

CHAPTER 14



3838 WALNUT STREET

# FICTION *Rawly Rawls*

## 3838 Walnut Street 14

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## Chapter 14

### The Same Species as His Wife

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

Rachel knocked and waited. She looked around the twelfth-floor hallway and shivered. The wallpaper, lamps, and carpet were all clean and tasteful, with pleasing Art Deco patterns. The doors seemed to be original; their details were charming. She wasn't sure why, but the space gave her the creeps. She rang the doorbell and knocked again. "Mom?" She had called her mom that morning to confirm their plans, but had gotten the answering machine. "Mom?" She knocked again.

It was odd letting herself into this apartment. She'd never lived here. But it was her family residence now. And she didn't want to disturb the neighbors by banging on the door all day. She pulled the spare key her mom had given her out of her purse and let herself into the apartment. "Mom?"

"Hello, sweetie." Darby walked quickly to the front door with a manic smile on her face.



"Hey." Rachel looked at her mother with narrowed eyes. Darby had a sheen of sweat on her. Her sweater was torn down the front, showing no bra and plenty of cleavage. She wasn't wearing anything on her lower half, although the hem of the sweater was low enough that Rachel couldn't see if she was wearing short shorts or something. But that would be weird for her mother. Also, as her mother closed the distance between them, she noticed that Darby was waddling, like she'd been riding a horse all day. "Are you exercising again, Mom? You know you always hurt yourself."

Darby's grin widened. "You caught me. I was exercising again. And I sprained my ankle." She hugged her daughter tightly. *Brian's wrong. There's no way Rachel will join in.* She pushed her daughter away, holding her at arm's length. Darby studied her daughter closely, seeing her in an entirely new light. "Why are you making that face?"

"Honestly, you're stinky, Mom." Rachel waved her hand in front of her nose. "You smell like sweaty balls."

"Rachel! Watch your language." Darby let go of her daughter and sniffed her armpit. "I do smell ripe, sorry." *Of course I'm stinky. I've been boning Brian all morning. Oh, my gosh. I probably do smell like sweaty balls!* "I'll go take a shower. Make yourself at home, sweetie." Darby quickly waddled back to her bedroom. She closed the door after her. She could hear the shower running in the master bath. She opened the door and steam billowed out. "Brian, remember what I said about running the exhaust fan while taking a shower. This isn't a sauna." She turned on the fan and pulled off her sundered sweater. "I don't suppose you'll mind if I join you?"

"I don't mind, Mom." Brian opened the shower curtain for her. He smiled at his gorgeous mother as she bent to remove her panties. He loved the way her tits hung and giggled when she leaned forward. His dick lurched and began to rise.

"Your sister is here." Darby caught sight of his growing erection. "So, you'll have to keep your hands off me. We can mess around some more tomorrow if you want." She stepped into the steamy shower.

"Sure, Mom. I'll keep my hands to myself." He grabbed a bar of soap and started lathering her. His dick pressed into her wonderfully wide hip.

"I'm serious, pumpkin. No more fooling around today." Darby tried to frown at him, but had trouble fighting the smile on her face. "I can wash myself, thank you."



“Sure, Mom.” Brian moved up her torso, hefting her tits as he washed them.

A few minutes later, he had her up against the tiled wall, plowing away at her pussy.

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February 17, 1955: Apartment 14B, the Norwood family

"Pass me the salt, dear." Marcus had a bandage on his forehead. He sat at one end of their dining table, his wife at the other.

"You can come and get it." Susan smiled warmly at her husband.

"But ... you should bring it here." Marcus frowned at her, trying not to remember what she'd done with that horrible woman.

"No. I think not." Susan shook her head and sipped her cocktail. "You know, it's so freeing to disagree with you."

"Well, I hope you don't make a habit of it." He got up, walked over to the other side of the table, retrieved the salt, and returned to his place. "We need to put that horrible incident behind us. That woman practically robbed us. We should have gone to the authorities." His soup now properly seasoned, he sipped it from a spoon.

"I'd agree but for the photographs. Another set arrived in the mail today," she said.

"You didn't tell me." Marcus's face turned red. "Did you destroy them?"

"Yes, dear." Now, it seemed that Susan only agreed with her husband when she was lying to him.



"I pray we never see that woman again. What if she blackmails us? Now, it's just to keep silent. But she'll eventually want money." Marcus put down his spoon. His hand was shaking too much to properly serve himself.

"I don't think Mrs. Norwood is interested in money. She has her building now, and I think she's happy." Susan chewed on her bottom lip, thinking about how that long tongue felt inside her. Nothing else in her life could compare. "Actually, Mrs. Norwood has invited us to visit. Did you know her assistant, Mrs. Creedy, has been the building's superintendent for some time? Our management company hired her some years ago. She was responsible for adding that artwork to the lobby. Those strange ladies appear to have been running the place even before we sold it to them. Anyway, Mrs. Norwood is adding more carvings to the lobby and would like us to be there for the dedication."

"Not in a million years." Marcus shivered. He tried in vain not to remember the way his wife looked screaming on the end of Elizabeth's vile tongue.

"Well, let me know if you change your mind. The ceremony is on March 8th. I plan to be there." Susan smiled at how silly he looked. Her poor husband was almost turning purple. *Is he having some sort of impotent fit?* "Of course, I'll spend the night. No sense taking a day trip to the city."

Marcus stood and marched out of the dining room.

Susan shrugged and ate her soup.

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

The doorbell rang. Rachel put down her book, got up, and went to answer it. "Hello, Mrs. Kim." She was surprised to find her mother's friend waiting in the hall. "Mom's in the shower. Want to come in?"

"Rachel! I didn't expect you to be here today." Sylvie stepped into the apartment. She was beside herself with embarrassment. It had taken all her nerve accepting Brian's invitation. She had thought they would make music together again. But with his sister there, she decided that she must have been mistaken. Her cheeks heated, and she pulled her blouse up a bit, hiding more of the exposed skin on her upper chest.

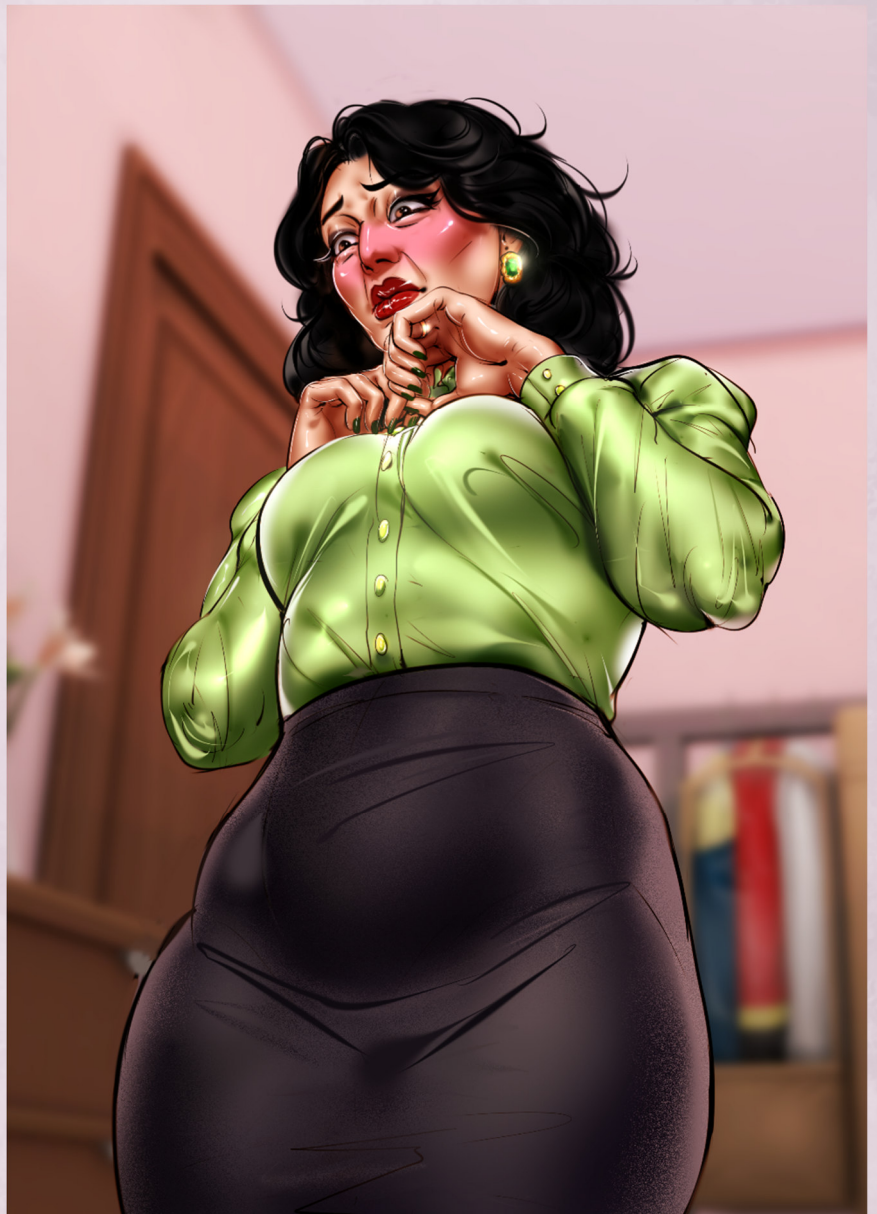
"I think Mom forgot I was coming, too." Rachel shrugged, trying to hide her disappointment. She thought her visit was supposed to be just family. "That's a fancy outfit. Are you going someplace later today?"

"Sorry to keep you waiting, Rachel. Was someone at the door?" Darby waddled into the entryway. Her hair was still wet, but she was dressed and smiling broadly. "Oh, Sylvie. What are you doing here?"

"Brian invited me." Sylvie grimaced. "This was a mistake. I should leave and --"

A trumpet version of The Cure's Friday, I'm in Love blared from across the apartment.

"Oh, jeez. I didn't know Brian was home." Rachel put her hands to her ears.



Darby rushed to grab her purse. She picked up Rachel's, too. She kissed Sylvie on the cheek. "Good luck!" Darby grabbed her daughter by the hand and led her out of the apartment.

When they were out of the apartment, Rachel felt her mother's hand tighten in hers. The viselike grip nearly cracked her bones. Rachel studied her mother's pale face. "You look terrified, Mom." They walked to the elevator, Darby moving slowly with her unusual, crabby gait. "Why did we leave Mrs. Kim with Brian? Why do you look like you've seen a ghost?"



"Everything's okay, Rachel." Darby stopped in front of the elevator. There was no giant wolf. There were no 1950s boys murdering each other. *Maybe I did imagine it.* She looked for blood on the carpet, but didn't see any. "Sylvie wanted to hear Brian play his music. Your brother's music is becoming very popular." The elevator chimed and Darby cringed. But when the doors opened, the car was empty. She sighed with relief. "Come on, I'll treat you to some coffee or something." She pulled Rachel into the elevator.

"You're freaking me out." Rachel didn't know what to think, but she followed her mother into the elevator. They went out for coffee, and Rachel didn't get any concrete answers about what was going on.

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April 20, 2015: Apartment 12C, the Marland family.

"I'm home." Carrie was happy to be home. It had been a tiring day volunteering with the church. They had been feeding the homeless. She was sure it was the right thing to do, but still, it exhausted her to no end.

"Hello, Mrs. Marland." Hani appeared, gave Carrie a sheepish smile, and rushed past her out of the apartment. "Goodbye, Mrs. Marland."



"Goodbye." Carrie could smell the sex wafting off the young woman. It smelled different than the intimate time Carrie had with her husband. That smelled heavy of the Kama Sutra oil they used. But with the eighteen-year-olds, she could smell something tangy and pungent. Carrie's nostrils flared as the door closed. Hani was gone, but her scent lingered. It made Carrie's tummy feel funny. "I really need to put my foot down about Hani," she mumbled to herself. "This is still my apartment. Our apartment. Gabe and I. It's ours and ..."

"Hey, Mom. What's up?" Joe strolled into the kitchen like he owned the place.

"Were you having sex with Hani?" Carrie put her hands on her hips and tried to look formidable.

"No." Joe shook his head and smiled. "Can you make me a sandwich?"

Carrie started toward the refrigerator and stopped. He was so charming lately. So charming that she'd almost done exactly what he said. "You're old enough to make your own sandwich." She put her hands back on her hips and looked at him. "I know you're lying about Hani. Are you using the condoms I bought you? I'm too young to be a grandmother."

"We're honestly not having sex. She says I'm too big for her." Joe shrugged. It should have terrified him to say anything about his dick to his mother, but he felt completely at ease.

"You *are* pretty tall, but I'm not sure ..." A vertical line creased her forehead as she lapsed into confusion.

"You're only like half a foot taller than her. I mean, if you're not having sex, as your mother, I'm not complaining." She looked over at the picture on the fridge. He had been so innocent. Now, she was talking about illicit things with him. "I'm not complaining, but I don't see how your height ..."

"She likes how tall I am, Mom. She's worried about my dick. When we go jogging, you've noticed it bouncing around, right?" Joe went to the fridge and pulled out fixings for a sandwich. "I've got a big one. I was a late bloomer, let me tell you, but now, I wonder ..." He closed the fridge and grabbed some bread. "Did you ever have any similar problems with Dad? Maybe you can help me get over the hump with Hani." He laughed at his own joke. "Mom?" Joe turned around. His mother wasn't in the kitchen anymore. He chuckled to himself. *I guess that was too much for her. I wonder, is a son talking to his mother about his dick the craziest thing that ever happened in this apartment?* He made his sandwich and then happily ate it while taking in the view.

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

“Oh ... gosh ... oh ... gosh ...” Sylvie watched her friend’s son move toward her down the hall, thrusting his hips and blowing his soul into the trumpet.

Brian danced into the living room. He looked around the room and removed the trumpet from his mouth. “Where’s Mom and Rachel?”

“They went out.” Sylvie was staring at the head of his knobby penis. He was so turgid down there, and ... veiny. She had a hard time believing that she’d actually put that thing in her mouth.

“‘Out’?” Brian ran a hand through his black hair. “Lame.” He caught her staring and his smile returned. “But you’re rad, Mrs. Kim. You dressed up for me! Are you wearing fancy underwear, too?”

Sylvie nodded her head. She wanted to look up and meet his eyes. They were having a conversation after all. But her gaze stopped on his abs, then rolled back down to his penis.

“I’ve already cum a lot today, so we can skip the blowjob.” He laughed when he saw her expression fall. “Don’t worry. I’m just saving it up. We’re going to fuck today.”

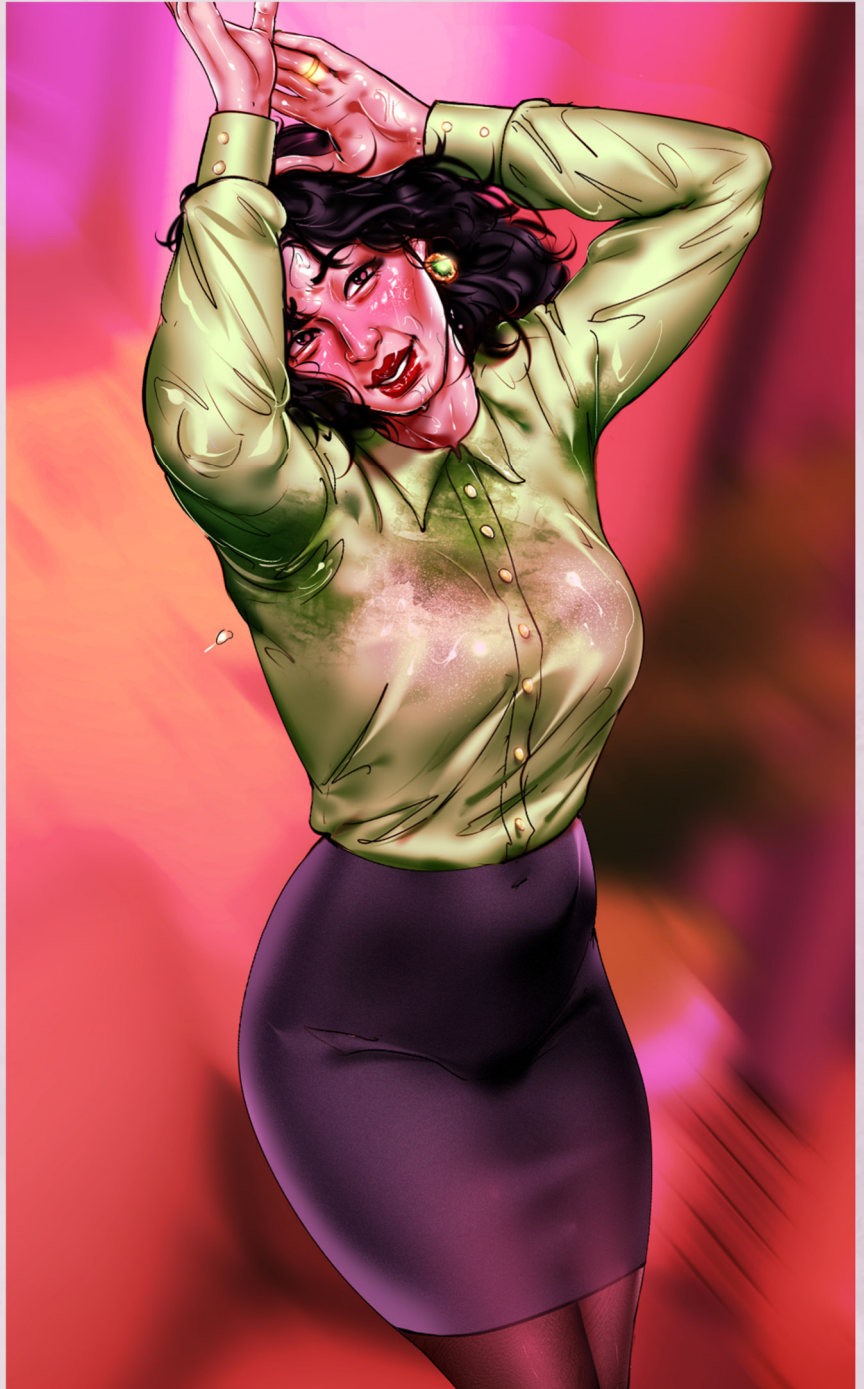
“I ... I ... I ...” Sylvie wasn’t sure how to address someone so crass.

“But first, we’re going to dance. Dance for me, Mrs. Kim.” Brian put the trumpet back to his lips. Pretty soon, they were both dancing around the living room.

Sylvie couldn’t believe the way she was gyrating her hips, jumping on the sofa, and whipping her hair. It was ridiculous. She was ridiculous. And she loved it! They carried on for more than a half-hour. When she howled with glee, the teenager suddenly stopped playing.

Brian stared at her with wide eyes. They were both sweating and panting. “Don’t make that sound. I don’t like it.” He looked around the room like something might be stalking him, but it was still just the two of them.

“Oh ... I’m sorry ... Brian.” Sylvie worked hard to catch her breath. The mood had so quickly changed in the room. “I won’t ... be so loud.”



"You can scream, Mrs. Kim. Just ... don't howl." He put down the trumpet, leapt across the living room, and lifted her in his arms.

"Ohhhh ... how did you jump so far?" She melted into his grasp. "You're so strong." Sylvie was relieved to see the grin back on his face. The mood had shifted again, this time for the better. She let him hold her like a bride. She circled her arms around his neck. "I feel like I'm ... on the cover of one of those romance novels. And you're even more handsome ... than Fabio." She felt his strong, lithe muscles press against her through her clothes. She wanted to kiss him, but that would be crazy. "If Barry saw me right now, he wouldn't recognize me."



"If you think that now, wait fifteen minutes." Brian laughed and carried her to his room.

Twenty minutes later, Sylvie was on her hands and knees. She was wearing only her lingerie. Her hands clutched the sheet below her. Her body was taut and strained, both because of another orgasm about to boil over, and because she was having a hard time bracing against the teenager's long, heavy strokes. They would have to invent a new word for what they were doing, because this wasn't anything like what her understanding of sex was. "Oooohhhhhh ... my ... gggooosssshhhhhh." When he grabbed her hair and pulled her head so that she was staring at his Nirvana poster, her ecstasy exploded. "Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii," she screamed her head off.

"You're in ... my bevy now ... Mrs. Kim." Brian gripped a handful of her ass with the hand not holding her hair. He was used to more of a handhold with his mother, but he didn't mind. He liked Sylvie's slimmer body just fine. "It's rad ... having variety ... in my bevy. I like ... uuuggghhhh ... fucking you." His body convulsed, and he lost his rhythm for a moment. His hips found their tempo again, only to lose it with another shudder. "Shit ... I'm about to ... cum in you ... Mrs. Kim."



"Ohhhh ... goooosshhhhhhhh," was all Sylvie could reply. Her eyes rolled back. She had come to this apartment today ready to give herself to this freak of nature. And she had done just that. If Barry could see her now, he might not even recognize her as the same species as his wife. "Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii." She felt the heat of the teenager's seed fill her, and her brain shut down. All she could think or feel was white, hot ecstasy.

When Darby and Rachel returned to the apartment several hours later, everything was quiet. "Sylvie must have gone home. I'll check on your brother."

"Are we leaving soon?" Rachel sat in the living room and looked out at the park. It was odd how the gargoyles in this building looked in through the windows. Rachel shivered and focused on the view.

“Yes, Rachel.” Darby opened her son’s door and peeked in. She gasped and quickly looked down the hall to make sure Rachel wasn’t following her. Satisfied that she was alone, she stepped into the room. Brian was lying on his side in bed. Sylvie was splayed out like a rag doll on the floor. They were apparently both asleep. Unlike the last time they’d had Sylvie over, she wasn’t covered in sperm. Darby could see between the woman’s legs, so she knew that Brian had emptied himself inside her. Sylvie’s poor vagina was yawning wide and oozing white stuff. Her once neat triangle of black hair was messy and matted with seed. Darby hoped that the puddle forming under her wouldn’t stain the floor. She sighed. Brian had always been such a clean boy. But not anymore. He was too ... wild.



If it wasn’t for Rachel’s presence in the apartment, Darby would have taken Sylvie to the shower. As it was, she woke up her friend and helped her wipe up and get dressed. Sylvie asked hardly any questions. She looked dazed and exceedingly happy.

“I’m going to need you to stay in Brian’s room until we leave for dinner. I don’t want Rachel to know what happened.” Darby sat her friend in Brian’s desk chair. “I think he wants to do it to Rachel, and I ...” Darby paused. It was difficult to admit what she’d done with her son, even when

Sylvie had now done the same thing. “I’m going to wake him up now and get him ready for dinner. Please don’t ... um ... entice Brian. We need to meet Greg at Cho’s in a half-hour.”

Sylvie nodded. “Do you ... um ... want me to lock up when I leave?” She checked her watch. She was late meeting her own husband, it seemed.

“Just turn the lock on your way out.” Darby tried not to think about Brian’s little seeds moving inside Sylvie even as they spoke. If she dwelled on it, she would start gushing again, and they would never get to dinner. She walked over to the bed and shook her son. “Okay, Brian. Time to wake up.”

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April 28, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.

"Where is it? Where is it?" Uba went through her son's hamper, tossing his clothes onto the floor. When it was empty, she crawled on her hands and knees, carefully checking for crusty socks. There were none to be found. Just normal laundry, including sweaty socks. She didn't care about those. It was awkward crawling in her long dress, but she did it anyway, working her way around the room, searching in every corner and crevasse.

After an exhaustive search, she sat on her butt in the middle of her son's messy room. "It's my fault. I told him not to touch it, and he's finally listened to me." Her voice was soft and forlorn in the quiet room. "What do I do?" This was the third day in a row that she hadn't found a used sock. She deeply regretted doing laundry so recently. Slowly, she stood and cleaned Abshir's room. She didn't want him to know that she'd turned it over looking for treasure.

When she was done with the room, she rushed to the bathroom to masturbate. But it wasn't the same without the scent of Abshir's sperm. Her orgasms were meager and flat, even with all the techniques she'd taught herself that month. When she finally gave up on pleasing herself, she pulled up her panties, pulled down her dress, and washed her hands. Her reflection looked on edge.

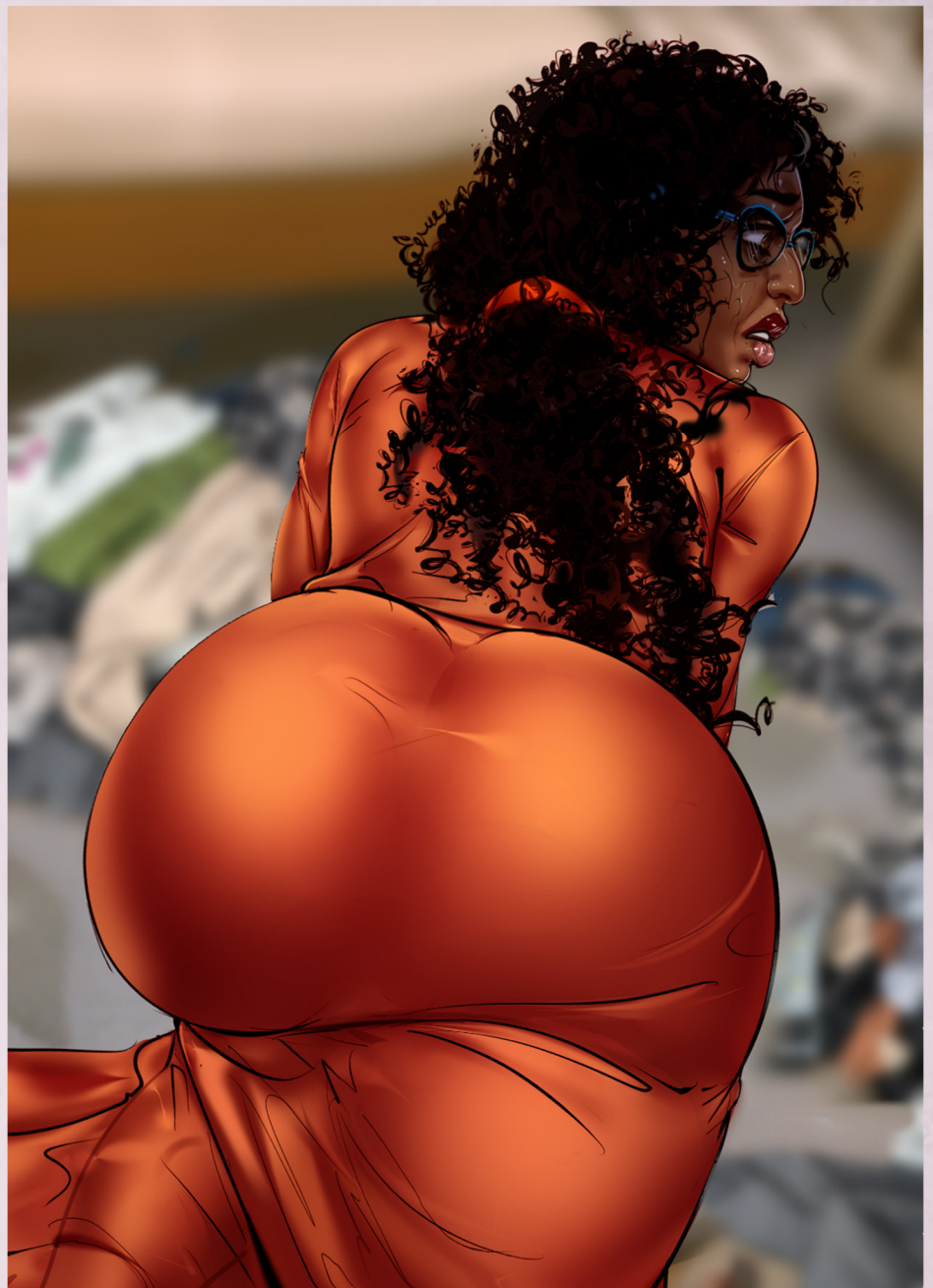
Later that night, Uba was washing up at the sink after dinner. Her daughter was reading at the table. Her men were somewhere else in the apartment. When Taban came up behind her and took a handful of her butt, she shivered, hoping that her husband's attention would scratch her itch. "I like that, Taban."

"Would you also like to have some special time tonight?" Taban whispered in her ear.

"Yes, please." Uba wiggled her butt at him and nodded fiercely. She turned the sink off, opened the dishwasher, and bent over to load it. "Oh!" She gave a little yelp when her husband slapped her bottom.

"Get a room, you two!" Hani closed her book, got up, and left the room in a huff.

"Sounds like a plan." Taban took his wife's hand and pulled her.



"But the dishes ..." Uba didn't know why she was protesting. She desperately wanted Taban to satisfy her. And he was about to do just that.

"You can do them later." Taban dragged her by the hand to their bedroom.

Seven minutes later, Taban was on top of his wife, grunting out his climax.

"Ohhhhh ... Taban." Uba was on her back, her hands holding his shoulders. Tears of frustration streamed out of the sides of her eyes, disappearing into her hair.

"Ah ... that was ... good." Taban lifted himself and looked at his wife's lovely face. "You're crying ... huh? I'm that good ... I guess."

"Yes ... Taban ... that was wonderful." She lied. When he rolled off her, she offered to dispose of his condom. In the bathroom, she dripped her husband's semen onto the palm of her hand and held it to her nose. She curled her lip. It wasn't the same as Abshir's. It was worse than a poor substitute. It was an insult to teenage spunk. She quickly disposed of the condom, washed her hands, and freshened up.

Uba went back to the dishes. As she cleaned and ordered the kitchen, her mind burned with thoughts of her son's semen. She moved into the living room to put on some television. But she couldn't concentrate. She sat staring at the screen, thinking about spoiled socks. Her husband went to bed. Her children went to bed. And she sat and sat, trying to decide what to do. She remembered the weight and feel of her son's wrinkly balls. He was so full of life. And then she fixated on the heft of his penis, the bumpy protuberance of his veins on her fingertips. She should never have given him those sex lessons. But she didn't know at the time that she would turn into an addict. She didn't know that those touches would haunt her.

It was late when she stood, turned off the TV, and switched off the lights. She adjusted her glasses. It was still light in the room, New York was right outside the window. She walked down the hall, intending to ready herself for bed. But she surprised herself when she passed her room. Her mind still drowning in thirst for sperm, she opened her son's door, slipped into his room, and closed the door behind her.



She opened the bottom drawer of his dresser, fished out a clean sock, and walked to his bed. She shook her son awake.

"Mom?" Abshire tried not to smile as she pulled him out of his dreams. This was what he'd been waiting for. And it had only taken three days. "You want my dick?"

"What? No!" Uba frowned down at him. "I brought you a sock. You can touch yourself." She tossed the sock onto his blanket above his chest.



"You said I wasn't supposed to touch myself." Abshir grabbed his glasses from his nightstand and put them on.

"I was wrong." She folded her arms.

"I haven't fapped for several days." He sat up, keeping the blanket on his lap.

"If 'fapped' means what I think it means, I know you haven't." Uba rolled her eyes. She was trying to play it cool, but her hands were trembling. "I'll leave now, so you can touch yourself."

"How do you know I haven't fapped?" Abshir couldn't hold back his grin. She was so wonderfully transparent. He hadn't forgotten how she'd violently rebuffed him. For revenge, he was going to make her squirm. She would be begging him before it was over.

"I ... um ... a mother just knows these things." Uba started toward the door and stopped. "I read some more books on healthy teenagers. And you need to touch yourself, Abshir. I'm sorry, I was wrong about it before."

"No, I think you were right. I felt great these past few days," he said. "Haven't you noticed my attitude?"

"No." This wasn't true. She had noticed he'd been more chipper and helpful lately. "You're eighteen. It's healthy for young men to ... um ... ejaculate. The books said you'll get backed up if you don't."

"Which books?"

"Books I ... um ... read in the library." Uba gave an exasperated sigh. *Am I really arguing that he masturbate when he actually likes abstinence? What kind of mother am I?*

"If you want to give me some more sex education, you can touch it." Abshir pulled down the blanket. His cock was barely constrained by his underwear.



Uba gasped. She took a step toward him then two steps back. "No ... no ... just ... touch yourself." She turned for the door.

"Wait, Mom." Abshir pulled down his underwear, pressed his dick into his belly, and lifted his balls for her to see. "I think you need to inspect them again."

"No ... Abshir ... we already did that. They're healthy." While holding the door handle, she looked over her shoulder. She wasn't weak enough to touch him again. She only needed another sock. That was all. "You can look at pornography while you unload yourself if you want. You have my permission. Goodnight." Uba raced out of the room before she did something really stupid.

Before bed, she masturbated furiously in her bathroom. But, again, it fell flat. Where before, she had climbed mighty peaks, now, her orgasms were more like boring, rolling hills.

Tense and frustrated, she finally slipped into bed next to her husband. It took Uba a long time to fall asleep.

