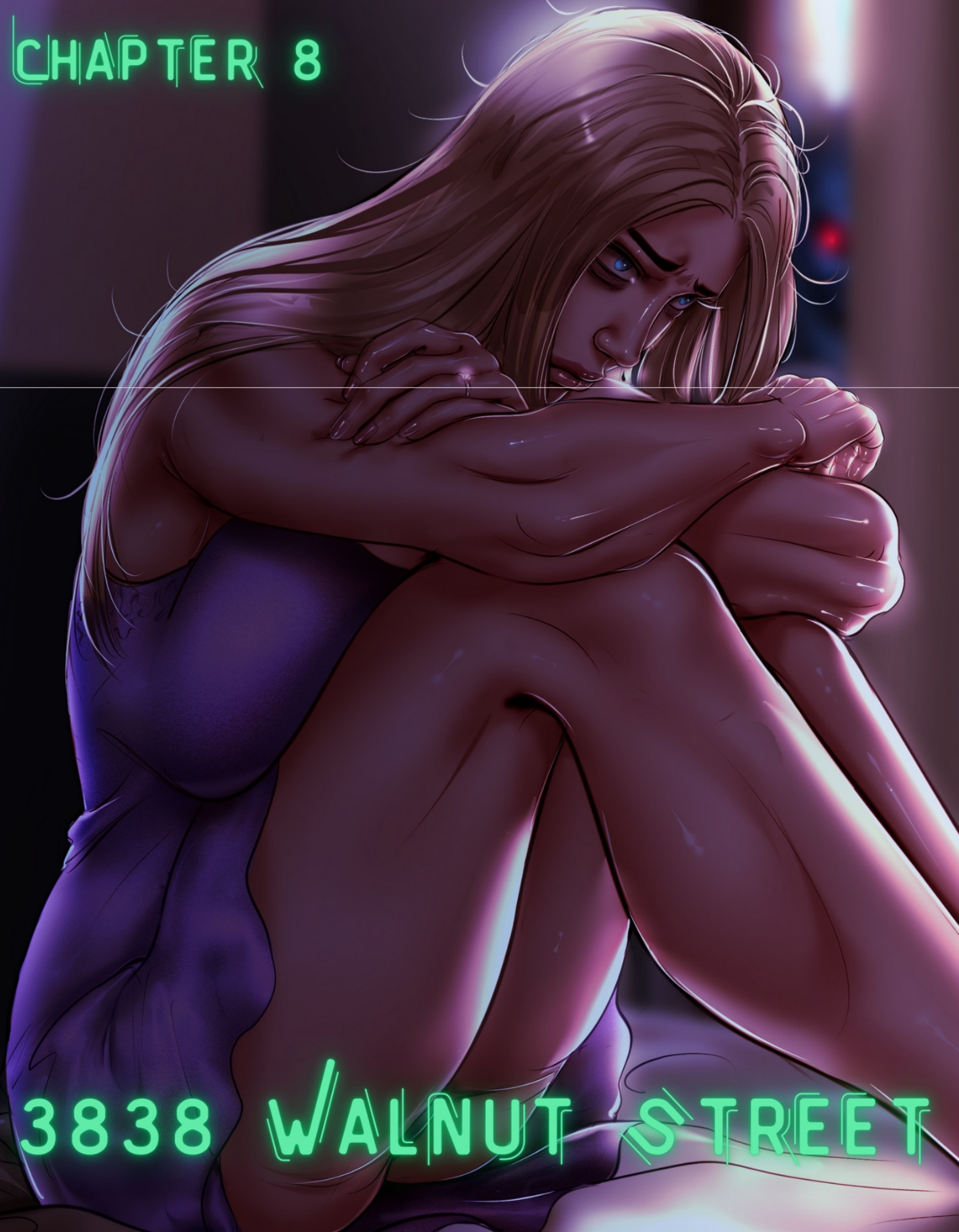


CHAPTER 8



3838 WALNUT STREET

FICTION *Rawly Rawls*

3838 Walnut Street 8

Illustrations by *SatanicFruitcake*

Written by *RawlyRawls*

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Chapter 8

I Was Chosen for This

November 21, 1993: Apartment 9B: Diary of Rosalin Eklund.

I haven't left my apartment since I returned yesterday. I have no phone. I have no way to contact Nathaniel ... or Dave to rescue me. I don't even dare go down to the first floor to check my mail, or send a distress letter.



The gargoyles have moved. They now peer into my apartment from the sides of my windows with evil written on their stone faces. I screamed like a little girl when I saw them this morning. Since then, I closed the drapes. I've been sitting in my apartment with all the lights on.

I hear things. Thumps. Moans. Shrieks. The sounds are muffled and distant, but they are no longer the innocent background noises of living in a building.

Brian and his family only moved here recently. If they could be recruited into this evil cult so fast, then I must assume the whole building is in on it. I imagine them all humping in some mad frenzy. There is some sort of rolling, midsummer bacchanalia hidden in each apartment. I can feel it.

I hear distant rhythmic thumping right now. Mrs. Breaming seemed like such a nice, quiet lady. I've mentioned her before in this diary. Her son lives at home. He doesn't have a job. Her husband works as a janitor here. I know he has a shift at this hour. But if I put my ear to the wall we share, I can

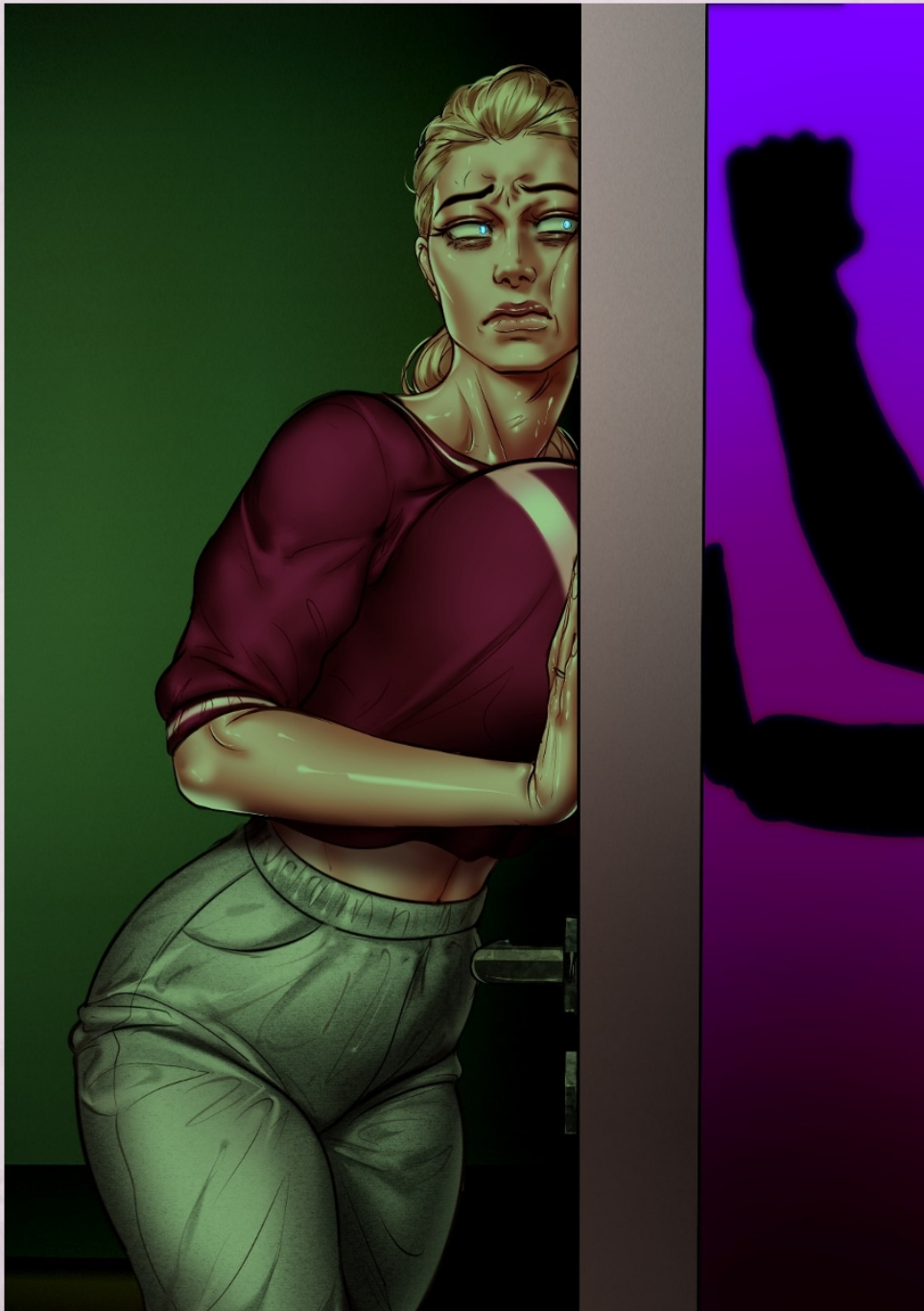
hear her feral cries. She's having sex, and I don't think it's with her husband.

I'm trapped. I'm ... Someone is knocking on the door. It's Brian again. This is the third time today he's pounded on my door, telling me he wants to make music with me and his mother. God damn, this is worse than confronting the Bloomfield murderer. I had an escape plan then. Now, I'm stuck in a building with mad people that want me brainwashed. Or worse. I keep thinking about those stains in the chapel. What happened to the Ostrows? A mother, father, and daughter vanished.

At least I was smart enough to pack my S/W .38 for this assignment. I sleep with it on my nightstand and keep it next to me at all times in the apartment. If my phone doesn't come back on before I run out of food, I may need to make a run for it. I suppose I do have an escape plan after all. Just not a very good one. I have no proof of murders, so I don't want to shoot my way out of 3838 Walnut Street.

What I want and what might happen are two very different things.

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December 24, 1954: Apartment 4F, the Lavey family.

"I'm glad I met you, you're a good sport." Billy lifted his beer in salute to his friend. Christmas music played on the turntable. His mother was busy in the kitchen. His father was cleaning the building's messes. And he was sitting in his father's recliner, enjoying Christmas Eve with Bradley Dodgson from 9B. In the month since their meeting, they had become good friends. "You're a prime sport."

"And so are you." Bradley smirked, sipped his beer, and leaned forward in his armchair. He lowered his voice. "Is that really your baby in your mom's belly?"

Billy nodded enthusiastically. "I humped her for the first time right there." He pointed to a spot on the ceiling.

"Wow." Bradley guffawed and leaned back in this chair. "How did you get up there?"



"Well ... She gave me the power." Billy frowned.

"Can't you do that, too?"

He had assumed that he and his friend were the same.

"Walk on the ceiling?"

Bradley shook his head.

"But I believe it."

"You haven't ... have you ... um ..." Billy felt the hairs rise on the back of his neck. "Have you fucked your mom?"

"Not interested. I don't think we're the same, Billy. Although, I do have an easy time with women now." Bradley shrugged and took another swig of beer from his bottle. The record played Silver Bells with Bing Crosby. Bradley gave Billy a thoughtful look. "When She speaks to you, have you noticed that She has the same voice as Elizabeth?"

"No ... they both sound beautiful ... but I ..." Billy suddenly stood. Something was wrong, he could feel the need to run from the building. "Mom? Mom?!?"

Bradley watched his friend, amused at the outburst.



Betsy raced into the room, her large boobs and belly bouncing under her Christmas sweater and apron. "What's wrong, Billy?" Her eyes were wide with concern.

"Yeah, what's wrong, sport?" Bradley finished his beer and put the empty bottle down on the coffee table.

"I'm sorry, Bradley. You have to go." Billy moved to the front door, opened it, and peeked outside. The hall was empty. He took a deep breath. *Something is coming for me. I can smell it.*

"Thanks for the beer." Bradley got up, strolled over to Betsy, and patted her bottom. He enjoyed her surprised squeal. "I suppose I *should* be going. I have a couple women lined up for a date tonight."

"You're dating two women at once?" Betsy shouldn't be scandalized. Not after everything that had happened to her in that building. But still, the thought of this young, brash man servicing two women ... She shut her eyes tight. *He's just bragging. He's not really dating two women.*

"Two women at once?" Bradley strolled through the front door out into the hall. "Sure enough.

I have to keep busy. Not all of us fuck our mothers."

"Goodnight." Billy closed the door on him and jumped up to the ceiling. It felt safer up there. His eyes glowed crimson in the shadows of the upper corner of the room.

“Billy, get down. What are you doing?” Betsy looked up at him, confused. “Do you want to do it up there again?” She untied her apron and took it off. She lifted her skirt for him to see. “I’m not wearing panties, sweetie. I thought you might want me after dinner, but we can do it now.”



"There's something wrong, Mom." He scurried along the ceiling, reached down, and lifted her. With her developing pregnancy, she wasn't as light as she used to be, but he didn't have any trouble holding her. He brought her back to a dark corner of the ceiling, and lifted her sweater. She wasn't wearing a bra. That was good. He pressed his face into her tits and feasted on her dark nipples.

"Ooohhhhhh ... Billy ... you're being so rough with them ... I can feel ... uuuggghhhh ... how tense you are." Betsy ran her hands through her hair. "Mommy ... will make it better ... my breasts are yours ... Billy ... comfort yourself ... yeesssssssss ... Mommy will ... take care of you." Not long after, his penis was inside her as she knew it should be. He thrustured her for a good long while on the ceiling. Her legs flopped out to the sides, hanging awkwardly. But she was used to that by now. She murmured reassuring things in his ear as his grunting grew louder and louder.

The record was finished. It was skipping by the time he finished in her and lowered them both to the floor. Standing on trembling legs, she gave her son a dazed smile. "Better?"

"Yeah, Mom ... thanks." He nodded, but didn't meet her eyes. He was always embarrassed by these spells of fear. It seemed to be happening more and more often.



He could see her dripping on the carpet. His dad would have to clean that later. He was still panting, but from exertion rather than dread. "I'm going ... to finish ... my beer." He pulled up his pants and sat in his father's recliner.

"Oh ... my ..." Betsy was panting too, trying to settle her mind after several searing orgasms. "The bird is ... still in the oven. I'll ... go finish ... dinner." She stumbled back to the kitchen.

Billy sat and sipped from his bottle, thinking. The record on the turntable continued to skip, but he paid no attention to it.

~~

March 18, 1940: Apartment 14A, the Creneling family.

"Nancy, I'm home. I hope dinner's ready because I'm starving." Royce hung up his coat by the front door. "I was thinking, maybe it's time to move. That was such an odd thing that happened with our neighbor. She's insane, right? And the knife ... it must have been some trick." He walked into the kitchen, but his wife wasn't there. It didn't seem that there were any sort of preparations for dinner underway. "Nancy? I really do think we should move. I know how upset you were. And what if she does get pregnant? We'll want to be far away from here, I'm sure." He walked into the living room, expecting to find his wife there. "Nancy?" He got no reply.

There were faint sounds of a woman muttering and moaning. It sounded like Nancy might be in pain. Royce followed her soft voice down the hall. What if that horrible woman had returned and stabbed Nancy to return the favor? "Nancy, are you in there?" He tried the handle of their bedroom door. It was locked. He wasn't sure Nancy had heard him, she kept moaning. *What if Elizabeth Norwood stabbed my poor Nancy, and she can't answer me? What if she's dying?* He knocked loudly. "Nancy, are you okay?"

"Aaaahhhh ... Royce ... she's stabbing me ... with it." Nancy's panicked voice was muffled and faint.

Royce slammed his shoulder into the door. It cracked.

"Roooooyccceee ... she's in me ... it's ... it's ... doing something ... inside. I ... uuugghhhhhh ... can feel it!" Nancy screamed.

"My ... God!" Royce hit the door again. It splintered but didn't break. *My wife is being murdered right now. There's a knife embedded in her.* He didn't want to be unprepared, so he turned back down the hall. Running back to the kitchen, he grabbed a kitchen knife from the counter and raced back to his bedroom. He threw his weight against the door, and it burst open.

"Oooohhhh ... Royce." Nancy was on her back on their bed, her toes pointing at the ceiling. She clutched their blanket with both hands, her upper body twisting from side to side. She lifted her head and looked over the woman hungrily eating her box. Just above the wide, heart-shaped outline of Elizabeth's butt, her husband stared at her, dumbfounded. She saw that he was holding a knife. She watched him drop it to the floor. "Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." Nancy shuttered. "She's ... stabbing me ... with her tongue ... it's so long ... and thick ... and it's ... uuugghhhhhh ... doing something to meeeeeeee. You have to stop her ... Royce." But Nancy herself, made no move to push their neighbor from between her legs.



“Nancy ... oooohhhhhh ... no.” Royce was taken by their neighbor’s wonderfully perfect, round ass, wiggling ever so slightly as she held it high in the air. He could see his wife’s face above it. Poor Nancy looked beside herself.



With a hideous slurping sound, Elizabeth removed her unnaturally long tongue out of her neighbor’s vagina. She turned and looked over at the silly, shocked man. Her tongue lolled for a moment, hanging past her chin, waving side to side. She retracted it and smiled. “Welcome home, Mr. Creneling. You and your wife will serve Her, and you will serve me. I don’t think your seed took root the other day, stick it back in and try again. You will father a goddess.” She turned back to Nancy, extending her tongue deep into the woman’s womb.

“The ... room.” Royce looked around as he lowered the trousers of his suit. There were ferns growing up from the floor, and both nightstands had been smashed to splinters. He lowered his underwear and shuffled forward, his garments restricting the motion of each step. There was also green moss growing on his blanket. His mind couldn’t process that information, so he ignored it. Instead, his focus zeroed in on the glistening vagina before him. To his surprise, he found that he was already hard.



“Royce ... don’t put it in her ... agaaaaiiiiiinnnnnnn.” Nancy watched her husband’s stupid eyes bug out as he entered their neighbor. He looked like a boy given a free pass for anything in the candy store. “You’re ... you’re ... copulating ... with Mrs. Norwood. She’s ... uuuggghhhhhh ... evvviilllllllll.” Nancy looked away from her husband down to the slurping face between her legs. Her neighbor’s lips were glued to Nancy’s vagina, but she was looking up at Nancy with those horrible, glowing red eyes. “What ... do you want ... from us?”

“Sssaaavvvaasssss.” Elizabeth had a hard time saying the words with her tongue buried in the wet crevasse.

Nancy understood her. The woman wanted *servants*. And Nancy’s abilities to resist Elizabeth were fading as

quickly as her ecstasy grew. “Ooohhhh ... Royce ... ooohhhhhh.” She looked at her stupefied husband. Nancy had led her whole life commanding other people around. She couldn’t begin to understand what it would be like to have to follow orders. “Royce ... she’s ... uuuggghhhh ... going to turn us ... into servants. Stop ... seeding her ... she’s putting a seed ... in me ... I can feel it ... I can feel it ... it’s ... evil ... and ... uuuggghhhhhh ... it feels like ... Heaven ... eeeeeiiiiiiii.” Nancy screamed out another climax while her husband humped another woman for the second time.

~

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

“Abshir? Hani?” Uba stepped into her apartment. She knew her son was home. He was grounded, so where else could he be? She hoped her daughter was also home. The young woman was supposed to help her with laundry that afternoon. And, Uba didn’t like to be alone with her son these days.

Uba sighed, easing her tension. Her husband *had* straightened the boy out. She didn’t approve of that sort of punishment, but Abshir had earned it from his father. Pulling out his penis in front of her? That was wicked. It had been weeks, but she still couldn’t get the heavy, veiny thing out of her mind. She sat wearily in the kitchen. “Hani? We’ve got laundry to do.” She heard scurrying and looked around. Did they have mice in the walls? That would be another thing to deal with. She scanned the room, trying to pinpoint the sound of the noise. When her vision came back around to the other side of the table, her son sat there with his hands clasped. Uba let out a little shriek. “Goodness, where did you come from?”

“I’m hungry, Mom.” He took in his mother’s beauty, appreciating every fetching curve and line on her face.

Uba took a deep breath. “Make yourself a snack.” She had noticed that his appetite had returned to somewhere near normal in the last few weeks. That was something, at least.

“Not that kind of hungry.” He adjusted his glasses and smiled at her.

“‘Not that kind of hungry’?” She shook her head. “Where’s your sister? She’s supposed to help me with laundry this afternoon.”

“Hani’s out with Joe.” Abshir shrugged. “How was work?”

“It was tiring. So please don’t make my life harder, okay?” Uba stood. She needed to get him out of the apartment. “Why don’t you do the laundry?”

“I’m grounded, Mom.” Abshir watched her curves roll under her modest dress. *Will I ever see her naked? If I believe Her, I will. I’ll have Mom. I’ll father a goddess.* “You’ll have to come down to the basement with me.”

“Why is it that grounding *you* turns out to be more work for *me*?” Uba rolled her eyes at her son. Her husband was keeping Abshir in line. At least she didn’t need to worry about more lewd behavior. “Fine, I’ll go with you. Give me a minute to drink something cold and take a shower.”



“Sure, Mom.” Abshir smiled at her backside as she went to the fridge. They were going to the basement together. This was a golden opportunity.

On the same floor in a different apartment, Hani was lying on Joe’s bed. Her hijab was folded neatly on the back of his chair, and her black curls cascaded down onto his blanket. She was on her side, watching him. He sat cross-legged on the bed, smiling at her. She had a hard time believing how charismatic and handsome he was. “You pulled a real ugly duckling switch on me. How are you the same gawky dude we met on our tour?” She could see his pectoral muscles bulging through his t-shirt, and his arms were wonderfully corded.

Joe flexed his arm, kissed his bicep, and laughed. He winked at her.



Hani frowned. “Sometimes I feel like you’re just playing me. Like you could get any woman.”

“I probably could?” He shrugged, still unsure where all his confidence was coming from. But that was the great thing about confidence; he didn’t care where it was coming from.

“So ... aren’t you going to say something reassuring to the poor, self-conscious girl lying on your bed?” Her frown deepened.

Joe made a show of looking around his room. “I don’t see anyone like that around here. Just you, Hani.” He leaned toward his desk and pulled out his pipe. “Want a hit? It’s good weed.”

Hani’s frown disappeared. “Your mom’s home. I don’t think we’re allowed to smoke in here.”

“Well then, you shouldn’t have taken off your hijab.” He gave her his winning smile.

“Oh, you’re such a bad influence.” She laughed, took the pipe from him, and lit up. She held it in her lungs while he did the same. When he put the pipe down, she pulled him on top of her, blowing smoke in his face. “You’re smoking hot, too, dummy.”

She raked his back with her fingers. “Now, I’m going to grope your muscles for a while. How do I shut you up so I can focus on your body?”

"Kiss me?" Joe smiled down at her, admiring the laugh lines on her perfect face.

"Yeah, I figured that would work." She nodded in mock sincerity up at him. "Just try not to get too excited. I don't want you to poke me with your dick again. You nearly gave me a Charley horse the last time we did this." She playfully rolled her eyes as he settled on top of her. She felt it. "Oh, my God. Really, Joey? You've already got a woody?" He was indeed poking her hip with his dick.



"It's your fault, Hani." Joe laughed and pressed his lips to hers. Pretty soon they were making out on his bed, their hands busily roaming each other's bodies.

In the basement, Uba and Abshir left the elevator carrying baskets of laundry.

"Yes, I hear you, Ogganse," Abshir mumbled.

"What?" Uba glanced at her odd son. He had been her little, shy boy for so long. But at eighteen, he was alien to her now.

"I love you, Mom." Abshir smiled at her and put down his laundry basket.

"I ... love you, too." Uba's eyes were playing tricks on her. It seemed that her son's eyes were glowing. She looked behind her to see what was reflecting the red color off his glasses, but saw only washing machines with their pale displays. "Why don't we first separate out the whites?" Uba put down her basket on the folding table and got to work. They sorted laundry side by side for a while, until she happened on a stash of his socks. They were crusty and stiff. "You hardly exercise. What have you been doing to these?"

Abshir paused sorting, tilted his head, and listened to the room for a moment. He nodded. "Smell them."



"I'm not smelling a teenage boy's socks." Uba adjusted her hijab, rolled her eyes in disgust, and curled her lip. "What has gotten into you? Ever since we moved into this ..." She found herself contemplating the vile bits of laundry. *Does sweat make cotton so stiff?* She didn't think so. She moved the sock closer to her nose, but hesitated. The washing machines hummed, the dryers clanged and thumped their loads around and around. "Is this ...?"

"Just give it a sniff, Mom." Abshir smiled innocently. When she glanced at him, he gave her an encouraging nod. "One sniff, and you'll know."

"One sniff ... and ... I'll know?" Uba's brain grew fuzzy. She wished she'd brought her purse with her. But if she had to assail her son, perhaps a bottle of laundry detergent would work just as well. She thought about dropping the sock and reaching for the detergent, but couldn't bring herself to make the exchange. The sounds in the room seemed to converge

into one pulsing beat. "You're a man now, Abshir. But ... you don't have a woman. You're confused ... I think. You've made innocent socks into your women, haven't you?" She inched the sock toward her nose.

Abshir laughed. "Dad wouldn't want me to say. I have bruises and tape on my glasses from the last time I tried to show you my problem. You tattled on me to Dad." He tapped his glasses where he'd been forced to mend them.

"Why did we move to the city? I told Taban that we were better off with our own house, and a yard, and none of the complications ..." The sock arrived at her nose. Uba held her breath, squeezing the disgusting thing tightly in her hand.

"Smell the sock, Mom." Abshir watched her with intensity. He held his breath, too.

My mind is swimming. The room is pulsing. Abshir wants me to smell his spent seed. There's no way. I won't do it. Much to Uba's surprise, she inhaled deeply. A wave of sensation crashed over her. The scent was, of course, vile. And it was also the most intoxicating thing Uba had ever encountered. Her knees trembled. She inhaled again, deeper this time, her body tensing as she brought his scent into her lungs. Her mind stumbled in a fog. She was so captivated, that it took her a moment to notice that she was standing in the dark. The lights had gone out. For a moment, she could see by the glow of the machines' digital displays. But then those went out, too. The room fell into silence. She nearly melted when her son put a reassuring hand on her shoulder.

"Do you see the roots, Mom?" Abshir could hear his mother still huffing the sock.

"The young buck will return and mount his mother." Ogganse's voice sounded like it was being whispered in his ear. "Don't rush. Let her adjust to this new truth."

"I'm the young buck. You're my mother." Abshir's explanation was earnest.

Uba's only response in the dark was the sound of her snuffling through the dirty sock.

"I asked if you saw the roots. You didn't answer." Abshir moved deftly through the blackness toward the faintly glowing mold on the basement walls. It pulsed with a steady, carmine rhythm. "We live in a special building, Mom. And we are the two most special people in it. The statue set down roots here a long time ago. Shortly after the building was built, I think. The Hungarian Lady, She calls it. She's been waiting for the right moon for decades. And now ... it's almost here. Bring back the lights, Ogganse."

The lights flickered back on. The machines started spinning around them again.



Uba was lightheaded and shaky. Her son's sock gave off the aroma of life itself. Like the soft plinth of a primordial forest floor, propping up a whole ecosystem. She saw that her son had his penis out. It wasn't soft like last time. The massive thing angrily pointed directly at her. Her son was pointing it at her. Slowly, she lowered the sock from her nose. "What's ... happening ... Abshir? Why ... um ...?" She licked her lips, and her mind swam away from her. She grasped for her thoughts, clinging to any sanity she could. She knew she should also reach for the detergent bottle. She needed to quash his erection like the giant, ugly cockroach that it was. She stared at it. Every aspect of his penis revealed aggression and power: the flare of the head ... the gnarled veins ... the way it bounced slightly with his pulse ... the liquid leaking from it like a snake spitting venom. "Your father -"



"He isn't here, Mom." Abshir's hands hung by his sides. He didn't need to fap. His mother was going to do that for him in a minute. This is what She had promised. The moment was here. "Dad doesn't even matter now. He had his chance with you. He failed. It's my turn now."

"She's resisting," Ogganse said. "Don't let her wiggle away."

Abshir nodded to the unseen goddess. His mother's dazed expression hadn't changed. Apparently, only he could hear Ogganse. That made him even more special. "Come here ... Mom. Come here ... on your knees ... and serve Her. This is our future."

Uba took an unsteady step toward her son. Her mind was in turmoil. Right and wrong camped out in novel places. She had no idea what she was going to do about her son, but she could feel the familiar chains of civilization around her. The bonds were slipping.

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February 1, 1955: Apartment 4F, the Lavey family.

“Run, Billy, run!” Betsy tried to keep up with her son, but her pregnancy made her body clumsy, and she was never much of an athlete to begin with. She ran ten feet behind Billy, willing her body to move faster. They were in the ninth-floor hall nearing the elevator when the heel on her left shoe snapped. She fell to her hands and knees. Her cheeks were streaked with running mascara and tears. “Don’t wait for me, run!”



Billy stopped at the entrance to the stairs and looked back. The door to 9B was open as he'd left it.

Bradley suddenly burst out of the 9B doorway, his momentum taking him across the hall. He slammed into the wall, fell to all fours, and lurched after Billy with a snarl.

"Bradley ... we're friends." Pure fear surged through Billy. He left his mother on the hallway floor and entered the stairwell. *She told me to run. I need to run.* He expected to find himself descending, heading back to the safety of his apartment. But instead, he found he was going in the opposite direction. He jumped and clambered onto the outer wall, winding his way quickly upward.

Bradley passed the whimpering woman, paying her no attention. His body wasn't made for bounding on all fours, but somehow it wasn't a problem. He gained on Billy, smelling growing fear in the air. "I'm coming for you ... Billy," Bradley snarled. "This ... this is what ... it's all been leading to. I was ... chosen for this." He was only one landing behind, now. He could see his prey scampering along the wall like a terrified squirrel. It filled Bradley with elation. "Awwwwwoooooooooooooo." They were nearing the twelfth floor, and Bradley was closing the gap. He wouldn't have to wait much longer for his prize.

