

Chapter 1: Dealing with a bunch of Moles and a Tsundere Dragon

To all of those who said or thought being a dragon would be cool... fuck you all!

You have not even the slightest idea of how much life as a giant, flying, ice-breathing lizard sucks!

Just look at my hands! They are not even hands anymore! They are dammed paws with four digits and no opposable thumb! You know! The digit that is considered one of the most important milestones in human evolution!

And to make matter worse I couldn't even curl my four claws all that much! Making them even more useless and incapable of doing even the simplest thing a human child could do!

And I am rambling again in my head... fuck!

I sighed, there really was no point in me getting all worked up right now, I should just make peace and move on... yeah, no, that was not happening, I am still pissed!

Well, at least walking around didn't seem all that weird anymore... on the other hand, I was still not used to having a tail and I still calculated turns as if I was a human resulting in my tail constantly smacking the walls.

As I was distracted, I almost bumped into one of my siblings, I barely managed to get out of the way at the last moment as the larger dragons passed me by.

I had no idea who he was, Kilistran, or Kili as I called her in my mind, had introduced me to my siblings but I really had no time to remember all those names and to be completely truthful... they all looked the fucking same! I am already prepared to fuck up names and get beaten for it in the future...

The dragon who just passed me glanced at me for a moment as he probably noticed I had stopped. His mouth made a weird movement as frost came out his nostrils before he continued on his way.

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DID YOU JUST FUCKING SCOFF AT ME YOU SACK OF SHIT?!

I felt the anger surge at the realization of the exchange that just happened between us.

I will find out your name and make your life hell before I leave these damned mountains... just you wait!

Yeah, as if I had time for that crap... I better just move on and reach the library. Since I woke up in this new body and got out of my egg six months ago, I have not been idle! I have pestered Kili till she taught me out to read... apparently the frost dragons weren't completely illiterate, I guess the canon Hejinmal had probably learnt the same way.

Luckily for me, I had a bachelor's degree in foreign languages which, apart from helping with grammar, turned out to be completely useless since everyone spoke the same language in this fucking world!

But I digress, learning has been incredibly easy as the hard part was just understanding the alphabet and phrase's structure.

If someone told me they learnt a foreign language from scratch in six months when I was still a human, I would have scoffed at them and gave them a lecture on how that was just impossible.

And the thing is, it still is impossible, that is if you don't have some weird translation magic shit in your brain. What I am trying to say is, every time I manage to read a word correctly, it automatically translates into a language I can understand in my brain... yeah, it is as weird as it sounds, and I really have no idea how to describe it.

So, I only needed to understand how to actually read the words correctly and how to arrange them in the phrase to make it make sense. Which wasn't all that hard since I studied both German and Japanese in my last life. Not that I was that great in either as they were weird as hell in their rules.

I have spoken a latin language all my life, sue me!

And... I lost myself again... Jesus Christ! Why did everything look the fucking same in this dammed castle!

How many times did I turn right?

Four... no, five?

Fuck it! What can be the worst thing that happens apart me finding a member of my new family and asking for directions?

With some positivity in mind for once, I decided to move toward the first door I found.

I placed my frontal paws on the door as I pushed it open and entered, only to come face to face with, you guessed it! Another damn dragon!

And this was clearly female! I could say that since the males were far more muscular while the females possessed some sort of elegance with their defined bodily features.

We looked at each other, she was at least three times my size, but that was not what locked me in place. No, the thing that truly

stunned me was her position as she had one of her legs slightly raised, like a dog when-

I could not finish my thought that the inevitable happened. With a distinct sound you could never mistake for anything else in your life, the female dragon in front of me proceeded to empty her bladder right there and then.

None of us spoke as I just stood there, my jaw hanging, as the female dragon just kept looking at me. When she finished, she just lowered her leg. I was so stunned that I didn't even notice till that moment that she was standing near a giant hole I only hoped led to the sewers.

Till that moment, every time I had to use the bathroom, Kili always had me go outside the castle. She probably did not want me risking falling down that pit without knowing how to fly or, at least, that was the only logical conclusion I could reach.

My eyes continued to look at my probable sister, what could I even say in this situation?

I gently tried to step back, but the moment I moved my first leg the older dragon immediately pounced on me.

“You...”

She growled, and I was right, her voice was definitely feminine, not that I should have had any doubts after seeing her... well that was not the biggest problem right now! Or maybe that was exactly the problem right now!

DO DRAGONS EVEN CARE ABOUT ANY MODESTY?! THEY GO AROUND NAKED FOR CRYING OUT LOUD!

I regained the feeling in my entire body as the initial shock wore off. And, as any dragon who just pissed off a far larger one, I bolted away down the corridor.

I didn't look back even though I could clearly hear the thumps of large limbs getting louder and closer behind me. I needed to hide! Right now!

I focused on the first door I could find and immediately bolted for it.

I was too late though.

I didn't even manage to cross half the distance that I felt my body get crushed by something far bigger and hotter.

I laid there, crushed under the weight of a clearly infuriated dragon as I tried to struggle out of her grasp to no avail. I stilled when I felt her hot breath down my neck. My whole body froze like a gazelle who just met the gaze of a hungry lion.

“You run fast for being just a little wyrm.”

I heard the hard tone of the older dragon, an unnatural calm I could recognize being nothing more than a mask to hide the fury beneath the surface.

“P-please, I am sorry.”

I couldn't remember the last time I had to beg like this, probably when I was but a child and I pissed off either my dad or mom and I knew consequences awaited. But right now, I would have gladly sacrificed my pride if it meant living another day.

As a human, I luckily never experienced the sensation of having someone bigger block me against the ground, so I was literally panicking by now at this newfound terrifying sensation.

“Oh, I know you will be...”

The barely contained glee behind her tone was palpable as my own fear grew tenfold.

“I will make sure you won’t be able to tell anyone about this humiliation.”

My eyes widened at the prospect of her words. She couldn’t mean... was she actually going TO KILL ME OVER THIS SHIT?!

I could take a beating, sure, it would be painful, but I could take it! But this? Over something so stupid?! Even though I was pinned down, my personal pride would not let me die without spiting the offender back!

“If you didn’t want to be seen you should have locked the door! The fact you didn’t, makes me think you are some kind of shy exhibitionist... not that there is anything wrong with that, but at least be true to yourself instead of faulting me for your secret kinks!”

I ranted as I had no intention of dying without first spouting some venom at the one who was going to execute me.

Silence persisted in the corridor as nobody moved, I was still pinned down, so I could hardly move, no matter how much I wanted to bolt away. At this point, I just had to accept my fate.

“You are a wordy little shit, aren’t you? I have no idea what most of that is, but I know all I need is a bite to snap that little neck of yours.”

She growled into my ear as I was desperately trying to find a way out of this position.

“Mother will kill you when she finds out!”

That seemed to make the larger dragon hesitate for a moment as she probably contemplated the risk in her mind.

“I could dump you in some hole somewhere... actually I think I have a place were nobody would find you.”

Oh shit! I can't believe this is happening to me!

“Wait! I can do something for you, if you let me go!”

I was spewing nonsense by now. I had no idea what I was saying, the only important thing was that it kept me alive.

“Uhhmm... what can you do for me, that would be worth ignoring the humiliation you inflicted upon my majestic self?”

Okay girl! What is your major damage?! Did your mom drop your egg or something?! I have no idea if she should be considered pretty by dragon standards but she was clearly no different from most of my other siblings, so where did that ego come from?!

Okay, stop ranting in your head an focus, damn it!

Now I had to bullshit my way out of this!

What can I do for her? Become her subordinate or something? No, she wouldn't care, I am weak, and she didn't seem like the type to be interested in my literary pursuits.

Think! Think! What are you good at?! What can you do that she just couldn't herself?!

“I... I... I can cook you something amazing!”

I spewed out the first thing that came to my mind.

“What?”

She asked clearly confused by my words. Well, at least I managed to postpone my immediate death. But now I really needed to sell this. After all she is a dragon, she must be some kind of glutton right? I mean, western dragons are often aligned with deadly sins, our father certainly seemed to embody pride and greed well enough!

“Yes! Aren’t you tired of always having to eat the same thing? That gummy meat that get stuck in between your teeth all the time? I can get you something far better and tastier than that! Something that will make you beg for more!”

Maybe I was laying it too thick, but at this point I may as well go all in, or it would be game-over for me!

I felt the dragon’s breath on my neck retreat only for a powerful sniffing to replace it.

“You are afraid, humph! Of course my magnificent self would bring on the verge of tears such a small fry such as yourself! I find your submission to me appealing, and your proposal seems interesting.”

Her tone had completely shifted from the previous aggressive one, now seeming almost... satisfied? I really had no clue if this older sister of mine was bipolar or just extremely weird, but as long as she let me live, I will not complain.

I felt the weight on my back being lifted as I was finally capable of standing again on my one trembling limbs.

“So, where is this delicious food you were talking about? You wouldn’t dare lie to me, would you?”

The tension that had been lifted just a second ago returned with a vengeance as my brain immediately went in overdrive to think about something I could prepare for her. But really... what the hell could I even prepare?! There was nothing around here but meat! Not even any damn spice or vegetable, I had no idea how cooked meat would taste to a race used to eat it raw... for all I know it might be disgusting!

Why? Why? Why?

As I was starting to panic hard a certain memory surface from the remote depths of my mind, a memory that at the time traumatized me a bit... but something that could turn out to be my salvation now.

“I... I need some meat and time to prepare it? Could you bring me some?”

I asked as my sister’s icy blue eyes narrowed on me.

“You are not trying to trick my magnificent self, are you?”

I vehemently shook my head.

“No! Not at all! Please believe me! What would even be the point? It is not like I could run away! Lying to you would only make you angrier and making your magnificent self angry would only make it worse for me! And while we are talking about this, I swear I will never mention what I saw!”

I vomited out everything I could think of, even indulging her delusions if it served to spare my life.

“Humph! It seems like you recognize my amazing self’s superiority! As expected, you are a smart one! Very well, I will get you the meat! And you better stay quiet, because if my magnificent self hears anyone talk about this...”

She finished her words by violently snapping her jaw shut, clearly sending the message of what would happen to me if I said anything, not that I meant to in the first place!

After I nodded, she turned around, marching away from me.

What the hell did I get myself into?

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“Mother! Please, it is very important for me!”

I begged for the umpteenth time as Kili just huffed in annoyance at my antics.

I curled up around her paw and looked up, trying to recreate the most famous of weapons, puppy-eyes. My younger brother, from my old life, was a master at this, having managed to entrance our parents a lot of time with his childish cuteness.

I tried to recreate the effect, after all, for all Kili was a giant light blue dragon, she was still a mother.

“Uff! Fine! It isn’t like I had much to do anyway.”

She finally caved in as her snout descended upon me, grabbing me by my back with her mouth and marching away. Seeing how this was how I was carried around most of the time in these last months I didn’t complain or squirm.

As Kili transported me through the halls, I could not help but smile in victory. Step one was a success!

And, by the way, I should mention that I finally managed to understand what the hell happened between me and that other dragon lady the other day. When Kili brought me out to do my business, I would usually search for a rock to hide behind, but this time around I just did my business there and then to see what would happen. Well, Kili almost smacked me to death with her tail that time before going on a lecture on how doing this in front of another dragon was the ultimate show of submission to said dragon apparently. I guess that is what sent that female dragon into a blind fury until she made me submit and regained her perceived lost pride, or at least this is what I concluded from the information I had.

Yes, I know, this is a wild world, but I think I heard of some animals doing something similar back home.

Well, be it as it may, this is how it worked in dragon culture. I better learn some customs before I find my neck snapped because I inadvertently piss off some dragon who would not be satisfied with just some food.

As soon as me and Kili were out of the castle she immediately took flight, not that it lasted for long, but the sight I got from it was truly something else. The Dwarven Capital was immense, far greater than what they showed in the anime. We landed in one of the many squares.

Furry, giant, humanoid moles looked at us with apprehension and fear in equal measure. Well, to be fair, I would be scared too if a giant dragon just landed in the middle of my home.

“You there! Quagoa!”

Kili called out a red-furred mole who I guessed was one of the leaders of this group. If my memory wasn't faulty, I think I remember that the average Quagoa was brown-furred and only the ones with a different color were stronger than the average one, and in this world stronger meant more authority and an higher social position.

Said red-furred mole fearfully approached us.

“Great Frost Dragon, this one, Pu Rayu, Leader of the Pu Randel clan, is at your service.”

I tilted my head at the submissive display. And this is a clan leader? Wow, he doesn't have an ounce of Pe Riyuro's pride or charisma, what the hell?

Well, now that I think about it, we are at least more than a century before canon, and the clans are still at war with each other, I bet the dragons are almost walking calamities to them. Now that I dwelled a bit more on the matter, I guess this submission would be expected

as I imagine Kili alone could almost exterminate the clan if provoked, or if not, at least leave them in such a weakened state that another clan could just walk in and take over.

I felt something hard shove me forward, making me almost stumble and fall. I turned back only to see Kili looking at me expectantly. Ah, I guess it was her. Does she want me to order the Quagao around?

I once again turned toward the so-called clan leader. Wow, now that I am closer, I just noticed how small he was, he was half my body, and I was a god damn dragon infant! No wonder they fear us so much. Though, I doubted I could beat the experienced warrior in a battle, no matter the size difference, but still, it was a good deterrent against such ignorant races.

I cleared my throat as I tried to sound and look as imposing as possible in front of the clan leader.

“Clan leader, Pu Rayu! I am in need of some of your race’s members for personal reasons, send ten to the castle within a day of time... or I will be quite displeased.”

I let the false threat hang in the air as silence persisted in the square as I kept looking down upon the Quagao with all the arrogance and intimidation I could muster, which was a good deal seeing how Kili was behind me. If I was alone, this performance would not have gone so smoothly at all.

“It shall be done.”

The clan leader finally conceded as I felt like sighing in relief but refrained myself.

Step two accomplished!

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I blinked, and then I blinked again, wondering for the first time if my newly found great eyesight might be deceiving me for the first time in this life.

What was before me was a group of Quagoa, as I had requested, even though they were quite less bulky than the ones I saw in the square, but that wasn't the problem. No, the real problem was... why the fuck are they all females?! And if you don't know how I know, I will spell it out for you... they have their privates exposed without shame apart from covering their crotch with a loin cloth!

What are these bullshit harem-shenanigans?! Am I in the DxD version of Overlord?! And no, before you even ask, they are not appealing at all, you freaks! They are giant furry moles, I would sooner put it in a cactus than any of them!

Who am I even talking too... god I am so fucked up in the head... just roll with it... just ignore it...

“Ah, you are finally here, please follow me.”

I said, trying to ignore the weird vibes I was getting from this situation.

They seemed to hesitate but followed me, nonetheless.

I guided them inside the castle and to my personal quarters, I opened the door and turned back only to see the Quagoa looking around in what seemed to be amazement. Well, they probably have never seen such architecture in their lives.

“Well, we are here, so we might as well get down to business.”

I realized what I said just a moment too late, damned may be all double meanings!

“We are here to service you and for your pleasure, oh great dragon, I beg of you to spare the younglings still, as they are not ready to receive such a blessing.”

I felt like facepalming at the words of one of the older Quagoa as she shielded three of the smaller ones.

“Look, the only reason why I have need of you is for your hands which possess far more mobility than my paws.”

It took me a few more steps before I realized what I just said.

Oh, for fuck’s sake! Why does everything have to sound like an innuendo!

“Whatever... it’s right here.”

I said as I indicated the still bleeding corpse of some weird creature that seemed to slightly resemble a warthog, just its fur was completely white, and it was bigger than me.

That weirdo of a dragon just dropped this thing in my room, and the smell wasn’t great to say the least.

“Ah, great dragon, what should we do with this?”

One of the Quagoa asked as she inspected the dead creature.

And here comes back my trauma... seeing my grandpa dismember a pig to teach you the different parts of it when you were twelve would kind of stick with you. Well, it’s time to reignite the trauma, I think.

“Your claws should be quite sharp, no? and your digits are far smaller than mine, so you should start by skinning it.”

The Quagoa seemed to hesitate at my words but then moved toward the carcass.

“Wait!”

The all froze up at my cry, their eyes widening in fear as they looked at me.

I moved to the back of my room and used my mouth to drag a large metal basin filled with water in front of the Quagoa. I found that thing just lying in a room in the castle, it might have served as some kind of bathtub in the past, not that I cared much.

“Do any of you know how to start a fire?”

I asked as a couple of the Quagoa rose their hands.

“Good, let’s heat it up.”

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It took a while but a fire was started under the basin and I had one of the Quagoa put her hands in the heating water to tell me when it got painful.

Much to my surprise the water started boiling and yet the Quagoa said nothing.

Wow, since when was their fur so heat resistant?

Putting that thought into the back of my mind, I turned toward the group of females. Luckily for me they no longer seemed as fearful of me as before, but they definitely looked still extremely wary and on edge.

“Well girls, now put your hands in and clean them from all the grime, dirty, and whatever else you have struck in your fur and claws.”

I instructed as they slowly obeyed my order and began to clean their hands in the boiling water. This was even better than I thought as the boiling water would sterilize their hands for sure. Unless in this world there were germs that worked differently from back home.

Well, at least I know that I tried anything I could.

By the end of it the water had completely turned brown much to my disgust. I ordered the fire extinguished and then began to instruct them on skinning the animal.

It was a slow, gruesome, and bloody process to try and avoid them cutting into the meat while skinning the animal. I think it took the ten of them a couple hours to complete the process.

It's not like I was an expert, I saw this done only once around fifteen years ago, but I would say it was a good enough result for a first attempt.

I think my old human self would be gagging at the sight of the skinned animal, even more since it was a bloody mess, but I guess that either I got used to the sight of bloody meat during these last months or my dragon brain functioned differently from my human one.

But now came the moment that would really test my stomach.

Oh, sweet god, am I about to make my room unusable for the rest of my life? Well, I mean, this place is full of rooms, giving me another should be no big deal... I hope.

“Well done girls, now we have to cut this thing open and remove all its organs and drain as much of its blood as possible.”

I instructed as the demi-humans looked at me curiously.

“Ah, mighty dragon, if we did that, blood would get everywhere.”

One of the Quagoa warned me hesitantly.

Yeah, I know that, it is not like we have a place to put... it... in...

My words trailed off in my mind as my eyes fell on the basin, I looked from the carcass to the basin trying to calculate in my mind

if this thing could fit in it. Dirty as it was, if we cleaned it thoroughly... we might not need to make this room the setting of a splatter movie.

“Change of plans!”

I announced as I proceeded to explain what I had in mind.

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I don't even know how many hours it took but by the end of it we managed to clean the carcass of any inedible organ or viscera and remove any chunk of meat and fat from the bones. Something the Quagoa turned out to have a natural talent for thanks to their extremely sharp claws.

I looked in satisfaction at the literal mountain of meat and fat on one side and guts on the other, all arranged in optimal order.

Thankfully I did not lose his stomach during the gruesome process, probably because I was more attentive to making sure the Quagoa didn't mess up instead of what was happening to a once living creature.

Well then, the hardest part is done, thankfully, now we just need to start the actual preparation.

He turned to give his next orders, but the words died in his throat as his eyes fell on the completely exhausted group of female demi-humans. The youngest three were dozing off in a corner while the others were visibly tired of the whole ordeal.

Shit! How many hours have we been on this?! As a dragon my sense of time is completely skewed as we can stay up even three days before feeling any kind of sleep, and a generous meal every two days is enough to satisfy us!

I felt a sense of panic rise inside me. They didn't even eat! And how am I supposed to pay them?! Do I even need to?! Probably no but I would feel extremely scummy for basically treating them as slaves.

“Ah, uhm, good job for today, you can rest here.”

I said as I grabbed the mostly intact pelt of the warthog and laid it on the ground.

The Quagoa looked at me strangely before approaching the pelt tentatively and lying down on it. The first did not take long to snuggle against the thick fur and grunt in what I imagined being pleasure. The others followed one by one, the pelt barely being enough to accommodate the ten of them.

I left the room to let them rest in peace. Meanwhile I planned to procure something to eat for them. I wasn't technically allowed to leave the palace alone, but really, who would notice, it's not like anyone checked on me for the last I don't know how many hours.

As I reached the entrance I met with the last person, or it would be more appropriate to say dragon, I wanted to see. Even if they all looked the fucking same most of the time, I could never forget those eyes, those eyes who gazed at me with murderous intentions.

“You, are you done preparing my meal?”

She asked vehemently.

“Ah, sister, I am afraid you ar too rash, it is a very special food, it takes around twenty days to make.”

I dropped the bomb I knew sooner or later would come up.

“WHAT?! ARE YOU MOCKING ME?! WHAT KIND OF FOOD TAKES SO LONG TO MAKE?!”

She roared in anger as she seemed ready to pounce on me.

But I was prepared to face the music this time. Our last encounter showed me what buttons to press with her.

“The kind of food worthy of your magnificent self, of course! I made a promise to deliver you the best food I was capable of! I would never be capable of calling myself a dragon if I broke my promises just like that!”

I announced proudly, trying to sound as trustworthy as possible.

She stared at me silently for a few seconds before scoffing.

“Humph! You better make a meal worth of my most amazing self! Or else I will make you wish I killed you the last time we met!”

She said arrogantly, though she lacked the raging fire she showed last time, which was a large reason why I was afraid of her in the first place.

“Ah, sister, do you know what Quagoa eat?”

I asked casually, hoping that maybe she would know.

“Why should my majestic self even bother with such meaningless information in fact?”

Well, what else did I expect?

“Would you like to find out? I am going out to observe.”

I asked.

“Why should my amazing self do so?”

“Do you have anything better to do?”

I rebutted her words, making her visibly pout. I almost burst out laughing, it was like talking to my brother all over again, at that moment I had no idea how I could ever have been afraid of such a tsundere in the first place.

Well, I knew, those claws and teeth were like razor-sharp knives, I had no doubt they could tear my scales and flesh apart without much trouble.

“Humph! You are lucky I already was going out, so I might as well come along!”

Yep, a complete tsundere, no doubt about it. God, I know this world is inspired by a Japanese media, but come on! Can such tropes even be applied in real life?

“Wonderful! I will gladly count on your glorious self’s protection!”

I said as I passed her aiming for the exit.

“Do you have no pride? Asking a female for protection! What kind of dragon are you?”

She questioned seemingly more curious than offended.

“The kind that doesn’t like violence, and the kind who is a third your size.”

I answered taking her aback.

“Are you calling me fat?!”

She growled at me. I almost tripped on my feet, do dragons even... well, I think they actually care seeing how Hejinmal was pretty much bullied in canon for it.

“Of course not, I would never dare imply such of your gorgeous self, I was just stating our difference in age and, proportionally, size.”

I tried defusing a ticking bomb with success judging by the prideful swelling of the female dragon’s chest.

“As my magnificent self said, you are a smart one! Very well! I will accompany you!”

She huffed, bits of frost flying out of her maw.

“Say sister, can you use your Freezing Breath already?”

I asked just to make conversation and try to gauge how much time it would take for me to be able to use it myself. As the Frost Dragon’s signature move, I would feel far more protected if I was capable of using it.

She looked at me with wide eyes, as if she was looking at an oddity in the best of cases or a idiot in the worst.

“This prodigious self of mine has been able to use her Freezing Breath since she was three months old in fact! Do you intend to tell me you are incapable of it?”

She questioned me as I blinked. Even if she was boastful and she indeed had been precocious on that side, I was already more than six months old! So I should be capable of it, right? Why didn’t Kili tell me anything about it?

“I never tried I suppose, how do you do it?”

I questioned, now more curious than ever to know if I could indeed use our race’s signature ability.

“What do you mean? You just will it and it comes.”

Her explanation was completely nonsensical to me, consolidating the fact she is kind of a meathead in my mind.

I, nonetheless, tried to do it. I opened my maw and tried to breath out something other than hot air. Needless to say, nothing happened. I tried harder until I felt the need to gag at the overexertion I forced on my throat.

“Ahahah! You look like you have swallowed rancid meat!”

My eye twitched at the mocking tone of the older dragon.

Go fuck yourself you exhibitionist tsundere!

As soon as the irritating thought entered my mind I felt a rush of something flowing through my throat and out of my mouth as if I was about to vomit, but instead of half digested food, a stream of ice erupted from my maw freezing the floor before me.

Oh... oh... my brain froze at the realization... this is some bullshit!

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I was resting my tired body and eyes when my dragon senses alerted me of movements in my vicinity. I flickered an eye open only to see one of the Quagoa stretching awake.

“Slept well?”

The female mole demi-human jumped at my question as she immediately turned toward me.

“G-great dragon, I a-am here to serve.”

She stuttered out bowing. This was starting to get really old, I have never really cared much for formalities, sure I used them with my superiors and strangers, but among colleagues... nah!

Also, now that I was more relaxed, and not fearing as much that a sibling of mine was going to kill me, I actually realized I didn't know any of these gals' names, nor did I introduce myself. Yeah, that is really poor etiquette on my part, but to break a lance in my defense, I was pretty scared of dying back then. And by back then, I mean yesterday.

“How about you wake the others.”

I said as I stretched my limbs.

Once everyone was awake, I pointed at a barrel of water I took from the underground river running near the palace, and a chest I found

lying unused, now filled with some kind of rocky worms I have seen the other Quagoa eat. Luckily their exterior was rocky and not slimy like the worms I was familiar with, or else my resolve might have faltered there.

“Eat up and fill your bellies, we have lots of work ahead of us.”

I said as I lied down on my abdomen as I planned to catch a few more minutes of shut-eyes in the meantime. Seeing how none of the demi-humans moved I raised an eyebrow, or at least I would have if it wasn't for the fact I didn't have any.

“What seems to be the problem? You don't like those worm things or something?”

I asked, hoping the Quagoa wouldn't be such picky eaters.

“G-great dragon-”

The one who seemed to be the oldest among them began but I immediately interrupted her.

“Please just stop with this great dragon garbage, I certainly am not great compared to my siblings to not speak of my parents, you can see that for yourself, my name is Hejinmal, just use that.”

It sounded so weird introducing myself with a name I knew did not belong to me, but anything would be better than this false bootlicking born of some misguided fear that I would pounce on them at the slightest perceived insult.

“Lord Hejinmal then.”

She corrected herself. I did not comment on the title as this was already a step ahead, and I doubted I would obtain anything else today.

“We were chosen as sacrifices for you by the clan leader, as some of the weakest among the clan, we were deemed sacrificial tools to

appease the great dragons... we were given to you to do with us as you liked... we do not understand why you would provide for us.”

She stated, making me feel quite bad for them.

“And why exactly would you be deemed the weakest?”

I asked, curious to know if they may have some genetic defect I should be aware of for the future.

“We are weaklings my Lord, we did not consume enough ore when we were younger and so now our fur and claws are not on par with the average Quagoa.”

The female demi-human explained in a depressed tone as if she was exposing some unforgivable sin.

I should have figured it would be some stupid shit like this. These idiots live like animals, I think I should reassess my respect for Riyuro since he managed to bring some not indifferent societal and technological advancement to these troglodytes.

“So, you are wondering why I have been providing for you since no one in your race would due to their belief that you should be strong enough to provide for yourself?”

I inquired as I wanted to get to the bottom of this. All the Quagoa nodded at me as I felt a headache approach.

“Lord Hejinmal, the only reason why a Quagoa would provide for another Quagoa is when males try to approach potential mates, and accepting the food would be an acceptance of his courting.”

The demi-human explained further.

Yeah, no, fuck this harem shenanigans! I am not going down the mole harem route!

“Listen here, I won’t lie to you, all I know of your race makes me want to puke to be honest... that mindset is such a recipe for disaster that I am surprised your race isn’t extinct by now, but that is beside the point... you are my servants, and as your Lord it is my duty to provide you the bare minimum to live in a dignified manner, as it is your duty to serve me faithfully and diligently.”

I stated even though I abhorred the idea of servitude as it was wrong on so many levels in my mind, but I absolutely had to make our relationship clear so that none of them would get any weird ideas regarding me.

“That is how it is going to be from now on, if you don’t wish to serve me anymore, you are welcomed to leave without consequences, I have no intention of chaining any of you here against your will, I only have need of those willing to put in the best they can willingly.”

I specified this more to make peace with myself than anything else, it wouldn’t be as bad if they were free to leave at any time, right? At least I could say they were no slaves.

“We will speak of this more after the work is done, for now please eat.”

I laid back down as the demi-humans finally helped themselves with the food and water I gathered.

In the meantime, my eyes fell on the white pelt where they slept that had turned brown by now, much to my initial confusion till I looked at the Quagoa once more. I squinted my eyes at them, their fur was brown as most Quagoa, but looking better you could see how they were covered in most part by some kind of crust that I was pretty sure was not there yesterday.

It took me more than I am willing to admit to finally realize that they were all covered in dried blood from yesterday's work.

Yeah, no, bathtime is a must before we start working with food.

I looked at the basin we used to work on the dead animal yesterday. I removed the carcass when they were asleep and threw it in the same hole where my family threw all the uneaten bones, but the basin was still bloody nonetheless, I couldn't clean it since my paws were shit at any kind of manual job that wasn't violence based.

Once they were done eating, we went outside to scrub the basin clean from all the blood. It took a while, but they managed to clean it up nicely.

Then it was time for them to wash. I really wanted to instill in them that hygiene mentality I built up over the years. If they were to be around my, or really anyone's food, they better be clean.

I almost facepalmed when they tried to wash in the river. I luckily stopped them in time and instead had them fill the basin and warm the water.

When questioned I discovered, much to my disgust, that the Quagoa used the lower part of the river to wash.

These imbeciles really washed their filth in the same water source they drank from. The fact no infectious disease or plague broke out was outstanding and a miracle. I started to think this race really had some boost when it came to their luck stat.

Be it as it may, they spent a good hour washing off the dried blood from their bodies. I personally inspected their fur to check if everything was clean, I had no degree of trust in these animals' sense of cleanness.

Once it was done, my eyes fell on the far too used basin. I thought of using it for the next step, but the fact they used it to clean themselves from their filth made me gag at the sole thought.

Well, I hope it will not be too hard to find another of these.

Now, for the next step, I looked at the newly washed Quagoa and then I realized I didn't know any of their names.

“I think it's time to introduce yourself, don't you think? You already know my name, but I would like to know yours.”

I asked as one by one they introduced themselves. Well, their names were so weird that it would take me quite a while to remember them, not that I was great at remembering names to begin with. I tried to at least memorize the names of the two who spoke to me the most until now.

“Very well then, Heru, you and two others will be tasked with finding some rock salt, you should be able to find it near water sources, you Quagoa are great at digging tunnels, aren't you? As for Lizu and the rest, we will go back inside and start working on the meat.”

I instructed as I got ready to reenter the palace.

“Uhm, Lord Hejinmal, may I ask what this rock salt you speak of is?”

I almost tripped at Heru's question, my eyes widened in disbelief.

Do you mean to tell me that these fuckers don't even know what salt is? You know, the basic resource to preserve food for most of human history! How the fuck were these guys alive by the time Satoru arrived?!

I tried to recompose myself and not show how absolutely gob smacked I was at the revelation.

“Did you ever found a rock that was almost white in color and very frail... and that if you tried to eat it would dry up your mouth in seconds?”

The face of the Quagoa lighted up with recognition at my words.

“Ah, Lord Hejinmal is talking about killerstone.”

Heru said as if I would understand what that was.

“Killerstone?”

I asked curious to know why such a dreadful name should be associated with salt.

“Yes! Some of the warriors use it in challenges! They each challenge the other by taking a larger piece than their opponent, though, they must be careful as eating one too large would result in death... so either the one who eat the largest wins and survive or the one who ate the smallest win if his opponent dies.”

I felt my maw open at the explanation, my mind blanked for a moment as I tried to take in what I just heard.

HOW THE FUCK DID THIS RACE SURVIVE TILL TODAY?!
YOU CAN'T USE SALT THE PROPER WAY! BUT YOU CAN
USE IT TO PLAY IDIOTIC KILLER GAMES?!

I raged inside at the realization of how stupid these demi-humans were.

No wonder humanity has a superiority complex on these morons!
If this is the level of their average mental capacity, I can't even
object to that, it is just natural selection at that point.

I shook my head to push away the thought.

“Yes, see if you can find some of that and bring it to me.”

I instructed as I retreated inside the castle following by the remaining seven Quagoa.

While it may seem like a fruitless endeavor for many unaware people, Salt deposits could form even around freshwater, even though a lot of people mistakenly think there is not salt in it, that is a false assumption, there is salt in freshwater, just in very little doses if compared to seawater, which meant, they should have little trouble in finding some salt deposits if they dig under the underground lake I knew was not far from here.

I walked toward the west wing of the palace, where I first found the basin that the Quagoa were currently dragging behind me. From what I saw there I think it would be safe to assume that the storage for everyday items was there.

My search turned out to be fruitful as we found a lot of different metal containers left there by the dwarves. I chose some that looked like they would make for good cookware and had the Quagoa bring them to the river to wash them from the accumulated dust and fill them with water.

Once we were all back in my room I had them lit a fire under most of the containers and had them sterilize their hands in boiling water once more in one of the smaller pots we found.

“Good, now three of your will begin to mince all this meat in the smallest pieces as you possibly can with your claws, while the remaining four will start boiling the guts and stretching them until they are so thin you can almost see through them... this is a very delicate work so try to not mess it up with your claws.”

From there the grueling process began as I followed closely the group of four females who were slowly and carefully stretching the animal guts inside the almost boiling water.

They ended up tearing apart the guts multiple times when they got really thin. I remember my grandpa showing me how you should almost unroll the like the were toilet paper, which was kind of hard to replicate for the Quagoa due to their sharp claws. That is when two of them surprise me when one of them took all of the guts while another stretched it slowly. The method seemed to work very well and soon everyone was replicating it.

The process certainly didn't lack in hiccups, but considering this was only a first attempt, I could not blame it on any of them.

Midway through the process, the Quagoa I sent out in search of salt returned with an abundance of salt, far more than it was needed, a good thing since I might as well use it for something else in the future.

I turned around leaving the Quagoa dealing with the guts alone for a while and instead inspected the work of those dealing with the meat.

They did a great job at it, their claws perfect for mincing meat, though they had barely managed to go through a third of the meat. But for now, it would be better to assign those who returned to the guts squad. After all the sheets of stretched gut we would obtain needed to dry up before being used, and in the meantime all ten of them could finish mincing the remaining meat.

And so, we did, following my memories we hanged the sheets obtained from the guts and let them to dry and minced every last piece of meat.

It took hours but by the time we were done I felt quite satisfied. Not that I had contributed much, apart from giving orders.

Eh! I wonder if I should fancy myself a chef of some restaurant! The Dragon's Den... yeah, if I was in some average garbage isekai

I may as well do that... unfortunately I am stuck in the shitty world of Overlord and no matter how hard I tried, I will always be a Grasp Heart away from dying.

I shook my head to push away those dreadful thoughts and focus on the present.

“Good, now bring the salt, I mean, the killerstone here and use your claws to grind it slowly over the minced meat... the rest of you will stir the meat in the meantime so that the grains of the... killerstone mix well with it.”

I remembered my grandpa also using wine and pepper to season the minced meat better and give it more flavor, but I didn't have any, maybe in the future I could recreate the full flavor, but as of now I barely had any ingredients to work with.

Once the salt was mixed with the meat we left it there for an hour or so, in the meantime I had them cut the dried gut sheets in rectangular shapes and taught them to fold them so to create a sort of sack with them. I lost count but I think they managed to create around two hundred of them.

From there it was easy. They had to fill the created sacks to the brim with the minced meat and tightly tie the top of the sack, it was important to not let any air inside.

By the time we were done I could see the Quagoa were visibly exhausted. We hanged the now filled sack on the wall, and I used my Freezing Breath to create ice under them so that they would stay cool.

Normally this would not be feasible as the humidity of ice would make the meat rot but, as I discovered while I initially experimented with it, the ice I created with my breath did not contain any water. It didn't even melt, it just disappeared over time. As there was

nothing like that in my previous world I decided to baptize this material as magical ice.

I know it isn't creative at all! Sue me! Dry ice already existed and was nothing like my Freezing Breath, so I couldn't just steal the name of something already existing!

Wow, I have been awake way too long... I am even arguing with myself now...

Yeah, no, got to gather some food for the Quagoa and then take a much-needed nap.

I thought as I turned to ask the demi-humans if they had any preferences when it came to food but I found them all laying on the dirty pelt of the animal they just helped me turn into seasoned dry sausages.

Well, rocky worms it is then!

...

It had been a few days since we finished working on the meat.

I had to reform the magical ice at least three times a day, and while it was kind of annoying, it was a good exercise to learn and control my Freezing Breath.

Though, the fact that such an ability was linked to my emotions still irked me, maybe it was just instinct and once I got used to using it, I would no longer need an emotional response to use it. Not that I lacked reason to feel annoyed.

On a good note, I rummaged again through the west wing and found what I assumed to be a large water tank. It was kind of massive so I really had no idea if it really served for water or something else.

Either way, I had the Quagoa split in in two, bless their claws, so to create a sort of bathtub large enough for me to use.

Let me tell you, even as an ice dragon, taking a hot bath after seven months of misery and filth gathering on me, was one of the best sensations I felt in a long while. Speaking of the Quagoa, I kept them well fed, and tasked them with small things from time to time. I still felt bad for having them work tirelessly for two days straight. They even offered to wash my body while I was submerged. I accepted only because it was physically impossible for me to wash myself with my own paws.

I must say, they were extremely good at it. When I came out of that bathtub my scales were practically shining.

I could really get used to having them around. I was even learning all their names slowly and how to recognize them. The easier way was certainly by the patches on their furs, something that I abused in my favor.

...

I spent the following days between the library and my room as I learned as much as I could from the books I had at my disposal. I took much of what I read with a grain of salt as I wasn't sure how old these books were and how outdated some information may be. So I focused mainly on past history and magic.

I made sure, multiple times per day, that the sausages were not rotting, which didn't seem to be the case luckily.

The Quagoa seemed happy to laze around or go on small excursions outside the palace from time to time, as long as I brought them food, they seemed to be satisfied.

I was trying really hard to not see them as pets, but their way of life really reminded me of dogs. Still, I didn't want to start and racially discriminate anyone, no matter how socially acceptable it was around here.

To try and avoid that line of thought, I tried to teach them how to read. Well, let's just say that for all they were good with their hands, the same could not be said for their minds. They greatly struggled to memorize the alphabet! Let alone read words!

It was probably hopeless even though one of the younger ones seemed to decisively have more talent for it, seeing how she was the only one who managed to read words after ten days of trying.

But maybe it was just me throwing the towel too easily. I should keep at it for more time to see if any of them manages to make some progress.

Even though this idea seemed to be a failure for now, something that turned out to be a success was my implementation of hygiene.

Me and the girls, yeah, I decided that continuing to think of them as female demi-humans was quite dehumanizing... I mean demi-dehumanizing... oh whatever!

In short, me and the girls now bathed once a week, and they even began to wash their hands before eating! I was so proud I could shed a tear!

...

Before I realized it, the famous twenty days had passed.

This new metabolism really messed up my perception of time. The fact I was constantly in a damn cave without an easy reference like the sun didn't help.

It was finally time to test if my first cooking project, if I could even call it that, in this world worked. If not... well, I just hoped the beating would not be severe enough to kill me.

I grabbed one of the sausages with my mouth, normally you would remove the layer of gut sheet you wrapped them in, but seeing how

even human stomachs could digest those, I had no doubt my dragon stomach could do the same.

I bit into it and felt a familiar aroma enveloping my mouth. Truly, it was nothing special, they would be considered even subpar, I am sure my grandpa would roll in his grave at their sight. But after eating chewed meat for months, this tasted like heaven in my mouth.

Yes, it was different, less refined, but this tasted like home, a home I still dearly missed in my heart. I felt my eyes begin to wet and I had to get a hold on my emotions to not start crying there and then in front of the girls.

Once I managed to reign in my emotions, I turned toward the Quagoa.

“Here, take a couple each.”

I said as I passed the seasoned sausages around, two of each one of them. Considering these sausages were like four times the size I was used to seeing as a human, I had no doubt that it would be enough to fill them up.

The girls hesitated, much to my confusion till I remembered the fact they referred to salt as the killerstone, so yeah, their hesitation wasn't exactly uncalled for from their point of view.

Heru was the first to make a move, as the eldest I imagined she felt a responsibility to guide by example.

She bit into the sausage munching on it for a while before swallowing. It took only a moment of hesitation before she was basically devouring the whole thing like a rabid animal... or someone who was never taught any table manners.

The others were soon to follow as they bit into their own sausages and proceeded to devouring them.

I felt a certain degree of satisfaction at the sight of the Quagoa feasting on the food they all made together.

“So, what do you think?”

I asked with some smugness in my tone.

“This was the best thing I ever ate Lord Hejinmal!”

Kuzu, one of the youngest Quagoa cried out in clear excitement as she bounced up and down. The other all offered similar remarks.

Can you see this gramps? Your grandson finally made a bunch of girls excited with his food! Even though they are a bunch of uneducated savages!

Well, now it was time for the moment of truth. I ordered the girls to prepare one of the largest trays we had with the food as I went in search of that troublesome tsundere sister of mine.

Since I had been pretty much relegated to my room and the library, I practically never met anyone during these last few weeks. Apart from Kili that came to check on me every two days or so, probably to see if her youngest was still alive or dead in a ditch somewhere. She really sucked as a mother from human standards.

I really had no idea where I could find that sister of mine so I simply walked around randomly. It didn't take much for me to find someone, a large dragon, what a surprise! Though he wasn't nearly as big as old Arc or his wives, yeah, the dude's name was too fucked up for me to remember.

My probable older sibling looked at me weirdly, I had no idea what the hell he wanted with me, it wasn't like I disrespected him or something, at least I hope so. I was just about done dealing with one

dragon, I didn't want anyone else breathing on my neck if I could help it.

As if to mock my thought, the dragon bent down and took a deep breath in, sniffing me in the process. I had no idea what this dude's deal was but consider me freaked out! I am not your midday snack you asshole!

"You smell weird, it is good though..."

He said, confirming my hypothesis on his gender, I just tilted my head.

"Thank you... I guess?"

I said uncertain of how to react to that statement. The dragon just scoffed at me and left.

I just shrugged at the weird interaction, as long as no problems came of it, I would consider everything a win.

...

Okay I had been walking around for a while now, and something was definitely wrong. I never saw more than a couple dragons going around, but in less than an hour I had met four, and all of them took the time to sniff me without saying a word.

"You! Why do you smell like this?"

Oh, it seems like I found who I was looking for.

I gazed up at the dragon I was looking for, her ice blue eyes looking back at me with curiosity.

This was the second time someone commented on my smell, and all the others sniffed around me. If I was still human I would think I stank or something. but considering these guys didn't regularly bath, I doubted my actual smell was the problem, no, it was far more

probable that by spending a long time each day next to seasoned meat, some of that smell attached on me.

I felt like smirking at the older dragon, which was completely unnecessary and totally not something I would do. But considering the current situation I pushed down the feeling.

“Well, your wonderful self asked for the best I could provide, and I did just so! I guess the smell got on me while I was working on it.”

I could see her eyes shine in excitement even as she clearly tried to contain herself.

“Humph! We will see about that, I suppose! You have yet to impress this most demanding self!”

Uhm... are you sure that calling yourself demanding is a compliment?

I did not dare voice that thought in fear of awakening the tsun part of the word.

I just limited myself to smiling mischievously as I guided the dragon back to my room.

The nearest we got the loudest I heard the female dragon sniff around, she even began licking her lips subconsciously reminding me of a dog. Well, that wasn't certainly a flattering comparison, that is why I mostly kept my opinions to myself even back in the day.

I hoped she would not start salivating though, that would be kind of disgusting. On the other hand, it was kind of weird I smelled nothing out of the normal, maybe I really got too used to the smell these last days.

We finally reached my room as I opened the door, and then the smell hit me. My room had become some kind of echo chamber for smell, it was incredibly pungent to the point where I felt my nostrils itch a

little. At least I knew the reason why dragons were sniffing over me and I didn't manage to smell anything.

The Quagoa were all gathered on one side of the room, their eyes not leaving the larger dragon even though she barely acknowledged their existence with a glance before completely dismissing them for the object of interest in the room.

The tray was exactly as I imagined, filled to the brim with seasoned sausages as if we were in some kind of movie or anime with absurd quantities of food in it.

The tsundere dragon sniffed and observed the food skeptically before she took just one of the sausages in her mouth and began munching on it.

She gulped down the meat took a moment and then descended on the tray like a famished beast.

I remained there watching as I really didn't know what else I should do while the dragon made the sausages disappear down her gullet with gusto.

She gulped down the entire tray in what I considered to be little more than two minutes.

“Ah, uhm, I think you are going to feel thirsty really soon.”

I said as I pushed one of the barrels full of water her way. She immediately submerged her snout as she greedily drank the liquid before finally reemerging with what I could only call a moan of satisfaction.

“This was the BEST MEAT MY MAGNIFICENT SELF EVER TASTED! My most divine self acknowledges your great skill! So feel honored!”

She proclaimed loudly as she settled her satisfied gaze on me.

“From now on! This great one grants you the honor to be the one to provide for her!”

She continued much to my hidden chagrin.

THE HELL DO YOU MEAN PROVIDE FOR YOU?! I AM A DAMNED BABY DRAGON! I DON'T HAVE TIME TO WASTE WITH A GLUTTONOUS TSUNDERE WHO SEEMS TO BE GOING THROUGH A CHUUNI PERIOD!

I raged inside while trying to keep an emotionless expression on my face.

“Ah, I am honored dear sister, but I-“

I began but was immediately interrupted by her.

“Ah! You don't need to tell me! I know you are not allowed to hunt! So I will be the one bringing you the meat and you will use that genius talent of yours to make delicious meals for me!”

The dragon had stars in her eyes by now as she kept licking her lips unconsciously, making me worry she would try to bite me next.

“Do...”

I barely heard the whisper as her snout got closer and closer to mine.

“W-what?”

I stuttered out as I tried to find an escape route from this dangerous position.

She sniffed me deeply before her snout began to darken in color from the icy blue to a more sky blue.

“Do you... h-have some more food?”

...

...

...

HOLY FUCK SHE IS A FUCKING TSUNDERE! I WAS ONLY JOKING! WHAT IS THIS?! A DATING SIM?! BANG YOUR HOT AND TSUNDERE DRACONIC STEPSISTER TODAY?!

SOMEONE PLEASE SAVE ME!!!

A.N.

Hey there, been a while since we got any news from our frosty boy! As you can see he has been busy for sure!

Jokes aside, this work is mainly experimental as I am trying to work for the first time in a slice of life style and a main pov in the first person. I would be glad for any feedback on both the writing and the story you would like to provide.

That said, I will see you all next with our regular Witch running around causing mayhem to show how much she loves a certain Sorcerer.