



CHAPTER 9

3838 WALNUT STREET

FICTION *Rawly Rawls*

3838 Walnut Street 9

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Chapter 9

Elizabeth Ascended Back to Her Forest Above Manhattan

February 1, 1955: Apartment 14B, the Norwood family.

It was quiet and peaceful. The windows were open, letting in a soft breeze and birdsong. Elizabeth looked out at the mighty trunks and heavy branches of ancient trees. She spread her legs and held Natalie's brown hair firmly. The slurping sounds were a pleasant undercurrent to the singing birds and noises of wind rustling leaves. The moss was soft and velvety under her bare butt. The ferns in the room waved and bobbed in the breeze, almost in time to Natalie's licking and sucking. Elizabeth held her massive breasts, gifts from the Goddess, and rolled her nipples. "It took you a few years ... Mrs. Creech ... but you perfected your technique almost ... oooohhhhhh ... a decade ago. How many ... blessed orgasms ... have you given me ... in that time?"



"Thawthan," Natalie said around the vagina in her mouth.

"Yes, thousands. And now ... aaaahhhh ... only a few more ... before ... it happens. Soon, She will return. Things ... will be different ... for all of New York. That will be ..." Elizabeth suddenly tensed. She pushed Natalie's face from between her legs. "Get up and close the windows. I need to smell the building."

Natalie nodded. She didn't wipe off her face as she rose. Nor did she cover her nakedness. She knew her mistress preferred her with a more *basic* look. She padded over the loamy soil that now made up the apartment floor and shut the windows. When she turned back to Elizabeth, she was proud to find that the woman was staring at Natalie's pale butt. But Natalie's stomach turned when she saw the expression on that lovely face. Elizabeth looked pained. "What is it, mistress?" Natalie said.

"Clean and dress me." Elizabeth rose to her feet on the mossy bed and held out her arms parallel to the ground. "Do it quickly. Something's wrong."

"Yes, ma'am." Natalie gave a naked curtsy, playfully flopping her own left boob as her knees bent. Normally, Elizabeth smiled at the gesture, but Natalie received no such joy this time. Something really was wrong.

Elizabeth cocked her head and listened to the building. "No time for that now. Hurry, Mrs. Creech."

"Yes, ma'am." Natalie raced through the apartment, went out into the hall, and entered 14A. While her mistress's apartment was mostly forest now, the others on that floor were less wild. A, C, and D had only a few aspects of the forest poking through. E and F had been hollowed out and joined to make the temple. Whatever Elizabeth kept from civilization, she stored in A, including her wardrobe. Natalie selected a dress she'd had tailored for Elizabeth's changed body back in 1940. She grabbed a brush for her mistress's hair, and rushed back to 14B.

A few minutes later, Elizabeth stepped out of her apartment, heading quickly toward the stairs. "Do you hear that, Mrs. Creech?" Elizabeth turned to her servant as Natalie slipped into her own dress as they walked.

"A heard a howl, mistress." Natalie buttoned up as they hurried along. Their bare feet barely made any noise on the carpet. She touched her face, feeling Elizabeth's drying juices there. She had cleaned her mistress but not herself. Apparently, there wasn't time. So, Natalie grabbed the hem of her skirt and did a quick facial rub to make herself presentable. She didn't know what was wrong, or if they would be faced with outsiders when they left the now secret floor.



"It's the wolf ... the fucking wolf ... he's done it again." Elizabeth pulled open the door to the stairs and leapt with grace down the first flight.

"The wolf?" Natalie couldn't make sense of that. But she knew Elizabeth hated the wolf. The creature was essential, but he was nefarious. *What did he do?* She followed Elizabeth as best she could. She saw her mistress burst out into the twelfth-floor hall, and the door closed behind her. Even through the door, she could hear her mistress's scream of sorrow and horror. A moment later, Natalie entered the hall and stopped next to her mistress. Elizabeth was no longer screaming, but Natalie could hear a low hiss emanating from deep inside her.

Lying in the hall outside apartment 12B was Billy Lavey. His skin was pallid. His eyes stared unseeing at the ceiling. His throat had been torn savagely on the left side, a gaping hole still pumped blood out onto the carpet below him, forming a crimson pool around his upper half.

Bradley Dodgson stood above his friend, his chest heaving, blood dripping from his jaws. The young man looked ecstatic. When he turned his eyes toward Elizabeth and Natalie, there seemed to be little intelligence left in his soul. He *was* the wild hunt.

"What have you done?" Elizabeth couldn't keep the grief out of her voice. "We timed it just right. The moon would have been perfect. All that work." She dropped to her knees, aware that doors were opening around her and tenants were peeking out. "You've ruined everything, Bradley."



"But ... Ogganse said ..." Bradley blinked, his mind slowly returning to him.

"Oh ... my sweet stag ..." Elizabeth crawled along the hall toward the boys. "Dead too soon." She heard tenants muttering about calling the police. She stopped and surveyed the hall. She could see horror and confusion written on people's faces. She needed more control over the building. It wouldn't do to have an investigation, but she could see it was inevitable. "Watch out! Everyone is in danger!" She put a mask of fear into her voice. "Mr. Dodgson has murdered his friend and is threatening to kill himself. He may murder again. It might be one of us. Look at him!" She pointed an accusing finger at Bradley's bloody face. "For your own safety, stay in your apartments."

People scurried back into their apartments. Soon, there were only the boys, Elizabeth, and Natalie in the hall.

"Kill myself?" Bradley grinned. "Not at all, Mrs. Norwood. I've never been more thrilled to be alive. Didn't I do what you asked? Didn't I hunt him like you said?"

Elizabeth took a deep breath and rose to her feet. She shook her shoulders back and forth, placating the dumb beast with the sight of her jiggling breasts. She knew this creature desired her. She walked toward him, her hips swaying, her face solemn. She could hear Natalie holding her breath behind her.

"My reward? You're going to give me my reward, aren't you?" Bradley's crimson smile widened. "I can have any woman now. Even you."

"Not quite." Elizabeth stopped next to him, forced a smile onto her face, and extended her claws by her sides. She didn't know why she bothered with the smile. He wasn't looking at her face. His eyes were still glued to the slope on the front of her dress. "I wish you could guide me, Ogganse. I long to hear your voice." She sighed. "I have failed again. But I will keep trying. I will free you."

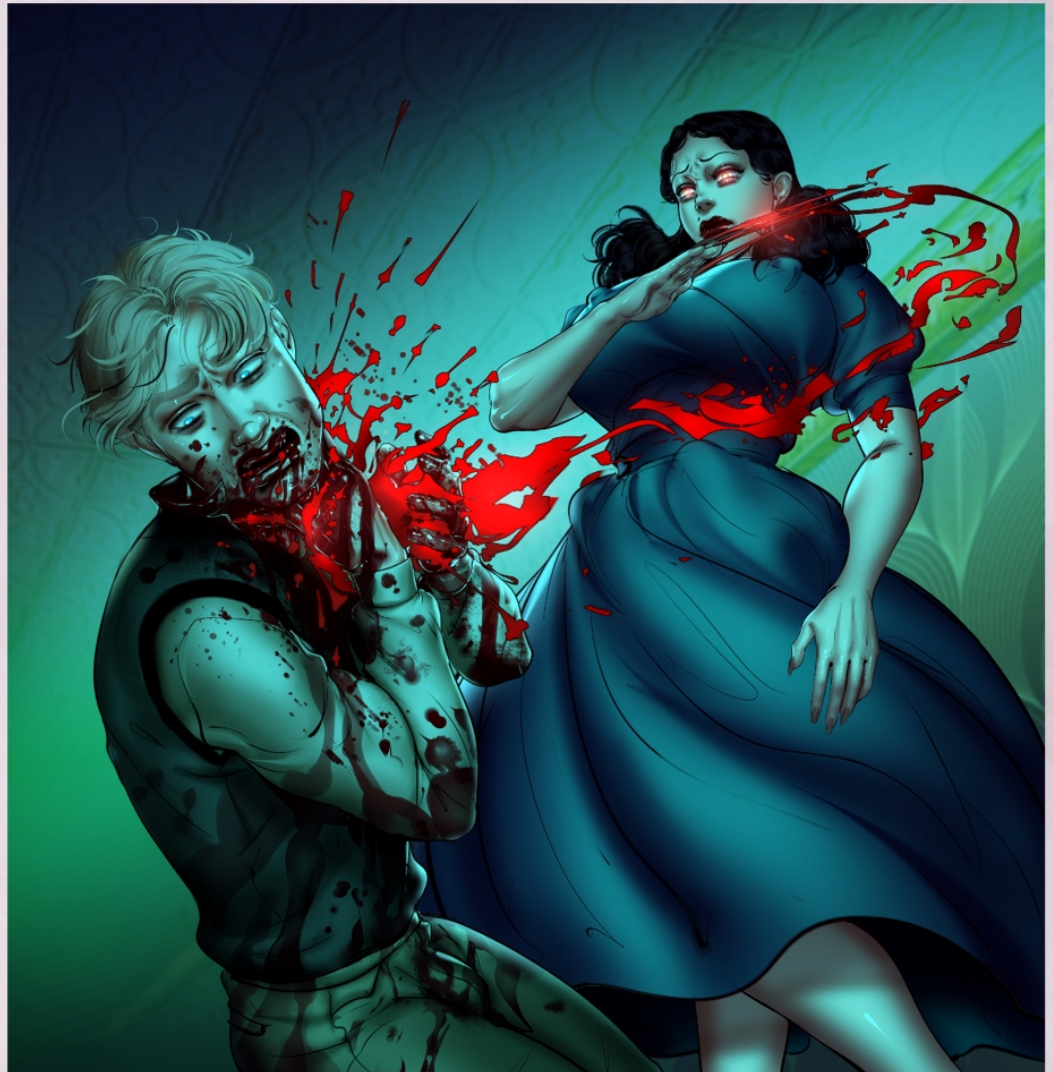


"I don't understand. I thought you talked to Her." Bradley furrowed his brow in confusion. "Didn't She say that ... gggggffffffttttt." Elizabeth's hand moved so fast, he could barely track it. He put his hands up to his throat, shock written on his face.

"It was a murder-suicide, Natalie. You saw it." Elizabeth watched Bradley drop to his knees before her, blood running through the fingers he held to his neck. "He savagely killed Billy and then slit his own throat."

"Ggggaaaacckkkkk," Bradley said as he pitched to the side.

"Yes, ma'am." Natalie nodded her head, listening to the young man's last, dying gurgles.



Soon, stag and wolf were lying motionless, side by side.

"It will take decades to find the right moon again." Elizabeth retracted her claws, bent down, and wiped her hand clean on Bradley's trousers. "I am filled with sorrow, Mrs. Crech."

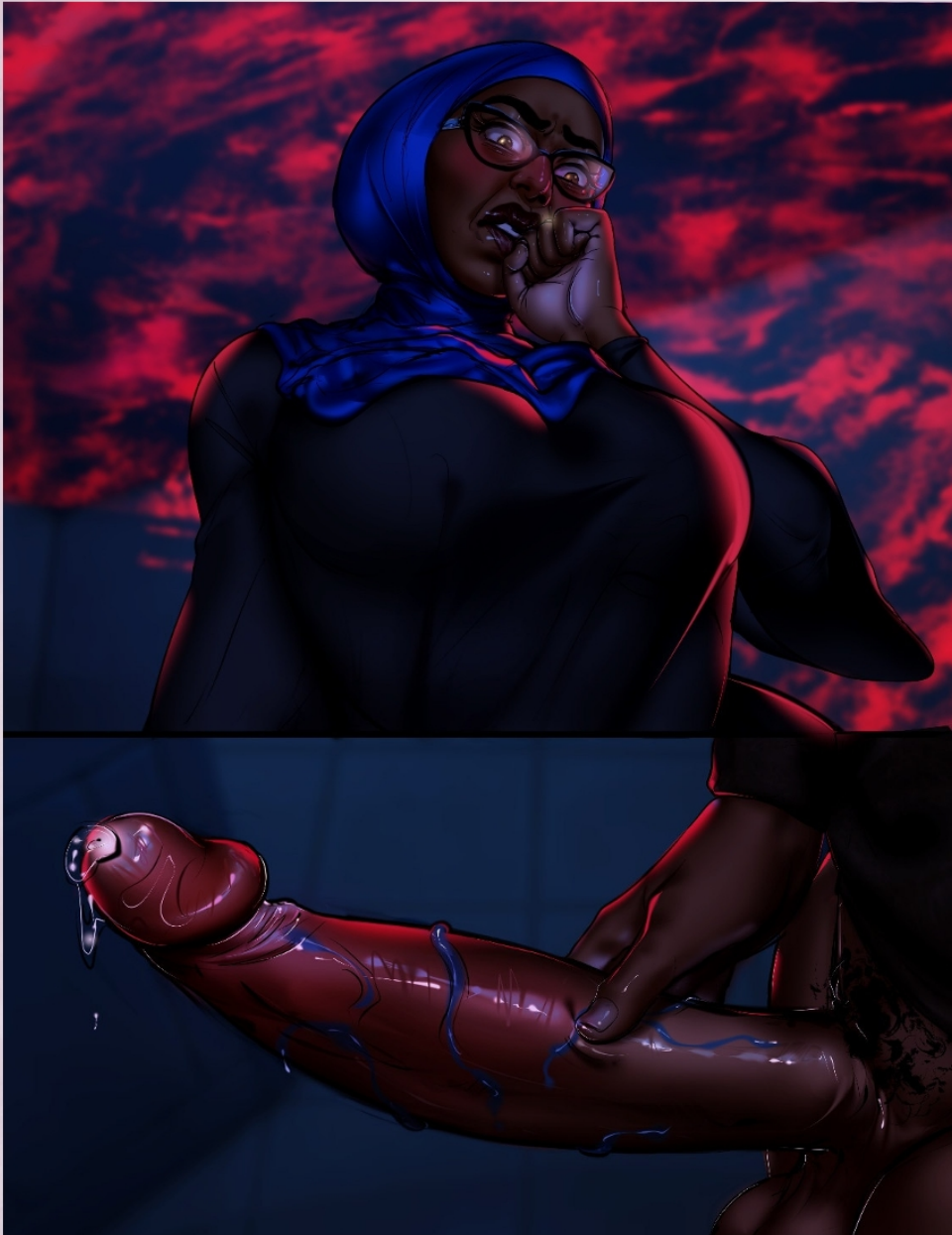
"Me too." Natalie went up to her mistress and put a hand on her shoulder.

The stairwell door burst open and Betsy stumbled out. She was panting and holding her swelling belly. It took her a moment to focus on what had happened in the hall. When realization struck, she let out a long, wrenching wail and sank to her knees. "Billy ... Billy ... nnnooooooooooooo," she sobbed.

"See that we care for Mrs. Lavey." Elizabeth stood, turned to her servant, and looked deeply into the woman's eyes. "The stag's child may still be useful. I will start planning for the next try." Elizabeth turned toward the door to her floor. "We need to own this building, Mrs. Crech. Come up with a plan for that. And we need to vet these tenants. We need believers around us. We *will* do better." She had to raise her voice to be heard over Betsy's wails. Shaking her head, Elizabeth ascended back to her forest above Manhattan.

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



"Your father should not have brought us here." Uba stared down at the horrible penis her son was presenting to her. It was a thing made for destruction. Not a nice modest penis made for creation, like her husband's. How could something like that have come from her womb? She shook her head, trying to regain some clarity.

"My father has made two good decisions. Can you guess what they are?" Abshir adjusted his glasses, taking in every subtle, confused shift on her pretty face. *Why is her shock at the sight of my dick so wonderfully perfect? Watching her now is more satisfying than eating the best meal in New York.*

"I ... he's made many good decisions." Uba shook her head.

"One." Abshir held up one finger and smacked his dick for emphasis. It bobbed up and down. "Dad had sex with you at least once. That brought Hani and me into the world."

"Your father and I have had sex more than once." Uba's voice

was weak and almost whiney to her own ears. Why was she stooping so low as to argue *this* point with her deranged son? "We do it all the time."

"I can both hear and smell everything in our apartment, Mom. That's a lie." Abshir shook his head. "Dad's second good decision?" He held up two fingers and then smacked his dick for emphasis, making it bob again. He smiled at the mesmerized way her brown eyes tracked its movement. "He brought us to this building. This is where we're meant to be." He didn't tell her that he was going to put a goddess in her womb. Ogganse had been clear that she might slip away if he moved things along too quickly. He wouldn't let Her down. "On your knees, Mom. I can see how interested you are. Get a better look."

Uba was revolted. She curled her lip. But, to her astonishment, she also dropped to her knees on the cold, concrete floor. Surprisingly, she found one of his socks in her right hand. Even more shockingly, she found her left hand lightly caressing his penis. She shivered. It was so warm. "So much blood." She squeezed it. The outer flesh was spongy, but she could feel steel underneath. "Is it warm because it holds so much blood?"

"Yep. I guess." Abshir laughed. Everything about the moment was absurd. His uptight mother, who had slammed his penis with her purse not that long ago, was kneeling before him and gently moving her fingertips over his cock. The moment was insane, but it was also flawless.



"This is as it should be. The buck comes of age and takes over the bevy," Ogganse's voice was trilling with excitement as she spoke into Abshir's ear. "Take it slowly. Let her get used to you. She doesn't yet know that the old stag's rule is over. It might take weeks for her to realize this. We must move her steadily along."

Abshir nodded. He stood silently, letting his mother fawn over his penis. The machines around them made their rhythmic whirring and thumping noises in time with the heart of the building.

On the twelfth floor, Hani's dress was around her waist, and her panties were on the floor. Joe had two fingers pumping inside her.

"What ... um ... what ... oooooohhhhhh ... are you doing?" Hani watched the concentration on his face as he stared at her pussy.

"There's supposed to be a spot in here. I'm looking for it." Joe bit his lower lip. "I haven't ... really done this before."

"You're in the wrong place ... Joey ... it's on the roof." Hani smiled at how hard he was working. "There was a boy ... at my last school ... who was a master ... with that spot. He once had me ... squirting all over the ... ladies' room."

Joe looked up at her face with his eyebrows raised. "At school?"

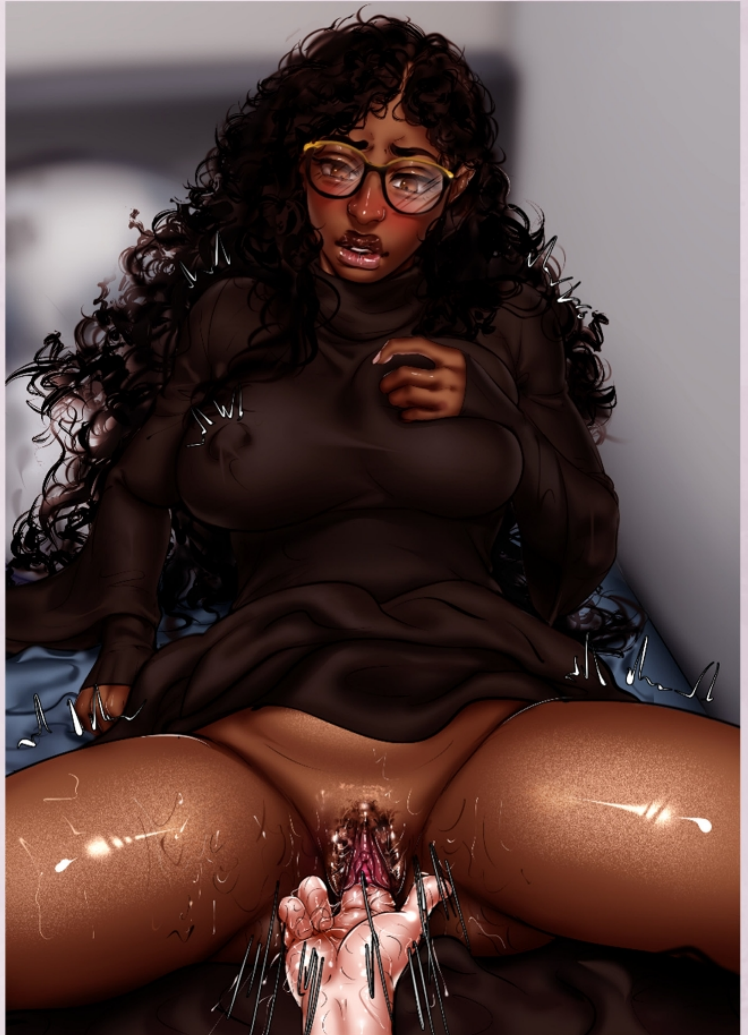
"I'm not ... ugh ... some chaste ... fainting flower ... Joey." She let out a quick burst of laughter that quickly turned into moans. "And that boy ... was very persuasive. Just like you ... aaahhhhh." She listened to the wonderful, wet sounds of his fingers for a few seconds. "I bet ... you could convince me ... to meet you in the school bathroom ... sometime."

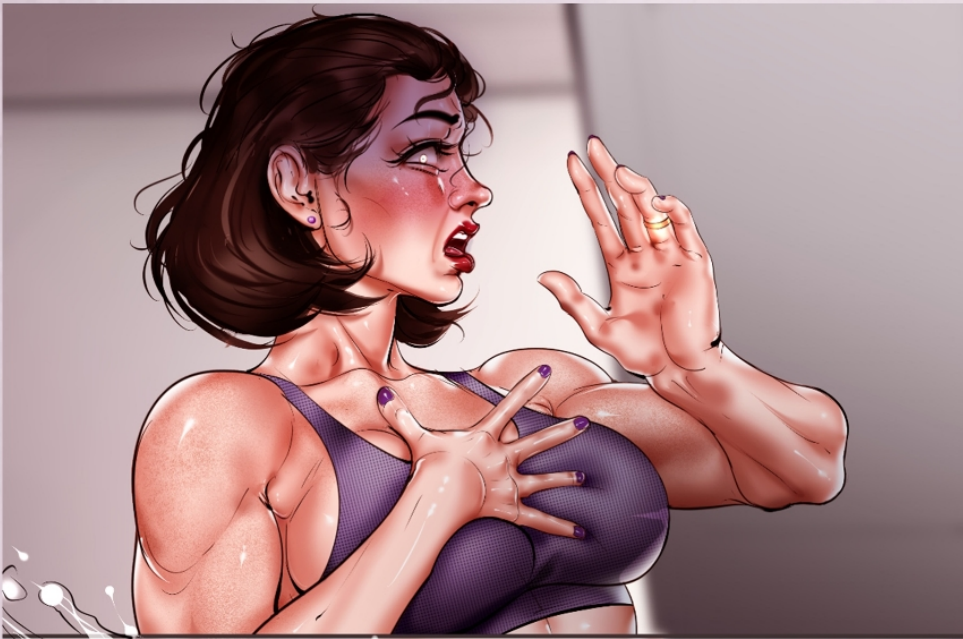
"Yeah ... I could." Joe moved his fingers to where he thought she meant. The warm, ribbed flesh inside her thrilled him. His dick, still in his pants, was so hard that he thought it might break free on its own.

"It's ... a date then." Hani squirmed her hips, trying to help him find the spot. "You're getting closer ... up a little ... ooohhhh ... yeesssss ... you're close." She closed her eyes. "Maybe we should ... put a towel down or something ... because ... eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." Her hips jerked forward, and her eyelids fluttered open.

"Joey?" Carrie stopped in the hall. Was that a scream coming from her son's room? She opened the door. "Is everything ...?" Her eyes went wide. She had not expected to be staring directly at an eighteen-year-old's vagina. Not on this day. Not on any day. She had found Hani exposed from the waist down, her legs trembling uncontrollably. Carrie's son had his fingers moving furiously inside Hani.

"Mom!" Joe had smelled his mother out in the hall, but he didn't think she'd barge in. He quickly withdrew his fingers.





“Nnnnnngggggggggggg.” Hani clenched her teeth, trying not to cum. But that just made it worse. Her hips bucked and to her horror, she started squirting on Joe’s bed. There was no controlling it. She had tried to warn him.

“Uuuuuuuggggghhhhhhhh ... sssnnnoooooorrrkkkkkkkkk.” Hani wasn’t easily embarrassed, but this was enough to make anyone feel shame. Her boyfriend’s mother was staring at her as she squirted.

“Oh ... my gosh ... what’s happening!?!” Carrie put a hand to her chest. “What did you do to her, Joey?” She wanted to shoot an accusing look at her son, but she couldn’t take her eyes off the geyser erupting from the girl on her son’s bed.

“Relax, Mom. She’s cumming.” Joe held up his hand toward his mother to pacify her. He belatedly realized that it was shiny and slick with Hani’s juices.

“Oh ... gosh ... what?” Carrie stared at the teenager. Her skin was so dark, lending a luster to



her shapely, trembling legs that Carrie wasn’t used to. Everything about the girl was dark, except for her white, grimacing teeth and the bright pink of her gash.

“Mom ... give us some privacy.” Joe couldn’t believe how easy it was to take charge in what was, arguably, a disaster. “She’s fine. We’re just fooling around.”

“Are you okay, Hani?” Carrie took a step back into the hall.

“Fffffffiiiiinnnnneeeee ... Mrrrrssssss ... Mmmmmaarrrrrrlllllennnddd.” Hani’s body shuddered a few more times, and she stopped squirting. She panted, averting her eyes from her boyfriend’s mom.



Without another word, Carrie closed the door and ran down the hall.

“Well ...” Joe looked at Hani, a big smile on his face. “I guess we now know that my mom isn’t a squirter.” He laughed. “But you are.”

“Jeez ... Joe. Don’t talk about your mom like that.” Hani shook her head. Her heart was thumping like crazy, both from getting caught and the climax.

A while later, Hani left the apartment with her hijab back on and her eyes cast down. She wasn’t easily cowed, but getting caught gushing by her boyfriend’s mother was enough to mortify even her. She caught a brief glance of Carrie sitting in the kitchen, looking very pale. Neither woman said goodbye to the other as Hani hustled out of the apartment, rushed down the hall, and entered her own apartment. She had expected to find her mother and brother home, but the place was empty.

Down in the basement, Uba was still gently caressing her son's penis with one hand. Every now and then a dollop of pre-seminal fluid would leak from the head, and she'd use her son's crusty sock to wipe it up.

"Mom, you should -" Abshir paused to listen to the goddess's voice.

"Don't tell her what she should do. Her mind is in turmoil," Ogganse said. "Don't give her something to rebel against. Your mother is a very recalcitrant doe. This surprises me. We picked her because we thought she'd be easy to steer. But don't worry. We're still on course. We need to build her up steadily without too many false steps."

"I understand." Abshir nodded.

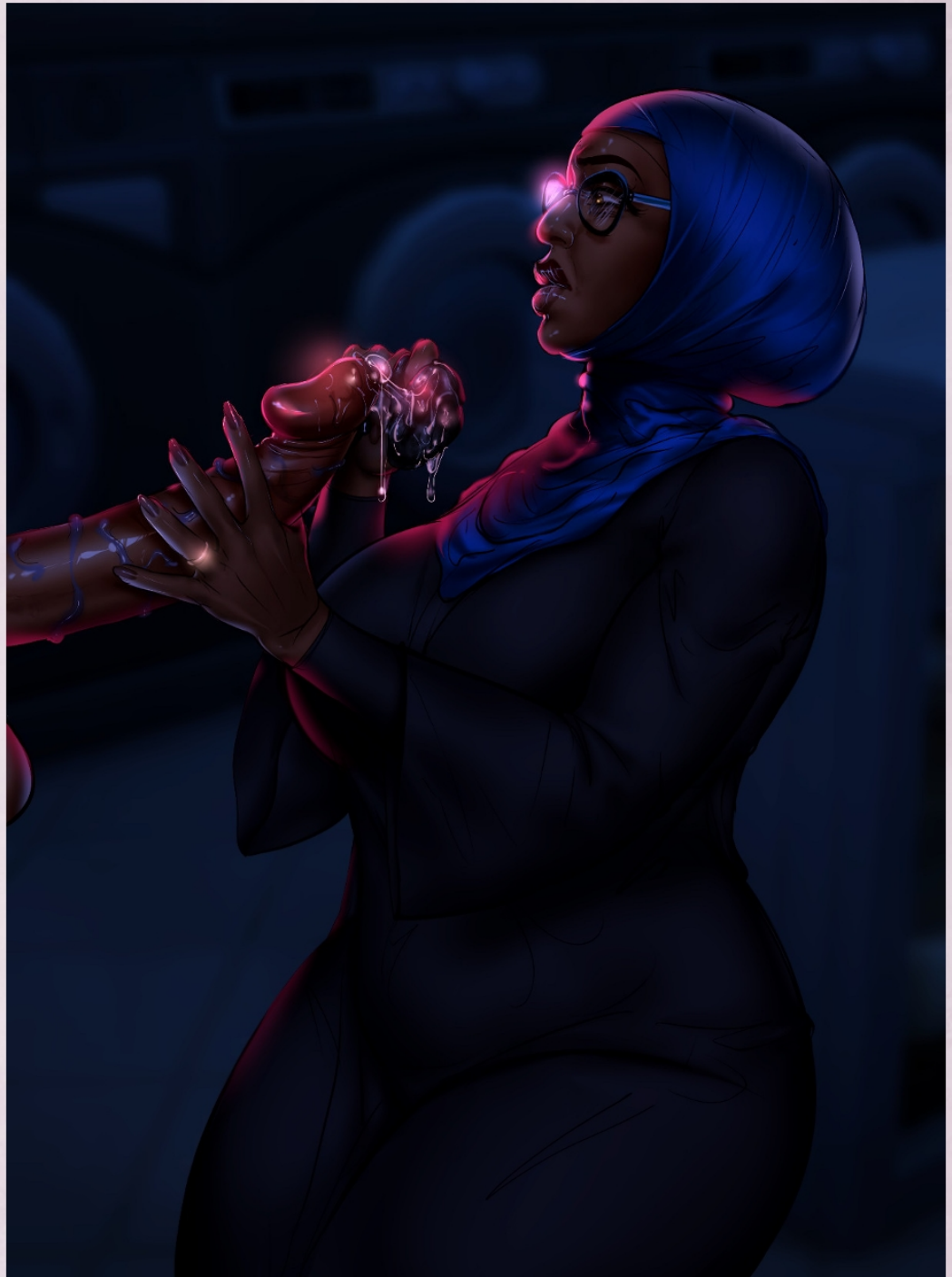
"What was that, sweetheart?" Uba hadn't used his pet name in weeks. It felt natural now.

"I understand that you might have questions, Mom." Abshir was a quick learner. He knew what Ogganse was going for.

"Yes, that's good." Ogganse's voice grew excited. "Help her cross the bridge on her own. With the roots all around us, her mind is primed. She will find the right path."

"Mmmmm." Uba swiped off the clear fluid leaking from her son's penis again. Without thinking, she lifted the sock to her nose and inhaled, her eyes rolling back. It was raw, unadulterated masculinity. Her son was clearly a man now. And he needed her to rein him in. "Questions?" Uba adjusted her glasses and looked up into his handsome face. "Is this ... this ... beast ... the reason you've been so difficult lately?" She squeezed his penis at the word 'beast' so he would know what she was referring to.

"Um ... yes ... yes ... Mom ... it makes me ... wild." Abshir met her eyes.



“So ... now I understand. Coming into manhood isn't easy.” She looked back at the ugly penis in front of her. She found her hand starting to pump it, but quickly stopped herself. Instead, she ran her fingertips up and down the bumpy shaft. “Your father ... he never talked to you about sex, did he?”



“No, Mom.” He shook his head.

“He's so mad at you right now. I don't think I could get him to have the talk with you.” Uba wiped off his fluid again and smelled the sock for almost a minute. The thump, hum, and whirl of the machines created a rhythm for her thoughts. “But you need help. I want my calm, smart, funny boy back. Not the unruly man who shows his mother his penis. Do you want to be your old self again, too?”

“She's building the bridge,” Ogganse said.

“Yes, Mom. I want to be myself again. Stroke it for me. Give me some relief.” Abshir lowered his voice.

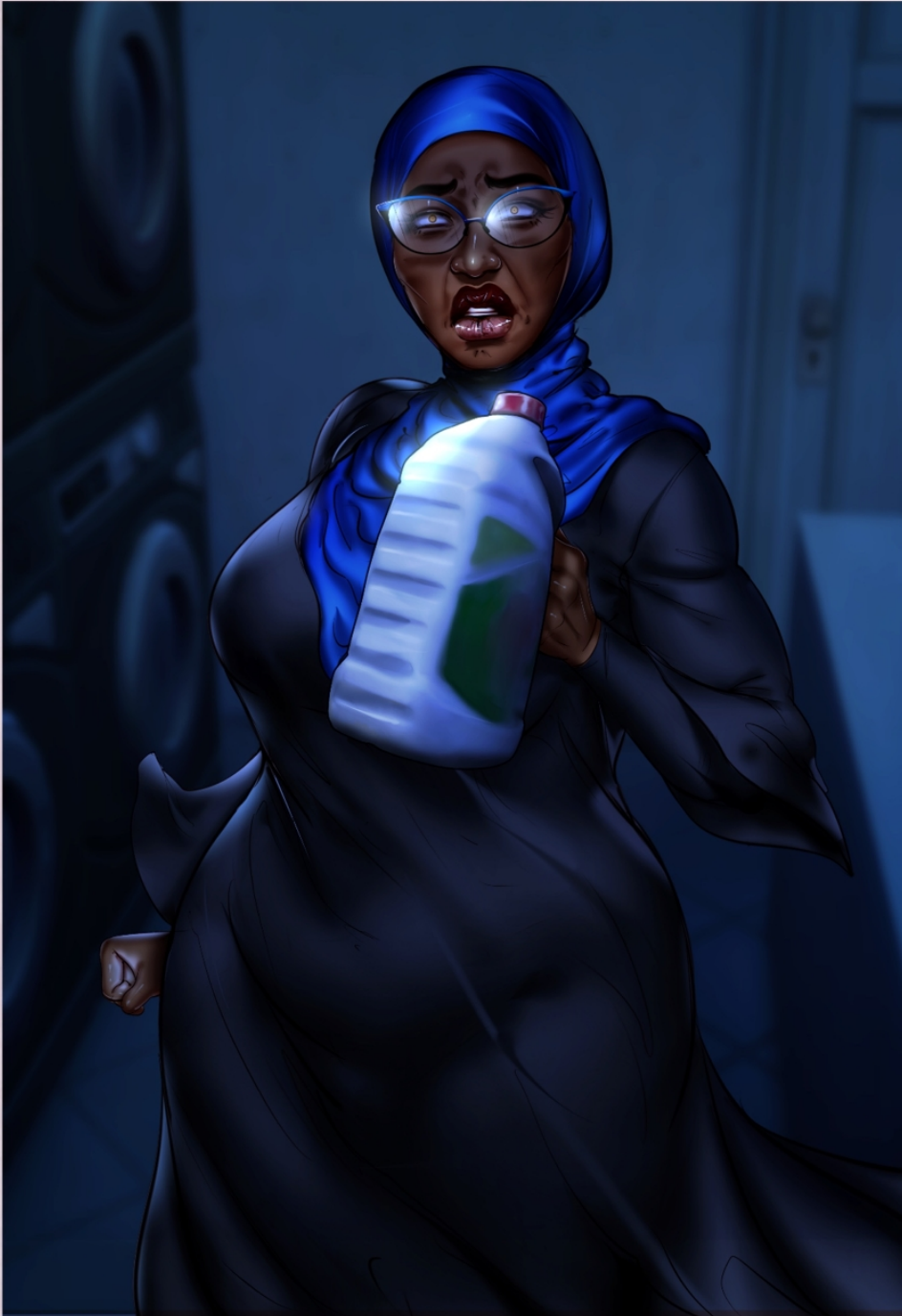
“That is the unruly man talking. My sweet Abshir would never say something like that to me.” Uba stood and stepped back. “How could you even think it?” She walked over to their laundry and put the sock in a pile.

“Get back here, Mom.” Abshir took a couple steps toward her, his cock swaying side to side.

“Calm yourself, sweetheart.” Uba reached for the detergent bottle. She might have to throttle him with it after all.

“The seed is planted,” Ogganse said. “Give it time to grow.”

"I'm sorry, Mom. I just have these ... urges." Abshir pulled up his underwear and pants, confining his dick under his waistband. The head of it was under his shirt, about where his belly button was. His clothes did not hide it well. He could see his mother studying the bulge.



"I wish you had talked to me about this rather than flopping that thing out in the open. We could have gotten you help." She worried her dark bottom lip with her white teeth. "Now ... your father is ... well ..." She let go of the detergent bottle. "I will do some research and give you the sex talk your father should have. We'll find a way for you to control your urges, so I can have my adorable son back. Sound good?"

"Um ..." His instincts were to push her now. His father was past his prime. Abshir should be able to take his place. But the voice had been clear. "Ogganse?" He whispered.

"Let her find her own bridge. Bring her back to the basement if necessary. She must cross on her own," Ogganse said. "No false steps."

"Sure, Mom. Sounds good." He put as much contrition into his voice as he could.

“Great, that’s settled.” She started loading one of the washers. She had to work hard not to take one more sniff of his dirty socks. “Now, do you think you can calm yourself enough to help your mother with the laundry?”

“Sure, Mom.” Abshir nodded and helped her load a second washer.



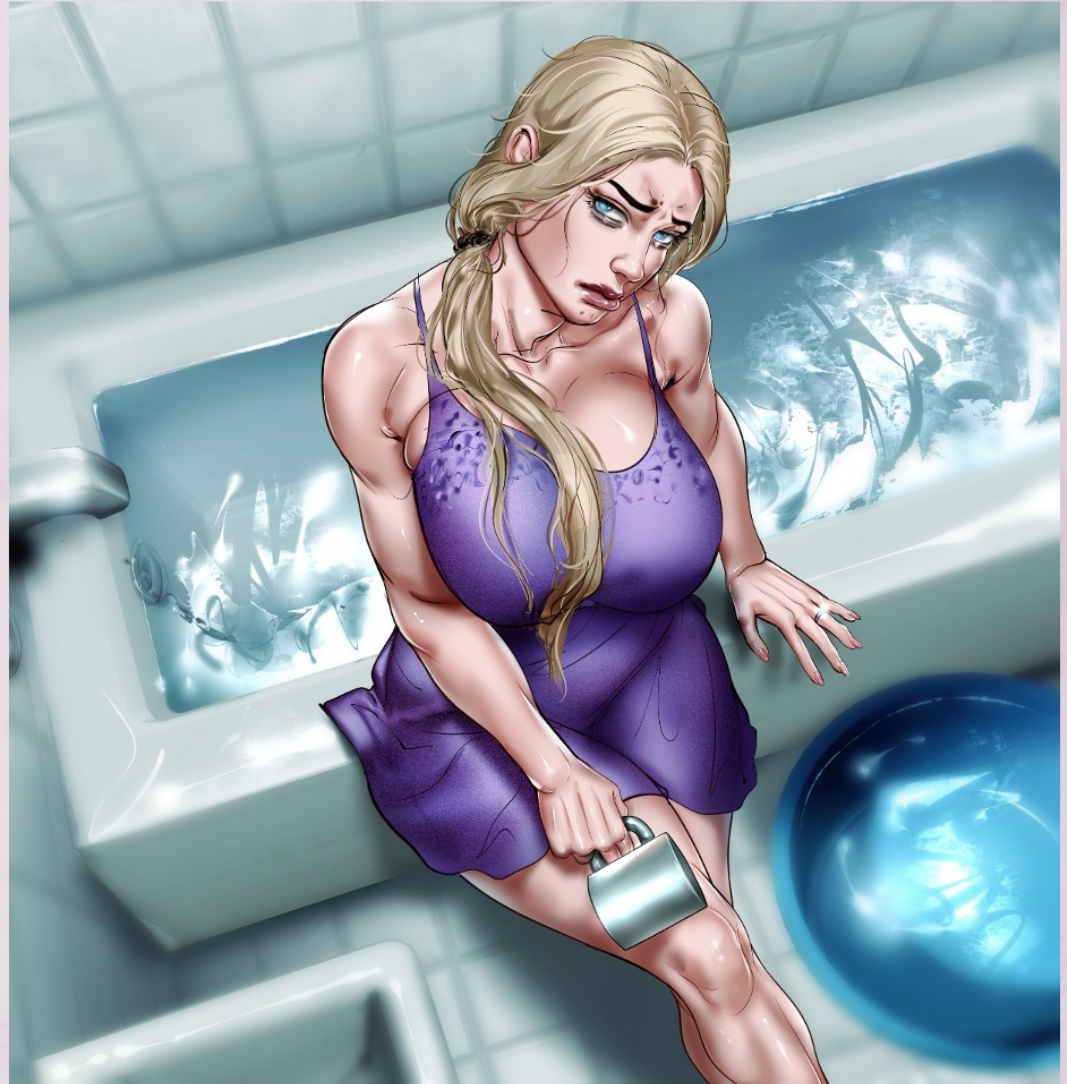
“Thank you, sweetheart.” Uba’s smile was tight, but it was there. There was hope for him.

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November 24, 1993: Apartment 9B: Diary of Rosalin Eklund.

Brian rings my doorbell every day and asks me to play music with him. Of course, I haven't opened up since the time I witnessed what he did with his mother.

The phone is still out. And I'm starting to empty my refrigerator. Rationing food is now a thing I must do. I've filled up the tub and every spare container with water in case they shut off all my utilities. I am quite sure that the building turned my phone off as part of some cultish plan. I wonder if someone goes through the outgoing mail. It may be that none of my recent reports made it to Nathaniel. I am, of course, too high in the building to jump from my window. And there is almost no chance they'll let me walk out. I have twin hopes now. One, that I can last long enough for someone from the company to come check on me. Or two, my .38.



A woman knocked on my door this morning. She claimed to live on the fourteenth floor. She said Mrs. Creech chose me for this building because I was special. That I was supposed to be part of Brian's bevy, whatever that means. I almost put a bullet through the door. I'm willing to bet that she's the cult leader. I shudder to think what she'll do to Brian, his mother, me, and every other innocent in this building. I didn't answer her. I didn't shoot her. I need to last long enough to escape. Once I'm out of here, I'll be able to take this whole building down brick by brick.

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November 25, 1993: Apartment 12C, the Kwon family.

"You should take your clothes off, Mom." Brian smiled at his mother as she entered the room in a sweater and jeans. His father had just left for work, so Brian was standing naked, ready for her. He had a nice, leisurely stroke going with one hand on his dick. "You don't want to keep staining things."

Darby eyed his mammoth penis. "I worry that if my clothes are off, you'll want to have sex. We can't have sex, Brian." There were some boundaries even music couldn't get her to cross.

"Don't worry, it's not time for that." Brian knew he had to wait. The voice wanted his power to grow. He was supposed to mount his mother for the first time in front of his father. That was the way of things. He picked up his trumpet. "Strip for me, Mom. Let the wild in."

"Yes, honey." Darby nodded and watched as he started to play the trumpet. Her body knew what to do on its own. Her hips swayed in time to the rock song, and her feet started dancing. She spun playfully about the room, slowly inching her sweater up over her head. *He's right. It'll be easier to clean myself if I'm naked.* With a dramatic thrust of her hip, she tossed away the sweater, and turned her butt toward him. She rolled her head in quick circles, arcing her black hair round and round. Soon, her butt started making the same motion. She wished she could ask Brian if he liked what she was doing, but the music was too loud. Briefly, she felt bad for the neighbors, but those thoughts passed. Instead, she let the wild in.

Brian wanted to hoot and holler at his mom. She was putting on an awesome show. Her hips shimmied as she lowered her jeans, slowly revealing the globes of her panty-covered, pale ass. He couldn't shout, so he played his music louder. His dick bobbed and bounced as he moved to the music.

It was exhilarating and surreal to dance for her son. She barely let her husband see her naked, and here she was jiggling for Brian in just her bra, panties, and socks. And soon it was only her panties and socks. And then, just socks. She rotated her shoulders to make her breasts move in matching circles for him, whipping her hair at the same time.

The song ended, and Brian put down his trumpet. He watched his mother's body come to an abrupt halt without any external rhythm to keep it going. They were both covered in a sheen of sweat, smiling at each other.



"Do you still ... want Rosalin ... to make music with us?" Darby dropped to all fours, making sure he could see her boobs dangling under her as she crawled toward him. She was panting from her exertion. Her cheeks were rosy. She arrived at his penis and sat up. She quickly licked off the precum that was dribbling down his head and looked up at him with her doe eyes. "I mean ... you and me ... we have something special here. If she wants to stay in her apartment ... isn't that for the best?" She took hold of his penis and pumped it with both hands. Seeing her wedding ring glitter gave her a moment of confusion, but then she reentered the wilderness she shared with her son. Nothing mattered there but the two of them.

"I like her, Mom." Brian watched her open wide and suck his cock into her pretty mouth. Her lips looked thin as they stretched and distorted around the bloated head. "Also ... I need a bevy. That was one of the things that went wrong last time. I need more than one doe. We need more than one fawn."



"Mmmpppphhhh?" Darby raised her eyebrows in question. He sometimes talked like that, and she couldn't make sense of it. "Ggaaacck ... ggaaacckkk ... ggaaacckkk." She pushed him into the back of her throat. *It doesn't have to make sense. That's the beauty of being with him. All that matters is that I please him. And that we make sweet music together.*

Brian smiled down at her. "You'll understand eventually." He picked his trumpet back up and played the perfect song for the blowjob. It had a fast rhythm, and a catchy melody. His mother bobbed her head in time with the music.