

Chapter 12



The Trouble with Entrabide

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Trouble With Entrabide 12

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Fifteen weeks into the experiment.

“What do you think?” Chastity stepped into her son’s room, showing off her new haircut. She was naked. She was always naked. She posed for him and fluffed her hair. “I did it myself, of course, but I think it looks good. You’ve been making me feel so sexy, Seth. And I thought ... why not spruce things up a little? I also shaved down there.” She spread her legs and showed him.

Seth frowned at her. He sat on the edge of his bed, his legs spread. His sleeping cock was so long it almost touched the floor where it hung. “No like shave, Mom. I like hair.”

“You like my hair, sweetie?” She took in his grim expression and smiled nervously.

“No ... like ... shave!” Seth grimaced in frustration. He knew he wasn’t speaking clearly, but he couldn’t seem to get his brain into a higher gear. Suddenly, he let out several savage barks.

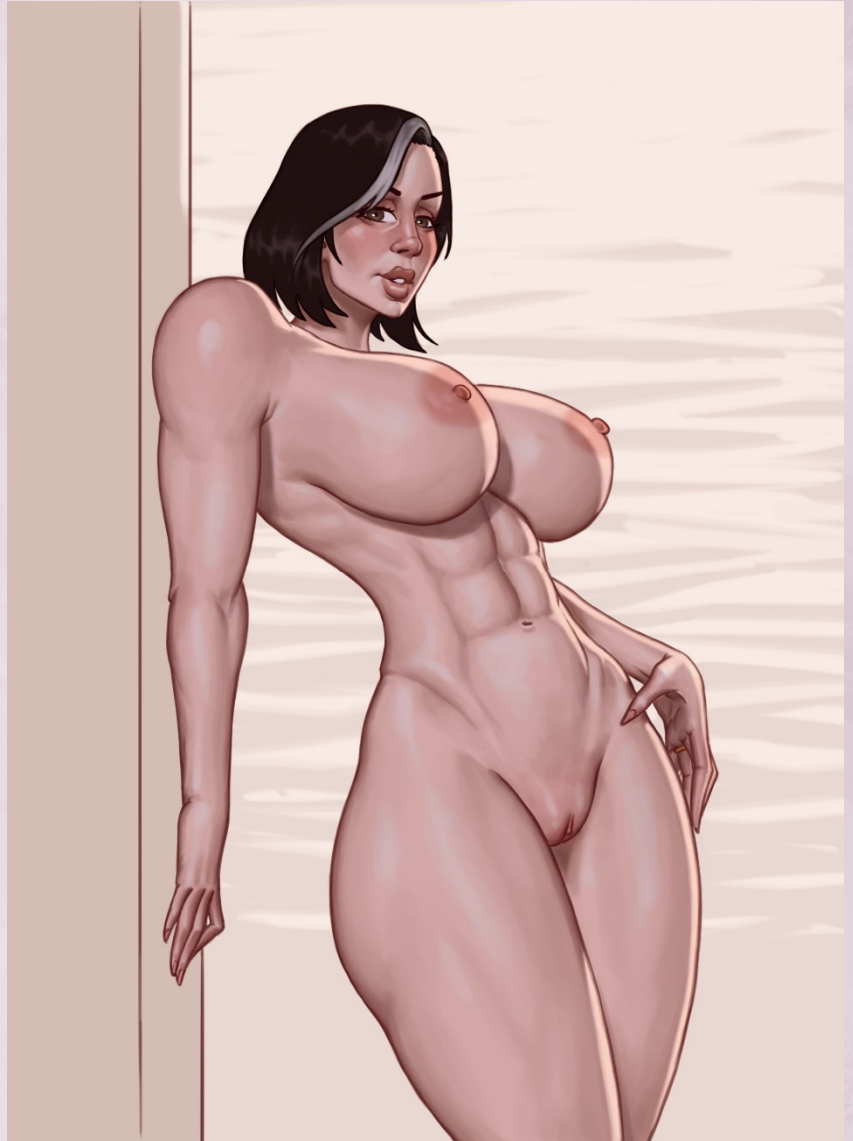
Chastity flinched back. “Right ... okay ... I should have asked. I wanted it to be a surprise. I’m sorry. I can grow it back, okay?” She watched his bunched muscles relax, and she breathed a sigh of relief. She found that her vagina was gushing. It was scary when he barked at her, but she loved his beastly nature. “How about my haircut? Do you like that at least?”

“My ... upstairs woman.” Seth stood and beat his massive chest with one fist. “You cut for him? The downstairs man?”

“Your father?” Chastity was used to his jealousy. She was so thankful that Dustin hadn’t tried to come upstairs. She didn’t know what their son would do to him if he did. “No, I cut it for you. I wanted to be sexy for *you*, Seth. You’re my man. My only man.”

“Mine!” Seth stepped over to her, lifted her off the ground, and tossed her onto the bed. “My ... woman ... Mom.” When she spread her legs for him, he turned away with his lip curled. “Cannot look at shave. Turn over.”

“Sorry ... Seth ... I’ll grow it back out. I thought ... men liked that.” Chastity rolled onto her belly, put her legs together, and stuck her butt out toward her son. “I’ll ask you in the future before I make a change. I’ll ... uuuuuggghhhhhhhhhhh.” She braced herself against the mattress as he quickly entered her. Usually, he gave her a moment to adjust. But today, he was off to the races. “What ... uuuggghhhh ... what ... would you ... like me to do ... to be sexy ... for you? We don’t ... wear clothes ... so ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... I’m not sure ...”



“Uuuggghh ... uggghhh ... uuuggghhhh ...” Seth’s grunts were deep and urgent as he slammed his hips into his mother’s backside. He searched for a word, and eventually, he found it. “Tattoo ... you get ... tattoo ... so everyone ... know ... you mine. So ... *he know.*”



“A ... tattoo ... I don’t think we have that here.” Chastity was very thankful they didn’t have tattoo equipment. She didn’t think she’d ever leave Seth, but she didn’t want to be branded. How embarrassing would that be when she saw her husband or her daughters ... or when they finally released the family from the experiment?

“Sharp ... sharp ...” Seth searched for another word. He slapped his mother’s ass in frustration. “Get ... sharp ... sharpie!” He was so pleased with finding the word, his orgasm came early. “Aaaaahhhhhhhhhhh.”

“Okay ... oookkaaayyyyyyyyyy.” Chastity felt the heat of her son’s stuff deep inside of her. That set off her own orgasmic bomb. Would she really let her son mark her with a pen? Who was she kidding? Of course she would.

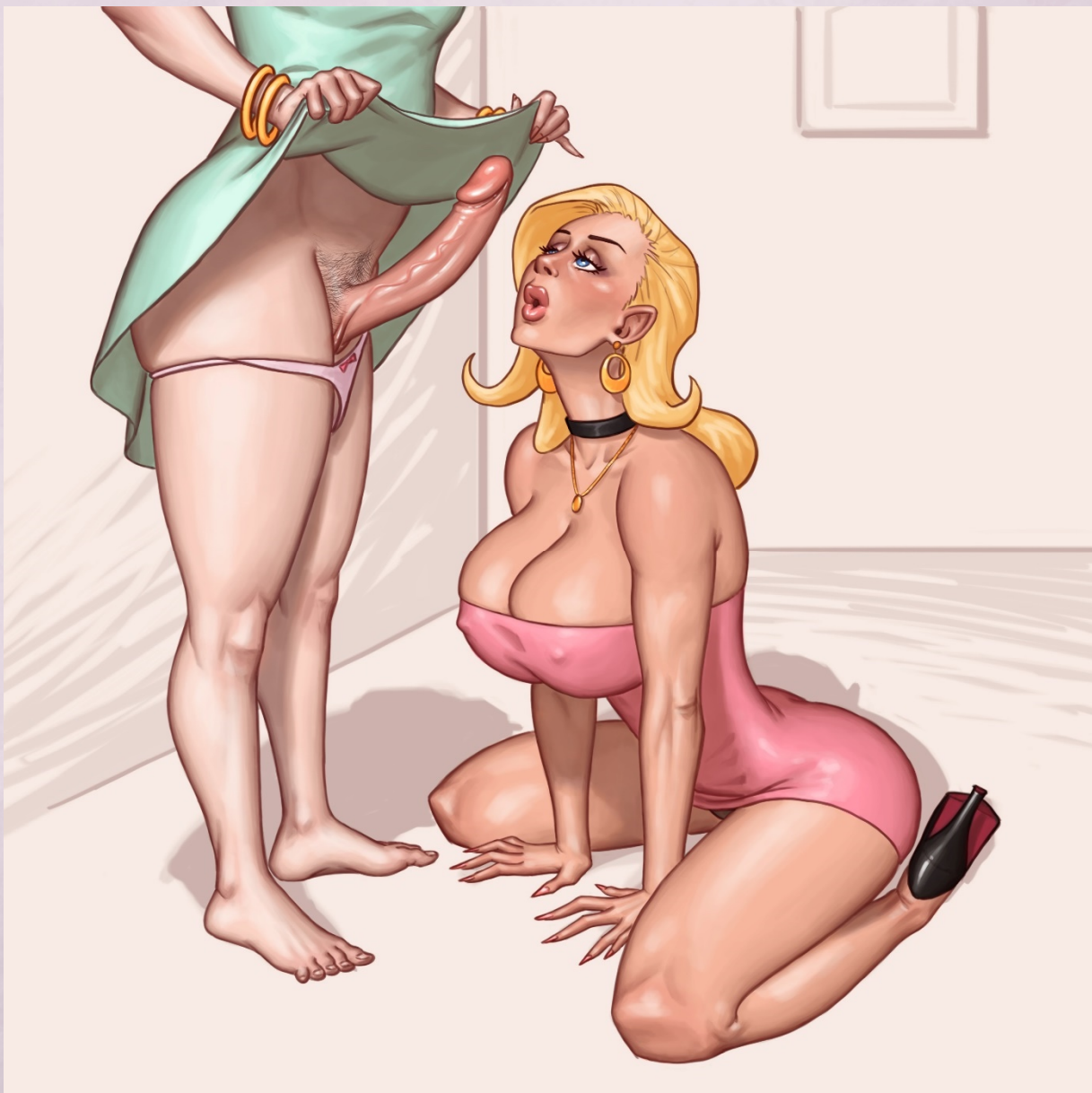
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Sophie lifted a dumbbell with her left hand while jerking her eleven-inch clit with the right. She knew she was playing into Rebecca Smith's plans. But she couldn't stop herself. Especially when the TV constantly played the perverted lives of the once innocent Greeves family. Right now, she was watching the sisters flirt with each other.

An unexpected change had occurred for Sabrina over the past week or so. She had bleached her purple hair blond. She wore more revealing outfits, and Sophie had seen her request lingerie during her most recent video session. Sabrina wore more jewelry, too. Most of it borrowed from her mother. They weren't a wealthy family, so the stuff probably wasn't expensive, but it certainly made Sabrina seem more feminine and mature.

Watching the sisters laugh together and glance around the hall like they were being naughty did something to Sophie's belly. Melody was always going on about how much she needed Sabrina's 'good pussy.' And Sophie could understand that impulse now.

Sophie put down the dumbbell and picked it up with her right hand. She curled it while jerking herself with her left hand now. Her fapping increased in speed when Sabrina dropped to her knees and fished out her sister's long, hard clit.



The door to Sophie's prison cell opened. Sophie put down the dumbbell and stopped masturbating. Her clit was still hard, so she threw a towel over it and turned to see who had barged in. The towel draped off her hard clit in the silliest way. But at least it granted her a little modesty. "Dr. Smith."

"Good afternoon, Dr. Ramirez." Rebecca's smile carried more than a little scorn. Three security staff members closed the door behind them and moved into a defensive position around their boss. "I see you're accepting your new self. Good for you."



"I would kill you if I could." But even as she said it, Sophie knew it wasn't true. She wasn't a murderer. But ... but ... she might do other things to Rebecca if given the chance. Sophie couldn't help but look the project leader up and down, trying to judge her body hiding under the white coat.

"You're not happy with what we've done with you? You were a sad, washed-up, researcher. Now ... now ... you're Wonder Woman. You're ... a goddess." Rebecca smiled broadly. "Tell me, on a scale of one to ten, how horny are you? And ... do you desire men anymore?"

"I want a lasso of truth." Anger rose in Sophie's throat, threatening to choke her. She hated that this horrible woman had power over her.

"I'm sorry, I don't know what that is." Rebecca pulled out a clipboard to take notes. On the TV behind Sophie, the sisters were humping in the hall where anyone might find them. Their further loss of inhibitions was an interesting development. "Please answer the questions, Sophie."

"I'm a ten on the horny scale, Doctor Smith." Sophie took a step toward the group. The security guards tightened their grips on their stun guns. "And all I think about is pussy now. You've corrupted my mind. I can't even ... I can't ..." Her rage built and built. Her powerful muscles bunched and flexed. "By Athena's Shield!" She yelled a half-remembered phrase from a comic book. The words seemed to have an effect on her. She felt brave. Suddenly, Sophie was in motion. She had never been a fighter, but she had always liked to dance. It was with that grace and balance that she spun and kicked the first guard in the chest. He flew through the air, hit the wall, and slumped to the floor unconscious.

"Restrain her!" Rebecca shouted.

The second guard took a fist to the side of his helmet. He went down with a thump. The third guard found a hand around his throat. His feet wiggled and flailed as Sophie lifted him off the ground. He sputtered for a few moments until he ran out of oxygen.

Still holding the last guard by the throat, Sophie turned her gaze on Rebecca. "Take that coat off, Dr. Smith." Sophie tossed the unconscious guard away. Her clit was so hard it hurt.

"What?" Rebecca took a step toward the door, but Sophie cut her off.

Nervously, Rebecca backed up to the TV, waving for help at one of the cameras in the room. Behind her on the TV screen, Melody had mounted Sabrina from behind. Both Greeves sisters were howling with pleasure.



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The minicameras recorded everything. But the doctors and techs in the Æthelred Medical command center weren't watching Melody and Sabrina hump. And nobody noticed what was going on in Sophie's cell. All eyes were on the screens showing Seth's room. The techs were either watching horrified, or laughing uproariously as Seth wrote possessive words all over his naked mother with a permanent marker.

Chastity had *Upstars Lady* written on her forehead. On one boob he'd marked *Mine*, on the other, he'd scrawled *Nevr His*. On her belly, were the words *I put babi insid*. Seth was having trouble spelling, but he knew the message was getting across.

Bets were going around the control room about how many words he'd write on her. And what kinds of things he'd write next. Nobody paid any attention to the monitor off to the side showing Sophie's prison cell. Nobody noticed Sophie rip the clothes off Rebecca and toss the blond woman onto Sophie's bed.

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“As Melody would say, ‘give me that good pussy.’” Sophie climbed onto the bed and grabbed Rebecca’s trembling ankles. “I honestly don’t know if your body is surprisingly hot, or if the Entrabide has me seeing things. But honestly ... you look beautiful, Dr. Smith.” She spread Rebecca’s legs and stared at a pink pussy with a tuft of blond hair on top. “Wow.”



“My men will wake up any second. You’ll be punished, Sophie. But if you let me go now, I’ll ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhh.” Rebecca threw her head back when Sophie dropped her lips to Rebecca’s clit. *I’m not aroused. I’m not. I’m just having a normal response to ...* Rebecca clutched the sheets and grimaced. “What are you doing? That’s ... that’s ... oooooohhhhhhhhh.” She tried to push Sophie’s head away, but the woman was too strong. Ten minutes later, she found her body was indeed aroused. She knew this because when Sophie’s face finally rose from between Rebecca’s legs, Sophie’s lips, nose, and even her glasses were wet and shiny with Rebecca’s juices. “Okay ... you’ve proved your point. Someone will see us on the camera. My men will wake up. Stop while you can. You ... no ... no ... you can’t possibly ...”

Sophie lined up the head of her clit with Rebecca’s waiting pussy. “You can’t imagine how much I need this. I don’t care if they come for me. I’m going to enjoy every second until they pull me off.” She pushed her hips forward.

“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii!” Rebecca felt like she was being split in two.

One of the guards was roused by his boss's scream. He wobbled up to his feet. With horrified eyes, he saw what was happening on the bed. Rebecca's feet were up in the air, her toes pointing at the ceiling. Sophie's lithe, augmented body slammed into his boss over and over again. The sound of their wet slapping and moaning filled the prison cell.

Rebecca saw her savior standing and watching. "Don't ... eeiiii ... eeiiii ... eeiiii ... just stand there ... staring ... you idiot ... stun ... her!"

Sophie barely missed a stroke when the stun gun unloaded its charge on her back. With her hips keeping rhythm, she reached behind her, grabbed the guard, and tossed him across the room. He slammed into the TV, breaking part of the screen. The man fell to the floor and didn't get up. "Yyyooooowwwlllllll!" Sophie howled with power and joy. She looked down at Rebecca in time to see the evil woman's eyes roll back.

"Nnnnnngggggggggg." Rebecca's back arched off the mattress. She was about to have an orgasm, and it was clearly going to be the biggest one of her life. She wondered if Sophie had always had such perfect rhythm, or if the Entrabide had enhanced her sexual prowess in that way. But she was only able to wonder for a moment. Then, she was lost in bliss.

