

In Hot Water

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Jayne stepped out of the Uber and onto the sidewalk in front of the Phatbuldge University Research Hospital. The snow leopard brushed her long, soft white hair up from over her eyes, tucking it behind her double-pierced ear. She looked down at the crumpled paper she had found in the bathroom of her favorite dive bar.

HOW DOES HEAT AFFECT SPERM PRODUCTION?

TAKE PART IN A GROUNDBREAKING CLINICAL RESEARCH TRIAL

EARN \$

20!

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Come to Suite 302 at the Phatbuldge Clinical Research Hospital.

Ask for Dr. Cobo! No appointment necessary!

(Only volunteers with external, functioning male genitalia will be accepted)

She had done some research, asking some friends at the bar, and they had all said that the Doctor was a leader in his field. In fact, Jayne's moose friend Kerry had gone to that exact thing just that morning and had confirmed in group chat that had in fact received a *twenty dollar gift card*. So it was a slam dunk, all things considered.

Jayne took the stairs up to the third floor, and signed in at the reception. She filled out the forms and signed the waivers and then was led into one of the changing rooms by a prim, perky bunny lass.

"Mm, smells good," Jayne said, as she slipped out of her street clothes. Her shirt and joggers were easy enough to take off, but she balked when the nurse asked her to remove her undergarments.

"Do I really have to remove my bra? I mean, is that relevant?" She asked, folding her arms. Her dick was half-hard, from the excitement of everything, and she could feel the way her panties gripped around her plump length.

"Yes, it's to ensure that you're not doing anything that might adjust your body temperature. You know, it's a science thing. All very regulated," The bunny said. "If you're worried about me seeing your cock? Don't. I've seen it all before. There's a surprisingly large pool of people who will let a doctor fuck with their junk for \$20. I might be in the wrong business!" She chuckled.

Jayne blushed, embarrassedly, and reached to pull off her bra. "Well, alright," her breasts flopping out into the open, the cool air of the exam room brushing along her sensitive nips. She could feel her breasts tightening with goosebumps as well, as well as something, a scent of something in the air. "Is that barbecue?"

The bunny sighed, and then reached forward, taking Jayne's undies. She pulled down, stripping them clean off of the snow leopardess' thighs, releasing the cute humanoid cock and plump nuts to swaggle in the open air. The bunny nurse's ear brushed along the side of Jayne's sensitive cock, and she had to cover her mouth to keep from inadvertently moaning. The bunny stood up, holding all of the clothes, and then tucked them into a small locker. "It might be the cafeteria, they always have fun events happening. Right this way!"

Jayne followed the bunny through the halls, pausing briefly at the sound of hoarse, male shouting, from somewhere further down the hall. "Oh, that sounds unpleasant." "Hemorrhoids," The bunny replied, automatically. "Reeeeeaaally painful to deal with. Hop up here?"

The bunny pointed to an exam chair, and Jayne hopped up as asked. It was comfortably padded, with cozy arm rests and leg channels, and Jayne settled back as the bunny nurse typed in some information onto the computer.

"So, tell me about Dr. Cobo? Is he, um..."

"Hot?" The bunny smirked, as she turned back to Jayne. "Yeah, you could say that." She reached just past Jayne's left elbow, and pulled out a wide velcro strap, which she yanked up and then attached on the other side of Jayne's bicep, locking that arm into place. "This is just to keep you from contaminating the samples once the trial is conducted."

"Oh, okay," Jayne said, flexing her arm to test the restraints. They were snug, but very well fitted. Jayne's other arm was strapped down as well. "So what is he a doctor of, exactly? Urology?"

"Pyrology, actually." The bunny strapped one thigh down, pulling it to the side so that Jayne's maleness bobbed up in the air. "It's a very, very niche field, but he has some fascinating ideals."

"Oh, wow, that sounds good. Pyrology?" Jayne watched as her other leg was strapped down as well, wiggling and squirming to confirm she was secured down. Her shaft bobbed up and down, and she wondered if she was supposed to be erect or not for this. Was it okay if she was? Was it not okay if she wasn't? "Is that like, Urology and... Pyre... heat? Heat-urology?"

"Probably!" the bunny said, as she moved back to the door. She canted an ear to the hallway; the screaming had stopped. "Sounds like he'll be with you shortly."

"Okay, thanks!" Jayne said. As the bunny left, she looked back down to herself, her dick lazily drooping back to rest along her belly. She realized that, facing the door as she was, there was just no way to hide her nudity. Someone could just walk in and do whatever they wanted with her. They could take pictures, or play with her or...

Jayne glanced back down, realizing she was fully erect. "Oh for fuck's-s-

The door swung open, and Dr. Cobo stepped in. Jayne's eyebrows raised immediately! The good doctor was a snow leopard, like herself. She smiled, as the thick bearded doctor checked on some information in the computer. She was startled to realize that the doctor was wearing ONLY a green lab coat, and that his thick cock, reddened from recent use, was jutting up between the slats. It was a nice sized dick.

"Hello, hello, I'm Doctor Cobo, and you must be Jayne. And you're a snow leopard, like me! Rare and endangered," He said, smiling charmingly to her. "The data from this will be invaluable! I mean, dozens of wolves and horses have signed up for this, and, you know, while I appreciate every sacrifice we make for science, it does get a LITTLE tedious, you know?"

Jayne chuckled in agreement, her smile faltering after a bit. Sacrifice? What did he mean by that?

"Well, either way, we should get started. No time like the present, after all."

Jayne tested the restraints of her arms again, finding the tight, snug velcro as snug and tight as ever. The doctor was at a workbench, fiddling with something. Jayne felt her heart pumping faster.

"So this experiment, is it some kind of warm water bath? Something like a testicle jacuzzi? I saw a TikTok about that, it's supposed to help stimulate sperm production, right?" She asked, hopefully. "Honestly, the idea of soakin' mah nards is pretty appealing, it's been a stressful week, and-

"Nope!" Dr. Cobo said. He turned around, holding up what he had been fiddling with. It was a simple propane torch, modified to have a level he could press to make the flames flare out. "I prefer roasted over boiled!"

"Wait, what?" Jayne asked, confused as the doctor approached her, sitting on a small rolling stool and moving up between her spread legs. "No, wait, I didn't sign up for this!"

"Yes ya did! And don't worry, you'll be well compensated! Our cafeteria has an excellent selection of drinks and snacks at fair market prices!"

He bled, his tongue caught between his teeth as he rested one large, warm hand on Jayne's shuddering thigh. He tapped a small button on his collar, and began speaking in a soothing, professional tone.

"Volunteer number one five four, snow leopardess. Penile shaft approximately six inches in length. Testicles..." The doctor cupped Jayne's ball-sack, feeling and gently squeezing them. "Expected size and density for a large cat."

"Please, no, don't do this!" Jayne begged, staring at the hot blue and warm yellow flames jetting out of the laser torch. "I don't want to lose my cock! Or my balls!"

"Please, dear, you signed the waiver. Let's try to keep a stiff upper lip, it's all said and done. And do try not to speak over me while I'm working? That's a girl." Dr. Cobo casually brought the flame thrower closer.

Jayne felt the dry hot air rushing over the underside of her cock, the fur wisping away immediately as he brought it closer and closer. The heat became unbearable, and she could hear herself begging, shouting, but all she could see was the way the flames licked around the underside of her cock. From her perspective, it was almost beautiful.

Then the flames actually burnt into her flesh, singing and then toasting against her delicate cock skin. A flare of heat as the fur of her groin and inner thighs flared brightly but without much heat, the doctor letting it prairie-creep a few inches away from her groin before generously puffing his lips to blow it out.

The naked skin on the underside of her cock crackled as it darkened, and Jayne screamed out loud as he brought the wider, lower-heat yellow flame up to bathe over the head of her cock. Her frenum took the brunt of it - the junction of flesh crisped. Nerves afire as the surrounding flesh bubbled, a single blob of precum frying in her piss slit. The flames engulfed her cute knob, the meatus popping and sizzling as the skin blackened and crisped, cells erupting in steam as the flames roasted the water out of her.

Jayne's brain boiled with pain, tingling bubbles surging up through her blood, endorphins kicking in as she watched helplessly as the doctor torched her junk. He narrowed the flame to almost entirely a blue, very hot flame, moving from a loose blow torch to a more intense directed heat.

Jayne felt the flame cut through her flesh as he brought it back down the center of her cock, the flesh separating, black and sizzling under the intense, focused flame

"No no no no-GAAAAAH!!!" she screamed, body convulsing as he brought it down to her plump testes.

"Well here's where the sperm is located, dear. We can't very well not examine how heat affects them. Oh, fascinating!" Dr. Cobo exclaimed.

The heat of the blue flame rested almost against the center of her left testicle, and she watched the skin of her scrotum peel away, tight and blackened like crispy bacon. The gray testicle flopped out into the open, and he pressed the flame into that. It sizzled, and she felt, distantly, as the mucous fluids inside bubbled and boiled, a hot POP as the top of it erupted, splashing boiled nutguts up and across her belly and Dr. Cobo's face.

She had no time to think about, to lament or grieve her left testicle, watching as he crisped and seared the inside and outside of it. She could feel hot goop dribbling out of it, singeing her thighs, as he charred the ball from a plump gray orb into a blackened, dry, crunchy crisp.

"I still have one, please, let me-" she sobbed, and the Doctor ahh'd in agreement.

"Very true, you DO still have one, perhaps it will handle such high intensity heat better? It is worth experimenting!"

She wailed, watching as the doctor perversely brought the flame to the last of her equipment, distantly feeling the crackling popping sound as he cooked her ball slowly, toasting and browning the outside like a marshmallow. Her beautiful male equipment destroyed, devastatingly ruined with the hindering pain of blistered nerves crackling into her brain, spiking even through the numbing fog of endorphins. Her body twisted, flexed one last time, a powerful rictus of torment as the flame traced its way up the back of her egg, along the cords, watching them witcher and tighten, and then she slumped down, all sense and reason having lost her brain.

The good doctor put the blow torch aside. He allowed Jayne to moan in her delirious state, as he added notes to the clinical research trial.

"Experiment concluded. Test subject's equipment bore remarkably similar limitations to all other previous volunteers. However, the research pool is still quite small and not indicative of the full range of special and genotypical distinctions present."

Dr. Cobo hmm'd. "Researcher Cobo requests additional funding to continue researching this matter. With costs limited to only twenty dollars per subject and around one hundred dollars per week in propane use, Researcher Cobo believes that an additional extension of five hundred subjects should provide adequate research into this thesis."

He saved the file and then stood up, moving back to Jayne. He carefully wrapped his hand around the bulk of the snow leopard's blackened, ruined equipment, and twisted it off with a squelching crunchy sound. He lifted it up, frowning disdainfully at it. He had hoped that the volunteer's cock and balls would disperse the heat across itself, protecting the sperm inside and ensuring the feline's survival in the event of being strapped to the bottom of a space ship on re-entry.

He cast it into the trash can, atop the ten... eleven? other rejected experiments, then turned back to the half-conscious, mumbling feline. He glanced down, to his own cock, hard and red and gleaming with precum, and smirked.

"Well, perhaps this experiment isn't a total failure... we can still check to see how the total destruction of the genitalia affects the tightness of the subject's backend. And I still have..." He checked the clock on the wall. "Three minutes before the next patient. Plenty of time."