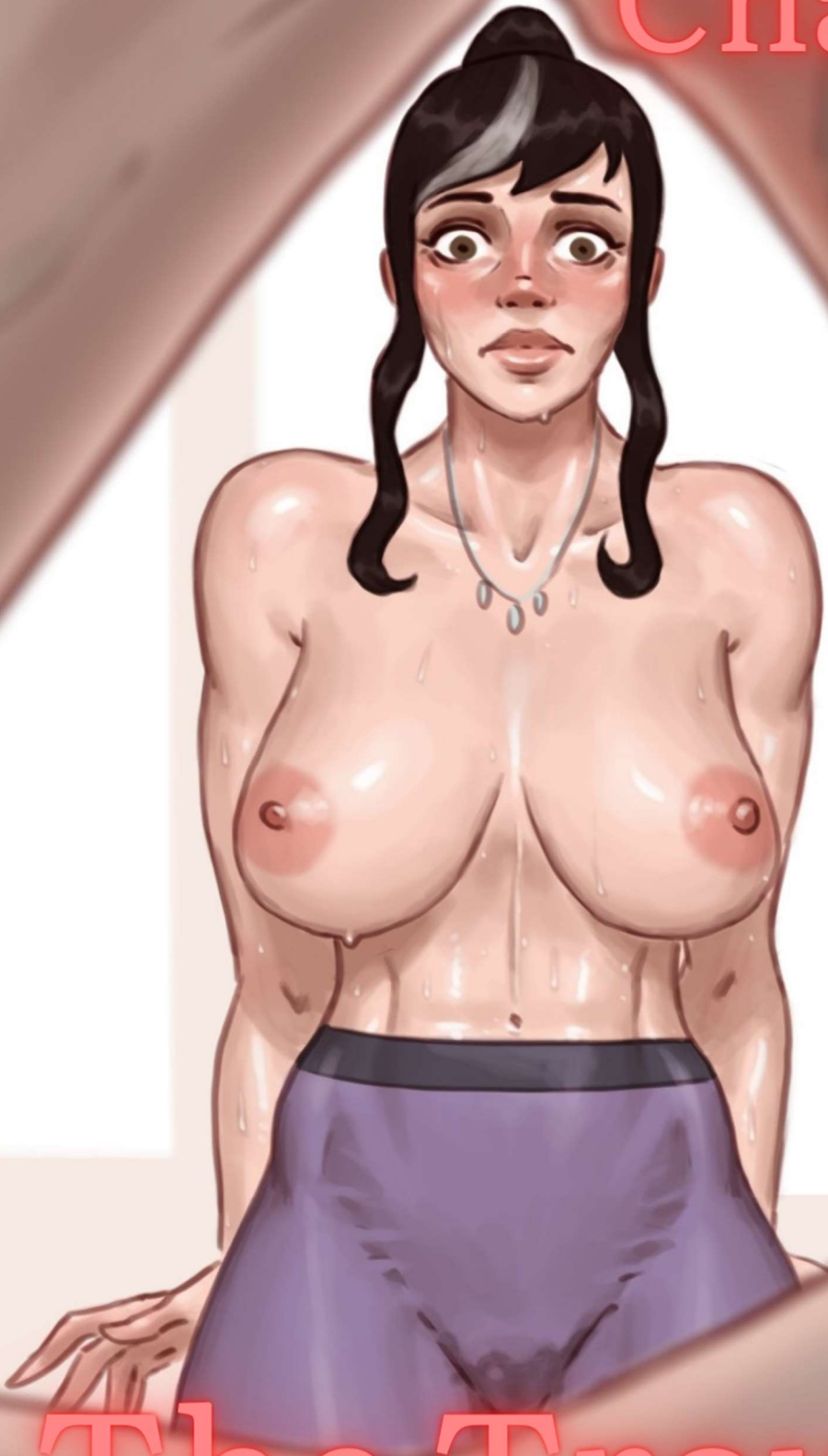


Chapter 3



The Trouble with Entrabide

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Trouble With Entrabide 3

Illustrations by Mitzz

Written by RawlyRawls

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Five weeks into the experiment.

"Are you watching this?" Sophie stared at the screen in horror.

"What?" Jim looked up from his phone. He could see Melody ranting and raving around the interview room. The twenty-five year old woman appeared to be missing her skirt and panties.

"I'll replay it." Sophie scowled at him and went from the live feed to five minutes before.

Melody gave a baleful look to the camera. "This is really embarrassing. I haven't told anyone. But I think I need to see a doctor."

"I assure you; your health is being monitored by some of the best doctors in the world. You are very healthy." The female interviewer wasn't in the room. Her voice was sympathetic, yet clinical. She had trained for these interviews extensively.

"You think so, you fucking smarty pants?" Melody let out a low growl, stood, and paced the room. "Well ... what if I told you that in the first four weeks my clit grew to be like ... two inches?"

"We are -" The interviewer started.

"And since I got the fucking second dose, it's grown to four fucking inches!" Melody screamed. She tore her skirt and panties off, literally tearing them from her body. Still wearing her blouse and socks, she moved in front of the camera, angled it to look at her vagina, and turned her pelvis up to present her clitoris for display.

She had always been shy about her body, this was a drastic move. But it was a drastic situation. "Do you see? It's your drug that did this to me. I should have never taken the second dose. I was just hoping it would get better on its own. But it's worse! My boyfriend is going to dump me when he sees this. I'll never date again." She didn't tell them that she'd been fantasizing about women the past couple weeks. *Do I even want to see my boyfriend again?* "You've turned me into a fucking dyke!"



"Please calm down, Melody," the interviewer said. "Per the contract you signed, you must stay in isolation right now. We can't send in a doctor. But we are monitoring your health. These changes take some getting used to, but your work is invaluable for scientific progress."

"Getting used to? What the fuck? 'Scientific progress'? You have got to be kidding me!" Melody let out a primordial scream in the soundproofed room. She smashed the camera with her hands. She tossed the chair against the wall. She ran around the room like a cavewoman, her giant clit swaying and bobbing with her movements. She ignored whatever else the interviewer said. When she'd dropped out of her blind rage, she picked up her torn clothes, used them to cover her vagina, and quickly exited the interview room.

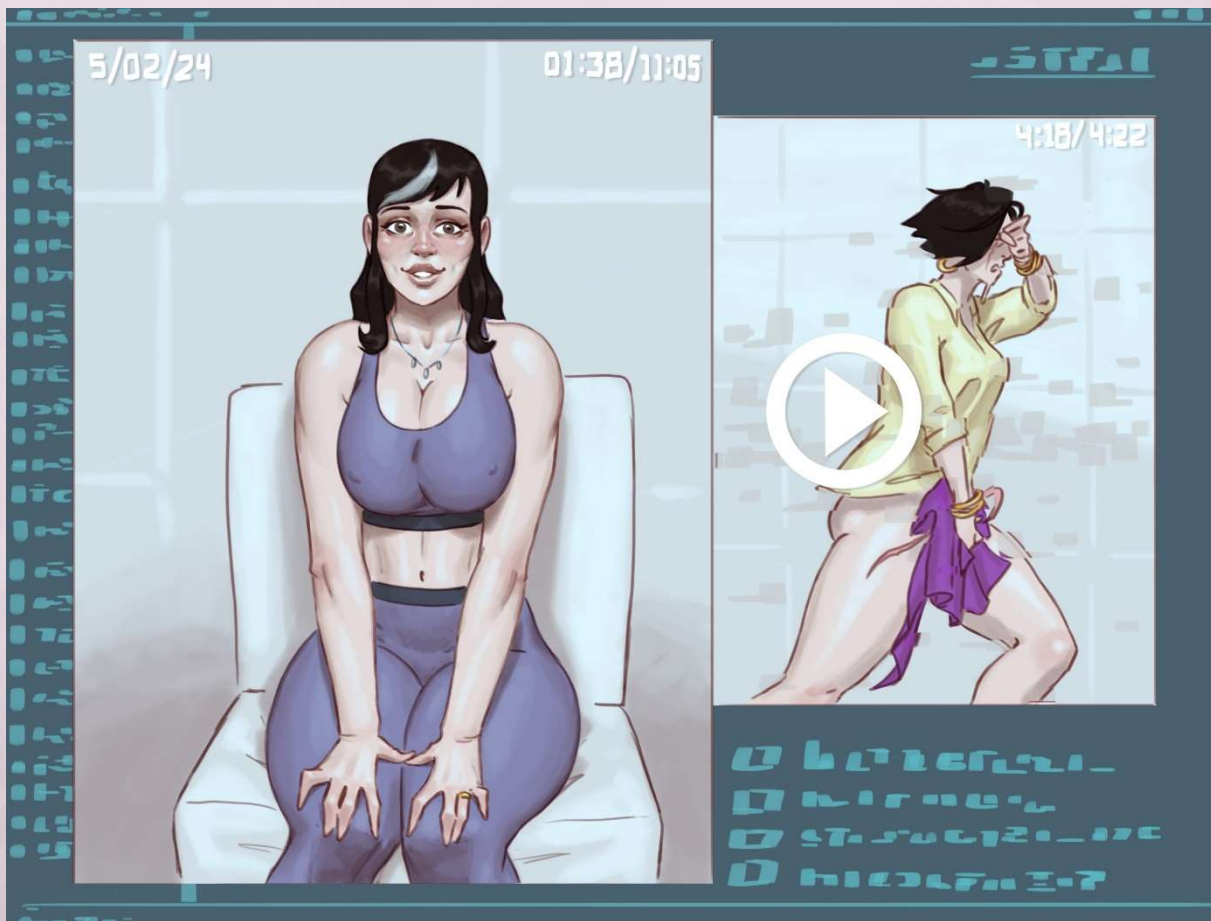
"Well?" Sophie paused the video and turned toward Jim. "Time to shut things down?"

"I mean, this *is* unexpected. But things are going well for the other two women." Jim shrugged. "And we're learning a lot from the anomalies. Anyway, Dr. Smith is happy with our progress." He got up, walked over to the controls, and brought up Chastity's last interview. "Look at how well things are working with her!" He hit play.

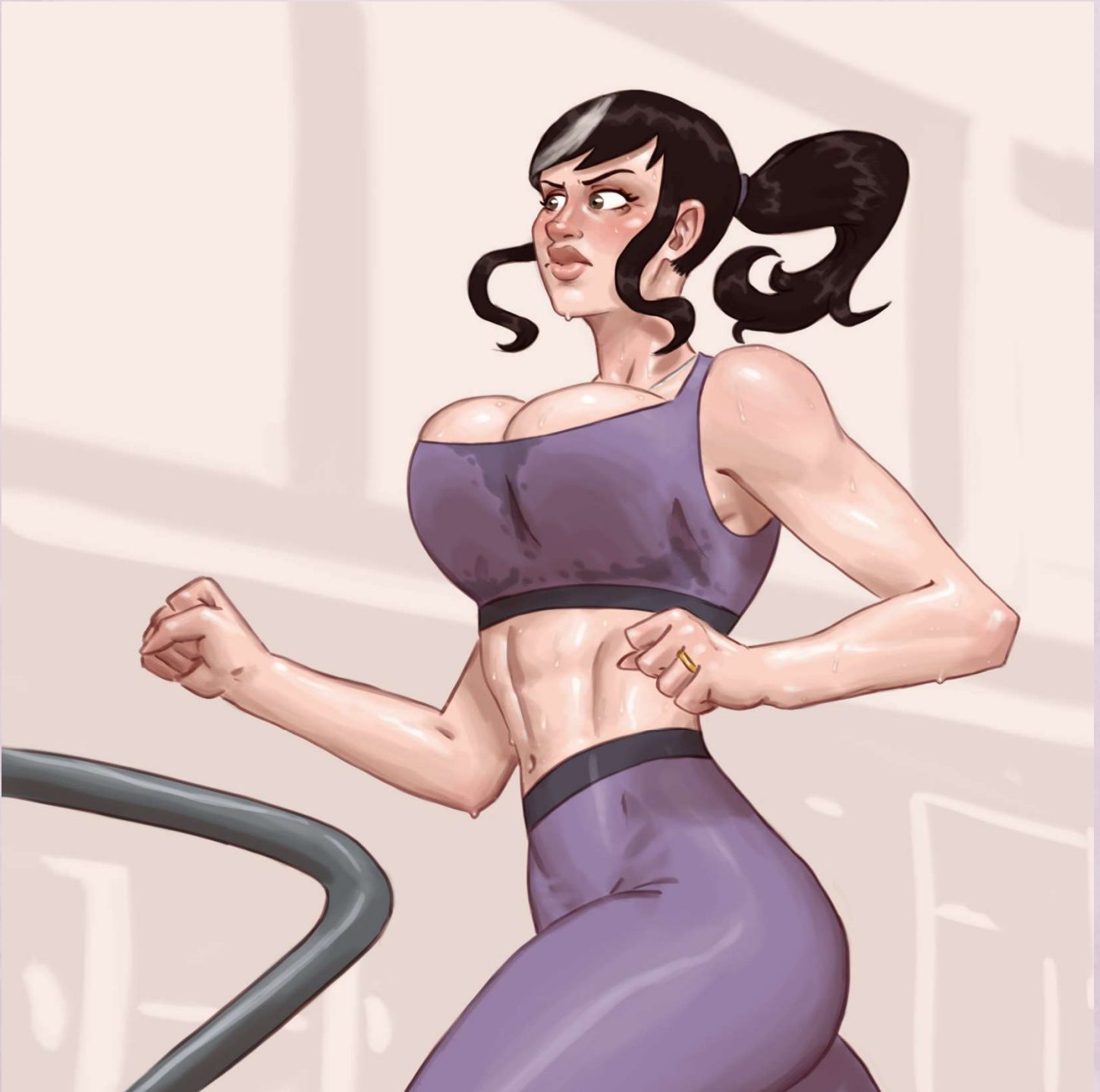
On the screen, Chastity was sitting in the chair in athletic clothes and smiling into the camera. "... and my stamina is getting better," she said. "I can run five miles on the treadmill without getting very winded. My only concern is that while much of my body is slimming down, my breasts and butt seem to be staying the same size as before we started. Maybe they're even getting bigger? Can I order some new bras or something because ..."

Jim paused the screen. "See, things are going well."

Sophie ground her teeth.



Chastity had avoided her son for almost a week since he'd masturbated behind her and sprayed his stuff all over her butt. She couldn't tell her husband about that incident, because he would blame the Entrabide. And she couldn't talk to Seth, because she was afraid he would erupt again. Her fear had to do both with his temper and his penis. Neither of those things had been a problem before they moved into the mansion. *No, I refuse to believe this has anything to do with the Entrabide.* She was on the treadmill thinking about these things. Her husband, still chubby as ever, sat in the hot tub. She looked over at him and frowned. "Have you talked to Seth recently?" She noticed her husband didn't look her in the eyes but instead focused on her breasts, bounding in her sport top.



"He's eighteen. Teenagers stay in their rooms most of the time. Seth isn't any different." Dustin shrugged. "Why? Do you think the drug has done something to him?"

"No. No, no, no." Chastity shook her head and kept jogging. She had a good sweat going, and she was a little out of breath, but she felt great. Ever since the second dose, she'd felt invincible. "Everything's fine. I'm just worried that he's holed up in that room too much. Can you go talk to him?"

Dustin shook his head. "I'd rather not."

"Oh." Chastity grimaced. "Okay. I'll do it." *I'll just have to be strong and tell Seth to get his act together.* She stepped off the treadmill and wiped her face with a towel. "Enjoy your soak, dear." She tried to keep the sarcasm out of her voice.

On her way upstairs, she ran into Sabrina.

"Mom! Hey, Mom." Sabrina could see that her mom looked determined to go off and do some chore or other, but she needed to talk. She jogged over to her mother and cornered her in the hall. "Have you felt different since the second dose?"

"No, sweetie. Everything's fine." Chastity plastered a smile on her face.

"Um ... I didn't ask if everything was fine. It's just ... whatever ..." Sabrina took a deep breath. "In the last week, I've been struggling to get into my bras. I'm wondering if you can, I don't know, order some bigger ones for me? I didn't want to talk to the company people about it, for obvious reasons."

"I'm sure it's not the Entrabide, sweetie. You're probably just developing." Chastity continued her vacuous smile.

"I didn't say it was the Entrabide, Mom. But it probably is. I'm twenty-one, puberty is in the rearview, you know?" Sabrina cocked her head and studied her mother. "You seem to be having the same problem with your boobs. So, did you order new bras for yourself?"

"Oh, I'm just wearing my athletic tops all the time. But those are getting a little tight, so I did ask them for some new clothes." Chastity still had a towel around her shoulders, she dabbed her forehead with it. "I'll ask them for you, too. Sound good?"

"Sure, Mom." Sabrina nodded wearily.



"I have something to deal with right now. Are we good?" Chasity patted her daughter on the shoulder, noticing that it was defined with sinuous muscle. She turned and headed upstairs before Sabrina could answer.

"Good talk, Mom." Sabrina watched her mother's huge ass disappear up the stairs. When Chastity was gone, Sabrina twisted herself to look back at her own butt as best she could. "Definitely don't want to have Mom's caboose. Stay that size, please," she said to her behind.

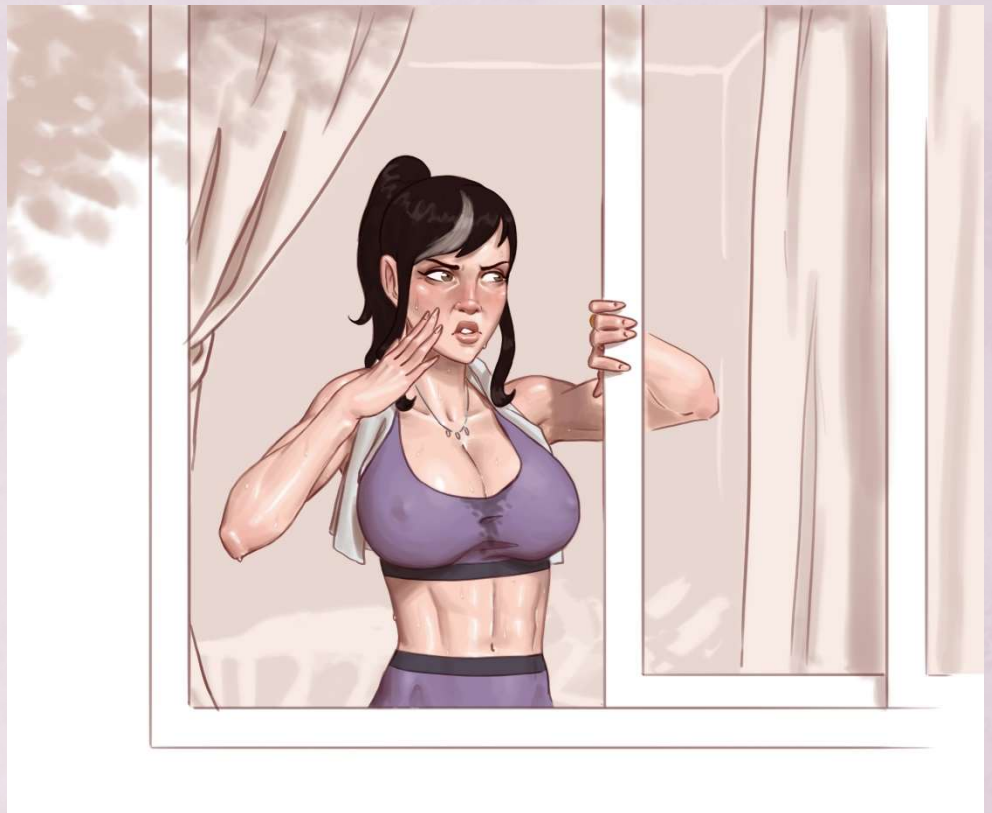


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Chastity knocked on her son's door. Thinking back, she literally hadn't seen him since the terrible incident. She assumed he was eating in his room, maybe stocking up at night when everyone was asleep. She knocked again and waited, tapping her foot. Her heart pounded. "I'm a strong woman, I can get my son under control," she muttered under her breath. She knocked again. It took five minutes of knocking and waiting before she got a response.

"What!?" Seth was in bed. He was fapping, as he did almost all the time now. He had hoped whoever was knocking would go away, but eventually he covered his dick with his blanket and turned his eyes furiously to the door. His hands were still on his dick, but he managed to slow them down so it wouldn't be obvious what he was doing. There was another knock. "Jesus Christ, come in."

Chastity opened the door, stepped into her son's room, and closed the door behind her. Her eyes went wide, and she waved a hand in front of her nose. "What is that smell?" It smelled like fermenting fruit in his room. Looking around, she saw empty chip bags and food containers on the desk and floor. There was a pile of used rags by his bed and several empty lotion bottles. "Oh ... gosh ..." That scent was making her lightheaded, and her body was tingling for some reason. She was perplexed to find that her vagina had started gushing. "That ... smell ..." She rushed over to the window and opened it, breathing in the fresh air.



"Wow ... Mom ... you look ... good." Seth stared at her curves. The scent of her sweat put hooks into him. His hands increased their speed.

"It's not sanitary in here, Seth." Chastity focused on her son for the first time since she'd entered the room. She put a hand to her chest and gasped. He looked ... manlier, and the part of his chest that wasn't covered by the blankets was clearly bulging with muscles. She could see branching, blue blood veins under his skin. And then, there was the matter of the massive tent of his blanket, and the fact that it was rhythmically bouncing. "No ... no ... you are not going to touch yourself while I'm in the room again." She shook a finger at him.

"Ask me what I have under this blanket." He gave her a cruel smile.

"What? No." Chastity was more than flustered. Her son had never looked at anyone like that, let alone his own mother. "I'm not going to ask that. I came in here to -"

Seth barked at her. The sound was just on the edge of human words, but more animal than anything else.

Chastity stopped speaking and stood still.

“Ask me what’s under the blanket,” he said.

“Um ... what do you have ... under your blanket ... Seth?” Chastity’s mind swam. She marshalled all her strength to think clearly but struggled.

“It’s a present for you.” Seth pulled off the blanket. “Ta-da!”



"Heaven help me!" Chastity nearly fainted. His penis was just as huge as last time, but instead of curving upward, it bent dramatically to the left. And then, as she watched, it moved to the right. She was almost certain a penis wasn't supposed to do that. "Please ... stop ... touching yourself." She stared at his organ. It pulsed with life while he pumped it with both hands. She could see that it was covered in lotion. Or, at least, she hoped it was lotion. "Oh ... no ..." Her eyes were wide and her breathing turned shallow.

"Take off your top, Mom. I've ... uggghhhh ... had about enough porn ... to last a lifetime." Seth stared at her top. He needed to see real tits, not something on the screen.

"I'm your mother, sweetie. I ... can't." She looked away from him, keeping her eyes on the mess. "As your mother, I'll help you clean up. Stop what you're doing, get dressed, and we'll make this room spotless."

"Take off ... you're fucking top ... bitch. Don't make me ... get angry," he growled.

No one had ever called her such a bad name. She opened her mouth to tell him off, but no words came out. Instead, she frantically removed her top, tossed it onto the pile of rags, and stood with her hands by her sides. "Is this ... good?"

Seth nodded. It was good. It was very good.

