself in the dark. It sounded right. She reached out her free hand and touched the wall. The glowing concrete felt fuzzy. Tension melted out of her muscles. “What is this stuff?”



“I don’t know!” Darby laughed again, pulled her friend back to the light switch, and flipped it on. They blinked at each other, both smiling. “Do you see why we started down here?”

Sylvie shook her head in wonder. “That was ... strange. Who was that woman that said the thing about the goddess?” She looked around the room, still not releasing her friend’s hand. “She sounded ... really interesting.”

“I think She’s the goddess.” Darby studied her friend. Sylvie looked almost stoned. Darby felt it, too. The roots were like a drug. She hadn’t smoked weed since college, but she remembered the feeling. She supposed her son’s semen was also something of a drug. “I don’t know much about Her. She sometimes talks to me when I come down here.” She pulled Sylvie to the stairs. “Come on up. Brian and I are excited to show you the apartment.”

“Brian’s home?” Sylvie’s lip curled. She had been hoping to avoid her friend’s deadbeat son. But even that thought couldn’t sour her new disposition.

They ascended the stairs and entered the lobby. Sylvie looked in wonder at the intricate carvings on the walls. The art had seemed creepy on her way in. Now, she wanted to stop and study the nearest depiction of a wolf-headed man. But Darby pulled her to the elevator.

“Hello, Mrs. Kwon.” Natalie gave them a warm smile and walked over. “Are you and Brian entertaining a guest today?”

“Hello, Mrs. Creech. Yes, this is my friend, Mrs. Kim.” Darby introduced Sylvie to the building manager. They made small talk for a minute.

“Well, I won’t keep you. You are making Her happy to be sure. Keep up the good work.” Natalie kissed each of Darby’s cheeks. Then she did the same to Sylvie and walked away.



“Well, she’s friendly.”

Mesmerized, Sylvie watched the woman’s butt sway.

“You’re staring at her behind, Sylvie,” Darby whispered.

“Oh ... it’s just ... she has such a pretty, vintage dress on.” Even though she’d been caught, Sylvie couldn’t look away until Natalie disappeared down a hallway. She realized that she was still holding Darby’s hand. Her friend pulled her into the elevator. They stood quietly, watching the dial slowly mark their climb. As they passed the ninth floor, she thought she heard something that sounded like a growling animal. She glanced at Darby, but it didn’t seem like she’d heard anything. The noise quickly passed, and Sylvie didn’t worry about it. It was an older building. There were bound to be odd sounds here and there.

In the apartment, Darby finally released Sylvie’s hand. “Have a look around. I’ll make us some margaritas.”

“Wow, Darby. I can’t believe your view.” Sylvie moved to the tall windows in the living room. “This is gorgeous.”

The two women laughed, watched people in the park, and drank their way through a pitcher of margaritas. Trumpet music interrupted a story Sylvie was telling Darby about her husband. Sylvie widened her eyes questioningly.

“Oh, that’s Brian. It’s time for him to join us.” Darby had to raise her voice even though the music came from his room with the door closed. “I think he’s playing Nirvana for us today. Do you like that band?” Darby threw her hands in the air and waved them to the beat, tossing her black hair side to side.

Sylvie surprised herself when she said, “I guess I do like them. Who knew?” She threw her hands up and bobbed to the beat with her friend.

“Come on, let’s dance.” Darby stood and pulled her friend to her feet. She put her hands on Sylvie’s slender hips, looked into her brown eyes, and danced her around the living room, laughing.

“Oh ... my ... gosh ... what are we doing?” Sylvie’s high, ringing laugh joined her friend’s. She found herself putting her hands on Darby’s shoulders and shaking her hips in rhythm with the trumpet.

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December 2, 1993: Apartment 9B: Diary of Rosalin Eklund.

Someone, or something, was growling and barking at my door today. Needless to say, I'm not pleased. I'm hungry, tired, and at my wit's end, but I'm not pleased.

The phone hasn't come back online. I haven't left the apartment. And I'm down to only canned food. I wonder if it was the same for the Ostrows. I hope it wasn't. I hope the end came quickly for them.

I tried yelling and waving from the windows again, but no one heard or saw. New York is loud, but still ... you'd think someone would look up. Of course, I did have an audience. Those ghastly gargoyles stared me down while I hung out the window. I know they're made of stone, but I kept expecting them to leap at me. They look so angry. And I swear they move when my curtains are drawn.

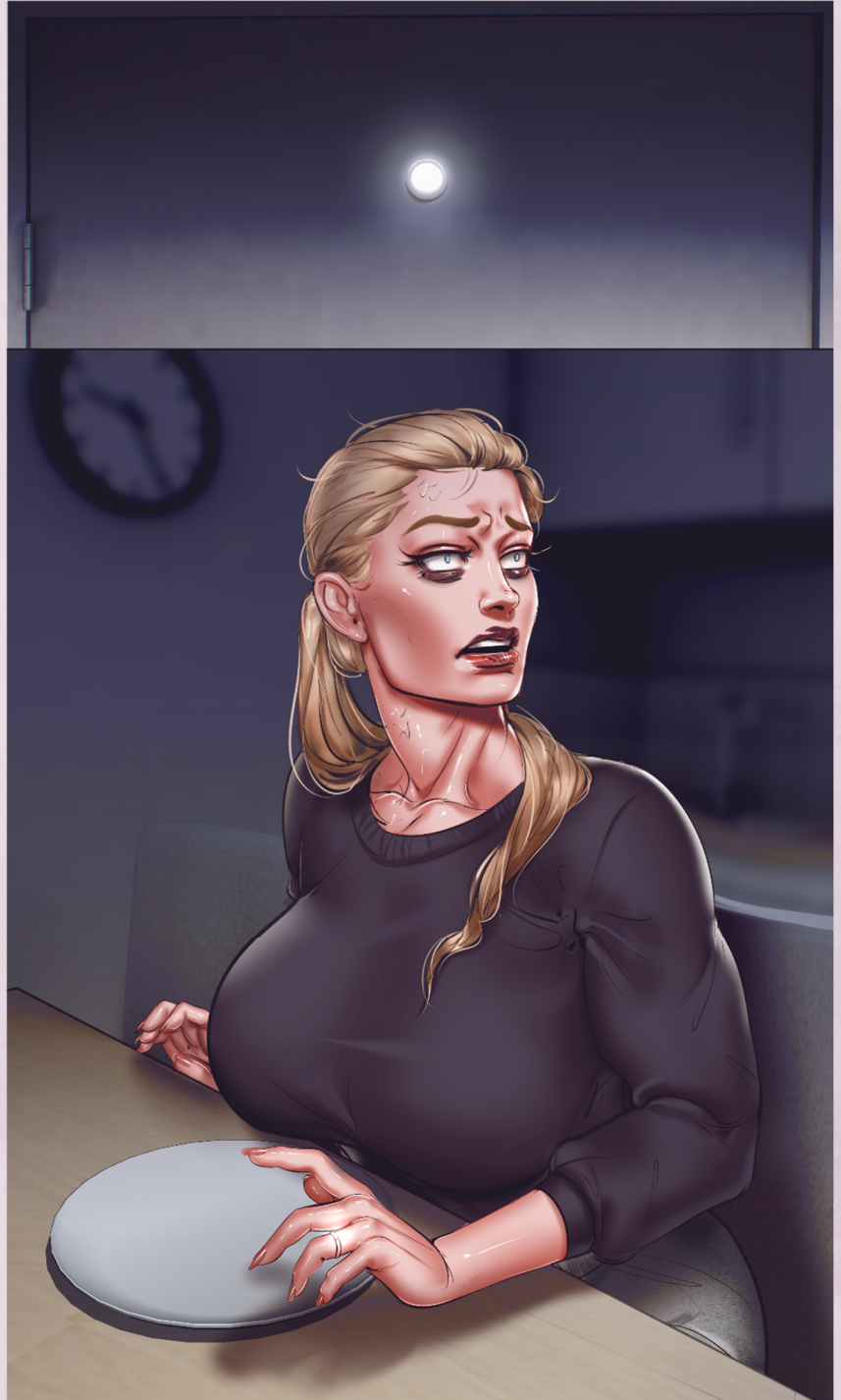
I was sitting in my kitchen after lunch, my stomach growling, when I heard barking outside my door. It wasn't someone walking their dog. It wasn't Brian messing with me. It was too loud ... too ... vicious. Of course, I did peek out the spyhole. But I didn't see anything. The thing, whatever it was, was certainly louder than my stomach. The growling shook my door.

For all I know, wild animals are roaming the halls. Because, you know, that might as well happen, too.

Only a few more days of food. Then, I'll have to decide what to do. I don't understand how Dave hasn't tried to check up on me. We're going to be married, and he doesn't wonder where his fiancée is? And what about the people at work?

I'm going to brush my teeth now. I go to bed early and wake up late. Each night, I hope I'll wake up to Nathaniel pounding on my door. If he came for me, I know he'd get me out of here. But so far, all my mornings arrive with disappointment.

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April 7, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

Uba had the day off. The twins were at school, and her husband was at work. She was alone in the apartment, but she was still moving lightly on her toes. *Why must I sneak into my son's room?*

There were clothes on the floor. His bed was unmade. A crushed soda can lay on his desk. Uba inhaled deeply. She wore one of her modest dresses, but no hijab. She ran her fingers through her black curls and dug her nails into her scalp, scratching herself wonderfully. Her body wiggled and shook. The smell of overripe teenager was quickly becoming an addiction. It made her feel so delicious. "It's not hurting anybody," she whispered to the empty room.

While her son was home, she had continued to urge him to let his penis rest. But when he was away, she was secretly grateful that he continued to disobey her.

Other than her abstinence counseling, she had ended her sex lessons with him. It was worrying how often he had talked her into viewing or touching his horrible penis. With no lessons, those problems were behind them.

She opened her eyes and spotted a crusty sock on the floor. "There you are, you little devil." She snatched it up and held it to her nose, huffing the smell of spent sperm. Her eyes rolled back. She stood in the middle of his room, legs apart, sock to her nose. It was heaven.

"He touches himself so often. He must really enjoy it. I wonder ..." Still holding the sock, she moved toward his unmade bed. She pulled off her dress and sat on the mattress. In only her bra, panties, and socks, she lay face down on his sheet and breathed in. "Teenagers ... teenagers ... they smell so goooooood." She stretched out, luxuriating in being so naughty. "Ooohhhh ... Abshir ... you've grown into such a man ... at eighteen. What if you found me ... in your bed?"

Uba rolled onto her back, sock back to her nose. Before she knew what was happening, her hand was inside her panties, exploring her vagina as her husband liked to do. She went rigid when she realized what she was doing, but her hand didn't stop. It felt too good, and the smell of his seed mellowed her out. Her body relaxed, and she slipped a finger inside. *I'm wet! I'm wetter than I've ever been with Taban.* That was a startling discovery.

"Uumpph ...
uumpppphh ...
uumpphh." She huffed the sock and played with herself on her son's bed. Her hips writhed in a way she was quite unused to. They had a mind of their own. She didn't try to stop them. Soon, another of her fingers entered her vagina. They made faint squelching sounds in the quiet room.

"Ohhhh ... my ...
oooohhhhh ... my ..."
Uba's nerves lit up. She arched her back and cried out, pleasure further clouding her mind.



When the room swam back into focus, she found that she'd stuffed the sock into her mouth. She turned her head and spit it out, disgusted with the dirty thing and with herself. She removed her hand from her panties and shivered when she saw her fingers covered in her own goo. "What's happening to me?" She got off the bed, retrieved her dress, and headed to the bathroom to wash her hands.



"I'll do better." She said out in the hall. "I won't go in his room again."

As she washed her hands in the sink, she looked into the mirror. Her reflection looked so silly only wearing a bra and panties in the middle of the day. She was a middle-aged woman. A mother. What was she doing acting like a teenager? She shook her head. "I will do better. That was the last time." She put steel into her voice. She sounded so certain that it made her believe she really was done with his socks.

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December 2, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family.

"This is wild! I feel so young!" Sylvie danced with Darby in the living room of her friend's fantastic apartment. Brian played his trumpet on the other side of the room. For some reason that Sylvie couldn't understand, he was only wearing his underwear. And he'd clearly stuffed something in there as a joke. Prank or no, Sylvie's eyes often glanced at that absurd package as it bounced in his briefs. She also caught herself running her eyes up and down his lithe body. He was skinny, but had many small, defined muscles. He looked sleek and fast. He was so different than the pudgy man she was used to seeing naked. She doubted her husband had ever looked like Brian.

The song ended, and Brian put down the trumpet. He was glistening with sweat. "Mom, put on the tape I gave you."

The women stopped dancing. They were covered in perspiration, too. Both were breathing hard.

"The Christmas music?" Darby smiled and went over to the stereo. She put in the tape and Christmas in Hollis blasted from the speakers. She turned the volume down. "I thought this was Christmas music."



"This is Christmas music." Brian cocked his hand in a finger-gun and pretended to shoot his mother. "Turn it up, and sit on the sofa, Mom."

"Um ... okay." Darby did as she was told.

Sylvie stood with wide eyes, her mouth hanging open. A mostly naked teenager was dancing suggestively, moving toward her. "Is this ... rap music?"

Brian glanced at his mother and winked.

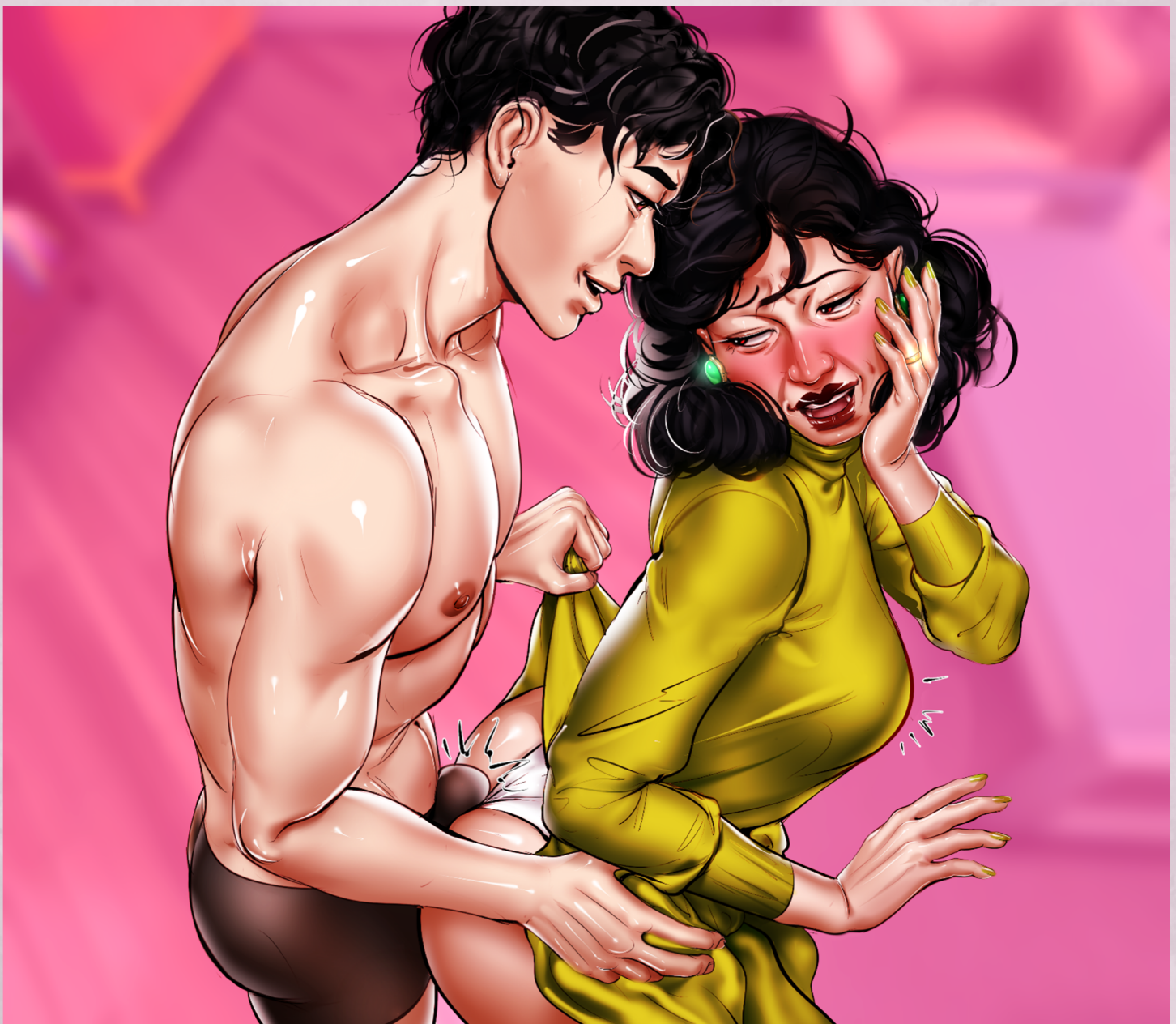
Darby smiled, understanding him. *He looks so happy. Why did I ever want to deny him this?* She looked at her shocked friend. *Sylvie will be happy too once she lets the wild in.* "Dance with Brian, Sylvie. You deserve to have some fun."

"I do?" Sylvie's hips started bouncing side to side in time to the unruly rhythm of young people's music. Her shock faded. A thrumming sense of belonging replaced it. She was one with the music. She loosened her shoulders and let them shimmy. Brian thrust his hips and swayed his arms in front of her. She laughed. "This is crazy. Crazy!"

“That’s it ... you’ll be in my bevy ... Mrs. Kim.” He could feel her shy away from him when he reached out his hand, but she didn’t go too far. He held her hip and spun her so that her back was to him. He guided her, showing her how to use her ass to toy with him.

“Oh ... gosh ... is this really ... okay?” Sylvie looked over at Darby. When Darby nodded her approbation, Sylvie shook her butt for all she was worth. She gyrated in ways that she’d seen young women do on television. But it was something she’d never thought she’d be part of. The song was over. Another rap song came on, and it didn’t bother Sylvie at all. Even when Brian put both hands on her hips, she didn’t miss a beat. When he started rubbing his privates on her butt, she did have a moment of worry. That left her quickly. This was what kids were doing these days. She was dancing with an eighteen-year-old. It would be rude to ask him not to do as they do.

“You want ... to be my doe ... Mrs. Kim? You want ... to be ... in my ... bevy?” Brian lifted the hem of her dress up, showing more and more of her slender, pale legs. Soon, he was pressing up against her panty-clad ass.



"I'm not sure ... what you're talking about." Sylvie had to shout to be heard over the music. Suddenly, the young man was forcefully turning her around. His lips were on hers. His arms held her firmly, his hands pressing into her delicate back. She went limp. Was he really kissing her, a married woman, in front of his own mother?

Brian was expecting her to struggle, but she took more of a wet noodle approach to his advance. In fact, he had to hold her up to keep her from collapsing. He explored her mouth with his tongue. He wasn't practiced with kissing. Despite his mother's blowjobs, he hadn't yet made out with her. But he had been with a few girls in high school.

Darby watched in awe. Her son was a force of nature. She expected Sylvie to push him away at any moment, but instead her hands hesitantly went to his shoulders. And then she folded her arms around his neck, leaning into the kiss. Darby could tell she was kissing him back now. What would Mr. Kim think of his wife? *Was Sylvie a hidden slut all along? Did Brian somehow know?*

When Brian reached a hand down to her butt and squeezed, the move only inflamed Sylvie. This young, sleek man desired her! *He wants me for his bevy, whatever that is.* She danced her tongue with his. It was a bit awkward kissing him, she suspected they both were without much practice. Regardless, she loved it. She was melting in his arms. Melting into him. Rubbing her crotch into that huge, hard thing he had stuffed in his underwear. *Wait ... it wasn't hard like that before.*

Another rap song came on, and the couple grinded up against each other, lost in each other's arms.

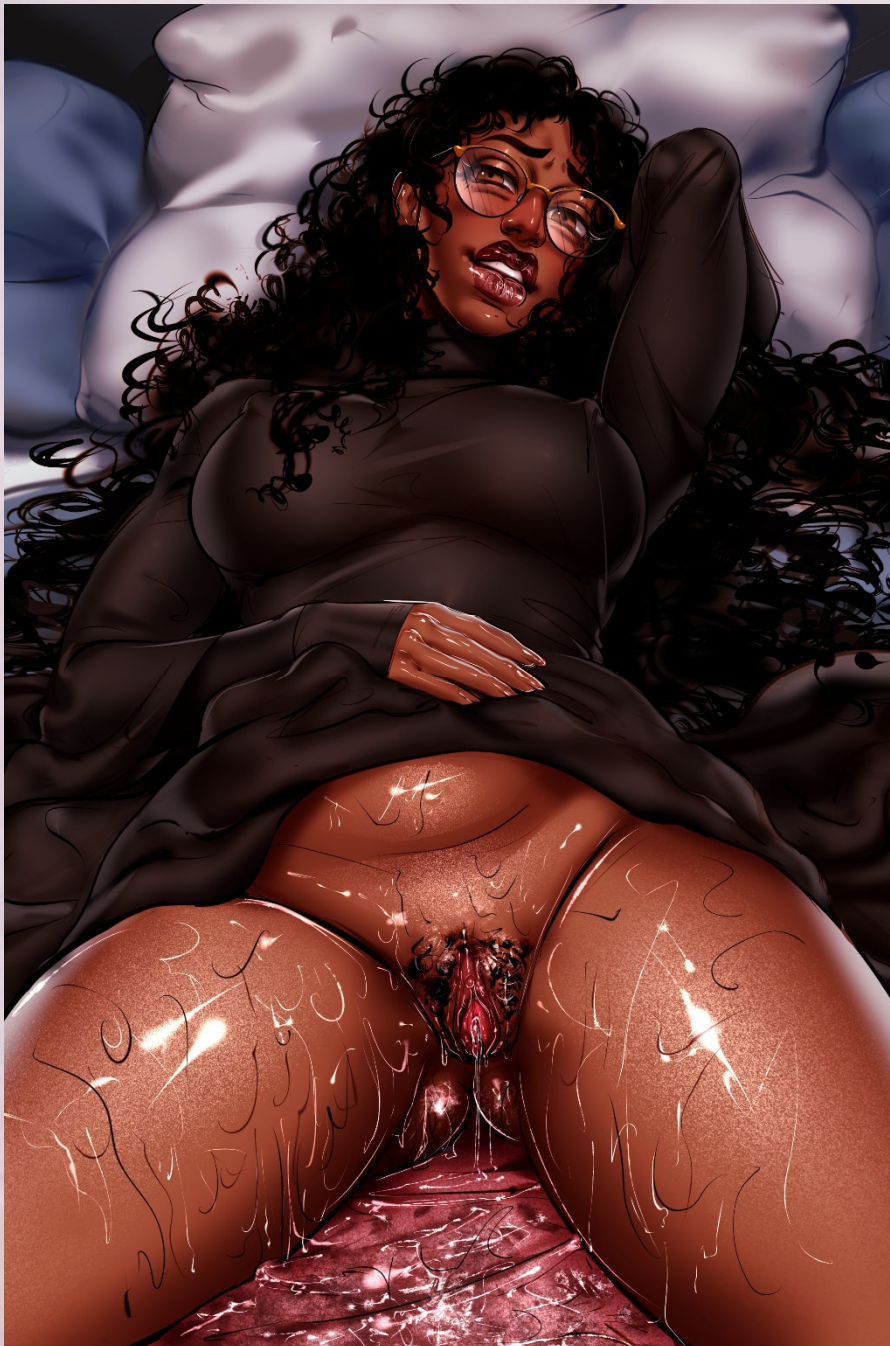
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April 8, 2015: Apartment 12C and 12E, the Marland and Dahir families.

“Holy ... moly ... you’ve gotten good at that ... Joey.” Hani was on her boyfriend’s bed. She was naked from the waist down, with his fingers buried in her pussy. There was a towel under her. She didn’t want to ruin his bedding, so she’d demanded they put down a towel any time he went to work on her. “You’re ... oooooohhhhhh ... now ... way better ... than that guy ... from my old school ... Ben ... Blain ... Brian ... something ... uuuggghhhhhhhhh. I’ve ... nnnngggggg ... forgotten ... his name.” Her left eyelash fluttered, and her pupils rolled back. “Nnnngggggggggggg.”

Joe removed his hand and watched her hips buck. She squirted with several gushes, mostly getting it on the towel.



When her orgasm subsided, she lay on his bed with a goofy smile on her lips. “I ... feel ... really ... good.”

There was a knock on the door.

“I’m home, Joey,” Carrie said with her ear up against the door. “Is Hani over?”

“Yeah, Mom.” Joe smiled, winked at Hani, and pulled off his pants and boxers. His dick was turgid, swaying heavily with his movements. “Don’t come in this time. She just finished squirting again.”

Hani’s eyes went wide. “Behave yourself. That was embarrassing,” she whispered, playfully slapping his shoulder. “And ... she’s your mother, dude.” Despite her shock at his words, she couldn’t keep her eyes off his dick. How lucky was she that her family moved down the hall from him?

"Are ... you joking?" Carrie sounded confused.

"Yeah, bad joke. Sorry, Mom." Joe moved on his knees next to Hani, bringing the head of his cock inches from her pretty, brown lips.

The door handle turned and the hinges squeaked.

"Don't come in here, Mom!" Joe laughed. "I was joking about the squirting, but we're not all the way dressed."

The door closed with a thump.

"You really want a blowjob with your mom in the apartment?" Hani gazed at the flaring eye of his cock with skepticism. She kept her voice hushed.

Joe nodded, smiling as he watched his girlfriend suck the head of his dick into her mouth. "Hani's doing something naughty, Mom. So, we'll need our privacy for a while."

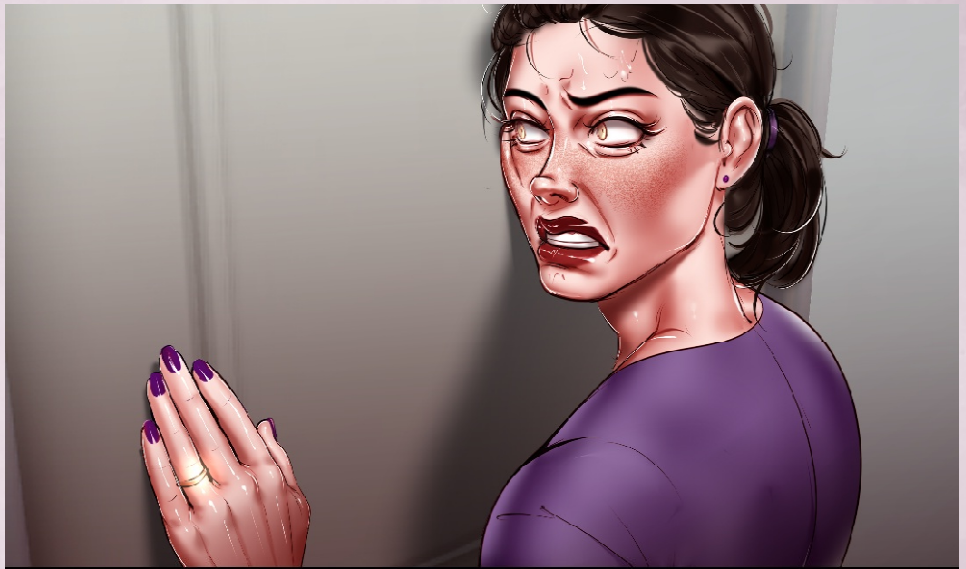
Hani stopped bobbing her head and gently pressed her teeth into his cockflesh. It wasn't enough to hurt him, just enough for him to know she wasn't all bark and no bite. She looked up at Joe and made eye contact.

"Okay, I'll stop teasing." Joe shrugged.

"Do you ... um ... have the condoms with you?" Carrie tapped her foot nervously, her ear pressed to the door. She still couldn't believe that he'd talked her into buying condoms for him. "If you're going to ... do stuff ... you need condoms." She felt like he'd been pushing her and pushing her, but finally here was a line she would not cross.

"They're in the bathroom, Mom. Can you open the door a crack and slip them through?" Joe ran his fingers through Hani's thick hair.

"Okay." Carrie squeaked and hurried off to the bathroom.



Hani popped her mouth off his dick and smiled up at him. "Abshir should take lessons from you. Mom has been busting his balls lately. You're so smooth. You have your mom wrapped around your finger. I can't imagine getting my mom to buy me condoms and bring them to me while I had you over. Her head would explode." She kissed and licked his cock. "Also, we're not having sex. You would break me with this." She squeezed his shaft with her hand.



"I just wanted to mess with her. We're not having sex ... *now*. Can you imagine us fucking with her listening to you shriek and cuss?" Joe laughed. "But we will have sex sometime. When we have more privacy."

"Doubtful." Hani circled her hand around his dick. "My fingers don't even touch. You're a fun toy to play with, Joe, but I'm not going to let you destroy me."

The door opened a crack, the condoms fell into the room, and the door closed.

"Be safe, Joey." Carrie was back to listening at the door.

"Safe is my middle name, Mom." He cupped the back of Hani's head and guided her back to the blowjob.



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December 2, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family.

"This is ... real?" Sylvie was on her knees in front of the teenager, the skirt of her dress pooled on the floor around her. She was dimly aware that her friend sat on the sofa watching them. She was even less cognizant of the world outside her friend's apartment. Her husband was out there somewhere. So were her kids. It seemed that her everyday life and the penis in front of her couldn't exist in the same universe. Which one was real? She knew which one had the firmer grip on her mind ... and loins. "I mean ... it can't be real ... right?" The rhythm of the music coming over the stereo vibrated her insides.

"Touch it, Mrs. Kim. It's plenty real." Brian looked over at his mother. He could tell she disproved of his gloating. So, he decided to take this more seriously. "Turn off the music, Mom."

Darby hustled to the cassette deck, hit stop, and ran back to the sofa. She sat with her hands in her lap,



watching Sylvie regard Brian's penis. She hadn't realized how much it would turn her on to see Brian seduce another woman. *Is there a way I can touch myself without them noticing me?* She thought not, so she kept her hands in her lap.

The novel silence in the apartment was oppressive. Sylvie needed to say something just to break the quiet. "This must be what those women who hire strippers feel like. We're both dressed, and you ... Brian ... are nude. I didn't think I'd ever see ... or touch ... another one." She dared not make eye contact with anyone in the room for fear of losing her nerve.

"Check it out. You deserve to let the wild in, Mrs. Kim." Brian put his hands behind his head, flexing his lithe muscles for her. "This is going to be rad."

"I do feel wild today," Sylvie whispered. She reached out her left hand with more conviction than she expected, seizing the massive thing at about its midsection. "The veins ... are really ... bulgy."

"Put him in your mouth, Sylvie!" Darby blurted the words. Why had she ever wanted to be her son's only girlfriend? She had been incredibly mistaken.

Without thinking, Sylvie stretched her jaw wide, closed her eyes, and complied. “Mmmppphhhh.” *I’ve gone crazy. Darby’s gone crazy.* It felt like her life had been rolling along a perfectly flat, predictable table, and today, it had fallen off the edge. She was free-falling, and had only the penis to hold onto. Well that, and his big, hairy balls. She hefted one of his testicles with her right hand, while she pumped his penis with her left. Normally, when she pleased her husband, she bobbed her head on his thing. But Brian was too big for *normally*. So, she suctioned the head and rolled her tongue along the underside.

“How do you think she looks, Mom?” Brian kept his eyes focused on Sylvie’s distorted face. “She’s not so pretty sucking on my dick, right?”

Her son’s words sent a bolt of electricity down Darby’s spine. She shivered, not knowing what to say. She opened her mouth and grunted like an excited, feral beast. Surprised by the noises she was making, she tried to form words, but huffed and grunted again.

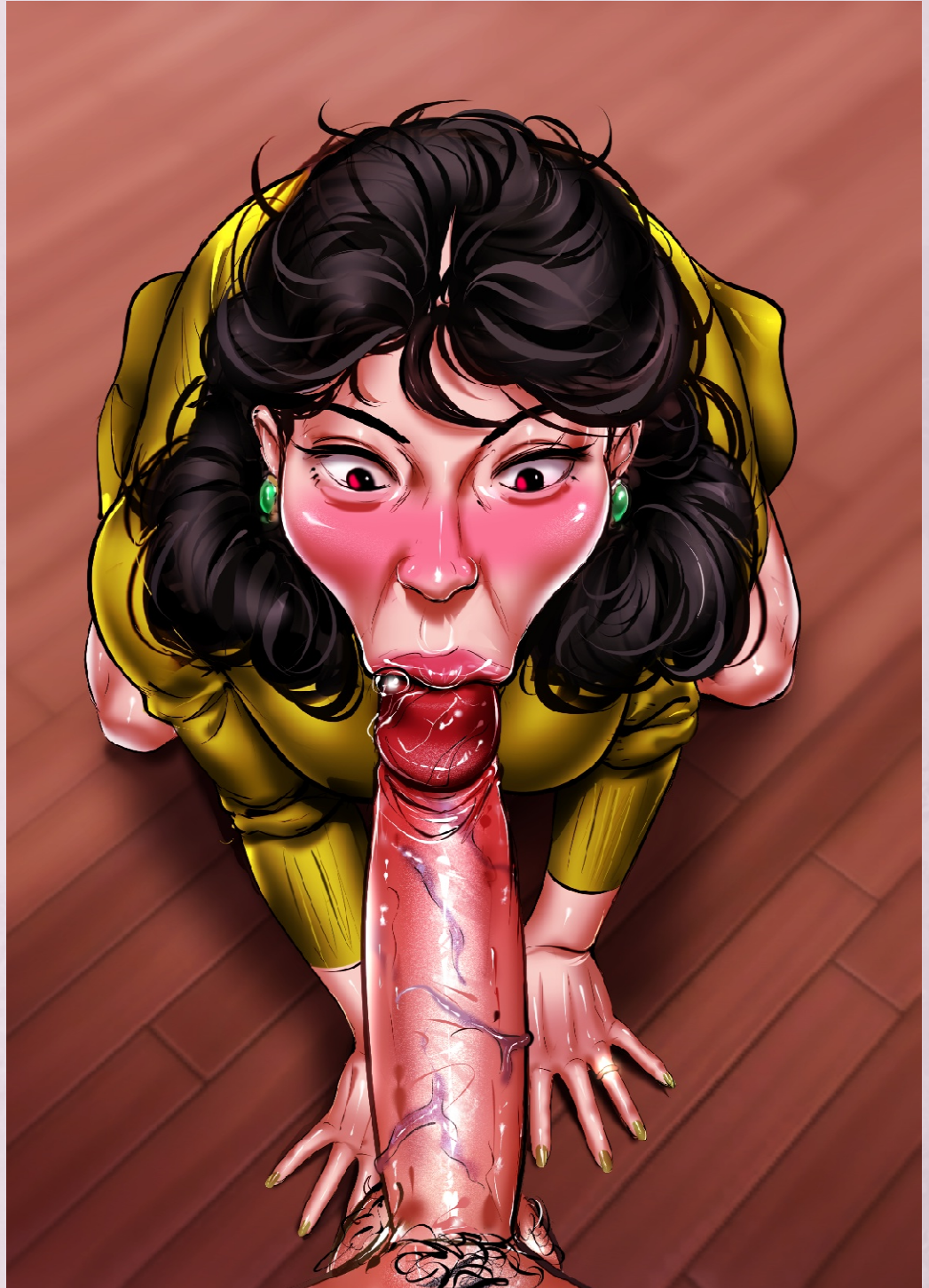
Brian laughed. “I think you broke my mom’s brain, Mrs. Kim.”

“Mmmppphhhhhh.” Sylvie opened her eyes and looked up at Brian’s taught chest and abdomen. *I’ve broken both our brains, I think. How will I ever look Darby in the eyes again?*

“Suck it.” Brian put his hand on the back of her black, stylish hair, pulling her further onto his dick.

“Gggaaaackkk ... gggaaacckkkkkk.” Sylvie’s eyes watered. She was being manhandled by a troubled youth, and ... she loved it. She had always avoided

gagging with her husband. It had never been a pleasant feeling. Now, each choke was like wearing a badge of honor. This young hunk of a man desired her enough to shove his thing down her throat. “Gaaaacckkkkkk.”



"Oh ... my ... gosh." Darby's whole body vibrated with energy. *Is that what I look like with Brian's penis in my mouth?* It was like seeing Beauty and the Beast twisted into her most wild fantasy. Brian looked abominable. Sylvie was so petite and pretty. Or at least she had been pretty before making half of Brian's penis disappear into her mouth. Now, she had a double chin, her cheeks were bloated and misshapen, her forehead was furrowed, and her mascara was running down her cheeks. *I must look equally corrupted when I pleasure him. No wonder he looks down at me that way.*

"We're going to have an amazing bevy, Mrs. Kim." Brian pulled her pink lips almost off his dick, and then shoved it back in. He did that again and again. Soon, he was humping her face. "Welcome to 3838 Walnut Street, the wildest building in all of New York."

"Holy ... smokes." Darby was beside herself. Brian had never treated her so roughly. Her hand slipped under her dress, inside her panties, and found her gushing vagina. She rubbed her clitoris in quick little circles, watching the corruption in her living room. Whatever happened after today, she was sure Brian would feel emboldened. And she ... would be a lot more willing to give him whatever he wanted.

