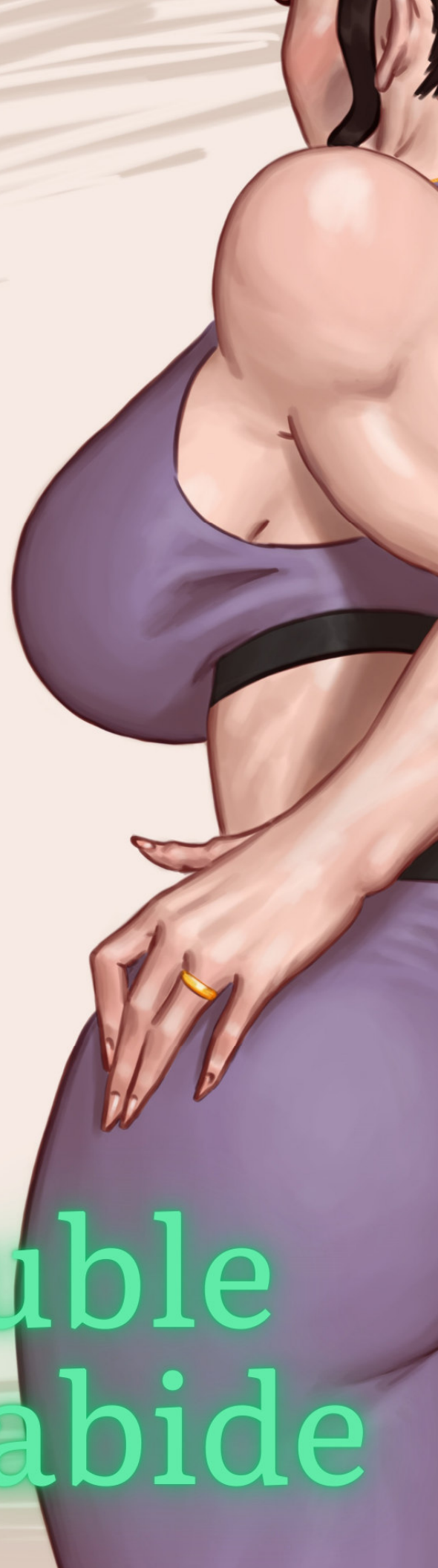
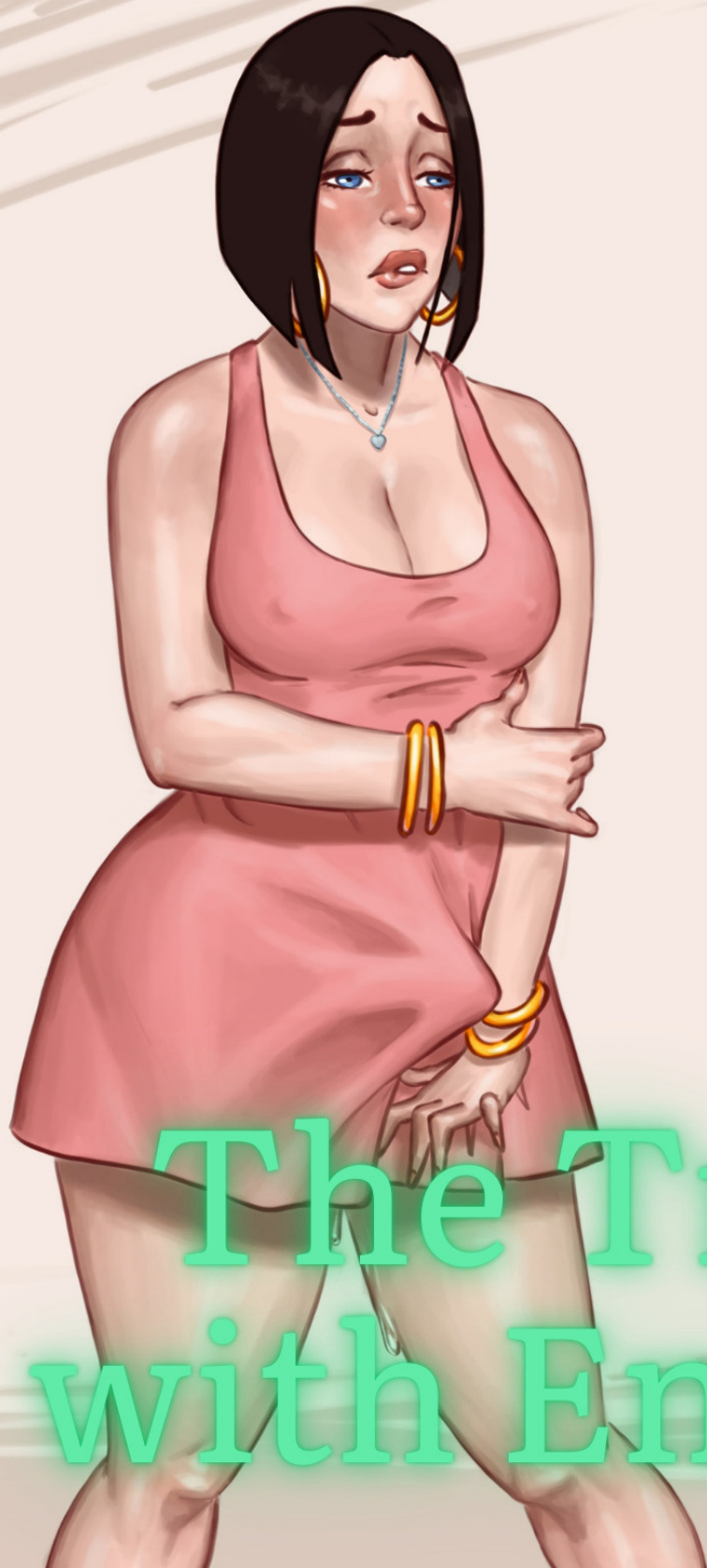


Chapter 7



The Trouble with Entrabide

FICTION

Rawly Rawls

The Trouble With Entrabide 7

Illustrations by Mitzz

Written by RawlyRawls

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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.



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“Dustin? Are you in here?” Chastity, wearing a one-piece bathing suit, made her way to the hot tub. “I made 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 wasn’t always tall and fit. She wasn’t always 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.



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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.



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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 ... gooooooooooooooo." 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.

