

# INFERNA

pet route - extra 01

sol is finally a fully fledged pet!



by s4dsquid



Sol had been wincing and panting for hours now. I had run out of things to do to try and ease the birthing process for him. I guess had to accept that at one point, he'd just have to endure the pain. He was crouching down, holding his belly and crying.

I tentatively patted his head, pushing his hair back.

—Master, Sol can't do it, Sol is sorry!!

Sol kept on sobbing and shaking.

—It's ok, pet, I know you can do i-

—NO!! Sol can't!! Please, Master!! Make it stop, please, please, please!!

He looked at me, despair plastered across his face, tears flowing freely down his already wet cheeks. I couldn't even get angry at him for interrupting me. He wouldn't do it if he wasn't in so much pain, I knew that.

Suddenly, Sol grasped my shirt with a strength I didn't even know he had, putting all of his weight on me. I wanted to hold him for fear that he would fall, but I too was paralyzed. I hated seeing him like that. Maybe getting him pregnant had been a bad idea after all. Maybe he truly was too small for this. I wondered if I should take him to an emergency clinic.

No, it would be useless. I had asked Artemis, his vet, about it less than 10 minutes ago. And again, she said that all of this was normal and that I'd probably be told to just go back home if I did bring him anywhere. That was just how pets gave birth, she said, and that both me and him would get used to it. She assured me it was ok to be worried, it was Sol's first time doing it after all. I truly wanted to trust her but it was hard after hearing him scream and cry all night long like that.

Sol had never been a particularly fussy pet, he had endured everything pretty well up until this point. Maybe leaving his collar pain setting on the lowest for most of his day-to-day life had been a mistake. I guess he learned how to be a proper pet, just not how to manage pain. In the end, it was my fault he was suffering so much.

I couldn't keep it that way for his labor though. Artemis made it clear that there could be complications if he couldn't properly feel the contractions and that I should leave the collar settings as default during the whole thing.

—Please...Sol can't do it...

I took a deep breath and finally held him in my arms.

—Sol, you know I can't do much else, you just have to endure, ok? You want to see our babies, don't you?

He started to sob again.

—Sol does!! Sol is sorry!! Sol doesn't want to be a bad pet!!

I placed him on back on his little corner, laying down on his favorite pillows.

—You're not a bad pet, Sol! You're just in pain, so I won't be mad at you, ok? You're a good pet, I know you're doing your best!

He closed his eyes and took a deep, raggedy breath and sat up, opening up his legs again. The contractions were likely getting worse. He kept on whimpering and crying.

—Sol will...Sol will do it!!

I brought his face closer to my chest and sat next to him, gently caressing his head.

—Shhh, it's ok, it's ok... Focus, Sol. You have to actually start pushing, ok?

I said, placing a small kiss on his forehead. Last time I checked, his cervix had already stretched more than enough and he was already in active labor. At least, I hoped I was measuring it right, gods only know how over-complicated Artemis's explanation had been.





To make matters worse, the placement of both babies inside of him in the final weeks had been...unusual. It's not super common for personal pets to end up with both angel and demon fetuses, and yet, Sol was carrying one of each. Well, by itself, this wouldn't be a big problem. However, in my pet's case, Luna, the angel, was laying on top of Malachi, the demon, which complicated things a bit. Usually, angels will go down first and, well, be born first. They are much smaller, after all.

Before things turned out like this, I thought birthing Luna at least would ease Sol a bit into the whole process before needing to push out Malachi, which was at least 2 times her size. Well, if there was any silver lining, it was that once one was out, it would be very quick for the other to follow, so, in theory, it shouldn't last so long once it starts.

—Master!! It's---UGH!! It hurts, it hurts!!!

So, when I looked down and saw a puddle of blood, my heart froze. I knew he would likely tear and bleed, but I wasn't expecting this much so fast. I moved away to crouch in front of Sol, half expecting him to have some sort of abnormal bleeding, hoping almost, just so I could get him to a vet and he wouldn't be in so much pain. Maybe he could be sedated, maybe it would be bad enough that they'd accept doing an emergency c-section. I just didn't want to see him in pain anymore.

It turned out, however, that the blood truly was just from him tearing open. Relief didn't last long as I realized that said tear went all the way to his asshole. "This is normal, this is expected, don't freak out..." I kept telling myself, but somehow I still couldn't stop trembling.

Not only that, but the egg-sack Malachi was in was almost fully out already. I really hadn't expected this part to go by so fast, Artemis herself said it would take a good time of pushing. At that point I no longer cared if I was bothering her too much, that didn't seem normal at all and I was afraid Sol would bleed out, so I called her again.



Sol kept pushing and pushing and pushing. He couldn't stop even if he wanted now, his body had somehow internalized that pushing was the only way to make it stop. But the more he pushed, the more it hurt.

The room around him completely disappeared from his consciousness as the pain kept growing worse and worse. Somehow, the cramping that felt like the worst thing he ever felt in his life, now was barely a bother. The searing, burning pain in his pet parts was leagues worse, and Sol felt as if he were being ripped apart.

In that moment, he forgot about his Master, the babies, being a pet and everything else. He just wanted that to end. The pet's vision went black, his fluttering away. The pain was still there, but it felt distant, somehow. And yet, he kept on pushing. Pushing, and pushing, and pushing and pushing, endlessly. It was the only thing he had to do, the only thing that would make the pain go away.

The angel opened his eyes again. He hadn't even realized they had been closed the whole time. Sol gazed at the familiar ceiling. Where was he again? Well, home of course. That was his home now. He remembered being a pet, he remembered his Master. Using the last of his strength, he pushed again, Oh, right, the babies! Sol wanted to meet the babies!! Master and Sol's babies!! Someone said something, but the pet couldn't understand. His vision was going black again. He knew, somehow, he only had to push a bit more. Just a bit more.

Soon enough, the angel felt a warm embrace followed by cold on his sore pet parts. Both felt nice. The pain was going away, he was happy!!





—Sol?

The pet eyes shot open and he looked at me attentively. It was like he had been pulled out of a daze.

—Do you...want to hold them?

He blinked a couple of times, seemingly confused. It was likely just the blood loss. Artemis had assured me it was normal and, with Sol's extremely good regeneration powers, he'd replenish that quick enough. He did seem to be getting better, at least.

—Can Sol...really??? Can Sol??

I smiled at him, feeling almost silly for worrying so much. I was so glad he was finally back to his usual self.

—Of course, little thing. I promised you, remember?

I placed both of them on his arms. Luna was already wrapped in a blanket as both her and the placenta attached happened to come out at the same time. Her membrane also dissolved pretty quickly. Although Malachi was born first, his own placenta was still inside of Sol. His vet said it would come out soon and that this wasn't unusual, and I still couldn't help but feel a bit uneasy. She said Sol's body was just a bit too exhausted and it would need to recover a bit before being able to push out anything else.

In the meantime, I placed a cold compress on the huge tear to curb Sol's pain a bit and help stop the bleeding.

I was just glad the worst was over.

Sol was smiling at the children in his arms, completely mesmerized and lost in thought. Soon enough, he himself helped them to latch onto his chest and fed them. He would sometimes brush their hair and hold their tiny hands. I couldn't help but smile too.

Both of our kids seemed healthy, but I'd need to take them to a pediatrician the next morning. Just to be safe, I supposed.

I finally allowed myself to be happy about it. And damn, I was so happy! And I was glad Sol was too;



Sol was glad it was over. And yet, he had found himself wanting to cry.

He was now a real, fully fledged pet, he should be happy!! Didn't he want to meet his and Master's babies?? Weren't they as cute and affectionate and lovely as he had hoped??

Then, why was he so sad?

It didn't make a real difference to his pet status that he had finally given birth. From the moment the collar was put on him, there was no going back already.

Even then, hadn't Sol already accepted his fate?

Hadn't he decided to embrace his role and be the best pet he could be?

Soleil wasn't good for anything and no one really liked him, what good was there to keep living that life?

Sol, on the other hand, is loved, treasured and, above all, is useful. See? He made those babies for his Master!! He carried them, birthed them and fed them too!! He is a good pet!! Sol had no reason to cry!!! Sol is being silly!

Even so, for half a second, he almost wished things were different.

Perhaps if he was a person, then maybe Sol would be able to see their babies grow. But Sol was a pet, so all he got was a week. Stupid, stupid Sol!! He bit back his tears.

Pets aren't meant to be parents, pets are just pets, and nothing will change that.





THANK FOR READING

more content at  
[s4dsquid.carrd.co](https://s4dsquid.carrd.co)