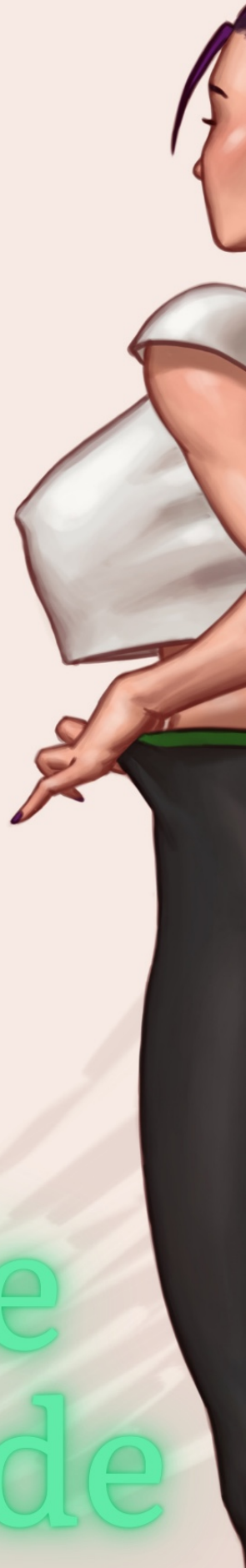


Chapter 11



The Trouble with Entrabide

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Trouble With Entrabide 11

Illustrations by Mitzz

Written by RawlyRawls

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Thirteen weeks into the experiment.

On the screen in her cell, Sophie watched Chastity and Seth Greeves rut on his bed. She thought back to how ordinary and innocent they'd been when they'd signed up for the experiment. Seth had been a quiet boy, small for his eighteen years. Chastity had been outspoken and frazzled, trying to keep her family together. She'd been short, plump, and unremarkable. Now, she was strong and powerful. But nothing compared to the hulking animal that held her hips and pummeled her from behind.

"Ugh ... ugh ... ugggghhhhh ... Seth ... I'll never ... never ... grow tired ... of this." Chastity looked over her shoulder with twisted adoration.

"My ... upstairs ... woman!" Seth snarled. He punctuated each word with a forceful slap to her ass.



As she watched, Sophie jerked her changed, but now familiar, clit. She had measured an erection yesterday at just north of ten inches. When she was excited, it became ridiculously hard. Her strong arms rivaled Chastity's. But while the mother on screen was using hers to absorb the impacts of her son's hips, Sophie was using hers to stroke vigorously with both hands. "I'm sorry ... they did this ... to you," Sophie whispered to the screen.

There had been so much sex on her television the last two weeks. Sophie was inundated with images of the Greeves family humping. The sisters fornicated at least twice a day, usually in Sabrina's messy room. But sometimes in the gym, or in a hidden corner of the main floor. They were working hard to keep their congress hidden from the rest of the family, and so far they'd succeeded. Of course, that was easier, because they only had to worry about their father catching them. Their mother was in Seth's room most of the time. She only left to retrieve food, bring dirty dishes to the kitchen, or use the bathroom. Over the past week, at Seth's behest, she had started doing her intra-bedroom chores in the nude. He wanted her naked at all times. There would be no more clothes between them.

"Ooohhhhhh ... I'm sorry ... this happened ... to you," Sophie said to the video while she fapped harder. She focused her eyes on Chastity's shaking curves. She told herself that she wasn't looking at Seth because he was a frightening mass of a man. Sophie had always dated men. She'd never given attraction to women a second thought. Now, she couldn't pull her eyes away from Chastity's rippling ass. She wondered what it would be like to take Seth's place behind her. To conquer this woman, to keep her in a cave of a room and fuck her anytime Sophie pleased.

"Eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." Sophie's hips jerked, her pussy squirted, and her mind went blank with ecstasy. The pleasure was too great. She could no longer deny it. She needed to bed a woman.

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“Hey, Sabs, you ready to go again?” Melody stood, leaning her hip on her sister’s doorframe. Her arms were crossed, she had a smirk on her lips, and there was a tent in the front of her skirt where her eleven-inch clit was throbbing. “I need some of that good pussy.”



“Oh ... Jesus.” Sabrina turned up the music she was listening to, so her father wouldn’t overhear them. “I hate when you talk like that.” While that was technically true, her pussy flooded at the proposition. “Where’s Mom and Dad?”

“You know where Mom is.” Melody rolled her eyes and pantomimed an orgasm. “If you turn down your music, you can clearly hear her.”

“Oh ... Jeez.” Sabrina shook her head and turned up the music a little more.

“Dad’s taking apart a lamp in the living room. He says that if he wires it to the toaster, he should be able to call for help.” Melody stepped into the room and closed the door. “Anyway, Dad hasn’t come up to this floor in two weeks. He’s afraid of Seth. We’re good.”

“Okay ... Okay ...” Sabrina stood and adjusted her yoga pants. She wasn’t wearing a bra, and she was aware that her nipples were poking through her shirt. It thrilled her to put on a show for her sister. And judging from Melody’s stare, her sister seemed interested. “We can do it, but not in my room.”

“Why not your room?” Melody looked around at the clean, tidy space. “I want to mess up that perfect bed.”

“That’s the point. Your room is already a mess. And it smells like ... sex in there.” Sabrina inhaled deeply. “It smells like flowers in my room.”

“I want to do it in here.” Melody moved over to her sister, grabbed her, and tried to toss her on the bed.

Sabrina stood with her feet planted on the floor. “You might have that magic clit, but I’m stronger than you, Mel. I’m in charge.” It was Sabrina’s turn to smirk.

“I’m the older sister, you should do what I say ... uuuuggghhhhhh.” Melody twisted and pulled on her sister, but couldn’t get her to budge.

“Nah.” Sabrina lifted Melody into the air, threw her over her shoulder like a sack of potatoes, and walked toward the door. “Oh, this is fun carrying you around.” She grabbed her sister’s ass to keep her from squirming off her shoulder.

“It’s not fair ... that I didn’t get ... to be strong ... like you.” Melody kicked her legs, but resisting just made her clit bounce painfully against Sabrina. She quieted down and let her sister carry her back to her room.

“I’m not sure which of us is the dude in this weird thing we’re doing.” Sabrina entered Melody’s room, closed the door, and tossed Melody onto her bed.

“We’re not dudes.” Melody laughed, quickly undressing. “We’re ladies with special talents. God bless Entrabide.”

Sabrina’s stomach flipped when she saw what looked like a giant penis come into view. “God bless Entrabide,” she whispered. She disrobed, tossing her clothes about the messy room without a care. “How do you want me, Mel?” Naked now, she posed, giving her sister a little bicep flex. At first, she had been embarrassed about her muscles, but Melody’s encouragement had overcome that.



“How about a number six, fast tempo.” Melody lay on her back and waited.

Sabrina giggled. “You love my butt.” She climbed onto the bed and mounted her sister in reverse.

“I love everything about you, Sabs.” Melody stared at her sister’s glistening vagina as she squatted above Melody’s clit. “Especially that good pussy. I need good pussy.”

“Ooohhhh ... Mel ... the stuff you say.” Sabrina lowered her hips and guided Melody’s mammoth clit into her pussy. It had only been a couple weeks, but she could hardly remember a time before sex with her sister. It practically filled every inch of her life now. And ... every inch of her pussy. “Ooohhhh ... Mel ... Mel ... Melody ... you’re so deep.” Sabrina bounced on her sister, taking the full length of what Entrabide had given her.

“Give me ... that good pussy ... ugh ... ugh ...” Melody slapped her sister’s perfectly toned ass. “Give me ... that good ... uuugghhhh ... pussy.”

And that’s exactly what Sabrina did.

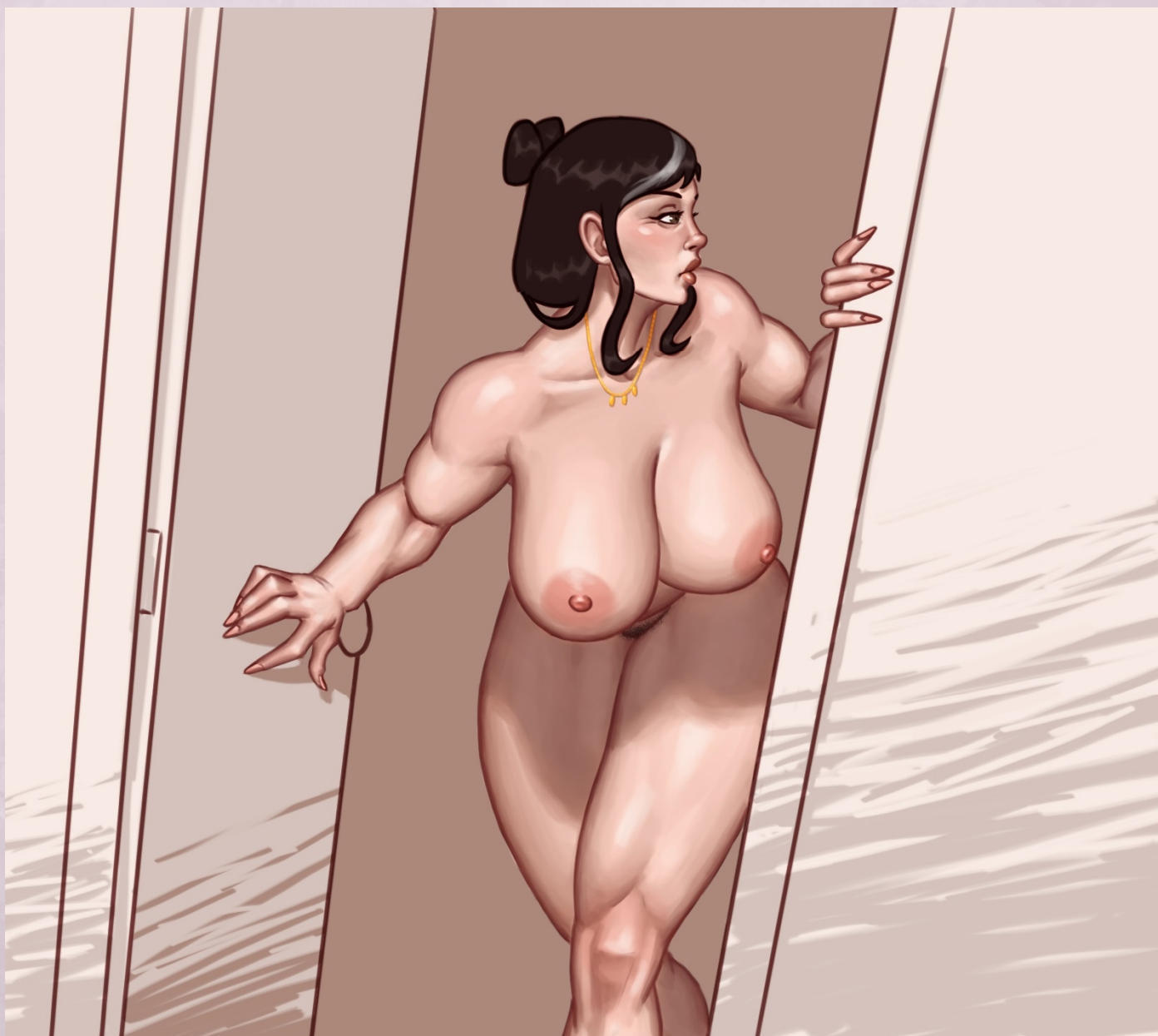
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“Seth ... honey ... are you asleep?” Chasity rose from the bed, listening to her son’s deep, even breathing. His giant body was partly off the bed where he’d sprawled after their latest lovemaking session. She stared at his slumbering penis, wondering how on earth she had gotten used to such a thing. “Seth?” Satisfied that she’d worn him out, she went about tidying up his room. No matter how much she cleaned, the place always smelled like his fruity, pungent sperm. But at least it was tidy.

There were no clothes to pick up. Neither she nor her son wore clothes anymore. Heck, he wouldn’t even shower if she didn’t drag him in there every day. A few days ago, she’d pitched moving to the master suite. After all, she wasn’t sharing it with Dustin anymore. But Seth had refused. He didn’t have many words anymore, but she understood that he wanted to keep her close to him in a familiar setting. It was almost like he was more animal than man now. She shivered. *My own feral beast.* She went to the closet, got a towel, and mopped up the sperm dripping out of her vagina. *If you’re sleeping, I might as well get us something to eat.*

Quietly, she padded out of Seth’s room, down the hall, and descended the stairs. Recently, it was mortifying to run into one of her family members, so she did her best to sneak from room to room, peeking around corners, and even crawling behind furniture sometimes. She spotted her husband tinkering with a dissected lamp in the living room. Thankfully, he didn’t spot her, so she moved to quickly slip by the doorway.



Dustin's nostrils picked up the scent of sex. "Chastity, is that you?" He looked up from his workspace to see his naked wife freeze in the doorway. When their eyes met, he could see her fear. Dustin stood, took a step toward her, and hesitated. "It's good to see you. Are you okay? Is he ... hurting you?"

"I'm fine, Dustin." Chastity felt a cold sweat form on her skin. She saw her husband's eyes rove her body. She felt possessive on her son's behalf. "Don't look at me."

"Okay." Dustin turned his eyes away, looking at the TV he'd only just put back together. "I'm glad you're still wearing your wedding ring. That gives me hope. You don't need to stay up there to protect me. Seth won't do anything if you come back to me."



Chastity gave him a nervous smile. She didn't know how to answer. "Look, I just came down for some food."

"I've almost figured out a way for us to get out of here." Dustin pointed at the exposed wiring in front of him. "Just hold on for a little bit."

The poor guy thinks I want to escape. Chastity's nervous smile turned into a frown. "I have to go. Seth will worry if I'm gone for a long time."

"Chastity ... I ..." Dustin stopped talking. His wife had already scurried off to the kitchen. He sat back down and threw himself into his project, pushing her out of his mind entirely.

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"Seth, honey, I brought us some lunch." Chastity entered her son's room, carrying a tray of food and beverages. "Oh ... you startled me!" She nearly ran into her hulking son. He was now wide awake and standing by the door.

"My upstairs woman." Seth's once gentle eyes burned with fiery possession. He grabbed her arm.

"Careful, you'll spill the tray." Chastity was strong enough to resist his pull and maintain her balance. She put the tray down on his desk, turned to him, and smiled. "I'm yours, Seth. But sometimes I need to go get us stuff."

"You see him?" Now that the tray was safe, Seth grabbed his mother and tossed her onto the bed.

"Yes, I saw him. He was working on one of his stupid projects." She propped herself up on her elbows and watched her son's mighty penis rise. "Oh ... you want to go again? I thought we would eat first." Her vagina gushed at the sight of his enlarging monstrosity.

"He know?" Seth crawled onto the bed, spread her legs, and sniffed her excitement.

"Yes, baby, he knows. Ooohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh." Chastity squirmed as he lowered his lips to her vagina and noisily ate an appetizer before lunch. "Your dad knows ... that I'm ... uuugggghhh ... your woman ... Seth." Chastity threw her head back and arched her back, pleasure surging through her nerves. "I'm ... oooooohhhhhh ... your upstairs ... uuugggghhhh ... woman ... eeeeeiiiiiii." She was already in the throes of a climax. When her son moved up, covering her body with his bulk, she spread her legs and shivered. Her vagina was so accommodating after the past couple weeks that he slid the whole thing in without any resistance at all. *He's reshaped me. He's made me his. His upstairs woman.* She gripped his taut ass and absorbed the pounding that was now her right. *I never want to escape.*

