

Dhar awoke with a splitting headache, feeling disoriented. He was still underground, which did not surprise him, but he was in a large chamber now instead of the passage he remembered. Had there been a collapse?

He sat up and rubbed his head. No, someone had found him. There was a confrontation, and then...he couldn't remember. He realized he could see fairly well here. It was warm, so wonderfully warm, and the light was coming from the hottest parts of the cave.

It was molten rock! Lava, all around him. He was on an island of sorts. This was a lava cave...THE lava cave. He was in the court of the Obsidian King himself.

Dhar believed his hellhound ancestry would offer protection from heat. He was surprised at the pleasure of it against his hide, however. Despite being like a furnace here, he found he enjoyed the sensation; that is, everywhere except for his back, on his shoulders--the mostly useless little feathered flags that marked the other half of his heritage. They felt as if they were about to shrivel up and fall away.

"Trespass on his court and feel the wrath of the fire and the scourge of the whip / The twin rods for the backs of fools who seek him out," Dhar recited the translated verse to himself, hushed as if he were in a place of study. As he expected, there was the throne, made from rock, illuminated by more molten stone. It would have been hard to not notice it, even if he had not known it would be there. And of course, seated on the throne: "Ignis."



“So you DO know where you are.” The demon lizard laughed. “You’re a durable pup, aren’t you. Not even panting yet!” He sprawled out on his throne; a long lizard with black scales, and a few white streaks that looked like they may have been scars on his legs and muzzle. His face was framed by two curling horns: unlike Dhar, who had a smattering of demon in him, Ignis was the real thing.

“Did you bring me here?” Dhar licked his lips nervously. “I accept punishment but beg an audience!” A strange expression passed across the face of the reptilian demon; a twitch, indicating some distraction. Dhar took this as an invitation to continue. “I had a question which only one with arcane elemental knowledge could hope to answer, and--”

“Be silent,” commanded the lizard, tossing his head. His horns glinted in the reddish light. His irritation carried with his voice, as well as a loud lash of his tail against the seat of the throne. “I will speak with you later. Or...perhaps not!”

Ignis gestured toward the lava surrounding Dhar and a great amount of choking fumes arose from the molten stone, making it impossible to see or smell anything else. It became hard to breathe. His vestigial wings began to singe and he whined, wanting to curl up and cover his head as well as somehow protect his back, which was impossible.

The intolerable moment passed as the smoke became cooler, which relieved the pain he felt on his wings. Little things, useless for flying and a liability in situations like this. Hopefully the feathers weren't all completely singed away, they took some time to grow back from scratch, and they were at least decent for making his own quill pens.

His fur and hide were perfectly fine. His breathing slowed, and he found that after the shock of inhaling burning fumes was past, there weren't any wounds or injuries in his nose or throat. The surprising pleasure of the heat returned, and he rolled onto his back to give his poor wings a little bit of protection.

He lay there for quite some time, and even managed to briefly sleep. The smoke was very slow in clearing away; his headache had vanished. This was a lucky break. Maybe if he could show the Obsidian King that he was truly durable, of demon kin, and could survive here, things would go better for him. The scourge of fire could hurt his wings, but not the rest of him. "That leaves the whip, which I'm not eager to see, and the twin rods."

The smoke finally cleared. Dhar stood on his island prison, surrounded by the slowly moving molten rock, and looked to the throne. But Ignis was not there!

Dhar sniffed the hot air. The Obsidian King had to still be nearby. Perhaps the fumes had less of an effect on him than Ignis had supposed they would.

The hellhound shifted on his feet and gazed at the lava that trapped him on the island. It would be a long, long jump to escape, so it came down to which went further: his ability to be at home in roasting environments, or his ability to jump.

"Nothing ventured, nothing gained," he told himself. He leaped out as far as he could, hoping to take very light steps on the surface of the molten, smoky mass. It

worked better than he imagined! His feet didn't even feel warm, and despite sinking slightly with each step, as if into mud, he reached the main floor of the hall quickly.

He sniffed the air again, trying to track down where his host had gone. It didn't take long: in addition to a strong scent trail, there was a low groan from behind the throne. Dhar approached carefully.

There was a sharp intake of breath, and some sounds of scales and claws dragging across the stone, and then nothing. "Are you...uh, your highness? Your majesty? Are you there?"

There was a sigh, with a hint of strain in the voice. "Might as well come around, pup," called Ignis, the Obsidian King. "I won't be able to do much for a short time. You have a rrrrrrr...reprieve."

"I can come back later," Dhar said as he came around far enough to see the feet and tail of the demonic lizard. Ignis was reclined against the back of the throne, breathing heavily and occasionally grunting.

"I heard you say a rhyme when you first woke up," Ignis said. "What wasssss...it?" His words became lost in a low grunt.

Dhar coughed and came around further. "I had to translate it from the language of the south swamp. It went 'Trespass on his court and feel the wrath of the fire and the scourge of..of his...'" The hellhound trailed off, because what he saw was one of the last things he expected to see.



Ignis was laying an egg. Ignis was definitely male--very much so. Doubled, one might say: he had two shafts, both semi-erect at the moment. Reclining here looked as if it were more comfortable than sitting on the throne, especially at the moment. His tail was flat on the ground and his legs were bent at the knees, drawn in close. And dilating his butthole was the pale white shell of an emerging egg. There were three others, presumably freshly laid, nearby. From the size of these others, Ignis had just gotten started laying this one.

“Go on,” he grunted. “The scourrrrrnggh...uh..scourge?” He bowed his head, closing his eyes, and hissed. “I don’t think I’ve heard it transsssslated...into...this language before.” He curled his toes, grunted, and his belly muscles contracted; the pale circle of shell grew slightly as more of it emerged.

“This is a surprise,” Dhar said. “Uh..yes. ‘The scourge of the whip.’ And the last part was tricky: ‘The twin rods for the backs of fools who seek him out’.” He grinned, licking his lips nervously. “You’re like my dad!”

“What’s that?” The lizard looked at him closely. “Wait..how’d you get over the lava? I thought....mmmmmmmm.” He closed his eyes, overcome with another contraction.

“I’m a hellhound,” Dhar explained. “At least, one parent was..I mean, my father was. My other...parent, he’s a cockatrice.” He felt his dinky wings twitch slightly. “I guess he...did what you’re doing now, when he had me. I hatched.”

It wasn’t clear whether Ignis was listening until he chuckled slightly. “The ryhme: you translated it as ‘Twin rods for the backssss’...uuungh...” He snarled and pushed, gaining a bit more ground. “Close, but not quite. These are the rods,” he said. He took hold of his phalluses and waved them back and forth. “I suppose ‘back’ is close. ‘Back door’ maybe? Heh.” His face suddenly became calm and composed, and he stared at Dhar.

Dhar yelped as he realized his light trousers, his shirt, and his pack’s straps had all caught fire. The hellhound patted at the flames, but it was no use; it less than a few seconds he was completely nude.

“Suitable. Adequate.” Ignis’ gaze became something of a leer before he closed his eyes again and endured a contraction. “These twin rods will know you from behind, from in front, and in many other ways. Come here.”

The demonspawn canine nervously approached the superior demon, his tail curled up between his legs. “Here? I had...some questions...some arcane elemental knowledge that--”

“Not now. Down here...DOWN!” He gestured to his tail. “Get a close look at this..straddle my tail and get your muzzle good and close. Your little family story tells me that you’ve probably wondered about this. Come in close.” His eyes glittered.

Dhar straddled Ignis’ tail and lay down against it, his nose almost flush with the demon’s ass and the slowly arriving egg, below the bases of his two cocks. He looked

up at the horned lizard, then back at the cocks. There was something about the smell, and the heat here...he almost couldn't resist.

"When I'm finished laying" Ignis hissed, "I'm going to see if you take after your daddy. I'm going to use both of these on you. Just like your little poem says! Maybe one at a time at first; maybe we'll work up to both at the same time. We'll see how much demon's alive in you. And then, maybe, I'll listen to your 'arcane elemental questions'." He relaxed a bit, leaning his head back, and sighed. As he spoke, the egg had withdrawn slightly.

Dhar couldn't help himself. He reached up with both hands and gripped the two dicks, and began licking the stretching ring of flesh around the demon lizard's egg. Ignis moaned softly and arched his back, and he completely lost his progress.

The egg disappeared behind his winking asshole. The demon's massive, striped tail curled under the hellhound, lifting him slightly, which closed the passage through which the egg had to travel. But his shafts grew and thickened in Dhar's hands.

The lizard signed contentedly and relaxed. He looked down at his prisoner and gently pinched one of his pointed ears. "I really need to finish this before giving you the attention you've brought upon yourself," Ignis rumbled softly. "It's...hard to think about much else with an egg sitting there, taking up all that room down there." Some of the menace had left his voice; his tone could have even been taken as playful. "Not to mention the rest of them, backed up and ready to come."

The hellhound was not eager to let Ignis have his way; he always felt it would be more appropriate to be mounting others, rather than be mounted. But the idea of the Obsidian King allowing this reversal seemed unlikely. Dhar had learned the hard way

from his own parent that just because a fellow laid eggs from time to time, it wasn't safe to assume the gentleman was soft, or tended to be effeminate, or preferred being a bottom. Quite the opposite was true in his family!

So he was likely in for some rough treatment. Could it end in offspring? That hadn't happened to him yet, but the fact was that despite looking like a devilish canine, he had hatched from an egg that had come from a very male-acting cockatrice's butt. Having two dads, he might very well take strongly after both of them.

Ignis groaned softly in a mixture of pleasure and discomfort as Dhar squeezed the pair of penises. "The two rods, meant for the back doors...the butt holes...of fools," the hellhound whispered. Maybe he could coax things along during Ignis's labors, leaving him spent? That would buy him some time before being mounted.

"Still not translated quite right," the lizard muttered. "Not 'fools'. It's closer in meaning to 'uninformed' or 'ignorant.'" He let go of Dhar's ear and settled his elbows back on the rock of the throne behind him. "Or perhaps 'someone with something to learn'; someone like...you, with your...important question."

His breathing was becoming a bit shallow, and his forked tongue protruded slightly. "I might zone out a bit," he murmured to Dhar. "It takes a bit of effort. Have you...had a clutch of eggs yourself?" The lizard tilted his head back and groaned softly as his ring parted, revealing the shell of the egg again.

"No," Dhar said. He held the phallus on the right side still and experimented with tugging and squeezing the one on the left. Ignis returned his hand to the hellhound's ear and stroked the back of his head, which seemed to be a good sign.

So he became more vigorous with his attentions, jerking on both of the cocks. But

with his face right up to Ignis' ass, Dhar was getting a very close view of something that was fascinating for very personal reasons. The demon's anal ring quivered, opening wider, and the shell of the egg emerged to the same point it had reached when Dhar had discovered Ignis trying to lay it. "You're very warm, it'ssss nice," Ignis hissed at him. "It'ssss and effort to ...unngh...keep my temperrr..nnggh..temperature up, sometinesss. But with you..."

Dhar licked the expanding ring again, and Ignis placed his hands on Dhar's shoulders and squeezed them. Dhar licked and licked, earnestly and eagerly working over the demon lizard's ass as contraction after contraction hit. More and more of the egg emerged, sliding along a path made slick by hellhound saliva.

Ignis growled and hissed one more time, and his egg slipped free of his ass, nudging the hellhound in the nose. Dhar had nearly forgotten to keep up his attention to the two penises, as he had been as absorbed in watching Ignis lay as Ignis had been in concentrating his efforts to lay the egg. He sped up his hands, realizing he wasn't sticking to his plan.

The Obsidian King stroked his head and sighed. "That's four."

"Are there..many more?"

Ignis laughed. It was a relief to see that, Dhar realized. He felt safe, despite expecting to be very roughly used in short order. It wasn't a cruel laugh at all. If pressed to describe it, Dhar would have said that it danced like a flame. The lizard slapped his gut. "Do you think I'm normally this portly? I'm guessing there're three more in there, at least. I put it off too long this time, and they sort of piled up."

"I didn't...I wasn't aware that it worked like that."

The hellhound felt his head guided back to the lizard's ass. "Different demons, different rules. You should at least know THAT." Dhar dutifully licked the wrinkled pucker, and Ignis hissed with pleasure. "I'll work out your rules, one way or another, when I wrap this up." He breathed in deeply, bowed his head, and grunted.

Dhar was more careful to keep up the motion on the lizard's organs as he licked and coaxed the next egg along. He became a little more aggressive with licking, forcing his broad, thick tongue between the shell of the egg and the ring of flesh through which it had to be forced.

Ignis hissed, pleased, but didn't speak. His egg widened the passage, stretching his ass out as the hellhound licked and nuzzled at the bases of the demonic lizard's tail and penises. The canine was doing a much better job keeping the latter pair of organs stiff, aroused, and sensitive. It wasn't long before the egg slid to a point where its shape helped it slip on through the narrow chute, accompanied by a loud grunt from its parent.

"That'd be five out," said Dhar.

"I can count!" Ignis' temper seemed to have returned; it was understandable, given the circumstances. There was definitely some effort involved, as well as some pain.

His eggs were very large; Dhar gazed at the small wrinkled hole that the eggs had passed through, and promised himself to forgive any other outbursts from Ignis during his labors. He felt a small bit of queasiness, knowing that he might be enduring this at some point in the near future.

But also, there was a sense of wonder. He had once fit into a shell a little smaller than this one; Ignis had presumably come from an egg about the size of the ones he was laying--at least, that stood to reason! It was awe-inspiring, though Dhar would have

been embarrassed to admit it to most.

Ignis flexed his toes and grunted, pushing again. His massive tail curled, lifting his body slightly off the ground and higher against the rock of his throne. As if yawning, his anus gaped open, then closed. Dhar kept one paw on one of the lizard's two shafts, squeezing, and carefully picked up the fifth egg of the clutch and set it next to the first four. "Is it my imagination," he said in what he hoped was a non-provocative way, "but was the latest one bigger than the rest?"

"They don't ahhhh....nngh...all have to be...the same size," Ignis answered through gritted teeth. He hissed. "They can vary a bit." He pushed again, and this time when his ass opened, another shell was visible. It stretched the hole wider, and wider, filling more and more of the circle with the pale white surface. The curvature wasn't visible until a sudden lurch moved the egg a little further out of the demon's orifice.

Looking down at the first few eggs, Dhar saw that they didn't have one end more blunt than the other; they were more like a cylinder with rounded ends. That explained why Ignis had to get them almost all the way out before they slid the rest of the way.

This one still had some way to go. Ignis huffed and panted between contractions, but kept an eye on Dhar as the hellhound inspected the eggs. "Be careful," he hissed just before a painful wave clenched in his belly, squeezing. "They're...durable...but they're just...eggs, after all."

Dhar carefully set the pair together, straddled Ignis's tail and used both paws on the two cocks. He lightly licked the edge of the lizard's anal ring as the sixth egg slid on through, resuming the position he had held for the more recent eggs' delivery.

Ignis seemed pleased by this, and gently stroked the hound's head. When the next

contraction came, he grabbed Dhar's ear a bit tightly. Dhar whimpered and froze in place. This contraction was the final one for the sixth egg, which was blocked from emerging all the way by Dhar's body, across the lizard's tail.

He stopped jerking off Ignis and instead gently pulled the egg away from the gaping anus, which was a bit slower to recover its normal pucker this time. It came free with a slurping "pop", which provoked a hiss from its parent. Dhar set the egg along with its siblings, and ventured a slow stroke across the lizard's belly.

"Hmmpf," grunted Ignis.

"Hmmm?" Dhar looked up at the Obsidian King. He was still technically an interloper, perhaps a prisoner; he hadn't forgotten Ignis's promises to use him soon, but the way he had phrased it as "abuse" earlier had left an impression.

"Just getting worn out, is all." Ignis sighed. "You'd think I'd get used to this eventually, but it never seems to get easier." He stroked Dhar's head again. "Since you're here, you can help me up. I have a feeling the next one's big; I can feel it moving around in there, on the way out..I think I want a different position."

Dhar helped him sit up, roll over, and then rise to a crouch. The thickness and size of the lizard's tail made this tricky, especially with his distended gut. Ignis slowly stood, then braced himself against the back wall of the throne, as if he were trying to push the dais aside.

"It'sssss definitely a big one," Ignis hissed. He bowed his head and exhaled slowly, before looking over his shoulder at Dhar. "Don't you have anything to do but watch? Get down there."

Dhar did as he was told, and knelt behind the Obsidian King. The lizard's tail was

raised slightly, so Dhar lifted it higher and slung it over his shoulder. It found its way between his vestigial wings, which developed a mind of their own and hugged the scaly appendage as best they could. He reached around Ignis's hips and sought out the twin organs, squeezing them.

This didn't register with Ignis immediately, as he felt a great deal of discomfort from the passage of this egg. From his view, Dhar could see the demon's anus stretch, as usual, but it continued widening beyond what the hellhound had seen earlier.

Ignis hissed. "Ssssee it yet?" He widened his stance slightly, and leaned against the rock and groaned.

Dhar rose and tilted the lizard's tail up higher. "Yes, and it's a bigger egg, just like you thought." After a few quick up and down tugs and squeezes on the phallic organs, he asked "Do you want me to spread you open a bit?"

"Nooo. That licking was...good," groaned Ignis. "Do more of that."

Again, the demon dog obeyed the command and moved his paws to Ignis's hips and nuzzled up to the stretching chute. He bumped his nose against the emerging shell, making the lizard grunt and shuffle his feet around some more; he then licked the widening ring as the eggshell slowly, slowly began passing through.

The awareness that he had come into the world in the same way, bundled up inside an eggshell; and the mixture of a desire for (and the fear of!) experiencing this labor for himself, if it were possible: these made the experience even more arousing. As he watched the egg move, accompanied occasionally by a low groan from Ignis, his own canid cock began peeking out from his sheath. His breath felt hotter than ever; he thought he caught a wisp of smoke coming from the end of his nose.

“Didn’t think it was THAT big,” moaned the laboring demon. He took a few breaths, gathering his strength; the egg stayed right where it was, its uncomfortable diameter keeping Ignis stretched open wide.

Dhar took his hands from Ignis’s hips; one went to his own penis, stroking it gently as he appreciated the close-up view of the demon’s egg. The other rested on the side of Ignis’s ass, and the hellhound gently pushed against the blunt end of the egg with his thumb. His breath became even smokier.

Unaware of the added burden, Ignis strained against the resistance. At the end of each breath, he’d grunt softly as his efforts failed to make any progress. “Isss...is it moving?”

“Keep working,” Dhar whispered. He kissed the shell of the egg, licking across its surface, and then moved both of his hands to the thick tail on his shoulder and gave it a squeeze as he licked the underside of the scaly tail, right up to the beginning of the rosy ring.

The egg began to slide out normally. Ignis sighed with relief and as the egg neared the end of its passage through the lizard’s asshole, Dhar moved his paws beneath it to catch it. It slipped from its parent and into the hellhound’s waiting hands. “At last,” hissed Ignis. “I was worried that one’d get stuck and you’d have to pull it out.” He rubbed his belly. “Two more, I think.”

Keeping the thick tail on his back, Dhar placed the larger seventh egg near the others and returned to face the laboring anus just in time to see the next shell peek through the widening circle. He could tell this one was of a more typical size; did Ignis know that?

Dhar knew he would replay these moments in his mind, imagining the eggs as an

endless procession of beautiful pale white gems. Had his own eggshell been white, like these? He'd never thought to ask. He wondered if his cockatrice parent had kept pieces of it. If he were to lay eggs himself, what pigments or patterns might there be?

He thought about preventing this egg from moving for a few moments, as he had done to the seventh egg. But while he was thinking about this, Ignis huffed and growled as the current egg sped along through the stretched portal. By now, he was loose enough to handle the normal sized eggs. Dhar quickly pushed on the bottom of the egg, keeping it in place to prolong the laying as long as he could.

Ignis grumbled. "What...are you holding it there? Don't try to catch it until it's dropped," he snarled. "What's the idea?"

"I was just...a bit eager," the hellhound whimpered softly.

"I'm getting eager for...mmmgh...something, too," Ignis said amidst grunting with effort. Dhar lowered his paws, and the eighth egg quickly dropped from the demon; it happened so fast that it was as if Dhar had never let go of it. "Aaaah. At least, I'm catching a break. Last one's up. Then, time for some fun." He looked over his shoulder, watching the hound place his egg with the rest, and noticed Dhar's large erection. "Seems you're eager for that as well!"

"Not for that, but.." Dhar stammered as he lifted Ignis's tail and set it back on his shoulder. "Maybe for that. But...I really liked watching this." He licked over the demon's dormant asshole, waiting for what Ignis had said would be the final egg in the clutch.

"You know, I believe I'll ...unngh..enjoy watching...mmmmmmgh...you lay." After a few more groans of effort, the weary lizard's hole opened one last time. It was another

larger egg, not quite as big as the seventh, but definitely larger than the one that had just come. Ignis shook his hips, moaning with the strain. “Don’t...hold it,” he hissed. “I’m ready to be...done with thissss.”

As Ignis pushed, Dhar held his paws between and behind his thighs. This egg slid along, hung a bit in the middle as the demon caught his breath, and at last tumbled down to the waiting paws.

“That’s it,” they said in unison. Ignis grinned and leaned down, looking at Dhar under his arm which was still braced against the throne; Dhar coughed, puffing up a bit of smoke.

Ignis looked thoughtfully at the dissipating breath. “So that’s why you didn’t have any trouble getting off of my little detention island. You cooled off the lava?”

“No, I...I just sort of risked a jump.” Dhar put the ninth egg in place, and sat on the floor of the cave near them. “I wasn’t sure if it would work like I planned.

“We can discuss that later.” Ignis stood up straight, settled his hands on his hips, and thumped the ground behind him with his tail. It hit with a slap that made Dhar jump, and made one of the demon’s eggs wobble and roll a turn or two away from the rest of the clutch. “I shouldn’t put that off as long as I did again! Nine..I feel a bit wrecked down there. But thanks for keeping me lubed up. I do believe that helped quite a bit.” He took over fondling duties for his own cocks, and smiled at Dhar in a way that was friendly, but very predatory.

“After something like that,” he continued, “as attentive as you were to my needs, I think you deserve to have your name known. I’ll be a little gentler if I know it, I promise you.” He prodded Dhar in the belly. “I’ll help you in the same way when the

time comes.”

“I’m..I’m Dhar Hellhound. I mean, Dhar Friedrichs.” The name felt unfamiliar on his tongue; he hadn’t used it in a long time.

“Dhar. Well, I suppose with your..what did you call them? Your ‘arcane elemental questions,’ you’ll have to become my acolyte and earn those answers.” He grasped one of Dhar’s wings, and murmured. “Friedrichs, you say. I see. Well, I prefer to take a dog in doggy style. On all fours, pup!”

Dhar turned away from Ignis, and crouched down. Closing his eyes and lowering his ears, he whimpered “Will this hurt? I--”

Ignis pushed him all the way down and laughed. “Were you going to say ‘I never had this done to me before?’ Yeah, it might make you jump a bit.” He stood behind the hellhound and reached down for Dhar’s tail, which was curled up protectively between his legs. “There, there. I said you were my new acolyte. And on top of that, you don’t try to damage someone you’re trying to breed! Doesn’t make sense.” He held Dhar’s tail aside as he covered the hound, fitting snugly against his rump. “I suppose I could just eat you, if you’d prefer that.”

Dhar yelped and Ignis laughed. The demon lizard twisted his hips to one side slightly, aiming one of his phalluses between Dhar’s butt cheeks. He reached down with one of his taloned claws, and using his knuckle, gently poked and pushed at the hellhound’s virgin hole, spreading it.

Despite his anxiety about the experience, Dhar felt a growing excitement. Was this going to work? It suddenly felt very, very right. He relaxed, lowering his forequarters and hiking up his rear higher, pressing further back against the intruding scaly digit.

Ignis switched to two knuckles, and listened carefully to the small whines and gasps from his new acolyte. “Good pup,” he murmured. Stroking the hellhound’s side, he brought his other clawed hand away from Dhar’s ass, spat on the knuckles, and reinserted them slowly. “You’ll have it as easy as I can make it.”

The Obsidian King’s saliva burned, but to Dhar it felt exciting and pleasurable. He backed up even further against the demon, whining in eagerness instead of anxiety.

Ignis had been feeling very eager for this, himself; so he turned his claw around and guided the tip of the nearby cock right to the puckered hole. His other organ pressed hard against Dhar’s left hip, waiting its turn; it dribbled precum against the fur there. He slid inside the canine, and they both moaned together.

“Very tight,” hissed the lizard. “I can tell...you need to be broken.” He pushed in deeper; his cock became thicker at the base, and was still increasing in size. The proof of this could be seen from the side, where his currently unused phallus was continuing to throb and grow, pressed against the hound’s hip.

He pushed Dhar forward, and then pulled back. He almost withdrew from Dhar’s hole, but the hellhound wasn’t going to let Ignis’s cock go just yet. He backed up against the demon’s scaly hips and belly, pressing himself back and accommodating even more of the ridged penile intruder deeper into himself. It made him yelp, and then sigh. “I never...expected it to feel like this,” he whined with a squeaky, shaky voice. “Please, Ignis...please Master Ignis..your highness...please push in deeper.”

Ignis chuckled and slapped the hellhound’s ass cheeks and then settled his taloned hands on Dhar’s vestigial wings. He pulled on them, making Dhar arch his back and moan. He didn’t feel it was worth it to tell him that he was already about as deep as he

could go, but instead made the ride more interesting by bucking back and forth rapidly, plunging himself in as far as he could go after threatening to withdraw, over and over. His left cock, occasionally jabbed Dhar in the butt cheek, and a few times came unfortunately close to firmly poking the hound's sensitive scrotum, before Ignis freed up a hand to park it back to the side. "You'll get your turn," he murmured to it.

Dhar tried to look over his shoulder, mistakenly believing that the demon was addressing him. "It would be...an honor," he panted. His wings fluttered a bit, one of them still held tightly by the lizard.

Ignis laughed, and then growled. His penis flared inside the hound, making him squeal. "No, not yet, little pup." He scoffed, leering down at Dhar. "You're here to learn mysteries of 'elemental questions', whatever that might be, and to learn if you're worthy of the honor of carrying a brood of mine. Isn't that enough?" He grasped both wings now and pumped hard, using his massive tail to push against the ground behind himself to power the thrusts, treating the hellhound to an even rougher ride than before.

Dhar found himself again imagining what it would be like to lay eggs, like his father, or like the Obsidian King. Despite some fears, his hope grew stronger than ever that this would be successful. He clenched and bore down as hard as he could around the intruding shaft, moaning and grunting through gritted teeth.

The increased pressure brought to bear on his cock was just the extra stimulus Ignis needed. He snarled, pumped in and out several more times, and then roared as his semen flushed up the hellhound's ass, coating and being pumped and forced deeper and deeper as the lizard continued to thrust through the flaring orgasm. "Good dog," he murmured as his forked tongue flicked out over his lips. "Not quite done with you yet."

He released Dhar's tiny wings, and quickly swapped out his phalluses; the right one was now only semi-rigid, and still throbbed in time to the lizard's slow heartbeat. It was extracted with a slick pop.

The left one was ready to go, very thick and stiff, and it went deep into Dhar's butt with another wet slurping sound. Dhar yelped and pawed the ground for a few seconds; he then bowed forward even lower, trying to raise his hindquarters higher and closer to the rutting demon lord.

Dhar began humping him just as he had with the lizard's other organ. The way the Ignis grasped at his wings and his back made the hellhound whimper and whine with pleasure and desire. He just so happened to be facing the pile of eggs that Ignis had deposited only moments ago. As thick as his new demon master's phalluses were, the girth of those eggs was larger. Would he be up to the task, if this breeding did indeed prove fruitful?

The Obsidian King could not hold himself back; in addition to feeling a bit worn out from his exertions, he felt he had given the virgin hound's ass a decent introductory pounding. There'd be time for more fun and games later. He growled and leaned over his new consort, hugging him around the waist and letting most of his weight sag on the canine as the last few thrusts brought him closer and closer to the edge. He bit Dhar's back and groaned loudly as his climax began.

Dhar howled, and then to both his own and Ignis's surprise, breathed fire. It was a steady plume, with streaks of red and white in the middle, and large amounts of smoke. The howl came to an unimpressive end, as the smoke caused Dhar to begin coughing.

Ignis found his passion melting away into laughter. "If I had doubts about you truly

having enough demon in you to be a true hellhound, that's put the matter to rest." He slid to the side of the seeded dog and rubbed his belly. Spotting his own eggs, he gave Dhar and extra hard slap on the back. "You'll be squeezing out some of those soon enough, I'm sure of it."

The demon lizard stroked Dhar between the ears, down his back, and as the dog slumped down next to him, stopped between his wings. "Interesting little features, those," he said with a short chuckle. "You said you got those from a cockatrice in your ancestry?"

"Yes." Dhar yawned; whether it was the length of the day, the rough breeding he had endured, or the fire he had breathed, he was ready to sleep. "He laid eggs..and I hatched from one." He seemed to drift off, but shook himself awake. "It's about him...indirectly...that I wanted to speak to you about the elemental question."

Ignis felt generously disposed toward his new consort. "Ask--but I'll make you work for the answer. What is it you wished to know?"

"How is it possible to undo petrification, the turning of a living being into stone? What must be done to reverse it?"

The lizard's taloned fingers stopped their idle, playful scratching. "I...have no idea! My domain is of fire. Why would you come to me with such a question?"

"I thought you were called the Obsidian King. Obsidian is a stone, isn't it? I thought...damn it."

"We'll work on it," Ignis hissed softly as he resumed stroking Dhar. "Few things are beyond my reach when I go hunting for them. Sleep for now. Your main tasks now are to please me, and to bear more of my heirs. Sleep."

Whether it was enforced by demonic power, or simple exhaustion on Dhar's part, sleep overtook the hellhound. His head slumped down on the tail of his new royal demon mentor.

Ignis narrowed his eyes with concentration for a few seconds and an intangible floating book, burning with pages made of flame, appeared near his side. It opened on its own accord to a list. Scanning down the page quickly, he found what he was looking for: in an ornate script made from deep blue flames, as opposed to the orange flames of the page, was the word "Hellhound". Ignis waved his finger, and a checkmark appeared next to it; the latest addition to the list of conquests.

Arching his fingers together, he concentrated; as the book's pages turned to a blank page, he smiled. Blue flaming letters slowly came into being on the page: "Cockatrice. Friedrichs?" A small space for the addition of a checkmark at some point in the future came into being behind the word. "Just in case we have a family reunion sometime," Ignis hissed.

He dismissed the book, gave one last fond look at his newly laid eggs, and then settled down next to and on top of his inseminated acolyte, joining him in dreams about the future.