

# 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 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 –"

"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 surge of anticipation rush 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 ... toooooooooooooo!" 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.

## Chapter 5

### Seven weeks into the experiment.

“My body hasn’t changed, but I’ve gone girl crazy, Sabrina.” Melody stood in her sister’s room. What she said wasn’t totally true. One part of her body had changed. When she got excited, her clit now looked very similar to a large penis. That morning when she’d measured it, it was pushing eight inches long. And as she was talking to her sister, she was starting to get excited. Fortunately, she was wearing tight underwear and a loose dress. She hoped her sister wouldn’t see the growing lump down there.

“Well, I’ve grown a ton. It’s really weird, right?” Sabrina stood up and walked over to Melody. I’m almost as tall as you now.” She hefted her overtaxed sports top. “And these suckers are way bigger than they used to be.” She turned around. “And look at my butt.” She slapped her right cheek through her yoga pants. “Wait ... what do you mean by ‘girl crazy’?”

“Oh ... gosh ... Sabrina. Where to start?” Melody stared at her sister’s ass. The thirst inside was consuming her mind’s capacity for reason and restraint. “I hardly think about Pete anymore. Also, I’ve discovered porn. Oh, boy, I’ve enjoyed the women online. But I think ... I ...” Her cheeks heated up, her muscles tensed, and her giant clit strained at its confinement. Her pussy was soaking wet, too. It was always so disconcerting sporting an erection while she was saturating her underwear. “But I think I need the real thing?”

“You don’t like Pete?” Sabrina stepped away from her older sister. Things had been odd in the house lately, but this was beyond strange. “No, that can’t be right. You’re going to marry Pete.”

“Pete won’t want me anymore, Sabs. The experiment ruined me.” Melody shook her head slowly.

“What are you talking about? You haven’t changed at all. Just like you said.” Sabrina took another step back. The way her sister was staring at Sabrina’s chest was really starting to creep her out. “Unless ... you mean ... the lesbo stuff.” She folded her arms over her boobs. “It’s probably just a phase. When I was nineteen, I made out with Jessica Waller. I thought I was dyke for a couple weeks. I got over it.”

“I lied when I said my body hasn’t changed.” Melody quickly pulled off her dress, throwing any sort of sanity out the window. “I need you to see this, Sabs. I need you to say that you like it.”

“What ... the ... fuck?” Sabrina watched her sister lower her underwear. A large, turgid penis flopped out. “I mean ... what the goddamn ... fuck? Is that a ... dick?”

“It’s my clit. It just keeps growing and growing. The doctors say it’s a normal part of the Entrabide. But ... I don’t think so. Even if it is, that’s messed up. Has this happened to you? Do you think Mom has one of these?” She grabbed it with one hand and started stroking it. She was standing in her sister’s room wearing only socks and a bra, masturbating in a delirious state. *Why does it have to feel so good?*

“Holy shit. We need to get you help.” Sabrina moved for the door, but her sister sidestepped to cut her off. “You need to talk to the doctors, Melody.”

“I talk to a really nice doctor all the time. I can’t see her, but she can see me. She likes to look at my clit.” Melody smiled. “She tells me how strong it looks ... how she’d like to touch it.”

“That ... doesn’t sound like a doctor, Mel.” Sabrina tried to edge around her sister, but Melody cut her off again. “Can you stop touching that thing? This is really fucking weird.” Did she dare yell for help? What would her mom or dad think if they came in and saw that Melody had a giant weapon between her legs now? Sabrina liked how her own body was changing. She felt strong, but also more feminine. She didn’t want to have her parents pull them out of the Entrabide trial. She didn’t call for help but promised herself that she would bring this to the attention of the Æthelred Medical doctors as soon as Melody let her out of the room. “You look like a disgusting, teenage boy. Stop touching your dick.” *Holy fuck, my sister has a dick. She’s right, Pete’s going to drop her the second he sees her again.*

“Sabs ... I really need to hear you say that you like it.” Melody was fapping with two hands on her clit now. She was sweating, trembling, and her pupils were dilated.

“Fuck ... that!” Sabrina pushed past her sister. She was grateful for the extra strength, mass, and height Entrabide had given her. She didn’t think she’d be able to force past Melody in her pre-drug body.

Melody let go of her clit and struggled to hold back Sabrina. But her sister got past her, opened the door, and ran down the hall to the interview room. Her mind almost completely absent, Melody went right back to fapping in her sister’s doorway, imagining what would have happened if she had been able to stop Sabrina from leaving.

In the control room, the technicians were speechless. James nervously bounced a pen on his knee. “What sort of alarm noises would Dr. Ramirez have made about that?” He pointed to the monitor where Melody was having an orgasm.

There was some nervous laughter in the control room.

“Should we get Dr. Smith down here? Sabrina is in the box and demanding answers.” One of the techs pointed to the shot of Sabrina yelling into their camera in the interview room.

“Dr. Smith is busy giving Dr. Ramirez her termination package.” James was trying very hard not to look at Melody, as the poor woman walked down the hallway back to her room, masturbating the whole way. It was an odd sight. And it gave James a very unprofessional erection. “Have Jessie talk Sabrina down using the Arcadia question method. That should work.” He stood and hurried to the exit. “I’ll be back in a half hour. Bathroom break.”

Several of the techs snickered as they watched him leave.

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“Seth, if you won’t come out, I’m coming in.” Dustin opened the door and stepped into his son’s room. He hadn’t seen Seth in weeks, so he wasn’t prepared for the hulking mass that hunched on his son’s desk chair. “Seth?” Dustin had been so sure coming in here was a good idea. But now, he had doubts. He took several breaths of the musty air. His skin crawled. *It smells like Neanderthal sex in here. Like a fucking caveman brothel. What has Seth been doing?* “Seth?”

“Hi, Dad.” Seth slowly turned from the game he’d been playing on his computer. He was only wearing boxers, which did little to hide his massive, soft cock. His swollen muscles twitched and flexed as he stretched his arms. “What’s up? Did Mom finally tell you what happened?”

“What ... happened?” Dustin’s face blanched. He tried to quell the panic building inside him. *He’s my son. There’s no reason to be afraid.* “I’m worried about you. You look ... so different and –”

Seth barked at his father. The sharp, aggressive sound bounced around the room. When Dustin cowered, Seth held his belly and laughed. “I *am* different, Dad. Ever since the second dose, I ...” Seth’s brain lost his train of thought. In fact, as he struggled to think of what he’d been about to say, he found he couldn’t recall what words sounded like. He barked again, ferociously, and cackled when his father ran from the room. Seth got up from his chair, walked to the door, and slammed it shut. He strolled back to his desk and returned to his game.

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“You’re insane, Dr. Smith. You can’t possibly do this.” Sophie was in her underwear, strapped to a table. She stared at the full syringe with wide, fearful eyes. “There’s no way my contract allows for this. People will wonder where I am. You can’t ...”

“Don’t make me gag you again, Dr. Ramirez.” Rebecca gave her former subordinate a cool smile. *Well, I suppose she’s still my subordinate.* “Yes, of course this is off the books. Why do you think I’m not having a tech give you the injection?” She held up the syringe and tapped it. “It’s so strange, isn’t it? The different effects Entrabide had with female mice and female humans. We are on the cutting edge, learning new things every day. And ... to further that, we certainly need more test subjects. How do you think of yourself? More of a Chastity/Sabrina or more of a Melody?” She laughed.

“You can’t possibly stick me with that.” Sophie tugged and pulled at her restraints. “I’ll ... I’ll go back to work. I won’t tell anyone. Oh shit ... I’ll ...” She froze when Rebecca jabbed her thigh with the needle and depressed the plunger. She wasn’t wearing her glasses at the moment, but she could see it clearly enough. She’d just been dosed. As Rebecca left the room, Sophie closed her eyes and prayed she wasn’t a Melody.

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“This is unacceptable.” Dustin sat in the interview room with his wife. “You’ve done something terrible to my son. I’m going to sue the ever-loving shit out of your company. And I’m going to kick your ass.” He stood up and pointed his finger at the camera, his belly jiggling as he stamped his feet. “If you don’t come out here, I’m going to trash your equipment! You fucked us with Entrabide!”

“Stop it, Dustin. It’s not the Entrabide. Seth is just ... going through hormonal changes.” Chastity stood and grabbed her husband to keep him from damaging company property. For the first time, she noticed that she was now about the same height as him. Day by day, she had been getting closer and closer. But now, here she was at five foot eleven. *Did I really get three inches taller since moving here? Am I ... am I going to keep growing? Will I be taller than my husband?* She frowned.

“Let go of me ... let ... go ... Chastity.” Dustin couldn’t wrench himself out of her grip. He was huffing and puffing with the effort, but she looked relaxed and calm, barely breathing hard. *What has that drug done to my family?!?* He looked into his loving wife’s eyes and felt fear. “Look at yourself. Look how different you are. You’re ... not supposed to be stronger than me.” He gave up and went limp in her arms.

“I understand you have concerns about Seth.” A calm, authoritative woman’s voice arrived via the room’s speakers. “We understand that he has withdrawn in recent weeks.

We have a solution. Both of you will need to confront him while reading lines from our Hermit Family Member Protocol.”

“I ... um ... probably shouldn't see Seth in person.” Chastity's voice was low and worried. She continued to hold onto her husband.

“I'm not fucking doing any of your fucking protocols.” Dustin tried to puff out his chest, but it was hard to feel manly while his wife held him captive.

“I'll show you a video about the Hermit Family Member Protocol. I think it might change your mind,” the woman said.

A video started to play on the wall. It showed a family much like the Greeves family. The son only spent time in his room. The parents were very worried. Chastity let go of Dustin. They both sat back down and watched. They found the story compelling. When the son yelled at them for coming into his room, they thought for sure the video wouldn't have a happy ending. But the parents worked their way through the guidelines that Æthelred Medical doctors had created and things slowly changed. By the end of it, father, mother, and son were all hugging and crying with relief at being bonded again. The video turned off.

“Dustin, we have to try that. I know we can get through to Seth.” Chastity put her hands on her husband's.

“I don't know if it'll work. You haven't seen Seth lately? He looks ... smells ... and sounds like a Neanderthal.” Dustin frowned.

“So, a normal teenage boy then,” the woman said.

Chastity laughed. She couldn't help it. She had been carrying so much tension. For some reason, that remark smashed it. *Maybe we're making a mountain out of a molehill with Seth. He's eighteen, of course he's going through changes.*

Dustin tried to keep his grumpiness intact, but his wife's ringing laughter was contagious. Pretty soon, he was laughing, too.

When they were done laughing, Dustin wiped the tears from his eyes. “Fine, we'll try the company's idea,” he said. “But if it doesn't work, I want you to agree to leave this place with me. We'll take everyone home. I don't care about the money. Our family is more important.”

“It's a deal. Don't worry, though. I'm sure it's going to work.” Chastity smiled at him. She was impressed, that video had really turned things around. She was now looking forward to confronting her son and setting things right.

## Chapter 6

### **Eight weeks into the experiment.**

Chastity and Dustin spent almost a week going over the Hermit Family Member Protocol. Once they'd mastered it, they did rehearsals. They asked Sabrina to stand in for Seth, and they went through the guidelines. It was tough at first. Sabrina knew Seth well, and for the first few days, the parental prodding would make her character withdraw further. But then, Chastity started to solve some of the nuances of the triangulated pitches they were supposed to give their son. Dustin quickly followed her lead. By the end of rehearsals, Chastity, Dustin, and Sabrina – playing the character of her brother – ended each session in relieved tears as they hugged and bonded. The parents knew it was time to confront their real son.

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In the hall outside Seth's room, Chastity gave her husband an encouraging smile.

Dustin nodded back to her. It was odd having his wife at eye level. Now that he thought about it, she might actually be a little taller than him. He didn't like it. *And what if she's still growing ... What if their son was still growing?* Dustin gulped. Seth had already been a hulking mass when he'd seen him last time. He had hardly recognized his son. Now that days had passed, would Seth be even bigger?

"You look nervous. Are you nervous?" Chastity wiped her sweaty palms on her yoga pants.

"I'm okay." Dustin's knees were practically knocking together. He tried to pull himself together. "It's just ... Seth barked at me last time."

"Yes ... he did that to me, too." Chastity grimaced, remembering how she had almost let her son have sex with her. *That won't happen again. Not with Dustin here.* "Maybe we should do this another time?"

"Our son needs us. We have the protocol. We practiced it. We can triangulate him into a better space." Dustin forced a stiff grin and knocked on the door. "We can do this."

In the control room, the chatter died down. Everyone was staring at the screen showing Seth's room and the hall outside.

"Oh my god, they're really going to try the protocol on him," one of the techs said.

There was a hush as Dustin opened the door and he and his wife entered to find their son sleeping on top of the covers, naked.

“That smell.” Dustin stepped into the room, curling his lip. “It smells like a jungle. What the hell is he doing in here?”

Chastity’s eyes glazed over. She absentmindedly fiddled with her wedding ring, twirling it around and around her finger. She knew what that smell was. There were crusty pieces of clothing and used tissues all over the floor. Her vagina suddenly felt like it was humming at a high frequency. Her body was wracked by several abrupt shivers.

“What’s wrong?” Dustin put his hand on his wife’s shoulder. But her ailment was immediately forgotten when he saw his monster of a son slowly sit up and stare at them with steely eyes. Dustin quaked. Seth looked like a ridiculous caricature of a caveman, with bulging muscles and a massive, languid cock that rested on his thigh. If Dustin had walked into a lion’s den, or a bear’s cave, and poked such an apex predator, he supposed he would have felt very much the same as he did now.

“You’re finally coming back for more.” Seth’s grin was malevolently greedy. He spoke to his mother. Hunger burned behind his eyes as he looked her up and down.

“Okay, let’s start the first triangulation.” Dustin stood straighter and tried to meet his son’s gaze. But Seth would only stare at his mother.

“Oh ... no ... I shouldn’t have come. I knew I shouldn’t ...” Chastity dropped to her knees and clasped her hands in front of her in prayer. “Oh ... Lord ... that smell ... that smell ... and that ... body ... and that ... penis.” She stared at her son’s mammoth appendage as it lurched and rose before her eyes.

“What are you doing, Chastity?” Dustin glanced at his wife. He shook his head, his mind going a bit fuzzy. He searched his memory and found his lines. “Seth ... we want you to know that we are all responsible for our own feelings. I just want you to understand that we can’t make you feel anything.”

“You can’t?” Seth, as often happened to him recently, was having trouble stringing coherent thoughts together. He stood up, towering over his parents. Gazing down at them was a different view than the old days. His father was spouting meaningless aphorisms at him. Seth didn’t like it. “I *can* make you,” Seth said, grabbing his father and lifting him into the air. He walked him over to the curtain rod and hung him by his shirt on the convenient hook that held the rod. “Quiet ... Dad.”

Dustin flailed for a moment, looked into his son’s eyes, and went perfectly still.

~~

In the control room, there was chaos as people debated whether to interfere.

“Do we dose them?”

“He’s going to kill him!”

“Where’s Dr. Smith?”

Different techs and doctors talked over each other.

“Quiet ... quiet ... we need to think.” Dr. Thompson tried to be commanding. But no one listened to him. “Look, Seth’s not going to kill Dustin. He’s going for Chastity.”

Rebecca Smith walked into the room with her hands clasped behind her back. She strolled up to the screen and stopped, taking in the activity in the Greeves house. The control room grew quiet as people realized she was there. She watched Chastity. The woman was still on her knees, praying as her hulking son walked up to her, his penis swaying in front of her face. “We can’t let them have sex. Not yet. But they’re *not* having sex,” Rebecca said. “So, let’s see how this plays out.” She waited for someone to complain. But the only thorn in Rebecca’s side was dosed and locked away. Rebecca looked around at the sycophants. She almost missed Sophie’s spine.

There was a gasp in the room. On the monitor, Chastity was now avidly blowing her son. She was holding his shaft with one hand, and massaging his balls with her other.

~~

In Seth’s room, Dustin stared in disbelief. “No ... Chastity ... what are you –?” He cut off when his son turned his head toward him and barked viciously. Dustin went quiet again, dangling from his hook. He found he couldn’t look away from the neanderthal his son had become, and the way his mother was servicing him.

Satisfied that his father was out of the way, Seth turned his attention back to his mother. He looked down at her distorted face. Her crazed eyes pleased Seth. Her mouth was bloated, lips suctioning just below his massive cockhead. He thought it was a good look for her. “Good ... goooooooood,” he growled. He couldn’t think to say any more.

“Mmmppphhhh!” Chastity was in a frenzy to pleasure her son. She wasn’t a woman normally eager to please ... anyone. She usually liked things her way. But now ... she wanted it *his* way. She would do whatever he asked. Although ... she was vaguely aware that her son wasn’t saying much. Mostly he was grunting and growling. Which, in its own way, was driving her even more into a frenzy. Those were the sounds of a happy animal.

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Melody was in her bedroom looking at porn. She couldn't get enough naked women. She wanted them all. She was wondering what it would be like to actually touch a woman in real life. *I need to take hold of a woman and make her mine.* Her hand beat a steady rhythm on her clitoris, which was now almost ten inches long. She stopped when she heard savage barking from somewhere nearby. Melody stood, pulled up her briefs, and lowered her dress. It was embarrassing to have to wear men's underwear, but she needed the support. Her panties had been lacking in that department, and the doctors had gotten her some when she had asked. Even with the added support, and her loose dress, there was a visible bulge in front. She didn't care.

Out in the hall, Melody couldn't hear any more barking. But she did hear deep growling and ... what sounded like a woman gurgling mouthwash. The sounds made her clit spasm uncomfortably in her briefs.

Seth's door was open. It was never open. And there was a strange smell wafting down the hall to her. Since the Entrabide, Melody was always horny, but she felt exceptionally so as she walked toward Seth's room. The sounds grew louder. It wasn't mouthwash. She had watched enough porn in the last few weeks to realize she was listening to a woman choke and slobber on a large cock. *Did some lady doctor slip in here to blow Seth?* That thought made her jealous. The lady doctor that Melody talked to, the sweet one that liked the look of her clit, always said that there was no way for her to visit. Melody felt the heat of anger flush her face. She hated to be lied to. Especially when she needed a woman. A real woman. Not an image on a screen, but a ... Melody stopped in Seth's doorway, her jaw hanging open. It took her a moment to comprehend what she was seeing.

~~

In the control room, Rebecca smirked. With only two doses, Entrabide had completely changed this family. She had gobbled up every Æthelred Medical share she could get her hands on. Rebecca would be rich beyond her wildest dreams. "Where's Sabrina?"

One of the techs brought up an image of Sabrina jogging on a treadmill in the basement. Her enlarged breasts were bounding in unison up and down and side to side. She was moving at a fast pace, but barely breathing hard.

“Don’t disturb her. Let’s see how the rest of the family gets on without her.” Rebecca could see Melody lifting her dress as the young woman watched her mother’s blowjob. Soon, Melody was pumping her clit again. Dustin, still hanging by his shirt, stared in horror. “We need some air samples from Seth’s room,” Rebecca said. “Seth is doing something to them. This could be critical. Mind-altering musk? Can you imagine?”

“Do we ... um ... get the air samples now?” James said.

“Don’t be an idiot, Dr. Thompson.” Rebecca rolled her eyes. “Now, do we have intel on whether Mrs. Greeves often pleasures her husband orally? If so, does she finish him in her mouth? We need to know how out of character this is.”

“She ... um ... hasn’t been observed finishing anyone in her mouth,” a tech said.

“I want you to go back over all the video since they entered the house and make sure, because it sure looks like ... yep ... there it is.” Rebecca nodded as, up on the screen, Seth roared out an orgasm.

~~

Chasity’s eyes bulged. She gulped as fast as she could to down the deluge pouring into the back of her mouth. Sperm flooded past her lips, dripping down her chin, and onto her breasts, saturating her athletic top. She knew her son’s orgasms were copious and forceful. He *had* covered her backside from several feet away that one time. But she had been so passive that time. Now, she was taking the bull by the horn. Or, at least, she was trying. She fell backward as he continued to blast her, she was sputtering and spitting out the sperm she hadn’t yet swallowed.

“Oh ... God ... no.” Dustin watched his wife become sullied almost beyond recognition. He hung from the curtain hook, powerless to stop the destruction of his marriage. He finally looked away, only to see his oldest daughter standing in the doorway. She appeared to be masturbating with a large penis. *My daughter doesn’t have a penis*. It was too much for him, and he blacked out.

“Oh ... Seth ... I’m covered ... oh ... gosh ... you keep marking me ... oh ... it won’t stop coming out.” Chastity rubbed his semen onto the skin of her face and upper chest. When he was finally finished blasting, she lowered her pants and panties, got on her hands and knees, and pointed her ass at her son. “Can you go again?”

Seth snarled and barked, dropping to his knees. He leaned forward and playfully bit one of his mother’s exposed ass cheeks. Then he moved closer and slapped her butt with his heavy cock.

~~

“Okay, dose them now.” Rebecca had seen enough. She watched as gas flooded the room. Seth pitched forward onto his mother, lying on top of her, both unconscious. Melody wobbled and went down in the doorway. Downstairs, Sabrina was tossed backward by the treadmill, coming to rest up against a wall. “Great work everyone. Don’t forget to get me that report on Chastity’s past oral sex.” Rebecca turned and left the control room. Behind her, money was exchanging hands as bets were paid.

## Chapter 7

### Eight weeks into the experiment.

“I asked for a video feed of the Greeves family. I want to see how they’re doing.” Sophie sat in her prison. It was a small space with a connected bathroom. There was a large screen, but so far, she had only been able to watch nature shows. Also in the space was a corner with exercise equipment that she had ignored. She knew Rebecca wanted her to gain strength, and Sophie wasn’t about to be cooperative after they’d dosed her with Entrabide. Filling out the room were a desk where she ate her meals, a bed where she slept, and an upholstered armchair where she was sitting now, wearing the plain jumpsuit they’d given her. “I want to see how the Greeves family is doing,” she repeated.

“Those recordings are proprietary material of the Æthelred Medical corporation.” The woman’s voice was cool and clinical, coming over the room’s speakers.

“Really? I *was* running the experiment.” Sophie crossed her arms and frowned. She glanced up at the ceiling where she was sure one of the microcameras was hidden. “I’m worried about them.”

“Perhaps we can come up with a trade?” The woman said. “I’ll send you some videos if you share with us how your body’s changing.”

“There’s no change in my body, bitch. The drug didn’t work on me.” Sophie was lying. But she sure as hell wasn’t going to give them what they wanted. Her body had felt stronger recently, and she wasn’t sure if she was imagining things, but her arms and legs seemed more toned. She was terrified that the drug would alter her clitoris, like it had poor Melody. But so far, she wasn’t sure if there was a difference there. *At any rate, if I’m getting stronger, then I’m like Chastity and Sabrina. They didn’t have any clitoral growth. I’m fine.* She squeezed her eyes tight and prayed she was right.

“Very well. We can take regular physicals whether you cooperate or not,” The voice said.

“Read your guidelines, asshole. You’re not supposed to threaten uncooperative subjects.” Sophie turned on a nature documentary and turned the volume up all the way. This worked to drown out the voice, but it wasn’t so great in another regard. The show depicted the mating habits of wolves. It made her stomach queasy and her pussy gush.

~~

“Dustin? Are you in here?” Chastity, wearing a one-piece bathing suit, made her way to the hot tub. “I baked you some blondies.” She had a plate of treats in one hand, and her towel in the other. “I know you’ve always preferred blondes.”

Sitting in the hot tub, Dustin looked away when his wife came into view. “It will take more than blondies to make me forget what I saw. It was ... disgusting.” That was true, but he felt the word hardly did justice to watching his wife gargle on their eighteen-year-old son’s river of cum. He listened to his tall wife slip into the water. She hadn’t always been tall and fit. She hadn’t always been a cum-guzzler. His frown deepened. When she offered him the plate, he took a blondie without looking and nibbled on it. “They won’t let me leave, Chastity.”

“Yes, they said that because of the incident, which was in no way related to the Entrabide, they need to keep us under observation for a while.” Chastity put the plate of treats on the edge of the tub and watched her husband with worry, etching a furrow down the middle of her forehead. Even submerged in the hot water, her body was tense. She watched him eat in silence. When he reached out his hand, she gave him another blondie. “Say something, Dustin.”

“What can I say? I can’t even look at you anymore. You entered this place as my wife.” He usually found so much joy in his wife’s infrequent baking. But not today. That didn’t stop him from eating, though. “You entered as my wife, and now ... you’re a drugged-up hussy.”

“I only did that for you, Dustin.” Chastity’s bulging shoulders were so tight that they hurt.

“What?” He looked at her for the first time, genuine surprise on his face.

“Seth ... he lifted you up while I was praying. He hung you from the rod. He was snarling and barking.” Her eyes widened with fear. “He ... wanted me. That was clear. I threw myself at him to save you.” She looked into his eyes, trying to gauge if he was buying it.

“But why that?” Dustin stared. “Why lower yourself to ... to ... no better than an animal?”

“I was buying time until they could gas us. I remembered the last time they used the gas, so I was ...” She rubbed the back of her neck. “What?”

“I was here, in the hot tub, when they knocked us out last time. Where were you?” Dustin’s eyes narrowed.

“I ... um ... was in the bathroom. It was very embarrassing.” She relaxed a little when the suspicion on his face lifted.

Dustin got out of the hot tub. Aware that his wife's eyes were on his body, no doubt comparing him to the Neanderthal that was their son. He was under no illusions that he stacked up in a manly way. They were practically a different species now. He threw on a towel. "If he leaves his room and you see him, run. I don't want any more heroics from you. I'll do the same. We are not to talk to our son until I can get us out of here."

"I'll tell Melody and Sabs." Chastity lifted the plate toward him. "Want another?"

Dustin plucked one off the plate and nibbled away. "Be careful with Melody. I think ... she's having issues from the Entrabide." He couldn't bring himself to tell his wife that their oldest daughter now had a dick. *Once I get out of here, the lawsuits are going to be epic.*

"It's not the Entrabide. We're just having ... some normal health issues." She shook her head fervently.

"I think I'll sleep on the sofa until I can wrap my head around what happened." Dustin headed for the door.

"Of course. Take your time." Chastity sighed with relief when he left. It had worked. She had everything under control. There were bound to be some hiccups with a new drug, but nothing she couldn't handle. She hefted her heavy boobs in the hot water. "And Entrabide does have its advantages." She smiled and reclined down to her neck in the water, her body finally letting the heat relax her tortured muscles.

~~

There was a knock on Melody's door. She turned off the porn, quickly threw on a dress, and stood. She didn't have time to pull on some underwear. "Yes?" She sniffed the air. She had been cumming all morning. Of course, her giant clit didn't spew sperm like a man's penis, but the room did smell heavily of sweat and pussy.

Chastity opened her daughter's door. She wrinkled her nose at the smell. "What have you been doing in ...?" Her eyes went glassy, and she felt very much like she did when she was in Seth's room. "I ... um ... I ... well ... I'm supposed to talk to you." She stepped into the room and closed the door. She was so distracted by the scent that she didn't notice the ridiculous tent Melody's hard clit made under her dress.

"Make it quick. I'm ... busy." Melody stared at her mother's pretty face, remembering how twisted the pretty woman before her had looked while gagging on her brother's cock. Melody shook her head. *I need a woman, but not my mother. Right?* Her eyes traveled down to her mother's large boobs encased in the tight top, and her misgivings

melted away. *Sabs ran away from me. Would Mom? I know she gave in to Seth. Why not me, too?* She took a thirsty step toward her mother. “Do you want to talk about how we all blacked out? Is that why you’re here? Sabs said she fell off the treadmill when it happened. She’s got a bruise on her hip and ass, but she wouldn’t show me. Do you have any bruises, Mom?”

“What?” Chastity was having trouble thinking straight.

“Pull down your pants. Let me see if you have any bruises from when we went lights out.” Melody held her breath. When her mother started to lower her pants, she felt like her clit was going to tear its way out of her dress.

~~

In the control room, there was a flurry of activity. “Should I get the gas ready, Dr. Thompson?” One of the techs said as she looked over at the clearly overwhelmed doctor.

“I ... um ... I ... well ...” James stared at Chastity Greeves as the woman undressed for her daughter. He pulled his white jacket together, to hide the front of his pants.

“Chastity and Melody can’t procreate, so we can let them proceed.” Rebecca walked into the control room, her white lab coat dramatically trailing behind her. “You can keep the gas on ice.”

Suddenly, there was a mad rush in the control room as people called out bets on what they thought was about to happen.

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“First ... class ... tits ... Mom.” Melody stared at her naked mother. “Entrabide really did a number on you. You’re fit, but you’re also still really ... womanly. You’re making me sprung. You’re a hot bitch.”

“Um ... what?” Chastity breathed in deeply. Normally, she’d scream at her daughter for talking like that. But she wasn’t feeling her normal, assertive self.

“No bruises that I can see. Turn around.” Melody whistled when her mother spun for her. “That ass. Oh, my God.” She shook her head in awe. “No bruises there either. You would have had some bruises if you’d let Seth shove his dick in your little hole. Mine’s smaller than his. It should be a perfect fit.”

“How do you know about Seth?” Chastity trembled. *I need ... I need ... I need ...* She wasn't sure what she needed, but it *was* something. “Wait ... your *what* is smaller?”

“It's only a little more than eight inches.” Melody pulled off her dress, letting her massive clit flop into the open. “I think it's finally stopped growing. Get on your hands and knees like you did for Seth.”

Without thinking, Chastity dropped down like a dog and turned her ass toward her daughter. This wasn't how the conversation was supposed to go. “Oh ... I was supposed to warn you not to go near Seth because ... ow!” She flinched when her daughter slapped her ass. She looked over her shoulder to see what Melody was doing, and that's when it finally registered. Her daughter was talking about what looked like a hard, eight-inch penis between her legs. Chastity's eyes bulged. She was pretty sure her daughter wasn't supposed to have a penis. While it wasn't as big as Seth's monster, it was the second largest penis Chastity had ever seen. “I feel so strange, Melody. Do you have ... a penis?”

“No, Mom, don't be silly.” Chastity laughed as she kneeled behind her mother, lovingly running her fingers along the curve of the older woman's ass. This was exactly what she'd been craving for weeks. She didn't need an outsider. *Mom's hot. Mom will do in a pinch.* She pinched her mother's butt and made her squeal. “This isn't a penis, it's still my clit. It just ... grew. I didn't change like you and Sabs. I changed ... differently. And now I see, this was on purpose. Our changes ... complement each other.”

Experimentally, she spread her mother's cheeks and gawped at the wonderful pink asshole and pussy lips on display. “Oh, we're going to have so much fun, Mommy.”

“We are? I'm so confused. I think ... I think ... I need ...” Chastity couldn't bring herself to say it. Whatever effect her daughter was having on her, it was different than what Seth had done. With him, her mind had completely run away. Now, she was still stringing thoughts together. Although, it was difficult. “I ... um ...” She hung her head and looked at her dangling boobs. “I made blondies ... do you want a treat?” *Why did I say that?*

“Honestly, I prefer brunettes.” Melody was in heaven. She held her clit and guided it to her mom's pussy. “I've thought about this moment for weeks.” She was trembling with anticipation. “We both need it, I can tell. Here ... we ... goooooooooooooo.” She pushed her hips forward, and the head of her clit slipped into a woman for the first time. Her eyes rolled back, and she gripped her mother's hips. “Give ... me ... pussy.”

“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” Chastity wailed as she was stretched. If Dustin was angry about Seth, he would be doubly angry when he found out she had given up the country store to their daughter. But that didn't matter. She gritted her teeth as the large organ inched into her. Her daughter was right. They both needed it.

## Chapter 8

### Eight weeks into the experiment.

“Give me ... that pussy.” Melody humped her mother from the back, driving her massive clit into her mother’s vagina while gripping those wonderful, wide hips. “Give me ... that good ... puuusssyyyyyyy.”

“Uuuugggghhhhhhhhh.” Chastity was on her belly with her legs together. She felt like she was a mare out for a gallop with a frenetic jockey. Her mind spun ecstasy and desire, but she wasn’t as out of it as when she’d thrown herself at her son. Until a few minutes ago, she hadn’t ever considered that a woman could have a penis, much less her own daughter. If she had thought about it, it would have disgusted her. But now, she was getting railed and loving every inch her daughter was giving her. “Nnnnnngggggggggg.”

“Give me ... ugh ... ugh ... that good pussy.” Melody was doing more than humping, she was living life to its fullest. For over a month, she had hated Entrabide. Now, she looked on it as a gift from heaven. She was the luckiest woman on Earth. “Good ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... pussy ... Mom. We’re going ... to make it ... bloom ... uuuugggghhh. Open it ... open ... your precious ... flower ... to me.” She was on the edge of another orgasm. “Not ... Seth ... not Dad ... this is my ... good pussy.” *And I’m never giving it up. Never, ever.* “My ... pussy ... ooohhhhhhh!” She threw her head back and screamed out an orgasm, her body convulsing uncontrollably.

When it seemed like her daughter was finally finished behind her, Chastity pushed Melody off and staggered to her feet. As her heart slowed, guilt welled inside her. “I’m ... stronger than this. I don’t need this,” she whispered to herself.

Melody rose to her feet, her eyes suddenly blazing. “We both need it, Mom. It’s the Entrabide. It made us better.” She lunged at her mother, tackling her onto the bed.

“No ... it’s not the Entrabide ... it’s just ...” Chastity’s mind couldn’t find any ready excuses for her daughter growing a penis. It didn’t matter. There was no excuse necessary. Her denial was strong enough to continue without anything plausible to cling to. She wrestled with her daughter for a minute. She was much stronger than Melody and could have freed herself. But her daughter was right. She needed it. She needed to be tamed and mounted. “Melody ... I feel so good.”

“I know ... Mom ... me too.” Melody spread her mother’s legs and shoved her clit back into sopping pussy. Melody grabbed heaping handfuls of her mother’s tits and let her hips go wild. “We both ... feel good ... because of that good ... uuuugggghhhhh ... pussy. Give me ... give me ... give meeeeeeeeeeeee ... good pussy.” Humping a woman was

everything she'd dreamed about the last few weeks. Maybe it was even better.  
"Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii."

"Ooohhhhhh ... mmyyyyyyyyyy." With wide eyes, Chastity watched her daughter orgasm. When Melody started her rhythmic thrusting again, Chastity pointed her toes at the ceiling. "You can't ... uuughhh ... you can't ... oooohhhh ... get me ... pregnant ... right?" Sometime during their humping, she had stopped worrying about her poor husband, their fraying family fabric, or what anyone else might think. But pregnancy still nagged at her. "I can't ... oooohhhh ... have another ... baby."

"I ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... told you ... Mom. It's just ... a clit." Melody leaned forward, dripping sweat from her nose onto her mother's tits. "I'm fucking you ... with my clit!"

"Oooohhhh ... good ... that's good ... it's yours Melody ... it's yours." Chastity grabbed her daughter's ass. It was odd to hold something so feminine during sex. She gripped Melody's cheeks, digging her fingers in, and encouraged her daughter to hump her harder.

More than an hour later, Chastity dressed. Her whole body trembled as she looked down at her exhausted daughter on the bed. "Should I report this?" Chastity was unsure whether the doctors needed to know about it.

"Hhhmmmmmm?" Melody was so relaxed and happy, she couldn't process her mother's question. "Good ... pussy ... Mom," she mumbled.

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that." Chastity didn't wish that at all. It had been a thrill to have her daughter use vulgar slang for her body parts. Chastity shivered as she finished dressing. "This can't ever happen again."

"Mmmpphhhhh." Melody couldn't even lift her head off the sheet. She watched her mother with a wide, lazy grin.

"Okay, we'll talk about it later." Chastity moved toward the door. "Oh, and stay away from Seth. I guess you saw what he did to me. It was awful and ..." Chastity's eyes bulged. Her whole body convulsed, and she leaned against the wall. She was having a minor orgasm just from thinking about what she'd done with her son. "What's ... wrong with ... meeeeeeeee." When she came down from her high, she saw that her daughter was masturbating her giant clit. Without another word, Chastity ran from the room.

A few steps down the hall, Chastity ran right into Sabrina.

"Watch it, Mom!" Sabrina had just finished a workout. She was covered in sweat and had her hair tied back. "Wow, Mom, you stink." She waved a hand in front of her nose. "What have you ... um ... been doing?" Suddenly, Sabrina's mind was swimming. Her brain seemed to float above her. She reached forward and grabbed the most prominent handhold she could find, her mom's left boob.

“Sabrina, are you okay?” Chastity helped steady her daughter. At least one of her children was still herself. Although Chastity had to admit, her daughter looked way more fit than she’d ever been before.

“I’m fine ... Mom. Just finished ... a workout.” Sabrina wondered if that pungent smell was somehow making her so lightheaded. “I ... um ... I ... was running on the ... thingy.”

“I think you worked too hard. Go take a shower and lie down.” Chastity watched her daughter continue down the hall. “Wait!”

“Yeah, Mom?” Sabrina was feeling a little less lightheaded after stepping away from her mom.

“Don’t visit your brother or sister. They’re both ... um ... sick. And they need ... space. They caught a cold or something.”

“Okay.” Sabrina waved her hand dismissively at her mother. It wasn’t until she was in the shower that her mind fully cleared. “How could they catch a cold? We’re the only people here.” She said to no one.

### **Eleven weeks into the experiment.**

Dustin continued to sleep on the couch. He was trying to get over the Seth incident, but it was hard to look at his wife the same way after that Neanderthal of their son had done those ... things ... to her. He spent most of his time trying to figure out how to escape the building and sue the shit out of Æthelred Medical. His newest plan was to use an appliance to send out a distress call.

Chastity avoided everyone but her husband, and he would have little to do with her. She sneaked stealthily whenever she traveled through the house. Anytime she heard someone else, she cringed and hid, worried that she would run into Seth or Melody and immediately spread her legs. Whenever Melody knocked on her door, Chastity told her to go away. She spent many hours a day masturbating in her bedroom.

Seth slumbered and fapped in his room. He came out only in the middle of the night, going to the kitchen for food, and then returning to his room.

Melody tried to corner her mother again, but found the woman elusive. Now that she’d had a taste of pussy, she craved more. It was all she thought about. But she was denied. At times during her video sessions, she begged the company to send her a girlfriend. But all she got in return were questions about how she was feeling, and a promise to watch her when she masturbated.

Sabrina thought the rest of her family was behaving oddly. Melody had her condition, so she avoided her as much as possible. Seth never came out of his room. Her mother

moved about the house like a ninja. And her dad spent hours and hours trying to rewire the dishwasher. For her part, Sabrina watched TV, worked out, and listened to music. She didn't mind being left alone. For the first time in her life, her libido really kicked in. She began exploring her own body in earnest.

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Sophie sat in her armchair, watching the nature shows that were her only source of entertainment. She wasn't paying attention, however, because she was examining between her legs. She was naked and would have covered herself with a blanket if they'd given her one. But there was no hiding in her prison cell. She'd lost all sense of modesty. "Shit ... it's getting bigger."

On her bed, Sophie sat with her pelvis tilted up. Her nerves were hit with a flash of electricity when she held the enlarged clit to get a better look. "More than three inches." She shuddered and released it. She massaged her legs slowly, feeling the corded muscle just under the skin. She had become much more toned over the past couple weeks. It seemed that she was some sort of hybrid between Melody's Entrabide effects and Chastity and Sabrina's. And she knew they were planning to give her the second dose soon.

It wasn't easy to avoid masturbation. Her hands wanted to move from her leg back to her clit. But she wouldn't give them the satisfaction. She got up, went over to the dumbbells, and started doing curls. She didn't like using the exercise equipment, but how else was she supposed to pass the time? Sophie pumped iron and watched the onscreen animals mate.

~~

"Hey, Sabs." Melody sauntered into the basement gym. She wore a loose-fitting dress and restraining underwear. Together, her outfit managed to mostly hide her turgid clit. Her sister was on the treadmill, her ass bouncing perfectly under tight running shorts. "Have you been avoiding me?"

Sabrina turned off the machine and dismounted. She picked up a towel and dried herself off, eyeing her sister warily. "Well, a few weeks back you tried to ... um ... grab me after showing me your ... clit. So ..."

“Sorry about that.” Melody’s pussy was creaming as she ogled her sister’s burgeoning boobs, half hidden by a towel and sports top. “Is your junk the same as before, or do you have one like me?”

Sabrina gave her sister a look of sorrowful disgust.

“Okay, just me then. I wish I was as fit as you and Mom.” Melody was giddy with anticipation. “All I got was this.” She lifted her dress. Underneath was the supportive men’s underwear. She lowered those to let the monster out of its cage.

“Oh ... my ... gosh.” Sabrina put a hand to her mouth. “It’s bigger than last time.”

“Ten inches when it’s hard.” Melody took off her underwear and threw them at her sister.

Sabrina thrust out a hand and caught the strange piece of clothing. “Ew ... it’s wet. Did you ... pee ... in ...?” A pungent smell overtook her. Her mind floated away from her.

“That’s my cum. I still have a pussy, you know. And you’re ... really hot.” Melody was thrilled. Sabrina had the same dopey expression that their mom had had the day Melody had fucked her. *Why didn’t I think about throwing cum-covered underwear before?* She waited for her sister to run. Melody knew she couldn’t overpower her with strength. But maybe this would work instead.

“Oh ... wow ... I feel really weird.” Sabrina fought the urge to press the underwear to her nose and inhale deeply.

“Can I show you my clit up close? I could use a second opinion.” Melody prayed nobody would bother them in the basement. She knew her dad was down here a lot, but he seemed busy at the moment trying to hack the TV in the living room. The other two family members were in their rooms.

“Um ... what?” Sabrina was really trying to concentrate. But it wasn’t coming easy.

“I’m just going to put my clit close to your face so you can have a good look at it.” Melody pulled off her dress all the way and slunk toward her sister like a predatory animal.

## Chapter 9

“Oh ... my ... gosh. It looks like a big penis.” Sabrina was going cross-eyed trying to look at the giant, engorged clit that bobbed with Melody’s pulse right in front of Sabrina’s nose. “Does it ... um ... work like a penis?” Her mind was completely shrouded by strange feelings. She’d only started really exploring her own body recently. This moment reminded her of how she felt when she pistoned the handle of her hairbrush in her pussy.

“Yeah, a while ago I fucked Mom with it. She loved it.” Melody put her hands on her bare hips, smirked, and looked down at her nearly helpless sister.

“You did not!” Sabrina looked up at her sister, eyes wide with alarm. She scurried backward on her butt away from Melody. Stopping when her head and shoulders hit the wall of the gym. “But you’re engaged and ... she’s married to Dad!”

*Not so helpless, maybe.* Melody pressed her lips together and thought. *The scent is the key. That’s why I haven’t been able to get Mom cornered again. They need to smell my pussy.* She walked over to her sister, grabbed the hand that still held Melody’s used panties, and put that hand up to Sabrina’s nose. “Breathe in, Sabs.” Melody was so close to making this work, and the thought that her sister might run out on her again filled her with dread. She needed pussy. She needed good pussy. And she was almost sure Sabrina had top-shelf vagina. “Please ... just smell it!”

With the hand that wasn’t holding panties, Sabrina pushed her sister away.

Melody fell backward. Her sister had been such a tiny, weak thing not long ago. Now, she was strong. Melody took another step back and waited.

“Melody ... I ...” Sabrina didn’t remove her sister’s panties from her nose. Instead, her nostrils flared, and she breathed deeply. “Aaaaahhhhhh. It’s ... wonderful. It’s like a drug. I haven’t done any drugs since we moved here and ...” She inhaled again. “Woah. That’s good shit. My whole body is tingling ... and I can’t seem to think straight.”

“Do you ... like my clit?” Melody’s body trembled with anticipation. “Tell me you like it!” She thrust her hips forward so her sister could get a good view.

“I don’t know, Melody.” Sabrina wanted to remove the panties from her face, but found she couldn’t bear to part with them. She breathed deeply again, her muscles relaxing with that wonderful, tangy scent. “I’m ... really confused.”

“Wrong answer, Sabs.” A surprising burst of anger hit Melody. “Tell me you like my clit!” She screamed the words even though she didn’t want to be disturbed by anyone.

“I ... um ... like it.” Sabrina’s mind swam.

“Thank you.” Melody relaxed. She walked over to her sister, pushed the dirty panties away from Sabrina’s nose, and placed the base of her clit on Sabrina’s chin. “How’s that view?” She grinned down at her shocked sister even though a large part of Sabrina’s face was obscured by the clit.

“It’s ... longer than my face.” Sabrina’s surprise wasn’t just with the massive clit resting on her upturned face. It was also that her sister’s scent was even stronger now. Without thinking she let go of the panties and grasped her sister’s ass cheeks with both hands, holding her in place. She then lowered her head so that she could inspect her sister’s pussy lips. “Oh ... noooooo ... Melody. I think ... I’m about to do something crazy.”

Melody held her breath and waited for crazy.

“I’ve never ... never ... seen one up close ... or ... mmmpppphhhhhh.” Sabrina was eating pussy before she even knew what was happening. “Nnnaammmmm ... nnnammmmm ... naammmmmmm.” Sabrina pressed her fingers deep into her sister’s ass cheeks. She held firm, even though there was no chance that Melody would try to escape. “Nnoommm ... noommmmm ... nnnnoommmmm.” Sabrina’s own pussy flooded, and her nipples stood proudly poking through her athletic top.

“Ooohhhh ... yeeeeesssssss.” Melody watched her clit bounce around on top of Sabrina’s purple hair, buffeted by Sabrina’s movements as her twenty-one-year-old sister angled her face to lick, suck, and slurp different parts of Melody’s vagina. After five minutes, Melody’s whole body trembled. “Ohhhhh ... it’s going to be ... a big one ... Sabs!”

*More ... more ... more ...* Sabrina only had enough room in her mind to think one thing. And then she had *more*. She heard her sister scream, felt her sister’s body convulse, and then Melody’s pussy was squirting all over Sabrina’s face. The shock of it sent Sabrina out of her trance. She released her sister’s ass and fell back, staring up at her standing sister with dazed eyes.

Melody convulsed and sprayed a geyser all over the gym floor. “Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” Her mind rode wave after wave of bliss. When she came down from her high, she blinked and looked down at her cowed sister. “I think ... it’s time ... you gave me ... that good pussy.”

“Wh ... wh ... what?” Sabrina shook her head slowly. She couldn’t seem to jumpstart her brain.

“I’m going to ... hump you now.” Melody reached down and turned her sister over. She pulled down Sabrina’s shorts and panties, leaving them around her ankles. Roughly, Melody got Sabrina on all fours. “Get ready ... for the best fucking ... of your life.” Melody planted her feet on the ground and squatted behind her sister.

“Life? I can’t even ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” When her sister’s clit entered Sabrina, she felt like she was getting split in two. Whatever was left of her mind shattered in that instant. All

she could do was brace herself and let the ecstasy flow through her. Melody delved to depths that Sabrina's hairbrush couldn't reach.

~~

Chastity had been sneaking about the house when she heard the screams in the basement. She didn't want to run into anyone other than her husband, but he wasn't around. And whatever was going on needed to be investigated. Carefully, she descended the stairs. When she peeked her head around the doorway, she had to clap a hand on her mouth to keep from screaming herself. Her daughters were humping like a pair of monkeys on the gym floor. Both seemed beside themselves with desire. Chastity didn't know what to do, so she stood there staring.

"Good pussy ... give me ... that good ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... pussy ... Sabs." Melody held fistfuls of her sister's ass.

"Oooooohhhhhhh." Sabrina's eyes rolled back. Another orgasm was upon her.

Chastity wasn't the only one observing the gym. Tiny micro-cameras were hidden all about. In the control room, people quickly placed bets on whether Chastity would join her daughters.

"Twenty dollars on all three sluts," A tech called out.

"Right, it's still three to one and ..." The doctor running the pool drifted off into silence when Rebecca Smith walked into the room. The lead doctor strode with her hands behind her back and stopped in front of the wall of screens, looking at several different angles of Melody and Sabrina's monkey sex. After a moment, she looked around the room. "Where did Melody Greeves learn to copulate like that? Did we give her any instruction? Earlier, when she took her mother, her positions were more ... instinctual. But look at her now, with her feet planted just so, slamming her hips at an angle to get maximum leverage."

"Instruction isn't part of the protocol," Dr. Thompson said. "She's been watching lots of porn though. She could be copying what she's seen."

"I wonder if the Entrabide enhances a person's sexual abilities." Rebecca rubbed her chin. "I think it's time to unleash Seth on his mother. I want to see them copulate for an extended period of time."

"I thought we didn't want a pregnancy because -" Dr. Thompson started.

“It’s time. Coax him out of his room, and put him on a path to intercept his mother.” Rebecca pointed to the camera where Chastity was fleeing back up the basement stairs.

A groan went up from the people in the room who had bet on Chastity joining her daughters. Other techs got busy manipulating Seth into position.

Back in the gym, the sisters were cumming together.

~~

“It’s not the Entrabide. It’s not the Entrabide.” Chastity hustled toward her room, chanting a mantra under her breath. She knew she needed to do something about what she’d just witnessed, but she wasn’t sure what. She couldn’t tell her husband. He would just blame the drug. And she couldn’t tell the doctors. Her daughters would be mortified if she made their illicit congress public knowledge. But she had to do ... “Oof.” She hadn’t been sneaking like she usually did. And she also hadn’t been looking where she was going. In the upstairs hall, she’d run smack into a wall and fallen on her butt. She looked up in terror. It wasn’t a wall. It was her son. He’d gotten even bigger. He stood naked before her, his giant penis hanging between his legs like a python from a tree. His muscles flexed and moved under his skin like they had a separate life.

“Hi, Mom.” Seth tried to think of something else to say, but his mind was so slow. “I ... um ... I ... well.” He frowned. His eyes zeroed in on her cleavage, and he knew what to do. “Come on.” He bent down, lifted her into the air, and slung her over his shoulder.

“No ... Seth ... no ... we can’t!” Chastity was strong now. But her son was stronger. As he carried her like a sack of potatoes down the hall toward his room, she tried to pry his grip off her. When that didn’t work, she pounded on his back with her fists. “I’m your mother ... Seth ... get a grip ... you can’t do this. You’re not a caveman, I’m not a cavewoman, and your room isn’t a gosh ... darned ... cave.” But when they entered his room, it felt like a cave. The curtains were drawn, it was musty, and refuse was strewn everywhere. The smell hit her like a ton of bricks, making her mind reel. Sperm. *His cave is filled with spent seed.*

“You’re mine now.” Seth tossed her onto his messy bed. “Clothes off.” He grabbed his dick and fapped it to hardness. He stood next to the bed while he waited for her to get ready.

“Seth ... honey ... I love you. We can’t.” Chastity didn’t notice that she was tweaking her own nipples through her top. Her body writhed.

“I love you. Tits.” Seth fapped harder.

Chastity furrowed her brow in confusion. It was getting harder and harder to think.  
“Did you just call me ‘tits’?”

“Show tits.” Seth’s face darkened when she didn’t comply. He barked at her with savage ferocity.

“Okay ... okay.” Chasity pulled off her top, and played with her nipples while he watched her. Electricity moved from her breasts through her body. She spread her legs and looked at the crotch of her pants. There was a large stain of her wetness spreading there. “If you put it in me again, we’ll just go unconscious. That happens every time we do this.” Her focus fell to his monstrous penis. Her once sweet son looked like some sort of pagan devil from stories. The naughty kind of stories. “If you ... put it in me ... I ... uuuuuggghhhhhh.” Just thinking about it stretching her vagina was enough to set her over the edge. She had a good-sized orgasm.

Seth watched his mother climax. He was growing tired of waiting. He released his now turgid cock, reached down, and tore his mother’s pants and panties off her, tossing the tatters around his room.

“Oooohhhh ... Seth ... we’re going to ...” As the room came back into focus, Chasity saw that he’d crawled onto the bed. He was ready, and so was she. “Go ahead.” She spread her legs for him and held out welcoming arms. “I don’t care about anything else. Just put your penis where it belongs. I don’t know what ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiii.” She had expected him to take his time, but like lightning, he’d shoved his penis all the way inside her. “It’s ... uuuggghhhhh ... in my belly.” She looked down and could see the terrible head of his penis pushing out at her trim belly. “I can ... see it ... and it’s going to ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ...” There were no more words after that. She pointed her toes at the ceiling, folded her arms around his hulking form, and let him smash her vagina like the caveman that he was.

## Chapter 10

The microwave oven was neatly dissected and laid out on the kitchen counter. Dustin surveyed his work. "Yes ... yes ... if I wire this part here to the ..." He muttered to himself and moved parts around. He was concentrating so hard on an escape plan, that it took him a minute to realize his wife was screaming.

Dustin left the kitchen, his shoulders knotting with tension. "Chastity? Chas?" In a panic, he raced around the main floor. His wife's voice was muffled and distant. Slowly, his neck craned upward. There was a deep, distant thumping coming from somewhere overhead. His wife's screams sounded horrible. *It's a murder. The corporation is murdering her!*

Dustin's rotund body couldn't handle the speed with which he tried to ascend the stairs. He tripped, fell, and hit his head. Stumbling to his feet, he continued at a slower pace. "Chastity?" The screams were louder now. They were full of primal horror and terrible to hear. Icy bile churned in his belly. Blood ran down his forehead. He wiped it away from his eyes and continued. "I hurt myself ... but I'm coming ... Chastity." He searched the house for his wife. It wasn't until he came to his son's closed door that he realized he wasn't hearing a murder. "She went to see him again. Our son is ..." Dustin muttered to himself as he put a hand on the doorknob.

Of course, he had to stop them. The corporation had turned his son into a Neanderthal abomination, making him commit unspeakably savage sins with his own mother. Dustin listened to his wife shriek like a lunatic in an institution. She wasn't going to help him. He removed his hand from the knob and ran to the bathroom. With some effort, he pulled a towel rod off the wall. He tested its weight in his hand. It would make a serviceable weapon.

Next, Dustin ran to the camera room. Frantically, he waved his hand in front of the camera. "You've broken my family. Send help. Send the police. Send anyone. Hello?" There was no response.

Cursing, Dustin ran back to his son's room. The thumping had stopped, but his wife's wailing continued unabated. She sounded like she'd completely lost her mind. He wondered if his son had already broken her for good. Dustin shook his head. *I need to think positive thoughts. I'll save Chastity, and get the microwave oven to send out a distress signal. We'll be rescued soon.*

Gripping the towel bar with one hand, he opened his son's door. His smell kicked in before any other senses could. He was staggered by a miasma of sex. It was so strong, his mind swam and his eyes lost focus. He put a hand on the wall to steady himself and blinked. As things came into focus, he could see the hulking mass of his son standing in

the middle of the room with his legs apart. Chastity was in Seth's arms. She was taller than Dustin now, but even so, she looked tiny contrasted with Seth. The beast held her aloft with his hands on her ass. He was humping her with impossibly long strokes. There was a gap of almost a foot between their bellies at the apex. Dustin could see the frothy mess she'd made of their son's dangerously thick penis. Then their hips collapsed together, and their tight bellies slapped against each other. The cycle repeated over and over. The sounds sent a chill down Dustin's spine: the slapping skin, Seth's low, feral grunts, and Chastity's demented screaming.

"Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii." Chastity gripped her son's shoulders, digging her fingers into his bulging muscles. She wasn't aware that her husband had entered the room. She wasn't aware of much beyond the ecstatic joining with her son. When they'd first started humping, she had thought she would overload on pleasure. Now, her mind was beyond thinking, but if she could have considered it, she would have found her capacity for bliss was far beyond what she'd once considered possible. Her feet flopped in the air, her body completely at Seth's mercy. And she wouldn't have it any other way. Every time their bellies slapped together, his penis smashed into the back of her womb, sending a cascade of fireworks through her nerves. "Eeeii ... eeeiii ... eiiiiii ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii!"

"Cum ... cum ... cum ..." Seth growled. Things would be different in the house now. He would no longer have to spend his days alone masturbating. She would do it for him. She was becoming his.

"Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiii!" Chastity was vaguely aware that he was about to take their joining to a whole new, deranged level. If she could have opened her legs wider for him, she would have.

"Gggrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr." Seth's hips fell out of rhythm.

"Aaaaarrgggghhhh!" Dustin charged them. He had to stop this now before Seth put a baby in his own mother. What had the corporation done to him? He barely recognized his son. And when he caught a glimpse of his wife's ecstatic face, it was twisted in a horrible perversion of the woman he knew. The transformation had changed more than their bodies. He was sure the Entrabide had warped their very souls. Dustin swung the towel rod, crashing it on his son's back. The rod bent, but the rutting couple didn't seem to notice. His wife's voice was going hoarse from screaming. His son continued to violently slam her down on his penis in an arhythmic fashion. Then he held her pressed to him, no more pumping. His growls grew louder. Dustin screamed, "Noooooooooooo!" He hit his son with the rod again, bending it further. But the monstrosity ignored him and continued to fill his wife with semen. To Dustin's horror, he saw that she was overflowing, and the smelly, white stuff was dripping to the floor between Seth's legs. Dustin hit his son with the rod again.

~~

The control room was quiet. Everyone stared at the screens. The sisters were still mating in the basement, but all eyes were focused on Seth's bedroom. Some faces were horrified. Some were filled with awe or thirst. Doctor Rebecca Smith was smiling.

"Should we gas them?" James moved over next to the button that would incapacitate the house.

"No." Rebecca shook her head slowly.

"Dustin is going to hurt his son. We don't want them injured." James stuck his hands in the pockets of his white coat.

"Does he look hurt to you?" Rebecca stepped closer to the screen, where Seth was pulling his mother off his enormous penis. He casually tossed her rag-doll style onto his bed and turned to confront his father. "Dr. Thompson, you're starting to sound more and more like Dr. Ramirez."

James didn't say anything more.

"Speaking of Dr. Ramirez, I feel that I should pay the woman a visit," Rebecca said.

No one said anything in the control room as they watched Seth pick up his father and carry him out of the room.

~~

"Mel ... Mel ... oooooohhhhhh ... Melody." Sabrina was riding her sister in the basement. "You ... oooooohhhhhh ... don't have sperm ... right? You orgasm ... like me?"

"Yeah ... Sabs." Melody slapped her sister's tit and watched it shake and wobble. "They gave you ... ugh ... ugh ... a great rack. All they gave me ... was a giant clit ... and a taste for ... good pussy."

"Oooooohhhhhh." Her sister's words frightened her, but Sabrina didn't stop gyrating her hips. "If you don't ... cum ... like a guy ... how will we know ... uuuuggghhhh ... when we're done?"

"I guess ... we'll cum ... enough ... eventually." Melody thrust her hips up to pound Sabrina from below. "Give me ... that good pussy. Give me ... that ... uuuggghhhh ... good pussy."

“Eeeeeiiiiiiii!” Sabrina didn’t know when she would cum enough. That was sometime far in the future. For now, all that mattered was that she was about to crest another high. And she wanted more.

~~

“Put me down ... put me down ...” Dustin swung the rod in a feeble attempt to get his son to unhand him.

Seth barked savagely at his father and ripped the towel rod away, tossing it to the hallway floor. He descended the stairs carrying his squirming father and tossed him to the floor at the base of the stairs. “Me, upstairs. You, downstairs. You, never come upstairs. Mom, upstairs woman. Mine now.” He was having a hard time putting together complete sentences, but he thought the message was clear enough.

“Seth, don’t you see what they’ve done to you?” Dustin slowly picked himself up off the floor. His shoulders slumped with defeat. “They’ve turned you into an abomination.”

“Me, upstairs. You, downstairs,” Seth growled.

“I won’t let you steal my wife!” Dustin craned his neck to meet his son’s wild gaze.

Seth struggled to string a full thought together. Part of him wanted to swat this man through a wall. Another part realized he was his father and should at least be granted the dignity to live away from Seth and his mother. *Let him live*. He turned the rusted gears in his mind. It seemed so long ago that those gears had moved freely. “If ... you come upstairs ... I break you ... little man. Mom ... mine.” Seth saw the fear in his father’s eyes. When the man didn’t respond, Seth knew he’d won. “Good.” He turned and headed back upstairs to his lair. He was ready to mate again.

~~

“Oh ... my Gosh ... you didn’t stop this ... you ... oh ... no.” Sophie watched the screen in her cell from her armchair, horror written on her face. She was watching Dustin attempt to beat his son with a towel rod.

Rebecca stood at the other end of the cell, bracketed by two guards. “How does the sex and violence make you feel, Dr. Ramirez? Does it enlarge anything for you? Please be honest. This is for posterity.”

“Shut the fuck up.” Sophie would never tell the truth. Seeing all the feral activity *was* engorging her growing clit. Despite how terrible she felt for the Greeves family, she desperately wanted to pull off her pants, grip her clit, and pump away. Now, she was watching the confrontation between father and son at the bottom of the stairs. “He’s going to kill his father.”

“Don’t worry, we won’t let murder happen.” Rebecca couldn’t wipe the smug smile off her face. She could see how thirsty Sophie was. The Entrabide was changing the woman for the better.

“Oh, you totally would and ...” Sophie lost her train of thought when the image on the screen abruptly changed to the basement. The sweaty, tired sisters were humping lethargically in the basement. “Oh ... gosh ...”

“At this point in the recording, they’d been going at it for hours and hours.” Rebecca nodded like something had been decided. “Okay, I’ll give you some privacy now.” That was a transparent lie. “I’ll let you watch what the family has been up to at your leisure. You don’t have to sit through those animal shows anymore.” She turned and left, followed by her guards.

The second the door was closed, Sophie couldn’t help but pull off her jumpsuit. Her well-toned body flexed with anticipation as she settled in the chair and took hold of her clit. It was a full five inches long when engorged. And with her fingers wrapped around it, the thing sent her higher than a kite. As she watched the sisters copulate, she couldn’t help but wonder what it would be like to stick her clit somewhere warm, wet, and tight, like Sabrina’s vagina.

It was a shameful masturbatory session, but that didn’t mean it was short. Poor Sophie came again and again as she watched the downfall of the unfortunate Greeves family.

# Chapter 11

## **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.

~~

“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 ... uuuggghhhh ... pussy.”

And that’s exactly what Sabrina did.

~~

“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 had become 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.

~~

“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 ... oooooohhhhhhh ... your upstairs ... uuuugggghhh ... woman ... eeeeeiiiiiiii.” 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.*

## Chapter 12

### 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 ... uuuggghhh ... 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 ...”

“Uuugghh ... 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. “Aaaaahhhhhhhhh.”

“Okay ... oookkkaaayyyyyyyyyy.” 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.

~~

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.

~~

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.

~~

“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 ... 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 ... oooooohhhhhhhhh.” 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 ... oooooohhhhhhh.” 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.

"Eeeeeiiiiiiii!" 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 ... eiiii ... eeeee ... eiiii ... 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. "Yyyooooowwwllllll!" Sophie howled with power and joy. She looked down at Rebecca in time to see the evil woman's eyes roll back.

"Nnnnnngggggggg." 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.

## Chapter 13

### **Fifteen weeks into the experiment.**

“Spread legs.” Seth pointed to his mother’s now bare pussy. She was standing in front of him, looking unsure of herself. The thought of her shaving made him grimace. “Spread ... legs ...” He growled.

“Okay ... sweetie ...” Chastity felt so odd. Her son had written about fifteen different short messages on her body, mostly possessive. She was just glad no one else could see her. “Are you going to write a message down there?”

“No.” Seth didn’t like when his mother refused to obey. Her legs were still closed, so he got to his knees in front of her, and spread her legs for her. “I fix now.” He took the sharpie and colored in a black triangle above her vagina. When he was done, he smiled. “Better. Must dry first.” He drew in a deep breath, his lungs had tremendous capacity now, and he slowly exhaled on her refurbished bush.

“Oooooohhhh ... Seth ... that feels ... really good.” Chastity shivered with delight.

In the control room, techs and doctors exchanged cash, paying out bets on the body writing. They laughed and joked about Seth’s misspellings and how silly Chastity looked now. Slowly, their attention returned to the other monitors. They noticed that the sisters were still humping doggystyle in the hall, that Dustin was taking the TV apart for the fourth time, and that ... Sophie Ramirez was no longer in her cell. And neither was Rebecca Smith. Although, Rebecca’s three guards were all lying on the cell floor.

The alarm sounded several seconds later.

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“Darn ... not yet ... not yet ...” Sophie sprinted down a sterile hallway toward Rebecca’s office. Red lights flashed, and a claxon blared. She carried her boss like a sack of potatoes over her shoulder, gripping Rebecca’s ass to keep her from flying off. They were both still naked. Sophie’s long clit was swollen and hard, bouncing and swaying wildly along with her boobs. It was all so ludicrous. What had they done to her? “We’re here.” Sophie pulled to a halt in front of Rebecca’s office door. “Open it.” There was a handprint reader, retinal scanner, and microphone. She put Rebecca down on her feet, but had to support her to keep her from falling.

“No ... I won’t help you.” Rebecca stared at the door, her back to Sophie. “My men will come here and ... oooohhhhhhhh ... ugghh ... uggghhh ...” And just like that, her former subordinate was inside her again. “We made you ... uughh ... uggghhh ... uugggh ... we made you ... too well.” Her mind spiraled with pleasure. “The smell of ... your sweat ... it’s doing something to me.”

“Open ... your ... door ... Doctor.” Sophie pulled Rebecca’s hair and held her face to the scanner. “You don’t want ... your men to find you ... like this ... do you?”

“I’ll ... do it ...” Rebecca put her hand on the reader. She said into the microphone, “Doctor ... uggghhh ... Rebecca ... Smith.” And she let the scanner read her eye. The door hissed open.

Still humping her captive, Sophie waddled them into the office and closed the door behind them. *Think ... think.* It wasn’t easy to form a plan while finally dipping her clit into some long-awaited pussy. *That pussy. She does what I say when I’m humping her.* They waddled a little way toward the desk, but were moving too slowly. So, Sophie lifted Rebecca, keeping her long clit slamming in and out. It was easier to move that way, so she walked to the desk chair, and sat down with Rebecca on her lap. She faced them toward the computer monitor and had Rebecca type in her password.

While Rebecca bounced on her lap, Sophie reached around the woman and typed. Soon, the alarm was off and every door in the facility was locked, allowing no one in or out. That was a good start. There were some people trapped in the breakroom. And a rescue crew was now trapped in her former prison cell. Most of the people were in the control room.

Now that things were locked down, she could fuck Rebecca in peace for a little while and make a more comprehensive plan when her mind cleared. Sophie moved her hand from the keyboard to Rebecca’s clit and strummed the evil woman to an ear-splitting orgasm. Sophie wasn’t too far behind her.

For the next half-hour, Sophie risked bathing herself in pleasure. She had needed a pussy for so long, and now she had a good tight one. And Rebecca seemed more and more into it. They humped on Rebecca’s desk, on the floor, and against the wall, in every position imaginable. When they were done, Rebecca lay on the floor, nearly comatose from pleasure. Sophie sat, working at Rebecca’s computer. She was glad her clit had finally shrunk. She avoided looking toward Rebecca for fear that her erection would come right back, and she would be forced to mount her ex-boss again. “I think giving you a taste of your own medicine makes the sex extra spicy, don’t you?”

“Oooohhhh ... shit ... it’ssssss soooooooooo ...” Rebecca lolled her head to the side to watch the woman access files she wasn’t supposed to. Her brain moved so slowly. She lay

there with her legs spread, a puddle forming on the floor where her stuff leaked. "This ... is an ... emergency."

Sophie laughed. Her voice echoed in the spartan office. "Yep. That's true." She realized she hadn't laughed since they'd injected her with the Entrabide. Things were changing. "How do I shut off the monitors in the control room?" She was a scientist, not a computer engineer. She could find her way around the systems they had, but had no idea how to hack anything.

"Only ... local ... control ... room," Rebecca said.

"Okay, well I've cut off everything but their cameras. They can't do much to stop me." Sophie consulted the facility map, planning her route. "Do any of these doors have manual releases?"

"No ... we can't have ... escapes ... in an emergency." Rebecca tried to sit up, but was too buzzed and exhausted.

"Yeah, great prison you've got here, boss." Sophie plugged one of Rebecca's mobile devices into the computer and uploaded. When it was done, she unplugged it and stood. She didn't have any pockets, naked as she was, but there was a white coat hanging by the door. She put that on, letting it hang open, and put the device in a pocket. "Come on, Dr. Smith, you're coming with me." Sophie lifted Rebecca back onto her shoulder and headed for the door.

~~

"Attention Greeves family." Sophie's voice echoed through the house. "Please stop fornicating and listen."

"Fornicating?" Dustin looked around for the source of the voice. He poked the circuit board he'd been working on. "Hello? Is this working? I'm not fornicating."

"Please listen. I'm going to get you out. But you need to get dressed and ready. I'll be there in about four minutes," Sophie said over the speaker system.

"Uuugghhhh ... uuuuugghhhh ... Seth ... did you ... hear something?" Chastity rode her son hard, her body-writing still crisp all over her body.

"No ... hear ... gggrrraahhh ... gggrrraahhh ... only ... fuck!" He reached up and held her hair so she would know that he meant business.

"Oooohhhhhh ... okay ... eeeeeiiiiiii ..." Chastity ascended into a surprise orgasm. She loved when he was beastly and showed his desire. Her eyes rolled back, and she shrieked.

“Attention, you need to get ready, Greeves family,” Sophie said. “I’m almost there.”

In the upstairs hall, Melody and Sabrina were in a sixty-nine. Sabrina had gotten much better at deep-throating her sister, and was working on those skills. Melody was happily lapping at Sabrina’s pussy. Neither of them paid any attention to the strange voice echoing around their house.

“I’m here.” Sophie entered their house through a secret door on the main floor. She found Dustin frantically trying to talk to the disassembled TV in the living room. “Where are the others?” She tossed Rebecca on the sofa. “Don’t you dare run away, or when I find you ...” She pointed an angry finger at her ex-boss.

Rebecca gulped and nodded. Much to her chagrin, she found that she didn’t want to run away anymore. *What did we create?*

“Mr. Greeves, where are the others?” Sophie put a hand on his shoulder.

“Upstairs. I’m not allowed upstairs.” He didn’t stop working on the TV.

“Shit.” Sophie checked her mobile device. The control room was still locked. But she saw that the door to the breakroom was now open. *How many were there in the breakroom?* She looked at the house’s cameras. “Everyone upstairs is still fucking.” Picking up Rebecca again, Sophie turned toward the stairs. “Stay here, Mr. Greeves.”

“I’m not allowed upstairs,” Dustin muttered. He didn’t look up from his project.

“Right.” Sophie shook her head. *The man may not have been dosed, but he’s clearly as changed by this nightmare as everyone else in his family.* Carrying Rebecca over her shoulder, she went up and found Sabrina and Melody in the hall. “Time to stop, we’re getting out of here.”

“Ugggh ... uggghhh ... uggghhhh ...” Seth’s deep voice reverberated from his room.

“Come on you two.” Sophie put down Rebecca and pulled Melody off her sister. Melody’s long clit made a silly plopping noise as it left Sabrina’s lips. “We don’t have a lot of time.” Sophie held Melody in the air.

“Who ... are you?” Sabrina looked up at the strange woman. “Oh, you’ve got a big clit, too.” She pointed at the dangling appendage that was framed by Sophie’s white coat.

“I was also held prisoner. By that woman.” Sophie pointed at Rebecca. “We’re getting out of here.” She held the struggling Melody, not ready to put her down yet in case she tried to get violent.

“I want my sister ... I want my ...” Melody cursed again that the Entrabide hadn’t given her strength.

“We like it here.” Sabrina sat up and smiled brightly.

“Look at what they’ve done to you. You didn’t used to look like a bimbo.” Sophie scowled. She didn’t have time for this. The grunting, slapping, and creaking sounds grew louder from Seth’s room. *This is a mess.*

“I’m not a bimbo!” Sabrina stood up, the saliva on her chin wiggling with her movements.

“Look, they’re going to split you apart. They don’t want sisters together anymore. Once we get away, you can still be with each other.” Sophie looked over at Rebecca. “Isn’t that right, Dr. Smith?”

Rebecca was in no mood to argue. She sat in the hall and nodded.

“See?” Sophie put Melody down. “Do you understand now?”

The Greeves sisters looked chastened. They both nodded.

“Now get dressed. I have to get your mother and brother.” Sophie picked up Rebecca again, slung her over her shoulder, and headed for Seth’s room. She opened the door without knocking and stepped in. The scent in there nearly bowled her over. It was the aroma of sex to the Nth power.

Chastity was on top of her son, but he was clearly in the driver’s seat, thrusting his hips up into her with powerful strokes. His urgent growls nearly drowned out her high-pitched cries. Sophie could clearly see that they were both lost in passion. Chastity’s face was twisted by bliss, and her gaze had no intelligence. Seth’s face was scrunched with effort. He was going to blow soon. Part of Sophie wanted to wait. It might be easier to move them with post-nut clarity on her side. But she didn’t know how much time they had. She pulled her mobile device out of her pocket and looked at the camera feed. She could see three security guards trying to open the control room doors with prybars.

“Excuse me!” Sophie shouted.

“That smell ... that smell ... oh ... no ...” Rebecca muttered.

Sophie slapped her ex-boss’s bare ass to get her to shut up. “Seth ... Chastity ... we need to leave ... now.”

Seth turned his face toward the intruders. He barked savagely at them.

Sophie did her best not to flinch. An idea came to Sophie. “Okay ... go ahead and finish. Make it quick. I’ve got a present for you.” She patted Rebecca’s ass in an inviting way. “More pussy? Wouldn’t that be great? I’ll give her to you. But not until we leave.”

“Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.” Seth erupted up into his mother.

“Eeeiiiiiiiiiii!” Chastity, who still hadn’t noticed their visitors, came again.

Sophie waited for him to stop shooting into his mother's womb. She prayed he really did want more pussy, because if that didn't work, she was all out of ideas.

## Chapter 14

“Good boy ... good boy ... you like this butt?” Sophie patted Rebecca’s ass in an inviting way. Her ex-boss was still naked, bent over Sophie’s shoulder.

“Want ... pussy.” Seth pulled his monstrous dick out of his mother with a loud slurping sound. He climbed out of bed, his erection undaunted. He stood, looking back and forth between his nearly comatose mother and the ass this strange doctor offered him. “Want ... pussy?” He said to his mother.

“Nnnngggggggg.” Chastity’s vagina burped out some sperm. Her eyes focused on nothing. She was still buzzing from her orgasm.

“She won’t mind sharing you.” Sophie beckoned Seth over. Even if these people had been changed beyond recognition, she needed to save them. She couldn’t let Æthelred Medical hold onto any of the Greeves family. “Here, have a sniff. Her pussy is tight. She’s yours after we get out of here.”

“What are you doing?” Rebecca struggled, but couldn’t get away from Sophie’s iron grip. “He’s an animal. A brute. You can’t possibly leave me alone with him.”

“You made him, Doctor.” Sophie spread Rebecca’s ass cheeks, so Seth could more clearly see her pussy.

Tentatively, Seth stepped over to the offered ass. He leaned over and sniffed. A feral smile spread on his face. He reached for Rebecca, but the strange woman with the long clit and white jacket was quick and strong. She wouldn’t let him have the offered ass. He barked at her in frustration. “Want now.”

“I’ll give her to you when we’re out of here.” Sophie stepped sideways around the room. She got to the bed and helped Chastity onto her feet. Sophie paused to read Chastity’s body writing. Sophie shivered. She wouldn’t wish Seth on her worst enemy. *Except I would. That’s exactly what I’m wishing.* “Mrs. Greeves? We need to go. Your daughters are waiting for us. So is your husband. We can all leave. But we need to leave now.”

“Leave?” Chastity’s gaze finally found this strange doctor. “Seth and I are happy here.”

“They’re going to separate you and Seth. Come on,” Sophie pulled her hand.

“Separ ... separ ... ate?” Seth let out several savage barks and threw a chair across the room. It smashed into the wall with a loud crash. “No!”

“I want to keep you together. And give you this woman.” Sophie slapped Rebecca’s upturned ass. “They want to separate. I want the opposite. We need to leave to keep you and your mother together.”

“You’re insane. All of this is insane.” Rebecca thumped feebly with her fists on Sophie’s back. “You can’t possibly –”

Sophie quieted her ex-boss with a hard slap on her rump. “We need to go.”

“Yes!” Seth lifted his mother into the air and cradled her like a groom crossing the threshold with his cum splattered, sharpie-scrawled bride. “Go.” He carried her out of the room, following Sophie and the promised woman bouncing on her shoulder.

Melody and Sabrina were dressed and ready, waiting at the top of the stairs. Melody had practical clothes on, Sabrina looked like she was going out to a club.

“Lose the heels, princess,” Sophie said to Sabrina.

“What? Okay.” Sabrina kicked off her shoes, going barefoot.

The group descended to the main level.

“Oh ... no ... he’s here!” Dustin threw a piece of a toaster at his son.

While still holding his mother, Seth batted the metal piece away. He growled at his father.

“Your father didn’t go upstairs. Everything’s okay. We all need to leave together.” Sophie put herself between the two men. “Once we’re out of here, you won’t have to see anyone you don’t want to. But for now ...”

Seth furrowed his brows, struggling to find the right words. Eventually, he came up with, “Fine. We go.”

“Okay, come on everyone.” Sophie opened the secret door and for the first time, the Greeves family stepped out into the greater facility. “Dr. Smith, is the seaplane at the dock?”

“Yes, it arrived this morning. But ... you can’t fly it. You’re stuck here.” Rebecca had given up struggling. She bounced along on Sophie’s shoulder as the woman ran down corridors.

“Plunket is a pilot. We’ll grab her along the way.” Sophie wondered where she would find the tech. They rounded a corner, and she stopped wondering. It seemed the control room door had been opened. There was a line of techs and security guards blocking their path toward the exit. The opposition all held stun guns and some blunt-instrument weapons. Lauren Plunket stood to the left, wielding a stunner like she didn’t know what she was doing with it.

“These are ... the people that have been helping us?” Chastity looked at the belligerent crew lined before them. She motioned for her son to put her down.

“Bad.” Seth growled at the Æthelred Medical people, setting his mother on her feet next to him. They were holding hands, their naked bodies glistening with sweat.

“Anyone that doesn’t want to get hurt, leave right now. I’ll forgive you for what you did to me if you leave.” Sophie realized her coat was hanging open, her long, soft clit dangling for all her former colleagues to see. Her cheeks turned rosy. She put Rebecca down and buttoned the lab coat, hiding her body from view. “Really, Doctor Thompson, you’re going to fight?”

“I’m sorry, Sophie!” James held a baton in his shaking hand. He stared at his naked boss. Rebecca looked drugged. He wondered what Sophie had done to the woman. “I have to!”

After a few moments, three women and one man dropped their weapons and ran off into the facility. The remaining force still outnumbered the Greeves escapees four to one.

Sophie was relieved to see that Lauren Plunket had decided to stay and fight. They did need a pilot. Sophie picked Rebecca up and hoisted her back over her shoulder. “Charge!” She yelled at the Greeves family.

Seth roared, raised his fists, and sprinted toward the Æthelred Medical employees.

“Eeeeeiiiiiiii!” Chastity gave an ear-splitting battle cry and ran after her son, her breasts bouncing wildly, her taut muscles closing the distance between her and her enemies.

Sabrina looked at Melody. “I want you to bang me so hard when we get out of here.”

“It’s a promise.” Melody let out a whoop and followed her brother and mother, her sister right on her heels.

“Wait ...” Dustin watched his family dive into war. He looked down at his hand and saw that he was still holding one of his wrenches. He lifted it and charged after them.

Sophie and Seth arrived at the blockade at the same time. The zap and hiss of stun guns filled the air. Bodies in dark security uniforms and in white lab coats tumbled like bowling pins. Sophie howled with rage. Seth screamed with violent glee. A moment later, Chastity joined the fray, clubbing people with her fists, and knocking over more than one person with her heavy, swinging tits.

Melody and Sabrina crashed into the scrum, working together to toss security guards against the walls.

Even Dustin’s wrench crunched a few bones.

The screaming, cursing, zapping, and thumping went on for several minutes. When it was over, the Greeves family were all standing. Their enemies were not.

“Come on, we have a plane to catch.” Sophie found Lauren. The woman was dazed but conscious. “You’re coming with us.” She lifted Lauren and tossed her over her left shoulder. Her right shoulder was still supporting Rebecca’s docile form.

“You ... get ... more ... pussy? Not me?” Seth pointed at the lab coat wearing woman that Sophie had just picked up. “I ... more ... too!” He pointed at himself, then looked at the various prone women scattered around his feet. His chest was rising and falling rapidly, and his cock had risen as well with the excitement of the fight.

“Oh ... you want them?” Sophie glanced at the boy’s parents. Chastity was staring at her son with total adoration. Sophie decided the woman would be no help. Dustin was cringing in the corner, as far away from his son as the space would allow. Sophie surveyed the women. They had all been betting on the Greeves family’s misfortunes. They had all laughed at the poor family. They had all been a part of Sophie’s own abduction and transformation. “Fine, take as much pussy as you can carry. They’re yours. But this means I get to keep these two.” She possessively patted the butts draped over her shoulders.

“Yes!” Seth gave Sophie a feral grin and a thumbs-up. “This one ... and this one ... and this one.” He picked up three women, two with lab coats, a third in a security uniform. “Mom ... carry ... one for me.” He pointed to another woman in a lab coat.

“Yes, sweetie.” Chastity didn’t seem the least embarrassed about her smudged body writing as she picked up the unconscious woman and threw her over her shoulder.

“Now, let’s get out of here.” Sophie led them out of the complex. With Rebecca Smith as a passkey, it wasn’t difficult. They didn’t run into any more resistance. Sophie let the Greeves family pause for only a few seconds to adjust to the outdoors when they finally exited the large building.

“We’re somewhere ... tropical?” Dustin blinked his eyes. He made sure not to look in the direction of his son and wife, who were carrying women for some nefarious purpose.

“An island.” Sophie nodded. “This way.” She led them down to the dock. The plane was there waiting for them, bobbing slightly in the water. She unmoored it. Putting Lauren in the pilot’s seat, Sophie was happy to see focus returning to the woman’s eyes. “Get this thing ready for takeoff.” She put Rebecca in the co-pilot’s seat and looked to the back of the plane. The Greeves family and their captives were getting settled in their seats. There was a pile of large crates tied down behind them. “What’s in the crates?” Sophie asked Rebecca.

Rebecca stared mutely at the bare feet of the strange creature she’d created.

“Dr. Smith, what’s in the crates?” Sophie put a finger under the woman’s chin, forcing Rebecca’s gaze up to Sophie’s.

“Equipment ... expensive equipment. A new shipment just came in,” Rebecca mumbled.

“That’s helpful.” As the propellers started turning, Sophie turned to the back of the plane. “Seth, can you shut the door?” She saw that he was already humping one of his half-dressed captives in one of the middle seats.

“I’ll get it.” Sabrina slammed the door closed and locked it. She then jumped onto her sister’s lap. Soon, she was bouncing happily.

The plane moved away from the dock.

“Do as I say, Ms. Plunket, and I promise I won’t give you to the monster in back. Take off and head east.”

“Yes, Dr. Ramirez.” Lauren gulped and built up the plane’s speed.

“Move.” Sophie pushed Rebecca to the floor in front of the co-pilot’s seat. Taking the seat for herself, Sophie opened her lab coat and buckled her seatbelt. She looked down at Rebecca’s incredulous expression. The woman was staring at Sophie’s long, hard clit. “Well, get to work, Dr. Smith.” Sophie nodded to her clit. “Suck it.”

Rebecca’s lips touched Sophie’s clit right as their plane lifted out of the water. Soon, Rebecca was bobbing on the thing, using what little experience she’d had with smaller penises to refine her technique.

“What ... you’ve never seen a blowjob before, Ms. Plunket?” Sophie laughed and leaned back in her seat, relaxing for the first time in a long while. She winked at the pilot, who was trying and failing to look away from gurgling oral sex. In the back, the grunting and moaning sounds of sex grew louder. Sophie could hear a woman orgasming even over the hum of the engines. “Focus on flying, Ms. Plunket. We need you at your best.”

A trickle of anxious sweat rolled down Lauren’s brow. She nodded and did her best to ignore the depraved way her boss was behaving. She didn’t even want to think about what was happening in the back. She banked the plane east, and soon the Æthelred island was far behind them.

## Chapter 15

### **Sixteen weeks into the experiment.**

It turned out that the equipment in the back of the cargo plane was both worth a small fortune and not that difficult to sell. Sophie found buyers from an internet café in Colombia. The other escapees and captives mostly stayed on the plane, which reeked heavily of sex. Seth rotated his four new women with his mother, filling each up in turn. Sophie tried not to feel bad for the Æthelred Medical staff that Seth had captured. She had to remind herself that what they had done was evil. And Sophie didn't want to be a hypocrite. She had two Æthelred Medical women of her own now. She mostly humped them in the cockpit, their own private space in the plane. Both Rebecca, her former boss, and Lauren, their pilot, were becoming experts at handling Sophie's massive clit. Everyone seemed to be settling in. There hadn't been any escape attempts in days.

To occupy Dustin, Sophie found an old toaster and a screwdriver. He had been huddled in the back of the plane trying to build something with his limited tools. Although Sophie wasn't sure what his urgency was, since they had escaped and everything he'd built before had been for that purpose.

Sabrina and Melody curtained off a part of the cabin and didn't show their faces much. But Sophie could hear them humping often. Eventually, the equipment was all sold. It was a bonanza. Lauren handed Sophie's clit over to Rebecca and piloted their plane to a new island. Sophie decided it wasn't safe to let any of the Greeves family go. It would be a disaster if Æthelred Medical caught any of them. Using the fresh equipment funds, Sophie bought them an old resort off the coast of Costa Rica. There were enough funds left over for maintenance and groceries. They didn't need to hire staff. She decided they would train their captives to take care of the Greeves family's needs.

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### **42 weeks into the experiment.**

"Seth, honey, could you pass me the sunscreen?" Chastity was lying naked on a lounge by the beach under an umbrella. Her body writing had long since faded, and her skin was now much more tanned than it had been. She would have gotten the sunscreen herself, but her burgeoning belly gave her an excuse. She smiled at her son. "Please?"

"Ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... get ... self!" Seth bounced Penny on his lap. They were both naked.

Penny was the security guard he'd taken during his escape. Her belly wasn't nearly as big as Chastity's, but she was starting to show. Her eyes were rolled back, and her jaw hung open. "Oooohhhh ... Seth ... so ... gggooooooodddd."

"I will not get it myself. This is your child I'm carrying!" Chastity was only having fun with him. If he really wanted her to get the sunscreen herself, she would. She would do anything for her caveman son.

"Let me help you, Mrs. Greeves." Wearing a skimpy maid outfit, Dr. Rebecca Smith moved quickly over to retrieve the sunscreen and handed it to Chastity.

"Be a good girl and rub it on, Doctor." Chastity smiled up at the woman.

"Yes, of course." Rebecca had become so habituated to serving, she didn't even hesitate. The woman she'd been would have been humiliated to touch a test subject like this. But the woman she was now shivered at the warmth of Chastity's skin, the strength of her muscles, and the supple softness of her breasts. All the while, the couple next to them humped and humped. True to her word, Sophie had never given Rebecca to the creature that had been Seth Greeves. But lately, Rebecca had started to wonder what it would be like to be taken by such a beast. Surely, the five women that did spread their legs for him seemed to love every second of it.

"Belly, too." Chastity took a sip of her fruity beverage.

"Yes, of course, Mrs. Greeves." Rebecca rubbed the lotion onto Chastity's round belly, feeling the baby moving inside. That baby would have been worth a fortune. But Æthelred Medical wasn't going to get the chance to exploit it. Rebecca found herself feeling deeply protective of the new life.

"Uuuuggghhh ... take ... take ... take ... aaaaaahhhhhhhh." Seth roared out his climax.

"Oh ... my ... God ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii!" Penny was cumming again, her hips losing rhythm.

When he was done with his orgasm, Seth pulled the woman off his dick and tossed her into the sand next to him. "Mother ... you ... turn." He pointed at his towering erection, covered in comingled cum.

"I was resting, Seth. I can't always ..." Chastity's nostrils caught the scent of her son's seed. That made her mind swim. "That's enough lotion, Rebecca." She pushed the maid away and climbed onto her son. She was thankful that her strength allowed her to have all the sex she wanted, even in such a gravid state.

Rebecca watched in awe as the couple fornicated. She realized that her vagina was overflowing. Quickly, she headed back into the nearest building. She needed to find Sophie. Hopefully, her mistress wasn't busy.

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“Good afternoon, Sabrina and Melody.” Sophie was sitting naked at her desk. Rebecca and Lauren were under the desk licking and sucking on Sophie’s giant, engorged clit. They would also take turns moving down to lick her pussy underneath.

“Our father says that he’s trying to reverse the Entrabide.” Melody stood with her hand squarely on her sister’s ass.

“Yes, I heard.” Sophie adjusted her glasses and chuckled. The sisters were quiet for a moment. The only sound in the room was the slurping coming from under the desk. “Was that it?”

“I’m not worried about Dad making any breakthroughs. His main ingredient is crab juice he’s collecting from the beach.” Melody frowned. “But he said you were his competition. That you were working to reverse ... you know ...” She grabbed her heavy, soft clit through her dress and hefted it for emphasis.

“I don’t want to go back. I like being hot.” Sabrina wore high heels, a miniskirt, and a revealing top. She stomped her foot, making her cleavage tremble and shake. “And I don’t want to lose my sister’s dick.”

“It’s not a ...” Melody shrugged.

“Yes, I’m working on a reversal. Dr. Smith is helping me.” Sophia smiled at the sisters. “Isn’t that right, Rebecca?”

“Nnnnnnggggg ... gggaaaaccckkk,” Rebecca said from under the desk.

“We don’t want to go back. We like it here. We like being with each other. If anything, you should fix the Entrabide to make me strong like Sabrina.” Melody slapped her sister’s ass.

“Oh, and only Seth gets to make women pregnant. Can you give Mel some working balls?” Sabrina grinned hopefully. “I want her baby.”

“That’s not physiologically possible. Her appendage is just her clit ... enlarged. Like mine. I ...” Sophie could see they were getting upset. “I’ll look into it,” she lied.

“Thank you!” Sabrina jumped for joy, her breasts nearly spilling out of her top. “Do you hear that, Melody? You’ll be able to knock me up.”

“I don’t think she said –” Melody began.

“Knock me up! Knock me up! Knock me up!” Sabrina lifted her sister off the ground and carried her off to their bedroom.

“Time for a break. All that ‘knock me up’ talk got me hot and bothered.” Sabrina pushed her chair back from the desk. “Mount me, Lauren.”

“Oh ... yesssssss.” Lauren wasted no time in guiding the massive clit into her pussy. She rode her mistress hard while Rebecca watched and masturbated.

Sophie gazed at Lauren’s boobs knocking together at the apex of each bounce. She had only brought the woman along because she was a pilot. But she was happy to have two devoted servants with such eager pussies. And Lauren was eager to please.

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### **43 weeks into the experiment.**

“I’ve come ... to a ... ugh ... ugh ... decision ... Rebecca.” Sophie looked down at her former boss. The woman was on her back, legs spread, toes pointing in the air. They were both naked on the floor by Sophie’s desk. It was late, and the only light was the pale glow of Sophie’s monitor. “I don’t want ... to go back ... to my old ... ugh ... self.” She slammed her hips down against Rebecca’s.

“I’ve been ... helping you ... because I ... I ...” For some insane reason, Rebecca wanted to tell Sophie that she loved her. *What has she done to me?* It was difficult to regain her composure while that magnificent clit was pushing deep into her vagina, sending flares of ecstasy through Rebecca’s nerves. “... because ... I am ... your servant.” That was something she could admit. “But I ... ooohhhhhh ... don’t want you ... to go back to your old ... self ... either ... I like you ... now.”

“It’s settled ... then.” Sophie stopped her hips, keeping herself fully planted in the other woman’s pussy. She watched Rebecca’s eyelids flutter. “We’ll finish the reversal formula. But ... ooohhhhhh ... not for me ... or the Greeves family ... but maybe for Seth’s babies. We don’t want ... the pitter patter ... of little experiments ... under foot.” Sophie’s body jerked at the thought of all those Neanderthal babies. It was one thing to fantasize about little Seths running around. But she didn’t want it to actually happen. She would reverse the Entrabide if it was passed down. But not yet, first she would cum while pummeling Rebecca into the office floor. With that thought in mind, she put her hips into motion again.

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“Honey ... are you awake?” Chasity was lying next to her son on their bed. Silver moonlight fell through their window. They were naked, and so were the other four women sleeping in bed with them. All with pregnant bellies a little smaller than Chastity’s. She put her hand on this soft penis and gave it a reassuring squeeze. She couldn’t remember well the time before Seth had turned into the man he was now. She couldn’t even remember the vows she’d said to Dustin on her wedding day, although she was sure she must have broken them all by now. She only remembered Dustin because she saw him skulking around the resort from time to time, trying to avoid their son. “Seth ... honey ... wake up.” She stroked his penis, knowing that it would get his attention.

“Huh? Me ... tired.” Seth blinked and looked over at his mother’s ripe body. “Now ... me horny.” His cock rose quickly.

“Melody told me that there might be a cure for the Entrabide.” Chastity rolled onto her back, pushing one of the other ladies out of the way. Slowly, Chastity spread her legs. She had let her pubic hair grow back and loved the way he stared at that dark triangle.

“Would you want ... oooooohhhhhh ... a cure?” Her toes curled, and her body tightened as he spread her vagina with his penis. It had been a long time since there had been any pain or resistance at his entry. Now his big thing just slipped right in.

“No ... no ... no ... me ... Seth ... now!” Seth yelled the words loud enough to wake several of his women. The others were woken when they were tossed about the bed by the violent shaking of their mattress. “No ... no ...” Seth humped his mother and struggled to find the right word. But he didn’t care. Words weren’t that important to him. Not anymore. Finally, his mind found the right combination. “No ... change ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... me back!”

“Me either ... me either ... life was a shadow ... before ... Entrabide. Now ... oooooohhhh ... now ...” She pointed her toes at the ceiling. “Now ... I’m going to have your ... baby ... eeeeeiiiiiiii ... Seth ... I’ll have as many babies ... as you want ... okay? We’ll be like we are ... now ... forever. No changing back.”

“Mom ... mine ... Mom ... mine ... Mom ...” He chanted with low guttural grunts while the women around him watched his body flex and his ass clench with each thrust. There was no going back. He fully accepted their new life, and he was going to put as many babies in his women as possible.

THE END