



WAY Out of
CONTROL

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Excerpt

The first odd thing Jaxon Wentworth noticed when he opened his eyes was that the scientists were much further from his bed than they sounded. They were at the counter all the way on the opposite side of the medical room, talking to each other with their backs to him. Yet he could hear them as if they were standing right next to his head. Perhaps enhanced hearing was one of the potential “perks” they’d told him about—he couldn’t quite remember; although, it was disconcerting enough to be more like a drawback than a bonus. Either way, like the mild headaches and itchy skin he’d already suffered a few weeks ago, this was just another side effect of being a volunteer test subject he was going to have to get used to. Temporarily, he hoped.

The next thing he noticed, for the first time in years, was the lack of pain in his right leg. He wiggled it and was surprised by how sturdy it felt.

He hoped that effect *wasn’t* temporary.

As he pushed himself up into a sitting position, the third thing he noticed was the new-found strength in his left bicep. With his heart racing, he sat up straight, swung his legs over the side of the hospital bed and stood straight upon the floor. He bounced up and down a little, swinging his arms. Ignoring the scientists rushing towards him, Jaxon grinned. He jogged in place for a few seconds, his knees reaching high and his arms bent and pumping mightily at his sides. He cackled out loud in glee.

“Oh my, you’re up already,” Dr. Sri Ashni said, the black and silvery bush of a mustache spreading over his smile. “We did not expect you to awaken so soon.”

“Ha, well, I’m definitely wide awake.”

The taller, lanky scientist called Victor Morhamer gestured at Jaxon to slow down. “Easy now. Let’s check you out, see how you’re doing,”

“How am I doing? I can tell you how I’m doing, doc,” Jaxon snickered. “I’m fucking fantastic!”

He beamed as he moved towards a mirror so he could watch himself strut. He ran around the small grey box of a lab in a few quick circles, testing his speed, his balance, his reach. It was as if he’d never even been shot, as if there was no bullet still lodged in his leg, no muscle damage at all from the gunshot wound to his arm.

At last, after five long years of being stuck behind that boring desk at the precinct, he was finally going to get back on the beat. He was finally going to be a real cop again. All thanks

to Cyclone Industries and their experimental Titan Formula.

“So you do not have any discomfort, no? You feel perfectly fine?”

“Yes sirs, I do.”

Sri and Victor cheered.

“I can’t believe you’re paying me for this. I should be paying you.”

Smiling, Sri shook his head. “We couldn’t have done it without you.”

Victor went over to the laptop on the counter. “The last installment is being wired into your bank account as we speak,” he said, his fingers moving on the keyboard. Even he, the normally stoic one, looked up and smirked.

Sri grabbed the ends of the stethoscope that hung around his neck and brought them up to his ears as he approached Jaxon. “Lift your shirt so I can have a listen to your heart, please.”

Jaxon raised his arms and yanked the white t-shirt entirely off. His pectorals were hard, defined, and he could not help but flex his upper body. He felt strong, quick, no discomfort. Like a real man, a brand new man. Like there was nothing he couldn’t do anymore. And now that he was going to have some real money in the bank, maybe he could finally find the courage to ask Dr. Celise Belderon to go out with him.

The corners of Jaxon’s mouth tugged into a smile as let his mind wander back to the very first moment he met her.

He’d sat on the table in the medical room wearing nothing but the odd-shaped paper gown that the equally odd-shaped nurse had given him. He hadn’t bothered to secure the plastic tie, knowing that the damn thing would likely just come loose within minutes anyway, and modesty was a rather moot concept during a full medical exam. Ever since that damned injury, he was prone to a little bit of anxiety whenever he had to see a doctor, so he whistled the base line to the hip-hop tune stuck in his head to ease the wait.

Because the click-clacking of sharp heels approaching the door was what alerted him to her arrival, his eyes went to her feet first when she entered the room. Yellow, three-inch heels greeted him. He’d wondered what kind of doctor wore yellow high-heels to work. When he looked up to find out, his back went rigid as his breath shot out of his throat.

Those bright eyes of hers, a mixture of green and grey, sparkled at him with a quiet intelligence under black horn rimmed glasses. She wore her hair—which looked as red and soft as rose petals—in a neat updo with swooping bangs to frame her face. The hint of a yellow dress peaked from under her buttoned lab coat. She had a casual-yet-classy style, a graceful poise and demeanor, and what appeared to be the thick, shapely body of a damn porn star. It took effort for him to close his mouth and not stare.

She appeared almost as startled as he was. “Oh, you’re already undressed? I’m sorry, I

would have knocked first had I known. I was going to at least introduce myself before asking you to get undressed.”

Jaxon coughed as if to clear his throat, but it was the erotic thoughts that entered his mind at those words that he was trying to get rid of. “No, it – it’s fine. I’m all ready for you.”

“Good then. Officer Wentworth, I’m Dr. Belderon and I will be tending to you for the duration of the trials. We’ll begin today with a complete physical examination.” She held out her hand, and he shook it firmly but quick. So this gorgeous woman was going to give him a full exam? He stifled a laugh; this was definitely going to be an experiment in self-control.

She listened to his heart and lungs, checked his blood pressure, and inspected his eyes, ears and throat while engaging him in idle chit-chat.

“Are you on any medications, Officer Wentworth?”

“No.”

“Have any allergies? Or any additional medical conditions since you filled out the forms?”

“No and no.”

He focused on breathing deeply and staying cool, and all went fine at first while she covered the basics. But then she slipped rubber gloves on her hands, reached for the hem of his gown and pushed it up to his hips. “You’re unmarried, correct Officer Wentworth?”

“R-right.”

“Are you sexually active?” she asked, as she placed her fingers on the head of his penis and lifted it.

Jaxon looked away from Dr. Belderon and swallowed to concentrate on chaste thoughts. A nearly impossible feat to achieve with this lovely woman’s hand between his legs, with her buttery voice asking him about his sex life. “Well, it’s been a while.”

She gently moved his penis and testicles around a bit and scrutinized. A tremor rattled up from his groin to his gut, but he wasn’t sure if her hands were shaky or if he was shuddering. “How long of a while?”

He shrugged. “A few months, I guess. Maybe a little more than a few.” She leaned down close enough to batter him with her sharp, tangy scent of soap intermingled with a sweet vanilla. He dared to look directly at her and when their eyes met, Jaxon swore her cheeks were three times rosier than they were before.

“A man like you going without? I’m surprised.” She cupped his balls in her hand. “Cough”

He coughed once in response to her command and then again in response to her comment. “A man like me? What do you mean by that?” he asked, eyeing her curiously.

She snorted and shook her head. "Nothing important. It's just that you're a healthy and physically attractive guy, and your answer wasn't what I expected." She went to the counter and began to lube her right index finger. "Stand up, turn around and bend over for me, please. Elbows on the table."

"Are you coming on to me, doctor?" Jaxon asked as he got to his feet. He looked down at her heart-shaped face and smiled. Yup, she was definitely blushing. He caught a smirk playing with the edge of her mouth before he turned around and leaned forward.

"Believe me, Officer Jaxon Wentworth, if I were coming on to you, you'd know it." she said, just seconds before she slipped her slender finger into his rectum. The opening of the gown he'd forgotten he'd left loose slid open, exposing his entire backside to her as she probed him. He exhaled heavily. He might as well have been naked. The thought only excited him further.

Please don't get hard, please don't get hard, he mentally pleaded with himself, as Dr. Belderon circled a finger against his prostrate. She was very clinical and quick about it, and yet his dick still found a way to disobey him. When she was done and he pulled down his gown and turned around, he tried to keep his hands in front of him to hide his arousal, which was protruding against the paper material.

She smiled at him, and he noticed that one tooth on her bottom row leaned slightly against the one next to it. That small little imperfection made her even more endearing, and his heart began to throb along with his erection.

"All right, we're done here. For the most part, you seem to be a man in good health. In more ways than one, if I might add." She said. She let her gaze slip down towards his midsection, then smirked back up at him. "That'll be all for today. You can put your clothes on, and Dr. Ashni will come see you shortly. It was a pleasure to meet to you, Officer Jaxon."

But damn, did she have any idea how much pleasure had been his, he wondered.

So for the next three months of the experiment, Celise Belderon tended to Jaxon and monitored his health—and tortured him with the insane sexiness of her presence. And the more he got to know her, the more he came to admire everything about her. The way she walked, the way she laughed, the way she said exactly what was on her mind. As far as Jaxon was concerned, she was the perfect woman.

So perfect, in fact, that he was perhaps a bit intimidated by her. She was highly educated, independent, gorgeous, down to earth. And she was a doctor, for Christ's sake, while he was an injured blue-collared cop with confidence issues. But with Celise, it was hard for him to keep his desires completely bottled up, like he was used to doing. Eventually he'd worked up the nerve to kind-of ask her out once, after he was almost certain that the blush in her cheeks and the sultry look in her eyes were due to her experiencing the same wave of attraction he was. In response to his sort-of invitation, she sort-of politely turned him down. Yet the sexual energy between the two of them never dissipated. In fact, it only seemed to increase twofold.

That sexy ass doctor. Now, just thinking about the combination of big brains and crazy curves on that woman got a rise of out Jaxon. Instantly, he stiffened his back as he felt his erection. Something was—odd. He loosened the white strings on his grey sweat pants and pulled them and his boxer briefs away from his body, and looked down in confusion. Not only had he achieved record hardness in such a short period of time with no physical provocation, he barely recognized his own member. It looked thicker and a couple of inches longer than usual.

Now *that* was an effect he hadn't even begun to anticipate.

But the little bit of masculine awe he felt could not override his worry. Just how much was he going to change, exactly?

"Are you okay, Wentworth? Come sit on the bed so I can examine you."

Jaxon nodded his head, but then paused at his reflection in the mirror. Stunned. "Wait—am I getting bigger?"

Victor joined Sri's side then, and both of them looked at Jaxon and then each other.

"It's happening very fast," Sri noted.

Victor nodded his head. "Unbelievably fast. Much quicker than we expected."

"Too fast," Jaxon gasped. "It's starting to hurt. I can feel my chest—oh shit, what the hell is happening to me, doc?"

Dr. Morhamer furrowed his brows as his frown deepened. "Something's wrong."