

Chapter 10



The Trouble with Entrabide

FICTION

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The Trouble With Entrabide 10

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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.



“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii.” 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 ... eiiii ... eeeeeiiiiiiii!”

“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.

“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii!” 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.

“Ggrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr.” 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.

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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.

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"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 ... uuuugghhhh ... 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 ... uuugghhhh ... 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.

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“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.”

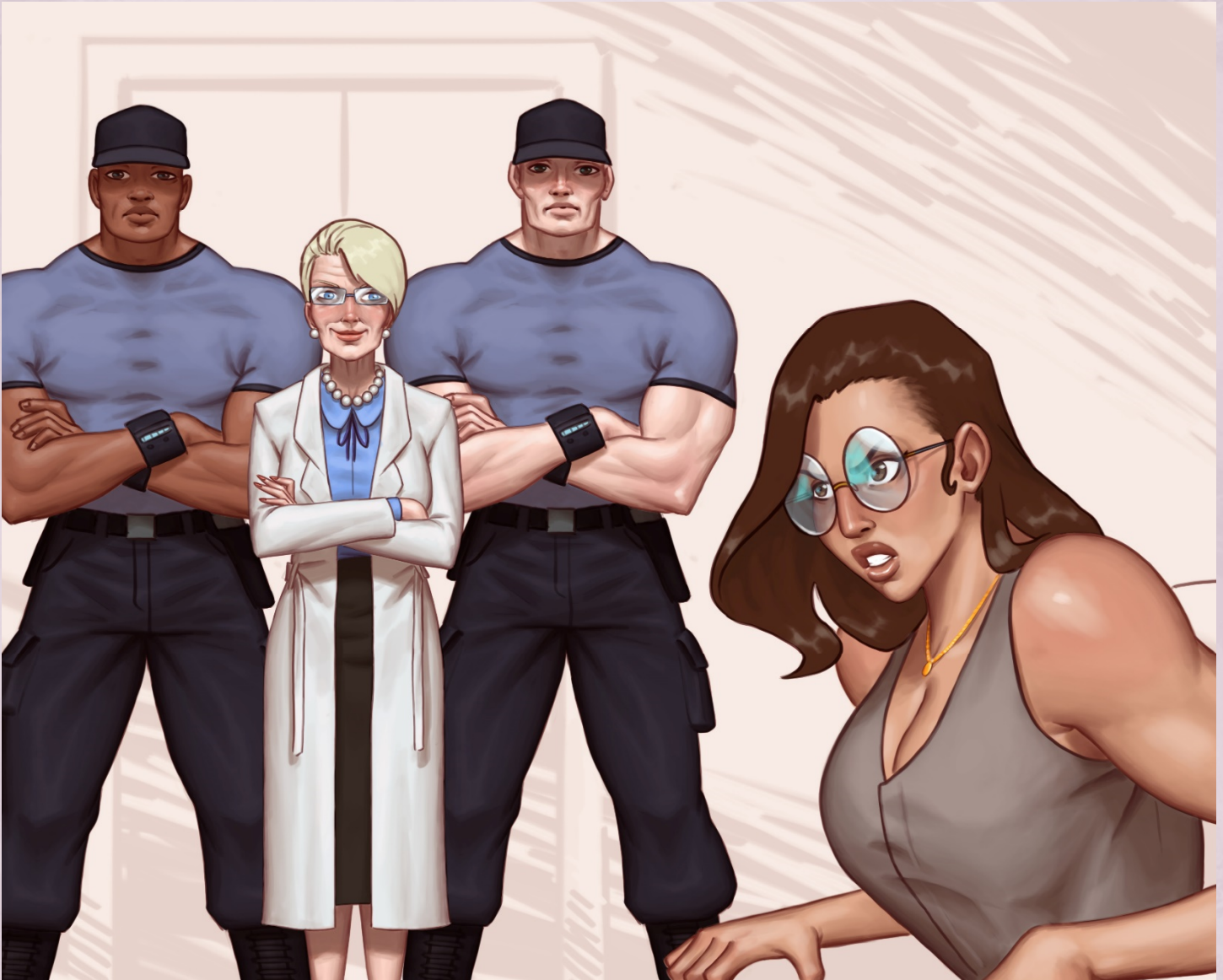
“Me, upstairs. You, downstairs,” Seth growled.

“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.

