

CHAPTER 5



3838 WALNUT STREET

# FICTION *Rawly Rawls*

## 3838 Walnut Street 5

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## Chapter 5

### Its Growl Grew Louder

November 15, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family.

*This should be the fulfillment of everything that has been burning me up for months. I've wanted Mom so badly. Brian watched his mother awkwardly give him his first blowjob. It was clear she was unpracticed, but also determined to please him. To please Her. "What ... what am I missing? This should be perfect."*

"Hmmmppphh?" Darby looked up at her son as she rolled her tongue around the meaty head of his penis. She was in a stupor. The moment was wrong. *All wrong.* But the only way through it was forward. *I need to release his strange, massive, pulsing testicles.* To underline that thought, she dropped a hand from his veiny shaft down to his left testicle. It really was pulsing rhythmically. It beat with a quick, steady rhythm, like it was keeping time to one of the horrible songs her son listened to. "Hhhmppppp?" She asked again.

"Something's missing ... Mom." Brian knew it shouldn't feel natural to grip her black hair the way he was ... to have his mother's head so completely under control. "Maybe ... this needs to be ..." He released his mother's hair, picked up his trumpet, and began to play Nirvana again.



"Mmmmmppphh," Darby said angrily. Her motherly annoyance at her son could still pierce the veil of pleasure that clouded her mind. She removed the penis from her mouth, but continued to rhythmically pump him with one hand and massage his testicle with the other. "The neighbors are complaining ... and I'm doing this for you ... and you're going to keep playing ... that infernal instrument?"

Brian removed the trumpet from his lips, the last notes of the song still reverberating in the room. "You play *your* infernal instrument, and I'll play mine." He gave her a mocking smile.

"I'll stop, Brian. I ... um ... shouldn't be doing this anyway." She didn't stop her hands from pleasuring him. Even worse, when a dollop of ejaculate ... or pre-ejaculate - she wasn't sure which - rolled out of his penis head, she quickly licked it up. Her cheeks flamed with shame. "I really will stop."

"You passed that point a while ago, Mom. You're covered in cum, on your knees, and you're jerking my dick." Brian shrugged. "Don't be so stuck up. Play your music, and I'll play mine."

Darby furrowed her brows at him, but she also sucked his penis back into her mouth. Soon she had her eyes closed, bobbing her head in time to the corrupting music her son played on the trumpet. They were blowing a duet together. He was right. She wasn't going to stop. Her son had turned himself into an irresistible force. He was a beast. His thing was beastly. And she was ... she was ... no less an animal than he was.

*That's better! Mom's finally enjoying my music.* Brian turned his head to the side, so he could see the in-tempo blowjob.

He'd seen his mother dance a few times. It had always been awkward to watch. He had assumed she didn't have much rhythm. But here she was bobbing away like she relished the music. Her head moved in perfect time with the song. He upped the trumpet's tempo and watched her blow him faster. This was better than controlling her head with his hand. He now controlled her with his music.



The song ratcheted in intensity. It was building to something. Darby had been with enough men to guess what accompanied the crescendo. *But when?* She stopped her pumping hand for a few seconds to check her watch. This was already the longest sex act she'd ever participated in. Of course, her son had been ejaculating all day. She would have to do better to finish him off. She tried taking him into her throat like her husband had often asked her to do, but immediately choked and had to pull off his penis. "Oh ... gosh ... that's impossible." She looked up at her son, but he was still playing his music. The rhythm of it tugged at her again. Before she knew it, she was back sucking him in time to the music, careful not to take him into her throat again.

It took a while, but Brian was almost ready. His whole body trembled. He finally came to the climax of the song.

"Mmmpphh ... hhmpph ... hmmp ... hmmp ... mmmpphh ... hhmpph ... hmmp ... hmmp." Darby caught herself humming to the song around her son's penis. *What happened to me?* Before she could even ponder the question, she noticed that her son's lithe body was trembling. Every bit of him shook. *Oh, no. This is*



*it ... he's going to ...* And her mouth was suddenly overflowing with hot, salty semen. Even after his day's activities, there was so much of it. She could feel his testicle retract over and over, pumping his stuff through his long penis and into her mouth. On instinct, she tried to swallow, but her body revolted. She ended up letting go of him and falling back on the floor, coughing. That was how she found herself getting sprayed for a second time that afternoon.

Song over, the trumpet landed on Brian's bed with a thump. He had to admit, the music had gone a bit out of tune while he was cumming. He laughed, looking down at his cum-coated mother. "I have another ... in me ... if you want, Mom."

Darby looked up at him with frightened eyes. Now that she had caused his release, some clarity returned to her. "I don't understand ... I don't ... I don't understand ... what we just did, Brian. How could we?" She crawled backward until her head hit the wall with a thump. Her eyes went wider. "Your father. What do I tell your father?"

“Honestly, whatever you want.” Brian stretched. He felt like napping. He’d never been so satisfied. “I don’t care about him.”

“He’s your father, Brian!” She hissed. “Brian? Brian ... what have we done?” Darby felt her poor, slimy sweater. She was drenched. Her son was a rainmaker. She watched him climb into bed and curl up. Within a minute, he was snoring. Slowly, Darby rose from the floor. His room was a mess, but he would have to clean it himself. *I need to get out of here.* Darby turned for the door.

The next few moments were unclear to her, but somehow, she found herself back on the floor of his room on her hands and knees, lapping at the sperm sprayed there. It was so wonderfully full of life. Perfect ... salty ... life. She couldn’t help herself, even when she realized what she was doing, she continued to lap it up. Eventually, his floor was clean. Shakily, she rose to her feet again, listening to his heavy snores.

On trembling legs, Darby stumbled to the door and left. When she went to the bathroom, she barely recognized herself. There was sperm dripping from her nose, her chin, her hair. And it was soaked into her clothes. Quickly, she stripped and showered. She knew she had to do something about Brian. She needed help. But she didn’t know where to turn.



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February 28, 2015: Apartment 12C and 12E, the Marland and Dahir families.

"Hello, Mrs. Branch." Hani smiled at the pale woman waiting for the elevator.

Grace Branch frowned at Hani, passed her eyes over the young woman's hijab and the full coverage of Hani's dress, and shook her head. She entered the elevator and pressed the button.

Hani turned and smiled at the unfriendly woman, waving until the elevator door closed. "Mrs. Branch might be a tad racist," she said to the empty hall. "And her bangs are ghastly. Honestly, I've never seen anything more terrifying." There was tension in Hani's shoulders, but she laughed hard enough to chase any demons away.

Hani was halfway down the hall when she heard someone opening the door to the stairs. *Who takes the stairs up the twelfth floor?* Curious, she turned to see. "Oh ... my ..." She watched a shirtless Joe enter the hall. He was sweaty and breathing hard. It was less than two months since she'd met him, and he had filled out admirably in that time. He was still lean, but his little, hard muscles bulged and rolled with his movements. Hani's eyes went wide. "You ... um ... you have six-pack abs." She pointed at his stomach.

Joe stopped in his tracks when he saw her. His laugh was light and breezy. "Hey, Hani. I'm eighteen. It's the age, right? Don't we all have washboards?" He ran his hand over his stomach and strolled toward her.

"I don't." She smiled. "Abshir doesn't." She shook her head. "And I saw you with your shirt off in gym last month. You didn't."

"I've been working out." Joe leaned against the wall, enjoying the way her hazel eyes darted about behind her glasses. It seemed she couldn't pick a part of his body to settle on. "If you keep staring at me like that, I'm going to blush."

Hani pushed him lightly on the shoulder. "Stop that! When did you get so confident? When we met you, you were a nerd." She took in a deep breath, inhaling his musk. *Teenage boys are gross. He does smell disgusting. So why am savoring his scent? What's wrong with me?* Her knees were suddenly weak. A surprising feeling moved through her. She was *unsure* of herself.

"I'm still a nerd, girl." Joe waggled his eyebrows.

"Yes, I can see that." Hani barked out a nervous laugh. "What I want to know is ... um ..." She looked around. "Do you hear that?"

"Yeah." Joe turned toward the elevator, his brows furrowing in confusion. "What is that?" There was some sort of commotion getting louder and louder as the elevator rose through the building. He and Hani watched the dial move from nine to ten. "I have ... a bad feeling."

"Me too." Despite his strong smell, Hani stepped closer to Joe. She put her hands on his taut back muscles. He was slick with sweat, but she didn't withdraw her hands. The sound grew louder. It was impossible, but it reminded her of wild animals. The elevator dial went from eleven to twelve. The elevator chimed. The doors opened. Hani screamed.



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January 23, 1940: Apartment 14B, the Norwood family.

Floyd woke on the sofa. He sat up and stretched. It was a long shot, but maybe his wife would be back to her old self this morning. The sun shone in brightly through the windows. The sky outside was blue. It seemed exactly the sort of day where one would find that all the statue business had been a bad dream. He looked over at his wife's collection. No, the ugly goddess still stood there, rendered with limited skill by hammer and chisel. And he could hear the smacking of his wife's awful eating coming from the kitchen. The woman was truly an animal now.

"Maybe I should think about a divorce. Plenty of other fish in the sea," Floyd whispered. He cringed and eyed the statue. Had the thing's crude expression become more disapproving? Floyd stood and walked toward the kitchen. "Bernard? How did it go last night? Bernard?" There was no answer. Floyd made his way into the kitchen. He stopped in the doorway. It wasn't his wife making those horrible munching sounds. It was his servant. Natalie was hunched over a plate piled high with sausages, angrily gnawing at them.

"Mr. Norwood," Natalie hissed. Her dress was dirty and torn. Her hair was matted and wild. Her makeup ran down her cheeks. "I'm eating these." She hunched further, protectively covering her food.

"You ... don't eat our food." Floyd blinked. "You ... you have your own food. Downstairs."

Natalie suddenly burst into tears. "I'm sorry, Mr. Norwood. I'm just so hungry. And Mrs. Norwood said I couldn't leave."



"Where's your husband? Who's watching my wife?" Floyd tried to bring some steely resolve back to his voice.

"Bernard ... went down ... to 1A," Natalie said between bites. She had gone back to greedily eating the Norwoods' cured meat. "Mrs. Norwood is watching herself, I suppose."

"What is wrong with you people?" Floyd curled his lip in disgust as he watched her eat. "You're fired. You and Bernard are both fired."

"You can't ... do that ... Mr. Norwood." Natalie ate faster, moving as if her time was running out. "I told ... you. I can't ... leave. I can't ... ever ... leave. She put something ... inside me ... with her tongue ... and now ... I'm Her's forever ... and ever."

Floyd turned his head away. "I'll check in on my wife." He left the room, walked down the hall, and opened the door. He stood gawping for what felt like an eternity. His once slender bride was lying on her back on a cairn of broken furniture. Some sort of moss had grown over much of it, giving her a soft place for repose. Ferns sprung up in the room here and there. She was tilted to her right, and her massive breasts dangled that way. Her wide hips looked ridiculous to Floyd, the bottom one disappearing into a depression in the moss. Her hair was wild and her expression pensive. *My once graceful and fashionable wife has been replaced by a maladroit cow.* Her skin looked so very pale. Her nails seemed like daggers, as if she hadn't trimmed them in a year.



"Good morning, my erstwhile husband." Elizabeth's voice was a purr.

"Ahem." Floyd recovered himself enough to talk. "So, we're agreed then. It's a divorce. I want you and all your things out by the end of the day." He couldn't bear to look at her, so he cast his gaze out the window. Two gargoyles posed on either side of the windowpanes, looking in at him with malevolent expressions. Those creepy bits of façade hadn't been in those positions before, he was sure of it.

"Not agreed, dear." Elizabeth shook her head. She blinked, and a bemused expression spread on her ashen face. "Run ... Floyd, Run!" She spat out the words in a hurry. "Run!"

"Excuse me?" Floyd's face pinched. "What are you ...?" His wife wasn't as maladroit as he'd supposed. She leapt from her mossy bed and perched on the wall, her clawlike fingernails tearing holes in the wallpaper. He straightened his spine. "You will not frighten me, Liz." He worked hard to keep the quiver out of his voice. While her udders were huge, hanging sideways toward the floor, and her hips and butt had expanded, he could also see that she had muscles rippling under the skin of her arms and belly. "What are you?"



"Me?" Elizabeth's smile was eager and full of anticipation. "A woman ready for her first sacrifice." She sprung off the wall, sailed through the air, and swiped her husband's throat with her claws.

"Gggggbbbbblllllllllll," he blurted. Floyd put his hand just above his tie. He pulled it away and looked at it in wonder. His fingers and palm were painted crimson. He tried to speak again, but couldn't make any sound but a gurgle. He looked over at his wife in confusion. She was crouched next to a fern, staring at him with interest. Floyd held out his red hand to her, fell to his knees, and pitched forward into the room. His blood slowly pooled, feeding the wild that had grown there.

Natalie walked down the hall into the doorway, took in what had happened, and screamed.

"Quiet, woman." Elizabeth snarled at her.

Natalie went still, barely breathing.

Elizabeth stood and walked to Floyd's prone form. He'd stopped gurgling. She nudged his shoulder with her bare foot, but he didn't move. "It isn't working."

"What isn't working, Ma'am?" Natalie was breathing again, her whole body trembling.

"It isn't working." Elizabeth's claws retracted. She held out her hand and grasped Natalie by the breast, pulling her into the room.

With a little shriek, Natalie stepped over her dead employer, letting her mistress drag her to their mossy cairn.

"We have started it wrong. This is wrong." Elizabeth lay back on the bed. "But we'll get it right. In time, all pieces will fall into place." Elizabeth guided Natalie's lips down between her legs.

"I don't want ... mmmppphhhhhh." Natalie only struggled for a moment before she began lapping. All thoughts of the horrid murder fell away from her.



“That’s my pet.” Elizabeth stroked Natalie’s hair. “Together ... we’ll figure this out together. Oooooohhhh ... yes ... right there ... good girl ... right there ...”



Other tenants on the fourteenth floor wondered what could possibly be howling in their Manhattan building. It had been happening all night, and now it was back. Some would ask for an exterminator. Some would ask for a priest. One even sent for the police. But by the time the officials arrived, no one could hear it anymore, or locate the source.

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February 28, 2015: Apartment 12C and 12E, the Marland and Dahir families.

If it wasn't for Hani screaming in his ear, Joe would have thought he was dreaming. A doe jumped out of the elevator, stumbled, hit the wall, and charged toward the shocked neighbors. Another doe was right behind the first. A moment later, a stag burst from the elevator. All three deer galloped down the narrow hall. Joe turned, embraced Hani, and huddled her against the wall, putting his body between hers and the animals. Hooves thundered so loudly as the animals passed them that Joe could barely hear Hani's screams.

"Eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii!" Hani could barely comprehend what was happening as bounding brown fur passed them, and the hall shook. It felt like an earthquake. It felt like 3838 would topple to the street below.

A searing pain lit up Joe's shoulder. He cried out, but didn't release his neighbor. The stag had clipped him with its antler. But the beast quickly passed them. Joe eased up as the cacophony of charging animals faded. He watched their white tails disappear through the open doorway to the roof. *That door is always locked. Why is it open? Why are there fucking wild animals in here?* The deer were gone. He stood, helping Hani to her feet.



"Thank you ... thank you ... I ..." Hani looked at the still open elevator door. A deep growl emanated from inside it. "What's ... that?" She barely noticed Joe's blood as it ran from a gash on his shoulder down his back and over her fingers. A wolf entering their hall had taken most of her attention.

"It's a big ... fucking ... wolf. I read that ... they were big ... but ..." The hallway reverberated with the creature's growl. Its eyes had a faint crimson glow as they turned toward the humans. "Is your apartment unlocked?" Joe backed them down the hall, away from the wolf. His apartment was in the direction of the predator, so he didn't want to take them that way.



"I have a key," Hani squeaked. Terror had almost stopped her brain from working, but she managed to rummage in her dress pocket for the key. She walked backwards, staying behind her friend as he backed them up.

The wolf lowered its head and tensed. Its growl grew louder.

"My door ... my door ... I forgot ... how to use a key." Hani's brain finally gave up. She held out the key to Joe.

"Right ..." Joe took the key and continued backing them up. The wolf stalked them at the same pace, keeping about thirty feet between them. Joe didn't dare take his eyes off the thing. The reserve of confidence he'd been building lately had been almost completely depleted by the sudden appearance of mad chaos in his apartment building. He knew that his old self would have already been huddled on the floor in the fetal position. He knew that because that was what he desperately wanted to do. "Keep ... moving ... Hani."

"He's going to ... eat us," she whispered.

"No ... I think he wants the deer. We're just between him and ..." Joe gulped. "... what he wants." Finally, they reached apartment 12E. Without looking at the knob, Joe struggled to get the key into the lock.

The wolf stopped growling, paused its stalking, and cocked its head.

The key made a horrible sound of metal scraping on metal.

The wolf let out an earsplitting howl.

"It's in." Joe felt the key fall into place and the lock give way. He turned the knob, and the door opened. He pushed Hani into her apartment just as the wolf charged. Joe dove in after Hani, landing on top of her on the entryway floor. He covered her with his body as best he could, trying to protect her. He braced himself for the pain of canine teeth. The howl still rang in his ears as he heard the heavy thump of paws grow louder and then grow fainter. The sounds died down. He wasn't eaten. Still on top of his friend, Joe looked over his shoulder. The hall was empty. He barked out a sudden laugh. *I'm not dead.*

Hani joined in his laughter. She couldn't help it. All the energy from her terror ran out of her in chiming guffaws. She reached up and turned his face toward her. She left streaks of blood from her fingers on his cheek, but she couldn't bring herself to worry about that. "You ... saved me! You're not ... a nerd ... you're a big ... fucking ... hero!" She said through her laughter. Tears ran down the outsides of her eyes into her hijab.

"Nerds ... can be heroes." Joe liked her. He liked himself. *I'm glad I saved us. I am a big fucking hero.* He smiled down at her. She looked ecstatically beautiful in the throes of cathartic laughter. He dropped his lips to hers, silencing them both. He surprised himself by darting his tongue into her mouth. She surprised him when she responded by dancing her tongue with his.

The last few minutes were hard to keep track of for Hani. In the span of a short time, she'd discovered that her friend was hot. A zoo had sprung up in her apartment building. Her friend had saved her life. And now they were making out like there was no tomorrow. She dug her fingers into the warm, slick skin of his back. She could feel his hardness growing against her hip and belly. Her hands dropped down to his shorts, gripping his ass. It was skinny, but strong. Like the rest of him.



Joe's hand ran between the two of them, massaging her belly. He found her to be wonderfully soft, with a slight curve to her tummy. When his fingers reached her tits, he was surprised by how heavy they were. She hid her body well, he supposed. He kneaded them. His hips began rhythmically moving on their own.

"Mmmppphh." Hani's brain finally started working again. She realized she was making out with Joe on the floor with the front door open behind them. Gently, she pushed him off and sat up. "Just because you saved my life, doesn't mean I'm your girlfriend, dude."

"No ... I know ... I just." Joe sat next to her, trying to read her expression.

Hani smiled. "But I guess it does get you a nice grope, doesn't it?" She thrust her chest in his direction. "One more as a special thank you?"

“Um ... sure.” Joe reached out and mauled her tits with his hands. *These have been hiding in plain sight all this time? Awesome.*

“Try not to look too pleased with yourself.” Hani giggled. “Sorry about the blue balls I’m about to give you.” She brushed his hands away and stood. “Did all of that really happen? Do we call animal control?” She steadied herself with a hand on the wall. “Don’t answer that ... shit. Look at all that blood.” Her dress was ruined. She took a deep breath and stepped over to her friend and inspected the cut on his shoulder. “It’s not deep, but I should clean it and put on a bandage.”

“Florence Nightingale much?” Joe stood and followed her to the bathroom.

“I like to dabble in Nightingale play.” She sat him on the toilet lid and collected supplies. “Still doesn’t mean I’m your girlfriend.” She squeezed antibiotic onto the wound, listening to him hiss in pain. “That might sting.”



"Thanks for the warning," Joe said through gritted teeth. "Is anyone else home?" He probably should have asked that before making out with her on the floor for ten minutes.

"Dad's on a bike ride. Mom's at work. And Abshir is off somewhere. He said something about the basement, but I doubt he's just hanging out in the laundry room on a Saturday." She cleaned around the wound with a wet towel and applied a bandage. "You might want to have a doctor look at that. I don't know anything about stitches or anything."



"Thanks, Hani." Joe stood. They were both covered in blood and sweat, but they were exchanging warm smiles. "I know you're not my girlfriend. But I like you." *I guess my confidence wasn't that depleted.* "Can I see you without your hijab?"

"There's no way I can do that. It's against the rules." Hani frowned at him and pulled off her hijab. "I hate rules." She shook out her hair. "What do you think?"

"Wow ... your hair is awesome." Joe wanted to touch her flowing, black curls. But he could sense it wasn't the right moment. Instead, he nodded with approval and gave her tit one last, playful squeeze. "You're gorgeous. If you ever decide that someone saving your life qualifies as boyfriend material, let me know."

"I will, dummy." She extended onto her toes and kissed him on his pale, bloody cheek. "You've got what looks like a massive boner," she whispered. "Go home, get yourself cleaned up, and take care of it." She laughed when he looked down at his crotch with a startled expression. She wagged a finger at the tent in his pants. "No, you can't have one of our pillows again. You still haven't returned the last one you used to hide your boner."



"Who said anything about hiding it?" Joe laughed. "I like you, Hani. I'm glad we didn't die."

"Me too. Now get out of here. I have to clean up before my family gets home." She pushed him out of the bathroom toward the front door.

"I'm going to be thinking about you while I take care of it in the shower." He looked over his shoulder at her as she playfully pushed him through the apartment to the front door.

“I know. And please don’t act like you’ve never done that before.” Hani laughed. “I know men. You’ve probably thought about every woman you know while jerking, including your mother.”



Joe was silent while she pushed him out into the hall. He turned around and waved. “Bye.”

Hani rolled her eyes, smiled, and closed the door on her bloody friend.