

Chapter 2: Is this a Pressure Test or something?!

Kilistran Denshusha always considered herself a wise dragon, certainly wiser than the rest of her family. It was thanks to that wisdom that she managed to avoid bearing a child for so long even after Olasird'arc claimed her as his mate, or better, she let him claim her as his mate.

She knew that to survive in this world she could not solely rely on herself, she would sooner or later find someone or multiple someone capable of bringing her down regardless of her power and pride. That was her main strategic reason behind her searching for the most powerful of her kin to use as a meat-shield. Luckily for her, Olasird'arc, while not being the brightest, was also no fool like that muscle-brained Munuinia he took as his third mate. He was even willing to listen to her wise council as long as she avoided stepping on his pride.

Though, she knew her brain and words will not be enough to keep her around, he was prideful and arrogant, and he would expect the same service as he received from his other mates. So, while Kilistran managed to avoid undesired pregnancies for many years thanks to her Divine Magic, she also knew that he would get suspicious if she remained childless any longer than this. She had noticed his impatience when he first decided to mount her with far more regularity than before. She let nature take its course, there was no point in interfering any longer as he clearly made up his mind. She might not be discovered using her trick, but she might just be labelled as infertile and her position would be threatened.

A child would not be that bad, considering she managed to elude his attention till the other two bore him five other children. She might even get him off her back for another fifty years if she was lucky enough.

Caring for a youngling turned out to be a nouvelle experience for her, at least in the first month, before it became a chore. But it could have been worse. She witnessed how Hejinmal's siblings behaved while they were younglings, endless screaming and growling that made her flee to the other side of the Palace many a time.

She dreaded being subjected to the same torture, with no way of escape this time. Instead, she had been pleasantly surprised when Hejinmal turned out to be a quiet little thing, almost wistful at times as if he was constantly thinking about something requiring all his attention.

Despite his silence, she found him to be quite insistent and pestering when he wanted to be, like when he wanted to learn how to read and when he pestered her to procure him some servants. She indulged him, out of curiosity if nothing else, as her child seemed to have inherited her mind and attitude more than his father's.

What a strange child he was, parading around with those demi-humans as if he was leading his own flock. It reflected poorly on him to associate himself with such an inferior and weak race. But, before intervening, she was curious to see where this would go, and if he would naturally grow out of it with time. After all, the best lesson was the one someone learns at their own expense.

He would understand soon enough what the reality of their world was, and how poorly he would be seen by others to the point no female would even get near someone as weak-looking as him.

And so, it was quite astonishing when she had to eat her previous words when she came across the most aggressive female among the children just laying next to her own son, the two of them sleeping like they were long bonded mates.

Myrrithal was Munuinia's second child and first daughter. The female frost dragon was as aggressive and muscle-headed as her mother. To the point she came to blows with Torangealit, multiple times, not even relating when the older dragon had her outmatched, fighting till the two got separated after she managed to bury her fangs in his side. Truly, a wild beast taking after her mother, that one.

What would ever compel an arrogant and prideful child like that to get so intimate and close with someone she would consider a weakling unworthy of her time?

Hers was a boring and repetitive life, so investigating the matter came as a welcomed source of distraction.

She previously heard of rare, strange cases where a strong female dragon would make weak males submit, taking them as her slave-mates. In Kilistran's mind that was just a waste and a show of how pride could blind reason. What sense would it make for a female to have more than one mate? She could get pregnant only once in the same period, while males could impregnate multiple females in the same time. it was just more efficient doing it the other way around... Hence why such groups tended to not last long and be rare compared to the more efficient way.

If her son got caught in such an arrangement she would have to intervene before any damage could be done. Not that the two of them were mature enough to mate in the first place, reason why it would be better to murder this concept while still in the egg phase.

She began to observe the two, how they behaved around each other while they thought no one else was around.

The more she heard and saw, the more confused she got. Hejinmal didn't seem to be submissive in the slightest, very much indulging

Myrrithal's pride, not in a deferential way but more like in a teasing or putting up with someone way. Not the attitude displayed by someone who was being forced into anything.

Every time her son was around, Munuinia's daughter was quick to join him. Kilistran wondered when this all started or if this was a momentary phase of her growth, but seeing how her tail swayed from side to side excitedly every time she was around Hejinmal...

She had no idea how her son tamed a savage beast such as her, but for the first time she felt pride on behalf of someone else, a strange but curious experience, was this how it felt being a mother?

Either way, she wanted to come down to the root of this change, and it didn't take her more than a couple weeks to uncover what exactly was going on.

Her son, her firstborn, Hejinmal had discovered some type of way to transform meat into another type of food altogether. Or that was what it seemed like to her by the smell she sniffed, something completely different from the smell of bloody meat she had been used to her entire life.

The smell was pungent, not something she thought meat would ever smell like, not like rotting meat but certainly not something she would dig her fangs into willingly. Though, judging by the voracity of Myrrithal, the taste must not match the smell.

She observed how the female dragon was served dish after dish, digging into each one with great gusto, while Hejinmal was on the side using one of the most basic of spells to fill in barrels with clean water. Not something she would consider a great show of magic since it was a basic tier 0 spell most could learn, but the fact Hejinmal wasn't even one years old at the current time certainly gave her pause.

She knew he liked to read, he spent most of his time between his room and the library after all, but reading and learning were two completely different things. She could attest to it seeing how much work she had to put in to learn her Divine Spells.

Maybe she should have been more attentive the few times she came to check up upon her son. The fact he managed to do all of this with her unaware was a blow to her pride, not that she had been trying to look more into his activities, but still...

She would have to exchange words with her firstborn, even more if he was trying to court Munuinia's daughter. He did not have neither the experience nor the strength to complete such an endeavor as of now, and she would have preferred him going for someone else, someone less likely to rip him apart at the first disagreement.

He might have managed to gain some of her affections, and court her successfully with providing food, but that was only part of what it took to claim a mate, he would need strength, even more than usual for someone like Myrrithal who would need to be beaten into submission.

"More! I want another one!"

Kilistran heard the youthful female voice demand as she pushed an empty tray toward one of the servants.

"That is not how you ask one of my girls for something... Your dignified self would never behave like a brute, now, would you?"

Kilistran saw her son send a glare toward the larger dragon. A challenge if she ever saw one, she was ready to intervene as soon as the aggressive female would lunge toward him, having taken offense.

Much to her surprise the female dragon only averted her gaze, not even growling at the infant dragon, huffing in what seemed to be dismissal.

“Bring me another one... please...”

She spoke the last word in a lower tone than the demand, still, Kilistran was shocked at the fact this wild beast had apparently deferred to her son’s words so easily.

“Good girl, Riri.”

Hejinmal praised as he passed his claws over the tail of his older sibling eliciting a grunt of appreciation from the female dragon.

“I told you to not call me that... around others.”

Kilistran felt her jaw plummet to the ground at the sight of the prideful dragon’s face heating up till it was deep blue as she submitted to her sons apparently pleasant scratches.

Was this the same dragon she had saw try to bite off Torangealit’s face for mocking her stature? The same dragon who could not stay still for more than a minute without needing to move around?

She had no idea how her son could manage to transform the boastful, arrogant, and violent dragon into this submissive version of herself, to the point he could call her by a pet name and not incur in her wrath.

It was almost ironic that she came here to ensure her son would not end up in the position Myrrithal now was. Kilistran imagined that Munuinia would go on a rampage if she saw her daughter in such a state. She had always been proud about how much her own daughter took after her.

Well, that was apparently no longer the case... at least when it came to Hejinmal, though now, Kilistran found herself curious to see

what exactly was so great about the food her son prepared... if it could make a dragon such as Myrrithal submit, it might turn out to be a useful weapon.

X-x-X-x-X-x-X

I laid back and relaxed as I enjoyed the sensation of hot water and tiny furred hands caressing my back. Truly, hot baths were the greatest thing ever invented, I already know I will loath the day my body will grow too big to indulge in such bliss again. Speaking of which, my body was growing at an alarming rate, I was already double the size of when I was born, requiring four Quagoa to work together to clean my body.

“Lord Hejinmal is dozing off again, does he want me to stop?”

Kuzu asked as she continued massaging the back of my head with her soft clawed hands.

“I wouldn’t be dozing off if you weren’t as good as you are.”

I mumbled under my breath, though I was clearly loud enough to be heard judging by the giggle that followed my response. If I had to say, Kuzu was certainly my favorite Quagoa to be around, the youthful mole demi-human had lost her fear of me quite quickly and was also the one who put more effort in learning how to read and, subsequently, was also the best one at reading.

I felt myself start to purr as the Quagoa started scratching on some sensitive spots. And wasn’t that just the weirdest thing? A dragon purring? I was a cat person back when I was a human, but I would have never imagined this would be a trait I would ever possess.

“Jin!”

The boastful and loud voice of my tsundere half-sister interrupted my moment of relaxation much to my chagrin, as she barged her way into my room.

I huffed at her lack of manners, I had been used to sharing a room with my younger sibling in my previous life. Hell, I lived in the same room as him till I went away to study at uni. Though, that had been more than ten years ago, so I was quite unused to having my personal space invaded like this as of late.

“What is it, Riri?”

I refrained from smirking smugly at the blush that crept up her muzzle. My and my brother had always used nicknames to refer to each other, so it was just natural I would do the same in this new life, even more given the absurd length of our names, still, it was quite entertaining seeing her lose her confident persona every time I addressed her like that.

I had no problem being called Jin, it was certainly better sounding than Hejinmal. That’s for sure. Also, it seemed to make her more at ease to be called by her nickname if she could call me by mine, which was a win-win in my view.

“Father wants to see you.”

I raised an inexistent eyebrow at that. Old Arc wanted to see me? I thought he had forgotten I existed by now. Well, it’s not exactly like I had a choice on the matter.

“Girls, please climb off.”

I potentially waited for the Quagoa to get off me before I stood up, hot water dripping down my body as I felt a cold shiver run down my spine at the abrupt change of temperature.

I rolled into the pelts of the animals killed by Riri to try and dry myself as much as possible. Not having useful prehensile hands really sucked.

Riri didn't say anything, but I could tell from her apprehensive look that she wanted us to be on our way as soon as possible. Well, I would rather not present myself like a wet dog if I could help it, since this was the first time I would meet the big boss himself after he gave me my name, though I remembered it very loosely due to how much out of it my brain was at the time.

I ordered my girls to stay behind, no point in risking them possibly catching the eye of anyone that wasn't me. I had no doubt they would not be well seen around here considering the opinion my family has of these demi-humans.

“Let us not make him wait then.”

I said as my body was acceptably dry right now.

As we made our way through the royal palace I found myself staring at my half-sister hypnotically swishing tail. For anyone who ever had a cat in their life, its function was very much similar, it helped greatly our balance and coordination, but most of all, it was a open book about our moods. And, if I had to judge, Riri was apprehensive.

When I first arrived to this world I thought that the hardest thing to get used to was going around naked all the time, but apparently my human sensibilities did manage to adapt making my scales feel like clothes. It did help that apparently dragons' biology was similar to some marine mammals from my previous life, meaning we had a sort of sack protecting our genitals and they were not constantly dangling around. That limited a lot the awkwardness I could have

felt, not counting I had no desire to see my new family's genitalia constantly in my visual field.

We arrived at the main hall, which I personally thought was previously used as a throne room, later than expected and earlier than I hoped.

Riri pushed the door open with her frontal claws, using her whole body to push the large door open, a feat quite unlikely considering the thickness of the door's metal, but I guess those were the absurd stats of dragons Satoru always lamented about in action.

The throne room was not packed full, but it very much might be for all my family was inside. old Arc, his three wives and the remaining four siblings I had apart from Riri were present. If I wasn't completely tense before, I certainly was now.

"You asked for me, sir?"

I asked, trying to remain as calm as possible, if canon Hejinmal never got severely beaten by his dad for being a lazy, fat shut-in, I doubt I had anything to fear. Still, I refrained from calling him father, he was not worth of that title in the slightest. The only reason why I called Kili mother was due to her at least trying to be present, unlike this giant asshole I never saw since my birth here.

"Hejinmal, your mother came to me with a curious tale about you..."

No one dared to speak as the patriarch of the dragon family addressed me. My eyes darted toward the form of Kili for a moment, dragons' expressions were hard to read for someone like me used to human ones, and her stoicism didn't help the endeavor.

"Surrounding yourself with the likes of Quagoa, a filthy inferior race, is beneath a son of mine."

A cold shiver ran down my spine, making my tail tense up. I needed to learn to control such muscular reactions if I ever wanted to navigate any type of conversation, but that was beside the point now. Old Arc might not harm me, but I doubted he had any such qualms about wiping out a few demi-humans.

I could feel the glares of my other siblings fix on me, except for Riri. Eh, such a bunch of sycophants! The lot of them!

Still I waited, I had not been required to explain myself yet, I would rather not interrupt whatever old Arc wanted to say just in case he might take offense.

“You are still a youngling who doesn’t know any better, so I wish to ask you what ever foolish reason might you have for gathering such creatures.”

I took that as my cue to speak freely. And for all I could try and use sound reasoning with old Arc, I already knew that I had to probe to his domineering mindset, for no other reasonable excuse would ever satisfy him.

I glanced at Kili once more as she remained silent and stoic. I had no idea what kind of game she was playing, throwing me under the bus like this, it certainly wasn’t about the Quagoa since she would have said something months ago otherwise, or never helped me acquire them in the first place.

“Sir, do you not allow the Quagoa to live in the capital in exchange of tributes?”

I asked the older dragon who didn’t dignify me with a response other than silence.

“I do not see why I cannot allow them to live in exchange of their services... Mine is an arrangement born from convenience and not any misguided pity or goodwill.”

For all this was an exaggeration, my words did not sound untrue even to me, after all I first requested them to help me keeping my deal with Riri. Though, I was human at heart, and with basically living together attachment was only an expected consequence.

“What kind of use could you even have for such weak-minded and inferior creatures?”

The one to speak was not old Arc, but rather one of my other siblings I didn't remember the name of. but seeing how he was not chastised for his words, I guess old Arc did not disapprove.

“Precise and delicate work, brother, different creatures are made for different roles in the world.”

My words were apparently not too well received considering the snarling I received from my half-sibling.

“You dare to imply there are things we dragons are worse at than some lowly demi-human?!”

Well, apparently this one was not too bright, judging by his menacing growling. I would normally feel very much intimidated right now, if it wasn't for the fact both Kili and old Arc were here and certainly violence would not come to pass.

“I do not imply anything, I am just stating reality.”

The older dragon roared as he took a few steps toward me, clearly outraged by my perceived insult. Much to my surprise, the one to answer the challenge was none other than Riri, who growled menacingly as she positioned herself in front of me.

“Sister, please stand down.”

I whispered to her. Luckily for me, she listened even though she was clearly disgruntled.

“This discussion is not between us brother, I would suggest you watch yourself in front of our sire.”

For all it was a revolting thought to appear so subservient, I couldn't avoid stroking this giant asshole's pride if I wanted to not end up like the canon Hejinmal.

“Stand down Torangealit, you are not to speak unless directly addressed.”

The now revealed Torangealit obeyed immediately old Arc's orders like the mindless eager-to-please puppy he was.

“Hejinmal, explain yourself.”

The self-proclaimed dragon lord ordered me.

“Yes sir, we dragons are fearsome creatures, our body was built to dominate the battlefields and outlast even the famed elves when it comes to our longevity, alas we were not made to do delicate work, our limbs simply do not possess the right amount of delicacy and mobility to achieve what other smaller creatures can... it is still our prerogative to acknowledge the fact and let those under our service do work which is beneath creatures such as ourselves.”

I explained with a good dose of racial superiority that would have seen me canceled online in my old life.

A tense silence persisted after I spoke my piece. I had nothing else to add and would not overstep before I had feedback on how my words were perceived by the only one who counted in this room.

“Hejinmal, I see that your mother's retelling of the amount of hours you spent in the library was not just an exaggeration, you might be the most well-spoken youngling I ever met... but still, a sharp mind without a body to match it will not help you thrive in life.”

‘How little do you know old dragon...’ I could not help but recall the image of a skeletal undead raising a hand and a giant body dropping onto the ground. ‘Did that body of your help you in that moment? Or wouldn’t a sharp mind not have been of more use?’

“You hide under your mother’s strength while acquiring your servants, and you let your older sibling defend you when threatened... still, you have the pride to not cower in front of a stronger foe and stick to your words without backtracking like a coward.”

I wouldn’t have expected anything less from the self-proclaimed dragon lord. That pride of his will lead to his death... but that was far in the future, for now I had to show I was a son worthy of the name he bestowed upon me if I wished to have some liberty.

“As you said sir, I am but a youngling, to throw myself in front of death would be but utter foolishness... I will grow with time, as my power will, to the point I will be able to assert my own authority... but for now, my options are limited, and to achieve my goal I required the help of someone else... shouldn’t family support each other in their endeavors?”

My answer did not seem to please him much, but he at least acquiesced begrudgingly since he did not immediately chew me out.

“Very well then, you have talked of endeavors and how you needed skill and finesse we dragons do not possess... I demand to see the fruits of your work, to see if your actions can match your words!”

Well, apparently, I was mistaken, old Arc did not acquiesce at all and decided to test my words and humiliate me properly if displeased enough.

“I shall leave that to your judgment then, sir.”

I took that as an invite to leave the throne room. I still had no idea what game Kili was playing at, I doubted she had any interest in humiliating me. I was her firstborn, I would drag her status down with me. So... what was her goal? I knew she was not stupid, she might even be the smartest among old Arc's wives.

Did she hope I would impress old Arc? Rise my standing and hers consequently?

Those doubts and hypotheses continued to haunt me all the way back to my rooms.

“Lord Hejinmal, you seem troubled.”

The one to address me first was none other than Heru, the oldest Quagoa in my service.

“I need you all to prepare trays, a couple for all three types of meat we have.”

I tried to remain calm to not give my nervousness away. I knew my orders meant emptying half of my reserves, but I really could not afford messing up here if I wanted to keep some of my freedom and the girls safe.

The Quagoa did not question me, only proceeding to do as I asked. My three successful experiments were brought out. A pale imitation from the product I have been used to for my entire previous life, but I did what I could with just meat, salt, and the black pepper which I only managed to acquire after learning the tier 0 spell to conjure the spice. I have searched for those kind of spells an entire week, managing to find a handful and barely learn a couple.

I remained silent till everything was ready.

“Listen up! From now on you will be silent, you will not address anyone nor meet their gaze, only obey my orders and keep your head down.”

I instructed the demi-humans who didn't offer any rebuttals. It was for their own safety after all.

They marched in silence behind him carrying along the trays full of food that would decree their fates.

When I finally reentered the throne room every single pair of eyes focused on me, or rather, what was behind me, the sound of many dragons inhaling the smell greedily could be heard. Even old Arc wasn't an exception, it seemed like gluttony was a sin that ran in the family.

I was proud to see that none of my girls froze up, even though they were clearly scared by the sight of so many dragons far larger than me or Riri, which were the only two they were used seeing on the regular.

“Sir, allow me to present to you a few of my successful experiments... I came across many books in the library regarding food and recipes, with my limited resources, I tried to create functional foods that would give us advantages.”

I could see the skepticism in old Arc's eyes, no doubt he thought I was making a fool out of myself, and even Kili looked attentive for the first time since this whole thing started.

“Bring the sausages.”

I ordered, slapping my tail on the floor assertively. It was a necessary spectacle to show my complete dominion over the Quagoa. Two trays made their way toward old Arc, the demi-humans silent and swift, their gaze lowered as instructed. I can

recognize the approval in the almost imperceptible nod of the patriarch.

He doesn't address them nor me in any way, he just lowers his muzzle and devours an almost entire tray worth of food in one bite. While witnessing the scene I already started using the only 1st tier spell I knew [Create Water] to fill in a basin.

The large dragon says nothing as he chews the dry sausages and swallows. I was not one to brag, but they were definitely far better than my first clumsy attempt from six months ago. Not all credit was mine to claim of course, the girls also gained great proficiency in each step.

The dragon did not say a word as he greedily drinks from the now filled basin. He cleans up the two trays in what seem like just a couple of minutes. The Quagoa immediately taking them away as soon as he was done.

I waited in silence, waiting for whatever old Arc was about to say or do before showing off my second product.

“A different but acceptable result, not as juicy as normal meat... but tell me son, you spoke of advantages, I see none.”

His tone wasn't necessarily harsh. Apparently, for all he deemed them only as acceptable, he greatly enjoyed the novelty given how quickly he devoured them. Actions always spoke louder than words.

“Sir, how old do you think those sausages were?”

I waited a few seconds if old Arc actually wanted to answer that question, his silence was all I needed to continue.

“They are over a month old, this process dries the meat and allows it to not start rotting in a couple days as it normally would, to my understanding this allows for more than two months of conservation

at low temperatures... I have also uncovered a tome on vacuum-sealing, which is a method that could extend the period further, to maybe more than half a year.”

I explained, not adding that the tome in question was written by Kuzu under my guidance, using the details I remembered from when I started doing it myself back in my old life. As a single guy living alone, and with plenty of ingredients lying around, rotting was a serious problem I had to overcome to not waste money and good food.

Old Arc might not be the most calculating dude out there, but he certainly had no need for me to explain the logistical advantages of going months without needing to hunt, even more while waging a war. Though, I didn't point it out because Hejinmal had no way of knowing this, but I was aware the false dragon lord wished to assert his dominion over the whole of Azerlisia, and the only ones standing in his way were the Frost Giants.

This would be a boon to his cause, and he knew it.

“And what use would that be to-“

The fool known as Torangealit was apparently not smart enough to understand when he should shut his mouth. His butt-hurt pride just got him a clawed paw upside his head, which smashed him to the ground shutting him up, courtesy of his own mother who kept him there as her gaze darted alarmingly to old Arc.

I could understand her actions. This probably was not nearly as bad a punishment as the one he would get if his father decided to take offense to his interference and wanted to teach him a lesson.

“Continue Hejinmal.”

Old Arc turned his gaze back on me, deciding the matter was apparently settled.

“Bring the bresaola.”

Two new trays made their way toward old Arc. Bresaola, or Italian-cured beef, as some abroad called it, has been quite the standard in my previous life, it having a great percentage of protein each 100 grams, it proved to be a standard in meals while training at the gym considering its low-fat percentage.

The dragon lord bowed once more to inspect the food with more curiosity this time around, he sniffed the food, bresaola had its own very distinct smell which I could recognize among a hundred other smells.

I had the luck of having a granpa who perfectly knew how to work meat, so I hardly ever had to buy that processed crap in supermarkets. True bresaola had nothing to do with what you found in those stores, preservatives really ruined consistency, smell, and taste. Not that mine was a perfect version, rather an experimental one to see if I could replicate it.

Old Arc opened his maw to take a tentative bite quite smaller than the one reserved for the sausages. He was probably put off by the strong smell. This time around I saw him chew for a far longer time, that was quite natural, the meat had a stronger taste and more compact consistency.

I awaited his verdict in silence like everyone else. The self-proclaimed dragon lord finally swallowed, immediately diving for the water basin I had refilled while he was busy chewing. I really hoped all that salt would not have an averse effect on dragons, technically the larger the body the larger the tolerance... but in this world where far too often logic was disrupted by magic or game mechanics, I really did not know.

“Strange, but not displeasing in minor quantities... Tell me about this... meat, Hejinmal.”

I avoided pointing out how he avoided making a fool of himself by trying to say the name. I have been around too many foreigners to not believe he would butcher the pronunciation like a dragon would a pig.

“Of course sir, in my studies on food and the anatomy of beasts I came across a fascinating fact... meat is not all the same, certain parts have different benefits compared to others, this particular slice is obtained from the inside of hind legs... that is a meat with the most nutrient values and an optimal food to grow your muscles when doing intense training, or going on an extensive hunt.”

I explained calmly catching a glint of interest in the old dragon’s eyes.

“Of course those books are referring to humanoids’ biology, I am currently in the process of testing its effects on dragons... if you are interested, I may approach you again when I have more definitive results.”

I proposed since I really had no idea if in this world’s logic, such a thing as protein really mattered when it came to strength or everything was magically adjusted just through levelling up. For all I knew, this whole thing could be pretty useless so I rather shield my ass for now behind uncertainty. I’d rather not look like a fool.

“You may, what about its conservation?”

This was the first time I heard his voice not contain any challenge or doubts when asking me a question. Which seemed to be a good sign in my book.

“At extremely cold temperatures, I would say two months would be the maximum... unfortunately, different kinds of meat also mean different limits on conservation.”

I tried to sound as appeasing and reasonable as possible, my last ten years spent interacting with bratty young adults instilled in my brain a certain degree of manipulative professionalism to make sure tones remained cordial to avoid escalation that would help no one.

Old Arc just grunted in what seemed like recognition of the limit as a factual cap on what was feasible and no fault of my own.

“I will hear of the results of your experiment as soon as you acquire them then.”

The old dragon closed the case while finishing the bresaola with a larger bite, which made some of the Quagoa flinch. I couldn't blame them, to see a fanged maw approach them like that would have made most being piss themselves. I was glad that didn't happen.

I glanced back, looking at the Quagoa working on my last recreation. One of my favorite meat dishes, even with limited spices and ingredients, it still turned out delicious. The best thing I ate since coming here. And something that sent Riri's tail wagging like an excited cat when I presented a sample to her.

And, indeed, I saw her tail wagging again as she recognized what was being prepared. She gave me her best puppy eyes, which were strangely adorable for a murder machine flying lizard, luckily for me, I already built up an immunity to such tricks back in my old life.

Truly, that gluttonous tsundere dragon was just too adorable when she wanted to be.

He saw the Quagoa finish by reversing the pot, they had been using to give the dish its traditional shape, on top of the tray.

They slowly brought the tray in front of the dragon patriarch and slowly removed the pot, to reveal the cylindrically shaped dish to the false dragon lord.

I was too busy inspecting old Arc's reaction, but I could still hear the sound of droplets falling on the floor coming from next to me. Riri probably started salivating.

The old dragon did not seem impressed, probably because it was a portion visibly far smaller than the previous ones, his expression didn't change even when he sniffed it, after all it was a dish with a very light smell to begin with, nothing like the glamorous foods that came before it.

Honestly, the only reason why I didn't bribe Riri with it in the first place was due to my fear that Quagoa would have not been able to clean the meat as well as they needed to, or mince it as thin as needed. And indeed, they had difficulty learning but were more receptive to my corrections than I expected. They seemed eager to please, and I fooled myself in believing it was more due to they liking me rather than fearing me.

"Sir, I present to you, Azerlisia Warthog Tartare."

I could not mask completely the smugness in my words. After all I was proud of my achievement, even in my previous life I never actually experimented on making tartare, so managing to achieve such a result without relying on prepared meat from butcher shops was quite satisfying.

Normally, being a wild animal, I should have feared the presence of bacteria or parasites. Though, when I thought about it, I realized this was apparently not a problem in this world. I have no idea if being a certain level defended you from things like parasites, but considering we dragons, and even Quagoa, directly ate meat from

carcasses, we should all be infected with something by now, but that didn't seem to be the case.

I actually wondered if some Player might have used a World Item to get rid of bacteria or parasites in the past... no, bacteria was impossible to get rid off, otherwise the ecosystem would collapse. Parasites on the other hand...

Thoughts for later!

I shook my head to get rid of those invasive thought, and return to a reality that very much needed my attention.

I saw old Arc not react in any way to my words, just taking in the sight of the tartare pensively before taking a small bite, by which I meant biting off a third of it.

I observed as he chewed for a few seconds before his eyes widened, a deep and low growl leaving his throat, making me fear for the Quagoa who were right there. The old dragon widened his jaws, descending like a predator who just spotted prey... and devouring the remaining tartare in one bite.

No one spoke a word as the old dragon chewed and swallowed the dish with a hum of appreciation which gathered some curious glances from his wives, meaning this was not usual behavior.

“Tell me of this dish son of mine.”

For the first time since I could recall, the dragon patriarch did not seem to want to test me and was just expressing his curiosity.

“It is called tartare sir, it is made from a specific cut of a certain section of a beast, commonly known as a premium cut... you isolate the section with the best meat and then work it a specific way to obtain what you were served... it is said that more ingredients would make it taste even better, unfortunately I have no access to

such ingredients beside the basic salt and pepper I can produce with basic magic... The dish itself does not possess any special characteristic except for its rarity which classify it as food worthy of a king, but I think the taste in itself might be worth the work it takes to obtain.”

I explained the best I could, making sure to underline the fact I could do better with access to more ingredients, which I honestly needed for many recipes I wanted to try out... I was most likely a dead dragon, but I would be damned if I couldn't eat well while I was still alive.

If this was a somehow fair reincarnation, I would have had some kind of System that would make me overpowered, no matter how much I despised the trope, I would accept becoming a poorly written main character if it could save my life. But that was too much to ask for the world of Overlord apparently. So, food was one of the few consolations I was left in this existence before Satoru came to fuck us over.

“And what would you need to procure these ingredients?”

Hook, line, and sinker!

I would have grinned from ear to ear if my facial expression allowed, but luckily for me, my facial muscles were just enough to show when I was tense, relaxing, or scowling. Dragons did not have the benefits of the intricate facial musculature humans possessed. Not that I was one to smile much usually, even in my first life, so it didn't bother me much.

“To my understanding, most of these ingredients would be found in the outside world... but seeing how this is Dwarven knowledge, I imagine they must have found a way to get these ingredients even in cavernous places such as this.”

I answered to the best of my ability. Knowing that in canon Dwarves were an isolationistic race, I always found curious how they could gather food or fruit for their alcohol, growing and farming it inside a cavern would have been physically impossible in my old world, so magic of some kind must have been involved... Now that I think about it, weren't druids a pretty common sight in the dwarven kingdom arc?

"I see."

That was all old Arc said as he seemingly satisfied his curiosity and was now in a pensive mood.

"You children are dismissed, leave me and your mothers."

He ordered as I turned around, my faithful Quagoa behind me.

"No, not you Hejinmal... I will have words with you... alone."

I stopped in my tracks, Riri looked at me, she seemed to want to say something, but luckily did not, and just gave me a pitying glance. I was glad she stayed silent, I would not wish to put her into harm's way, and I doubted the old dragon actually wished to harm me in the first place.

"Please escort the Quagoa back to my room sister, making sure nothing happens to them."

I requested making her sullen mood make a 180 as she now was brimming with purpose. Truly... this one was so eager for some recognition and affection... I asked myself again how I could have ever feared her.

Left alone with old Arc, Kili, and the other two wives, I remained silent, waiting for the patriarch to address me.

"You certainly gave me a unique son, Kilistran... one who inherited that twisted and devious side of yours."

If I had one, those words would have made me raise an eyebrow. What kind of compliment was that? Was it even a compliment? Kili did not seem to take offense to old Arc's words.

"Is this your answer to me denying your request to conquer the dwarves?"

Wait! What?! My head instantly snapped from Kili to the male dragon. This was not something I recalled from canon! Was it even mentioned that one of the dragons had tried subjugating the dwarves before?!

Well, it sounded like this was a personal request from Kili, something that was denied in private more than 100 years before canon. Now that I thought about it, it would not have been strange for it to never come up, as insignificant as it was during Satoru's minimal interaction with the frost dragons.

"I would lie if I said no, though, my main objective was bringing to your attention Hejinmal's achievements and discoveries... his gifted mind is not something that should be squandered... The fact he highlighted the advantages of taking over their puny race was just a welcomed coincidence."

Was this... the reason why Kili never gave canon Hejinmal a hard time for his shut-in behavior? Did she hope he would uncover something that would give her ideas for dwarven subjugation legitimacy?

"We will speak of this later... as for now... Hejinmal!"

The patriarch turned back toward my insignificantly small form.

"You have shown your potential and usefulness of your activities through your actions, I will allow you to keep on visiting the library at your leisure... But! I will not stand for a weak son!"

“I will keep on training, sir.”

I knew my instinctive response was not the right thing instantly when a scowl appeared on old Arc's face. My old life habits of interrupting when I thought people were done talking came back with a vengeance to bite me in the ass.

“I had enough of your words for the day... you will prove yourself with your actions! You will need more servants in the future to assist you... won't you? Very well then, you will prove yourself by getting them by any means necessary... alone this time.”

Well... shit...

...

Life as a dragon sucked, have I been here before? Yes, I feel like I already have definitely been in this place before.

I laid down in my room surrounded by bipedal mole girls, contemplating my own misery.

‘Fucking shit world!’ of all the places I could reincarnate into... couldn't it have been some high-school romcom? One where I couldn't just die? Or being forced into making everyone else's life miserable?

I never had any good opinion of old Arc to begin with, but this definitely made me sympathize with canon Hejinmal. No matter how good or useful you were, if you weren't capable of oppressing an entire race to do your bidding, you were not worthy of basic respect in his eyes.

‘Arrogant piece of shit!’ it was no wonder that his children turned out to be as messed up and arrogant as they were in canon till Satoru got there and showed them how miserably weak they were.

“Is everything alright, Lord Hejinmal?”

I opened my left eye to gaze at a worried Kuzu. I'm not going to lie, the little thing grew on me in these months, with that peppy personality of hers and her eagerness to always learn more and never give up.

Which was strange since back in my old life, I couldn't stand teens like that. Or, at least, I believe she was a teen, I actually did not know the age of anyone here, she just sounded young, and was slightly smaller than the others.

“Nothing you can help me with I am afraid, Kuzu.”

I lamented making her tiny furry ears droop down to match my mood.

“Is the Great Dragon Lord displeased with Lord Hejinmal because of us?”

She sounded so sad, I could not help but remember the time I used to play with my younger cousins when they were upset to cheer them up.

I used one of my digits to gently ruffle the fur on her head, which elicited what I could only describe as a purr from the young Quagoa.

Well, wasn't that just adorable? For all they are hideous to look at they can behave as cutely as kittens.

“Do not worry, you are not the ones put in a predicament... I have just been ordered to gather more of you under my service... without any help from my family this time.”

I spilled the beans to her, it wasn't like that was supposed to be a secret or something, and she might even give me some pointers.

“But Lord Hejinmal, I am sure that will be no problem! If you show your majestic self and demand more offerings, I am sure they will oblige!”

Well, that kind of sounded too easy to be true. But then again, Kuzu seemed kind of a young gal, a teenager if I had to judge based on her speech pattern. She probably wasn't as wise as older Quagoa... and I use the word wise loosely there.

“I was always told by my mother that if a dragon came, I should hide and if they speak to me, I should do everything they say.”

Ah well, that explained it a little, but that was basic survival not an actual rule. And I doubt it would apply to me... I am like six or seven times the size of a normal Quagoa. I was pretty sure I could be overwhelmed by five, and that was if they weren't warriors with experience.

Marching there and demanding stuff sounded like a suicidal move to me.

“If only it was that simple...”

I muttered, much to the confusion of Kuzu.

Wait... did she just say, her mom?

“Kuzu, what of your mother? You never spoke of her, nor did you visit her ever since you came here.”

I inquired as an idea formed in my mind, a clever idea that could spare me the risk of exposure and even help me reach the goal old Arc gave me in what I would consider an ethical way.

“Mother was a warrior, she marched off when our clan warred against the Pu Ram clan and never came back, that was around the end of my third cycle.”

Kuzu delivered the answer without an ounce of sadness. I had no idea if her relationship with her mother had been strained or Quagoa had weird culture around mourning, and honestly I didn't care.

Though, that must have been quite a while ago. Quagoa did not count their age in years, nor at all really. They had what they called cycles, basically, while they are young and on the hunt for minerals their teeth constantly get consumed due to them chewing on metals or fall off altogether. So their body replaces all their teeth every once in a while... the process sounded nightmarish, and Kuzu confirmed it hurt like hell for a few days. Either way, the process repeated five times before they were officially considered an adult, their last set of teeth was considerably tougher than those that came before, how much depended on what kind of metals they had consumed. But still, from there on they stopped having a reference for age, just starting to consider someone old when their fur started to lose color in their fur and become gray.

Kuzu had apparently had her final cycle just before she entered my service, so she should be considered an adult even though to me she kept sounding like a teenager.

I had no idea what else I should have expected from these barbarians. But, for once, I did not blame them completely.

We lived in caves, it was hard, scratch that, it was impossible to know when was day and when was night. So, even calculating a year would be quite impossible. And for a dragon like me it was even worse, considering I did not have the same sleep cycle as a human or a Quagoa, I could easily stay up two entire sleep cycles of a Quagoa, only feeling sleepy as the third approached. And I was still an infant, I did not dare to think how much I could stay up as an adult.

In short, I had no fucking idea how old I was right now, or how much time I have spent here.

Now, you may wonder, how did I calculate the amount of days needed to prepare stuff like dried sausages? Truth was, I didn't, I

just estimated the time basing myself on the Quagoa's sleep cycle, praying it didn't differ too much from a human's. And those were foods that would not go bad if I missed the estimated time by a few days.

And... I lost myself in my thoughts again... damn, was this a dragon thing? I didn't remember being so scatterbrained as a human.

I looked down at Kuzu who did not interrupt my musings, probably out of respect, bless her naïve soul.

“Do you have more family back in Feo Berkana?”

I asked, receiving a negative shake of her head in response. Well, crap, that was probably why she never visited...

“Do you think members of the others' families would be interested in coming to work for me?”

At his question Kuzu's grey eyes began to sparkle with renewed life.

“I think they would be glad to! Here it is much better than anywhere else! And Lord Hejinmal is so kind! He never hurts us even when we mess up!”

So, I was basically the best boss they ever had because I don't physically abuse them... that was depressing.

“Good, why don't you aske the others to go and ask around then? If anyone is interested in coming here, I can assure them a good job and food.”

Yeah, damn... I felt like a slaver only saying that, and the fact Kuzu seemed even more elated at my words just showed how miserable their lives probably were.

Let's just hope this works out... or else I might really need to go down there and risk my own skin.

...

I leapt, for a moment I felt the air lift me, this time looked good.

Famous last words.

The following moment I felt my balance leave me like air trapped in a fist as my body impacted with the ground eliciting a grunt from me. It was not really that painful compared to what I was expecting. This body's natural resistance to damage was insane honestly, I knew I would have scraped my body all over from such a fall if I was human. I honestly felt like a living biological tank right now, which was exactly what dragons were now that I thought about it.

"I told you, you are too rigid, you need to be one with the wind!"

For all I have learnt to appreciate her in these last months, I now found myself pretty annoyed with Riri and her incapability of describing anything that isn't, just feel it!

'What wind are you even talking about?! There is no wind in this cave!' I found myself biting my tongue to refrain myself from spitting those words in her face.

I got my temper under control again by taking a deep breath. She was just trying to help me... she is young as well, she did not have the memories of a 30 years long previous life. For all dragons developed mentally extremely fast, most likely due to their predatory lifestyle, she was still a kid.

An obnoxiously prideful and clingy kid, but a kid nonetheless.

I stretched my limbs before marching back to the starting point. Very much like planes, I needed to run before I could take flight, the added speed helping my momentum. Though, apparently adult

dragons had enough strength in their limbs and wings to be able to take flight without the need for a starting run. I accepted long ago none of this made any physical sense, for fuck's sake! Magic was a thing here! And the laws of the universe could be changed by using some items from a videogame! I have been far too logical till now!

When I felt the air pressure start to affect my wings I jumped in the air, for a moment everything seemed fine, then, I felt my balance slip once more, but instead of trying to control my wings, this time I let them go with the flow. After all, rigidity was the only sensible point in my half-sister's otherwise nonsensical advice.

Much to my relief, my wings somehow adjusted to the situation and let me glide down instead of falling ruinously.

Little steps.

“Hey Jin! You almost got it this time!”

I turned toward the excited voice of the icy blue dragon, her delicate features, so dissimilar from males like me were expressing satisfaction, but her blue eyes were clearly sparkling with an untold joy.

Riri was a softie. I knew exactly why she had all but dragged me out here today to teach me how to fly. Months ago she had already proposed making me her hunting partner, and the idea had apparently only grown in appealing over the time. Not that I had anything against it, for all she was supposed to be my older sibling, I could not help but treat her like the young excitable kid she was.

She apparently had noticed me staring as she loudly huffed, giving me a condescending look.

“Not that I expected any less since my most experienced self is here to teach you personally!”

And here she went back to her tsundere side again.

“Sure sister, I could have never reached this result without your insightful and attentive guidance.”

I had no idea if Riri did not perceive or decided to ignore the sarcasm in my words, but she certainly seemed pleased by my half-hearted words.

Well, nothing else left to do but exercise more I guess...

...

I yawned as I stretched my limbs like a cat who just woke up from a long and relaxing nap, which was not wrong per se, except the cat was a dragon in this case.

It had been a month or so since old Arc forced me to enlarge the number of Quagoa in my service. He never gave me a deadline, but I guess he could just call me whenever or just have someone else update him on my results.

My move of sending out those who have already been employed in my service to recruit others willing to work as hard as they do. The response was moderately positive, in short I doubled my numbers. And I even got some males this time... that was good, I would not want weird rumors going around.

Honestly, I was happy with the result, could it have gone better? Possibly. Could it have gone worse? Very much so.

As with most things in life, reaching a middle ground would be something to feel good about.

Most of the new recruits were just family members of those already under me, but we also had a precious few who thought a life under a Frost Dragon might be better than the abuse they suffered under

their fellow Quagoa. The fact my girls were very vocal on my mercy and benevolence certainly helped.

I moved toward the basin of water I filled every time before going to seep. Submerging my head in cold water was the only reliable way for me to not look like a zombie dragon for the next few hours since caffeine either did not exist or was unavailable. And as a former caffeine addict, I really mourned its loss.

Something foreign entered my auditory canal, some kind of muffled wail. For all I was still trying to get over my remaining morning lethargy I could not help but investigate the sound, which brought me in front of the door giving into the girls' room.

It might have been my brain still not functioning fully or maybe the thought of someone being in danger just overwrote my natural politeness. But, either way, I pushed the door open without knocking or preannouncing myself. The scene I found was one I would not forget anytime soon.

Yoru, one of the oldest Quagoa, had her muzzle in between Kuzu's legs, which were lacking her usual loincloth and let nothing to the imagination.

Every single one of my problems in life seemed linked to me opening doors I shouldn't, maybe it was about time I stopped.

But that was a thought for another time.

I was not one to judge.... But did I really just witness what I think I witnessed?!

The two Quagoa did not seem to be in a better shape than I was, freezing over till Kuzu broke the moment by rolling over and giving me her back to hide her modesty with a whimper.

Much to my shame, I have always had problems dealing with awkward moments. And this was no exception. But still... I had to make sure there was not some kind of weird power dynamic going on right now.

I tried to look as menacing as I could, puffing up my chest and glaring down at the older Quagoa.

“What do you think you are doing Yoru?”

I did not yell, but my voice was still dead cold, I made sure to show I was not playing around.

On her part, the older Quagoa held her ground as much as she could without cowering under my icy glare, she gave me a deep bow nonetheless to show her respect.

“Lord Hejinmal, as an older Quagoa I have taken up my duty to look after the younger ones, with age comes experience, and I seek to be of assistance where I can... Young Kuzu here-“

“NO! DON’T TELL HIM!”

The elder Quagoa was interrupted by the panicked scream of the younger one. But Yoru continued as if she didn’t hear her.

“Kuzu is with child, my Lord.”

The wail that followed the declaration seemed something more adapt for a funeral of a beloved family member than anything.

I blinked, stunned by the unexpected revelation. While the situation was not what I initially imagined, it turned out to be as dire if not more than what I previously thought.

‘Still... how could Yoru tell from... oh... oh god...’ I was lucky I did not yet have breakfast or I might have thrown up at the realization of how exactly Yoru examined Kuzu.

I might have never had the need to use the information, but back in my world it was well known that urine was a giveaway on someone's pregnant state, or lack thereof.

I shook my head, trying to push away the horrid thought and image.
“Kuzu... please, look at me...”

I never said please to any of the Quagoa, always preferring to maintain my distance from each of them, and never cross that line between employer and employee. It normally would not be a problem, but the slightest inclination of me being more than cordial with any of them might have led to many problems I rather not deal with.

I lowered myself to the ground, trying to not tower above Kuzu. I did not need any authority right now, this was a job for a softer hand.

I would normally leave this matter to those involved and not be dragged in the mess, but her reaction at me knowing was alarming. What exactly did she think I would do to her or the child?

I waited patiently for the Quagoa to turn around, even though there was nothing covering her right now. I honestly did not care, by now I have been far too used to seeing the naked bodies of Quagoa, which were barely covered to begin with.

“Why are you so scared of me knowing about this?”

I asked, lowering my voice, to try and not look as menacing. Now that I thought about it, I saw her being more distant than usual as of late. She did not smile at me as often as she did before. Though, I simply considered it a coincidence, as worried as I was about my own problems.

“L-Lord Hejinmal... I-I won’t be able to work as hard... n-nor help you with b-baths... for a time! But I swear! I will do better! S-so, don’t send me away!”

I had no idea why she would even think that but I knew I had to stop that train of thought at its core. I gently placed my clawed finger on her head, ruffling her hair as I did many a time before.

“Don’t be silly Kuzu, I would never send you away for something like that... and I don’t want you to neglect your child either, you must take care of them, so don’t worry about trying to keep up with work... When you feel tired just stop.”

I tried to reassure the young demi-human. Honestly, for all I was initially shocked, mostly because she seemed so young, I don’t know why I expected anything else. These were basically cavemen with no sense of sexual education nor any idea of what safe intercourse was.

Much to my relief, the words seemed to have lifted a great deal of stress from the Quagoa who did not seem nearly as terrified as before.

Well, disaster averted I guess.

“So, is the father coming here to work too? And stay near his child?”

I asked, trying to change the subject slightly, and maybe learn more about this... boyfriend, for lack of a better term, of hers. I really hoped he was not a deadbeat, and he would actually step up. My hopes did not seem to be shared by Kuzu, who lowered her head in what looked like shame.

“I’m sorry Lord Hejinmal, I tried to convince him at first... that is when he forced himself on me, I let him do it hoping that would convince him, n-not like I could have done anything since I am weak... but even after that he did not want to come... I am sorry...”

...

...

...

What. The. Actual. Fuck?!

My brain took the better part of a minute to make sense of Kuzu's explanation, and how she seemed more ashamed by the fact that this... this... thing! Did not come to serve me rather than the fact she was assaulted!

I feel sick...

I feel sick...

I feel sick...

I want to throw up...

I need to throw up...

I stewed in silence, I could not even look at Kuzu.

This is my fault.

I should not have let them go alone.

Stupid!

Idiot!

Moron!

Coward!

Fuck those bastards! Fuck this world! And fuck my own idiocy!

“L-Lord Hejinmal... please don't be mad! I am sorry! I will do better!”

I felt a cold shiver crawl down my spine at the desperate apologies of someone who should owe me none and instead curse me in rage.

“Kuzu... please tell me... who was it? Who did this to you?”

Those whispered words sounded dead even to my own ears. I never sounded like that, not ever, not even in my previous life. I did not recognize that tone as my own.

“Ah, I think his name was Goyo? He is a blue pelt!”

As soon as I had a name, I turned my head toward Yoru. My stare was apparently enough to make the older Quagoa step back.

“Blue pelts are powerful warriors Lord Hejinmal! Second only to the best of the best, the red pelts! They can take what they want by force, that is the right of the strong...”

Useless, I could recall something like that from my memories already. What I wanted was to know where the hell could I find this Goyo!

“Take care of Kuzu, give her whatever she needs! If anyone tries to stop you, use my name!”

I didn't even wait for an answer before I stormed out of the room. My body marching automatically toward the exit of the royal palace.

I knew I had to find this scum! No idea what I would do, but I felt my mind compel me to find him!

A primal demand, almost like a natural instinct that took over.

I started running, passing through the open gates and putting my training to the test, I felt my limbs leave the ground as my wings flapped of their own volition, making me fly better than I ever did before.

My mind was too focused on one objective to think of how that was possible.

In what felt like barely a minute I had already landed in one of the streets inhabited by the mole-like demi-humans.

“Bring me Goyo the blue pelt!”

Something was wrong. This demanding tone, it was not my own, this was not me... I would have never stormed here like this... I would have calculated what to do!

My growled words seemed to be enough, as all the Quagoa around scattered, probably to fulfill my demand.

I tried to take back control of my emotions. But I felt like in a bubble, I could not escape its confines, as if my will was not fully my own anymore.

It was a scary concept. As if I was here only for the ride and not on the pilot's seat.

I couldn't tell how much time passed, but at a certain point a group of demi-humans returned, escorting one quagoa with bright blue fur toward me.

I felt my gaze instantly focus on him. My jaw clenching at the mere sight of him.

“You asked for me, dragon?”

The sheer arrogance in those words made me sick to my stomach, even as the Quagoa approached me without an inkling of fear or respect.

The sheer audacity!

“You are the Quagoa named Goyo?”

Strangely, for all I could feel my anger rise, my tone remained dead cold. The brazen demi-human had the galls to grin at me.

“The tale of my prowess must be truly great for even the great dragons to know my name!”

He boasted, receiving some cheer from those who probably were his sycophants.

“You are the one who... talked with Kuzu?”

I asked again feeling my claws curl up, digging into the ground in the process.

“No idea who that is.”

The blue furred mole answered nonchalantly, that blasted grin still on his ugly mug.

“Female Quagoa I sent to recruit in the city.”

I elaborated as some kind of recognition seemed to pass in the demi-human’s eyes.

“Ah yes! I remember now! If you are here because I did not come to serve I will have to tell you... only weakling like her would ever serve in exchange of nothing! Those skilled like me should be offered a reward, we can talk abo-“

I blocked the sound of his aggravating voice out of my head.

I felt it! That bubble in my mind had popped! Now, now I was fully in control again... but I felt something else... growing like a monstrous plant reaching inside me with each of its roots.

The anger I felt till now... no, that could not even be called anger if compared with the absolute raging wrath that came to consume every cell in my body right now.

“YOU FILTHY PIECE OF SHIT!”

In an instant I slammed my front claw on the Quagoa, pinning him to the ground, applying my whole bodyweight on him.

“YOU WORTHLESS TRASH THINK YOU CAN RAISE A HAND ON THEM! ON KUZU!”

A wave of freezing breath escaped my mouth, freezing over a chunk of the street and some Quagoa standing there.

I kept pressing him against the ground. My mind demanded it, scratch that, every fiber of my body demanded it with a burning passion! I wanted to hurt him! To hurt him as he hurt Kuzu! No... one-hundred times more!

“HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?! BEING PUSHED DOWN BY SOMEONE STRONGER?!”

I felt the demi-humans claws dig into my flesh. Minor scratches at best! A little blood I couldn't care less for right now! I continued to push! Even when I felt bones crack under the pressure! Even when flesh deformed under the weight of my claw!

“YOU LOT ARE NOTHING MORE THAN A BUNCH OF UNDERDEVELOPED LITTLE SHITS WHO THINK MIGHT MAKES RIGHT! SO? HOW DOES MY MIGHT FEEL PRESSED UPON YOU!”

Another wave of ice escaped my maw, courtesy of my raging emotions.

The Quagoa had all but stopped clawing at me, his screams of pain like sweet music for my ears as my rage escalated even further.

“WE SHOULD HAVE KILLED YOU ALL WHEN YOU FIRST SHOWED YOUR UGLY MUGS HERE! AND NOW, LET THIS BE A LESSON FOR EVERYONE WHO THINKS OF EVEN TOUCHING A HAIR ON ANY OF THEM-“

My wrathful roar was interrupted when I felt my claw give away almost making me stumble forward.

I looked down at the Quagoa, only to discover he was no longer there, only a splattered red pool marking the street where my claw slammed.

Silence reigned supreme as I kept staring at the red mess that covered the ground and my claw.

My rage slowly evaporated, like the boiling water it was. I could feel my mental faculties and sanity return to me, little by little. As did the realization of what I have done.

For I, who have never got into a fight for almost twenty years, have just crushed a thinking, living being under my claw, and reveled in every second of it like a savage beast.

After ignoring it for more than one year of this new life, the unequivocal truth had just downed on me.

...

I am a Dragon

X-x-X-x-X-x-X

Character sheet:

Name: Hejinmal

Title: None

Job: None

Residence: Feo Berkana's Royal Palace

Karma: 0 (Utterly Neutral)

Racial Levels:

- Dragonling (2)

Job Levels:

- Arcane Dragonoid (1)

Hobbies: Reading, writing, cooking.

X-x-X-x-X-x-X

Additional Information:

Olasird'arc Haylilyal (Father) Age: 161

Kilistran Denshusha (Mother) Age: 132

Mianatalon Fuviness (Father's First Wife) Age: 111

Munuinia Ilyslim (Father's Third Wife) Age: 144

Torangealit (Half Brother from First Wife) Age: 11

Myrrithal (Half Sister from Third Wife) Age: 5

- Riri (by Hejinmal)
- Tsundere Glutton (by Hejinmal)

Hejinmal (First Child of Wife 2) Age: 1

- Jin (by Myrrithal)

A.N.

And here we are.

Well, I hope you were not expecting a happy go lucky fic.

This is Overlord after all, we earn that M rating today!

Jokes aside, MC got lucky he was reborn in such a reclusive and safe position, but even then, the ugliness of this world spares no one.

Can't wait to hear what you think of all of this, and how this new Hejinmal may change the story going forward. We already got quite a few ripples that might turn into waves or, who knows, even tsunamis in the future.

As always, let me know your thoughts in a comment / review!
Stay safe! Till next time!