

The Trouble with Entrabide

By Rawly Rawls © 2023

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Also, all characters in sexual situations are 18 years or older.

Chapter 1

"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 had 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 pipsqueak. 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.*

Chapter 2

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 huuuuuuuuuge. 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 –”

“Aaaaaaaahhhhhhhhh!” 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.

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“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 ... eeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii.” 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.*

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“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.

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“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 ... uuugggghhhhhh.” 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 ... uuuuugggghhhhhh.” 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.

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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.

Chapter 3

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.

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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?” Chastity 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.

Chapter 4

“Help ... help.” Chastity croaked out the words softly, standing topless in her son’s room. She felt like she was in a dream. “There’s something wrong with Seth.” Who would come to their aid? There was no way to tell the company what was happening. Sabrina was downstairs somewhere. Her husband was in the hot tub. She last saw Melody watching what looked like a lesbian romance in the den. Maybe if she could scream, someone would hear her. “Help ... my son ...” She couldn’t find the oxygen to shout for help. Her words were barely above a whisper.

“Stop it, Mom. I don’t want anyone to interrupt us.” Seth masturbated furiously. “Your tits are the best thing ... I think I’ve ever seen.”

“Oh ... no ...” Chastity shook her head. The smell of overripe fruit in the room was pressing on her mind. It occurred to her that she was smelling her son’s sperm. She stepped away from the open window and it got worse. *It must be days and days of collected sperm.* Her legs trembled, she awkwardly crossed them while standing, and covered her breasts with her arms. “Seth ... something’s happened. I’m sure it’s not the Entrabide,” she whispered. “But you’re not yourself. You just called me the b-word. Think about it.” She stared at his malevolent penis. “Stop touching yourself and think about –”

Seth let out a savage bark. It was like he was trying to use English, but could only convey his emotions. And his feelings were ... anger and hunger. He barked again, watching his mother flinch. Finally, he found the words. “Uncover ... your tits ... now.”

As quickly as she could, Chastity lowered her arms to her sides. “I feel so strange ... Seth.” She took an unsure step toward the bed. “What ... um ... what else would you like me to do?” She inhaled deeply as she moved toward him.

Seth’s mind seemed to be processing at slower and slower levels. It was almost like every time he came, he knocked off several IQ points. But he didn’t need a lot of brain power to know what he wanted. “Touch ... it,” he hissed.

“Oh ... I can’t do that.” She stopped next to his bed and looked down at what had become of her once meek, quiet son. “I won’t touch it, but I’ll let you watch my breasts for –”

Seth barked at her. The next thing he knew, his mother was on the bed next to him, pumping his dick urgently with both hands.

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“Are you seeing this?” Sophie stepped over to where two techs were working at a console. She scanned the display in front of them. “Where’s the alarm button?”

“Alarm button?” The first tech looked up at her, confused.

“There’s no alarm button,” the second tech said.

“Well, we made a mother rub her son’s penis. We sure as fuck need an alarm button.” Sophie looked up at the monitor. “That poor family is going to hell. And we sent them there!” On one camera, Melody was watching a movie and squeezing her clitoris like she was masturbating a small penis. On another, Sabrina was looking at her new boobs in a bathroom mirror and taking selfies. In another, Dustin was ... well he was soaking happily in the hot tub with a beer, completely unaware of what his wife was doing at that moment. And speaking of Chastity, Sophie turned her eyes back to the camera in Seth’s bedroom. The poor woman was in a stupor, slapping her face with her son’s giant, heavy penis. “Claxon! Claxon!” Sophie screamed.

“You want us to intervene?” The first tech looked unsure. “We can gas them.”

“Not yet.” Rebecca Smith’s commanding voice filled the room. The lead doctor walked in through the door, her white coat billowing behind her. “What we’re discovering here is worth billions to Æthelred Medical. I’m getting tired of your whining, Dr. Ramirez.” She stopped in front of the monitors, looking over the rooms in the house. Her posture was straight as she clasped her hands behind her back.

“But ... I ...” Sophie’s cheeks turned red. “Just look ... look at what we’ve done.”

“I *am* looking.” Rebecca could see that Chastity was fighting with herself. The woman inched her face closer to the head of her son’s penis and moved away several times. “I see a drug that gives middle-aged women the bodies of their dreams. I see a drug that makes men irresistible to the opposite sex. So much so that ... yes ... there she goes.” She nodded to the screen. “So much so that a mother is happily performing oral sex on her eighteen-year-old son. Once refined, we’ll be swimming in cash. I hope you all took the stock-option deal.”

“It’s time to put a stop to this.” Sophie stomped her foot on the ground. “James, help me. Tell her.”

“Dr. Thompson?” Rebecca didn’t bother to look over at Sophie.

“Yes, Dr. Smith?” James stepped over from the wall where he’d been trying to make himself invisible.

“Call in a security team. Dr. Ramirez is no longer welcome in the lab.” Rebecca watched the live feed as Chastity squeezed her boobs around her son’s mammoth member. “Look how happy they are. Sure, we need to file down the rough edges. But this is gold.”

“You can’t ... I’ll tell everyone. I’ll go to the press.” Sophie watched James run out of the room and quickly return with three guards wielding stun-guns.

“Didn’t you read your contract, Dr. Ramirez?” Rebecca finally turned her gaze on the rogue doctor. “If you threaten the company, we have the right to restrain you until the threat is contained.”

“What? You can’t! That’s against the law.” Sophie put a hand to her mouth, horrified.

“Law? Why do you think we put this installation on an island we own off the coast of a country that loves bribes?” Rebecca pointed a finger at Sophie.

“I ... I ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” Sophie shrieked as they stunned her.

Rebecca turned back to the screens. Chastity was now pulling down her pants and panties. “Okay, *now* we need to intervene. I didn’t think she’d go this far so quickly. We can’t let them have sex. Not at this stage. Gas them.” She ignored Sophie’s pathetic moans as the guards pulled her away. She watched as Chastity mounted her son. “I said gas them,” Rebecca yelled. “Do it now!”

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“Dustin?” Chastity opened her eyes. She was groggy and her mind felt slow. She looked around the room she shared with her husband. “Thank God! It was a dream. A bad dream.”

Dustin slowly sat up in bed next to her, rubbing his eyes. “What happened? One minute I’m in the hot tub. The next ...” He looked around bewildered. They were both in their pajamas. “I remember that you went up to talk to Seth. I was drinking a beer. And then ...” He shook his head. “They did something to us, Chastity. They drugged us.”

“That’s absurd, Dustin.” Chastity got out of bed and almost collapsed on her wobbly legs. She leaned against her dresser for support. “I went to talk to Seth?” *That wasn’t a dream? My son was really that big? His penis ... wasn’t right. It was too big ... and it moved in my hands! And he was so rude and ... Oh, my God! What did I do with him?*

“Chastity? What are you mumbling?” Dustin frowned. He would give the doctors behind this experiment a good talking to. They couldn’t just drug them whenever they wanted. He hadn’t signed any contract. And ... he looked at his pajamas. “They changed my clothes. Those fuckers saw me naked. I knew this was a bad idea!”

“It’s fine, dear. Everything’s ...” Chastity put a hand to her mouth and raced to the bathroom. She didn’t know if she was throwing up from remembering what she’d done with her son’s penis, or from the effects of whatever they’d dosed her family with.

After Dustin and Chastity had collected themselves, Chastity sent her husband to check on Seth, while she checked on their daughters. All three of their grown children were in their pajamas, sleeping in their beds. At least they were all together under one roof. They had a beautiful house. Wonderful food. And they had each other.

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Six weeks into the experiment.

“So ... I ... um ... have a question.” Chastity sat primly in the interview room, looking directly into the camera. “Did you maybe make a tiny mistake with my son’s second dose? He seems different. And I’m worried about him. But also ... I’m not sure I should see him in person. I’ve avoided him for a week, which is easy because he hides in his room, but I’m his mother, and I shouldn’t worry about seeing him, and ...” She knew she was rambling. *Did they know what my son and I were doing in his room? Is that why we all went unconscious? Or was that a coincidence? Do I let them know what I did to my son’s penis? Or what I was about to do?* “Dustin isn’t very happy with your explanation of the blackout incident. Did you ... um ... see anything that made you ...?”

“As we explained to your husband, we do not enter your house under any circumstances. That would interfere with the experiment.” The woman interviewer was unseen in the room, her voice soft and comforting. “Our only cameras are in this room. We rely on you reporting your progress to us. That’s why we have these meetings. How are you feeling today?”

Chastity tugged at her new, supportive sports bra. “I’m fine. Feeling a little heavier up top this week. But ... my cardio is going great. I ... um ...” She frowned. “What about my son? Is he okay? Does he come in for interviews with you guys? The rest of the family doesn’t see him. And the last time I went into his room ...”

“Yes?” The interviewer’s voice was full of innocent inquiry.

“Nothing ... just ... um ... is he okay?” Chastity looked away from the camera.

“He’s fine, Chastity.” The woman’s voice was soft and reassuring. “Everything’s fine.”

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"I'm pretty sure ... you turned me into a lesbo. Or maybe you're ... turning me into a dude." Melody stood with her arms folded. She was panting and sweating, as she had just finished a fifteen-minute screaming tirade about what they were doing to her.

"Why do you say that?" The woman interviewer said.

Melody scrunched up her face and rolled her eyes. "You fucking know why."

"Are you finding women attractive?" The voice was clinical but warm.

"Yes! I've gone girl crazy, and it's fucking bonkers." Melody shook her head. "Even your voice ... is kind of driving me nuts. Is this why guys ... are so weird about sex? Is it because they feel like ... this all the time?"

"Tell me more about your desires." The voice said.

"You want to see it? Are you the only one watching?" Melody felt a rush of anticipation rushing through her. "I'll touch it for you. It's over six inches long now. And ... it's starting to look ... like a dick. Maybe ... you'll like it?"

There was a long silence.

"Hello? I asked if you were alone. Because ... um ... I'd like to touch it for you." Melody lifted her dress and lowered her panties. Her massive clit was indeed starting to look like a penis. "Hello?" She stroked it with one hand, while holding up her dress with the other.

Finally, the voice returned. "Yes, I'm alone. I'd like to watch you touch yourself." The voice sounded a little apprehensive.

"Oh ... sweet." Melody spit on her enormous clit and pumped herself in front of the camera. "What ... do you think?" She smiled at the camera. "Tell me ... you like it ... tell me ... you want it ... please."

There was a long silence again. The only sound was the squelching of Melody's fapping in the soundproofed room. Eventually, the voice came back. "I like it, Melody. I wish I could touch it, too."

"Oooohhhhhhhh ... yeah ... that's hot! Me ... toooooooooooo!" Melody's eyes rolled back, her hips thrust on their own, and she rode a mind-bending climax. She was screaming now for a very different reason than her rage from just a few minutes before.