

Chapter 2



The Trouble with Entrabide

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Trouble With Entrabide 2

Illustrations by Mitzz

Written by RawlyRawls

This is a work of fiction written solely to entertain. If you want to read more of Rawls's work, please visit: <https://rawlyrawls.com>. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, businesses, companies, events, or locales is entirely coincidental. All characters in this work are 18 years or older. Enjoy!

Also join our DISCORD server <https://discord.gg/TWuZA82gWg> if you want to chat with us, ask questions, or post related stuff!

To see more of Mitzz's art:

<https://www.hentai-foundry.com/user/mitzz/profile>

Four weeks into the experiment.

"It keeps getting longer." Seth sat in front of the camera. "Something's gone wrong. I need you to reverse it. Make it smaller again."

"Most young men would enjoy having a longer penis. Why don't you like it?" The interviewer wasn't in the room with him. They never were. Her voice was soft and clinical.

In the past, this would be where Seth would meekly agree that he liked his bigger penis. He hated confrontation. He hated to disappoint authority figures. He hated to be noticed. But lately, his mood had changed. "Because it's fucking freakish, that's why!" He stood and kicked over his chair. "Because it's fucking weird looking. It's long, thin, and the head is huuuuuuuge. No woman is going to want me. I'm a clown now." He got up close to the camera and peered into the lens. "You have to change it back," he growled.

"Have you noticed any other changes after getting the dose of Entrabide?" The interviewer said.

Seth pulled at his hair. "I told you already. I've been eating constantly, but I've hardly gained any weight." He took off his shirt and threw it at the empty wall. "I thought I was supposed to gain muscle. It's a fitness drug. I'm fucking scrawny, look!" He screamed at the camera, trying to flex his lean body. "And ... I'm not just hungry for food. I have ... these urges. Bad urges. Are you going to do something? This isn't what I signed up for."

"You're eighteen years old, and you signed a binding agreement. The contract covers everything we're discussing," the voice said. "If you would calm down, we could -"

"Aaaaaaahhhhhhhhh!" Seth slammed his fist into the camera, making it sail across the barren room. He stormed out and slammed the door after him.

A minute later, a hidden door opened and Sophie and James walked in wearing lab coats, gloves, and masks.

"That was odd." James picked up the shirt and put it into a sample bag.



"I'm going to remind Dr. Smith that he isn't behaving according to his profile." Sophie replaced the broken camera with a new one. "Aren't you concerned, James?"

"I'm only concerned with doing my job, Dr. Ramirez. Same as you." James quickly exited the way he'd come in, followed by Sophie, a dark frown on her face.



~~

"Jesus ... fucking ... Christ." Melody was naked below the waist, inspecting her pussy in the bathroom mirror. She still wore her shirt. Her jeans and panties were pooled next to her on the floor.

"Melody, are you still in there?" Sabrina knocked on the bathroom door. "I have to pee."

"There are like ... five bathrooms in this house ... go someplace else ... you fucking brat!" Melody wasn't always nice to her younger sister, but she didn't usually bite her head off. She regretted the outburst instantly. "Sorry, Sabrina," she said through the door. But there was no reply. Her sister must have run off.



Melody went back to inspecting her enlarged clitoris. She spread her legs and tilted her hips so she could get a good view of the rest of her pussy. Other than her clit, everything looked okay. But her clit was a travesty. It was almost two inches long now, wobbling horribly with her movements. It had a large head on the end that Melody was careful not to touch. Whenever it was stimulated, the pleasure was overwhelming and ... unwelcome. "Jesus ... Christ ... I need a fucking doctor." But she couldn't tell anyone about it. Not her parents. Not her siblings. Not her boyfriend, who she kept texting as if everything was normal.

Both her sister and mother had become noticeably more toned over the last few weeks. But the only change for Melody was the horrible deformity between her legs. "Oh ... God ... don't touch it, Mel," she said to herself. "You know what will happen ... if ... you ..." She watched herself in the mirror as her hand moved toward her clit. "These ... feelings ... I can't ... um ... don't do it ... Mel." But it was a lost cause.

"Uuuuuggghhhhhhhhh." Melody's hips jerked as she fondled the knobby, protruding head above her vagina. She closed her eyes when she started stroking the little thing. It wasn't lost on her that she was masturbating like a man with a small penis, and she couldn't bear to watch that. Her mind boiled over. Instead of thinking about her boyfriend, as she would have done if she'd ever masturbated before a couple weeks ago, she thought of her favorite movie actresses. She imagined what they would look like naked. She imagined what they would look like sucking on her giant clit.

"Gonna ... cum ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii." Melody's body convulsed, and her pussy squirted all over the floor. She let out a high, trilling cry. Her mind sailed on a mighty orgasm.

"Mel, sweetie?" Chastity knocked on the bathroom door. She had just come from the gym downstairs. She was still sweaty, wearing a headband, an athletic top, and yoga pants. "Are you okay?"

"Ummmmmmmm ... yeah ... Mom." Melody tried to compose herself. She looked down at the mess on the floor in horror. When her eyes traveled up to the mirror, she saw that she'd somehow sprayed up there, too. "I just ... stubbed my toe ... and it hurt."



"Oh, honey. It must have hurt really bad. You were making such a racket." Chastity leaned her ear against the door. Something odd was going on. "Do you need me to have a look at it?"

"No ... Mom ... I'm good." Melody started cleaning up the mess.

"Okay. It's lucky we have so many bathrooms here, right? You've been in there a while."

"Leave me the fuck alone, Mom!" Melody snapped.

"Melody ... you can't talk to your mother like that." Chastity tried the handle, but it was locked.

"Sorry, Mom. I'm just going ... through some changes. I feel strange. I didn't mean it." Melody grimaced. *Did I really just swear at my mother? What's gotten into me?*

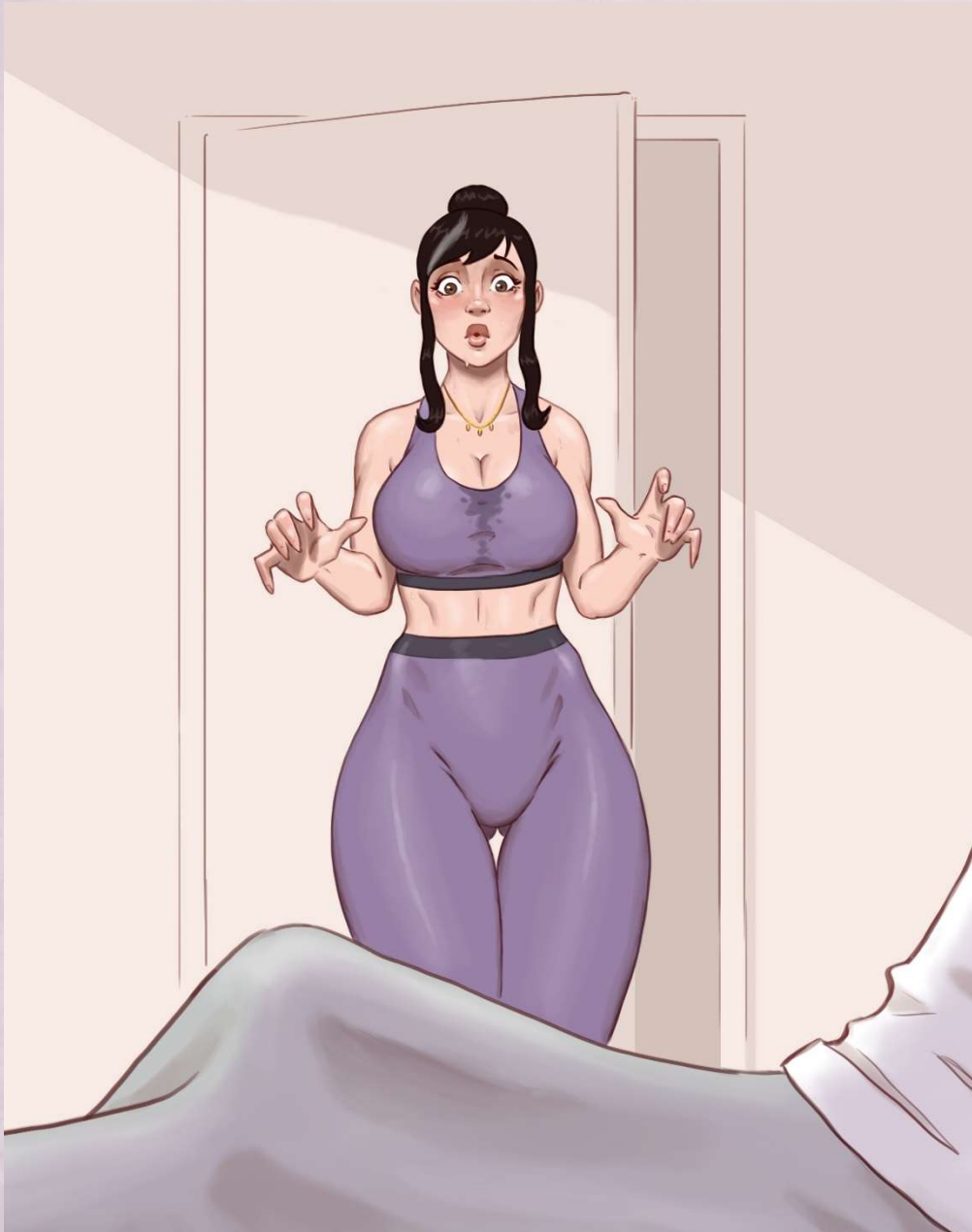
"It's okay. We'll talk about it later. I need to have a chat with your brother right now." Chastity walked down the hall shaking her head. *Moving into this mansion was supposed to calm my family down, but everyone seems on edge.*

~~

“Wow, look at that explosion. Who had *splodge all over the floor?*” James looked around the control room. One of the techs raised her hand. James walked over and dropped the pile of dollar bills in front of her. “Congrats, you win the daily pool.”

Sophie didn't say anything. She knew better. She refused to bet on the poor Greeves family. It was so dehumanizing. She scowled at her coworkers as they all congratulated the daily winner.

~~



“Seth, can we talk?” Chastity knocked on her son's door.

“Yeah ... Mom ... give me ... a minute.” Seth had to work hard to peel his hands off his ridiculous cock. He turned the porn off on his computer, tossed the tissues and lotion bottle onto the floor by his desk, and pulled up his pants. He was irritated about getting interrupted mid-fap, but he wasn't angry. He had been fapping most of the day, so it was hard not to get interrupted at some point. “Come in.”

Chastity entered her son's room, leaving the door open behind her. “I wanted to talk to you about what happened in the bathroom yesterday. I haven't told your father, but ...” She stopped dead in her tracks. Her son had the most enormous tent in his pants. Her brain had trouble comprehending what she was seeing. If she hadn't seen his penis the day before, she would have thought it was some sort of terrible, sick joke.

“I'm sorry ... Seth. I must have interrupted you.” She turned her back on him to leave.

“Stop,” Seth growled.

There was something in her son's voice that made her freeze. He had always been so soft-spoken, but now his voice was brimming with command.

“Close the fucking door.” His nostrils flared. He could smell her sweat, and it was driving him crazy. He stared at her wonderfully curving ass. Entrabide had toned and slimmed her thighs, but it hadn’t depleted her massive ass.

Chastity closed the door and started to turn toward her son. She froze again when he barked at her. There were no words, he simply barked out a snarling snap. “Um ... I’m worried about you, sweetie.”



“Stay facing the door.” Seth lowered his pants. He picked up the lotion bottle and slathered cream all over his dick.

“Um ... well ... like I was saying ... um ...” Chastity stared at her son’s closed door. “... about yesterday ... you can’t be showing me ... um ...” She heard a rhythmic, squelching sound behind her. “Seth ... what are you doing?”

“Just stay ... like that ... don’t move.”

He stared at her ass. It was only a few feet away. He could almost touch it. It was easy to imagine what she looked like under those tight pants. He scanned the arch of her back, and glanced across her shoulders. For the first time in his memory, she was starting to look fit. He liked it. “Yeah ... Mom ... don’t move.”

“Seth ... are you ... touching yourself?” She couldn’t bring herself to look. She bit her bottom lip, her face twisting in disgust. She knew he masturbated. All mothers know their sons masturbate. *But not in the same room!* “I really should be going.” She reached for the door.

“Hold ... fucking ... still,” Seth growled.

"I'll ... I'll tell your ... father ... Seth." Chastity was frozen again, this time bending over to hold his doorknob. She still couldn't bring herself to turn around and look.

"Fuck ... Mom ... stay bent like that." Seth applied more lotion and jerked himself with both hands.

"Uuuuggghhh ... uuugggghhhhh ... uuuggghhhhhhh." A deep rumbling emanated from his scrawny chest.

"You can't be ... you can't be looking at my rump ... while you do that. I will tell your father. I will tell him unless you stop this instant." She stayed bent over for him, her hand still on the door, her shoulders hunched. Much to her dismay, she suddenly noticed that her panties were sopping wet.

"Gonna ... gonna ... uuuuugggghhhhhhh." His growling grew louder.

"This has gone too far, you can't ..." Chastity quieted as her son bellowed behind her. Suddenly, little droplets of hot liquid were landing on her back and butt. It took her a moment to realize that her son was shooting his stuff across the room at her like it was some sort of carnival act. "Nope ... nope!" She opened the door, lunged outside, and slammed it. She ran down the hall toward the stairs with a look of grim determination on her face. She would tell her husband. But as she reached the end of the hall, she knew he wouldn't understand. He'd want them to leave the house. He'd blame Entrabide. Instead, she turned toward her room and went to clean up.



~~

Rebecca looked over the daily memo. She kept Sophie and James waiting on the other side of her desk. When she was done reviewing it, she put the paper down and adjusted her glasses. "You keep telling me this behavior is new. I think it's well established that the Greeves family are undergoing changes."

"Yes. These people are coming apart at the seams," Sophie said.

Rebecca looked at James.

"I concur, Dr. Smith." James shrugged. "You read the pre-dose psychological workups. They were thorough. This is likely the Entrabide."

"Excellent." Rebecca leaned back in her chair and offered the doctors a tight smile. "Well, carry on then. Tomorrow is the second dose?"

"Yes," Sophie said through gritted teeth.

"Should be interesting." Rebecca dismissed them with a wave and picked up the phone. She needed to report their progress up the chain.

