

CHAPTER 12



3838 WALNUT STREET

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

3838 Walnut Street 12

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Chapter 12

You're a Rockstar, Mom

May 3, 1940: Apartment 14B, the Norwood family.

"It has become apparent that She no longer approves of you." Elizabeth frowned at the man tied up in her living room. She stood naked, her pale curves glowing in the bright daylight that fell through the nearest window. "You have failed and failed to give Her a vessel."

"We can try some more!" Royce lay on the mossy floor of 14B. He was on his side, naked, directly in front of the statue that they referred to as the Hungarian Lady. His hands were bound behind his back, and his legs were tied together. He willed his penis to harden for his mistress, but it was still slumbering. "I long to be inside you again, but I do need to rest."

"Mrs. Creech?" Elizabeth looked over at one of her three guests. Natalie and Nancy were both nude as well, on their knees, bowing repeatedly to the statue. They had black ash markings on their pale bodies, applied earlier with their fingers: powerful symbols of a long-forgotten religion.



Natalie paused, keeping her spine straight. "You must do what's best for the wild, mistress. As you say, perhaps we've been using Mr. Creneling's liquids incorrectly."

"Mrs. Creneling?" Elizabeth looked over at her neighbor. She waited, but Nancy did not reply. "Mrs. Creneliiiiinnngggg? What should we do with your husband?"

"I'm ... so sorry, Royce. She put something inside me. I can feel it pulsing." Nancy continued bowing to the statue, not looking her husband in the eye.

"Please, mistress, do as She bids. My husband has not given me a child. I fear that he's dry. Which means, he won't give you one either."

"Very well." Elizabeth turned her solemn gaze to the man now struggling on her floor. The claws on her left hand extended in a quick flash. "You should be honored. With your sacrifice, Mr. Creneling, we will release a forest in Manhattan. The world will right itself. And She will watch over us."

"No ... wait ... I can serve the building. You'll need loyal men to get jobs here. To look after your ... interests." All the color left

Royce's face. He spoke in a quick staccato. "And ... I have money. You'll need money to pay the rent and ... to buy things. And ... I pleased you, didn't I? You could tumble with me whenever you wanted to. At your leisure."

Elizabeth cocked her head and rubbed her chin with her right hand. "I have thought about your proposal, and here is my reply." She swung her claws at him. Blood sprayed, splattering the statue.

Royce screamed.

"I will have enough men to serve me. You are not inimitable or indispensable." Elizabeth slashed him again.

Royce went quiet.

"Your wife has just inherited your money." Elizabeth splattered more blood on the statue. "And you please me more like this than you ever did with your penis." She bent, wiped her claws on the moss, and knelt, waiting.

"Now ... your sacrifice is complete. Guide me, Ogganse."



The room was silent. The three praying women heard nothing. They all waited.

After a time, it became clear that the sacrifice had failed.

Elizabeth screamed.

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February 5, 1955: Apartment 14B, the Norwood family.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Norwood." Ralf Berger eyed Elizabeth, who was sitting primly in one of his client chairs. He leaned his elbows on his desk. The woman's assistant stood by the open door to his office. Both women seemed unnaturally pallid and wore clothes more than a decade out of date. Combine those elements with Elizabeth's glossy, raven hair, and Ralf thought they looked positively gothic. "My clients are not interested in selling 3838 Walnut Street. And, I must say, the sum that you offered would be laughable even if they were."

"I can gather more resources." Elizabeth didn't care for this man, nor his double-breasted suit and Windsor-knotted tie. But she would play nice. "At least let me have a meeting with the owners. Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins, right?"

Ralf frowned, etching deep lines on his forehead and cheeks. *She must have some connections.* His clients were hidden behind their company.

"Mr. Berger?" Elizabeth smiled pleasantly.

"It simply can't happen. I would need to see your bona fides." He shook his head. "Which you haven't brought. I'm afraid you're wasting my time." He stood. "Good day, Mrs. Norwood."

"Good day, Mr. Berger." Elizabeth remained seated. She gave her head one, curt nod.

Natalie closed the door and stood in front of it. "What do you need, mistress?"

"See that he stays quiet." Elizabeth steepled her alabaster hands in front of her. "I don't want to be interrupted."

"This is preposterous. I must ask you to leave." Ralf buttoned his coat to show that he meant business. He was surprised by how quickly the assistant crossed his office. He had time only to let out the quickest little yelp before she sprung over his desk and clamped her hand on his mouth. If he thought the meeting was absurd before, what came next he would find downright insane.



December 3, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family.

Darby's hand shook as she knocked on her son's door. Her mind had been ablaze ever since she'd watched her son seduce her friend the day before. She had tried to quench that fire with her husband early that morning. He had been willing, but he'd left her unsatisfied. That was why she carried a surprise for her son hidden in her cleavage. She was almost desperate with need. She knocked again.

"Come in already. Sheesh." Brian was reading a comic in bed, lying naked on top of the blanket.

Darby opened the door and stepped into her son's bedroom. Warm light filtered in from the window over his bed. As she glanced at the window, one of the gargoyles appeared to be leering at her. *I swear those things move when I'm not looking.* She rushed across his room and closed his curtain.



"Hey, I need that light to read." Brian put down the comic and gave his mother a sour expression.

"Now, Brian, you know you shouldn't be lounging naked. What if your father came in here and saw that ... leviathan ... resting on your thigh?" She pointed to his slumbering penis. With its knobby head and blue-black veins, it seemed to be a threat even when it wasn't ready for her. A rush of nervous excitement flooded her body. Her heart rattled her rib cage. Her tummy flipped over and over. *What am I doing?*

"We've been over this, Mom. I don't care about Dad. He won't be leading this family too much longer." His lips curved into a tight smile. "Anyway, if you're in my room, it means he left for work. Are you ready for breakfast?" He lifted his dick and presented his balls on the palm and fingers of his hand, hefting them for her.

"No. I'm not using my mouth on you today." She shook her head and slowly stepped over to his bed. She cringed when his expression filled with anger. Quickly, she held up placating hands. "Don't worry. I'm not denying you."

"Go on." Brian pumped his cock, feeling it slowly engorge. His mother looked even more agitated and excited around him than usual. *What is she planning?*

"Watching you with Sylvie yesterday ... was ... oh my gosh ... really out of this world." Darby pulled down her jeans slowly, giving Brian a show. She undulated her hips side to side, and spun slowly around, to give him the backside view she knew he loved. *Oh boy, is he ever going to get a backside view today!* "Sylvie was so surprised the first time you sprayed her face. Gosh ... the way she sputtered. And then you pulled her back for another and another. She was drinking from your penis like ... a harlot ... during the last one. And then I had to clean her up, lend her a dress, and send her back to her husband. I ..." Darby shivered as she stepped out of her pants. She then slowly lifted her sweater over her head. "I don't know how we got here. But ... I feel like a

groupie for one of your bands. I can't stop thinking about you, Brian. I know you want more from me." She was wearing a leopard-print bodysuit that buttoned at the crotch. There were no panties underneath.

"That's all it took? I just had to cum on your friend?" Brian laughed. He was hard now, his long dick pointing to the mysterious thirteenth floor above them.

"You're driving me wild, Brian. I want to rock out with you!" Darby's mind had been caught in a current. She knew her thinking was warped by her son's presence. Even though he was slender, he looked so athletic. So full of potential energy. He was just waiting for her to turn him kinetic. "Do you want to ... do it with me?" She reached into her cleavage and pulled out a condom, holding it up next to her face and giving him a look of feigned shock. "I'll be your Belle if you'll be my Beast."

"You can lose the ..." Brian paused. No, he shouldn't push her. Everything was going according to plan. She was marching herself right into his bed. The condom could stay for now.

"Lose what, pumpkin?" Darby frowned. "I thought you would be happy."



"Lose nothing, Mom. I am happy." He stopped jacking his cock and gave her a wicked smile. *Once I get it inside her, it's as good as over. How many days until she forgets about condoms? Five, Ten? No more than a month for sure.*
"Put the tape over there in the deck and hit play."

"Okay." Darby skipped across the room. When the rock song started playing, she swayed her hips for him, and held her hair up with one hand. The other hand was holding the condom in the air like it was a prize he'd won. She slowly worked her way back to his bed. When she was close, she danced for him while unbuttoning the crotch of her bodysuit. She pulled the flap up and angled her pelvis so he could see her vagina. The look of hunger in his eyes melted her body and mind. *We're going to do it. We're really going to do it.*



"It's time." Brian patted the blanket next to him.

Still swaying to the music, Darby held out the condom and ripped the foil packet. She had watched her husband put his on enough times that she knew not to unroll it right away. "Let me get us protected." She smiled as she placed the disc of the condom on top of his knobby penis head. Her smile widened. The condom looked like a silly, little hat. His penis wasn't quite so frightening with a goofy cap. She shivered nonetheless.

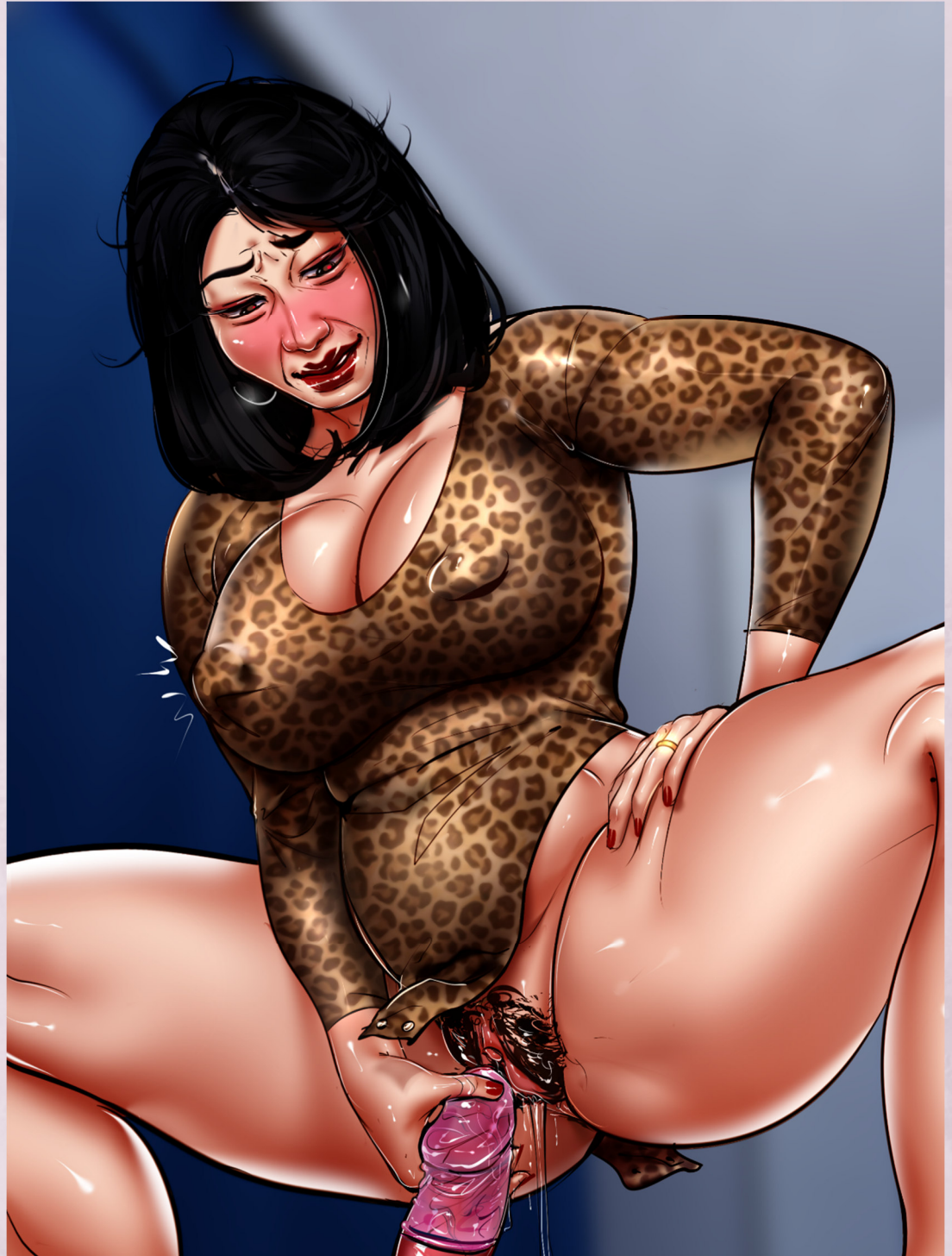
Brian studied his mother closely as she struggled to unroll the condom over his dick. After a few seconds, her smile faded. Then she stuck out the tip of her tongue in concentration. Then she furrowed her brow in confusion. Finally, she let out a long sigh of frustration.

"It's stretchy, but not stretchy enough. Maybe with a little more force ..." She pulled the thing outward with her fingers. "Oh ... there it goes." She rolled it on. It went about a third of the way down his shaft. She knew how the condoms looked on her husband, and this was comical by comparison. "The poor thing looks like it might break at any moment." She poked the valiantly stretching plastic material. "What do you think, Brian?" She glanced at him hopefully. She wanted him to tell her it would be okay. *How odd. I'm his mother. I should be steering him toward better decisions. Instead, I'm asking him to steer me toward risky ones.*

"Giddy-up, cowgirl." Brian didn't think the condom would hold either. He wasn't worried about it. "Hop on and ride."

"Yes, okay." Darby stood and planted her feet on either side of his hips. She'd never mounted a man like this before, but she'd never dealt with a penis this height either. "I'm really nervous, sweetie. Really, really nervous. My belly is filled with a whole swarm of butterflies." She reached under her and held his penis upright. It was so frightful, yet so familiar to her now. She knew its girth, its weight, and the contours of the veins protruding from the shaft. She could have identified it blindfolded. "I just keep thinking about you with Sylvie. I don't want you to do this with her first. I'm happy watching you with her. But it should be me, Brian. It should be my vagina that ... aaaaaaahhhhhhhhh."

"How does it feel?" Brian could see her pupils dilate. Her mouth hung open, letting out a low, animal whine. She looked almost panicked, but she wasn't lifting her hips off him.



“Ooohhhhhhhh ... Brian ... Brian ... it feels ... like my vagina ... is angry with me.” She let herself slip a fraction of an inch down his shaft. The music thumped and bounced around the room, urging her on. Her hips started twitching in time to the beat.

“You’re a rockstar, Mom.” He lifted up the flap of her bodysuit so he could see his dick disappearing inside of her. Her pink lips were spread obscenely beneath the black triangle of hair. The sight was glorious.

“Oooohhhhhhhh ... you’re the rockstar ... Brian. I’m your ... uuuuggghhhh ... groupie.” She could see he was having trouble with her bodysuit. With a little struggle, she lifted it over her head. While it was covering her face, and her arms were up in the air, she accidentally slid down a few inches. “Eeeeeeiiaiiiiiii.” If her vagina had been angry before, now it was in a rage. She struggled out of the leopard print garment and tossed it to the floor. She still had her feet planted on the blanket, squatting on top of him. “This is ... oooohhhhhh ... an absurd position ... for sex. I feel ... uuuggghhhhhh ... like a monkey. Like an ... aaaahhhhhh ... overstuffed ... mommy ... monkey.”



Brian laughed and put his hands on her knees. “That’s what you are. Let the wild in.”

Purpose suddenly burned in Darby’s eyes, replacing the dazed fright that had been there before. She lowered herself again.

“Say it, Mom. Tell me you’re letting the wild in.” Brian ran his hands down her slender calves, feeling them strain with the effort of keeping her balance in that strange squat.

"Ggghhhaaaaa! Mmmoooooo ... ghhhrrrrraa!" Darby tried to form the words, but she found she could only make beastly noises. *Maybe I'm the Beast and he's Belle.* She shook her head. No, that wasn't right. *I'm not the Beast, I'm fffuuuuullllllllllllllllll.* "Aaarrrrrggghhhhh." Despite the pain, or maybe even because of it, she dropped her hips and speared herself completely. Her body twitched and shuddered, her eyes rolled, and her language was reduced to grunts and yapping cries. *What's happening to meeeeeeeee?*

"Shit ... Mom." He watched his mother go crazy. Drool ran down her chin. Her eyes went wide, showing much more of the whites than usual. Her whole body trembled and shook in wild undulations that seemed to run up her spine. Brian knew that a woman's orgasm could be quite a sight, but he hadn't expected his mother to go so feral so quickly. "You really are letting the wild in." He could feel her pussy clamping on his dick in rhythm to the music. She was in that discombobulated state for several minutes. Eventually, intelligence brightened her dull eyes again. She looked down at her son, muttering to herself. He smacked her boob to get her attention. "I'm guessing that was new for you," Brian said.



“Ooohhhh ... Brian ... it still hurts ... but it also ... I’ve never ... I mean ... it feels so ... uuughhhhhh ... good.” Darby extended her thin arms and dug her nails into his lean, muscular chest. Her hips started bouncing on his. Short, little jumps at first, because that’s what she was used to with her husband. “Just wait ... until Sylvie ... feels this. She’s going to go ... uuuggghhhh ... wild.”

“You’re going to ... ah ... ah ... ah ... bring her here ... so that I can destroy ... her pussy?” Brian smacked his mother’s tit again. “You’re going to ... serve her up to me? To be ... ugh ... ugh ... in my bevy.”

“Yes ... Brian ... yes ... Brian ... whatever you want.”

Darby burst into tears of joy, her mascara running down her cheeks. The music beat on, and her hips kept pace. She realized she was bouncing higher on his penis now. “I’m going to ... have another one ... I’m ... going ... sssssnnnnneeeeeeeee ... uuughhh ... uuuggghhhh.” She thrust her pelvis against his and shuddered. Her spine arched, and she stared unseeing at the ceiling. Her strange cries were louder than the music. But the days of worrying about noise complaints were long behind her.

The next half hour was a kaleidoscope of mind-bending ecstasy for Darby. She rode him through orgasms that she wouldn’t have thought possible until that morning. When he pushed her off and positioned her on her hands and knees, she knew she was already hopelessly hooked on his penis. She was about to find out how much her new craving had eroded her sense of right and wrong.



"The condom broke, Mom." Brian got behind her and flopped his frothy cock on her ass cheek. The condom was wrapped around the middle of the shaft, but the protective bubble it had given them was annihilated. "You want to get another one?"



"Oh ... gosh ... just put it back in!" She looked over her shoulder at his amazing body. "You wanted ... to be my stag ... right? Mount me. Mount me. I don't care anymore."

Not bothering to remove the shredded remains of the condom, Brian lined his dick up with the wide cavern that was his mother's resized pussy. "I want you to have sex with Dad tonight."

"Why?" Darby grimaced with anticipation. *Why isn't he putting it back in?* "I won't be able to feel him. He might notice I'm different down there."

"You just answered your own question." Brian shoved into her pussy, listening to her squeal. The cassette stopped, leaving his mother's strange sounds more room to move around them. Soon the noises of skin smacking against skin, and her wet, squelching pussy, joined her odd whimpering moans. He grabbed her hips and found a rhythm. "This is ... ugh ... ugh ... right. This is ... good."

"Brian ... ooohhhhhh ... Brian ... so deep ... Brian ... I can't think ... I can't think ... I can't do anything ... but brace myself ... for each of your ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiii." Another orgasm hit her.

A little while later, Brian didn't bother to announce that he was about to cum. It was clear she wasn't going to stop him. He had wondered how long before she took her proper place holding his seed. He had thought five or ten days. That had been way off. *It was inside an hour.* "Uuuggghhh ... uuuggghhhh ... uuuggghhhhhh."

“Gggrrraaaaaa ... sssnnnaaaaaa!” Darby gripped the blanket with white knuckles, her breasts swaying wildly underneath her. When she felt the heat of his stuff inside her womb, her sounds reached a new fever pitch. She arched her spine and climaxed with her son.



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April 8, 2015: Apartment 12C, the Marland family.

The book was in front of her eyes, but Carrie found that she couldn't remember what she'd been reading for pages and pages. Her mind was preoccupied. It was late at night, and she was in bed next to her snoring husband. She shook Gabe's shoulder. "What happened to our little boy? Joey's all grown up. I don't like it."

"Hmmm?" Gabe rolled over and blearily opened his eyes. "What time is it?" His wife came into focus. She was propped up on her pillow, frowning, with a book on her lap.

"What happened to Joey, Gabe? He was hiding behind my skirts not that long ago. Now he's ... so wild." Carrie closed the book and put it on the nightstand. She was wearing one of her husband's oversized t-shirts as pajamas.

"I don't know about that. You hardly ever wear skirts, babe." Gabe wore more traditional pajamas. He pulled down the bottoms and rolled on top of her.

"Oh ... Gabe ... we already had sex tonight. We don't have to ..." She could feel his hardness bouncing against her belly and thighs as he got into position. She didn't stop him. Maybe some lovemaking would take her mind off of her motherly troubles. "I'm a little dry. Maybe ... um ... we should get ..."

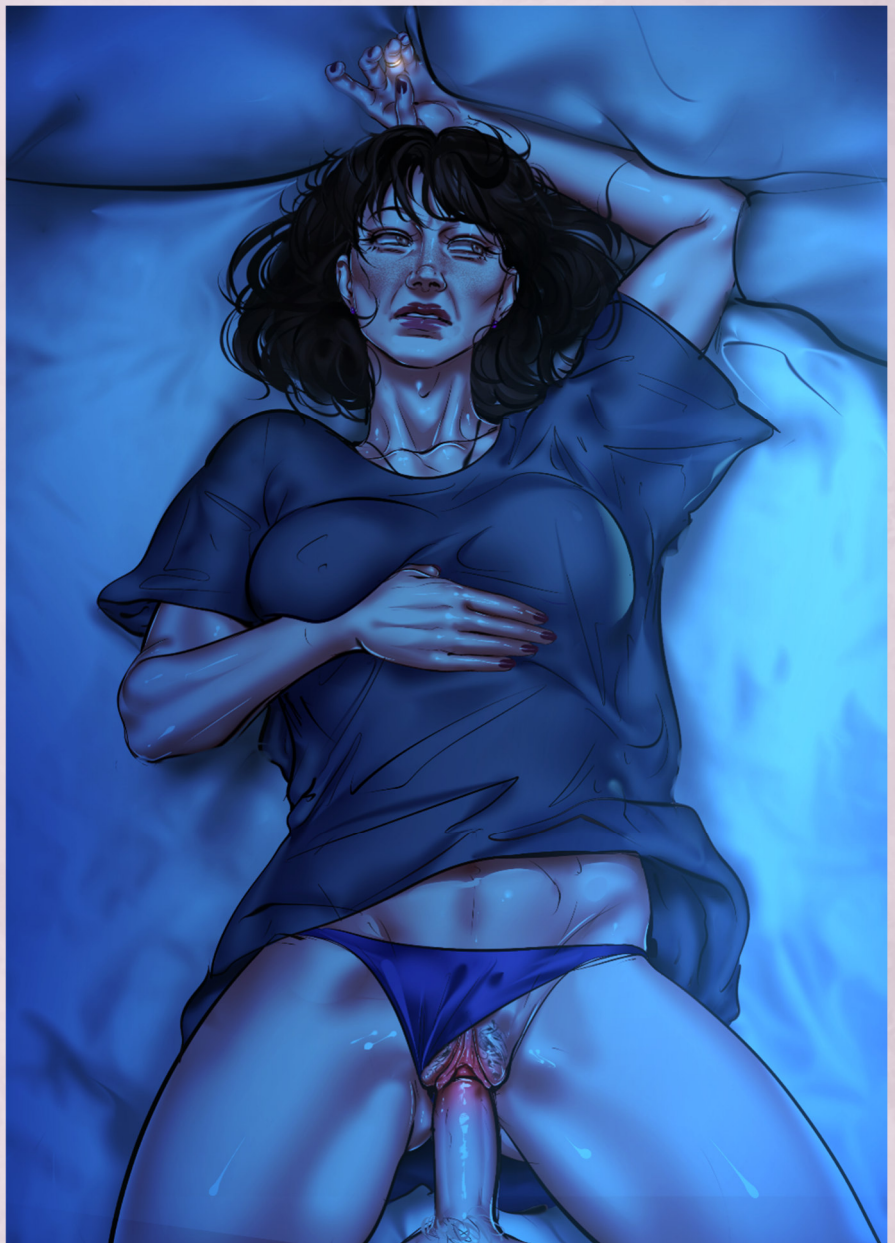
"What was that ... about Joey?" Gabe pulled her panties to the side and entered his wife. As his hips got underway, he ran his hands over her strong, athletic body. He ended up reaching under her and gripping her ripe ass with both hands.

"It's just that ... ooohhhh ... I think Joey ... is having sex with his girlfriend." Carrie looked up at the ceiling with a preoccupied gaze. Her vagina was not quite lubricated, so it wasn't comfortable sex. But she knew it would be over soon.

"With ... ah ... ah ... that hot black chick ... from down the hall?" Gabe smiled at his wife.

"I wish ... you wouldn't talk like that." Carrie avoided her husband's eyes, putting her hands behind her knees to open more for him more. "Her name's Hani. You know that. And she's his ... ugh ... girlfriend."

"Can you imagine ... ah ... ah ... what she looks like ... naked ... with that dark skin? No wonder ... Joey's hitting that."



Gabe was getting close, his hips speeding up.

"Don't be gross, honey. I just wish ... he wasn't in such a hurry to grow up." She turned her head and looked out the window. A whole city out there, and they had to move down the hall from the Dahir family. *Maybe Joey would be single if it wasn't for Hani.*

"Hurry ... to grow up? He's eighteen ... Carrie." Gabe was hanging on the edge of his orgasm. "Have you seen how much ... he's matured in the past ... few months? That black girl ... is really hot. He's a Marland ... he deserves to have her ... in the sack."

"Oh ... God ... Gabe." Carrie looked over at the dumb, pre-orgasmic expression on her husband's face.

"You're not ... picturing them ... having sex ... are you? He's your son, and she's a teenager. That's so gross."

"Cumming ... babe." Gabe emptied himself in his wife.



Within a few minutes, her husband was snoring again. Quietly, Carrie got up to clean her vagina in the bathroom. As she walked, she caught herself chewing on her fingernails and stopped. She'd been doing more and more of that lately. She was really worried about Joe and talking with her husband hadn't helped at all.

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April 9, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

Uba stood at the front door wearing her hijab and dress, with her purse slung over her shoulder. She was torn. She needed to go into work. But her family had all just left the apartment. She was alone for the first time that day. She grabbed the handle but didn't turn it. Her hands were trembling. "I don't need it. I don't need it. I don't." She shook her head slowly as she moved away from the door and walked into the kitchen. She put her purse on the table and fished out her phone. She stared at it, hands still trembling.

"It's just a sock. My son's dirty sock." She frowned at the phone. She could see her reflection in the glass. She looked tired and harried. She looked desperate. Glancing at the clock, she knew she was going to be late for work if she continued to vacillate.

"Okay, fine. But I'll never do this again." Uba turned on the phone and called the store. She told them she wasn't feeling well and wouldn't be coming in. The second she disconnected, her body was flooded with anticipatory pleasure. She put the phone down and rushed to her son's room.

Of course, the place was a mess. She hunted first in his hamper, digging all the way to the bottom. When that didn't work, she moved around the room, picking up clothes. She always told the twins, when you can't find something, it's time to clean. So, that's what she did. She found the sock tucked into a corner by his desk. It was still wet and sticky. *It's fresh!* Without thinking, her hand brought it to her nose, and she inhaled deeply. Her eyelids fluttered, her vagina gushed, and her nipples contracted and stiffened. Her body shuddered. This was what she needed. She needed to become part of his budding masculinity. It was okay, because nobody knew, and she wouldn't skip work for it again. *I'm not doing anything wrong. People have hidden joys all the time.*

While she was busy rationalizing, she found herself rushing to his bed, lifting her dress, and pulling her panties down her legs. It had only been the day before when she'd started masturbating, and she was already more skilled with her vagina than her husband. Why did he ignore her clitoris? Now that she knew what the little button could do, it seemed silly of him.

Sock to her nose, legs in the air, she worked herself to orgasm after orgasm. By the time she was satisfied, several hours had passed. On trembling legs, she stood, picked up her panties, and put his sock in the hamper.



Her whole body was buzzing. The world seemed a brighter, more magical place. As she stumbled to the bathroom, she couldn't help but feel that things were finally right in her life. She was supposed to be surrounded by beguiling, musky masculinity.

While washing her hands, she regarded herself in the mirror. Uba had to admit that she was glowing. She washed her hands and removed her hijab. Still in her dress, she struck a seductive pose. "This is me," she said to her reflection. "I have never been more a woman than I am today." She dried her hands and wondered what she'd do with the rest of her day. She had hours until her family returned to the apartment. She didn't have work. "I could go out for lunch," she mused aloud. The thought appealed to her.

Back in the shower for the second time that morning, she hummed a happy melody to herself. Once clean and dry, she put on a new outfit. With a little hop to her step, she went to the kitchen, got her purse and phone, and walked to the front door. She paused with her fingers on the handle.

Looking over her shoulder, she could have sworn she heard a deep, male grunting noise. She listened but heard nothing again. The grunting had seemed so intimate and urgent. So, feral. It made her legs go to jelly and her mind swim. "I'm imagining what Abshir would sound like when he's ... um ..."

Her son's room seemed to be calling to her. She let go of the handle and ran to Abshir's hamper, racing for the sock. Soon, she was back on his bed, rubbing her button, with the smell of his spent seed in her nostrils. It was paradise.

