

# Chapter 4



The Trouble  
with Entrabide

# FICTION

## Rawly Rawls

### *The Trouble With Entrabide 4*

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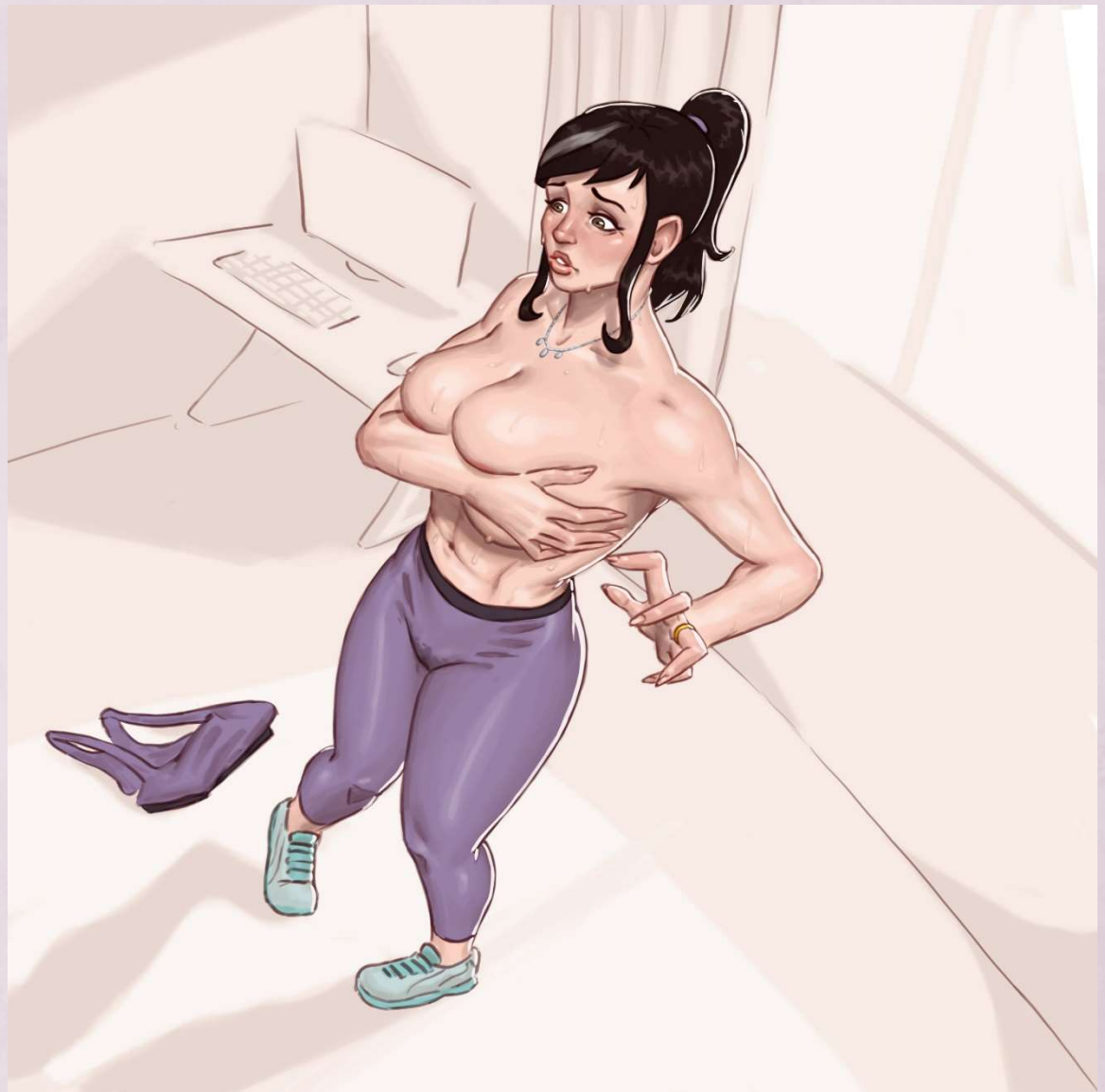
"Help ... help." Chastity croaked out the words softly, standing topless in her son's room. She felt like she was in a dream. "There's something wrong with Seth." Who would come to their aid? There was no way to tell the company what was happening. Sabrina was downstairs somewhere. Her husband was in 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 ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiii." 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?" Chasity 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, Chasity. They drugged us."

"That's absurd, Dustin." Chasity 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?*

"Chasity? 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!"

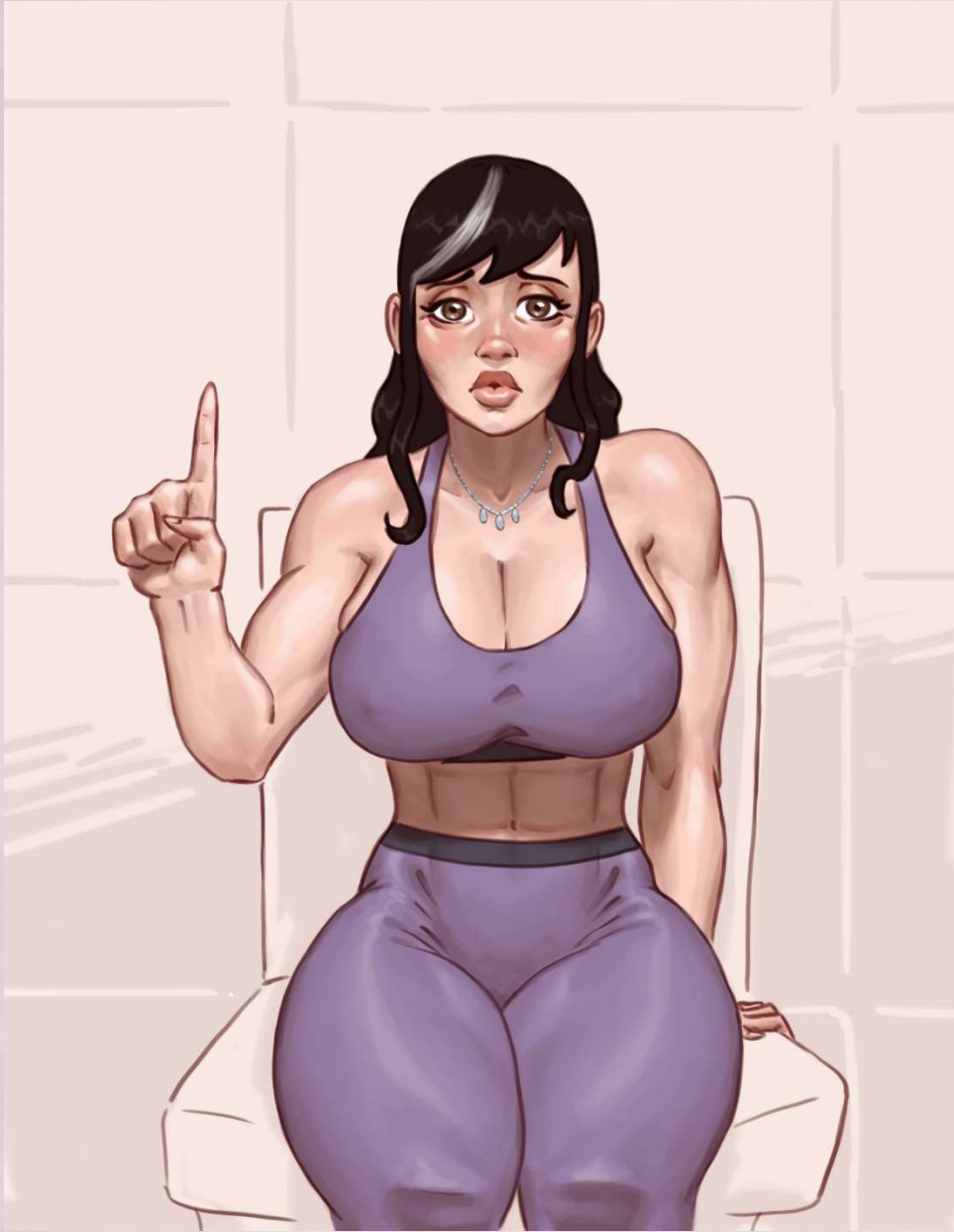
"It's fine, dear. Everything's ..." Chasity put a hand to her mouth and raced to the bathroom. She didn't know if she was throwing up from remembering what she'd done with her son's penis, or from the effects of whatever they'd dosed her family with.

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

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Six weeks into the experiment.



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

“As we explained to your husband, we do not enter your house under any circumstances. That would interfere with the experiment.” The woman interviewer was unseen in the room, her voice soft and comforting. “Our only cameras are

in this room. We rely on you reporting your progress to us. That’s why we have these meetings. How are you feeling today?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

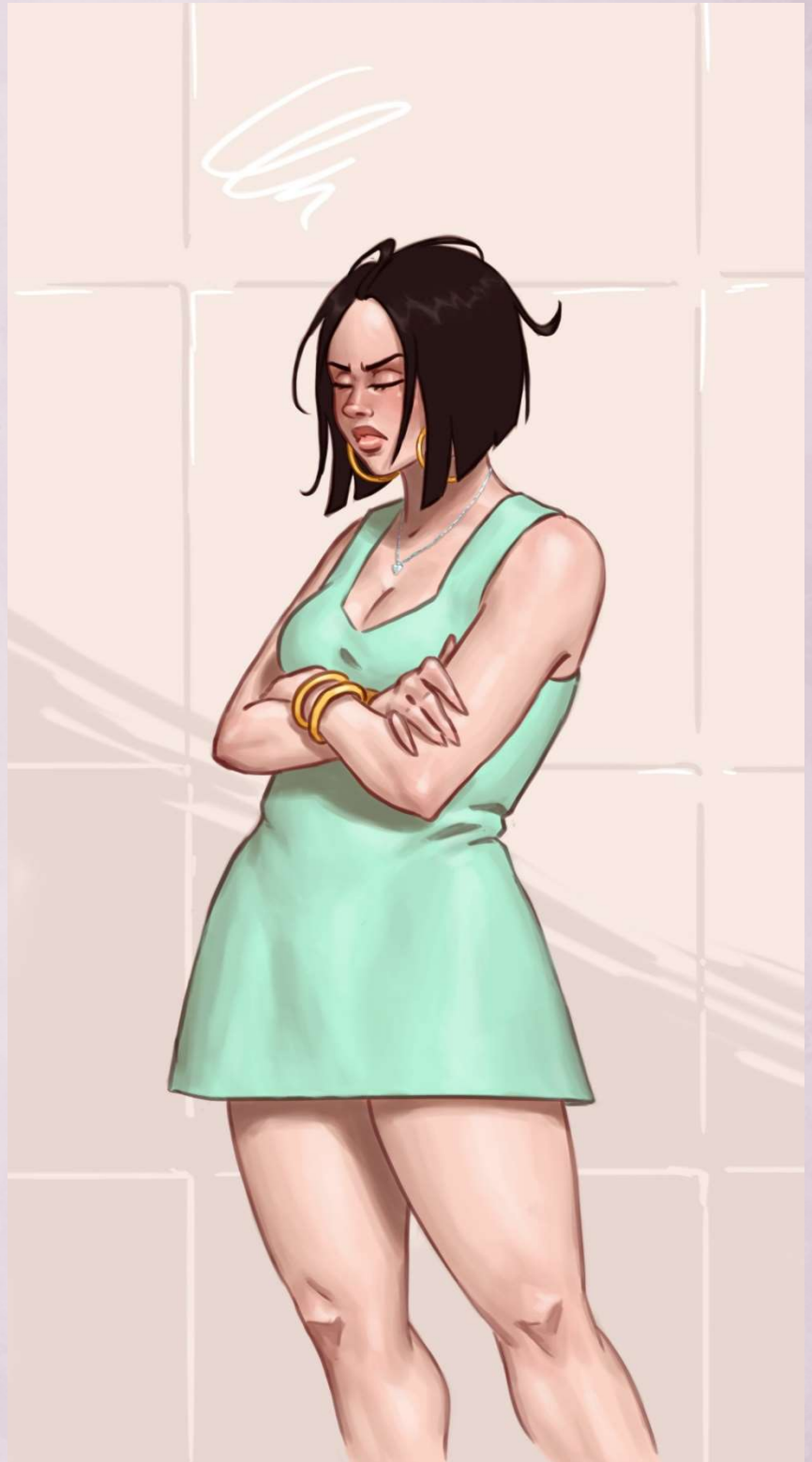
"You want to see it? Are you the only one watching?" Melody felt a rush of anticipation rushing through her. "I'll touch it for you. It's over six inches long now. And ... it's starting to look ... like a dick. Maybe ... you'll like it?"

There was a long silence.

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

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

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



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

"Oooohhhhhhhh ... yeah ... that's hot! Me ... tooooooooooooooo!" 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.

