

Chapter 1



The Trouble with Entrabide

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Trouble With Entrabide 1

Illustrations by Mitzz

Written by RawlyRawls

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"You didn't go through with it." Dustin Greeves sat in the chaotic kitchen. His eldest daughter, Melody, had just finished her night shift at the restaurant. She was still in her waitress outfit. She and her boyfriend were having an argument by the sink. His youngest, eighteen-year-old Seth, was listening to music with headphones, bobbing his head to the beat and eating cereal at the kitchen table. Seth's older sister, Sabrina, was sitting across from him and yelling at him about something he might or might not have stolen from her room. But Seth hated confrontation. Dustin knew Sabrina would never get a rise out of him. Not even if she pulled his headphones off and screamed in his ears. Dustin wished he could tune-out like his son. Their house was cramped, life was complicated, and his wife may have just made a decision to throw them all into the pits of hell.

"Look ... look around you, Dustin!" Chastity Greeves waved her hands at the chaos. "They need us to provide for them. Better than what we're doing. With this ... we'll live in a mansion for a year, we'll be fitter than we've been in years ..." She reached for her belly and shook it at him. "... and the kids will be set for life. Seth and Sabrina can go to college. Melody ... can get her own place." The cacophony around her made her simmering mind come to a boil. Chastity pulled her black hair and screamed, "Everyone shut up!"



Everyone but Seth looked at her for a moment and then continued their arguments.

"Don't do it, Chastity." Dustin gripped the counter.

"I already signed the papers." She shook her head.

"Why?" Dustin looked forlornly into his coffee mug.

"Money, Dustin. Haven't you been listening? We need money." Chastity looked around her in exasperation. "Seth, Sabrina, Melody, and I get the shots on Tuesday. We move next week. Are you coming, or do you want a divorce?" She furrowed her brows at him.

"I'll come to the company mansion, but I'm not taking the shot." Dustin didn't trust the tech startup company waving money at his family. But he saw he couldn't stop them.

"Fine." Chastity shrugged. "You'll be the only one not at peak performance. Speaking of which, I need to get out of this house. I'm going for a walk." She pushed past her husband and headed for the front door.

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Æthelred Medical had promised a mansion and provided something a little less. A McMansion maybe. The home the Greeves family found themselves in was much more spacious than the cramped apartment they were used to. It was three floors, with modern, sleek furniture, and a room for each of the three grown children. Although, Melody's boyfriend, Pete, had to find a place of his own. Dustin was the only person not taking Entrabide allowed to live in the house per the contract they had signed.

The home did have a fully stocked gym in the basement and a pool out back. In addition to all the rooms that were standard in a place of its size, the new Greeves residence also had a soundproofed room on the main floor with only an armchair and several cameras to record the regular updates the family would provide.

Dosed sufficiently with Entrabide, Chastity, Melody, Sabrina, and Seth settled into their new, more luxurious life. For the next year, they wouldn't have to work or worry about bills. They would only have to report on the miracles provided by Æthelred Medical. Of course, Dustin wasn't living life on easy street. He prayed for his family.

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Two weeks into the experiment.

“What’s up, loser? Feel different yet?” Seth was playing video games in the den when his sister walked in to retrieve her book.

“No.” This wasn’t true. Melody had been undergoing strange changes, but she hadn’t told anyone. It was too weird. And, at least for the moment, she could keep them hidden. “I can see the drug hasn’t done anything for you either. You’re still a skinny, little runt.” Melody ran her hands through her black hair and frowned at her brother. He was a pip-squeak. If it wasn’t for dainty Sabrina, he’d be the smallest person in their family.

“I can see you’re still a fat asshole, Mel.” Seth stuck his tongue out at her.

“What’s gotten into you?” She picked up her book, staring at him with wide eyes. He never defended himself. Never.



“Since you asked, Mel, Entrabide *has* gotten into me. And I do think something’s changing. My dick’s getting bigger.” Seth laughed.

“You’re disgusting.” Melody pretended to gag. “Maybe you’ll be able to find it without a microscope now.” She quickly walked out of the room.

Seth looked around. The room was empty. "I wasn't lying, bitch. It's bigger." He closed his eyes and shook his head. He didn't feel himself. Maybe he needed a nap or something. He turned off the game and went to his room. But rather than sleep, he fapped. His dick had grown at least an inch when fully erect since they moved in. And it felt better than ever. Ecstasy surged through him as he jacked himself to porn.

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The hidden mini-cameras recorded everything. Doctors and techs watched the monitors covering every room of the Greeves house. Chastity was floating in the pool with her husband. Melody was reading in her room. Sabrina was in the kitchen, texting with her boyfriend. And Seth was doing what he was doing.



"Do you think the growth Subject Four mentioned is real, Dr. Ramirez?" James made some notes on a clipboard.

"Let's instruct him to measure it every day at his next check-in, Dr. Thompson." Sophie tried not to look at the teenager furiously masturbating. Medicine was a messy business sometimes. "Did we see anything like that in the mice?"

"Honestly, I don't think we measured their penises." James laughed, and a few of the other techs joined in.

Sophie frowned as she made her own notes.

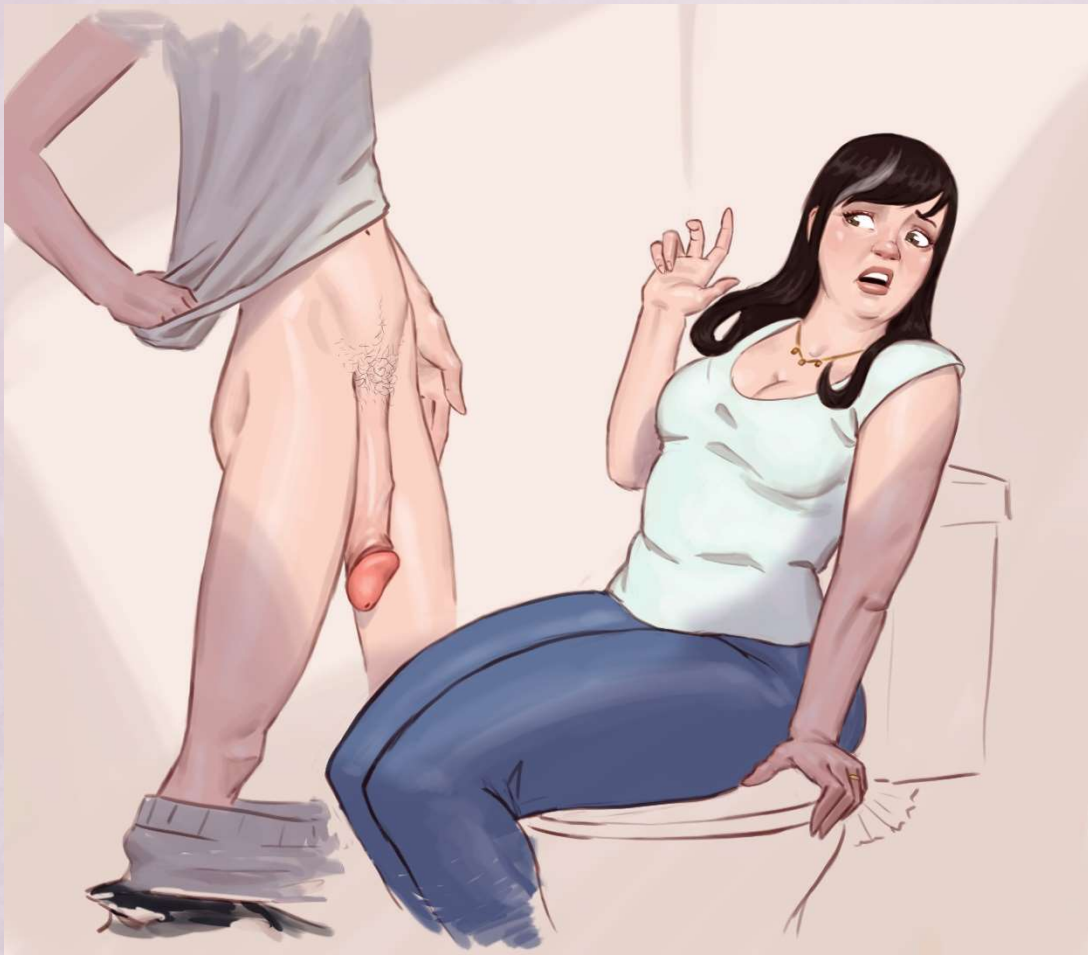
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Four weeks into the experiment.

"Well, I can't look at it, sweetie. If the doctors know about it, I'm sure it's fine." Chastity was in her own bathroom where her son had cornered her. She looked over his shoulder out into the empty bedroom. "Maybe you should show your father. It seems like something a man should handle. I think he's in the gym."

"Listen to me ... it's growing ... and I want you to see it," Seth said through clenched teeth. He stalked toward his mother, backing her up against the toilet. She was taller and heavier than him, but he felt like he could physically overpower her if he had to. He closed his eyes and shook his head. "I'm sorry, Mom. I'm sorry." He rubbed his temples.

"It's okay. It's just ... I'm not used to outbursts from you." She sat down on the toilet lid and smiled at him. "Now run along and go talk to your father about it."



"I'm sorry." Seth dropped his pants and underwear. He stood before her with his soft cock dangling between his legs. "It has to be you. I need you to see it. It has to be you."

"Oh ... gosh." Chastity stared at her son's penis. It was long, and thin. Impossibly long. The head of it looked incredibly fat dangling down at almost mid-thigh. "I haven't seen it since you were younger. This isn't ... normal?"

"They had me measure it. For a while it was growing almost an inch a day. I think it's stopped growing now." He pushed his hips

forward, bringing his dick to within a few inches of her face.

"Well, I'll just have to have a word with the doctors about this." She daintily pushed on his hip, moving him back a step. "There wasn't anything in the literature about changes to our bodies that didn't include ... fitness." Chastity clapped her hands like she'd just wrapped up the conversation.

"I see you've gotten fitter, Mom." Seth stared down at her cleavage. Her breasts had gotten bigger, while the rest of her had shrunk. To his eyes, her changes were modest but appreciated. She'd also developed a toned look to her arms that Seth enjoyed.

"Thank you, Seth. It's so odd, most of my clothes don't fit me well. I ..." She saw his soft penis jerk ... once ... twice ... three times. The head nodded back and forth like a dangling bell. She wasn't one hundred percent sure, but Chastity thought that was not how penises were supposed to move. Then, to her horror, it began to slowly swell. "I ... I have to go." Her son didn't move out of the way. Chastity stared at the rising serpent. She needed a way out of that bathroom.

"Look how skinny I am." Seth lifted off his shirt. It was true, he was as gaunt as ever. "Aren't I supposed to be adding muscle with the drug? What's happening to me?" He looked down at his incredibly long dick. It curved unnaturally upward and was somewhat thicker now that it was erect. "I feel strange. Like I want to break things."

"Oh ... no ..." Chastity bit her nails. Now that his penis was erect, she could get a good look at his hairy balls. They were also unnaturally large and hung low for someone his age.

"Someone? Anyone? I need help." She called around him out of the bathroom. But the house was too big and well-made. Sound didn't travel far.



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"We need to intervene. It's time to end the trial. This is dangerous." Sophie ran her hand over her face in exasperation. Her wedding ring glinted as it passed by her eye.

"Not yet." James scribbled notes furiously.

The techs in the room were all watching the bathroom monitor where Seth was now pumping his unnatural penis with his hands in front of his mother.

"Subject Four has gone off the rails. His psych intake says passive-neutral. He's clearly changed to aggressive-chaotic." Sophie tried to keep herself composed. "We're harming the subjects. We're opening ourselves up to lawsuits. Subject Two has also shown strange mood swings and body changes that we hadn't contemplated. We need to separate all of them now. There's no way they're getting their second dose."



"Well, the monitoring room is certainly in a tizzy today." Dr. Rebecca Smith entered the room. Everyone quieted when she announced her arrival, but only Sophie looked at her. The other staff were all still watching the monitor, where Chastity Greeves was crawling on the bathroom floor around her son. Seth was so distracted by his self-pleasure that it seemed he'd forgotten about his mother. Rebecca walked up to the screen and clucked her tongue. "We're sure his unexpected growth and emotional changes are caused by the Entrabide, Dr. Ramirez?"

"We're not sure of anything right now. But clearly Subject Four is not adding muscle and instead he's adding ... well, that." Sophie gestured at the screen. "Who knows what will happen after this? We need to separate them and take blood and tissue samples. The regimen has to end."

"And Subject Two?" Rebecca tapped her chin with her pen. The boy's mother, Subject One, had fled the room. Rebecca could see that she was now with her husband in the basement gym. Rebecca listened to that room and heard that Chastity wasn't alerting Dustin to the situation upstairs. That was interesting. *If only the father had taken the dose, too. It would be so helpful to have more than one male subject.* Well, beggars couldn't be choosers. It wasn't easy to find people willing to accept participation in the study.

"Subject Two has changed differently than One and Three. Did you see my memo?" Dr. Thompson said.

"I saw the memo." Rebecca nodded. Now Chastity and Dustin were making out in the gym like long-lost lovers. That had to be a change, too. All their intel pointed to a tenuous marriage without much happening in the bedroom.

"See? We have to end it now." Sophie didn't like the glint in Rebecca's eye.

"No ... no ... let's see where this goes. We're well within parameters. They signed on for this. There's nothing happening that the contract didn't cover." Rebecca looked over to the bathroom view. "The boy's ejaculating all over the place. I assume the quantity of sperm is new as well?" Nobody answered. She took it as an affirmative. "This isn't what we expected, but the science we're doing is groundbreaking. Just look at them."

Dustin and Chastity were now humping on the floor of the gym. She was riding him like a crazed banshee. Seth was staring with remorse at his cum on the walls of the bathroom.

“We’ll schedule the second dose as planned.” Rebecca turned and headed for the door.

“Yes, Dr. Smith.” Sophie tried not to sound too defeated. She thought about quitting, but with her NDA, she’d never be able to put a stop to this. *I’ll derail this from the inside.*

