

CHAPTER 6



3838 WALNUT STREET

# FICTION

## Rawly Rawls

## 3838 Walnut Street 6

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## Chapter 6

### I Heard Something Behind the Door to 14B

November 19, 1954: Apartment 4F, the Lavey family.

"Oops ... I spilled my beer." Billy was sitting in his father's reclining chair, watching a football game.

"I'll help you, Billy." Betsy ran into the living room. She was showing now, but still trying to fit into her normal housedresses. It was maybe a little difficult for her to admit to herself that her son had gotten her pregnant. The tight garment slowed her down a little.

"No ..." Billy stared at the way his mother's dress bulged around her growing belly. "No, go get Dad to clean it up." He lowered his trousers and underwear. His heavy, turgid cock sprang into view. Its veins were such a dark blue color that they looked almost black on his pale skin. He slowly began jerking himself. "You can't clean my mess. You'll be making a new one."

"Yes, I will." Betsy's heart fluttered as she took in the sight of the monstrous thing between her son's legs. "Would you ... like to put it inside me ... too?" Her voice was filled with a breathless hopefulness.



Billy laughed. "Maybe, Mom. But get Dad to clean the carpet before it stains."

Without another word, Betsy hustled as quickly as her tight dress would allow down the hall and knocked on her son's room. "Harold. Billy needs you to clean up his mess in the living room. He spilled his beer ... um ... your beer ... on the carpet." Betsy still wasn't sure who owned what in the apartment. Harold had always been in charge. But lately, he seemed nothing more than a servant.

"Okay, I'll be right there." Harold's defeated voice came through the door.

Betsy didn't wait for her husband. *Is he still my husband? Is he really?* A momentary squall of confusion passed over her face. Then, she thought about her son's penis waiting for her in the living room, and her smile returned. She hustled back to Billy, sat on the arm of her husband's recliner, and took over penis duties from her son. She shooed away his pumping hands and replaced them with her own. "Ooohhhhhh ... Billy ... it makes me so happy ... to make you happy." She pumped the long, thick pole with acumen she'd gained from months of burnishing his steel. "You sure I can't just climb on? I'm already wet."



"You're always wet." Billy brayed out a harsh laugh. "You're always wet, Mom."

"That's not true." Betsy frowned but continued her avid pumping. Squeezing his stiffness on the way up and loosening her grip on the way down as if she was milking him. *I am milking him. And I'm good at it. Just as a mother should be.* "It's not true, Billy. I'm only wet when I'm around you. You ... drive me crazy."

"Enough talk. I'm trying to watch the game. Suck it." Billy put a hand on her head and bent her face down to his dick.

Still sitting on the arm of the chair, Betsy bent awkwardly and gave him a well-practiced blowjob. She had been such a greenhorn when she'd first started fooling around with her son's manhood. She barely recognized that woman from months ago. Now she could get almost all of him down her throat. Just the way he liked it.

"That's ... uuuggghhh ... good ... Mom." Billy clutched his mother's brown hair, keeping her pace going, as he watched football over her bouncing head. When his father came in and started mopping up the carpet, Billy glanced over. "Hey ... Dad ... you're good at cleaning ... right?" His father didn't respond or make eye contact. Billy laughed. "I think your talents ... uuuggghhh ... are wasted as a doorman. I'm going to see ... if Mrs. Creech ... might make you a janitor instead. Would you like that?"



Betsy pulled her head off her son's lap. She wiped her mouth and looked with pity at Harold. The poor man was obviously cleaning as fast as he could to go back to his son's room. "Be nice to your father, Billy. We've done our best ... giving you everything you could want. He picked this apartment after all."

"I think I *will* take your pussy, Mom." Billy leered at her.

“Oh ... yesssssss ... that’s good news.” Betsy struggled to unbutton her dress as quickly as possible.

“But I’ll only put it in if you tell Daddio what sort of man he is.” Billy’s grin broadened.

“Well, I married him because he was handsome and a good provider. Until ... until ... you took his place ... I thought he was ... um ...” Betsy’s fingers slowed down as she struggled to give her son what he wanted without hurting Harold. “He ... um ... is very good at cleaning your messes, Billy.” She glanced quickly at Harold, but the man didn’t look back. It seemed he was done cleaning, but still, he crouched on the floor. They all knew he couldn’t leave until Billy had had his fun.

“Tell him, Mom.” Billy smacked her bra with his palm, enjoying the heavy resistance of her tit. When her dress was off, he pulled down her bra and played with her darkening areolas and nipples.



“Oh ... aaaahhhhhhhh.” Betsy arched her back as pleasure surged through her breasts and into her body. “He’s old ... Billy. He lost me to you. You’re the young buck. You’re my future.” She could see that what she was saying wasn’t enough for her son. As she pulled her panties to the side and straddled Billy, she looked directly at her husband. “You’re old, Harold. Your penis is ... not good enough. I thought I enjoyed it once, but I didn’t know what sex really was. Not until ... until ... our son pulled me up onto the ceiling. Now, I know ... now ... I ... knoooooowwwwwww.” She lowered herself onto her son’s giant penis, feeling the electricity of his presence inside her. “Ooohhhh ... Harold ... you’ll never know ... what it’s like ... ooohhhhhh ... he’s inside me ... along with the baby he put in there ... they’re both ... in my belly ... and it feels so good ... it makes me ... want to cry.” True enough, tears of joy ran down her cheeks. Her hips started undulating as her son took her right nipple into his mouth. She arched her breast into his face.

Mother and son humped without words for a long time as the football game played across the living room. After a while, forgotten, Harold slunk out of the room. He would need to find a janitor’s uniform. He was eager to be the best janitor the building had ever seen. He desperately needed to please Her. It was his place now as the deposed stag.



February 28, 2015: Apartment 12C, the Marland family.

When her son returned from his jog covered in blood, Carrie screamed. She thought he was dying. When he explained that he'd run into wild animals in the hall, she thought he was insane. When he went to show her where it had happened, there was already a janitor finishing up steam cleaning the carpet.

"Hello, Mrs. Marland." Hank Breaming tipped his cap to them and turned off the cleaner. His old joints were stiff, and he was eager to go sit down. But he stood at attention, as he always did when tenants were present. "Hello, Joey. I've finished cleaning your spilled pop."

"My ... pop?" Joe turned to his mother. "It's blood. I don't know what he's talking about. Three deer and a wolf, they came right through here and went up to the roof." He pointed at the locked door, pulling his mom over there. The door was locked. It didn't budge.

"Nobody goes through that door. It always remains locked. Building management has its rules." Hank shrugged.

"Why ... why are you lying? What are you covering up?" The old Joe would not have confronted someone so directly. But lately he'd discovered a much lower tolerance for bullshit. "There were animals, Mom. I didn't even see Mr. Breaming. There was no soda."

Hank gave Carrie an apologetic shrug that said *boys will be boys*.

Carrie frowned at both men. She nodded to the janitor. "I'm sorry Joey created more work for you. I don't know what's gotten into him lately." She grabbed her son by the elbow, trying to find a spot on his skin not smudged with blood. "I assume you got into a fight on your jog? Was it boys from school? And then you celebrate your barbarity by drinking pure sugar? Where's the can?" She led her son back into their apartment. She closed the door and wheeled him around to face her. She found herself fighting her gaze as it wanted to drift down to his perfect abs. *He took his time, but he certainly is blooming. Why do I have to create such perfect men?*

"Look ... Mom ... I'm not sure what's going on ... but ..." Joe chewed on his lip. He should have been terrified standing in front of her anger. But he felt fine. If anything, he had to fight the urge to return her aggression. He needed to be smart about this. "I'm sorry. It wasn't a fight. I slipped and fell in the park. Someone was nice enough to give me a bandage." He bent his bare shoulder toward her. "I shouldn't have lied about drinking a soda. I just know about your junk food rules."

"I'm not surprised. You've been eating so much lately. You'll throw anything in your mouth." Carrie could feel herself gaining control of the situation. "Is this something you've been doing a lot of? Sneaking around with soda, I mean."



"I'm sorry. I won't lie to you." He smiled. "Which means I should tell you that Hani and I kissed."

"What?" Carrie's eyes widened, her anger forgotten. "Were you ... um ... was it ... ugghhh ... well ... are you dating?" Suddenly, she found herself biting her fingernails. It was a terrible habit, but if her son could sneak sodas ...

"Mom, she was very clear that she's not my girlfriend. You know how Hani is." Joe laughed and walked toward the bathroom. "I'm sorry for lying to you. It won't happen again." Both of those statements were lies. "She *did* take off her hijab for me." He stopped in the bathroom doorway and looked back at his mother.



Carrie stood nibbling on her fingernails, her questioning eyebrows raised. "Was she ... pretty without it?"

"She's gorgeous, Mom." All of Joe's confidence coalesced inside him. He stood in the doorway, practically posing for his mother, giving her a great view of his sweaty and bloodstained torso. "Do you think I should make her my girlfriend?"

"Oh ... I don't know," Carrie squeaked. All of a sudden, her son was beaming out charisma. She felt like she might melt in its wake.

"Yeah, I think so, too. She's fun to hang out with, and she's got a great smile." He winked at his mom and entered the bathroom.

"Oh ... a twelfth-floor romance it is." Carrie didn't know how to feel at the moment. It was much easier being angry with her son than ... whatever this was. Her legs trembled as she went to her bedroom and locked the door.

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August 22, 1994: Investigation into the disappearance of Rosalin Ekland.

Leaning on a tree across Walnut Street from 3838, Nathaniel scowled at the building. Each one of the gargoyles on its façade seemed to be leering at him, mocking him. The building manager, the haughty Mrs. Creech, had kicked him out of the building two weeks ago. He had been “bothering” the tenants. Since then, he’d staked out the building, alternating shifts with other detectives from the firm. They hadn’t seen Rosalin. They hadn’t seen any of the Ostrows. Strangely, they hadn’t even seen Mrs. Natalie Creech exit the building. It appeared that many tenants never left 3838. He counted only about three-fourths of his unofficial building census out on the sidewalk over the past few weeks. And the only staff that he saw brave Greater New York were the doormen. Who, he discovered, also served as bagmen for groceries and whatever else the agoraphobic tenants and staff needed.



It was a very odd building. Odder even than Rosalin’s reports described. Early in the investigation, he’d hoped to find her diary. He knew she kept one. Everyone at the agency did. But it wasn’t among her things.

Among the agoraphobic tenants were the Kwons. Rosalin had mentioned that family at length. She’d used their teenage son as a source of information, and she seemed to have a friendship with him. But Nathaniel had never gotten an answer when knocking on 12C. Even though Mrs. Creech said they still lived there. And since his stakeout, he hadn’t spotted anyone that matched their description. Of course, there was an Asian man about the father’s age and height in the building. But he was a doorman. So, he couldn’t be Greg Kwon.

Nathaniel frowned at the gargoyles. Something very strange was going on. But he couldn’t sink his teeth into it. Fortunately, their client continued to pay. And Nathaniel would keep looking as long as he could. He couldn’t let a building swallow one of his colleagues whole. Not on his watch.

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November 29, 1954: Apartment 4F, the Lavey family.

It wasn't often that Billy left the apartment. But some days he liked to get out. He enjoyed holding his mother's hand, or her ass, as they walked down busy sidewalks. He wanted the world to know she was his. On this excursion, they were coming back from the park when Billy sensed something behind him. He squeezed his mother's ass more tightly and pulled her wide hip to his. "Do you smell that?"



"I smell ... the market we just passed." Betsy looked over at him, their faces inches apart. Her son looked ... worried. That was something she hadn't expected to see. At least, not recently. "What's wrong?"

"We're being followed." Billy's voice dropped an octave. "Hurry." He sped up, but his mother was having trouble keeping up with him. She was in heels, and her dress was too tight. They dodged around pedestrians, Billy practically dragging her. A block down the sidewalk, Betsy lost her footing and fell. Billy was so distracted that his normally quick reflexes were slow. He didn't reach out for her as she tumbled forward.

A young man in a well-tailored, dark suit was passing in the other direction. He reached out and caught Betsy.

"Oh ... my ... thank you!" Betsy righted herself with the man's help. When he released her arm, she smiled.

Billy stopped next to them, his eyes looking behind, studying the crowd.

"You look to be about my son's age." Betsy frowned, recognition forming in her mind. "I've seen you before."

The young man tipped his hat to her. "I believe we live in the same building. 3838?" He gave her a wolfish smile. "I'm Bradley Dodgson from 9B."

"Mrs. Betsy Lavey." Betsy gave him a slight curtsy. "And this is my son, Billy."

Billy didn't feel like he was being hunted anymore. He gave a sigh of relief and turned his attention to the newcomer. "Bradley? Yes, I've seen you around." Billy put his arm around his mother again, squeezing her into him. "You're one cool cat. These sidewalks can be dangerous. Thanks."

"Glad to help, daddio." Bradley tipped his cap again, his gaze flickering to Betsy's burgeoning belly and then back to Billy. "You should keep your eyes on this Jane Doe." He nodded to Betsy. "You're right. It's a dangerous city."

"Yeah, thanks." Billy nodded and pulled his mother back toward their building. He felt unsettled. Maybe he would flaunt his mother in public a little less often.



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March 10, 2015: Apartment12E, the Dahir family.

"Oh, hello, Abshir." Uba found her son eating all alone in the kitchen. "Don't eat too much, you'll spoil your appetite for dinner." She doubted this was true, her son seemed to be a bottomless pit. Despite this, his body was slimming a little. She adjusted her glasses and tried not to stare at his noisy, smacking lips. "Is your sister home?" She sat in their small dining alcove, picking the seat that was as far away from her son as possible.

"Hani's out with Joe. I think they're in the park." Abshir shrugged and pulled his hand out of the cereal box. He closed the lid and leaned back in his seat. "Dad's still at work." He smiled. "How was the shop today?"

"Exhausting." Uba lifted her hand up and held her hijab but didn't pull it off. She didn't like the way her son was looking at her. She removed her hand, leaving the hijab in place. "You ... um ... promised me that you wouldn't look at me like that anymore." He had apologized for his inappropriate behavior several times, but he continued to make her feel uncomfortable.

"Look at you which way, Mom?" He stared at the swell of her breasts under her modest dress.

"Why aren't you with Hani and Joey?" She frowned. She still had her purse over her shoulder. She swung it forward and held it so that it covered her breasts.

"Third wheel." Abshir shrugged, adjusted his glasses, and moved his gaze back up to his mother's beautiful, if disapproving, face. "They don't want me."

"Is something going on between them?" There were so many things to worry about since they'd moved into the building. Her children were misbehaving. She liked Joe, but she didn't trust her daughter out with a man somewhere in New York. "Mrs. Marland seems to think that Joey likes -"

"What do I care?" Abshir blurted.

"Don't be rude." She wagged a finger at him. "You and Joey are friends. I like that the three of you -"

"Do you and Dad have sex? I mean ... I've been listening at night. All I hear is you two watching TV and then going to sleep." He adjusted his glasses and pressed his lips together, waiting for a response like it was a perfectly normal question.



"I ... I ... you're listening ... at our door?" Uba didn't know where to begin with this new insanity.

"I'm listening from my room. But I can hear perfectly fine from there. I can even hear the neighbors doing it sometimes. Mr. and Mrs. Marland have sex almost every night. But not you." He shook his head.

"You ... you can't possibly hear the Marlands. They're down the hall. What are you saying?" Uba wished her husband was home. Her son had become so difficult and was worse when they were alone. "Why don't you run out and find Hani and Joey?"

Abshir adjusted his glasses and watched her closely.

Uba looked out the window. With such an unruly teen, it was hard to appreciate the beauty of their apartment. She was always so flummoxed. She stared out at the park, letting the sight of it relax her.

"So ... " Abshir held out his hands, palms upward.

"So ... what?" She continued to look out the window. She wanted to look anywhere but at her son.

"So, do you and Dad still have sex?" Abshir stood up and folded his arms, waiting.

"That's none of your business," Uba whispered.

Abshir couldn't believe what he'd gotten away with so far. His mother was letting him say whatever he wanted. The voice in the basement had been right about ... everything. He cleared his throat. "Sex is a really important part of life. And neither of us is getting any. Want to make a deal?"

"No," she squeaked. *Where is my authority? I should tell him to knock this off.*

"No deal?" Abshir smiled. He was going to push things further and see just how right She was. "You don't even know what I'm offering." He unbuttoned his pants and slowly lowered his zipper. His mother's eyes darted to what he was doing, but she didn't do anything to stop him.



Uba cringed. *What is he doing? What is he doing?* Her purse was still over her shoulder. She clutched at it, the weight of it felt reassuring and familiar.

“Let me show you what I’d put on the table for a deal.” Abshir, in wonder that he was actually doing it, pulled down his pants and underwear. His mother gave a little yelp when she saw his long, heavy penis hanging between his legs. It was soft, but still quite a sight in its somnolent state. He lifted it and dropped it on the table with a satisfying thump. “This is what I have to offer, Mom.”



“You’ve gone insane, Abshir.” Uba’s whole body tensed. She stared at the ugly appendage, with its heavy, bulging veins and strange domed head. *I brought that repulsive thing into the world?* She couldn’t bring her gaze away from the penis. “You need help.”

“You need to touch my dick.” He spoke with such confidence.

Uba shrieked, pulled her purse off her shoulder, and assaulted the penis with it. She swung the heavy bag in an arc and it landed directly on the penis with a loud smack.

“Oooowwwwwwoooooo!” Abshir howled and jumped back. Still crying out, he waddled out of the room with his pants around his ankles, and his hands between his legs.

Trembling, Uba went to her room and locked the door. She would wait for her husband to return home and then tell him everything.

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November 17, 1993: Apartment 9B: Diary of Rosalin Eklund.

I'm breathless as I write this. I finally used my stolen copy of the key to gain roof access. But, of course, there was a hidden floor between 12 and the roof. I found the chapel.

Before going, I made sure Mrs. Creech was on the first floor. Then, I waited on 12 for a while, but saw no one. Then, I used the key and went up the stairs. The hidden floor was labeled 14, but I suspect that was done before it was closed off. No one wants to live on the thirteenth floor.

I moved slowly and cautiously. Investigating everything. The door to the chapel was open. It used to be apartment 14E, based on the ancient sign next to the door. I didn't find much inside.



The chapel has no walls, only support columns were left here and there. Pews line the wood floor, pointing toward a stage at the far end of the space. The windows are covered, but I didn't dare try the lights. There were unlit candles all about the room. Enough light did come in through the open door from the hall to see a crude, stone statue of a goddess on the stage. The creature is depicted with ... ample proportions. I had my camera with me, and I took pictures. I'll

develop them tomorrow and send copies to the firm. Something strange is going on here. The wood on the stage was stained a rust red in front of the statue. I've seen something similar in the den of the Bloomfield Killer. I fear the Ostrows may never have left the building. This is looking more and more like a dark cult.

After I finished in the chapel, I tried the other doors in the hall. All were locked. I was starting to suspect that the floor is vacant and used only for ... whatever happens in the chapel. But then ... I heard something behind the door to 14B. A woman was wailing inside. I almost forced the door to rescue her, but then the voice changed. It became more animal than human. It wasn't in distress. It was ... making some other kind of noise. I shiver even now thinking about it.

I left the floor quickly. Nobody saw me.

This building may be a much more difficult case than I assumed. I'll need to talk to Brian. I doubt the Kwons know what sort of place they're living in. But ... most tenants are probably aware. I need to figure out which of them attend chapel services. And the ones that do not need to be warned. Until I figure that out, I can't trust anyone. Anyone except for Brian. I was a fool to punish him with silence for so long. We're friends. He's a teen, and he lost his cool with me. That could happen to anyone. I hope he's okay. He's so sweet and innocent. I wonder what he's doing right now.

November 19, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family.

"Brian ... please ... we can't keep doing this." Darby looked over her shoulder at his closed door, rubbing her hands nervously on the front of her turtleneck sweater. She breathed in deeply. The smells of sweat and sperm should have made her run, but instead they offered a ballast to her troubled mind. "At least ... we should stop ... until you see the counselor."

"You're beautiful, Mom. You're mine." Brian stood naked in front of his clothed mother, his dick jutting out proudly in front of him. "We've finally found something we can do together." He picked up his trumpet and held it in front of him. "This makes us happy. How is a counselor going to improve on this? Is there anything in the world better than what we've been doing together?"

"It's ... not right." Darby shivered as her fingertips lightly caressed the horribly bloated penis in front of her. "That infernal music ... isn't right."

"But when I play, you can't stop." Brian laughed and lifted the trumpet to his lips. He played Cannonball by the Breeders. Thirty seconds into the song, his mother's head was bobbing on his dick in time to the music. She cupped his balls in each hand, squeezing them in rhythm.

*Oh ... gosh ... we're doing it again. And I can feel his testicles pulsing to the beat. How is that possible? What's happening to us?* But her questioning mind soon shut down, her thoughts lost to the pleasures of feeling what a man he'd become and the haze of the music they created together.

"Mmmmmm ... mmmpphhh ... mmmmpphh ... mmmhhh ... hhhhmmmmhhmmmm." She hummed the song around the giant head of his penis.

Brian didn't put down the trumpet until he'd played a whole set with his mother. When his climax arrived, he tossed the instrument away, arched his back, and screamed. He didn't care if he was bothering the neighbors. He didn't care if his mother's ears were already ringing. He let out his cry of ecstasy and triumph without reservations. The voice in the basement had been right. He would follow Her to the ends of the Earth. Although, he was happy that it seemed Ogganse had no interest in his leaving the building.



Oh ... my ... gosh ... oh ... my ... gosh ... oh ... my gosh! Darby swallowed and swallowed his hot, salty stuff. Her son was a never-ending font of sperm. Her belly was already so full, and yet spurt after spurt continued. Each time she did this, it drove a wedge into her marriage. She should have told Greg everything the first time she'd performed oral sex on their son. Once was understandable. But now ... how could she explain that she was doing it multiple times a day?



“Aaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Brian’s muscles flexed and his body arched like he was leaning into a strong gale. His mother was busy gulping down his cum – a skill she had finally acquired hours before. His mother loved his music now. He barely had any reason to leave 3838 Walnut Street. He could stay there happily forever.