

CHAPTER 7



3838 WALNUT STREET

# FICTION *Rawly Rawls*

## 3838 Walnut Street 7

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## I Know How it Happened the First Time

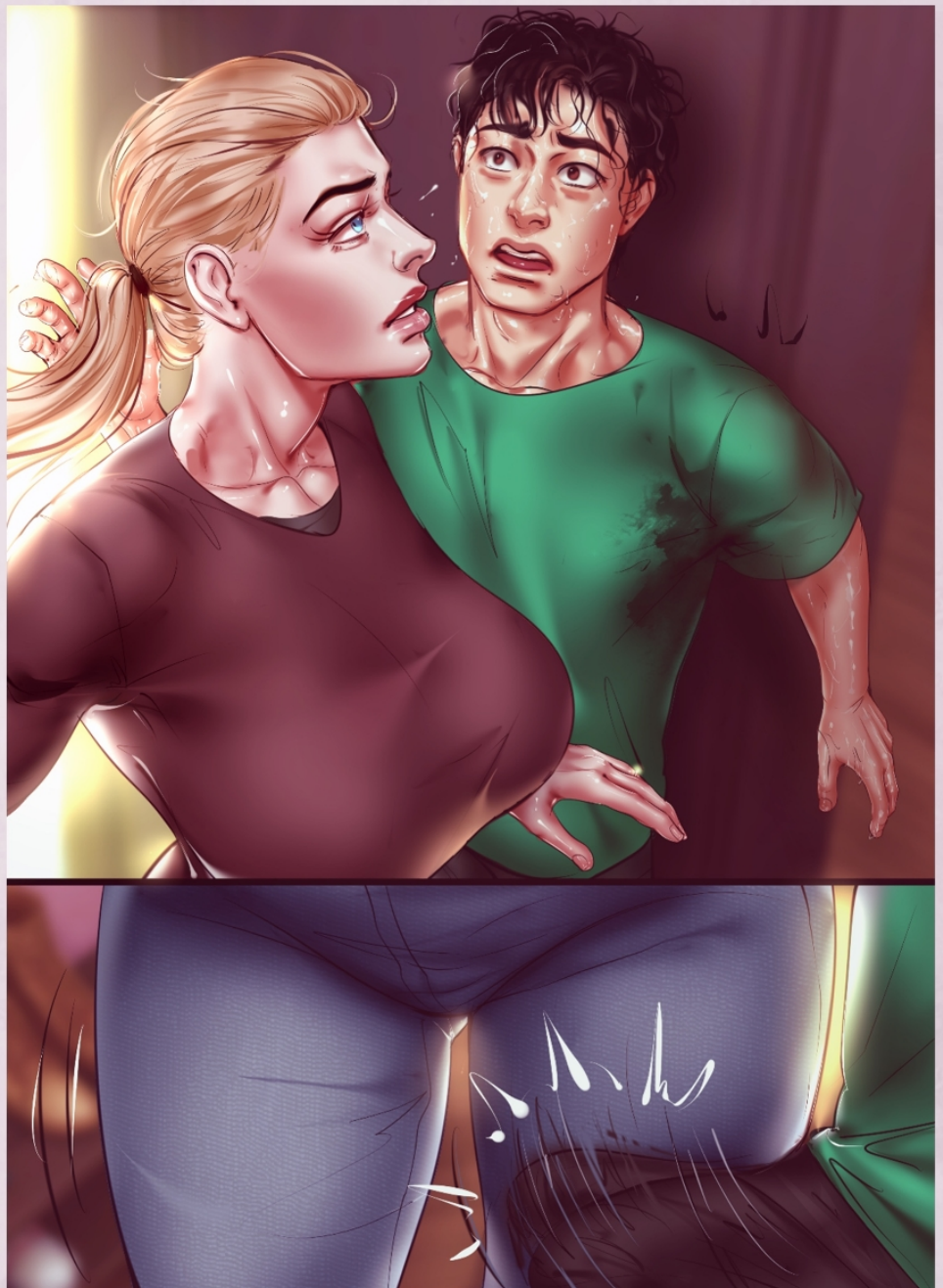
November 20, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family.

Rosalin knocked on the door to 12C. It was the middle of the day and loud trumpet music vibrated from inside the apartment. She thought Brian was playing something from Nirvana, but she couldn't quite place the song. Rosalin knocked again and waited. Then she rang the doorbell and waited. Then she rang it again. Then she leaned on the bell. Finally, the door opened, and Brian stood looking at her with his brow furrowed in confusion. He was sweaty. Rosalin knew that playing music could be a workout. He wore baggy shorts and an oversized t-shirt. He must have just put those on, because they weren't yet soaked with sweat.

"Rosalin?" Brian's hair was sticking every which way. He absentmindedly flattened it by running his fingers from front to back. "What's ... um ... what's up?"

"Look, Brian. Can I come in?"  
She pushed past him into the apartment. She was so grateful to talk to her nineteen-year-old friend, that she didn't register the hard, heavy thing in his shorts that bounced off of her hip. "I went up to the thirteenth floor. And I took pictures. But my camera went missing before I could develop the film. I think someone burgled my place. I haven't left the building in days. When I was up there, I heard something in 14B, Brian, it ... um ... sounded barely human. And I \_"

"Whoa ... chill, Rosalin." Brian closed the door. "We haven't talked since ... the basement. I think you need to catch me up on what ..." He paused as his mother walked into the room. Her mascara was running down her cheeks, but she'd cleaned the cum that had been running down her chin a few minutes before. "Oh, hey, Rosalin, this is my mom, Darby."





"Call me Mrs. Kwon, please." Darby's smile was dazed and distant. "I've heard a lot about you, Rosalin. How nice of you to stop by. Would you like some tea?" Without waiting for a response, Darby stumbled into the kitchen.

"Nice to meet you, Mrs. Kwon," Rosalin said loudly. She lowered her voice and leaned toward Brian. "Is she okay?" She'd worked cases where people had been on drugs. Darby looked to be high as a kite.

"She's fine. I was just playing music with her. She really gets into it." Brian sat on the sofa with a view overlooking the park.

"Oh ... what instrument does she play?" Rosalin sat on the other end of the sofa. She was still wary after the kiss in the basement, but it was good to see her friend.

"She mostly hums along," Brian snickered. "So, what was all that about earlier?"

"Well, I think you and your family are in danger." Rosalin pressed her lips tightly together. "I think there's something evil in the building."

Brian shook his head. "That's just Her. And she's not evil. She's the reason Mom and I have gotten so close. She wants me to be the father of ..." Brian's eyes narrowed. "You went up past the locked door? How did you get up there?"

"Wait ... who wants you to be a father? Are you dating someone, Brian?" Rosalin tensed. *Am I jealous? He's a teenager. And I love Dave.* She wished she could leave the building to go see her fiancé, but ever since her camera had been stolen, she hardly dared to leave her apartment. The only times she'd exited 9B in the last few days were to drop off her reports in the building's outgoing mail, and to visit Brian now. To make matters worse, she couldn't call Dave, or anyone, because her phone line was down, and the maintenance staff needed to wait for the phone company to fix it.

"Yeah, sorta ... kinda dating someone." Brian nodded. "Oh, hey, Mom. Thanks for the tea."

Darby walked back into the living room carrying a tray of tea things. She served each of them with colorful cups, put the tray on the coffee table, and sat in an armchair close to Rosalin.

"So, Mrs. Kwon, how do ... um ... you like the building?" Rosalin sniffed the air. Darby smelled funky. Like sweat and ... something else. Something ripe. She stared into Darby's distant, brown eyes. *Is the cult drugging her? Are they planning to make the Kwons members or sacrifices?*

"I like it dear. At first, things seemed to be so chaotic here." Darby smiled and sipped her tea.

"But then, it became less chaotic?" Rosalin sipped her tea. It was some sort of green variety, hot but good. She relaxed a little.

"No." Darby shook her head slowly. "I embraced the chaos, I suppose. For a long while, I was literally trying to throw cold water on Brian's teenage behavior. But then I let him be himself, and now ... I don't know ..." A sudden clarity came into Darby's eyes. "Everything's different."

"Mom, you're embarrassing me." Brian watched his mother over the rim of his teacup.

"Have you been crying, Mrs. Kwon?" Whatever relaxation the tea had brought to Rosalin quickly disappeared. Her hackles were raised. Something was definitely wrong in the Kwon house. "Your mascara is running."

"Oh ... how silly." Darby wiped under her eyes with a tissue. She put down her teacup and stood. "I'm going to go freshen up. You two enjoy yourselves." She left the room.

"What's going on, Brian? Your mom is acting ... really strange." Rosalin put down her tea. She was suddenly worried she'd been drugged, too. Putting a finger to the inside of her wrist, she checked her pulse. It was normal. Her mind hadn't slowed. *I'm being paranoid.* But it was hard to argue with what where probably years of bloodstains in front of that statue upstairs.



"Don't be a bitch." Brian stood. He was suddenly angry. "My mother isn't strange. She's rad. She's the best mom ever."

"She's what?" Rosalin leaned away from him in her chair. She was taller than Brian, and she outweighed him. But she reacted to his ferocity.

"We haven't had sex. She's uncomfortable with that. And ... she only wants to blow me when I play music. But we will eventually. Once she's comfortable. Once ..." The cadence of Brian's words grew more rapid. "You don't believe me. You think I'm a loser that couldn't even fuck his own mom!"

"Brian ... I ... came here to save you from -" Rosalin's eyes were wide, her nostrils flaring. *What is that smell? What did he just say?*

"Stay there." He pointed at her. "I'll show you. I'll show why we should trust Her."

Rosalin watched him rush out of the room. Something odd happened right before he got to the door. He leapt, turning sideways. *Did he just ... climb along the wall?* She blinked her eyes. She must have been seeing things. *The tea was drugged. I need to leave.* But she sat and waited as she'd been commanded.

"Well ... Rosalin ... he wants to show you. As you are about to see, it's hard for me to say no to him. It's been such a whirlwind." Darby reentered the living room and got to her knees in front of the window. "I haven't told Greg, my husband, about this. You have to promise not to tell him." Darby paused. "Or anyone else."

"I ... um ... what's going on?" Rosalin couldn't understand why the housewife was waiting on her knees. "Are you about to pray with Brian?" She really was too late. *The Kwons are already part of the cult!*



"No ... we're not praying." Gone was all the dazed silliness Darby had shown before. Now, she looked quite pale and serious. She had cleaned up her mascara and put on a new turtleneck sweater. "I wish he didn't want to show you. But he does. And I just can't say no to him. I -"

Trumpet music started from another part of the apartment. It was lively, with a steady beat. Darby started bobbing her head to the rhythm, her worried face relaxing.

"I don't understand. Are you ...?" Rosalin's jaw dropped and her eyes went wide when Brian reentered the room. He was, of course, playing the trumpet. To Rosalin's stupefaction, he was also stark naked and dancing like a male stripper she'd once seen, thrusting his hips in time to the music. His penis was soft, but even so, it was much larger than any Rosalin had seen. And David wasn't her first. The dick flopped around absurdly as he moved his hips. She saw that his balls were enormous, too. They jiggled and bounced obscenely. Rosalin had seen crazy shit while on her cases, but nothing had prepared her for what she was witnessing.

"Are you sure about this, honey?" Darby had to yell to be heard over the music. She bobbed her head back and forth like she was at a concert. Her shoulders relaxed, her boobs bobbing under her sweater. "I only just met her. This seems ..."

Brian removed the trumpet from his lips and stopped dancing. An aggressive silence spread through the apartment. He looked deeply into his mother's eyes. "She says that we should do this, and She's never wrong. Let the wild in, Mom."



"Yes ... okay ... I'm letting the wild in." Darby pulled off her sweater, tossed it toward Rosalin and howled. "Awwwwwoooooohhhhhhhh."

Rosalin caught the sweater on reflex and stared at the woman clad only in a bra and skirt. "You're not going to ..." Her voice was drowned out as Brian put the trumpet back to his lips. She watched him dance toward his mother like he wanted her to stuff dollar bills ... somewhere. He wasn't wearing underwear. "Oh ... God ... I'm staring at a teenager's dick. Dave isn't going to like this," Rosalin mumbled to herself.

As Brian arrived in front of his mother, he circled his hips to make his cock helicopter. Darby caught it out of the air, and with ease fostered by days of practice, she sucked the soft thing past her lips, making it grow.

"I have to ... leave .... I have to ... leave." Rosalin's voice was drowned out by the music. Nobody heard her. She didn't move from the sofa. Instead, she sat and watched the surreal spectacle. Her goofy, music-loving friend was playing his heart out while his mother was giving him the most soul-sucking blowjob Rosalin could imagine. It was such a compelling, erotic sight. She tried to tell herself that they

weren't mother and son. That she was just ... somehow ... witnessing random oral sex ... maybe at one of those sex shows her friends talked about. But she couldn't pretend. Their faces looked too much alike. It was clear Brian had sprung from Darby's loins. And now ... she was going to coax something to spring from his loins. His penis grew huge, with dark veins snaking over the pale shaft. She didn't get a good look at the head of it, hidden as it was in Darby's bulging mouth.

Brian changed songs and increased the tempo. He stared over at his friend on the sofa. She looked beyond shocked. He could smell her arousal mixing in the air with his mother's. He made eye contact with her and winked. She didn't smile or wink back. Instead, she quickly turned her gaze back to the blowjob. He didn't blame her. His mother's slide into depravity was captivating. He turned his head to the side and peered down at his mother. She was staring up at him with all the motherly devotion she could muster. Her face was twisted and distorted by his large cockhead. Her brow was furrowed, and her thin arms were strained as she pumped the base of his dick with all her might.

"Wait ... wait ..." Rosalin could see Brian start to tremble. *That's what Dave does before he ...*

"Mmmm ... mmm ... mmm ... mmmmmmm," Darby hummed.

Rosalin stood. *I need to leave. I can't watch this. I can't watch her do this to him ... to herself.* But Rosalin only made it a few steps toward the front door before stopping and staring back at them. The Kwon union was so savagely intimate. And she was bearing witness. She couldn't leave.

A few more minutes passed, and the music stopped. Brian tossed the trumpet onto the sofa, arched his back, and roared. "Aaaaaahrrrrroooooorrrrrr!"

"Oh ... my ... God ... Oh ... my ... God!" Rosalin watched Darby shudder as she struggled to swallow the blasts of cum entering her mouth. The sight of Brian's pale, lithe body flexing and straining flipped some sort of switch inside Rosalin. He had told his mother to let the wild in, and Rosalin could feel the untamed force of the moment seeping into her, too.



When Brian's savage convulsions finished, Darby lifted her mouth off him with a plop. "Look ... at her ... Mom." Brian collapsed on the armchair. "Look at Rosalin ... so that ... she can see you."

"She just ... she just ..." Rosalin stuttered. When Darby turned her face her way, Rosalin saw that the dazed, silly expression had returned. White, viscous fluid was splattered on her lips and slowly dripped from her chin onto her exposed cleavage.

"Tell her ... how you feel ... Mom." Brian sighed, relaxing into the chair's cushions.

"I looooovvvve ... my ssssson." Darby's smile was feral.

Finally, without the spellbinding presence of Brian's music, Rosalin found the strength to turn and run. Out in the hall of the twelfth floor, she stumbled, looking over her shoulder. She was certain they would be chasing her. But there was no one behind her. They would be crazy to leave their apartment. Brian was naked. And Darby was dripping sperm. *They won't chase me.*

Rosalin made it to the elevator and hit the button repeatedly, looking back down the hall. The images of what she'd just seen were seared into her brain. Her sweet, shy friend had roared like an animal. And the sight of his once prim mother turning toward Rosalin, with that wild, cum-coated grin on her face ... it was too much.

The sound of something bellowing brought her back to the moment. She looked at the dial. The elevator was at ten and rising. The sound of frantic animals seemed to be coming through the elevator door, and growing louder as the car rose through the building.

She removed her finger from the call button and stepped back. The dial said the elevator was just passing eleven. The animalistic noises grew louder. Rosalin knew she shouldn't stick around to find out what was in the elevator. She turned and stumbled to the stairs. Just as she opened the door, she heard the elevator chime. Something large and heavy thumped out of the elevator and banged against the wall. She didn't look back. She slammed the door behind her and descended to the ninth floor as quickly as she could.



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March 5, 1940: Apartment 14A, the Creneling family.

“Ogganse will not be happy with you, Mrs. Creneling.” Elizabeth stood in the kitchen of her neighbor’s apartment, 14A. She was wearing a dress that Natalie had recently gotten tailored for her. The garment was a fine, wool herringbone number that hugged her new curves perfectly. Unfortunately, the sweetheart neckline had been ruined by a large kitchen knife sticking out of Elizabeth’s chest. “I only wanted to mate with your husband. He wasn’t going to be sacrificed.”

“Oh ... God.” Nancy Creneling couldn’t understand how the woman was still upright. Nancy had plunged the knife into Elizabeth over a minute ago, and blood freely poured down the front of Elizabeth’s dress. But her neighbor seemed unfazed. “We heard ... the unholy sounds coming from your apartment ... Mrs. Norwood,” Nancy stammered. “Day and night. We never see Mr. Norwood anymore. Your eyes are glowing red as we speak. We know that ... you’ve made a bargain with the devil. Why won’t you ... die?”

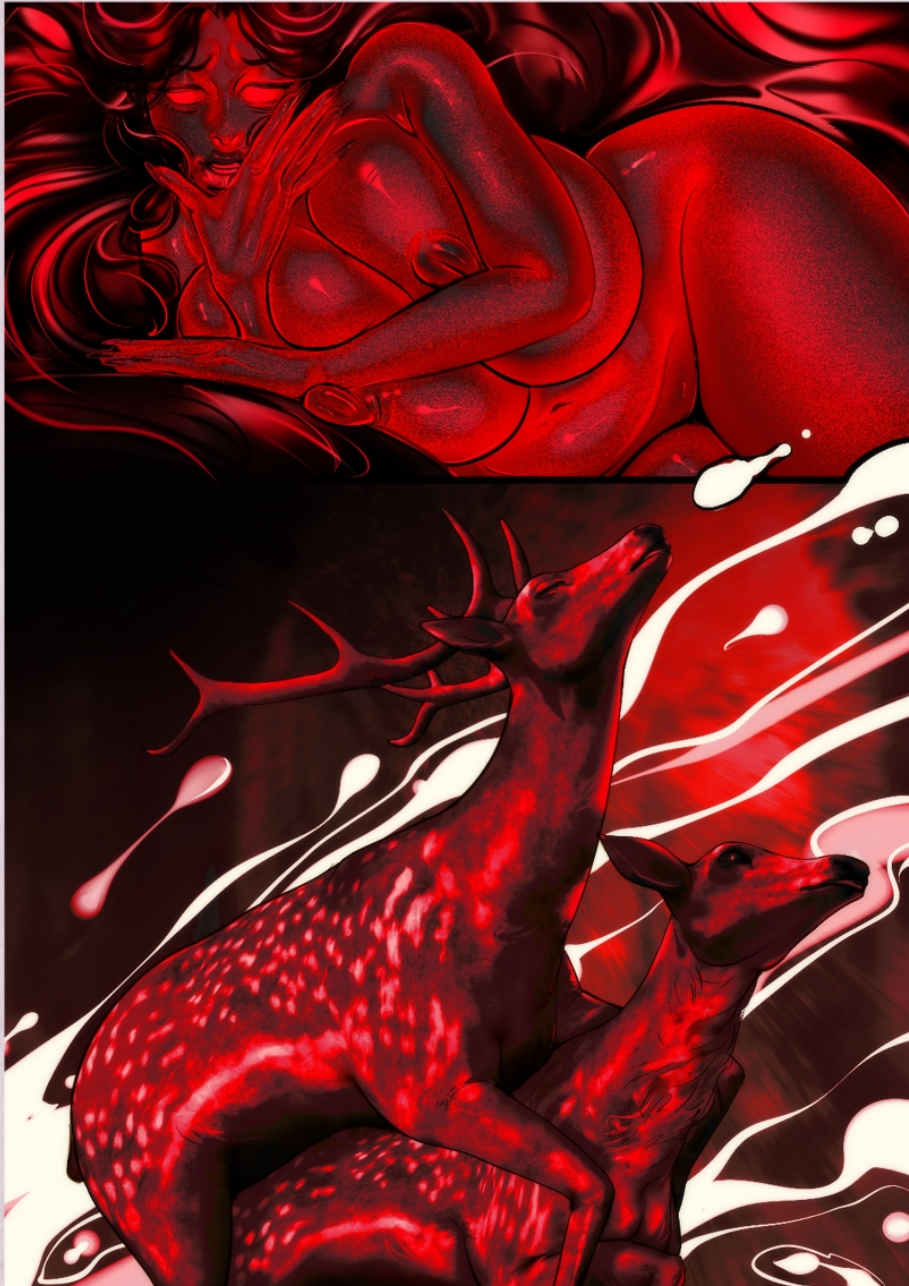
Royce Creneling stood next to his wife, slack-jawed. “What did you do, Nancy?”

With a horrible squelching sound, Elizabeth pulled the knife from her chest, walked it over to the sink, and carefully put it in the basin. She turned back to her hosts, leaning her ample backside on the counter. The wound on her chest rapidly closed. “That was very rude of you, Mrs. Creneling. But I forgive you. If you promise to behave going forward, I’ll let you watch as I mate your husband.”

“I don’t ... understand.” Nancy was in shock, trembling in her own kitchen.



"I'm not sure I understand either. That's the problem. I know how it happened the first time." Elizabeth picked up a dishtowel and mopped the blood from the front of her ruined dress. "She has told me that She lived for eons just beyond the forest, through a looking glass of sorts. She was a powerful goddess, but uninterested in the lives that rose and fell on our side. Then, one day, She observed a stag return to the bevy of his birth. A group of does and an aging stag, his father, did not welcome him. The young buck fought so valiantly, that it stirred something in Ogganse's heart. She moved closer to our world and watched him depose his father. When the old stag was defeated, the young buck took over the bevy, and mounted each, including his



mother." Elizabeth paused and closed her eyes. She could almost see it. "Especially his mother. It was beautiful and savage and it spoke to Her. Her soul focus centered on that buck. She found him enthralling."

"Please leave." Royce straightened his ascot and his spine. The tedious story had restored some of his courage, even if he couldn't understand how the woman had survived her injury.

"Shh." Elizabeth put a bloody finger to her lips. "It's not time for you to speak. Now, where was I? Ah, yes. The wolf. Even as the does carried our hero's first fawns in their bellies, a young wolf began to track our stag. Ogganse looked on in horror, but could do nothing from her side of the looking glass. From her world, she could only watch ours."

Elizabeth spread her hands to encompass the kitchen. "Day after day, the wolf grew hungrier and more bold. And Ogganse grew more desperate to save her stag. She devised a plan to birth herself as a fawn. It was deep magic that required a sacrifice and the right alignment of the moon. She was lucky in her timing, but could not find the right sacrifice in her world,

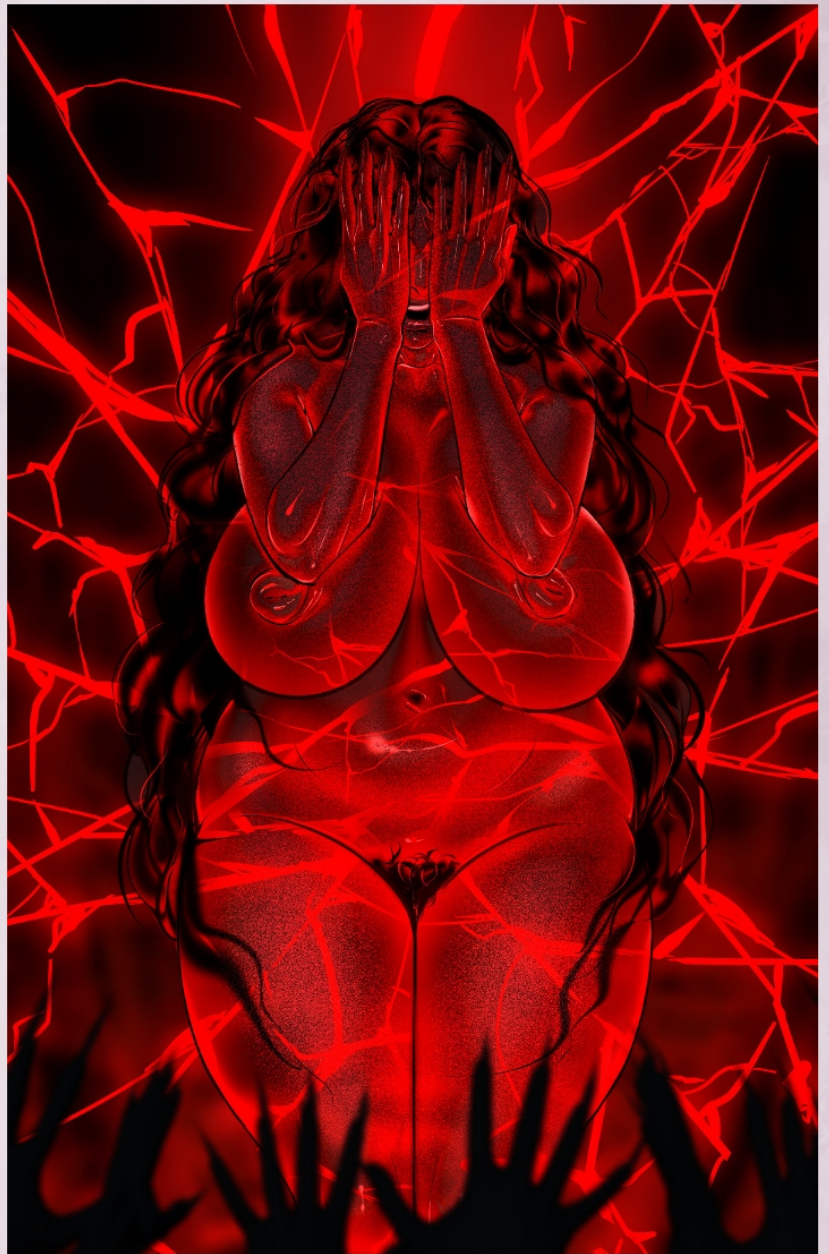
no matter how many she tried."

"I don't -" Nancy began.

"Shh." Elizabeth shook her head. "The wolf attacked before she could unpuzzle the spell. Only after the buck fell was Ogganse born into our world. Of course, she exacted terrible vengeance on the predator. But it was too late." Elizabeth fell into silence.

“What ... happened then?” Nancy whispered.

“She lived many centuries in our world. She was the mother to all who followed her, preserving her bevy in honor of the buck, and laying waste to her people’s enemies. But she was vulnerable here, as she was not in her own world. And her power was coveted.” Elizabeth shrugged. “A coven of decrepit hags tricked and trapped her, placing her in the Hungarian Lady. Again, she could only watch from behind a looking glass.” In blood, Elizabeth drew a strange symbol on the Crenelings’ counter. “I don’t know how to get her out. I am an extension of her now. But I don’t know how to help her. A blood sacrifice isn’t right. So, now I must try to birth her a fawn.” Elizabeth pushed herself off the counter. She unbuttoned her dress and slid it down her body.



Both Crenelings gasped at the perfection of their neighbor's curves. Improbably, Elizabeth wasn't wearing anything under her dress. Her breasts were enormous, and sloped mesmerizingly down her chest. Blue veins were prominent, meandering under her milky skin. Her belly was slightly curved, her waist narrow and her hips wide. There was a patch of raven hair in the V between her legs.

"Mrs. Creneling, please clean the blood off my skin. I don't want the gods to think this is also a sacrifice." Elizabeth smiled at her neighbors. "Remember, I urge you to be good. If you can behave, I'll let you watch your husband put a goddess inside me."

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

"What's up with your brother?" Joe held Hani's hand as they walked through the park. "I never see him anymore."

"Well ... he's been acting weird the last few weeks." She looked over at Joe with a frown. "Weirder than normal, even." She adjusted her glasses. The park was beautiful, with the first pink cherry blossoms blooming nearby. "A few days ago, he showed his dick to my mom. Apparently, she hit it with her handbag."

"He showed his ... and she ... hit it ...?" Joe couldn't quite comprehend what she was telling him.

"When Mom told Dad, he smacked Abshir so hard it broke my brother's glasses." Hani tried not to show how much this all troubled her. She smiled. "Abshir has been grounded for life. I don't know when you'll see him again. Except at school."



"Shit ... that's horrible." Joe shook his head. "He's been avoiding me at school. What was he thinking?"

"I never know what men are thinking. You're wired wrong." Hani forced another smile and pulled Joe behind some cherry trees. "Even so, I just can't keep my hands off you." She raked her fingers over his sweater, feeling the hard abs underneath. "I don't want to think about my brother. Take my mind off it."

"Yes, ma'am." Joe grabbed her hijab and started to lift it off her head.

"No!" Hani's eyes went wide. She looked around, but they were well hidden.

"Okay, sorry. You just look so pretty without it, that's all." Joe smiled. Nothing seemed to bother him lately. He let go of the hijab and stroked her soft, brown cheek. "Are we official yet? Are you my girlfriend?"

Hani screwed up her face and rolled her eyes. "Just kiss me, dummy."

They made out behind the trees until the sun settled behind the buildings on the horizon. Hani let him feel her up. It was only fair, since she was doing an awful lot of feeling his hard, lithe body herself.

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March 16, 2015: Apartment 12C and 12E, the Marland and Dahir families.

"Hey ... Abshir ... slow down, dude." Joe jogged down the school hallway, trying to catch up to his friend.

Abshir looked over his shoulder and quickened his pace. Their classmates streamed around them as people rushed to next period.

"Wait up." Joe caught his friend and put a hand on his shoulder.

"I'm late." Abshir brushed off the unwelcome hand, rounded his shoulders, and hurried along.



"I just wanted to see how you're doing." Joe's longer strides let him easily keep up.

"You're always chasing me." Abshir shot him a scathing glare. "Stop chasing me."

"I'm not chasing you. We're friends, remember? We're such good friends that I still have your pillow. The one I borrowed when my hormones went haywire." Joe frowned. He thought that would have made Abshir smile.

"Tell me what's going on. Can I help?"

"You can leave me alone." Abshir glared at his friend one more time and turned into the doorway of his next class.

Joe stood in the hall, looking into the classroom as the bell rang. He ran his hand through his hair. *Did Abshir's eyes just flash red?* He shook his head and turned toward class. No, it must have been light bouncing off his friend's glasses.

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March 5, 1940: Apartment 14A, the Creneling family.

“Don’t give her your stiffy, Royce. Make it go down.” Nancy wrung her hands as she tried not to look at her husband’s hard penis. He was naked, lying on his back on their bed. Their next-door neighbor, now perfectly clean, climbed up on the mattress next to him. Nancy was the only one dressed. “Mrs. Norwood, you wouldn’t want to cheat on Mr. Norwood. You must stop.” It was ridiculous arguing with a woman that had pulled a knife from her own chest. Yet, Nancy persisted. Nancy had always gotten her way in life. That’s what had led her to this wonderful penthouse apartment in this marvelous building. Unfortunately, it had also led her to this terrible moment, as she watched the shapely, round cheeks of Elizabeth’s butt quiver while she mounted Royce. “Shut your eyes and think of England, Royce,” Nancy said.

“I don’t care if you do think of England, Mr. Creneling.” Elizabeth settled the modest penis into her vagina. She placed her hands on the man’s pale chest, her claws retracted. Her hips began their undulations, cajoling his climax.

“I cannot shut my eyes, darling.” Royce stared at the breathtaking breasts shaking in front of him. Had his wife really stabbed that chest? His mind rebelled as he tried to piece together the day’s events. “It would be like ... uuugghhhh ... not viewing ... the most magnificent work of art ... in the world.”

“Oh ... no.” Nancy felt like lifting the lamp in the corner and slamming it into Elizabeth’s raven hair. But she didn’t want to anger the woman. “Close your eyes, Royce.” She sat on the edge of the bed behind them, with a full few of her husband’s penis pumping in and out of another woman’s gash. She could see Elizabeth’s asshole, which was a view she would have never anticipated in life. She looked away from that winking hole, but that only led to her admiring the arch of the woman’s back, and Elizabeth’s wonderfully full sideboob, jiggling with her motions. “I feel ... strange.” With the very hand that had stabbed a woman an hour before, Nancy massaged her vagina under her skirt.

“Too ... beautiful ... too ... beautiful!” Royce was already on the edge.



“Yes ... yes ... and I am just a pale shadow ... of the goddess trapped on the other side. None ... will resist her ... when she’s reborn.” Elizabeth slammed her hips into the man below her. This was only the second man she’d lain with. But he was also one of thousands. She saw him with her own eyes, but the eyes of the forest peered out of her, too. “Plant it ... in me ... uuuggghhhh ... yesssss ... I am fertile ... I will bear fruit ... for Her.”

“I’m going to ... I’m going to ...” Royce gritted his teeth. He desperately wanted to reach out and feel the weight and warmth of her breasts. But, at the same time, he dared not upset this strange creature that was humping him to completion.

“Yesss ... yessss ... aawwwwwwoooooo0000000000000000.” Elizabeth threw her head back and let in the wild.

The cry from Elizabeth tore the air in the room and ripped right through Nancy, setting off sparks of pleasure within her. “Ohhhhhh ... my ...” Nancy shivered as she orgasmed at the same time as her husband and his new partner. All three were quick on the draw.

“Nnnnnngggggggg.” Finally, Royce shut his eyes. But he wasn’t thinking of England. He had never felt anything like his strange neighbor’s vagina. His body tensed and shook under her.

When her mate’s moment was over, Elizabeth carefully dismounted him and rolled onto her back. She placed her feet on the pillows behind her shoulders, arching her hips upward. “Leave me now. I must let the seed germinate in my field.”

“But this ... this is our bedroom.” Nancy removed her slick, sticky hand from under her skirt. “Shouldn’t you go back to your own apartment?”



Elizabeth gave them a lupin smile. "Silly, woman. I'm bringing my apartment to you." Without moving her position, she shooed the woman with her hand. She was aware that her vagina was on full display and couldn't be bothered to care. "Go, before I get cross with you."



Nancy pulled her husband to his feet, and without even bothering to dress him, dragged him out of the room. She was so conflicted that her mind was starting to sunder and strain under the burden of deciding a course of action. She wanted to murder the homewrecker. Even if it was impossible, she wanted it. But she also, desperately, wanted to see her husband mate with Elizabeth again. Ultimately, it was too much for her. Several steps into the living room, Nancy fainted at her husband's feet.

Royce, bewildered and dazed, looked down at his fallen wife. He wasn't sure what had happened, but he was sure something fundamental had changed in their lives.