
CHAPTER 16
3838 WALNUT STREET

3838 Walnut Street 16

Illustrations by SatanicFruitcake

Written by RawlyRawls

This is a work of fiction written solely to entertain. If you want to read more of Rawls's work, please visit: https://rawlyrawls.com. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, businesses, companies, events, or locales is entirely coincidental. All characters in this work are 18 years or older. Enjoy!

Have questions about a story? Need to look up characters or past plot points? Check out the comprehensinve Rawlyverse wiki page
https://wiki.rawlyrawls.net/x/ujrplw

Also join our DISCORD server https://discord.gg/sqqmU8n4xu if you want to chat with us, ask questions, or post related stuff!

To see more SatanicFruitcake:

https://www.hentai-foundry.com/user/satanicfruitcake

Chapter 16
Stop It, Brian

June 17, 1940: Apartment 14D, the Blevin family.

Elizabeth knocked on the door. She stood in the fourteenth-floor hall with Natalie and Nancy. The three of them had spent a morning of orgasmic bliss in front of the Hungarian Lady. But now, they were washed, scrubbed, and outfitted in newly laundered dresses. While all three ladies had minds that were changed by recent events, only Elizabeth's body had filled out to better match the form of the statue in her possession. Natalie had to take some of Elizabeth's dresses to the tailor. Others were not as adjustable, so she procured new outfits for her mistress. Elizabeth was wearing one now, a stylish, knee-length number that glittered as she moved. She knocked again. When a dog started barking on the other side of the door, Elizabeth curled her lip in revulsion.



"Quiet Mitz!" Nora Blevin hustled to the door, picked up the poodle, and peered through the peephole. She saw her neighbors. "Now behave yourself, Mitzy!"

Mitz continued to bark as ferociously as he could at the door. When his mistress opened it, he switched immediately to low, threatening growls.

"Hello, Mrs. Norwood, Mrs. Creneling, and …" Nora recognized the third lady from the building but didn't know her name. She nodded to her and smiled. "What can I do for you?"

"May we come in?" Elizabeth tried to smile sweetly, but the dog was grating on her. She glanced down at the small, white thing. It had the temerity to bare its teeth at her! "And can you put Mitz somewhere out of the way?" She knew Nora and her husband had moved to New York after their children had grown and moved out. *How odd that spawn of a wolf would be so easily able to replace human children.*

"What is this regarding?" Nora looked the ladies over. They certainly did look respectable.

"Just a neighborly visit." Nancy smiled sweetly. "We'd like to discuss some issues with the building, expanding your mind, and … um …" She placed a hand on her mouth, her eyes widening in surprise. She had almost said something very untoward.

Natalie let out a nervous laugh. “I’m Mrs. Creech from the first floor.” She gave the older woman a curtsy. “Mrs. Creneling is always such a kidder.” She laughed again. “We won’t take more than five minutes of your time.”

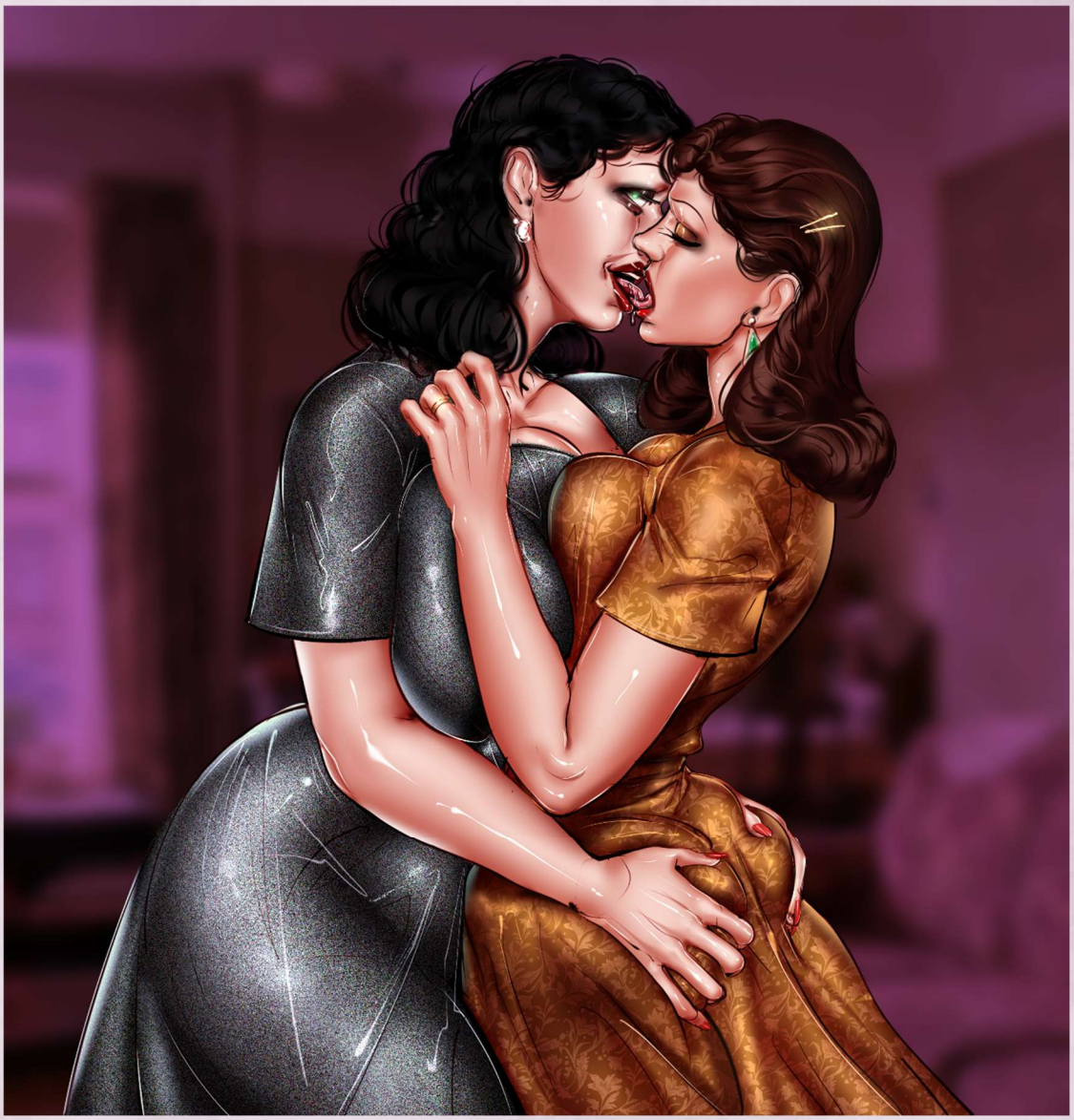
Nora sighed. “I’ll put Mitz away.” She dragged the still-growling dog toward the guest room. “I’m sorry he’s being disagreeable. He’s usually so friendly.” When she got the dog put away, Nora suddenly felt quite vulnerable. She told herself she was being silly. What was Mitz going to protect her from? Some silly ladies from the building? She smoothed out her dress and returned to let her guests into the apartment. She found they had invited themselves in. They were all standing in the living room with unnatural smiles on their faces. And for a moment, she could have sworn that their eyes flickered red in unison. Nora blinked, and the crimson light was gone. “So, what can I do for you ladies?”

“Is your husband home, Mrs. Blevin?” Elizabeth turned her attention to a small curio filled with knickknacks. *They’re collectors, too.*

“No, he’s out for the day. Do you need to speak with him?” Nora frowned.

“Eventually. But you’ll do for now.” Elizabeth turned toward Nancy, seized her in her arms, and kissed her deeply.

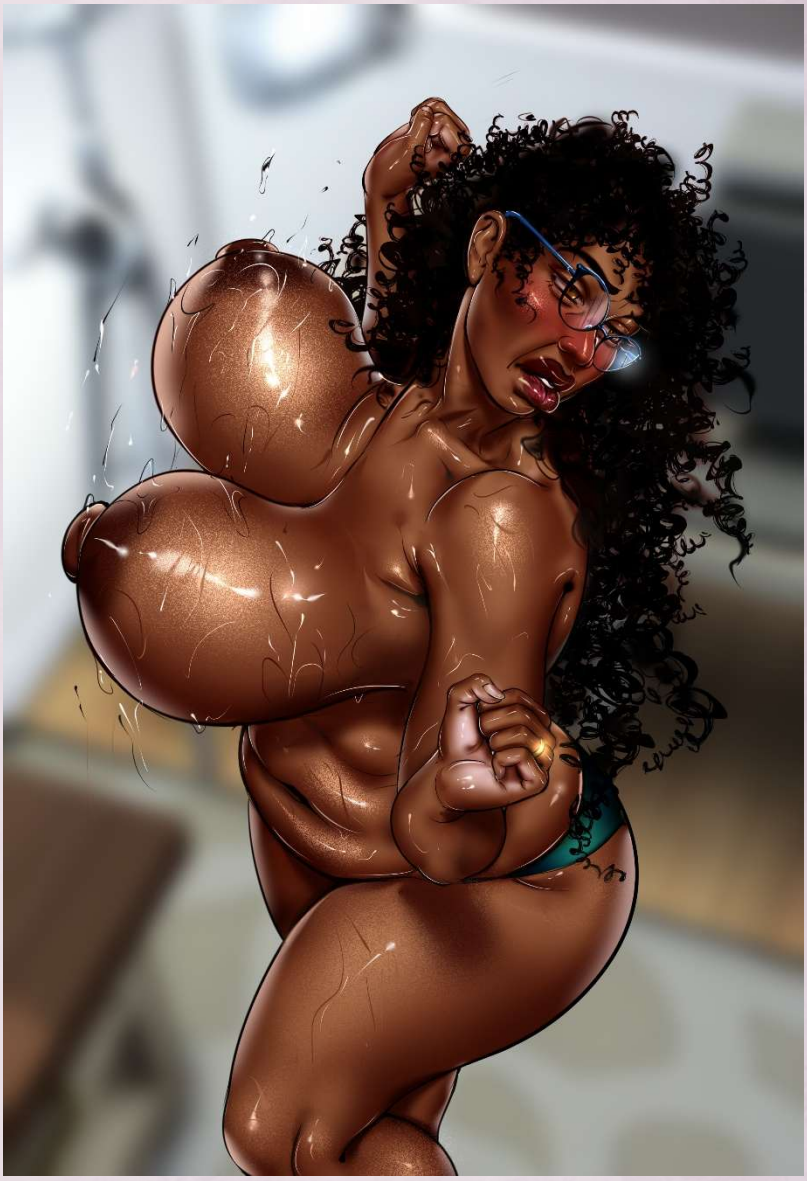
“Oh … my gosh! What are you doing?!?” Poor Nora was nearly beside herself. She’d never witnessed anything like what she was seeing. She stared in horror as the two women danced their tongues together. Both of them married, no less.



Behind Nora, Mitz barked savagely and scratched at the guest room door. But the small dog could not get out to help his mistress.

~~

May 1, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir family.



"I feel like … some other woman … in some other apartment … with some other man." Uba watched her son pleasure himself. Her eyes narrowed as she studied his two-handed technique. She had only seen her husband touch himself a handful of times. And he had never used two hands. *Because he couldn't fit two hands like Abshir is doing. The apple fell far from the tree here.*

"Less talk … more tits … Mom." Abshir grinned and pumped his cock harder.

"Don't speak to me like that." She shook her head. He had become so unruly. Mothering Abshir was now more like trying to control a hurricane or a tornado.

"Please … uuugghhhh … be quiet … and shake your breasts." Abshir tried not to laugh at her confused expression. "Move your … shoulders side to side."

"Okay, I'll do that for you." Uba felt ridiculous standing in front of him in only her socks and panties, shimmying her shoulders. The movement made her glasses slip. She pushed them back up her nose and glanced away from his veiny monstrosity. The sock was still lying on his desk. "You've been going for more than ten minutes. You must be ready to unload your burden. Shouldn't you use the sock now?"

"I'm not … that close."

"Well … um … that's hard to believe." Uba gazed back at the penis with its fat, domed head. The thing looked like it had been designed for mating. It was so long that it was sure to bump up against the cervix. And the head was shaped in such a way as to serve as a plug inside the woman, keeping the seed where it was supposed to be. She shivered violently, which made her boobs shake even more. She could see by the look on his face that this delighted her son. She frowned. "You must be close. How can you keep going?"

"Maybe if … you play with your … uuugghhhh … tits?" He winked at her.

"Out of the question." Uba's frown deepened. She stopped shaking her shoulders.

"You have … fat nipples … Mom. Are they sensitive?" Abshir took a quick break to squeeze some more lotion onto his dick. Then his hands went back to their long pumping motion, his top hand tightening around the sensitive spot just below the head on each upstroke.

"I fed you with these. Show some respect." She felt like folding her arms over her breasts, but she wanted to get this over with. And hopefully, her boobs were helping. "Use the sock, Abshir." *What will I do if he doesn't use the sock and spills everywhere?*

"I'll … uuuggghhh … use it when I finish." Abshir stared at her tits. He had sucked on those nipples years and years ago. And someday, she would birth a goddess who would drink from that same fountain. "Damn … Mom … you're hot." The sound of lotion squelching in his hands filled the room.

Uba was quiet for a while, listening to the wetness of his masturbation and the deep grunts of his happiness. She tried valiantly to control the way her body responded to him. But despite her best efforts, her pulse raced, her palms sweat, her belly fluttered with butterflies, and her vagina gushed. Time passed, and still, he didn't climax. Uba was beyond flustered. Finally, she spoke. "Okay … how do I … um … play with my breasts?"

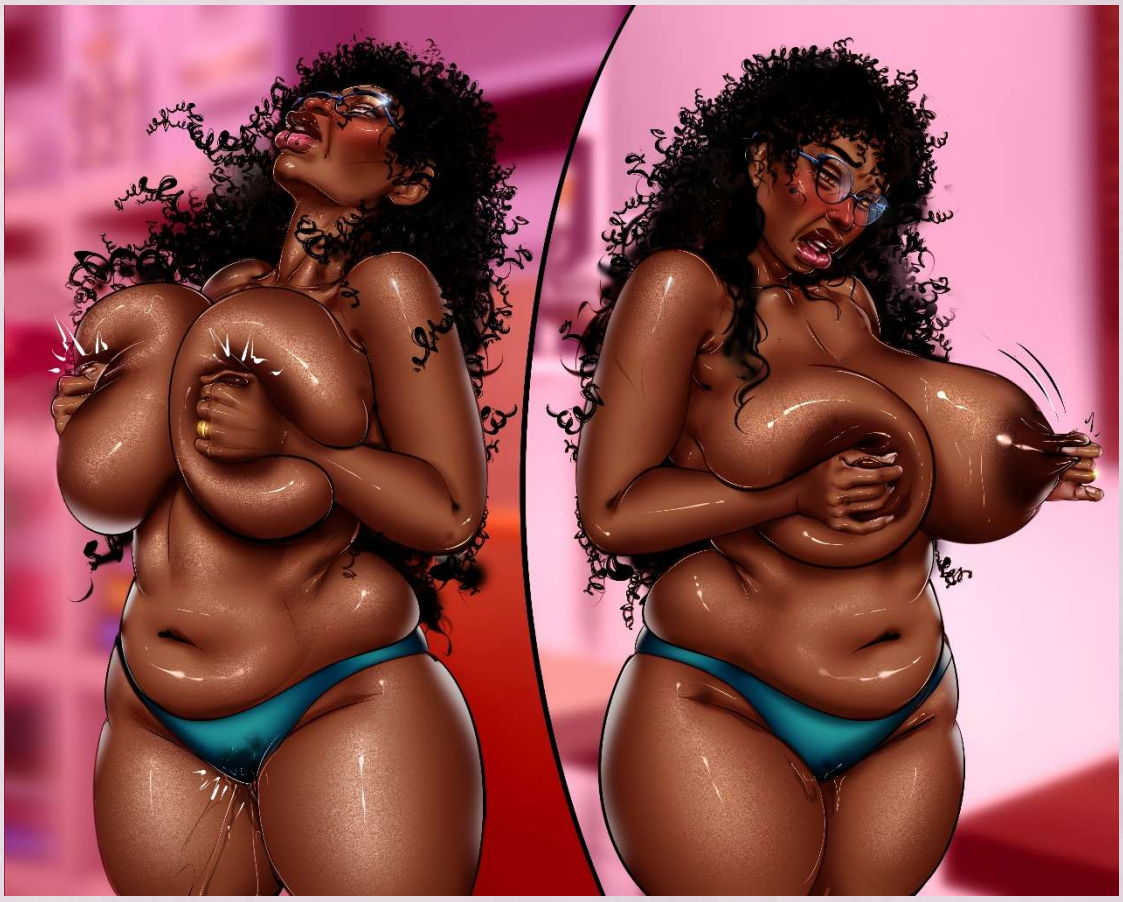
"Uuughhh … shit … that's a good … Mommy." Abshir laughed.

"Please behave, Abshir. This is hard enough without that sort of nonsense." Uba took a deep breath. "What do you need me to do so that you can finish?"

"Heft your … tits." His smile was broad and lazy. "No … not like that. Show me … uuughhh … how heavy they are. Slower … yeah … like that. Damn … Mom … best sick day … ever."

Uba felt like a fool feeling herself up, but she needed to feed his horny, teenage mind. "Why do you like them so much? I'm not what I once was, sweetheart."

"You look … like a goddess. I like hanging tits … it's like they were made … for milk." Abshir was finally getting close. "Pinch … and roll … your nipples."



"Okay." Uba did as he asked. Her frown disappeared, the creases on her forehead eased, and her mouth hung open. "Ohhhhhh … my." Her husband hadn't given her breasts much attention in the last decade or more. And she hadn't either. Even with her newfound zest for masturbation, she had focused almost exclusively on her vagina. But her nipples seemed happy for the attention. She arched her back as pleasure surged through her. "Ooooohhhhh … I'm rolling them … for you … Abshir."

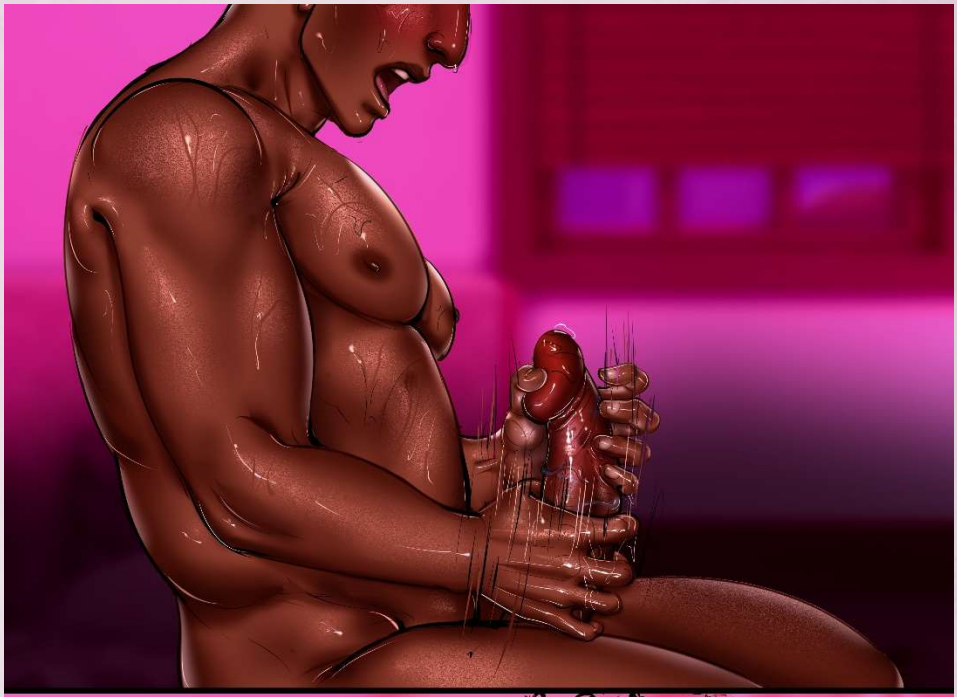
“Damn … Mom.” Abshir grabbed the sock and pulled it over his dick. Seeing the ecstasy on her face was too much. His hands were almost a blur as he finished himself off. “I’m cumming … aaaaaahhhhhhhh … cumming …”

Uba let go of her breasts. Her focus was heightened by the promise of his seed. Avidly, she watched him spasm and moan, his hips bucking as he climaxed. She could see dark saturation spread on the sock. A little at the top at first, then spreading quickly on the cotton material. “Good … good … let it all out.” Uba rubbed her hands together. “It’s healthy for an eighteen-year-old to orgasm. You’re doing great.”

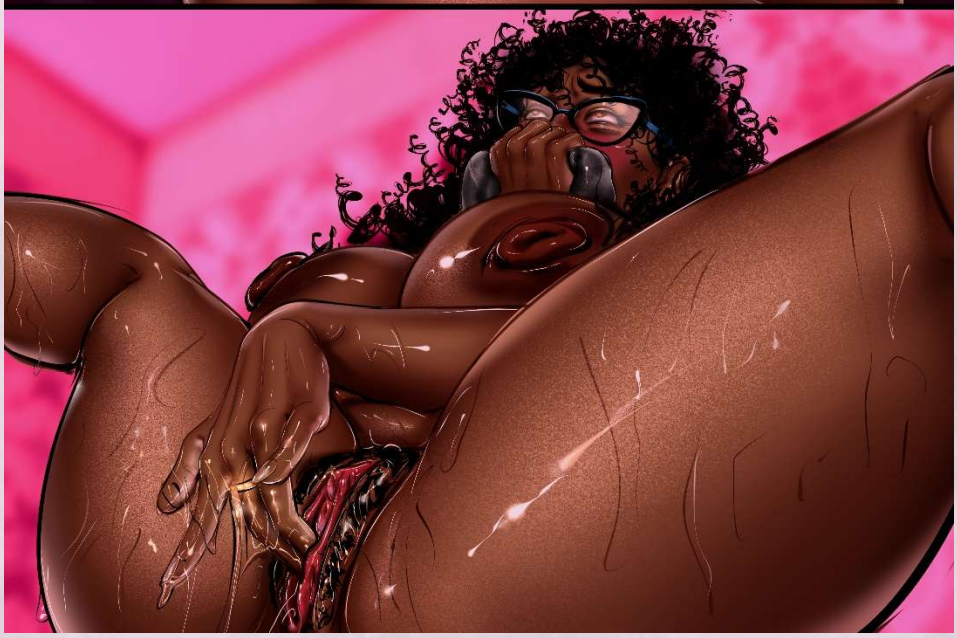
“Bevy … bevy … aaaaaahhhhhhhh.” With a final shudder, Abshir closed his eyes and let his mind drift in bliss.

“Okay … I’ll take this to the wash.” Uba didn’t even wait for his aftershocks to subside before pushing his hands away and pulling the sock off his penis. As she inhaled, her eyes rolled back. The overripe, fruity scent of fresh, teenage sperm was overwhelming. “Must … wash …” She stumbled to the door.

“Bye … Mom.” Abshir dreamily opened his eyes and watched her panty-clad butt jiggle as she left. His eyes also caught some wonderfully dancing sideboob as she turned down the hall.



Ten minutes later, Abshir gripped his dick again. He was still sitting on his desk chair, and he could hear his mother trying to stifle her moans in the bathroom. There was also the sound of her deep huffing breaths. She was breathing in the aroma of his cum like an addict. He could smell his own sock all the way from his room. On top of all that, the air was redolent of his mother’s excitement. The scent of her sweat and cum wafted through the apartment. *Next time, I’ll make her let me watch this part*. He was smitten by the way her face had looked when she’d rolled her nipples. He wondered what her expression would look like when she diddled her clit.



~~

June 17, 1940: Apartment 14D, the Blevin family.

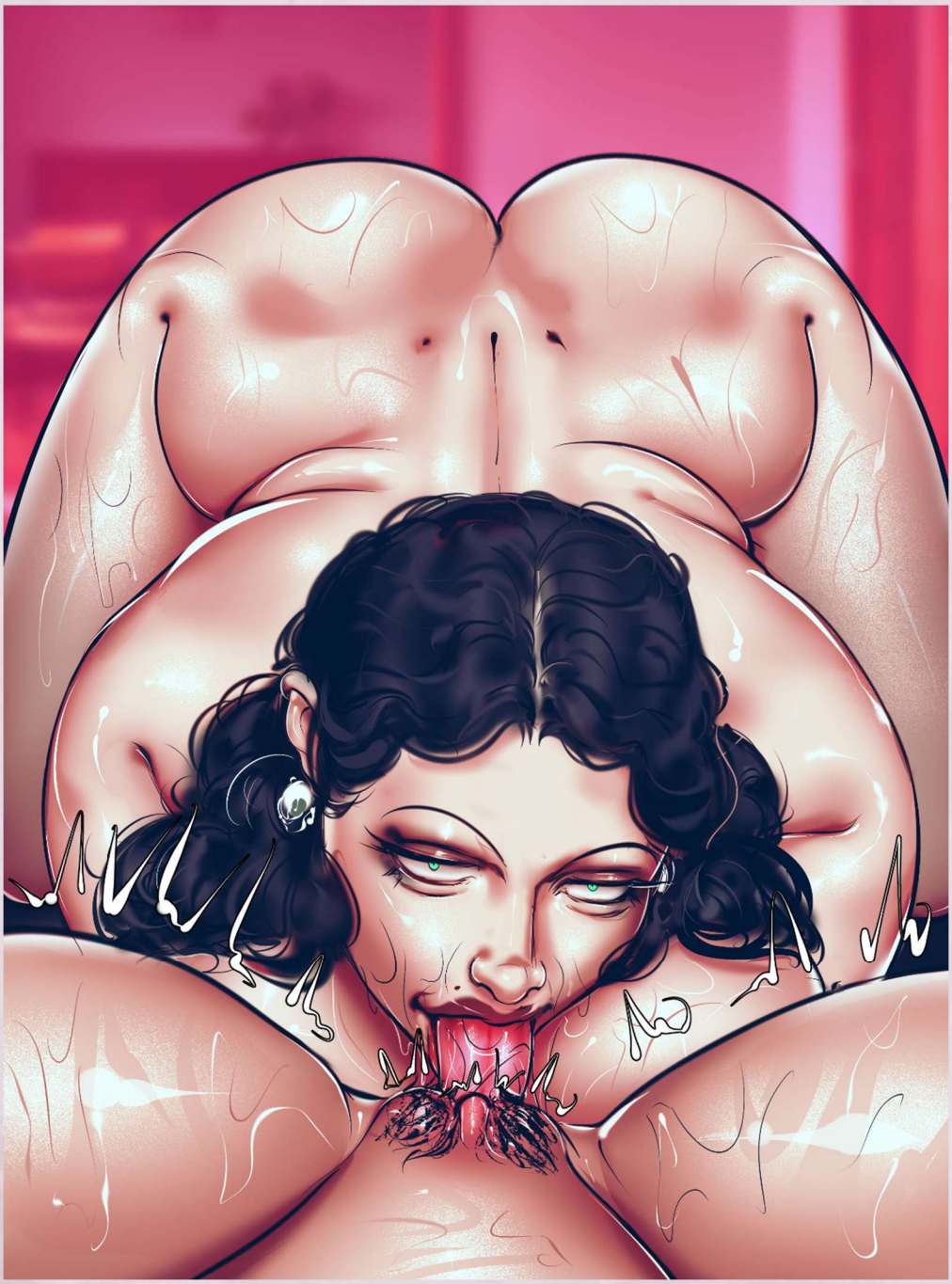
"Oooohhhhhhh … Mrs. Norwood … what are you doing … in there?" Nora was naked on the floor of her living room, lying on her back.

Natalie pinned one of her hands to the floor. Nancy pinned the other.

Elizabeth was on her knees, her alabaster ass up in the air. She was between Nora's legs, and her tongue was deep inside the woman's vagina.

Mitz frantically scratched at the guest room door, trying to free himself to save his mistress.

"I can feel it … worming its way … at the back of my … ooooohhhhhhhhh." Nora's eyes rolled back, her feet lifted high into the air, and her body shook. *Her tongue is so thick, long, and adroit! I never imagined that …* It was impossible to finish the thought, because her brain was overrun with pleasure.



After Nora's fifth orgasm, Elizabeth retracted her tongue and sat up. "You can let go of her now." She glanced at Natalie and Nancy. "Fetch me a towel for my face." She ran a finger from her forehead down the bridge of her nose. She was covered in the sticky product of Nora's ecstasy. As her assistants rushed off, she returned her focus to Nora. The woman was still on her back, her legs splayed. Occasionally, she would shudder and convulse within the widening gyre of her rapture. "I'm going to need this whole floor, it seems. You and your husband will grant me access to your apartment at all times. Are we copesetic?"



"Grrrrrrr … aaaatttttteeee …" Nora tried to focus on the woman, but the world swam around her.

"I think I'll have you over this afternoon to meet the Hungarian Lady." Elizabeth stood when her assistants returned. She took the proffered towel from Natalie and wiped her face.

Mitz howled in the guest room.

"You'll need to get rid of that hound, Mrs. Blevin. I can't stand that noise." Elizabeth cringed.

"No … more … doggie." Nora slowly nodded her head and tried to sit up.

"Get her dressed, Mrs. Creech and Creneling." Elizabeth went to retrieve her own dress, which Natalie had carefully folded for her and placed over the back of a chair. "She's coming back to 14B with us today."

"Yes, mistress," Natalie and Nancy said in unison. They helped Nora to her feet and began putting her clothes back on her.

~~

December 13, 1993: Apartment 12C: Rosalin Eklund.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Eklund, I don't think I feel comfortable going to your apartment right now. We both saw the wolf and …" Darby's face drained of color as she remembered the hungry way the beast had looked at her.

"Well, I don't think we have much time. The police are sure to be all over this building soon enough and …" Relief spread through Rosalin at the thought. *I don't need to collect my things. The police will be here. They'll question everyone about Elizabeth's murder. They'll come to this apartment, and I can leave with them. I don't care if they take me away in handcuffs.* "Never mind. It can wait." She sipped the coffee Darby had provided and tried to smile.

"Won't you take that gun off now? I'm not sure how I feel about having one in the apartment." Darby knew how she felt. She didn't like it.



"If that wolf comes back, you'll be thankful I have it." Rosalin frowned. Was there really an apex predator roaming the stairwell of 3838? How much of what had happened that day had been drug-induced hallucination? How much had been real?

"I suppose, but I …" Darby grew quiet when she heard her son's door squeak open. "Brian's awake." Her whisper was full of excitement, like a groupie that had just spotted her favorite band's lead singer.

"Mom?" Brian walked into the living room wearing only baggy shorts. He was yawning and scratching his scalp when he spotted Rosalin. His face immediately lit up. "You're here! That's rad! Ogganse said that … I didn't really think …" He grinned ear to ear. "So, you finally left your apartment."

"I was starving, Brian. I had to." Rosalin wouldn't tell him anything she didn't need to. The Kwons might be a nice family, but they had been swallowed by the cult. She was sure of it. Once the police arrived, she would let them do the deprogramming. In the meantime, she would try to keep things as easy as she could with her host family. "But your mother has been nice enough to take me in and feed me."

Brian looked at her holster. He cocked his head. “You have a gun?” His blood ran cold. It suddenly felt like someone was stalking him. “Are you a pig?”

“Brian! That’s not nice.” Darby frowned at him.

“I’m not a cop, Brian.” Rosalin eyed him warily. He seemed suddenly hostile in a way she hadn’t seen from him before. “I was just unsafe in this building. There’s … um … a wolf.” She could see him visibly tense when she said that.

“I saw it, too, Brian. It was horrible.” Darby nodded.

“So … you’re not here about the bevy?” Brian frowned.

“The what?” Rosalin caught herself looking at his well-defined abs. She moved her gaze back up to his eyes.

“Shit … I thought …” Brian glanced at the gun and shook his head. “After we kissed in the basement, I thought –”



“I have a fiancé!” The words came out of Rosalin’s mouth a bit more sharply than she would have liked. She reminded herself that she needed to get along with these people, at least for a few more hours. “You shouldn’t have kissed me, Brian.” She was amazed to find that after everything she’d been through that day, her body still had energy for embarrassment. She felt her cheeks heating.

“I think you’re not giving Brian a fair chance. I’m sure he’s a much better kisser than your fiancé.” Darby’s tone was suddenly cold. She stood and gave Rosalin a scathing look.

“Wait … what?” Rosalin didn’t know if she was still experiencing the effects of the drugs or what. Did Darby want her to kiss Brian?

“Look at him. His feelings are hurt.” Darby walked over and hugged her son tightly, running her fingers through his silky, black hair. “I’m going to take care of my son for a while, please make yourself at home.” With her arm around his shoulders, she led him to the door, stopped, and looked back. “I hope you’ll reconsider how you treat Brian. We’re lucky to be in his bevy.”



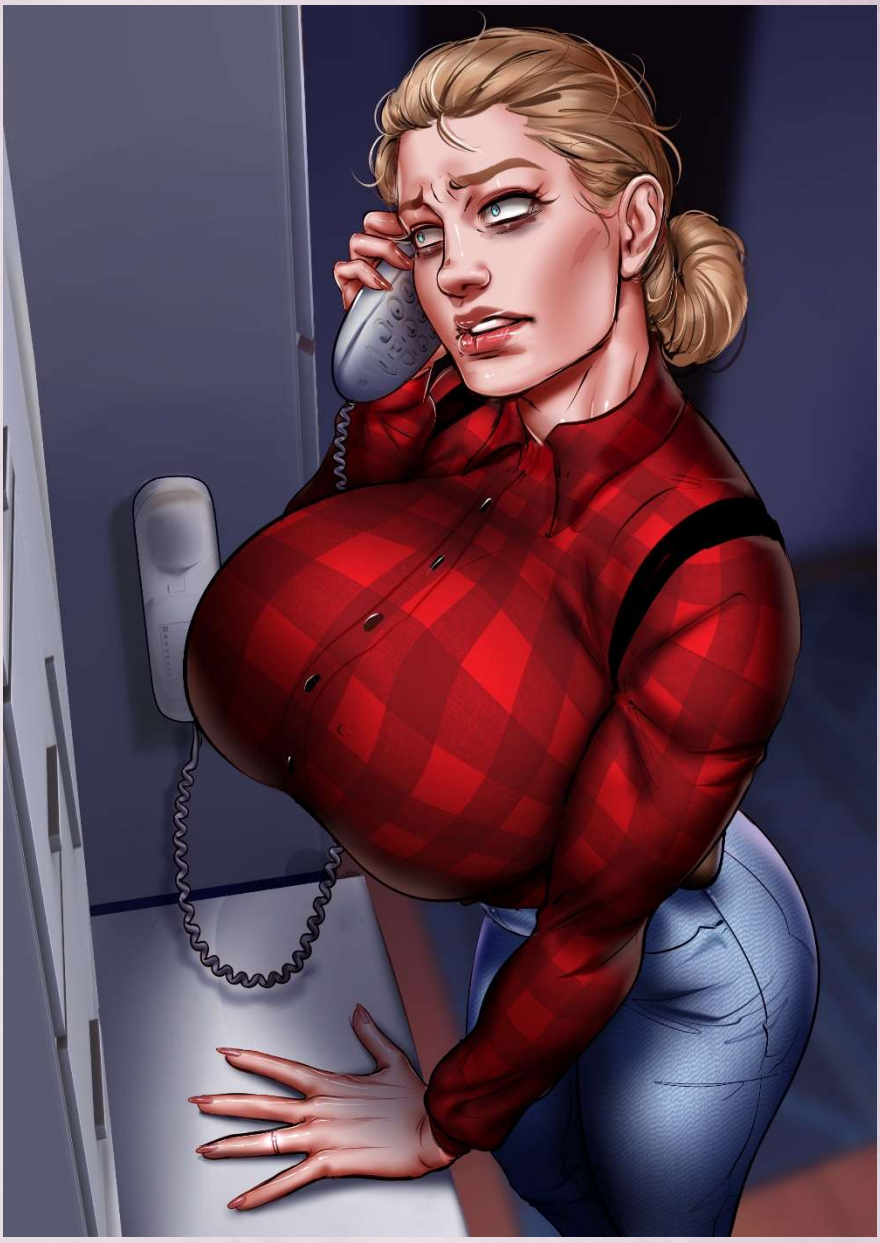
“What?” Rosalin’s mind was having a hard time reconciling what was happening with reality.

“I can handle things on my own, Mom,” Brian said.

“Of course you can,” Darby soothed him and led him down the hall. “But sometimes it feels good for Mommy to take care of her boy.”

Rosalin heard his door close. She absentmindedly sipped her coffee and stared at the wall. She realized she was alone. In a flash, she was up on her feet. Darby hadn’t let her use the phone when she’d asked earlier. She had said that she was waiting for a call. But now …

The phone was in the kitchen. Rosalin picked it up and dialed. Nothing. She tapped the disconnect button and listened. No dial tone. “Shit.” She tried again with the same result. Had the cult cut this line when they knew she was here? Did they know she was here!?! She was still fiddling with the phone when she heard yelling come from the other side of the apartment.



Drawing her revolver, she let the phone fall, dangling from its cord. Rosalin could hear Darby hollering. The woman sounded like she was in pain. *Did my arrival prompt Brian into some sort of violent act?* That didn’t make sense. She knew Brian. He was a gentle soul, even if he was misguided.

The screaming continued. It was bestial, rhythmic, and frenzied. It barely sounded like Darby. Rosalin checked her cylinder. She still had five shots. She snapped the gun closed and crept into the hall. Something heavy was banging a regular cadence on the wall. *What is he doing to her?*

Darby was wailing so loudly that her voice vibrated the framed family photos in the hallway.

Rosalin chewed her lip. It didn’t sound like pain. Her mind was slow to make the connection because of the violence of her day and … the fact that Darby was Brian’s mother. Maybe it was more the latter. It was inconceivable that they were doing what it sounded like they were doing. But now that her mind had unpuzzled the rhythmic thumping and screaming, it was becoming clear. Either it was the strangest, drawn-out murder in history, or they were having aggressive, feral sex.

Rosalin was right outside Brian’s door. She tried the handle with her left hand, her eyes on her engagement ring. She thought of the moment David had dropped to his knee and offered her that ring. How had she gone from the sanity of that day to the present?

With a twist of the handle, she opened the door. It swung in slowly, revealing mother and son fornicating on Brian’s bed. It was the headboard that was thumping against the wall. Judging from the deteriorating state of the drywall there, this wasn’t the first time it had done that. Rosalin could even see some of the studs showing underneath.

Darby was naked on her hands and knees, her large breasts swaying under her. She was looking straight at Rosalin, but she didn't seem to see the intruder. Darby's eyes were vacant and her mouth hung open. Her shiny, black hair fell around her face.



Brian was equally naked, gripping her hips tightly. He was slamming into her from behind with the thickest dick Rosalin had ever seen. Judging from the length of his strokes, it was also the longest. It was a wonder that it somehow fit inside a woman.

"No." Rosalin lifted her gun and pointed it at Brian. "This is incest. Stop. She's your mother."

Brian noticed his guest. He turned and smiled. Even when he caught sight of the pistol, he felt too good to do anything but grin. "What … are you … ugh … ugh … doing?"

At the sound of her son's words, some sense returned to Darby. She focused on Rosalin and let out a frightened shriek between wails of pleasure. "She's … got a … ah … ah … aaaahhhhhh … gun!"

"Stop … stop humping her." Rosalin had been trying to keep the peace with the Kwons. She supposed she'd just thrown that out the window. But how could she not? It was their fault for doing … what they were doing. "Stop it, Brian."

"You're not going … to shoot me … Rosalin." He gave her a nod of respect. He liked strong women, and she was proving herself to have a backbone forged of steel. She really was a great addition to the bevy. "We're not … uugghhh … uuugghhh … hurting … anyone."

"You're fucking your mother … against her will." Rosalin spit out the words, holding the gun on him.



"No … I'm not." Brian shook his head and continued to pound his hips into his mother's rippling ass. "Tell her … ugh … ugh … Mom."



"I want it … Ms. Ekland." Darby's eyes widened as she fought with ecstasy to maintain enough of her mind to communicate. Waves of pleasure surged from her vagina through every nerve in her body. Sweat dripped from her nose onto the sheet below. "Brian is … special … and what we're doing … is wild … and wonderful … oooohhhhhhh … and … eeeeiiiiiiiiii … and … and … he's going to … put a baby in meeeeeeeeee … a special … babyyyyyyyyyyy."

Rosalin stared in horror. Something had reduced this nice family to animalistic creatures. And Rosalin was trapped in their apartment. She lowered her gun. She was stuck there until the police showed up to investigate Elizabeth's murder. More dread rushed through her. Elizabeth's body wasn't where Rosalin had left it. *What if the cult covers up the murder? I could be trapped in here … forever.* Slowly, Rosalin backed out of Brian's room and closed the door. She stood in the hallway, breathing heavily and staring at nothing. The sounds of sex continued unabated through the door. She stumbled away.

A minute later, Rosalin found herself in the kitchen, trying the phone again. There was still no dial tone. She put her gun back in its holster. Did she dare make another run for it? No, that wouldn't work. She walked in a daze to the living room, sat on the sofa, and tried to come up with a plan. It was very hard to think with Darby screaming and begging Brian to "fill her up."

"Out of the frying pan, and into the fire." Rosalin stared out at New York through the windows. One of the ugly gargoyles stared back at her from the edge of the window frame.

~~

May 1, 2015: Apartment 12E, the Dahir and Marland families.

"You're so bad." Hani smiled at her boyfriend as he lowered his pants and underwear. He was lying on his bed, and his dick was very hard. "But, you know, I'd rather you took your top off. All those muscles need some fingers to massage them."



"My dick still scares you." Joe looked up at his girlfriend. She was standing next to his bed, taking off her hijab. She was still panting from running home through busy streets after school. They had to race to give themselves as much time as they could together.

"It doesn't scare me." Hani tossed her hijab over a chair, shook out her hair, and put her hands on her hips. She did her best to look formidable. "Do you know what happens to ladies that get friendly with monsters? No? They get devoured. I don't plan on letting your dick swallow me whole."

"It … can't do that." Joe frowned at her. "It's not a monster." His frown cracked, slowly turning into a smile. He was having a hard time suppressing giggles.

"That's what all monsters say." Hani laughed along with him. "Oh, don't worry. I'll play with it. But first, take your shirt off." She pulled off her dress, and jumped onto the bed wearing only her bra, panties, and socks.

"Okay, fine." Joe pulled off his shirt and laughed harder when she immediately rubbed her cheek on his chest and strummed his abs like she was playing the guitar.

"Ohhhhh … my hunky boyfriend … who lives down the hall … he took my heart … and that's not all," she sang, kissing his chest gently and feeling his muscles move and flex under her dark lips. She walked two fingers down into his pubic hair and up onto his shaft. She seized his dick and squeezed it. "Don't worry, I've got the monster under control."



"Damn … Hani … you do." Joe leaned back and let her stroke him with one hand, while she felt him up with the other.

Outside in the hall, Carrie pressed her ear to the door. Her eyes were wide and her hand was covering her mouth. *It's true. They're really not having sex.* She was relieved. But they were also doing … all sorts of other things. That was concerning! She could hear her son grunting in pleasure. She pulled her ear away from the door. *No mother should hear that.* Slowly, she put her ear back. *My sweet Joey sounds angry grunting like that. His voice is so deep. He really has changed.*

There was nothing for Carrie to do about the teenagers. They were both eighteen, and they weren't even having sex. But … it felt so odd letting them pleasure each other while she was home. She pressed her lips into a tight line. Her eyes went wide again. *The stuff Hani's saying! That girl has such a dirty mouth … and a dirty mind.* Maybe it was just that kids these days were different than in Carrie's youth. It wasn't like Carrie didn't enjoy sex. She and her husband worked their way through a bottle of Kama Sutra oil every few months. But still …

Carrie's eyes went even wider when her son grunted louder, announcing to his girlfriend that he was about to cum.

With a start, Carrie moved away from the door. Her body felt funny and tingly. She was acutely aware of a buzzing in her belly. Her stiff nipples were poking into her bra. She quickly retreated down the hall, her mind swirling. She was grateful that Joe was too big for sex. But at the same time, as a mother, her heart hurt for him. She wondered how he'd find a wife and a normal life. She wondered how much Kama Sutra oil he would go through when he did finally get married. She imagined he'd need a boatful.

