

CHAPTER 13



3838 WALNUT STREET

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

3838 Walnut Street 13

Illustrations by SatanicFruitcake

Written by RawlyRawls

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Chapter 13

I'm Sorry for Trying to Hide it From You, Greg

April 15, 2015: Apartment 12C and 12E, the Marland and Dahir families.

"You're not dressed, Mom." Joe jogged into the living room in a t-shirt and shorts. He was wearing adequate under-support, but even so, he could see his mother give a concerned glance at his crotch.

Carrie turned off the Bible study podcast she was listening to and frowned. He was so strong and handsome. *This isn't right. Joey's supposed to be the black sheep. He's not like his brothers.* She cleared her throat. "I'm not going to go running with you. I changed my mind." She smoothed out her dress. "It's cold today."

"It's not *that* cold." Without hesitation, Joe reached down and lifted his mother into the air. He threw her over his shoulder. He held her by the backs of her thighs and carried her out of the room.



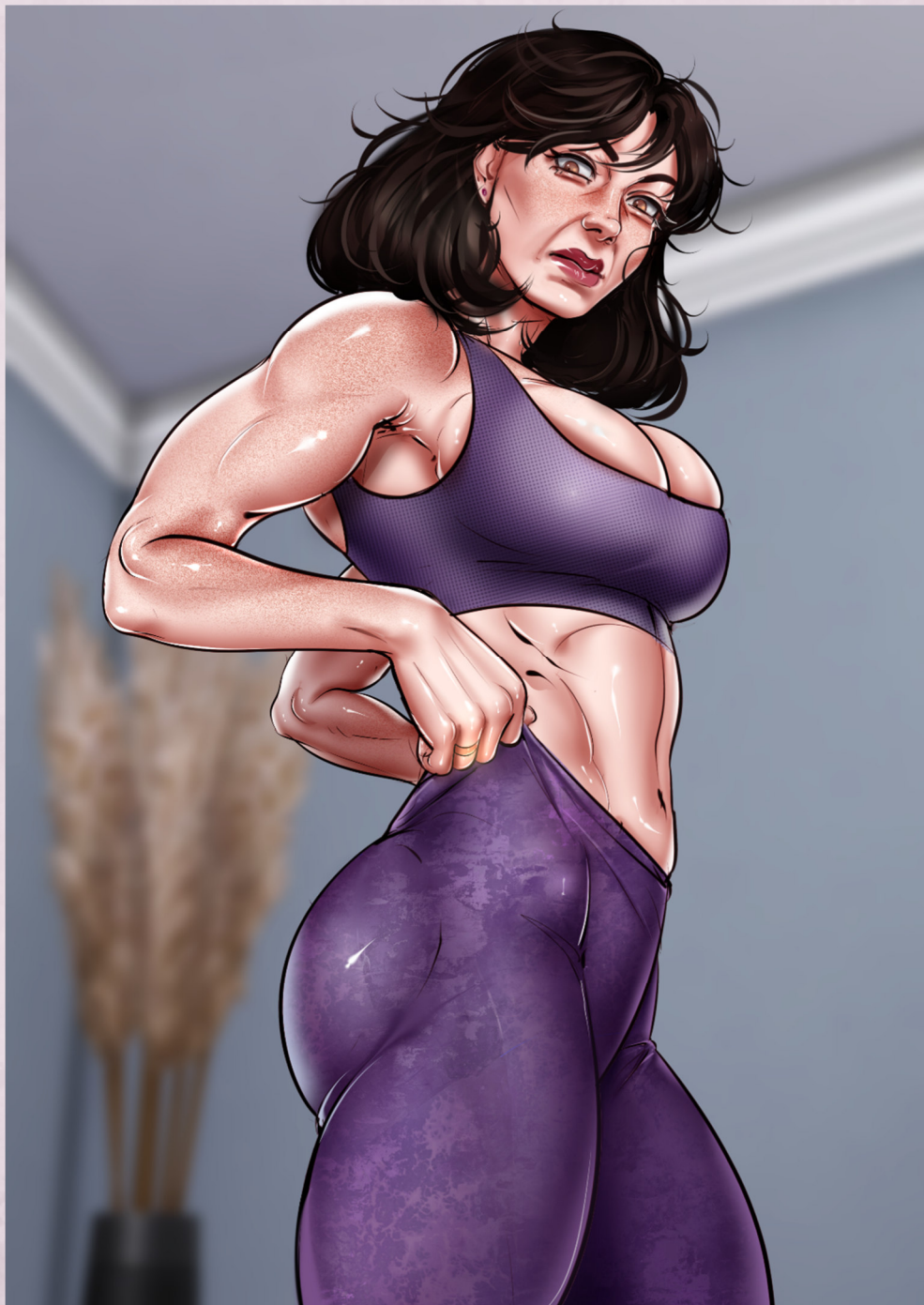
"Joey!" Carrie squealed and kicked her legs feebly. No man had ever handled her like that. "Put me down." Her brown hair hung over her eyes, obscuring the apartment as it spun and sped past her. When he tickled her belly, she couldn't help but laugh. "What are you doing? Put me down."

"As you command, my queen." Joe gently placed her on her bed, looking down upon her with supreme confidence.

Carrie's heart thumped. Her chest rose and fell rapidly. Tears welled in her eyes from laughing. She tried to frown at him but couldn't manage it. "Why ... did you bring me in here?" Carrie found that she liked what he'd done. It was so playful ... and strong. She liked it very much. "Why ... are you just staring at me ... Joey?"

"I brought you in here so you can get dressed. Hani is running with us today. I don't want you to miss it." He turned and headed to the door. "Throw on a sweatshirt over your running outfit, you'll be fine." He left her bedroom and closed the door.

"Oh ... okay." Carrie sat up, still panting. She found that her body was humming with excitement. "Okay ... I should spend some time with my son's girlfriend," she whispered to herself, while getting up to put on her running clothes.



Fifteen minutes later, Carrie was running through the park with Hani and Joe. It was a blessing to have Hani along. The young woman did not have the kind of endurance that the Marlands' had, so Joe jogged slowly for her. Usually, Carrie had to struggle to keep up with her son. Today, she was barely out of breath. "So ... Hani, what are you planning for ... after graduation?" Carrie glanced at the young woman. She was perhaps a little jealous of Hani's curvy, eighteen-year-old body. Hani was wearing stretch pants and a tight top, and everything seemed to move exactly as it should. Carrie still kept in great shape, but she wouldn't ever be eighteen again.

Hani sucked in air, trying not to panic at the cramp that was terrorizing her side.

"After ... graduation, Hani?" Carrie smiled, pumping her arms as they plodded along the path.



"She's winded, Mom." Joe turned around and moved in front of his women, jogging backward to keep his eyes on them. "Hani, do you need to stop and take a breather?"

Hani shook her head and winced at the pain in her side. "We can't stop ... we need to ... slow down ... first." She tried to smile at her boyfriend, who was obviously showing off. She glanced at Carrie. It was embarrassing that a forty-nine-year-old lady was in better shape than her. And Carrie looked so slim in her tight running pants. Hani couldn't help but feel pudgy next to these two twigs. *In the future, don't date men from athletic families.* But of course, there were benefits. Joe had all those muscles that Hani couldn't keep her hands off of. *I need to answer Mrs. Marland's question in as few words as possible.* "Um ... NYU."

"Oh, that's a great school." Carrie smiled and launched into a long monologue about one of her friends that had graduated from NYU.

Hani was grateful that she wasn't called upon to talk any further.

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

"Rachel's coming into the city for dinner tomorrow night, right? What's the plan?" Greg sat at the table with his wife and son. They had both been spacey and oddly giggly all evening. He scooped a dumpling onto his spoon and slurped it up. If he didn't know better, he would think they were on drugs.

"Oh, no ... Rachel?" Darby rubbed the back of her neck. "I'd forgotten. Shoot, she's coming in the early afternoon, isn't she?"

"Do you have other plans?" Greg glared at his wife.

"Plans? I don't know, Brian, did we have plans?" Darby blushed, giggled, and stared lovingly at her son.

Brian shrugged and laughed. "I had some music I wanted to play for you." He sipped his soup.



Darby's cheeks turned a deeper shade of crimson, and she giggled more. "I suppose ... it's fine if Rachel comes in. I'm really sore and ..." She snapped her mouth shut and stopped giggling. Her eyes turned to her husband. She remembered that Brian had told her she had to be intimate with Greg later. It wouldn't be easy. She really *was* sore from the dredging her son had given her. "I'm really sore, and I could use some time to rest with Rachel."

Greg narrowed his eyes. "Have you been working out again? You're clumsy, Darby. The last time you sprained your ankle?"

"It's okay. It's just a workout show on TV." She gave Brian a furtive glance.

"Shit, Mom. You might as well tell him." Brian slurped his soup loudly.

"What?" Greg paused with another dumpling on its way to his mouth. He put his spoon back in the bowl and scrutinized Darby some more. She looked guilty. What had she gotten herself into this time?

"Oh ... I'm sorry for trying to hide it from you, Greg." Darby's mind raced. She certainly wasn't going to tell him that

she'd let their son bone her all day, even after the condom broke. "I ... um ... sprained my ankle again. I'm sorry."

Greg laughed. "Is that all?" He shook his head like he'd married a total klutz. "Well, it's no big deal. Don't hide things from me next time, though. And try to get exercise doing something safer."

Unprotected sex with her rockstar son wasn't in the least bit safe. Darby didn't think her blush could deepen anymore. Her cheeks felt like they were on fire. "I'll try," she squeaked.

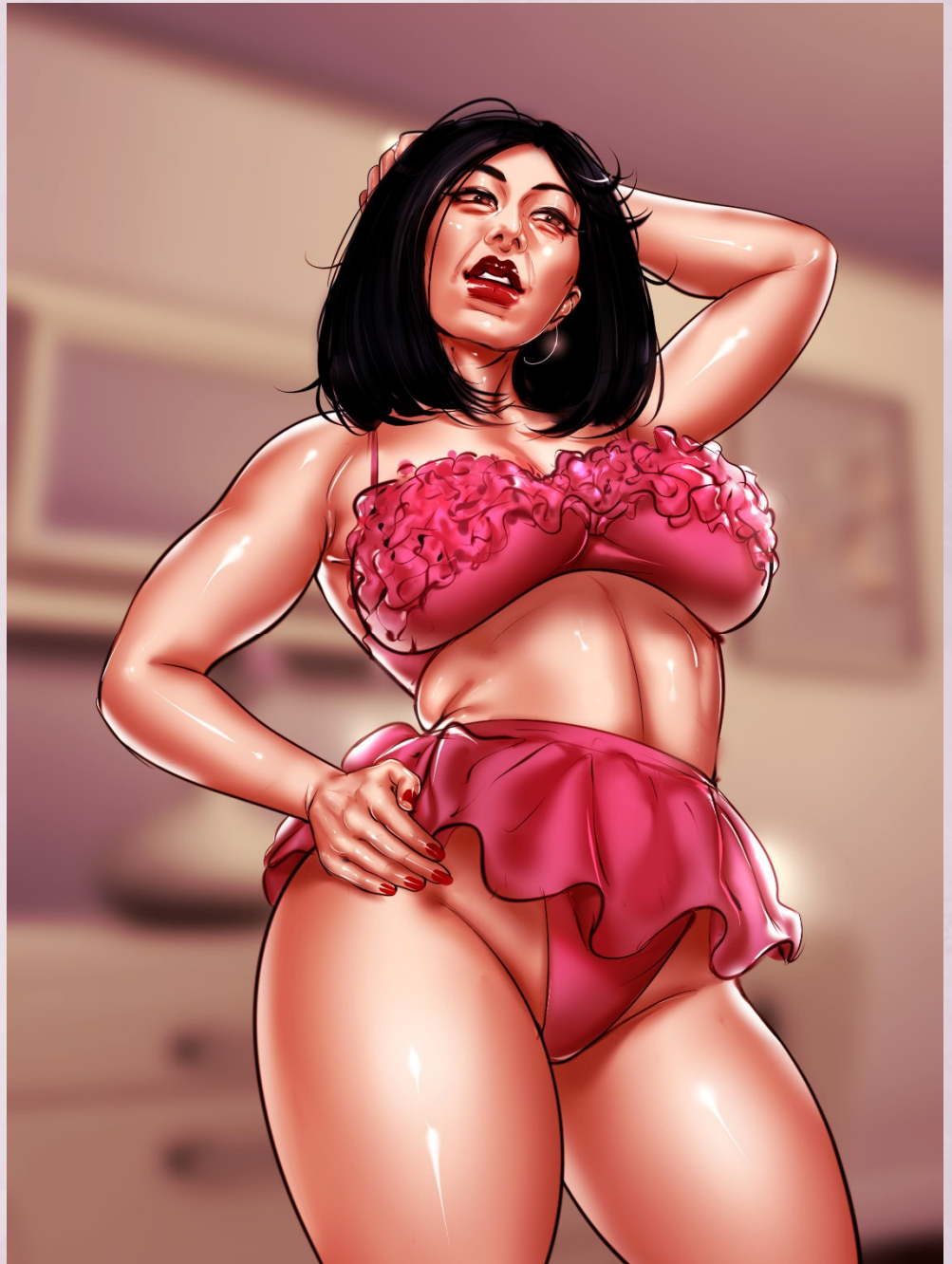
Later that night, Darby put on the lingerie that Greg had bought her for her fortieth birthday. The garments were frilly, and silly, and she prayed they would make Greg want her. She knew Brian would grill her about it the next day before Rachel arrived, and she didn't want to let him down. She walked out into their bedroom, swaying her hips. She was pleased when Greg looked up with a startled expression and put down his phone. She gave him her most alluring smile. "Hey there, tiger."

"Hey yourself." Greg smiled right back at her.

They were quickly humping on top of the sheets. Darby cooed for her husband and shouted encouragement. She had been worried that her vagina was too sore for sex. But she found that her husband's size wasn't a problem. *I can barely feel him, thank goodness.* "Oh ... yes ... Greg ... that's the spot ... give it to me." It probably helped that she was a sopping mess down there. She couldn't help thinking about all of Brian's sperm that

was probably swimming around inside her at that very moment. The thought certainly opened the floodgates. "I'm safe right now ... you can finish inside." She wasn't safe to the best of her knowledge, but just in case the unthinkable happened and Brian's swimmers found their mark, she figured she better have her husband finish inside, too.

"Aaaahhhhhh ... Darby ... you're such a slut ... tonight." Greg was right on the edge. While he wasn't getting the sensation he normally got from his wife's vagina, her attitude was more than making up for it.



“Ooohhhh ... Greg ... yes ... yes ... yeesssss.” She hoped she wasn’t overacting. She tossed her head back and forth, trying to remember how she’d behaved when those orgasms had shattered her world earlier in the day. “Finish ... in me.” *I won’t have to trick Greg every night. I’ll buy some bigger condoms for Brian tomorrow.* She gripped her husband’s back as he unloaded inside her. It was a nice moment. She reminded herself that she loved this man. She had married this man. Things hadn’t turned out in her family life how she’d expected, but she was sure she could juggle the two men she loved.

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April 16, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

The door's squeak woke Abshir, pulling him from a dream of galloping through an ancient forest. As he oriented himself to his room, he lay still. Without his glasses, she was a blur, but he knew his mother's shape in her long nightgown as she slipped through the gloom. She had a small flashlight, and she was sweeping the dim beam across his floor.



It was clear to Abshir what was happening. She was searching for his cum sock. Ever since he'd hatched the plan, his sock had moved while he was out. She hadn't had a chance that day, so he was sure she was coming into his room now to get her sniff on. The yellow light of her search bounced off her glasses as she tiptoed around his room. Abshir smiled. *She thinks she's so stealthy.*

After several tense minutes, Uba still hadn't found the sock that she knew had to be somewhere in the room. She was thrown into a panic every time she made a noise. Taking a deep breath, she tried to calm herself. *It's no big deal. I can tell him I was checking on him. I am his mother. Borrowing his sock is not harming anyone.* Finally, she found the little treasure near the drawn curtains. She snatched up the crusty thing and turned off her flashlight. She snuck out of his room, quietly closed the door, and raced to the hallway bathroom. Her body buzzed with anticipation, pulse thundering in her ears. She slipped into the bathroom and locked the door.

Abshir waited a moment, put on his glasses, and crawled out of bed. He was naked, but didn't care who saw him like that. The apartment would be his, after all. The goddess had promised him a bevy. His mother, of course. Hani would be his, too. His heavy, flaccid cock swung between his legs as he opened his door and looked both ways down the hall. He could smell what his mother was doing in the bathroom. He could also hear her moans, and the splashing of her fingers in her pussy. Even without his heightened senses, he would have found her. There was a crack of light under the closed bathroom door.



Oh, Mommy ... game over. You lost and you don't even know it yet. He walked down the hall and leaned on the wall, enjoying her repressed noises of pleasure.

In the bathroom, Uba sat on the toilet lid, naked. Her nightgown was pooled on the tile floor with her panties. Her legs were spread, and her boobs jiggled on her chest with the motion of her thin arm. "Oooohhhhhh ... uuugggghhhhhhh." She grimaced, stifling the louder sounds that wanted to come out of her. It would be mortifying to wake the rest of the family with her shenanigans. *I could have waited until tomorrow.* But no, that wasn't an option. She needed to surround herself in her son's budding masculinity. It couldn't wait.



Hani woke with a start when she heard something in the hall. She had been dreaming of Joe's body and didn't appreciate the interruption. She rolled over. Then she heard the floorboard creek. *It's probably just Abshir going to the bathroom.* She was starting to fall asleep when

there was a soft knock on her door. She dragged herself out of bed, put on her glasses, and stumbled across the room. She was wearing an oversized flannel shirt and panties. The shirt was buttoned, and it was long enough to give her enough modesty around her family.

When his sister's door opened, Abshir nodded his head. "I think something's wrong with Mom. Come here."

“What are you ...?” Hani was distracted by the red hue of his eyes. She turned to see what was reflecting off his glasses. When she turned back to him, the red light was gone. The distraction removed, she noticed he was naked. And he was hung like a horse. “What the fuck?” She whispered, shook her head, and went back to looking her brother in the eyes. *I’m fucking out of it. Is this another dream?* Her brother had a stupid, cocky grin on his face. “Put some clothes on before I find a heavy purse to fucking smash your little peepee with.”

Involuntarily, Abshir covered his junk with his hands. He didn’t like the gleam in his sister’s eyes. “Fine. But while I’m changing, listen at the bathroom door and tell me what it sounds like.”

He scurried back to his room. When he returned to the hall wearing pants, he found Hani with her ear pressed to the bathroom door. Her wide eyes were the only part of her that stuck out in the gloom. He walked up to her. “Did you -?”

Hani cut him off with a finger to her lips. She grabbed her brother’s arm and pulled him back to her room. Once the door was closed, she pointed her finger at him. “What the hell? You wake me up in the middle of the night to hear Mom frigging herself?”

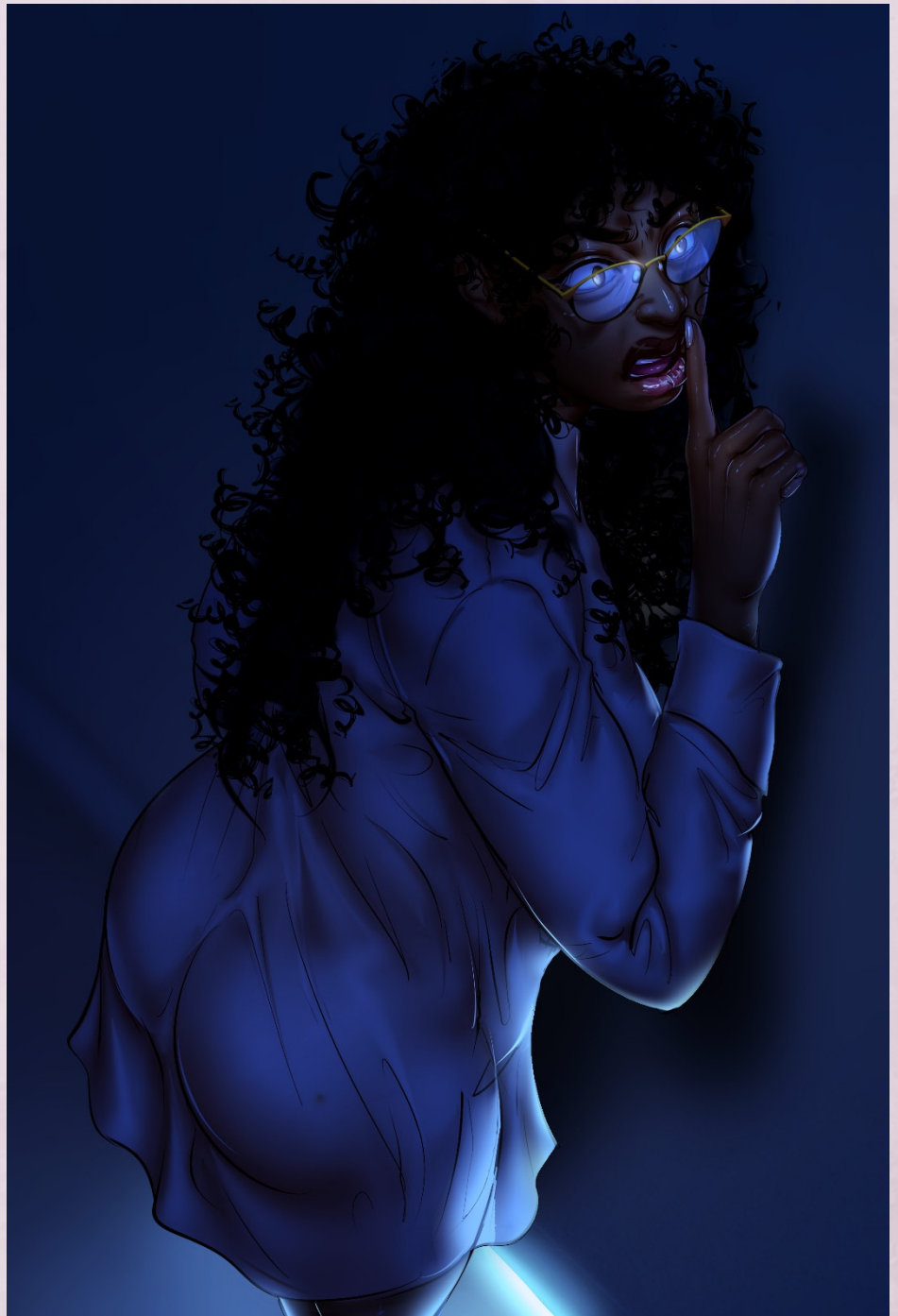
“I thought -”

“Newsflash, idiot, I don’t want to hear that shit.” She pinched the bridge of her nose and shook her head. “You fucking knew she wasn’t in trouble. Is this some sort of revenge on her for when she smashed your dick? Guess what? You deserved it. And I don’t care if Mom makes herself happy.”

“But I -”

“Zip your fucking creepy ass lips, Abshir.” Hani waved her finger back and forth. “You’re in a tailspin, bro. You’ve been off for months. Start acting like your old self. Less cock swinging. More video games. Less perverting on Mom. More ... nerdy shit that you used to do.”

“My bevy will -”



“Zip your fucking lips and leave Mom alone.” She grabbed his shoulders, turned him around, opened her door, and shoved him into the hall. She gave him one last stern stare and shut the door in his face.



Abshir frowned as he walked back to his room. He could hear his mother valiantly trying to keep her voice down while cumming. He passed the bathroom, went back to his room, and slid into bed. As he fell back to sleep, he was filled with an oddly familiar feeling: doubt. It used to be with him all the time, but this was the first visit from it in a long while. He decided he didn't like it at all. Before school tomorrow he'd go down to the basement. He was sure Ogganse would make him feel better.

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February 7, 1955: Apartment 14B, the Norwood family.

"I'm confused. Where's Mr. Berger?" Marcus Wilkins sat in his study, his wife standing by his side. The servants had just led Elizabeth and Natalie into the room. "Is he delayed?"



"Good day, Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins." Elizabeth nodded to each and took a seat in an armchair by the roaring fire. She beckoned Natalie to come over and stand by her. "Mr. Berger was kind enough to set this meeting. But I didn't think he needed to join us. I didn't bring a lawyer either. This is my assistant, Mrs. Creech."

Natalie nodded to the owners of 3838 Walnut Street.

"But ... how will we review your paperwork without Mr. Berger?" Marcus took out a cigarette and lit it.

"I brought only a simple contract for sale. Very easy to understand. Problem solved." Elizabeth gave them a warm smile.

"Well, um ... Mr. Berger said that you had an overwhelming offer for Walnut Street. I think you know that we're not inclined to sell. Any offer would really need to move the dial. Right, dear?" He looked up at his wife.

"Yes, indeed." Susan smiled and nodded. Her auburn hair bounced with the motion. "I think so." Whenever her

husband addressed her, she knew she was called on to agree. "Would either of you ladies care for some coffee? We have French press. It's all the rage."

"That's very kind of you, Mrs. Wilkins. I am ... thirsty." Elizabeth studied the woman. Susan was a little plump and quite timid. She would make a splendid follower if it came to that. "I'll have some coffee." Elizabeth watched Susan run off to fetch their drinks. She admired the flare from Susan's waist out to her hips. "Do you have any children, Mr. Wilkins?"

"I don't see how that has anything to do with our building." Marcus steepled his hands, trying to keep them from trembling. There was something off about these pale, unfashionable women. They were wearing dresses that looked to be from the 30s.

"No need to be snippy." Elizabeth maintained her warm smile.

When the servants and Susan returned with coffee, Susan served her guests. "Oh!" She was surprised when Elizabeth patted her butt. "I ... I ... never."

"Forgive me, I was just checking." Elizabeth sipped the coffee. It was good.

"Did you just ...?" Marcus stared dumbfounded at Elizabeth. He reached out a protective arm to his wife when she returned to her standing position next to his chair. "Did she just ...?"

Susan nodded her head and looked down at her husband with startled eyes.

Elizabeth let out a long sigh. "I forget sometimes how things work on the outside. Anyway, down to business." She made several solid offers and was rebuffed. Disappointed, she considered her options. It would be best if she didn't need to turn the wild on every person she came in contact with. Not, at least, until the goddess was free. But her dealings often came to that point. She looked up at Natalie. "Please lock the door, Mrs. Creech. I think our negotiations may need a good deal of privacy."



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December 4, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family.

“Have a great day, honey.” Darby kissed her husband on the cheek and watched him leave the apartment. The second he was gone, she retrieved her purse. She would give Greg about ten minutes to make sure he cleared the building. Then, she’d run out to the store, buy some large condoms, and return to wake Brian. She stood by the door, watching the clock and tapping her foot. She wore a sweater, jeans, sneakers, and a modest amount of makeup.

When enough time had passed, she opened the door and raced for the elevator. She was looking down at the pleasing geometric patterns in the carpet when she heard a woman scream. Her steps came to an abrupt halt, and she looked up. In front of her, there were two boys dressed like it was the mid-fifties. It was so strange. She felt like a kid again, seeing those outfits. And then ... to her shock and horror ... one boy bit the other one on the neck, ripping out his flesh. She heard a woman’s scream again and realized that this time it was her own. Blood sprayed and spilled in the hall. The bitten boy collapsed.



Behind the grisly scene, a giant wolf leapt out of the elevator, turning its red glare upon Darby. She just about fainted on the spot. She saw that the remaining boy and the lupin thing behind him shared the same evil eyes. Both were gazing murder upon her. She turned and fled back to her apartment, not daring to look back. She dug her key out of her purse with a trembling hand and stuck it in the lock. A terrible howl filled the hallway. Darby opened the door, flung herself inside, and slammed the door behind her. She turned the deadbolt and ran to the kitchen telephone. She dialed 911, but the line was dead. She tried again and again, but couldn’t get a dial tone.

“What’s all the noise?” Brian walked into the kitchen and stretched his arms. He was only wearing his briefs, and they did little to conceal his morning wood. The knobby top

of his dick was well above his waistline and bounced a little as he moved.

“Oh ... Brian ... it was terrible ... the hall ... the blood ... the wolf.” Darby dropped the phone and ran to her son, hugging him tightly.

Wolf? Why did that word send a chill down his spine? Brian separated himself from his mother, walked to the door, and opened it a little. He stuck his head out and slowly exhaled. There was no wolf. No blood. Just a normal, empty hall. He ducked back into the apartment and locked the door. “It’s fine, Mom. There’s nothing there.”

“Are you sure?” Darby didn’t want to check the hall for herself. She pulled her son into another hug, putting her cheek on his hard, warm chest. “The thing meant us harm. I could tell. The look in its eyes was ... evil. It really was there ... you have to believe me.”

“I believe you, Mom.” The strange thing was that he did believe her. He wasn’t sure how harm could come to him in this building. Not with Ogganse looking over him. But somehow, he suddenly felt much less safe. He gripped his mother tighter. It was a good thing he had her, because who else would he rather turn to but his mother? He needed her to love him, to reassure him. His hands fell to her ass, and soon they were kissing.

“Mmmppphhh.” Darby’s tears dried, but her mascara had already run down her cheeks. As she melted into him, her mind let go of the horror she had witnessed. She made out with her son for a long time, relishing the passion and desire in his touch. She let him undress her, even though he ripped her sweater in his excitement. When they were both naked, he turned her around and pushed her up against the wall. She felt the solid weight of his thing as he bounced it off her butt cheek. That made her remember the purpose of her failed shopping trip. “Wait ... no ... no ... condom.” She pushed him away and headed toward her bedroom. At least her husband’s condoms offered some protection. Maybe the next one wouldn’t break.



“Forget it, Mom. My dick’s too big.” Brian tried to push her back against the wall, but she spun away from him. He chased her down the hall. “Forget it.”

“Yesterday will be the only time we have unsafe sex, Brian.” Darby entered her room, her son hot on her heels.

Brian knew she was wrong. If the day before hadn't happened, he might have let her put a condom on him again, biding his time. But he now knew he had her. She was hooked. It was game over. In her bedroom, he grabbed her around the waist, picked her up, and roughly tossed her onto his parents' bed.

"Oof." Darby bounced on her belly awkwardly. "You're so strong." Before she could get up, he was pressing her face down into her husband's side of the bed. "Wait ... wait ... Brian ... we can't." Her voice was muffled by the mattress. He had one hand holding the back of her neck, the other pushed her legs together. Was he planning on taking her in a prone position? That would be another thing she'd never done with Greg. "Condom."



"The building will protect us. But we can't use condoms. Not anymore. Not with you. Not with Sylvie. Not with Rachel." Brian lined up his cock. The shape of her ass and the view of her pussy from that position tugged at the primal parts of his brain.

"With Rachel? What are you ...?" Her mind swam as he entered her. She was still sore from the day before, but the pain was brief. "Oooohhhhhhhhhhh." Pleasure surged from deep inside her as he pressed his penis all the way inside and began rutting her.



"Do you still ... want that condom ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... Mom?" Brian wound his finger in her black, silky hair, pulling her head up a little, asserting control over the founding member of his bevy.

"No ... no ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... it's okay ... it would only ... break ... on your big thing ... uuuuggghhhh ... anyway." Darby gripped her husband's pillow in both hands. *What would Greg say if he found out I used his pillow to brace myself while Brian showed me a new sex position?* "Ohhhhh ... Brian ... you're really hitting deep ... ah ... ah ... ah ... from back there. I ... um ... I ... don't care about anything ... else ... ggaaaaaa ... mmmoooooo ... arrrrggggg." She had tried to say, *Just hump me.* But it seemed her capacity for human speech had left her again. She knew she was screaming the nonsense that came out of her mouth. But it was true, she didn't care about anything. Not even the neighbors. Not even that her daughter was scheduled to show up at the apartment soon. Not even the murder and wolf she'd seen in the hallway.

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February 7, 1955: Apartment 14B, the Norwood family.

“Okay ... okay ... I’ll sign ... just please ... stop debasing my wife.” Marcus struggled against Natalie’s grip, but the woman was unnaturally strong. He was seated in the corner of his study. A contract for the sale of 3838 Walnut Street was on the side table next to him.

“It’s ... okay ... Marcus ... at first I was ... ooohhhhhh ... worried ... but now ...” Susan was on all fours on her husband’s desk. She was naked, and Elizabeth, who was still dressed, was behind her. The woman’s long tongue squirmed deep in Susan’s vagina. It was going to make her have another one. She just knew it.

“Oooohhhhhh ... Marcus ... I didn’t know ... I didn’t ... aaaaahhhhhhhhhh.”

“Sign the document.” Natalie loosened her grip enough to let him grab the pen. When he tried to stab her with it, she banged his head on the side table. Blood smeared the contract, and her prisoner slumped in his chair, unconscious. The two women at the desk didn’t notice the change in Marcus’s condition. “Um ... mistress ... a moment please?” Natalie raised her hand.

With a loud slurp, Elizabeth removed her tongue from Susan’s vagina. She looked over at their would-be seller. “Mrs. Creech. Now what are we to do?” She frowned.



Susan’s mind cleared as she stared over at her husband. “Marcus? Marcus? Oh, heavens!” She tried to get off the desk, but her legs were too wobbly. She fell to the floor and blubbered her husband’s name.

“He’ll be fine, Mrs. Wilkins.” Elizabeth tucked her skirt under her and dropped to her knees. She pushed Susan onto her back and spread her legs. “Honestly, when I’m done with you, you’ll barely remember his name.” Elizabeth let her tongue uncoil out of her mouth. It was a good foot long and incredibly dexterous. With a wet squelch, it reentered Susan’s crevasse.

“Oh ... Marcus ... wake up ... I ... ohhhhhhhh ...” Susan thrashed on the floor, her breasts bouncing and jiggling from side to side across her chest. “Oooohhhhhh ... Marcus ... she’s going to make meeeeeee ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii!” Her eyes rolled back, and she was seized by another orgasm.