

MUSHOKU TENSEI: OLD DRAGON'S TALE

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[Mushoku Tensei Discord (Onii-sama)]

– STORY –

There was an ancient man-shaped dragon living on a mountain, and by his side a girl who looked after him. One day, the girl asked the dragon, “Please tell me more about you.”

The dragon answered, “Fine, but it’s a long story.”

— A Spin-off Work of Mushoku Tensei

– GENRE –

Action Adventure Drama
Fantasy Mature Seinen

CHAPTER 1

DRAGON AND THE GIRL

On this continent, there's a mountain range that divides the land.

There's an exceptionally large mountain in the middle of this range.

Called Dragon's Roar Mountain.

Dragon's Roar is the innermost, highest mountain in the world.

Rocktops rise from the surface like trees, sheer cliffs prevent people from entering, and the red dragons inhabit the mountain peaks.

It is not a place where people can live.

High-level adventurers may visit the foot of the mountain, but they dare not venture deep.

But if one ventures up the summit, you'll encounter an unexpected sight.

A house.

There is a house by the hillside.

It is a strange sight.

Because there is a house in a place where people should not live.

If you approach the house, you'll be in for more surprises.

There's a girl.

A girl that shouldn't venture into the woods.

A blonde, long-eared girl is walking laboriously in front of the house, holding a tub-

like object.

The girl repeats the action of carrying the tub behind the house, coming back inside and departing once more with the tub.

Apparently, she is carrying water to the backside of the house.

If you follow the girl to the back, you'll see a big cave.

It is a cave with a foreboding feeling, but the girl does not hesitate to enter the cave and proceeds further to the back.

Lying in wait is a reptile with a huge body and long neck, red scales, sharp fangs and claws.

It's a red dragon.

The girl pours the contents of the tub into a box placed near the Red Dragon.

Looking at the girl, the Red Dragon shows no hostility.

It simply keeps observing, with a gaze as if urging her to finish her work faster.

However, the amount the girl can carry and the size of the box are too disproportionate.

To fill up the box with water, she'll need to repeat this process many times.

However, this was the last time.

The girl laid the tub beside the box and stretched out.

"Hoo, I got the water!"

Declared the girl proudly, before lightly bowing towards the dragon.

As if returning the favor, the dragon wiggled its nose.

The girl triumphantly returned home.

It's a nondescript, wooden house.

However, those knowledgeable would see that the house was protected by a high level magical barrier.

"Master, master, I'm done with water!"

The interior of the house the girl entered was rather cozy.

Chairs, tables, decorative plants, bundles of paper, various knickknacks of unknown use.

The girl weaved through them all.

Because the person she called out to did not reply.

She quickly reached her destination.

The room at the back of the house.

This was the largest room where the master of this house stayed.

"Master?"

The girl opened the door and went inside.

Inside, there were bookshelves that were several times taller than the girl's height.

It was like a library.

The girl walked further past the tightly lined bookshelves.

Libraries were uncommon to this world.

But this book-filled environment was a familiar sight for her.

There was a man in this world of books.

With his back facing the entrance, he was writing something nonchalantly on his desk.

Mottled hair with a mix of silver and green.

An eerie hair color to be sure, but a familiar sight for the girl.

"Master!"

When the girl called, the man raised his face as if snapping out,

Gently spreading the wings on his back and looking back.

He recognized the girl.

"Oh, Rostelina. It's late, why haven't you slept? You have a lot of work tomorrow. You have to go to bed early."

"What do you mean it's late! The sun's been up for a while now! I even finished watering the Dragon."

"Ah, is that right?"

The man stood up.

The girl had to look up towards the man.

After all, the man's height was over 2 meters.

"Oh, watering is over. Thank you. You did well. Nevertheless, I see, a whole day has passed already."

"Master, please sleep properly!"

"Oh, I know."

Even though the girl nearly shouted, the man barely budged.

"No you don't! I don't think you slept the past two days at all!"

"...I don't have to sleep every day like you guys."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, I'm a long-lived race. I only need to sleep every few years or so."

The girl sighed in resignation to the man's reply.

But an instance later, she puffed up her cheeks again.

"I don't know anything about you at all, master!"

"That's right, you simply followed me without asking anything."

"Please tell me more about you, master."

"That's fine too, of course. But my life has been long, the stories are many..."

The man squinted his eyes and looked around.

A bookshelf even taller than the man.

Packed to the brim with books.

These were all written by the man.

His records, his biography.

"I don't mind. Rather, is this a good time? Are you busy, master?"

"No matter, for someone like me who has a long lifespan, there's little need to conserve every second. I have time to talk to you."

When the man said this, he encouraged the girl to a nearby chair.

He himself sat down in his chair and put his hand on his chin.

"But if you want stories, I think it's more fun to talk about something different than me.

The story of a boy who traveled alone to defeat the Demon Lord.

The story of a hero who killed a giant monster and obtained the princess.

Or the story of a saint who was manipulated by a bad god and had to commit himself to a battle that he could not win.

...No, I think the last one was not a happy story."

"No! I would rather like to know more about you, master!"

The girl interrupted the man who was recalling various stories

Because otherwise, he'll certainly pick something else.

"Okay, fine. But what do you want to know?"

"...Everything."

"Everything?"

"Like how did master live up to now or for example why are you doing the work you do now?"

"I see... but that's not a happy story. There may be some interesting parts, but they all ultimately lead to a sad ending. It's a bad end, my life. It will leave you saddened. "

"Doesn't matter!"

The man moved his hand off his chin, as if to signal surrender to the stubborn girl.

Then he looked up at the ceiling.

As if looking for his past self there.

"Yes. Okay. If you say so, let's talk. But, hmm, where do you want to start? I'm troubled as well, because I don't talk about the old times often."

"In any case, let's start from the very beginning. From the moment master was born and became aware."

"From the very beginning? Hmm..... I will try... but if it's not interesting, you might fall asleep. Don't fall asleep listening to my stories."

"I don't fall asleep from talking, and certainly not when talking with master."

"Haha, you're a good girl, alright then, let's talk."

The man closed his eyes.

The girl leaned forward and listened.

"First of all, rather than from the point I was born, let us begin with how exactly the world came to existence."

The man started talking.

A story from the mythical era, a long, long time ago.

CHAPTER 2

BIRTH OF THE DEMON DRAGON

There was a god.

Let's call him the Creation God.

He was old.

He had lived a long life and was said to be eternal. He had created many worlds, but his physical and mental limits had long passed him.

He knew that his death was near.

He decided to create one more world as his last work.

But he hadn't created any new world for a long time.

Maybe it was because of his advanced age, the resulting world was terribly distorted and unbalanced.

He had no power left to fix the world.

But he had the experience of creating many worlds.

So he created yet another world.

It was another distorted world, just like the first world.

He didn't mind, and created one world after another.

Six worlds in all.

An upside down world, inhabited by a powerful race of dragons.

A world of miasma and mirage, inhabited by a tough race of demons.

A world of rich forests and mountains, inhabited by a race with sharp claws and strong senses.

A sea world rich in life, inhabited by a race with gills, fins and scales.

A world of rocks floating in the sky, inhabited by a winged race flying freely in the sky.

A world of grasslands and plains, inhabited by a race with weak bodies but brilliant minds.

Each world with their own distortions.

Any imbalance in each world would quickly lead to their collapse.

So he stuck the worlds together.

By tightly joining the worlds together, a balance was achieved.

Thus, a unified world was formed.

But God was not satisfied.

The Six Worlds, with their joint, delicate balance, needed to be carefully managed until they settled and stabilized.

With his remaining strength, God divided his body.

Then, from these divided bodies came the existences tasked with managing the dangerous balances of each world.

Then God died.

No one knows what happened to his body after he died.

Or maybe there was no Creation God from the very beginning.

Because no one ever saw it.

Afterwards, among each of the Six Worlds and their inhabiting races was a special existence.

Because of their divine origins, we came to call them gods.

Each of the gods descended onto their own world.

They came onto their respective races in each world, working diligently to make them prosper.

However, it was not like every race was able to thrive.

In particular, the Dragon World and Demon World remained primitive for a long time.

Even though they were long-lived and strong, even survival had been difficult for them, let alone developing a civilization.

Because the worlds the dragons and demons inhabited were harsh ones.

It was not so easy to take the reins of a world where rogue dragons and demonic beasts roamed.

The dragon and demon tribes took a long time to dominate their worlds.

Then, whether out of pity or frustration...

One God made a suggestion.

"Why don't we meet on a regular basis and exchange information on our worlds? We can learn from each other and help them prosper."

The suggestion came from the Human God.

God of the human world.

The human race was a weak race with the shortest lifespan.

Even in a mere decade, many of them would die of illness and injuries.

However, the human world was mild, rich in nature and food aplenty.

Therefore, the human race thrived faster than any other race.

Their short lifespan forced them to learn quickly.

And thus their rapid generational change helped them to quickly accumulate knowledge and wisdom.

The Human God wished to share that with other gods.

Thanks to that, the dragon and demon tribes learned various things.

From words and letters, to communal living and forming a social order.

They gave the light of civilization to the races that once lived like beasts.

Of course, they were not merely on the receiving end of the human race's generosity.

Each also passed on their strength to the human race.

The dragon race taught how to use the inner power of the body.

The demon race taught how to empower and transform a weak body so as to withstand that power.

The beast race taught how to tame ferocious beasts.

The sea race taught how to purify water and keep it clean.

The winged race taught how to read the wind and control the weather.

The Six Worlds aimed to prosper together by helping each other.

While the human world was still the most prosperous, all the worlds were developing well.

All the gods were confident that they would thrive steadily over the next tens of thousands of years.

But no one knew at that time.

Not the Six Gods, not even the Creation God.

In the interior of the world, a being was quietly born...



That's how the world was born, and tens of thousands of years passed.

However, from the present point of view, it was still a long time ago.

For you, it was still a time of myths.

At that time, I was in a corner of the Demon World.

Of course, without a name.

I was this size and shape from birth.

No, maybe a little smaller.

One head, four limbs, transparent white skin, and wings on the back.

A corner of the Demon World.

It was a land of death, full of miasma and roaming demonic beasts.

I didn't know this at the time, but the demon race called it the edge of the world.

There in a cave somewhere was where I roosted.

Nobody knew when I first got there.

I don't know either.

By the time I became aware, I was already in a cave, eating demonic beasts to survive.

You said there's no way that could happen?

Even if you asked, I wouldn't remember it, and no one else knew about it either.

Perhaps I was born in a demon village and abandoned there.

Perhaps I was born in another world and teleported there.

Back then, strange things started to happen in the Six Worlds.

No one knew why.

Regardless, I didn't see anyone near me.

I didn't particularly question it either.

Because I didn't know anything.

Other people? How do they live? Talk? Learn? Magic? None of that.

I'm a little wiser than most people now, but without anyone to learn from back then, I wasn't.

When the sun rose, I crawled out of my cave and caught demonic beasts. When I was full, I returned to the cave and went to sleep.

Demon beasts are vicious creatures.

The size of a hill, big and strong, but surprisingly agile and able to move in groups.

The dominant species in the Demon World was, of course, the demon race.

However, even the demon race had a difficult time against these beasts without trapping them.

But even against such powerful beasts, I easily preyed on them.

Sneaking up quietly, pounced, bit, killed, and ate my fill.

All alone.

Yes, I was strong even then.

Easily overpowering a couple demonic beasts.

However, it took more than strength alone against the beasts, also wisdom.

The wisdom to build, set traps and deceive them.

That's why I lived freely in the corner of the Demon World.

I had no doubt that I would prey, live, and die by instinct.

However, there is a turning point to everything.

One day I found something.

What do you think it was?

It was a demonic beast family.

In front of the shaded area where I was laying in wait, the demonic beasts were huddling together, licking each other and playing with each other.

When I saw that, I had a difficult feeling.

A sudden sense of being alone in the world, with your chest tightened from anxiety and impatience.

Well, in a word, loneliness.

I killed the beasts and ate them, but the lonely feeling did not heal.

When I returned to my roost and laid down. My loneliness still did not heal.

Rather, the more I stayed in the dark cave, the more lonely I felt.

I stared at my hands and feet in the darkness.

Hands and feet, completely different from the demon beasts.

I was a different creature than demon beasts.

But I'd never seen someone like me.

When I realized that, my sense of loneliness overwhelmed me.

Without thinking I leapt out.

I raced out of my territory and began wandering without direction.

On the way, I killed many monsters.

There were various types of demon beasts.

Ones with eight limbs, ones with three faces, and ones like a bunch of small insects gathering together.

However, each was different from me.

I killed the demon beasts and kept wandering.

Then I found it.

A collection of square buildings surrounded by high walls.

Yes, a town.

A demon town.

There were creatures in the town that looked just like me.

One head, two hands, two legs.

Not everything was the same as me, and there were small differences between individuals, but they were more like me than any of the demon beasts I had seen.

There were many such creatures.

Living in a community.

I was excited.

I also wanted friends.

Maybe this will heal my feeling of loneliness?

I approached the town with my heart pounding.

But the first person to find me screamed and screamed.

"Monster!"

A big crowd quickly gathered in front of the confused me.

They all had weapons in their hands.

Why did they look at me and had that initial reaction?

I didn't know anything at that time.

After all, I'd never seen myself.

I didn't understand.

I was obviously different from the people in the town.

Claws and fangs?

No, not that. Many demons also had claws and fangs.

These golden eyes?

No, not only golden eyes. Demons had eye colors of all sorts.

What they thought the most taboo was my hair.

Look here.

My mottled hair of white and green.

Notice how when looked closely the mottled pattern seems to shift.

You may have become accustomed to it, but others find it disturbing, arousing a deep anxiety and discomfort.

For that alone, it's understandable that they thought I was a monster.

People, with weapons in their hands, surrounded me with definite hostility and murderous intent.

In response, I thought about how to show I was harmless.

Maybe I should have escaped.

But somewhere in my mind I thought I would be fine if I was attacked.

Even though I was surrounded by hostile people, I didn't think they're very strong.

In fact, if we really fought, did they think they had a chance?

But before that could happen, a person appeared.

They had a huge body and black skin. It was a man with six arms.

Yes, it's the Demon King.

It suddenly attacked me.

They were terribly strong.

I fought desperately, but I was knocked down, my claws smashed, and my wings broken.

It was impossible no matter how I resisted.

I had no choice but to escape, facing a stronger opponent for the first time.

Dragging my wounded body, I ran away.

Death is terrifying.

I didn't want to die.

But there was also sadness.

Sadness that people who looked like me could not accept me.

I dragged my tattered body back to my roost.

In the dark, quiet, messy cave, loneliness remained.

Pain, sadness, and loneliness.

That was all for me.

There was no anger.

The only question was why.

The questions grew and I asked myself many times.

I couldn't find the answer though.

I guess I might still be looking for the answer.

When the wounds healed, I headed back to the village.

I knew.

I'm sure the same thing will be repeated.

But I couldn't help but go.

Loneliness was much stronger than pain.

I went to the village, watching it with envy, and eventually unable to help myself from getting too close and was driven away.

That repeated.

This was something I didn't know at the time, but it seemed that I was feared by the demons as a "demonic beast in man form."

A powerful creature even the Demon King could not defeat, coming back persistently no matter how many times you drive it away.

Thus I lived for hundreds of years, lonely and hurt.

But everything has an end.

That one day I received a deadly injury.

Not defeated by the Demon King.

Not defeated by demonic beasts.

The opponent was a creature I had never seen before.

Its body was three times as large as a normal monster and much faster. It had many heads and spit fire and poison mist. It was far stronger than the monsters I had encountered so far.

No demonic beast, but a real monster.

The monsters of the Demon World were much stronger than the ones here.

I was burnt, pierced, beaten up, and barely escaped with my body.

I would usually go back to the roost, eat something and sleep, and let my wounds heal. But that time, my wounds would not heal and blood continued to flow.

Probably because of the monster's poison.

I instinctively realized that my death was near.

I didn't know anything, but I had some knowledge of death.

I'd killed and eaten many demonic beasts.

As a witness to tens of thousands of deaths, I knew what death meant.

As my consciousness began to fade, I knew I was about to die.

And that moment was not too far.

I did consider various ways to survive but there was nothing to be done at that stage.

Nowadays I would have used a detoxification technique, but I didn't know anything at

the time.

That's when he appeared.

"Hmm. I decided to come after hearing that there was a monster with the form of a man but... How interesting."

From my perspective, I could only sense that someone was there.

As I hung on the edge of consciousness, he stared down on me, still bleeding.

"A mixed race of demons and dragons. Where and how were you born?"

I looked up at the other person in a daze.

He looked like me.

One head and two limbs.

Wings on the back.

The eyes were golden.

His fangs and claws were long and sharp.

It was just like me.

The only difference was that his beard was silver and his skin was covered with silver scales.

"Is this also due to the influence of the monsters?"

He saw that I didn't even have strength to get up.

Then our eyes met.

His gaze was sharp, but filled with an unfathomable warmth, that sight I can still vividly recall.

Those eyes I never met before.

“Alright. If the Demon God neglected you for so long, he wouldn't mind if I just take you away, even though there are so many uses, what a waste...”

Of course, I didn't recognize what the words were.

However, I remember the sound of those words.

I could never forget.

So, after learning to talk, I recalled what he said and learned much later.

He gripped his fist just above me.

Sharp claws pierced his palm, and red blood began to flow.

The red blood dripped down into my wounds.

Then, the wounds, which had no sign of healing until now, began to close up.

When he saw the wounds disappear, he took off his cloak and wrapped me up.

I opened my eyes in surprise when the pain suddenly disappeared, and saw that he was carrying me out.

At the entrance to my roost there was a huge carcass of something.

I was surprised yet again.

I was familiar with it.

It was the monster that nearly killed me.

Turned into a tattered corpse.

Probably, after mortally wounding me... it was beaten by him.

"A monster... it's a relief that only a few have appeared in my world."

While he said that, my consciousness fell.



When I regained consciousness, my surroundings had changed.

No more poisonous swamps, miasma, or broken copper soil that I was familiar with.

What I saw were mountains.

And no ordinary mountains either.

Because they're upside down.

The mountain grew down from heaven.

"!"

For a moment I thought I was held upside down.

Or the world had inverted on me.

But it was different.

Gravity was pulling me downwards as usual.

But there's definitely a mountain above me.

And an endless sky below.

A clear blue sky and white clouds as far as I can see.

For a moment I didn't realize that was the sky.

Because the sky of the Demon World had always been gray.

There I found myself flying.

No, it wasn't me.

The person holding me.

Yeah, the man who placed me in a cloak and took me away was flying while holding me.

"You woke up? Don't go wild now."

The man said when he noticed that I had woken up.

I had never spoken words before, so I didn't understand their meaning.

However, I remember that I was afraid of the sky below.

I shrunk into myself.

The man was satisfied with it and sped up.

We flew in the sky like that for a while.

This world with inverted mountains and sky was a fresh scenery for me.

The man didn't explain anything, and I had no knowledge about it either.

But I knew that I had come to a place different from the world I lived in.

Not the world where I was alone and driven from the village, a completely different world.

From a world I feared that I could no longer return to.

When I thought about it, I felt a little nostalgic for that dark, messy cave, but the sights surrounding me quickly overwhelmed that feeling.

It wasn't a place to immerse oneself in nostalgia.

After a while, I saw a large mountain.

So tall that you couldn't see its peak.

The mountain came to dominate the view on our approach. Then without a flap or a noise from the man's wings, we began to descend.

Is there something below?

I looked down and thought, noticing something on the mountainside.

I didn't know what it was, but if I knew back then, I would have called it a "landing strip".

A stone slab protruded from the side of the mountain, leading to the entrance of a wide cavern.

The outcrop made of rock and wood was clearly artificial.

As I got closer, I found that there were many people on the outcrop.

They looked just like the man.

They're creatures with wings, scales, fangs, claws, and golden eyes.

"Dragon God!!"

"Dragon God has returned!"

"Everyone! Get ready to greet him!!"

...Yeah, his true identity was the Dragon God.

Ruler of the Dragon World and king of the dragon race.

They suddenly made a commotion when they saw the Dragon God.

And quickly lined up in neat order on the outcrop.

Many people.

Seeing so many of them all together, I shrunk into myself again.

In the Demon World, the memories of being driven away by the demons over and over again came flooding back.

I thought I might be attacked again.

"Welcome back!"

But, contrary to expectations, they didn't attack.

When Dragon God stepped down, his people lined up in a row with their arms crossed on their chests and their wings slightly folded.

Their expressions were full of pride and joy.

It was a look I had never seen, but I knew there was no hostility there.

"Dragon God, welcome back!"

There was a man with a slightly different color at the back.

A little bigger than the people that lined up, with a different aura.

His scales were slightly greenish, giving a calm impression.

However, his most outstanding features were his eyes...

In the same golden eyes as the others, instead of any softness a strong will laid behind them.

At a glance, I knew he was the leader of this flock.

But of course he was not the apex there, the Dragon God was.

When the Dragon God approached him, he crossed his arms before his chest and folded his wings.

A salute of highest honor for the dragon race.

"How was the meeting?"

"Szilard. Not much progress. How were things back here while I was away?"

"Not much has changed here either, but monsters did appear twice."

"How many people have died?"

“Three. Two by the first one and one by the second. Minor casualties... What’s that?”

The person called Szilard noticed what the Dragon God was holding.

"I picked it up at the edge of the Demon World. It's a mixed race child of demons and dragons."

“I’ve never heard of any dragon race in the Demon World?”

"It may be related to the occurrence of monsters."

"I see. What’s your plan for it?"

"I'll raise him."

When Dragon God said that, Szilard stared at me.

Perhaps he was wary of a child with such taboo hair.

But he didn't say anything about Dragon God’s decision.

He worshiped and trusted the Dragon God the most, even among the dragon race. He would never doubt the Dragon God’s actions.

As soon as he understood the situation, he relaxed his salute and took a step back.

Dragon God didn't elaborate further, and entered the mountain from the outcrop.

Of course, still holding me.

He walked down a dark, squarish passage.

My common sense said the deeper into a cave, the darker and narrower it became.

But contrary to my expectations, the end of the passage opened up to a great cavity.

The cavity was spanned by a number of thick pillars, with round buildings attached to the ground, ceiling, and pillars.

Moreover, a strong light source occupied the large center pillar, illuminating the

cavern interior as bright as day.

Many people flew between the round buildings with their wings.

Yes, a town in the heart of a mountain.

The inside of the mountain was hollowed out and turned into a town.

The Dragon God jumped and spread his wings.

There were people flying about town, but everyone who met the Dragon God stopped moving and crossed their arms before their chest in salute.

Dragon God continued to fly without responding.

I immediately knew where we were going.

It was the largest building in the innermost part of the town.

From a distance, it was a simple, round building, but when I approached it, I found that reliefs were engraved everywhere on the building.

Dragon God landed on a slightly raised outcrop near the center of the building.

And he walked inward without hesitation.

The inside was as wide as it looked.

Great hall, bedroom, passages.

Each one was as luxurious as I've ever seen.

Dragon God silently walked down the stairs.

There was no hesitation in his movements.

It seemed that the destination was fixed.

Eventually, when we arrived in front of a room, Dragon God stopped.

Even though he stopped, it was only for a moment.

After that time, as if after a thought, Dragon God knocked on the door.

Gently tapping twice.

And opened the door.

"I'm back."

"Welcome back, husband."

I saw a soft cloth bed, a wooden table, a leather chair, and a person sitting on the chair.

It was a woman.

It was a woman with a completely different appearance than the people flying all around town and at the landing strip.

Her skin was white with a red tinge, without scales, and soft.

No wings or tail.

No sharp fangs or claws.

Her belly was slightly swollen.

She was a race that I didn't know of.

"Who is that child?"

"A child of a dragon and a demon. I picked him up near death on the edge of the Demon World."

"Oh, is that right... Will you raise it?"

"Indeed."

"Then you'll adopt this child?"

"Is that a problem?"

"No, everything is the will of Dragon God."

After Dragon God put me in the room, he turned to leave.

However, he was immediately recalled by the woman.

"Husband, what is this child's name?"

Dragon God looked back in response and shook his head, slightly troubled.

"He doesn't have one."

"That's no good. Please name him properly. A father should name his child."

"Even one that I picked up?"

"Yes!"

He looked down at me.

I looked up at Dragon God and waited.

"...Laplace. Your name is Laplace."

Of course, I didn't understand him then.

It was the first time I had a genuine exchange of words with someone.

But I understood even then that the man in front of me had spoken a very important word for me.

"Laaa--- Laa Paa Laa Suuu."

That's why I repeated it desperately.

That word, my name, I would never forget it.

Thus I, Laplace, was born.

CHAPTER 3

MEMBER OF THE FLOCK

Laplace.

I was named so.

And brought to the Dragon World.

It is a world as harsh as the Demon World.

A world with mountains above and sky below.

The foot of the mountain is where a great many dragons perch when not taking flights.

Nor is there safety in the sky, with large dragons flying around.

Smaller creatures without wings could only survive by

clinging to the mountainside like icicles.

However, even in such a world, a race of people dominated.

It is a race called the Dragon Race.

With wings and sharp claws, they fly freely in the sky, making full use of their mighty strength, and hunt dragons in swarms.

But they did not start off as apex predators either.

Originally, they were weak as well.

Hiding in caverns by the hillside, living only where they could not be caught by the large dragons.

It was a man who changed it.

Yes, it was the Dragon God.

One day, the Dragon God appeared in front of the weak Dragon Race and demonstrated his power.

The power that sleeps within the dragon race, and how to use it.

The dragon race has a power called Dragon Touki.

With Dragon Touki, the dragon race can multiply their physical abilities many fold and harden their skin.

The power to even pierce the toughest dragon skin in one blow.

Although the power itself is possessed by other races, that of the Dragon Touki was far superior to the others.

The strongest power.

After the Dragon God taught them how to draw out that power and how to use it, the dragon race became dominant.

Grouping together, finding strength in numbers, and preying on the dragons.

They stood at the top of the food chain.

They built a town centered around Dragon God, then exchanged information with other worlds and developed culture and prospered.

However, the level of civilization was similar to that of the demons... it wasn't that high compared to today's world.

That's because the dragon race was strong enough to survive without developing a civilization.

A world where you don't have to worry about foreign foes.

A world where you won't have to feel hungry and where someone will give you food even if one does nothing.

Peace, a concept foreign to me at the time.



I was given a room at the residence of Dragon God.

The mansion was one of the most luxurious places in all of Dragon World.

There were many rooms and many servants that worked there.

I was given a small, simple room.

But it was much more comfortable than the cave I used to live in.

After all, I had bedding, food, clothes, whatever that I needed.

The mansion was large and there were many servants.

However, there were not so many for the servants to serve.

Only Dragon God and his wife, Lunaria.

Lunaria almost never left home, probably due to her pregnancy.

Dragon God was often away and returned only every few days or so, but when he came back, he always took time with her.

She was cherished like a treasure.

That treasure drew many curious visitors.

Every day someone visited, talked, shared a meal, and went home.

But even more than the visitors, she spent even more of her time with me.

So much that Lunaria always seemed to be by my side.

"You're Dragon God's adopted son, then you are my child as well. Please rest assured, this is your home too."

She decided to raise me according to the words of Dragon God.

However, she did nothing to me.

All she did was visit my room, sit by my side and watch me serenely.

She was a demigod and born noble, so she did not have the concept of “education.”

It was mainly the servants who took care of me.

The servants followed Lunaria's words and treated me like a prince.

Fed me, washed me, and dressed me.

However, I didn't have any experience with dining, bathing, or dressing.

At mealtime, I didn't know how to use the utensils, and got yelled at.

At bathtime, I cried out when brushed with the dragon race's stiff brushes.

When dressed, I kept moving violently and damaged the dresses.

Whenever that happened, the servants frowned and scolded me, as if training a dog.

However, Lunaria-sama was different.

"Hey, don't be so hard on him. Even if he looks big, he's really a baby. Just teach him and let him slowly grow."

She told her servants to let me have only tableware that was easy to use, a soft brush that fits my skin without scales, and changed my clothes to a stretchy material.

As you can see from such consideration, Lunaria-sama welcomed me.

As Dragon God said, she treated me as her own child.

Even with her own child about to be born, she treated me who came out of the blue as her own.

Even now, my tears well up in gratitude from Lunaria-sama's kindness and charity.

"Even for the stray that Dragon God picked up..."

"He's like a beast..."

But the servants didn't.

They were not happy about my existence.

Because my hair was the most taboo of colors, they dreaded that I hid a terrible power.

They feared that sooner or later that I would show my true nature and attack Lunaria-sama.

However, the servants were also of the dragon race.

They could never go against the will of Dragon God and Lunaria-sama.

They obediently followed orders, even if unhappily.

They were all ready to shield and protect Lunaria-sama from me in an emergency.

Strongly resolved to serve Lunaria-sama and be vigilant around me.

Yet? It's not like I did anything?

No, I did do various things.

Basically, only before Lunaria-sama.

Of course, I wasn't keeping an eye out for Lunaria-sama to attack her.

I was trying to protect her.

I had no knowledge, but I had wisdom.

I knew who healed my fatal wound and rescued me from that lonely place.

Now, here at the nest of my benefactor, surrounded by those of his flock, I was made a member of the flock as well.

I swore to protect the woman who supports the boss from behind.

But it was the first time for me to be a member of a flock.

As a member of the flock, I did what I could.

Every day, I walked through every corner of the mansion and checked for any abnormalities.

I checked every room and looked out every window.

Repeatedly checking for intruders.

It was the wisdom that I gained from fighting demonic beasts and when I was the “monster in the shape of a man.”

If you patrol daily your territory for any abnormalities, you will naturally understand the danger.

Of course, visitors are different from intruders.

I knew that the boss of my flock was also the boss around here.

Respect for the strongest.

If you can do that, you are not an intruder.

That's how I protected the mansion and Lunaria-sama.

I never left the mansion.

I devoted myself to my job, making protecting the nest my mission.

So like a guard dog?

Don't say that.

Even if my flock did, I never thought that myself.

But in reality, I might have acted like a pet or something.

Since it benefited Lunaria-sama, myself, and the servants too, I continued my work faithfully.

Occasionally, Dragon God would return to visit Lunaria and see me.

That became our everyday.

And a year passed in a blink of an eye.

One year.

It might seem like a long time, but for us who live tens of thousands of years, it was like two or three days.

It wouldn't have been strange if this went on for hundreds of years.

But that didn't happen.

Whether feeling sorry for the loyal watchdog, or deciding that I can do better...

Dragon God decided to begin my education.



"So, you're the kid that the Dragon God picked up, And that's the ominous hair just like I heard from the rumors!"

A very blunt person said.

One day of the blue, she suddenly arrived at the Dragon God mansion, rushed to my corner of the mansion, and began one-sidedly hurling words at me.

"Dragon God has ordered me to train you, so your education is now my responsibility. I will not discriminate because you are a mixed race with the demons. I'll just treat you as a scaleless dragon."

The educator was a woman.

A Dragon Race with exceptionally large wings and beautiful white scales.

Without regard to my own confusion she continued her lectures.

Of course, I didn't understand her either.

After all, I still didn't understand the dragon language yet.

Lunaria-sama raised me, but didn't teach me anything.

Again, she was part of a royal family, so she probably didn't think she needed to do that.

The servants as well.

Teaching the language to those who don't speak wasn't part of the job.

"Woo..."

I groaned and threatened the woman.

She broke into the mansion and acted hostile towards me. I was still part of the flock, albeit at the bottom of the totem pole.

"Ha ha! That's a good look! But I'll absolutely make you obedient! Don't resist!"

But she didn't attack.

"Woofff!"

I just needed to shout.

If I yelled out, the whole flock would be alert to the danger.

Whether they come to fight or run away, I could buy them time.

I thought that of my duty at the bottom of the pack.

"Come on, fight! I'll give you a beating so you understand your place here!"

"Grrrrrowl...!"

I didn't move against the woman's provocation.

Because there was commotion in the mansion after I raised my voice.

A group of people were approaching.

Servants of Lunaria-sama.

The moment I was waiting for.

"Ah, you won't attack? A sign of wisdom or timidity...?"

"What happened!?"

The first servants appeared.

I thought my allies had arrived and readied myself for battle.

I crouched down, ready to pounce.

If we all attacked at once, our chances would improve.

It was the wisdom of the Demon World, but a universal rule as well.

"Ah... Finally showing your true nature?!"

But the servants didn't act as I expected.

Rather than the woman, they surrounded me instead.

Baring claws and fangs against me, with their vulnerable backs toward the woman.

"Woo...?"

I didn't understand why.

I was supposed to be part of the servants' flock.

They even gave me food.

Even though we had an intruder, they showed me hostility instead.

Well, they were wary of me from the beginning, certainly.

Anyway, I was shocked and remembered the loneliness I felt once more.

I felt sad that I was alone even there.

"What are you doing?"

A quiet but penetrating voice echoed.

It's Lunaria-sama.

When she entered the room leisurely, she saw I was surrounded by claws and fangs and looked displeased.

To be honest, I thought she was the same as the servants.

"Lunaria-sama, it's dangerous. Please back down."

"What is dangerous?"

Lunaria-sama slipped through the servants, trotting to me.

There was no time for the servants to stop her.

No, the servants did try to stop, but Lunaria-sama passed between them without any regard.

I didn't really know what kind of power she wielded, but...

I thought she was just Dragon God's wife.

She hugged the terrified me, and with an insulting gaze she said.

"Have you forgotten the word of Dragon God, who told you to care for this child?"

"...I'm sorry!"

The servants immediately crossed their arms before their chest and folded their wings.

I remember that time well.

After all, I'd never been shielded by someone like this.

But I was looking for something else.

I was eager to help and be helped, to protect each other and live our lives.

So, even if I later learned of Lunaria-sama's origin, my anger and hatred did not turn to her.

I still respect and love her.

Well, let's leave that for now.

Lunaria-sama watched as the servants backed down then turned toward the woman.

"What happened, Dragon General? What business do you have with my house?"

Even the Dragon Commander crossed her arm and folded her wings to salute Lunaria-sama.

"I was asked by Dragon God to educate Laplace!"

Lunaria-sama looked blankly in response for a moment.

But her attitude soon softened.

"Then my apologies about this commotion. Laplace, he doesn't yet know our language."

"That's fine. I'm used to training rampaging children. No problem."

When she said so, Lunaria-sama sighed in relief.

Then, after stroking my wing slightly, she stood up.

"Laplace. Learn well."

Lunaria-sama said, with a gentle step, left the room.

The servants also followed.

And only her and I remained in the room.

"Well, let's continue, coward!"

"..."

She provoked me just as before.

Curling a finger toward me and flicked it.

Without sharing words, it's the universal gesture for "come at me."

As I heard later, when educating someone, she always tries to teach hierarchy first.

Say something from above, knock down until they submit.

Then they'll listen to what you say.

Especially effective for beasts and children who do not understand things.

In fact, she'd tamed Red Dragons that way.

It's the reason she was chosen as my teacher.

She was the only one with the appetite to teach a feral child from the Demon World.

By the way, it wasn't like I did as she intended.

I stared at her, never bared my teeth or claws.

Of course, neither growl nor shout.

I kept silent and listened.

"What now? Are you scared? Come at me!"

Not acting to her expectation, she grabbed my arm rather violently.

But I ignored her.

On the contrary, I just stood and looked at her without resistance.

As if waiting for my next instruction.

Yes, I knew from the last conversation that she wasn't an intruder.

And maybe she was pretty high up in the flock.

So loud and intimidating against her, of course the whole flock would be angry with me.

I was even regretful.

"Hmm, so you gave up already."

Normally, she would take a couple shots against disrespectful attitudes, but this time, she probably realized that it would be counterproductive.

She sighed and released her hand from my arm.

"Show respect and submit to me. I don't tell lies. Be true and trust me with all your heart. No whimpering or saying I can't. It's a waste of time. If you don't give up, I will surely raise you into a fine dragon warrior. "

She crossed her arms and flapped her wings. Looking down at me from above, declaring it in an arrogant manner.

Acting all high and mighty but that's how she was.

She usually said things in a conceited bearing yet what she promised, she'd surely carry it out.

She was a wonderful person.

"I would say, it's an honor to be able to learn from me, one of the five Dragon Generals. You may not know the honor, but you will eventually learn to be grateful!"

She remained quiet for a few seconds after that.

I didn't know at the time, but her original plan was to show up, discipline me for a bit, and call it a day.

Minimum discipline for her, of course, was to hurt you until you couldn't move anymore.

Beasts don't understand until you beat them up a few times.

Until it realizes that resistance is meaningless, hurt it over and over, until it can feel the pain reflexively.

Since I submitted from the beginning, that wouldn't be necessary.

"I will come again tomorrow. Don't change your current attitude."

Then she turned back and left.

But I still had something to tell her.

I moved towards her with her back turned.

Then she moved at a tremendous speed.

By the time my brain understood that she had moved, her fist was already at my temple.

Perhaps she thought I was a cunning animal that only showed obedient intentions to attack when her back was turned.

As you know, there are many beasts like that.

She turned around to block my attack and was about to punch my face in a counter.

But she stopped.

"...?"

Because there was no attack.

I was just in a familiar pose for her.

A pose with folded arms and folded wings.

Yes, the salute of the Dragon Race.

"I, Laap... La-Laplace"

I only know that one word.

I didn't know the language, so I could only say that.

Oh, by the way, I didn't even understand anything she said.

"...Dora. Dragon General from the Armored Dragon tribe, Dora. Remember it."

Dora.

She said her name.

For the first time, as if realizing she had yet to introduce herself.

"Dora."

So I remembered.

The first thing I learned from my educator was her name.

And the next day, my education by Dragon General Dora began.

CHAPTER 4

DRAGON RACE TRAINING

In the first year, Dora-sama taught me only words.

I wouldn't learn anything if I didn't learn to talk.

Dora-sama said it takes ten years to master the language.

When taming wild Red Dragons, it takes about that long to be trained to follow commands.

Since I grew up never learning to speak, it was only natural to expect as much.

But contrary to her expectations, I was a quick learner.

I remember her every word and sentence, constantly practiced it myself, and worked diligently to internalize their meanings.

Soaking up knowledge like a dried up sea sponge, I took only a year to become fluent in the dragon language.

Once I learned to speak, the rest followed quickly.

Dora-sama taught me writing, history, geography, status, relationships, etiquette, industry, and various other common knowledge of the Dragon Race.

“— Mountains above, sky below, Earth Dragons roam at the base of the mountain while Red Dragons and Blue Dragons roost at the peaks, each having their own territory and nests.”

“Yes.”

“Red Dragons and Blue Dragons occupy different niches, separated by the cloud layer. Blue Dragons fly at a lower elevation. Only when they brood their young once every few centuries do they descend on the mountaintop. Red Dragons are more aggressive

and territorial. It was Red Dragons that attacked and preyed upon our kind on the mountains.”

“But that was in the past.”

“Indeed. The time when the Dragon Race still ‘fought’ the Red Dragons was long gone. Now we merely one-sidedly hunt them for meat or turn them into livestock.”

“Isn’t Dora-sama the one that domesticated the Dragon Dragons?”

“Ah, you remember that. Any other questions?”

“What’s underneath the sky?”

“It is said a monstrous black serpent feeds on the carrion that falls from above. Although I’ve never seen it myself.”

Dora-sama answered everything I asked.

Always responding earnestly -- If she doesn’t know or hasn’t seen it, she’ll say so – taking great care to teach me everything she knows.

Sometimes it’s something she doesn’t know, but she’ll investigate and return with an answer.

Dora-sama wasn’t normally such an eager educator, but as Dragon God’s most loyal lieutenant, it was unforgivable to fail a direct command from Dragon God.

There was no better education than from Dora-sama.

In retrospection, it was a great honor to be taught by her.

It’s only due to her that I’m so well versed in the Dragon World.

What did I learn?

Well, there’s so much I don’t know where to begin...

First, where I was, the largest mountain and center of the Dragon World, was the Dragon Roar Mountain.

Hmm? Isn't that where we're at now?

No, our current mountain is the one I renamed.

But let's leave that aside for now.

The city in the hollowed-out center of Dragon Roar Mountain was called Kayos.

It was basically the capital of the Dragon Race.

All of my tribe lived there, so it was heavily populated.

Dragon God's mansion, administrative offices, post offices, libraries, research facilities, barns, food storages, dragon warrior bases, and other important facilities were there.

Of course, the Dragon Race had more than Dragon Roar Mountain.

The world had one-hundred-and-twenty-two towns, each inhabited by various tribes of Dragon Race.

Compared to Dragon Roar Mountain and Kayos, all others looked like villages in comparison.

Of course, in a dangerous world where vicious dragons roamed, there were no real villages.

Because every tribe must have sufficient battle strength to exterminate Red Dragon nests.

If not, they'd likely be annihilated by the Red Dragons instead.

Huh?

We aren't talking about a mythical era?

Aren't cities just like that here?

By the time I arrived, it was already like this.

In the first place, we learned how to build cities from the human race.

Ignoring the time before the meeting of the gods, nowadays every world is more or less like this.

If you don't look too closely.

Dragon God loved the Dragon Race dearly, and diligently protected his people.

But even he could not protect all one-hundred-and-twenty-two towns by himself.

Dragon God was powerful, but he's not omnipotent.

There are places out of his reach as well.

That's why from the Dragon Race he made the five most powerful individuals the Dragon Generals, and entrusted them with protecting the world.

The Five Dragon Generals.

From the Saint Dragon Tribe, Dragon General Szilard.

From the Dark Dragon Tribe, Dragon General Maxwell.

From the Mad Dragon Tribe, Dragon General Chaos.

From the Sturdy Dragon Tribe, Dragon General Crystal.

From the Armor Dragon Tribe, Dragon General Dora.

They helped Dragon God to defend the Dragon Race.

The Five Dragon Generals swore to absolute loyalty to Dragon God, and Dragon God entrusted them with the most important tasks.

Their composition was unchanged even as the Dragon Race multiplied. As the need for defense lessened, their tasks evolved as well.

It was said that even amongst the Five Dragon Generals Dora-sama was particularly loyal to Dragon God.

Dora-sama took that as a great point of pride.

She strived for the Armor Dragon tribe and all of Dragon Race to reach her level.

No particular reason, it was her choice.

Because she thought that was only proper.

“Dragon God saved your life, so dedicate your life fully in service of Dragon God.”

So she taught me as well.

Constantly.

“Yes, Dora-sama. I dedicate my all to Dagon God.”

Of course I concurred earnestly.

Perhaps my education was more akin of brainwashing, or maybe I always thought that way.

After experiencing loneliness, near-death and despair in the Demon World, I could never forget Dragon God as my savior that day.

“Haha, you’ll become my finest student.”

Dora-sama was happy to see my loyalty.

Most people, after constant brainwashing from Dora-sama, would eventually resort to, “I know, you don’t have to keep repeating yourself”.

Of course, nobody really disagreed, because every member of the dragon race worshiped and swore loyalty to Dragon God.

But for Dora-sama, “stop repeating yourself” was a sign of disloyalty.

True loyalty means you can always say it with words.

Yeah, like me.

By then, I learned a bit more about Lunaria-sama.

“Lunaria-sama is Dragon God’s wife. I heard she’s the daughter of the Human God, but I don’t know the details.”

Dragon God brought Lunaria-sama back with him.

About a thousand years ago?

To Dora-sama, that wasn’t very long ago.

Dragon God suddenly brought Lunaria-sama back one day and declared her as his wife.

Why would Dragon God marry someone not from the Dragon Race?

Dragon God did not elaborate.

Of course, there were some complaints.

Why not someone from the Dragon Race?

There were many women worthy of Dragon God in the Dragon Race.

Dora-sama included.

But Dora-sama never objected to not being chosen.

She said.

“Dragon God-sama had his own considerations. He always thinks about us, the Dragon Race. Even when he does something we don’t understand, it’s done for the future of our race, so I don’t need an explanation.”

A bit fanatical?

You just don’t appreciate her loyalty.

Let’s return to Lunaria-sama.

Of course, there was a long gulf between Lunaria-sama and the Dragon Race.

After a century or so, any grumbling about her had dissipated.

Because Lunaria-sama was ever-benevolent, like a goddess.

When talking with her, everyone always felt an unusual peace.

As if everything was forgiven.

After talking with her, everyone could accept her as the wife of Dragon God.

My feelings for her were beyond loyalty, though.

I hadn't forgotten how she cared for me in the past year.

She truly welcomed me.

Even if it was Dragon God's orders, even though we couldn't talk, she took care of me, never keeping her distance from me.

Because of her, because of Dragon God, I was able to feel accepted there. That's why I wanted to protect the roost where everyone lived.

Even though I couldn't say it, or rather it felt impolite to say... but I thought of her as my mother.

...Anyhow, that was how I learned everything about the Dragon Race.

After five years, I thought there was nothing I didn't know.

Of course, compared to now there were many things I had yet to see, but I had learned so much.



After I learned the language and accumulated knowledge, Dora-sama began to take me outside.

Visiting the town where so many Dragon Race lives, I couldn't wait.

I stepped into the town that I dreamed so often about when I lived in the Demon

World.

Wide open spaces, so many houses, popular shops, entertainment plazas.

Everything was so fresh to me.

However, I did not feel welcomed by the members of the Dragon Race that passed by.

When they saw my tabooed color hair, they frowned and stayed away from me.

But surrounding me and trying to drive me out of town, that never happened.

Because the information that I was taken in by Dragon God had already circulated, and that I was carried by Dora-sama.

When they found Dora-sama, they crossed their arms neatly before their chest in salute.

I wouldn't be kicked out.

When I realized that, I began to look around us.

What's that big building over there? What's inside? Even though I learned a lot of things, I never saw them in person.

My curiosity was immeasurable.

I looked around curiously and asked many questions.

"Dora-sama! What is that?"

"It's a clothes store."

"Dora-sama, what's that?"

"It's in the Eastern Plaza. It seems like they're hosting a play today."

"Dora-sama, the one flying has a weapon."

"That's a Dragon Warrior. Their weapons are made by Chaos."

Dora-sama diligently answered every question.

Elaborated on subjects she knew well.

I suddenly stopped on my track.

"Dora-sama, I would like to see the building!"

"You're not permitted to right now. Over here."

Dora stopped her wings and landed somewhere.

It was a huge square over 100 meters on one side.

In the open space, large Dragon Race were paired together.

Some of them noticed Dora-sama and saluted.

When Dora-sama answered it, she dropped me down and faced me.

"Dora-sama, this is a training ground?"

"Indeed."

Training ground.

The place where Dragon Warriors train their bodies.

"Dragon Race must be strong. You have been chosen by Dragon God, so you must have the strength to overcome any who wishes to harm Dragon God. Is it wrong?"

"No!"

"Good reply! Then you know what you must do?"

"Yes!"

After knowledge was combat training.

Fighting was the next most important thing after language for the Dragon Race, with

evil dragons lurking even one step beyond town.

That was why the Dragon Race learned to fight at a certain age, regardless of gender.

...No, since language and fighting were both important, regular Dragon Race children learned them both at the same time.

Well, let's leave that for now.

"Okay, then come on! I'll teach you how to fight like a Dragon Race."

Dora-sama posed in front of me.

She lowered her waist, leaning forward, and placed a hand on her waistline hidden, her wings ready for take off at any time.

Likewise, I mirrored the pose in imitation.

"Idiot!"

Receiving an Immediate rebuke from Dora-sama, I trembled.

"Who told you to pose? I said fight! If I said fight, you fight. Show your murderous intent and attack me!"

Ah... As I remember now, it was a rather ferocious scolding.

She taught fighting by first training the fighting spirit.

She would never teach finer techniques from the start.

The most important thing in a battle is the will to kill the opponent...

Most Dragon Race would be troubled when Dora-sama said that.

I couldn't kill Dora-sama.

But fortunately I was different.

I heard the words, and immediately fell on all fours.

It was the same style as when I was living in the Demon World.

In my line-of-sight only my instructor remained, Dora-sama, and she became my prey.

Was there doubt?

There was no reason. I knew how to fight.

And Dora-sama told me to fight.

So I obeyed.

“Good, come!”

Dora-sama took my murderous intent head on.

"Foo...!"

Flexing my four limbs, I leaped at Dora-sama.

Cutting the shortest distance toward Dora-sama's neck.

However, her arm suddenly appeared between me and her neck.

As if appearing out of nowhere, she struck at me.

My defeat was certain.

So I shifted my wings.

I made a hard right, ignoring the law of inertia.

A feint.

It was how I'd fought the demonic beasts that lived in the Demon World.

There were opponents that I couldn't fight head-on in a test of strength.

Therefore, such a move was also convenient.

I turned sharply with my body angled toward Dora, kicked the ground and attacked Dora-sama again.

An assault from the side.

Aiming at the throat again, with no arm to deflect my attack.

My fangs will chew up her throat and end her life.

"Gahh!"

But by the time I realized it, I was screaming like a dog and sent flying.

After rolling on the ground a few times, I immediately got back up with my shoulder in pain.

I saw a hole in my shoulder and red blood was gushing out.

And facing me, Dora posed once more.

Towards me.

I was on her side, but before I knew it, she was looking straight at me again.

Bothered by the pain on my shoulder and confused by what happened, Dora-sama said to me.

"What's wrong! Is it over! Move or I'll kill you!"

I bared my fangs.

I didn't know what happened, but the fight wasn't over.

Then, suddenly, I was blown away backwards by an impact.

When I rolled up and raised my face, Dora-sama stood at the position where I was.

The moment I confirmed it, the sand under her feet flung upwards.

Dora moved at godlike speed and kicked me away once more.

To be honest, I knew I had no chance at this point.

However, I kept crawling on all fours, refusing to compromise my fighting spirit.

I must attack.

"...!"

I held my breath and attacked in silence.

There was no shout to be heard.

Always alone, and I didn't have the habit of threatening others.

Just attack silently and kill and eat the opponents silently.

That was my only feature.

"Gya!"

However, my only feature was about to be crushed by Dora-sama.

She turned toward me.

Still posed, she pointed toward me.

But did nothing.

It seemed to me.

But it wasn't that way.

Dora was moving in response to my movement.

Instead of falling to my feint, using her wings to change direction in an instant and piercing me with another punch.

"What's wrong! Come on! Come on! Come until I die! Or I'll kill you!"

Dora-sama's attacks continued, swearing.

Every time I got up, I was scooped somewhere by a limb, and blood gushed out.

"Okay, come on! The scales of the Dragon Race will only get tougher when they come off! You have no scales, but the same thing applies! Be strong!"

I didn't give up.

Every time I was pierced and blown away, I got up and went to Dora-sama.

Why would you do that?

Because Dora-sama told me to do that.

I was just foolishly listening to the instructor.

Such combat training continued until I fainted.



I learned the following about a few days after the start of combat training.

That day, I was beaten up and fainted as usual.

I usually wake up to my own room in Dragon God's mansion.

"Get up, hey, get up!"

But when I woke up that day, I was in a slightly different place.

"We'll slow down on training for now, and work on something else from today until night time."

It wasn't the circular training ground with sandy ground, nor my own room where I would sleep.

There was a gentle slope.

There are some jumping platform-like scaffolds on the slopes, where much smaller children than I jump off with a run-up, flutter their wings only to fall to the ground in failure.

They fell like 4 to 5 meters, but they were of the Dragon Race.

Although slightly scratched, they immediately stood up and climbed the slope again.

"...This is?"

"Flight training ground."

When Dora-sama said, some of the children ran over and approached us.

"Dora-sama!"

"Dragon General Dora-sama!"

"I'm your fan! Please teach me how to fly!"

"Who is that guy with the strange hair?"

When the children came to Dora-sama, they crossed their arms and made the highest salute.

One was pointing at me disrespectfully, but Dora-sama ignored him.

It was a typical reaction for children.

"This guy can't fly yet, so I'll train him from scratch until he can. Flight is the foundation of the Dragon Race. You must master it for the Dragon God!"

"He can't fly yet!"

"How useless! I'm way better than him!"

"I could fly up to the yellow line today!"

"I am at the blue line!"

"Idiots! Don't mock each other!"

"Yes"

"Yes"

"Yes"

After taking care of the children, Dora-sama took me up to the summit.

"Laplace. What are we doing here? Tell me."

"Flight training ground. It is a place where Dragon Race children train to fly."

Yes, it was one of the many training facilities in Dragon Roar Mountain, where children practiced flight.

It didn't have an official name, but the kids usually called it the flying square.

The Dragon Race have a long lifespan, only once every thousands of years did they have children.

Therefore, the number of children was not large.

For this reason, the dragon race values the education of their children.

Those who become teachers will teach them one-on-one.

However, there are no teachers at this flight training facility.

Because it takes time to learn to fly in the sky.

Over the course of a century of attempts and crashes, children would eventually learn to fly on their own.

No need for instructions.

Just a daunting number of repetitions.

Of course, the first few times will be supervised by the person in charge of education, but after that, the children learn independently.

Until they can fly.

Even if they keep crashing for ten years, a hundred years, they will keep trying until they can fly.

Most of the Dragon Race will learn to fly.

Flight is foundational for the Dragon Race; just like all birds can fly, so too for Dragon Race.

Is what I want to say, but dropouts exist everywhere.

There were a few of the Dragon Race who could not fly in the end.

What happened to those people?

Unfortunately, they'd be branded as a "faller" and work on jobs that no one wanted to do.

The children are desperate because they know it, and those who can't fly are looked down upon mercilessly.

Even though it doesn't change the fact that we all equally answer to the Dragon God.

"What will you learn here?"

"Flight in the sky."

"OK, fly then."

"Yes."

I followed Dora-sama's instructions and went up to the jump platform.

The square spreads out below, and behind it the city of the Dragon Race.

It's not that bad when viewed from below, but it felt reasonably high from above.

Seeing that, I spread my wings.

I moved my back muscles and confirmed the range of motion of my wings.

Then I crouched down and leaped in one motion.

Flapped the wings a couple times and flew diagonally upward.

However, I quickly stalled and fell sharply.

Crashing head first, but I dexterously turned around mid air and landed on all fours.

I climbed to the jump platform again as if nothing had happened.

Then, I jumped and dropped several times.

I landed well, unlike the other children, and was not injured. Thanks to the experience of living in the Demon World.

However, I never flew when I was in the Demon World.

I didn't even know I could fly.

Therefore, I never flew.

"Wait."

After a few mistakes, I was stopped by Dora-sama.

"Do you know how to fly?"

I shook my head.

Then Dora-sama diligently instructed me.

"Put Dragon Touki into the wings to generate a force field. Utilize the force field to stay in the air and use the wind to glide. Got it?"

Honestly, I didn't.

This may be one of the reasons why a teacher was not required for flight practice.

Dragon Race's wings are not bird wings.

It's an organ for flying, but it doesn't fly under the influence of the wind.

It creates a force field like anti-gravity, which is how it flies.

Of course, once you go up to the sky, you will also experience air resistance. When that happens, you must tilt your wings and turn the wind you receive into lift to glide.

However, the Dragon Race's flight is due to the force field, the lift is just an aid.

By the way, the wings of Red Dragons and Blue Dragons are the same type of organ.

"Understood."

I answered.

Even though I didn't know how to put Dragon Touki in my wings.

When I was in the Demon World, while hunting I did manage something akin to flight on rare occasions, but that was purely physical in nature.

However, this flight was a little different.

It is difficult to explain in words.

But that's why it's so difficult that Dragon Race children have to practice for more than a century to master.

"Okay, if you understand, repeat until you can fly."

"Yes."

"I will come again."

Dora-sama said, and left me to take off.

Dora-sama's flight was smooth and gracious.

The movement of the wings was subtle, the climb was smooth and fast.

The children took off one after another in an attempt to chase Dora-sama, but everyone

that could not fly crashed.

After seeing Dora-sama off, I climbed to the jump platform.



Thus, the days where I alternate between classroom lessons, combat training, and flight practice continued.

Lectures and combat went well.

Lectures... There's nothing particular to mention?

Combat... after taking a beating to faint day after day, I eventually learned some techniques and training.

By sparring with Dora-sama on a daily basis, my innate strength was gradually improving.

However, flight did not go well.

After combat training, I jumped and crashed repeatedly from afternoon till night time.

Dora-sama came back at night and asked if I was able to fly.

When I replied I couldn't yet, she only muttered "I see" and carried me back to the mansion.

Dora never interfered.

She declared she wouldn't cut corners and said nothing about the flight training.

The Dragon Race are people who learn to fly by themselves after repeated practice.

That was common sense.

Of course I didn't complain.

Ten times more than other children I climbed the jumping platform in silence, and ten times more I fell.

While I fell, other children got the trick of creating a force field from their wings.

Some even got the trick of controlling their posture in the air.

One even flew.

I was also a little impatient.

I had the best teacher, Dora-sama, but I couldn't get any results.

I had no idea how to use Dragon Touki to create a forcefield.

On the ground, I was a different beast.

With my feet on the ground, I was quicker and faster than even the beasts of the Demon World.

Faster than even Dragon Warriors on the ground.

But that experience might have hindered my flight.

There is a fundamental difference between walking on the ground and flying in the sky.

The body must be perpendicular to gravity, and the direction of the force field was also different from what I expected.

I wouldn't be able to fly overnight.

That's why I became more impatient.

I knew I could, but I couldn't.

But still I didn't whine.

It was forbidden by Dora-sama.

If you ask why, it's because whining means giving up.

The days went by without any success.

Dora-like appeared every day to see if I could fly.

I always answered "not yet", Dora-san nodded and left.

When the training was over and I came back exhausted, Lunaria-sama welcomed me.

The servants also began to understand my words. Because I always expressed my gratitude to Dragon God, they properly recognized me as fellows.

However, they never treated me as Dragon God's son.

That's right, even I thought of myself as a dog or something, not the adopted child.

That's why.

When I came home in tatters, they would share with me the food they had hidden.

And wouldn't say that I should eat at regular times.

When I think back now, they totally treated me like a dog...

Haha, maybe they really thought of me that way at the time.

It's a fond memory.

Lunaria-sama treated me like a mother, stroking her stomach, which grew little by little each year.

However, perhaps because Lunaria-sama had no experience as a mother, or because I didn't know what a mother was, Lunaria-sama was just a goddess to me.

She had a supernatural ability to give me a peace of mind, just by being there.

Thinking about it now, I think that sense of security was proof that she was a demigod.

It was the best environment.

A warm home, extensive training.

Surrounded by such things, I spent decades becoming a full-fledged Dragon Race.

"Okay, then I... huh?"

The man-- Laplace looked at the girl on the chair, rolling like on the bow of a ship.

Wondering if she fell asleep because it was so boring.

No, this seemed different.

"It's already night..."

When Laplace looked out the window, the starry sky spread out.

A starry sky above, different from the Dragon World.

To Laplace's sense, it was only for a few hours.

But for Rostelina, it would have been a full-day.

"I reminisced for too long and talked too much, and ended up taking up Rostelina's whole day."

Then when he looked out the window, something huge blocked it.

It's a red dragon.

Upon recognizing Laplace, the red dragon grumbled, as if demanding something.

"Oh, I'm sorry that we took too long. But you're a dragon, why couldn't you feed yourself?"

"Goruru..."

"Don't say that. I didn't think that time would pass so quickly. People say that the flow of time gets faster as they get older. Even for a mixed race of demons and dragons, it seems that it's the same for me."

Laplace said, holding the body of Rostelina.

He walked quietly and out of the room.

He walked through a narrow corridor and moved in front of a door.

"Well, at least I wanted to hear your impressions..."

Gently opened the door.

Considering the clutter of the whole house, there was one room so tidy that it was not an exaggeration to say that there was nothing inside.

Laplace gently laid Rostelina on the bed in her room and covered her with a blanket.

No need to turn off the lights, no such things here from the beginning.

Laplace's eyes could see everything, even in the dark.

"Good night, Rostelina. See you tomorrow"

Laplace said, he closed the door and went back to his room.

CHAPTER 5

TRAINING ENDS

Dragon Roar, a mountain in the central part of the continent.

There, as usual, a girl was carrying something with her.

It's Rostelina.

In the large tub carried by Rostelina was a pile of meat.

The girl didn't know what kind of meat.

Laplace just told her to take it and give it to the dragon.

The cave behind the house.

There was a huge dragon there.

With its eyes closed and snoozing, the dragon was asleep.

"Dragon-san, dragon-san, meal time!"

After Rostelina yelled at the dragon, it slowly opened its eyes.

Then, after a loud yawn, it thrust its neck into the tub in front of him and began to chow on the meat inside.

What might be a snack for the dragon would serve as a rather full meal for Rostelina.

Rostelina watched as the dragon ate. Now that she was finally free, she began to punch the air in front of her.

"Dragon-san, listen! Master told me about the Dragon Race fighting style. Like this! First you pose like this, then strike to your side, then punch like this! Oh, you have to shout like, Haa!"

Rostelina said, and began tapping the claws of the busy dragon. Her moves could not be called elegant.

To the dragon, the attack might as well have been a mosquito bite, completely harmless.

However, perhaps it hated getting pestered, or just playing along, it moved its claw.

It was a huge dragon.

Even the tip of its toe was as big as the body of Rostelina.

"Agh!"

Rostelina was flung by the claw and sent spinning on the ground.

"Oww... That's too far..."

Rostelina was not injured.

She got up, rubbing the back of her head and suddenly noticed something.

"...Dragon-san is bigger than the other dragons."

Rostelina had seen red dragons before.

Rather, they flew by on a daily basis.

There were red dragon nests on the mountain peak.

Sometimes they'd circle the house and get too close.

But the house dragon would chase it away.

The dragon in front of her was considerably larger than the red dragons.

Its body alone would have been twice as large as the average red dragon, and three times as wide with its wings spread.

"Your scales are a beautiful red, your fangs are long, your tail is lithe, and your eyes

gleam with intelligence."

The dragon snorted when Rostelina said that.

"Ah, so you can tell," the dragon seemed to say.

"It's true after all, is Dragon-san just like Master, a Dragon from the Dragon World?"

The dragon heard but did not answer.

Too focused on its delicious meal.

In the first place, the dragon could not speak.

Even if it understood her, it couldn't reply with words.

"Oh, right!"

Then Rostelina remembered something.

She fell asleep the other day.

"If you listen to the rest of that story, you may find out about the dragon," she thought.

No better time than now, Rostelina decided and ran home.

She entered the house and went straight to the usual study.

There again today, Laplace was writing on his desk.

"Master! Master!"

"Hmm, oh, Rostelina. What's wrong? You were just asleep, did you have a scary dream?"

"No, last night was a fun dream of flying in the sky! More importantly, Master!"

"What is it?"

Laplace looked at her with a stern look as Rostelina spoke.

"Tell me the rest of the story!"

"The story from before?"

"The story of Laplace-sama in the Dragon World! You lived a long life, and you haven't told me everything yet!"

Laplace looked troubled by her words.

"Ah, the story from before... but it's not very interesting. After that, I became a full-fledged dragon warrior, got a job, did some great things and earned some renown, and ultimately lost everything. That's that."

"I don't understand at all!"

"Is that right...?"

"Fine then, please tell me how you tamed Dragon-san. You knew Dragon-san for a long time, right?"

Hearing her, Laplace slapped his hands.

As if remembering something.

"That's right, I met Saleyakt when I was assigned my first job. It's followed from the previous story."

"See, you were fudging it after all!"

"Do you want to hear it?"

"I want to hear it!"

Laplace shook his head at Rostelina's begging.

He sighed, had no choice but to sit back on his chair.

"Okay, sit down, Rostelina. Let's continue the story from that time."

"Yes!"

"Well, where did we begin? Well... I think the easiest thing to understand is from the end of my education. OK, let's do that."

Then Laplace began to speak.

A story from a far-away mythological era.



Decades passed since Laplace's education in the Dragon World began.

Everyday classroom learning, combat training, and flight practice, repeat.

The same one to the next.

Only difference was Lunaria-sama's stomach growing slightly each day.

That day, I was flying over the training ground.

As usual, I was doing flight practice.

However, my style of flying ended up slightly different from the other Dragon Races.

The Dragon Race usually flies with their bodies flat.

After generating the initial lift from forming a force field, they'll use the wind for lift to fly and glide.

Only when changing direction or to gain altitude, is the force field needed again.

That's the most efficient way to fly.

However, back then, I could fly only with my body standing perpendicular to the ground.

Ignoring inertia like that, rapid acceleration, sudden stop, quick turn, repeated.

Anyone used to the flight of Dragon Race would consider it a sight to behold.

In fact, there were many people that stared at me on the slopes of the training ground.

Not just children. Also a few Dragon Warriors.

Not only did they look, but some tried to copy me, but were unable to control their movements and fell.

I ignored them.

I repeated my flight practice routine without a second thought.

Rapid rise, a quick corner turn, another corner turn, a sudden stop midair, then rapidly accelerate, deep dive, another sudden stop, then a quick ascend back to my initial position.

More or less.

The style of flight is very unstable and uses too much Dragon Touki.

Almost everyone who tried to imitate me failed.

Compared to the typical way Dragon Race flew, it's very inefficient.

However, there were advantages.

The flying style, using almost no lift from air, can make very sharp turns.

Besides Dragon God, Dragon General Maxwell was said to be the strongest flier, but I was even more agile than him with this style.

This is a great advantage when fighting in the air.

"...!"

A person on the slope leaped and flew toward me.

A Dragon Race woman with exceptionally large wings and white silver scales.

Yes, Dora-sama.

Dora-sama rose gracefully, almost like a dance.

It's not unusual.

Dora-sama sometimes surprise attacked me like this to teach me aerial combat.

Dora's flight was fast.

Unlike mine, it was a flight method that did not deviate from the common sense of the Dragon Race, but its speed and technique far surpassed mine.

She climbed at a tremendous speed and repeated subtle movements to adjust her route.

And caught up with me who was trying to escape with a sharp turn.

Originally, she would have stuck my back.

However, there was another advantage to my way of flying.

You can keep flying while facing your opponent.

"Laplace, start!"

"Yes!"

Dora-sama shouted and I answered. The aerial fighting began.

The basis of Dragon Race fighting consists of three elements.

Cover one's claws with Dragon Touki, the claw technique for cutting the enemy.

Cover one's fists with Dragon Touki, the fang technique to chew through the enemy.

Cover one's wings with Dragon Touki, the wing technique for rapidly accelerating or decelerating to change one's positioning.

Take the opponent's back with the wing technique, weaken the opponent with the claw technique, and cause fatal injury to the opponent with the fang technique.

Train your claws, fangs, and wings to make your body strong.

These were the fundamental lessons of the Dragon Race, "Teaching of Nail, Fangs, and Wings".

Of course, I also knew the fundamentals well.

I was especially good at the fang technique.

My fang technique had enough destructive power for Dora-sama to call it "deadly".

On the other hand, Dora-sama was good at claw technique.

She never raised a fist having such confidence in her claw technique.

Dora-sama circled me, aiming at my wings with her claws.

On the other hand, I repeatedly climbed and descended, aiming to counter her with my fangs.

Fully enveloping my claws, fangs, and wings with Dragon Touki, poking for holes in her defenses.

Even Dora-sama, if my strike landed true, would become my prey.

Therefore, Dora-sama didn't attack continuously, and her claw technique did not weaken me by much.

Mmm? Was I strong enough to match the Five Dragon Generals at that time?

No, it was just training, so if Dora-sama fought me seriously, it would be over in a moment.

Even when Dora-sama went easy on me, she still had technique and experience far beyond me.

The battle was one-sided.

Dora-sama's lightning fast claws pierced my defenses and made a hole in my body.

My nails and fangs were blocked and parried, not even a scratch on her scales.

There was a big difference in power between Dora and me.

I bared Dora-sama's onslaught as much as I could, enduring it to avoid a fatal blow.

I could withstand one or two attacks.

However, even my wings couldn't protect me after several more blows.

After I was weakened, the blows landed more frequently, and it was only a matter of time before I fell.

In fact, I always lost like that.

However, I was not blindly defeated each time.

I was always thinking and trying various countermeasures.

That day too, I bet on a new strategy.

Shifting my wings, I escaped to the top.

Of course, Dora-san followed me.

From the silent chase, I could sense an anger from her like never before.

Probably she thought I was running away.

She didn't teach me to turn away and run.

Dora-sama rapidly closed in on me.

With my back toward her, my vulnerable wings were exposed to her.

A strike at my wings and I fell.

Then, what would be waiting after that was a sermon by Dora-sama.

But that didn't happen.

Immediately before I was overtaken by Dora-sama, I quickly turned around near the

apex and attacked.

Dora-sama climbing as I was falling.

Because of the rapid change in our relative speed, Dora-sama misjudged the situation.

I swung my nails through Dora-sama's back side as we crossed.

The strike was true.

However, at the same time, I felt a burning sensation around the base of my wings.

I lost control and fell to the slope, fumbling.

The battle was over.

I looked up the slope.

Dora-sama was flying in an arc midair.

It was courtesy of the Dragon Race for the winner to take a few laps in the air.

Despite my strategy, how'd Dora-sama find my back?

I'll be reprimanded.

However, I was willing to accept it.

I thought too simply and lost.

I thought, but Dora-san was not angry.

"When you ran suddenly, I was wondering if it was over... but that ending was good!"

With a satisfied smile, Dora-san was bleeding from her forehead.

My strike scratched Dora-sama on her forehead.

It was a shot aimed at the wings, but I probably hit her head as she turned around.

The wings were of course our weakness, but since the Dragon Race is humanoid, our heads must be protected as well.

It was a coincidence, but I hit Dora-sama's weaknesses.

"Except for Dragon God-sama and the Five Dragon Generals, there is no one who can hit me in the air! In terms of flight and combat techniques, you pass!"

I was delighted.

Dora-sama usually didn't praise me much.

These words could be called the greatest compliment.

Dora-sama continued to make me merry.

"Furthermore, I have no more knowledge to teach you. You already know more than most Dragon Race!"

Dora looked down at me, her expression softened.

The always stern Dora-sama laughed.

"You are a full-fledged Dragon Race. This completes your education."

Dora muttered, "Good job," and reached out to me.

I grabbed the hand and stood up, crossed my arms before Dora-sama with my wings folded.

At that time, I had an indescribable sense of accomplishment, and a slight anxiety.

To be honest, I thought that the training would last until I died.

But if something has a beginning, it will have an end.

"Dora-sama, thank you for everything."

"You don't need to thank me, but don't forget the words of thanks to Dragon God-sama."

"Yes!"

"Then go back home and wait! Dragon God shall judge your progress!"

That was the end of my training.



I returned home and reported to Lunaria-sama that my training was complete.

When she saw that she made a benevolent smile, looking genuinely happy.

"Then we'll have to celebrate today!"

She said and went to order the servants to prepare a feast.

For Dragon Race, other dragons are the main staple.

Previously, the Dragon Race may have subsided on small lizards or fruits to survive, but that changed after gaining strength.

Red Dragons, Blue Dragons, and Earth Dragons.

After all, for the Dragon Race, celebration meant meat.

On special occasions, special dragons are served.

The flesh of rare dragons like King Dragon, Black Dragon, or White Dragon.

Many treats that day that even I couldn't usually eat came out.

I can't forget the taste of that day.

But more than the taste of the food, there are other things I can't forget.

The servants looked at me a little differently after that day.

To be specific, I became a man rather than a dog.

By completing the training of Dora-sama, I had become a full-fledged Dragon Race in

their eyes.

I remember some changes within me as well.

I no longer considered myself as the pet.

Transformed from the Royal Pet of Dragon God to the loyal servant of Dragon God.

Anyways, I started to become more self-conscious of my position.

Then I waited for the return of Dragon God.

Dragon God returned to the mansion every few months.

When he came home, he always went to Lunaria-sama, to greet her and confirm her well-being.

Of course, that didn't mean ignoring me either.

Dragon God always asked Dora-sama about my training.

Dora-sama would report everything about what she taught and how well I understood it.

Sometimes, no growth was observed, but Dora-sama never lied.

Dragon God never said anything in response, just nodded and had her continue.

Also, as I became able to speak, he started asking me questions.

The usual questions.

Mainly what you did today, what you learned, what do you want to learn, etc.

I answered them honestly.

There was no reason to lie.

Sometimes I didn't have any new results, or couldn't grasp the new lessons, but I didn't lie.

I learned from Dora-sama's that it was rude to tell a lie.

However, there were things I couldn't answer even if I didn't mean to lie.

Where were you born?

Who are your parents?

Why were you in the corner of the Demon World...

I couldn't answer those questions.

Because I didn't know.

When I said "I don't know", Dragon God-sama would just reply, "I see."

I shriveled into myself.

I know I was an unusual existence, and Dragon God-sama wished to know what made me special... But since I didn't know, it couldn't be helped.

Dragon God also examined my body sometimes.

Wings, claws, fangs, and hair.

Dragon God did not explain anything, but I entrusted myself to him without complaints.

As my benefactor who brought me to the Dragon World, I would have willingly subjected myself to him even if he wished me harm.

Of course, Dragon God never harmed me in any way.

That kind of report and inspection ended as well that day.

"Dora. How was Laplace?"

"His training is complete. Laplace is now an excellent Dragon Warrior that won't embarrass Dragon God-sama."

I was glad that Dora-sama said that to Dragon God-sama.

I could only straighten my back a bit and gripped my fists tight.

I could not embarrass myself in front of Dragon God.

"That's right. Thank you. Laplace did well?"

"Yes! He's excellent! Laplace should be able to do everything Dragon God-sama assigns him!"

"Work?"

Dragon God muttered, turning to the window.

He's a brilliant man, but even he needs time to consider what work to assign me.

Of course, I didn't even think about it.

That's right.

Do you train dogs to do human work?

Certainly not.

No matter how much training, a dog is a dog.

However, my mindset was changing a little.

If I was given a job, I would gladly accept it.

"That's right..."

What kind of work is coming?

My heart raced as Dragon God considered for a while his next words.

Even though it felt like a while, it was only a few minutes.

But it felt like hours.

"Uh-hum"

Perhaps reaching a conclusion, Dragon God looked away from the window and turned toward me, asking.

"Laplace, what do you think of the Dragon World?"

The question was unrelated to my job, but I answered it openly.

"It's a paradise. There's no better place than this."

The words made Dragon God soften his expression.

It was a smile.

"Really?"

I had no intention of flattery.

For me, this was a paradise.

Meals would come even if you didn't ask, and you were taught various things.

Dora-sama was stern, but for a bright future I couldn't be happier to have her.

It was a relief to see Dragon God's smile.

Reading the mood, I asked.

"Why did you help me?"

It was rude to question Dragon God.

Dora-sama taught me that, but my mouth might have lost to my curiosity.

Or maybe I wanted a solid answer, whether I had a job in the future or not.

What do I work for?

Because it's an order from Dragon God-sama... but it helps to know the details.

"..."

When Dragon God looked at me, it was a terrifyingly blank expression.

Dora-sama's shoulders stiffened, her wings slowly opening.

When I saw them, I immediately realized my rudeness.

So I immediately crossed my arms and folded my wings.

Please accept my apology and forget my question.

However, before that, Dragon God opened his mouth.

"Behold!"

Once again, Dragon God looked out the window.

Outside of the window, you can see the cityscape of Kayos.

Even though it's inside a cave, it's a bright, wide and lively town with many a Dragon Race flying around.

"Once upon a time it was a Red Dragon's nest."

"...Is that so?"

"Yes, the Red Dragon was a creature that lives within the mountain like us. The Dragon Race was weak and preyed upon by the Red Dragons."

The story of the Dragon World that I didn't know as told by Dragon God.

Dragon God came before the Dragon Race that did not even have a language.

He went before his people who were terrorized by the Red Dragons, demonstrated his power and became their chief...

He found Five Dragon Generals and divided the clans, raising them to become more powerful than everything else in the world.

It had been a daunting time.

Many hundreds and thousand died.

However, they steadily moved forward and the Dragon Race came to dominate the world.

"So I think of all Dragon Race as like my children."

Then, Dragon God turned to me and narrowed his eyes.

"Why I helped you. Even as a mix of Dragon Race and Demon Race, Dragon blood still flows through you so you are also my child."

Although only half, I have never been so proud of my Dragon blood.

But the answer was not what I wanted.

I wanted to know how I could be of use to Dragon God.

As only a half-blood, I wanted to know how or where I could be useful.

Of course, it was rude to keep asking, so I stayed quiet.

But...

Dragon God, being as brilliant as he was, saw through my distress.

"Of course, it wasn't merely because of that... Recently, there have been strange disappearances all over the world. Nobody knew the cause or reason, nor where they disappeared to. If one had been transported to the Demon World and gave birth to you, then it might be a clue."

"Were there any clues on me?"

"No, nothing at the moment."

"In that case..."

"That's fine. Regardless, I have great expectations for you."

Still looking out the window, Dragon God continued.

"The second is to improve the deteriorating relationship with the demons. That race has been the enemy of the Dragon Race for thousands of years. Rumors that Dragon God is trying to destroy the demons have spread... Even though it is a pure fabrication."

"..."

"Raising you, a mixed race of demons and dragons, can be proof that it is a misunderstanding."

Was that really evidence?

As I was persecuted by the demons in the demon world, I couldn't believe it.

Rather, I might have been an obstacle instead.

However, I didn't have the courage to say it.

If I said that and got kicked out of here, I would have had no place to go.

Dragon God-sama, Lunaria-sama, Dora-sama, and the servants.

Now that I got to know many people and could communicate, I couldn't stand returning to being alone.

"The third is for my child, who will be born soon."

Dragon God turned to face me.

No, behind me.

Looking deep in the mansion, toward Lunaria-sama.

"My wife, Lunaria, is a human race. Then my child will be a mixed race of Human and Dragon."

"..."

"As I said, anyone who has the blood of a dragon are my children. The Dragon Race

worships me as a god and swore me their loyalty.”

I nodded at the words.

From prominent ones such as Dora-sama to Lunaria-sama’s servants, Dragon Warriors in the training field, and children in training facilities, there was no one who disliked Dragon God.

Everyone respected and worshipped Dragon God-sama.

"However, what if my child was born of a human race? They may be seen with a different eye."

I remembered their gaze when I went out.

Their alienating gaze.

It was the same here with the Dragon Race.

I didn’t mind it anymore, but if I had been a newborn child, it would have been tough.

"Therefore, I wanted them to get used to it by having another mixed race child like you."

By letting me, who is a mixed race, walk around the town, the surrounding folks would eventually get used to it.

I served as a precedent that the mixed race itself is neither rare, horrible, nor repulsive.

"I also hope that you two, being both of mixed race, will understand each other better. I’m looking forward to that."

The third reason.

Dragon God-sama’s conclusion.

It was exactly the answer I wanted.

I couldn’t be more grateful to Dragon God-sama.

It was not just sympathy and charity to rescue me from my lonesome.

It had a purpose.

Moreover, the god before me had expectations for me.

As a comrade to his child.

I was never so happy.

"Rescuing you for my own reasons, are you disappointed?"

"No, it's the opposite."

I had made up my mind.

I would become someone useful to Dragon God's child.

I'd do my best so that a mixed-race could live comfortably.

It had been decades since I started living in the Dragon Race society.

It was full of things I didn't understand.

However, I understood that as a mixed-race if I failed to make myself useful, it would not only bring disdain from others on myself but the unborn child as well.

I must use Dora-sama's training and bring results.

That's what I should do.

"Let me be a source of strength to Dragon God!"

"I look forward to it."

At that moment, how to "give back to Dragon God" took shape in my mind.

It became clear what to do.

I wanted to do my best.

Of course, I had always intended to do my best until now.

But from that day on, its shape changed dramatically.

Having set a clear goal for myself, I became more focused.

Not only working harder, but also with more ingenuity and effort.

"Well, Dora."

"Yes!"

Dora-sama was silent in the corner of the room during the talk.

"Laplace's job... do you have any ideas?"

"I thought before, why not have him work for me?!"

"That's it?"

"No, of course not, if he has such a noble aspiration, better to keep him with me..."

Thinking back on that interaction back then, it's kind of funny.

No matter Dragon God's greatness, finding adequate work for me would certainly be a source of headaches. For Dora-sama to show a rare moment of selfishness...

However, Dragon God was the father of all Dragon Race.

Even for Dora-sama.

Accepting her selfish request was expected.

"Okay, that's fine since you say as much."

"Yes! Thank you!"

That's how I came to be an underling of Dora-sama.

Did I mention Dora-sama's work before?

It was dragon training.

CHAPTER 6

RED DRAGON TRAINING

A few days later, Dora-sama took me to a new location.

The place where Dora-sama flew was outside of town.

In an area with few residents, the building was surrounded by domed walls.

There were several entrances built into the tall walls, and Dora-sama entered from one of them.

Of course, I followed through.

"!"

Immediately, smells from unfamiliar beasts assaulted my nose.

Not bad enough to hold my nose, but I couldn't help but frown.

Not just the smell.

The smell wasn't that different from the Demon World.

More than the smell, I could hear various noises coming from the back of the building.

Creepy?

No, rather nostalgic.

"..."

Should I have asked where we were? Rather, I could more or less guess.

Just then, Dora saw the questions on my face and spoke.

"This is the training ground for dragons."

I replied "Oh" to that and looked around.

I heard about this place.

Dragon Race can fly on our own wings by using force fields, and we can fly quite quickly and cruise at a high speed.

But Dragon Touki is limited, so flying long distances is exhausting.

When the Dragon Race needs to travel afar, we ride a Red Dragon.

The Red Dragon is the smaller of the dragons, but their range is relatively wide in comparison.

However, the Red Dragon is ferocious by nature.

After all, Red Dragons and the Dragon Race were natural enemies.

They'd attack and eat the Dragon Race, left untamed.

That's why we trained and tamed them here.

Catch a Red Dragon, teach them that the Dragon Race is on top of the pecking order, train them as a riding animal.

"From today on, you work as my subordinate. You'll work here from now on."

"Yes!"

"Even if you weren't working for me, I was going to bring you here at least once. Because living in the Dragon World, we can't avoid a relationship with other dragons. There is no loss in knowing. "

Dora-sama said, and started moving toward the back of the building.

The recess of the building was larger than it looked from the outside.

As we walked, I asked Dora-sama various questions.

"Why did you ask me to serve you?"

"When I heard your discussion with Dragon God-sama, I thought my work was optimal."

"Optimal?"

"Our work is appreciated by many Dragon Race without grudges."

Training a dragon seems like a special task.

However, in reality, many dragons exist as livestock in the Dragon World.

Dragon Warriors need to tame dragons and fight alongside them.

More than livestock, but also as companions and partners.

In our world, it would be closer to the relationship between a knight and his horse.

Although it is called a training ground, this building isn't just for training.

From the treatment of gravely ill dragons to delivery of new births, it has various functions.

It's a place where Dragon Warriors could get care for their partners.

The Dragon World is a harsh world.

In battle, even a Red Dragon can die.

Therefore, there are many among the Dragon Race that deeply appreciate Dora-sama for her work.

Of course, it is not always possible to save a mortally wounded dragon.

But no one holds a grudge against Dora-sama when she can't save it.

The Dragon Race does not blame those that have done their best.

That's why the dragon training job was perfect for me.

It'll take some time, but my name will spread through the land.

It's not a glamorous job either, so no one will kick up a fuss.

"You're an excellent student. I want to keep a talent like yours under my wings."

"...I am honored to be praised."

I was a little embarrassed to be praised by Dora-sama, but she looked away and proceeded to the end of the passage.

We walked through a narrow passage for a while and found a big passage.

Wide enough for red dragons to pass one another.

There were many cages within the passage, and in the cages, large red reptiles were curled up and lying down.

"That's a Red Dragon."

"...Surprisingly calm, isn't it?"

The Red Dragon is a ferocious dragon.

It would attack anything that crossed its path and eat it.

However, the Red Dragon before me was just laying there, watching Dora-sama and I with a blank expression.

It was my first time seeing the real thing up close, but it looked quite different than I expected.

"This one has already been trained. If you go a little further in, you can see a dragon acting like a dragon."

"I see... so what should I do first?"

"Rookie's jobs have been fixed since ancient times."

I followed Dora-sama deeper into the passage.

Then, just as Dora-sama said, the cries of dragons grew louder.

I heard a rustling noise, like wings fluttering.

The cages became more sturdy, enclosing rougher individuals within.

Some growled and tried to intimidate me when they spotted someone new had arrived.

When Dora-sama stared back, They quickly grew quiet again.

"This area contains individuals that have been training for a few years. Still rather wild. Once they judge that all the Dragon Race are allies, they can be moved to other areas where more Dragon Race frequent, gradually moving toward Kayos.

"Caged at the furthest end are individuals that have just started training. They are no different from wild beasts."

"My job is to train them, right?"

I said so because I thought there was only the deepest part left.

However, I was scolded by Dora.

"Fool. I can't let a rookie fill the most important and dangerous role. Here."

Then, Dora-sama led me down a side road between the cages.

As we proceeded down the side road, I heard a terrible cry.

Perhaps an untamed, feral dragon roared.

The roar of giant reptiles can send chills down your spine.

If you hear it up close, your knees might buckle.

Even though I hunted beasts in the demon world, I froze for a moment.

Of course, dragons are probably on another level compared to demonic beasts.

If Dora-sama wasn't leading the way, my legs would probably stay frozen.

Dora-sama saw right through me.

She turned around and observed me with her usual cold gaze.

"What's wrong? Scared?"

"No, just surprised."

"Good. If you're so uncomfortable with this, you can't do your job."

I have to do better.

What awaits me here isn't just trivial labor.

I can't underestimate it.

But I thought it might be safer than fighting.



I was brought to the cage of a red dragon.

The red dragon was much smaller than the others.

At that time, I thought it was probably a young or immature specimen.

The dragon seemed agitated, growling and breathing roughly. It was wary of us, leaning against a wall.

Readying for a bite.

The dream of riding it like a mount seemed like distant dream.

"First, you're in charge of the training of this guy."

"Yes!"

"I won't teach you anything. Dragons, better get used to them with your own skin."

Aside from flying, Dora-sama taught me everything step-by-step.

I felt like I was suddenly thrown out on my own.

But my training was over, and so was our relationship as student and teacher.

Now that I was her understudy, it was only natural that she would expect me to stand on my own two feet.

"If you think it's not working out, you can kill it."

"Kill it?"

"I will give you about a year."

Just like that, Dora-sama left.

Leaving me and the dragon behind, growling in the corner.

"Grrrrrr... Gao!"

"..."

Before me, a threatening dragon.

I thought for a while standing before him.

How can I make this dragon submit?

Do I beat it?

No, with a dragon this small, anyone from the Dragon Race can probably beat it up, capture and bring it here.

Since it's not submissive, it probably doesn't understand the difference in strength yet.

It would be useless for me to do it.

"..."

After thinking for a while, I left the scene.

Returning to the passage to greet a Dragon Race that passed by.

Even though he looked at me suspiciously, I gave him an honored salute.

"Hello, I work under Dora-sama starting today. I'm Laplace."

"...A Rookie? I'm Gala."

"Gala-sama, may I ask you something?"

After thinking, I gave up and asked my senior for help?

No, not really.

Dora-sama told me to feel the dragon with my own skin.

If I asked my senior for help, it would be against the order.

But I thought my method would require some preparations.

"Where is the food for the dragons?"

"Oh, go straight that way--"

Yes, bait.

It was a simple idea, but first and foremost, I thought food was important.

For wildlife, the search for food is life-and-death.

When I was on my own, my everyday life revolved around the search for food.

So first, food.

Following Gala's direction, I visited the food storage and took a portion from the person in charge.

It's a giant piece of red dragon meat.

Dragons cannibalize each other for meat.

Even though Dragon Race eats dragons, we do not eat our own. It's what differentiates us from wild beasts.

In any case, I returned to the Red Dragon with my bait.

First, fill its stomach.

That is the first important step.

"Gugaaaaa!"

However, the dragon only glared at me and growled.

As if saying, "I don't need that, go away!"

Even when I placed the meat in front of it, it would not look at it.

It didn't look like it would eat anything from me.

Maybe it suspected that it contained poison.

"...That didn't work."

Do I give up?

Even though I was hoping to make progress after it ate its fill.

If you think about it, it was not that different from me back in the Demon World.

After living as a feral child in the Demon World, and after all my studies and training in the Dragon World. I couldn't give up like that.

"Oh yeah!"

No, there was something else.

In my limited experience, there was a way to make a strong impression.

"Let's give it a name"

A name.

Yes, a name.

I think a name is important to start a hierarchical relationship.

When I was named, I could sense something important had happened.

At the moment I was named by Dragon God, I felt reborn.

That's why I'll give it a name.

Back then, the Dragon Race did not usually name their dragons.

Dragons are dragons. Even though we'll differentiate them by species, we rarely differentiate between individuals.

"Your name is..."

But for me, it's my first time naming something.

The name didn't readily appear, and I had to think for a bit in front of the growling dragon.

"Gooh!"

Did my hesitation appear weak?

The dragon suddenly bounced and attacked me.

"Hold on."

I grabbed its upper jaw without effort.

Compared to the quickness of Dora-sama, the terrified lizard might as well be standing still.

That's the difference in power.

By then, I had begun to understand how to utilize Dragon Touki through training.

Even though I couldn't yet use my full power, it was plenty to handle a small dragon.

No matter how much the dragon struggled, its upper jaw was fixed in the air unmoving.

Even though it tried to escape my grasp, or tried to bite my hand, it was to no avail.

Then, in the mind of the dragon, the painful experience of training by other Dragon Race reappeared.

Fearing pain, it fluttered its wings and tried to escape.

But it couldn't move.

Its upper jaw still held fixed, the body, no matter how much it struggled and twisted, couldn't shake free.

Eventually, the dragon became tired and stopped moving.

At the same time, I thought of something.

"Saleyakt... Yes, your name is Saleyakt."

As I said that, the dragon slowly looked up at me.

Its eye reflected a Dragon Race different from the rest, with violent, tabooed hair.

As the dragon watched, I repeated the word "Saleyakt."

Of course, the name has no meaning.

But I finally decided what to call it.

"Gugu..."

Red dragons are ferocious but clever creatures.

Therefore, he immediately understood that it was a name given to himself.

Incidentally, it also realized it couldn't overpower me.

When I let go, Saleyakt immediately shrunk to a corner of the room.

With its tail tucked into the corner, it stared at me with frightened eyes.

"Saleyakt. Food. Eat."

I placed the bait again before the settled Saleyakt.

A huge chunk of dragon meat.

"Grrrrrr... Gao!"

Salejact stared at it, then at me, and barked again.

Even if it knew it couldn't win, it still didn't want to submit.

Well, if it would submit that easily, it wouldn't have been stuck here.

In the end, it didn't eat the meat that day.

Only waiting for me to leave.

I began to appreciate what Dora-sama meant by feeling the dragon with my skin.

Dragons are stubborn and don't easily submit to the Dragon Race.

They're not like the tamed ones ridden by Dragon Warriors, you have to know to deal with wild dragons first...

I kept hanging out with Saleyakt.

For a long time.

One day, two days, until the meat rotted and became putrid.

When it was no longer edible, I discarded the meat in front of Saleyakt.

I took the meat to the dump and threw it away.

What do you think I do after that?

I took a new piece of meat and put it in front of Saleyakt again.

It's silly, foolish and repetitive.

But I couldn't help it.

Because this was work Dora-sama assigned me.

I had no intention of giving up until it was completed.

However, I did not know how to do it.

I thought of trying various things, but they would only work after Saleyakt began eating.

It probably wanted to eat.

I knew how hard it was to be hungry.

But Saleyakt didn't eat.

Not even after three, four, or five days.

I didn't eat as well.

Exchanging the meat many times, I fasted alongside Saleyakt.

It was a competition to see who breaks fast first.



How many days have passed?

The first to give in was Saleyakt.

Did it give up and take a bite of the meat...? No.

It was starvation.

Its hunger had reached its limit.

No longer with the strength to hold on, it plopped its belly on the ground and fell.

Even then, its bright eyes still fixed upon me.

Even though it no longer looked intimidating...

On the other hand, I was still fine.

Whether it was the blood of the Dragon Race, or the Demon Race, I could go a hundred days without food.

But even I was surprised.

I never thought Saleyakt would still refuse to eat even at the edge of starvation.

Having experienced hunger myself, it was hard to believe.

At the same time, I gained a sense of respect for him.

He refused to submit even from hunger.

I wondered if his pride was more important.

If I was put in a position to choose between betraying Dragon God and food, I would have done the same.

Better off dead.

But not many people can do that in practice.

I decided to witness his death.

I was in charge of his training by Dora-sama.

Dora-sama's command was the same as Dragon God-sama's command. It could not be refused.

Furthermore, I was told that I could kill him.

Then I thought I'd let him die while keeping his pride.

"Farewell, Saleyakt. I'll never forget your pride, so at least I will be a witness to your end."

Having said that, I sat beside Saleyakt.

Not quite touching, but closer than before.

It was then that Saleyakt and I came face-to-face for the first time.

One hour, two hours?

I gazed at Saleyakt for a period of time.

Saleyakt continued to stare at me.

I thought that time would last forever.

Until the moment death comes to Saleyakt and his eyes lose power.

"Goo..."

But, just then.

Saleyakt turned away his eyes.

As if he couldn't handle the staring contest.

Rather, he turned toward the meat.

Without any strength he shifted his neck, moving its mouth closer to the meat.

It was trying to eat.

I didn't know what inner-conflict he had.

Swallowing his pride, he chose life.

He wanted to live.

However, it was near exhaustion.

He could barely leave a bite mark with his remaining strength.

He couldn't even chew.

I got up right away.

I took a piece of the meat and chewed it over.

The meat was tough and stringy, but I had a strong jaw and sharp fangs and I chewed.

After tenderizing the meat, I put it into Saleyakt's mouth.

Slowly, meekly, Saleyakt swallowed the meat I softened.

Confirming that, I chewed a few more pieces of meat, and fed it to Saleyakt.

While chewing the meat, I was feeling hungry as well.

So sometimes I swallowed it myself.

After repeating it several times, the original piece of meat was gone.

I immediately ran to the food stores and brought in an additional piece.

By that time Saleyakt had regained some strength.

It wasn't enough to stand up on his own feet, but a little power returned to him, and the light of his eyes returned as he stared at me.

It was rather quick to digest it, but dragons are powerful and tough creatures, so that's what happens sometimes.

Ignoring that, I grabbed a piece of the meat in my hand, chewed it, and swallowed it.

I pushed the remaining meat to the front of Saleyakt.

Showing him how I ate, and wanted him to do the same.

Even Saleyakt knew how to eat meat.

Hesitantly, he stretched his neck and licked the meat.

It tasted delicious, even with my saliva.

After licking it a bit, realizing how hungry he was, he clung onto the flesh.

Holding the meat with his front legs, he bit into the tough muscles with his fangs, chewing, crushing, swallowing the bones and all.

Saleyakt was absorbed in eating for a while.

But he suddenly returned to me.

Behind the meat.

Watching the person sitting there that was watching him eat.

Gently, Saleyakt pushed the tendered meat towards me.

Seeing that, I sat still for a few seconds, then bit and chewed on the meat as well.

I didn't know what he wanted at first, but quickly figured out that we should eat together.

Then, after taking a few bites, I returned the meat to Saleyakt.

Saleyakt growled happily, chewed the meat, and after a few bites, returned it to me.

Then, after exchanging the meat several times, it was gone.

I placed my hand on Saleyakt's head and opened my mouth.

"Saleyakt. I shall raise you."

At that time, Saleyakt could not understand the Dragon Race language.

However, he seemed to understand what those words meant.

From this day on, Saleyakt was no longer frightened of me.

That was the first step for my assignment, and a huge leap for me.

Do you know?

One grows from failure, but not failure alone.

Only success, even if just once, can push one forward.

CHAPTER 7

DRAGON TRAINER

A year later, when Dora-sama came to visit.

That day, I was resting Saleyakt's head on my lap, eating meat together and teaching Saleyakt words.

"This is... a surprise."

Dora-sama looked at us in shock.

No, maybe she was startled.

She's not someone who is surprised very easily.

"Dora-sama! Forgive my rudeness...!"

Rudeness to Dora-sama was unacceptable, so I immediately tried to stand up to salute her.

"No, as you were."

Dora-sama stopped me and observed Saleyakt carefully.

Her eyes were full of curiosity.

"That little dragon has become so obedient...?" "Grrr..."

Bothered by Dora-sama's penetrating glare, Saleyakt raised his hips and lowered his head, growling menacingly.

"Stop it, that's Dora-sama."

Saleyakt quickly calmed down in response.

However, the alertness in his eyes remained.

I was able to befriend Saleyakt.

But that didn't mean that Saleyakt had become a suitable dragon for Dragon Race.

Saleyakt simply was no longer afraid of me.

This cowardly and vigilant dragon recognized me as safe, but his attitude toward any other Dragon Race remained unchanged.

Dora-sama's subordinates were frustrated by this.

Normally, if dragons became obedient, they obeyed any Dragon Race.

"Sorry, Dora-sama, besides me..."

"It's fine... Rather, making so much progress in just a year. How did you do it?"

"We ate together. We slept together."

"I didn't think it would improve that much from just that..."

Dora-sama looked at Saleyakt with a difficult expression.

Saleyakt was quite nervous before Dora-sama as well.

After spending so much time together, I can tell.

He was frightened.

"He was just scared. I gave him a name and shared meals with him to reduce his fear of me, so he could open his heart toward me."

"...I see, is that your method?"

"Yes. It had a track record."

Actually, I already tamed two other dragons by then beside Saleyakt.

The two adjacent to Saleyakt.

Both were a bit larger than Saleyakt.

After approaching them in the same manner as Saleyakt and got them used to the Dragon Race, they both moved onto the next area.

The only one still wary of the Dragon Race was Saleyakt.

The shyest of all the Red Dragons.

"I've heard about your achievements... Yes..."

Dora-sama thought for a bit after receiving my report.

Perhaps wondering if this rookie was telling the truth.

If my words were true, then it invalidated the methods Dora-sama refined for millennia.

To a young man she spent a few decades teaching.

Of course, that was not my intention at the time... but I did what was thought to be impossible.

What was impossible?

Training individuals deemed impossible to train.

Yes, Saleyakt was a dragon that couldn't be trained.

Dora-sama's training method starts with provoking the dragon, letting it attack then defeating it.

First, teach it social order.

So most dragons learned not to go against the Dragon Race.

However, there were rare individuals that the method didn't work on.

They'd desperately try to run away at every opportunity.

Basically recognizing the Dragon Race as a terrible enemy that could not be defeated.

If this happens, the red dragon would never learn to submit.

Teaching obedience by simply beating every individual of the species, life isn't so simple.

The dragons that couldn't be trained were butchered for meat.

Is it cruel?

You can only say so because you are living a peaceful life right now.

Any Red Dragons that escape would certainly see Dragon Race as enemies.

If you let one escape, it might kill your friends one day down the line.

Those that can't submit must be killed.

It's really simple.

Having a choice in the first place is already a form of kindness.

However, taking the life of a dragon that failed its training is a difficult task.

The time and effort spent on it all return to nothing.

Therefore, newcomers are tasked with taking care of dragons that failed their training.

Let them give them their best shot and learn that some dragons can't be trained.

At the same time, learn to deal with the dangers of dealing with these potentially lethal creatures.

Then kill the dragons that won't listen.

This way, newcomers learned from the failures.

How the dragon we see everyday differs from the wild dragon.

However, I had a good match with such a dragon.

The experience of living as a feral child in the Demon World may have come in handy.

I realized that the dragon was just frightened.

I tried something other than a beating.

So unfortunately I didn't learn the first lesson of this job.

That some dragons would never submit.

In fact, I still think that way.

That it's possible to communicate with every dragon.

"Alright."

After pondering for a while, Dora-sama clapped her hands.

"You can take care of the dragons sent here for a while longer."

Dora-sama instructed me.

Isn't she wonderful?

Pushing aside her own pride.

That was also a sign of her loyalty to Dragon God.

Her criterion was whether it benefited Dragon God, and thus the Dragon World.

In the Dragon World, there were not many who could throw away their personal pride back then.

"Use that kindness to prepare as many dragons as you can for training."

In the end, she never told me that this area was for failed candidates waiting to be

killed.

It may have been for my consideration.

For she was wise like that.

Foreseeing a place like this may become obsolete in the near future.



From that day on, I got busier.

We didn't have that many dragons that failed training. Through various means Dorasama rounded up failed candidates from other training grounds around the Dragon World and sent them to me.

Every individual was frightened, intimidated, and trying to escape when they saw me.

Some were severely hurt and moribund, a reflection of how brutal training could be.

I was not able to get along with every individual.

No matter how hard I tried, there were children who wouldn't open their heart.

It was Saleyakt that helped such individuals become flexible.

When Saleyakt found such an individual, he approached and said something to them.

I didn't know what that something was.

Even though I taught him Dragon God Language, I didn't learn Dragon from him in return.

But he certainly said something to the dragons.

Sometimes not by voice, but by using his tail to gently tap the other dragon.

A sign of trust and security.

Red Dragons reassure each other by using their tails to settle down.

But I didn't know at that time.

At first I was wondering if it was a sign of courtship.

Saleyakt was far superior to me in understanding the human heart.

No, maybe in this case it was the dragon heart.

Either way.

After some time with Saleyakt, the dragons would grow compliant.

Even after leaving me and moving on to regular training, they became excellent, obedient, and brave fighters.

The individuals who did not submit even after a beating may have had those traits by nature.

Saleyakt and I made these individuals compliant then sent them out more and more often.

Although Saleyakt himself has no fondness for anyone but myself.

Because of that, the appraisal of my work also rose.

Training dragons to submit that other training areas could not.

Moreover the dragons that we turned out were also higher quality in comparison.

The rumor of an excellent trainer who produced excellent individuals spread.

Rookies that came after me would come to learn from me.

Of course I taught them what I was doing.

I didn't think of the method as anything special enough to hide it.

Most didn't do as well as I did.

However, the number of individuals killed decreased, and the number of high quality

dragons increased.

After the new method spread, regular training changed a little as well.

My method started to be incorporated into the standard manual.

How long was it?

After a century or so.

Before long, I became known as the expert for training untrainable dragons, with my own understudies.

It wasn't an official position.

Just a sign of recognition by other dragon trainers.

That someone incredible appeared.

A mix-race with Demon Blood, Dragon God's adopted son, and disciple of Dora-sama.

Studied and imitated by many of the younger folks.

Thus my fame spread.

During that time, living in Dragon God's mansion became more comfortable as well.

I felt that I was able to help Dragon God-sama.

Everyday I would talk with Dragon God-sama, Lunaria-sama, or the servants about the dragons I trained that day.

These days were smooth sailing.

Everyday was wonderful.

It was a really great time.

I loved the dragons, and I was loved by them.

Lunaria-sama and Dragon God-sama also accepted me.

If I were to consider my happiest and most fulfilling days, those would be the days.



Laplace noticed a sudden change in Rostelina's face.

Her complexion or facial expression... something physical.

Basically, Rostelina puffed her cheeks.

"What's wrong?"

"So this isn't a happy or fulfilling time for you?"

Laplace lived a simple life now.

For various reasons, he spent most of his time in his room writing, leaving the mountain only a few times a year.

In other words, it's fair to say he was living a homely, fulfilling life with Rostelina.

"Hmm... well, Rostelina. This might be hard for you to swallow, but it was different back then. Back then, I had a mission, a purpose; it's a different form of happiness."

"..."

Rostelina was very sad.

If Master is not happy with me here, why am I here?

Won't it be better to pack up my luggage and leave it tomorrow?

"But, Rostelina"

"Yes..."

"As you know, I don't like feeling alone. My life now is full of anxiety and frustration, I might get crushed if I am alone."

"!"

"Thanks to you. I'm saved, Rostelina."

"Yes! Master!"

Rostelina's face brightened.

Even if I am useless, I am doing something for Laplace.

It was very nice to hear that from Laplace himself.

"But Master, I have a question."

"What is it, Rostelina?"

"I learned about how you came to train dragons, but I haven't heard the important bit about how you met Dragon-san."

"Huh?"

Laplace scratched his spotted hair as he said.

"What are you saying, Rostelina. I just did, didn't I?"

"?"

"Saleyakt. That red dragon who lives behind my house, the master of this mountain, is the first dragon I met."

"What!"

Rostelina shouted.

At the same time, feeling embarrassed.

Of course it was.

Somehow I thought of the dragon in the story as a different dragon?

It's hard to tie those two together.

The lazy Red Dragon that only eats, won't fly, obedient to Rostelina is the ferocious Saleyakt. It's hard to imagine.

"Dragon-san is Saleyakt!?"

"Yes."

Thinking back, maybe Master did call Dragon-san Saleyakt on occasions before.

Rostelina, realizing that she never paid attention, couldn't hide her surprise.

"That Saleyakt, master of this mountain, King Red Dragon, might have grown a bit frail."

Laplace said, an unhappy growl echoed from behind the house.

Apparently, it heard him.

"Ha ha ha, don't get angry"

"Huh... I didn't know that Dragon-san was that amazing."

"Yes, but that's why Rostelina should respect him as well."

"Yes, Master!"

Rostelina gave a loud reply.

She seemed enthused by the idea that the dragon she always took care of was someone amazing.

"Mmm?"

Laplace looked out at the window.

A big, full moon rising.

It seemed that it was already night.

"I'm sorry, Rostelina, I'm going out for a little while. The rest of the story will have to wait."

"Yes, Master!"

Rostelina watched Laplace leave without any complaints.

For she was a long-ear.

While not as long as Laplace, she was also long-lived.

No matter how long he would be away, one day she can hear the rest of the story.

I must keep this house tidy for when the Master returns.

However, she can't beat her sleepiness.

"But well... I'm gonna sleep for today."

Rostelina returned to her bed, to refresh her energy for the next day.

CHAPTER 8

INCIDENT

An ordinary-looking house on Dragon Roar Mountain.

The girl was also carrying something today.

Water? Meat?

If you paid attention, you will find that she was carrying something different than the usual.

"Phew..."

A book.

Bringing the books from the study to another room, putting them in order.

A prank?

No, no.

Letting them dry out in the shade.

The paper Laplace used was made from dragonskin and highly durable.

It could last tens of thousands of years without incident.

However, if exposed to moisture and bugs, it would naturally deteriorate much faster.

That's why it needed to be regularly dried out in the shade.

"Hmm, maybe that's enough for today?"

However, the number of books in the study was enormous.

It was impossible to dry every book in one day.

So every month, she would work on the collection one shelf at a time.

"Phew! I'm tired..."

Rostelina stretched, knocked on her hips a few times.

At present, one bookcase worth of books was lined up before Rostelina.

All old books.

She had the oldest books in the collection out of the bookshelves today.

"..."

Suddenly one book in particular caught Rostelina's interest.

"What's this one about?"

As far as Rostelina knew, Laplace mostly did three things.

Head out, talking with Rostelina, or writing down something.

Laplace rarely chatted with Rostelina during daytime.

Basically always writing whenever he's home.

As far as Rostelina remembered, Laplace has always been writing.

Neither eating or getting any sleep, constantly writing.

So it must be very, very important.

"Hmm?"

Rostelina was never forbidden from reading the books at home.

Rather, Laplace gave her the go-ahead to read, and to burn it if it gets dirtied.

"...but I don't understand it."

However, the letters written by Laplace were very different from those known by Rostelina.

The writing that Rostelina understood was Human Language.

A language common on the continent and used by Rostelina's race.

But this old book was written in a different language.

Indeed, Laplace said it was the ancient language of Dragon God.

Therefore unreadable.

If it's a more recent book, I can read it.

Because Laplace had begun to write the more recent books in Human Language.

Probably because he thought it would be easier for the reader to read in Human Language than in a language that was already lost.

But why wasn't this book rewritten into Human Language?

Too troublesome?

"...Ah"

Just then, Rostelina noticed a book she had lined up on one side.

The only one here written in Human Language.

"Ancient Dragon God Language Translation Manual..."

A wise man like Laplace would have thought that providing a dictionary would be less time-consuming than rewriting all the books he wrote thus far.

"Is it possible for me to read with this?"

Rostelina took a heavy breath and picked up the handbook. It looked to be in rough

shape, probably among the earliest written.

Then, while carefully leaving through the index, she read the title of the book little by little.

“Dra-- go--- mm?... Dragon. Oh! General... Mission Part 32.”

After struggling for a dozen minutes or more, Rostelina succeeded in deciphering the title of the book.

"Dragon General Mission Part 32".

The content of the book according to the cover.

Rostelina had some knowledge of the phrase “Dragon General.”

Rather, it came up in Laplace's story.

The Five Dragon King, Dragon God’ personal confidants.

Laplace worked for one of them, Armor Dragon King Dora.

"Mmm?"

But there was a question in the mind of Lostellina.

Laplace was a subordinate of Dora.

Why did Laplace write a book about their missions and so on?

Shouldn’t it be orders?

Perhaps the reason is written in "Part 1" somewhere...

"Hmm... at this rate, it's going to get dark before I find it."

Just reading the title took a long time.

After so much effort, she only read about 10 characters.

Before her lied over a hundred books.

Forget reading, even finding the right volume would be a difficult task.

"...Ah!"

Rostelina heard the flapping sound from a pair of large wings.

There're only one possible source of sound near this house.

Yes, the Red Dragon Saleyakt that roosted behind the house.

And the dear master of Rostelina that rode on top of him.

Rostelina jumped out of the shaded room with a bounce.

Running toward the front door as Laplace was just entering the house.

"Welcome back! Master!"

"I'm back, Rostelina. Have you finished drying the books in the shade?"

"Yes!"

"Good, well done."

"Hehe!"

Rostelina was happy that Laplace stroked her head.

But suddenly she recalled her question.

"Hey, Master, there's something I was wondering about."

"Oh yeah? What is it?"

Rostelina explained what she saw earlier in response.

"All the books on the bookshelves were written by Master, right?"

"Indeed."

"Master was working under Dora-sama, so why was it called Dragon General Missions? Shouldn't it be Dora-sama's orders instead?"

"Wow, Rostelina. You can read the ancient Dragon God Language, very impressive!"

"Oh, Rostelina is growing every day!"

She answered proudly puffing her chest, conveniently omitting her use of the handbook.

"Fufu... Since you read it, then you should know already? I wrote it all down in there."

But her little white lie was immediately exposed.

"Ehh... I'm sorry. Actually, I only read the title using the translation manual."

"Hahaha, I thought as much."

Laplace laughed as he walked toward the back of the house.

After putting the luggage he brought up from the valley on the bed, he sat down on his chair.

He encountered Rostelina to sit in a nearby chair.

"Let's eat together sometimes. I'm hungry after a long time."

"Yes, please leave it to me, Master!"

Rostelina began to prepare the meal with delight.

Serving food to Laplace, who rarely ate, was one of Rostelina's secret pleasures.

Because Laplace only eats if he's truly hungry, he always says how delicious it was.

While Rostelina busied herself over the stove, Laplace's voice came from behind her.

"I'll answer your question while you work."

A tinge of nostalgia in his voice.

Of joy, of regret, full of struggles.

Full of pride, but also shaded by darkness, Laplace began.

“When I started writing the books, I was one of the Dragon Generals.”

An ancient story of Laplace began.

Far away, a story from a mythical era.



Where should I begin?

Ah yes, let's start from there?

"Laplace,"

During those smooth-sailing days, I was summoned by Dora-sama one day.

She was always busy, flying everywhere, so she rarely had time to visit the Kayos training grounds on Dragon Roar Mountain.

When she did come, she'd immediately summon me for combat practice.

To ensure that I didn't neglect regular training... and so on, but mostly because there're not many capable to be her sparring partner.

Fortunately, I was strong enough to be her match.

"Are we sparring today as well?"

"Right, apologies for your time."

On such days, I left the work to my subordinates and headed to the training ground with Dora-sama.

And let her beat me up to her heart's content.

I was always left tattered.

Even though I could be a match... it wasn't enough to beat one of the Five Dragon Generals.

However, by fighting Dora-sama like this on a regular basis, I slowly grew stronger.

Not to brag, but by then it would have been impossible for a regular Dragon Warrior to compete against me.

"I have something to talk to you about..."

Usually, once combat training ended the day was done.

But Dora-sama said that day in a mysterious tone.

Of course, I had no reason to refuse.

We decided to find a convenient place to talk near the flight training ground.

Why so far just to talk?

I felt like whenever Dora-sama and I talked, it was always at Dragon God's mansion or there.

I chose this place since it offered a panoramic view of the city of Kayos.

"I'm so impressed with your recent breakthroughs."

"This is due to Dora-sama's teaching."

"No, you're doing well even on things I didn't teach you. The other day, Maxwell appraised your work very highly."

"I'm honored."

"If you continue like this, you will be able to fulfill your responsibilities."

The responsibilities in this case are two of the three reasons that Dragon God adopted me.

In other words, reduction of Dragon Race's hostility towards mixed blood and improving relations with the Demon Race.

Certainly, the task of retraining dragons was becoming very important.

It might be possible that as the training method improves, the whole concept of "retraining" might become unnecessary one day.

What I did mattered.

"I have one request for you."

I was surprised by the request.

After all, she never asked me for anything.

"Of course, what will it be?"

Of course, I answered.

I lived for Dragon God-sama, but Dora-sama took great care of me as well.

Moreover, a request by Dora-sama would certainly be for the sake of Dragon God-sama.

I had no reason to refuse to hear it.

"Leave your current role and take my position for a while."

"As a substitute?"

"Yes, I want to ask you to supervise all the dragon training grounds in the Dragon World."

"Why do you ask?"

"Soon, the spawning season will come, and I will lay eggs."

The Dragon Race has a long life.

Living for tens of thousands of years.

Not quite immortal, but certainly a long-lived race.

In exchange, our spawning season was infrequent, occurring once every few thousand years.

Therefore during the spawning season, all Dragon Race of breeding age were obligated to prioritize making the next generation.

"That's... congratulations"

"Thank you."

"Who is the other party?"

It takes two to make a baby.

Fufu, this story might be too stimulating for Rostelina.

"Dragon General Crystal. Our spawning season just happened to overlap... Dragon God-sama expects a strong child to be born from us."

Unfortunately, I didn't know any children of the Dragon Generals.

The concept of familial relationship was thin among the Dragon Race.

Parents do not hatch or raise the eggs once laid. In the spawning ground, there are nurses who took care of incubation.

Of course, even though records exist, children of Dragon Generals do not receive special treatment.

It seems that Dora-sama had already had some children, but they were all fully grown, working as Dragon Warriors or Dragon Trainers. Some even died during combat with dragons.

However, this seemed like the first child between two Dragon Generals.

Strong parents beget strong children, so these two were paired together.

A child of Dragon Generals.

Full of expectations.

"So, I want to leave the training grounds to you during the spawning season. Will you accept?"

Acting on Dora-sama's behalf and working directly under Dragon God-sama.

I was never so honored.

I felt teary on the spot.

I didn't realize Dora-sama valued me so highly.

"I am honored to have you select me."

Of course, I gave the highest salute on the spot and accepted the task.



Thirty years passed since then?

Dora-sama successfully conceived and moved to the spawning ground several dozens of kilometers south of Kayos.

I accompanied her on the move, it was a very nice place.

It looked like a beehive.

There were several private rooms lined up where pregnant women lay their eggs.

The temperature and humidity were kept constant in the private room, allowing the eggs to incubate on their own.

After they hatched, the rooms were converted to the children's personal nurseries

However, for the Dragon Race, the pregnancy was very long.

It was a race that lived for hundreds of thousands of years.

The egg stayed in the belly for 50 years, and the egg took 50 more years to incubate after laying.

And as is common to all races, pregnancy strongly affects the mother.

Dragon Race women are especially vulnerable during pregnancy.

That is why there's a dedicated facility, far away from the usual living quarters, so they can safely deal with pregnancy.

The change was particularly dramatic during fertilization.

Dora-sama had become particularly ferocious by the time she entered the facility.

Everything she saw... she couldn't stay calm, so every little thing triggered her and she'd send everything flying.

It was not unusual for me to be hurt by Dora-sama, but it was my first experience seeing Dora-sama so unreasonably violent.

I gained many new scars during those thirty years.

Still, I was able to successfully carry on Dora-sama's work.

The task of supervising all the dragon training grounds in the Dragon World.

I rode on Saleyakt for my work trips.

Until the end, that grumpy Red Dragon was only fond of me.

For me, it was also convenient to visit the training ground everywhere with Saleyakt.

Saleyakt could converse with other dragons.

He's good at persuading dragons who otherwise won't listen.

He was able to find success no matter the training ground.

To be honest, it might be because of him that I could successfully supervise the training grounds.

Being the person in charge, my name naturally spread in the Dragon World.

The genius who raises excellent dragons.

As the name spread, fewer people looked down at me.

On the way back to Dragon God' mansion, some people gave me the utmost salute.

Of course, there remained some who disliked me for being half-demon.

But everyone was beginning to recognize my ability.

Wake up in the morning and fly to the training ground.

Inspect the hallway with Saleyakt and occasionally take care of a dragon who won't listen.

Occasionally jumping on Saleyakt and moving to another town.

More or less the same in every town.

Except making the effort to show my face more in new places.

When I returned to the mansion, Lunaria-sama and the servants would treat me to a warm meal.

Sometimes Dragon God-sama as well.

I would report what I did that day.

Thinking back, basically a family gathering.

Those thirty years were truly peaceful.

No battles, no training, no frustration, just hard work and reassuringly passing the days.

But those peaceful days did not last.

The turning point comes for everyone.

Few people can walk a single path until the end.

For me as well... No, for the whole Dragon World.

Such a turning point came.

A big turning point.

It was around the time when the news came that Dora-sama was about to lay her eggs?

An obituary circulated in the Dragon World.

The death of one of the Five Dragon Generals, Dragon King Crystal.



Dragon King Crystal was located at the northern end of the Dragon World.

Found near a Gold Dragon's nest, his limbs ripped off and crushed and his skull drained.

No matter how tough the Dragon Race is, they cannot survive in such a state.

He was already dead when he was discovered.

Surrounding him were his Dragon Warrior escorts and the remains of a Gold Dragon.

At first glance, it looked like they fought the Gold Dragon and lost.

However, Dragon General Crystal wasn't so weak to lose to a Gold Dragon.

It was a mysterious incident.

The death of a Dragon General.

It's hard to overstate how important that was to the Dragon World.

The Five Dragon Generals were recognized by Dragon God as the strongest Dragon Warriors.

Their powers were immeasurable compared to the average Dragon Race.

If they got serious, they had the power to easily collapse a mountain or two.

Even if I was comparable in strength, I couldn't hope to defeat them.

I used to be a training partner for Dora-sama, but if push came to shove, she could demolish me in an instant.

So Powerful were the Five Dragon Generals.

One of them, Crystal, had died.

Everyone was wondering.

Who did it? how?

Only a handful of people were capable of killing a Dragon General.

In the Dragon World, only Dragon God, or another Dragon General.

Or maybe following the mutant monsters rabbithole...

No matter how vile and powerful a monster was, I didn't think it could kill a Dragon General.

First of all, if such a vile monster existed, there would surely be rumors about it.

For some reason, monsters only appear where living things congregate.

In light of the crisis, Dragon God hosted a meeting.

Summoning what remained of the Five Dragon Generals.

I was a bit surprised when I heard about it.

I always assumed that Dragon God would decide everything on his own.

However, when a major event occurred in the Dragon World, it seemed traditional for a conference to be held like this.

The meeting was held at the Dragon God's mansion.

I also participated as a substitute for Dora, who was still in pregnancy leave.

I knew that there was a room in Dragon God's mansion with a large stone desk and six chairs, but it was still awe-inspiring to witness the assembly there.

Even with two of the Five Dragon Generals missing.

Dragon General Szilard, with emerald-silver scales and ephemeral eyes.

Dragon General Chaos, with black-silver scales and profound eyes.

Dragon General Maxwell, with blue-silver scales and steel eyes.

And with unblemished silver scales and all-encompassing eyes, the great Dragon God.

It felt out of place for me to just be sitting there.

"..."

They all watched the remaining empty seat, waiting for Dragon God to break the silence.

The chair where Crystal was supposed to sit in.

"It's hard to believe... that Crystal has really died."

But it was Chaos that spoke up first.

He was a bit of a stranger to me and had the reputation of a stubborn man.

He forged the weapons of the Dragon Race under Dragon God's order.

Weapons of those days were fairly simple affairs.

Armor made with dragonscale or single-edged swords or spears made from dragon fangs.

Think that's rather shabby?

Ah, compared to our present world, that may be true.

However, one's own claws and scales, pumped with Dragon Touki, were much more reliable.

"I don't think a Gold Dragon can kill him. A monster, maybe, but I think there's more to it than this."

The next to speak up was Maxwell.

Small and flighty.

This was everyone's first impression of Maxwell.

Indeed, Maxwell was much smaller than the average Dragon Race.

Besides, he always had this wretched smile and spoke rather crudely.

Why such a person as a Dragon General?

There were many who spoke ill of him behind his back, Dora-sama once said.

But those who knew him well never mocked him.

Because, despite his looks, he was talented, hardworking, and loyal.

He was in charge of exterminating monsters that appeared throughout the dragon world.

It was thanks to his hard work that few Dragon Race were killed by monsters.

Maxwell was the person in charge that went to the scene of the corpse and examined it for clues.

While other investigators were convinced of the work of a monster, it was Maxwell who judged that it was not possible.

Knowing the power of a Dragon General, he couldn't believe that Crystal was killed by a monster.

“It must be the work of demons then.”

Szilard was the last person to speak up.

Leader of the Five Dragon Generals, he was responsible for the entire Dragon Race.

His responsibility varied widely, but he mostly worked within the city.

In fact, he managed the Dragon World on Dragon God’s behalf when Dragon God was away.

It was fair to call him the Second-in-Command in the Dragon World.

Szilard was always calm, decisive, and of good judgment.

It was usually up to him to summarize the opinion of the Five Dragon Generals to Dragon God and offer his best judgement.

"Impossible!"

"No way!"

But not this time.

Maxwell was provoked by Szilard’s words, and Chaos also showed his discomfort.

However, Szilard observed his counterparts calmly and continued his analysis.

“It would be impossible for a Gold Dragon.

If a monster capable of killing Crystal appeared, the damage would have been more extensive.

The only natives in the Dragon World capable of killing Crystal are Dragon God, or one of us.”

Szilard glanced toward Dragon God.

As if intent to say, “It goes without saying that if for whatever reason Dragon God deemed necessary to kill Crystal, we’d accept that decision and action.”

Dragon God shook his head with a troubled expression.

Dragon God would never kill Crystal, who was like his own child.

Even for the leader of the Five Dragon Generals, to even insinuate as such would be a great disrespect.

Of course I kept my silence, for I had no right to speak in this meeting.

It was my role to listen as Dora-sama's proxy and convey to her every word.

Dora-sama wouldn't allow me to make any irresponsible remarks.

"Of course, we the Five Dragon Generals would never betray Dragon God.

We would rather tear ourselves apart limb-by-limb and tear out our own hearts as an apology to Dragon God, than ever consider such a thing.

By process of elimination, then only the possibility is outsiders."

"So you're certain it's the demons?"

"The Demon Race has long been hostile to us. It wouldn't be strange if they came up with some measure to kill Crystal"

"How could the demons ever hope to defeat a Dragon General?"

"Well, Chaos, it's certainly true that the Five Dragon Generals are strong. But compared to the tenacity and ingenuity of the Eight Demon Kings, even our strength can be defeated. Or have you failed to consider the enemy's capabilities?"

Chaos fell into silence.

The Eight Demon Kings were the demon counterparts to the Five Dragon Generals.

By the way, it was from one of them that I barely escaped from back in the day.

The Demon Race is not as powerful as the Dragon Race.

They're slower than the Dragon Race, and did not have hard scales.

But their durability was near-immortal, and they had greater affinity to magical control.

The second most powerful race of the six worlds.

Even Crystal may have found the demons difficult to handle.

If it was the Eight Demon Kings, even the Five Dragon Generals would have difficulty with coming out unscathed.

Or so I thought.

“If the demons have completed the technique to cross the “boundary” and used it without permission for this...”

"..."

Boundaries separate the worlds from each other... like walls.

Crossing the border means moving to another world.

Back then I didn't know what that meant...

At that time, people were researching disappearance incidences all over the world.

Yes, it's a study of teleportation magic.

...Of course, back then teleportation magic wasn't completed yet.

Even if it had been completed, its use would have always required the permission of the gods.

Gods of both the origin world and destination world.

"If they had a way to cross the border, that would be a terrible situation. But at the moment there is no way to confirm that, not even a clue or a way to retaliate against who killed Crystal..."

Szillard said, looking troubled.

After all, a killer was out there that murdered one of the matchless Dragon Generals.

Be it monster or demon, without assembling a strong search team, retaliation would be impossible.

"Please leave it to me, Chaos, to avenge Crystal!"

"It would be me to do that kind of work."

The two dragon generals declared their resolve, but it wasn't for Szilard to decide.

One man held the decision-making power of this meeting.

"What do you think, Dragon God? Of course, if you leave it to me, I'll surely apprehend the criminal and reclaim the honor for the Dragon Race."

Then Szilard looked at me.

Until then, I kept silent and busied myself taking minutes.

"But how about letting Laplace do this?"

Those words echoed in the meeting room.

"Blasphemy! Maybe if it was Dora, but you will have the mixed blooded demon be in charge of the investigation!?"

It was Chaos that screamed.

Staring me down with his cavernous eye, bearing his fangs.

Chaos was, how should I say... a stubborn man.

Once he began to consider Demon Race the enemy, he'd always hold ill feelings toward them.

"There's a limit to your jokes! Even as the adopted son of Dragon God, could he really apprehend the suspect that killed a member of the Five Dragon Generals?"

"We won't know without trying."

Szilard took the anger like a cool breeze.

As if the shouting Chaos was but a daily occurrence.

I was frightened though.

Mad Dragon King Chaos was a very scary person.

"I heard from Dora that, even if immature, he had the strength to match the Dragon Generals. It's a waste of a Dragon Generals or Dragon God's time to investigate for suspects that might not even exist. It's better to assign the work to someone else with comparable strength for now."

Claiming that I could match up against the Five Dragon Generals felt like an exaggeration.

I wasn't very confident at the time.

"Even if he did find it, he'll just get himself killed for nothing."

"Maybe, but as a member of the Dragon Race, he can at least send back some information."

"Ugh, it's useless to talk about this! Maxwell! You say something as well!"

As if breathing fire from his mouth, Chaos expressed his anger as he spoke to Maxwell.

Hoping that Maxwell would feel the same.

However, Maxwell said simply.

"Well... Why not? It's worth a shot."

He said instead.

"What? What are you saying? That's not like you at all!"

Maxwell was even more martial than Chaos.

When a situation occurred, he was always the first to jump into the breach.

That's why Chaos thought Maxwell could never give up that role.

There's always honor in being first.

"Do you know how serious things are?! We've been together since ancient times, and now one of us is dead!?"

"Oh yes. Chaos, who do you think will die next?"

"Who's next...?"

"I've been thinking about why Crystal specifically. If the criminal wanted to systematically get rid of the Five Dragon Generals, they'd try to get rid of us one-by-one."

Chaos seems to have understood what Maxwell was trying to say.

Chaos may be martial, but he wasn't stupid.

If the criminal's aim was the total annihilation of the Five Dragon Generals, then the murder of Crystal was just the opening shot.

A trap sufficient to kill Dragon General Crystal.

We don't know what the trap was, but it could work just as well for the rest of them.

"If Dragon Generals move, it's better if we move in pairs.

However, that's impossible with Dora absent.

Of course, we can't have Dragon God on the frontline, so better be someone else."

Maxwell proudly presented his reasoning.

As if looking for confirmation he glanced toward Szilard.

It doesn't matter if I die?

Well, considering my work at the time, it'd cause the least disturbance.

Better than losing another Dragon General.

"I see. The question then is, does this kid have the power to carry out his mission?"

"You must believe Dora's words."

Chaos deeply nodded to Maxwell's conclusion.

It's hard to tell how much they trusted Dora-sama's words.

"So what do you think?"

However, it was not Szilard who had the decision-making power here.

They entrusted the judgment to a man who had been silent for a while.

"..."

The meeting fell into silence as they awaited Dragon God-sama's judgement.

Dragon God-sama glanced around expressionlessly.

He looked at Chaos, Maxwell, and Szilard in order, then finally looked toward me.

"Laplace. Can you do it?"

"If you order it!"

When asked by Dragon God-sama, I could never say no.

Truth be told, I was not confident at all.

CHAPTER 9

SEARCH

After the meeting, I rushed to the dragon landing strip. My destination was the spawning ground. I had to report the meeting contents and conclusions reached to Dora-sama... and that I was commissioned for the search for Crystal's murderer.

As Dora-sama's stand-in, I could have my own subordinates. I could send someone else to make the report. But I had my own reasons to go myself.

The spawning ground was located on a small mountain not far from Dragon Roar Mountain. Even though it's small, it's taller than any mountain in this world right now.

Of course, it was heavily guarded. It is one of the most important places in the Dragon World.

Dora-sama had one of the private rooms. Her belly was swelling heavily, and anyone could tell that she would be laying her eggs soon. Anyone could tell that she was full of rage as well.

Her room was fancier than others. But all the furnishings, the custom desk, table, and even the bed were completely destroyed. Clawed and scratched like a tornado had passed by.

The Dragon Race does not share the human concept of husband and wife. Just temporary relationships to conceive children. But the partner you had a child with still holds a special place. Dora-sama and Crystal. Unfortunately I'm not familiar with Crystal... but for her, it might be like losing a lover and comrade all at once. It was hard to guess what it was.

"Laplace? How was it?" "I was entrusted with the search for those who killed Crystal."

Dora-sama gazed at me with a terrifying expression.

"...If you find them, let me know first."

I wanted to answer "yes". But I couldn't. She was exhausted by the pregnancy. She might have a miscarriage if I brought her to the suspect in this state. Nobody would want that.

"If I find them, I'll kill them in Dora-sama's honor."

So I offered instead.

"Alright... bring me their head."

Despite her rage, Dora-sama's confidence in me remained unchanged. Perhaps I was self-indulgent, but I didn't believe she would have entrusted anyone else and would have forced herself to go.

In truth, Dora was very angry. A fellow Dragon General, a partner, and a lover.

"I would not let you down."

My search for Crystal's killer began.



Well, even though I started searching, the Dragon World was huge. Unfathomably large. The problem wasn't that I didn't have any subordinates.

I had Dora-sama's subordinates working for me at the time. But they were trained for the important task of dragon training for Dragon God. They of course lacked the know-how to investigate a murder, so I couldn't use my subordinates.

And it wasn't only my subordinates who lacked know-how, but also myself. My initial search efforts were a complete fumble. I rode Saleyakt all over looking for anywhere suspicious. Aimlessly. Going purely by instinct. More or less the same way I searched for prey back in the Demon World. Anyone watching from the sideline would find the lack of aim frustrating.

A few days later, at the Kayos landing strip, someone called out to me.

"Laplace!"

I looked back and found Dragon General Maxwell. I immediately gave him the utmost

salute and welcomed him.

"Maxwell! How are you doing?" "It looks like you're in trouble." "Yes..."

I said and frowned. After a few days, I realized I wasn't getting any results. Much less results, I realized what I did was meaningless.

"I'm telling you, your methods are too haphazard. You won't find any leads like this."

I had no choice but to bow to those words. Even though I knew it myself, I didn't know any alternatives.

"Well, it's not your fault. Take these two with you for your mission."

Behind Maxwell stood two strong-looking Dragon Warriors. Not only taller than me, but wider as well. Both physical embodiments of the Dragon Warrior. Maxwell looked even more petite in comparison.

"These two are from the Dark Dragon Team, and they have a talent for investigation. Gora, Scrubava, introduce yourselves."

Hearing that, the two men made the utmost salute.

"Initial greetings, Laplace-sama." "Please let us be an extension of your limbs."

Their eyes left a deep impression on me. Burning for revenge. As I learned later, they originated from the Steel Dragon Tribe. Yes, Crystal's clansmen. Maxwell originally pulled them from Crystal's unit.

"Are you sure?"

I couldn't help my surprise at Maxwell's generous offer. At the time, I didn't have much of a relationship with Maxwell. The Five Dragon Generals were all so high up the hierarchy, that they had no reason to help me. No, there were reasons.

"Yes, take them and find the murderer quickly!"

Maxwell said, turned his heels to leave the landing. Wondering still, I called out to him.

"Wait...!" "What is it?" "Why did you recommend me for this?"

During the meeting. Maxwell supported Szilard's suggestion for me to lead the investigation.

"Wasn't I clear at the meeting?" "I wonder if the Dark Dragon Team is more suitable for the investigation than me..."

When I thought about it, it was rather strange. Back then, I was just a young up-and-comer, while Maxwell was in charge of demon hunting. His team was skilled in both fighting and investigation. He was probably stronger than me at the time as well.

Maxwell laughed in response to my question and replied.

"My Dark Dragon Team rode on some of the dragons you raised. They're all strong-willed but brave. To be honest, you have been a big help. The dragons that Dora trained always came half-beaten and missing claws and fangs. That's why I was confident in your work."

"Moreover" Maxwell continued.

"The victim this time was Crystal, Dora's partner. She's more worried about this than anyone else, and you're her most trusted subordinate. That's why, you're the best man for the job outside of the Dragon Generals."

As a fellow Five Dragon Generals, he had a long relationship with Crystal as well.

To avenge Crystal, he was more than happy to lend a hand. Unlike nowadays, there was no such thing as power struggles between the Dragon Generals back then.

"We, the Five Dragon Generals, have fought side-by-side for tens of thousands of years. One of us is gone. It is unforgivable if we don't avenge Crystal's death." "Yes!"

I nodded in agreement, but my heart was troubled. An emotion called jealousy swelled in my mind. The closeness of the Dragon Generals, and of the Dragon Generals and Dragon God, was something I could never match.

"If you find someone you can't handle, call me! I'll drop everything and come!" "Yes!" "I look forward to your results."

Thus I gained two subordinates. Gora and Scrubava.



The two of them started searching for Crystal's killer with me. With the increase in manpower, our efficiency improved drastically. After all, they knew all about how to find someone in the Dragon World.

The method for finding a suspect hasn't changed much from the present time. First, investigate the crime scene. Find clues, follow leads, gather testimonies, and chase the perpetrators step-by-step.

Easier said than done. If it was that easy to find a lead, Maxwell who did the initial inspection would have found it already. As the captain of the monster hunting unit, Maxwell was the expert on this subject.

I had my subordinates collect Maxwell's investigation report. I also visited the crime scene to double-check everything. After compiling everyone's opinion, I could only reach a single conclusion. I didn't know.

Finding something that Maxwell failed to find. The hurdle was quite high.

I split up my subordinates and had one collect clues and the other collect testimonies. It wasn't that I didn't trust Maxwell's investigation. But I thought we might find something by doing another search.

Of course, we found nothing. Neither a clue nor a lead. Crystal's killer should have stood out, but nobody saw a suspect. It really looked like a mutual annihilation between the Gold Dragon and Crystal.

So I changed my mind. If it wasn't a monster, maybe it was a trap by some person. I couldn't find anything because someone deliberately erased their tracks. Huh? That's not something to brag about? Was it obvious? Don't say that, I did have some searching experience.

Anyways, I changed my method a little. I decided to follow Crystal's trail instead of the criminal. What was he doing at the Gold Dragon nest? Was he searching for something? The reason for him being there. I should find out.

I found something interesting.

He was researching teleportation under Dragon God's command. Back then,

teleportation was only for crossing the boundaries between worlds... in other words, the technique for moving to another world.

Back then, it was impossible for ordinary people to cross the world's boundaries. Moving between worlds requires an enormous amount of energy. An amount only available to the gods. It was basically a privilege of the gods.

However, the gods of each world had research on teleportation conducted on their behalf. Because there were incidents of mysterious disappearances at that time. Did I mention that already...?

The research showed that the disappearances had actually been transportation to other worlds. Therefore, the gods ordered for research into teleportation. To figure out the cause of the accidental teleportations.

And in the Dragon World, it was Crystal who was entrusted with that task. However, this was not well-known for some reasons. Keeping the mysterious disappearances hidden to avoid unnecessary anxiety for the general public.

Or maybe to avoid abuse of the teleportation research. Chaos was the leader of the anti-demon faction. If they knew of a way to attack, they could instigate for a war on the demons.

Thinking that, I had a thought. Maybe Chaos killed Crystal. Crystal was researching teleportation. Chaos, seeking a way to attack the Demon Race, tried to obtain the secrets from him. But Crystal refused. During the quarrel, Chaos killed Crystal...

With such speculation in mind, I flew toward Chaos.



Chao's Workshop was on the western border. I remember it as much hotter than Kayos because of its proximity to the volcanic region.

At the workshop, armor was made using high quality materials from dragons and ores. Swords, spears, shields and armors. The Dragon Race fought with claws, but not necessarily with bare hands. Sometimes we also needed weapons against powerful enemies.

I was afraid Chaos' armor was designed with other races in mind. Such as the demons.

"Laplace... Found something?" "Still investigating." "I see... well, you'll need a rest as well. Take your time."

Despite my suspicions, Chaos welcomed me warmly. Even though he objected to my mixed demon blood during the meeting. Chaos gave me the tour of his workshop despite my misgivings.

"Chaos-sama, I have some questions to ask, do you mind?"

I started inquiring some questions. Or rather, began the interrogation. Thinking back, I was embarrassed how rude I was toward the Dragon General.

"What is it?" "Where were you and what were you doing when Crystal-sama was killed?" "I was here, making a weapon for Dragon God-sama. See, that one, I named it "Dragon God Sword". It is a sword that can withstand even the mighty power of Dragon God-sama. Even though Dragon God-sama might not need it, I plan to offer it to his child when they're born." "I see..." "Any other things you want to ask?"

It was pretty blatant that I was suspicious of Chaos. But Chaos didn't complain. Even his expression was unchanged. If it was for the investigation, he would spare no effort to cooperate. Even giving up his utmost secrets if necessary.

And finally, he said:

"Laplace, feel free to say whatever you need. During the meeting I was emotional, but I never doubted your loyalty to Dragon God-sama. Forgive me."

Finally, Chaos said, patting me on the shoulder.

"I'll definitely help you avenge Crystal. If you need help, let me know. I'll try to help you in secret."

I was ashamed of myself. I forgot the anger that Chaos showed at that meeting. I doubted the friendship and honor between the Five Dragon Generals.

"I will not fail your expectations."

Finally I said, giving him the utmost salute and left.



Then I flew everywhere. North to south, west to east. Following the footsteps of Crystal over the last few decades, searching for a lead.

But I couldn't find one. There was nothing amiss with the Crystal's trails. Like all the Dragon Generals, he was respected by everyone around him. A paragon of virtue for the Dragon Race. Who would kill him?

I even thought that maybe a Demon Race from another world killed him. However, a demon would find it difficult to survive in the Dragon World. Even if he committed the murder and returned immediately, it would be difficult to leave no trace.

I was at a loss. I never thought I would find nothing after searching for so long.

At the same time, I was growing impatient. Once a year, I returned to Kayos and reported to Dragon God-sama and Szilard, but it was never good. If I had a lead, I would have calmed down. However, after reporting nothing so many times, I grew impatient.

I was entrusted by Dragon God-sama. I promised Dora-sama. But I couldn't do anything, just circling near the start, how could I stay calm?

I searched throughout the Dragon World in a frenzy. Stepping into dangerous places in search for any clues. Red Dragon Nest, Blue Dragon Nest, Black Dragon Nest, Gold Dragon Nest, Earth Dragon Nest. I surveyed everywhere and investigated. Killing every dragon that got in my way. Riding on Saleyakt, with my two subordinates in tow, I toured the Dragon World.

Because I was always rushing here and there. After a dozen years since the start of the investigation, my fame slowly faded in the Dragon World. Although good at training dragons, he was an incompetent mixed race that could not meet the expectations of Dragon God-sama. It was humiliating, but I had to accept it. Because it was true. I cannot meet the expectations of Dragon God-sama, and I cannot clear the regrets of the Dragon Generals.

But I didn't care about my humiliation. I just wanted to live up to the expectations of Dragon God-sama and avenge the Dragon Generals. That was it.

I flew for days, searching, investigating. Day after day. Saleyakt worked hard as well. That day, exhausted, I decided to rest in one of the many mountain caves in the Dragon World.

Wrapped within Saleyakt's tail, watching the bonfire. I watched it flickering quietly, still. I was exhausted. My subordinates were exhausted. I didn't want to admit defeat, but the feeling definitely permeated our mental state. Even Saleyakt, who couldn't speak, looked mentally exhausted.

That was when. Oh, I remember it well.

I can't forget. I can't forget that moment.

Right then. My subordinates were asleep, and I was dozing off, wrapped in Saleyakt's tail.

That was my first encounter. Oh, if I had the power to go back. If I could return at that moment...

No, nothing would change. At that time, the bastard might have looked easy-going, but he was certainly plotting. If I bore my fangs, he would certainly have had a way to defang me.

However, it's regrettable. He was right there. So regrettable... Ah...

I'm sorry. I got too emotional. Let's calm down. This is an old tale, no matter how many times I recall it, the past does not change.

Yes, he appeared, the bastard, at the entrance of the cave. I still remember his first words.

"Hey!"

Cheerily, he raised one hand and said,

"Looks like you're in a bit of a pickle. Let me help you a bit!"

He smiled like a good-natured person.

CHAPTER 10

HUMAN GOD'S COUNSEL

How did he look?

I don't remember.

I remember he was smiling, but I can't recall how he looked at all.

I just can't remember his face...

But for sure, he was there.

A man with a face that I can't remember.

I was surprised.

Because until when he suddenly appeared, I hadn't sensed him at all.

Saleyakt stood up with his giant body and threatened him.

My two subordinates were also shocked by him.

"Who are you...?"

"Who am I? I am Human God, God of the Human World."

He called himself.

God of the Human World.

Of course, I knew that there are six gods among the worlds.

I heard from Dragon God about the existence of Human God.

When Human God first appeared in the Dragon World was a time of mythology to me

as well.

Dragon God and the Dragon Race were still battling the dragons for world domination.

Human God appeared in the Dragon World around then and made a proposal to Dragon God.

Let's have a conference of the gods and exchange information.

The Human World was more developed than other worlds.

As the shortest-lived race among the inhabitants of the Six Worlds, their civilization developed rapidly.

Unique individuals and revolutionary ideas evolved more frequently for them.

Therefore, the information presented by Human God at the conference was particularly useful for the other worlds.

At the initial conference held in the Human World, Dragon God learned of the existence of "language" and "letters."

It was due to the sharing of human knowledge of language that Dragon Race could develop a civilization at all.

That was not all.

Human God generously shared various wisdoms from his world.

How to build cities, how to manage a large population, how to battle in groups, and animal husbandry.

None of those would have been possible for the Dragon Race alone.

Therefore, Dragon God had great trust in Human God.

Respected as leader of the gods.

"Excuse my rudeness!"

Thus, I corrected my posture immediately.

I stood up and gave the utmost salute.

I could not show disrespect to Dragon God-sama's peer, and certainly not one with his respect.

"No, it's fine. As you were."

Human God approached my nervous self and patted me on my shoulders kindly, and sat down.

"I had a little business with Dragon God and happened to pass by."

What was he doing here?

He answered, as if reading my heart.

"You seem desperate to find the killer of the Dragon General."

"How did you know that?"

"As I said, I had a little business with Dragon God, and he mentioned it. He was worried about you."

"..."

His words pierced deeply into my heart.

After searching for so many fruitless years, it felt like a thorn had lodged in my heart.

When I heard that Dragon God was not angry at me, but worried instead, my chest felt like it was about to burst.

I realized how powerless and diminutive I was.

I was near tears.

"Him and I go way back. If you're troubled, I don't mind helping you a little."

“You know how to find the suspect?”

Human God laughed, knowing he snared his mark.

"No. like Dragon God, I'm not omniscient either. I don't know everything, but I do know knowledge from the gods of each world. For example, your true potential..."

"My potential...?"

"Yes, you, a mixed blood of Demon Race and Dragon Race, contain a certain power within you."

Human God paced before me leisurely.

A smile on his face.

A reassuring smile.

But a reassuring smile isn't always so reassuring.

Remember this.

It's always tricksters who practice their smiles.

But I didn't know that at the time.

I was so relieved.

Fully trusting him.

“Haven't you had moments when you could sense enemies moving behind you, or detect where enemies have gone?”

Indeed, I had had those moments before.

Sometimes when fighting dragons with Saleyakt, I could feel movements behind me.

Not just that.

Even back at the Demon World, I had some semblance of such ability.

Otherwise, it would have been difficult to survive alone in a world brimming with evil creatures.

"That's the power of your demonic eye. Use the power within your eye and look again. Take another look at the crime scene, you'll surely find what you're searching for... fufufu..."

Human God was still laughing as he slowly disappeared.

Maybe he walked out of the cave instead, but it felt as if he had disappeared.

I couldn't move and could only witness his disappearance.

"..."

By the time I realized it, he was gone.

Saleyakt and my subordinates were fast asleep, their bodies curled.

As if nothing had happened.

I also felt like I awoke from a dream.

However, I knew that gods sometimes employ mysterious powers.

Maybe this was one of those instances.

That was why I did not disregard the dream, but gave this demon eye a try.



I certainly had my suspicions.

If the circumstances were different, perhaps I would have been more suspicious.

Instead of wasting time on a power that might or might not exist.

But I was impatient.

I thought I had to do something about it.

Even grasping at straws.

I immediately returned to the Gold Dragon nest.

Nothing from Crystal remained, it returned to being a typical Gold Dragon nest.

A dark-red cave with ferns hanging down the ceiling.

Gold Dragons were mostly carnivores, but they could subsist on ferns when hungry.

There, I consciously focused at the back of my eyes.

"What's this..."

Then, it was exactly as Human God said.

I clearly saw something at the back of my eyes.

It did exist, and I had been unconsciously using that power.

It's difficult to explain.

Well, how about this.

It's like an internal organ.

You don't usually notice your own heartbeat, unless you pay attention, right?

My demon eye is like that, except I could manipulate it at will.

I didn't even know it existed until then.

Maybe what Human God said was a catalyst of something, and unlocked a power I had been using only unconsciously until then.

My eye was a demon eye.

It was different from the demon eyes that are commonplace nowadays... But if you must give it a name, it's a demon eye.

In my eyes, there were clear traces left behind.

Where the corpse of Crystal was, where the Gold Dragon's corpse was.

Also signs of Maxwell' and the subordinates' investigation.

And, a sign of somebody else, someone different, floating in the air.

I could see it clearly.

Without a doubt.

I followed the lead with great conviction.

I jumped on Saleyakt and flew through the expansive Dragon World like wind.

Crossing six mountains and seven valleys.

Following the lead without an ounce of doubt.

I was confident that it must have been the culprit.

You might think I jumped to conclusions, but it couldn't be helped.

It was the first lead I had.

Everyone wants to believe what they have is special.

I flew like an arrow.



Then I reached a mountain.

An unnamed mountain without any special features.

Not particularly tall, nor host of any special types of dragons, not particularly cavernous.

A mountain typical to the Dragon World.

There was a cave on the mountainside.

Yes, a single cave.

It shouldn't have existed.

Did it always exist, or was it dug out by someone?

Probably the latter.

After all, the entrance to the cave had traces left by something sharp.

It looked artificial.

"..."

I hesitated for a few seconds.

A criminal capable of killing a Dragon General might be in there.

Could I manage him somehow?

It may not be possible.

Won't it be better to go back and ask the Dragon Generals for reinforcement?

But I immediately shook my head.

Until then I was in a constant state of blunder.

The state of "no results to show."

The only way to recover from this blunder was to take the criminal's head and bring it back.

I thought back then.

"Gora, Scrubava... Let's go."

"Yes!"

"Watch my back."

I kept Saleyakt waiting at the entrance and jumped inside with my two subordinates.

Looking back now, it might have been better to send one back to Kayos and request for assistance from the Five Dragon Generals.

But the subordinates might have shared the same thought.

Neither hesitated.

The inside of the cave was narrow and damp.

Hard green stones covered with moss, leaving the impression that nothing had lived there for a long time.

But it was obvious to me that someone was.

There were traces everywhere.

No, not mere traces.

A bed made of wood branches, decorated by skulls of small lizards.

"Seems like no one's home, but stay vigilant."

"Yes!"

I was sure the culprit was there.

The feeling from the bed was the same as in the Gold Dragon nest.

Even though I could sense him, I couldn't see him.

Was he out?

Or...

"...!"

"Gwaaa!"

At that moment, I heard a voice from behind me.

At a quick glance, Scrubava's neck was cut off, he collapsed without even spilling blood.

It was too abrupt.

I couldn't deny my carelessness, too eager from the new found power of the magic eye.

"Who the hell...!"

It flew in the darkness and attacked toward Gora.

I didn't let the opportunity slip.

In a single motion, I placed myself in its path, grabbed its arm and tossed it against a hard rock.

Then, the light from the entrance revealed its appearance.

I was surprised.

Black skin, four arms.

Red eyes.

Definitely not Dragon Race.

A demon.

I knew right away.

After all, something I saw innumerable times before, something I once longed for.

But what surprised me wasn't that he was Demon Race.

It was that he did not appear in my demon eye.

Through some technique or by nature?

Fortunately, even though I couldn't trace him, I could still follow him through his footprint and scent.

I just couldn't see him with my magic eye.

『———!]

He yelled at me.

It's in Demon Language.

But I didn't understand.

I hadn't learned the Demon Language.

But I could feel his hostility.

"We must avenge Crystal-sama and Scrubava! Gora, watch my back!"

"Yes!"

I judged that he was Crystal's killer.

Extending my claws, pushing Dragon Touki through my body.

Right hand before me, left hand on my chest.

Same stance as Dora-sama.

『———!]

The demon screamed something, recognizing my murderous intent.

Immediately he reposed himself, facing me.

I corrected our distance, and Gora covered my blind spot.

The exit behind us.

There was no escape.

『———!]

The demons screamed and kicked the ground.

The battle had begun.



It was a terrible battle.

He was strong.

Whether cut with my claws or pierced with my fang technique, it instantly regenerated, moved, and attacked again.

Of course, I was overwhelmed.

I was beaten down many times and vomited blood again and again.

I didn't feel like I could win.

At times I thought of retreating and requesting the Dragon Generals for reinforcements.

It was certainly the smart option.

Even though Dora-sama taught me to never run from an enemy... It was just a temporary withdrawal to fulfill the mission.

But second-guessing during the battle was a folly.

Gora was killed.

He had his heart ripped out and died.

A brief moment of hesitation.

It was just before I thought to suggest a temporary withdrawal.

I could never forget Gora's opened dead eyes when he pierced her chest.

I lost both of my men and my path of retreat.

I kept fighting.

Full of retreat.

My relationship with Gora and Scrubava had been brief, but we had traveled together, eaten together.

I must avenge their death.

More than that.

If I pulled out then, it could mean abandoning our hard work all these years.

However, I was gradually pushed into a desperate situation.

Wasn't it obvious?

How could I defeat someone immortal?

No matter how much I attacked, it regenerated.

But I couldn't.

Slowly, I was cornered.

Lacking the power to overwhelm him.

The only saving grace was my nearly unlimited physical stamina, so I didn't lose right away.

That fight continued for ten days and ten nights.

The cave caved in from collateral damage of the battle, the mountainside collapsed, but our match remained undecided.

We both stubbornly hung on.

Yet, surprisingly, he reached his breaking point.

Maybe he wasn't the kind that could go a long time without eating.

When I paid attention, he seemed shockingly thin.

He had wings on its back and could fly, but nowhere near as capable as Dragon Race.

So he couldn't have gone far in search of prey.

No matter how powerful one is, after ten days of fighting one's strength would weaken.

On the tenth day, I noticed that his regenerative power had weakened.

He understood that as well.

I could see "I don't want to die" reflected in his eyes.

However, I was even more tattered and full of scrapes. It wouldn't have been surprising if I fell at any moment.

Almost no strength was left.

I thought that if I continued fighting like this, I would certainly have been defeated.

Even though victory was within reach, I was about to break first.

If I lose, he will eat us -- me, Gora, and Scrubava -- to regain strength.

Instead of avenging Crystal-sama, becoming food to the enemy and the source of his strength.

That wasn't my mission.

I had to clear Dora-sama's regret.

I could not waste the Five Dragon Generals' support for me.

I had to meet the expectations of Dragon God.

"Ooooooooooooooooooh!"

So I squeezed my last remaining strength.

Something swelled from deep in my belly.

Just below my heart.

An overwhelming force, like boiling magma.

It may also have been related to the opening of my demon eye.

I unleashed it...

Actually, I don't really remember how I released it.

Even if you ask me to do it again, I probably couldn't.

However, awashed with hope for victory and hate for defeat, I let it all out.

And the mountain disappeared.



When I woke up, both of us had fainted, lying side-by-side on a nearby mountain ledge.

My Dragon Touki exploded.

Like a suicide bomb.

The energy unleashed blew apart the mountain and caused him to faint.

It was a mutual defeat.

It seemed like Saleyakt caught both of us while we were unconscious and brought us to this ledge.

Saleyakt saved my life.

As soon as I woke up, I restrained his arms and legs with a rope made of leather and

dragon bone.

To be honest, I was lucky to have woken up first.

Anyways, I caught the man who killed Crystal.

I had accomplished my mission.

CHAPTER 11

DEMON DRAGON KING

With the criminal handcuffed I carried him back to Dragon Roar Mountain.

He woke up on the way back but couldn't escape.

These cuffs were designed to bind the Dragon Race.

It had the power to suppress and disperse power.

Even a demon could do nothing but calm back down with such handcuffs.

Surrendered, or swirling in another emotion?

I don't know. I was happy to have fulfilled my mission.

Anyways, it's a triumphal return.

"Laplace!"

It was Szilard who welcomed me with enthusiasm.

Leading a row of Dragon Warriors lining up before the large, center entrance of the eight entrances of Dragon Roar Mountain.

No, it's wrong to say that.

They weren't warned of the approach, the Dragon Warriors were simply standing guard at the entrance.

Guarding Dragon Roar Mountain was also part of his job.

Since I was on a special mission, I didn't forewarn of my return.

That's why only Szilard came to greet me.

Just like when Dragon God-sama first brought me here.

"You caught him?"

He looked in amazement at Saleyakt, myself, and the one we brought with us.

"Yes!"

"Well done!"

And he welcomed me back with a look of joy.

Indeed, a warm welcome.

The other Dragon Warriors emotions boiled over when they heard that Five Dragon General's murderer had been finally captured.

So many Dragon Warriors shouting with joy together was a scene I have seldom seen.

"Laplace. Thank you."

"Thank you. Szilard-sama. However, how he came to the Dragon World and his motives for killing Crystal-sama..."

I was confident that he did it.

However, when I thought about it, I realized there was a lack of evidence.

Lacking proof of his crimes.

When I realized that, my voice slowly faltered.

Coming back so triumphantly, but what if I brought back someone totally innocent?

What if it was just an unrelated case of random teleportation between the worlds?

Not only that... becoming a victim of my sneak attack.

"Oh yeah... That right, you could only speak Dragon God Language. That's fine, I'll take care of his interrogation."

"Please!"

I gladly handed him over.

After so long and expending so much effort, even destroying an entire mountain to capture him

I was wondering what to do if I was told that I caught the wrong person.

Moreover, I was tired.

I was relieved to hand over the suspect to someone reliable.

It's embarrassing to say, but I just wanted to get home quickly and rest.

The mission was complete.

If it was no good, no good. For now, I just want to sleep.

The Dragon Warriors took him away.

His face was full of anxiety.

I even thought that he was looking to me for help.

A friendship that sprouted through the heat of battle?

I didn't feel that... but it was in the Demon Race culture to befriend through battle.

That was the last moment I saw him.



I slept three days and three nights.

After waking up, I ate.

The meal with Lunaria-sama was particularly delicious.

Probably because it was a meal after completion of an important mission.

After that, I visited Maxwell first.

He was at one of Dragon Roar Mountain's training facilities, scouting for new talented young men.

I informed him I had captured the suspect.

As well as the passing of my important subordinates.

"Hey, you've accomplished your mission, so they probably are at ease now." he said, patting me on my shoulder.

After that, I visited Dora-sama.

To be honest, I expected her to be angry and yell at me.

Dora-sama told me to come back with his head, but that didn't happen.

The suspect's head and body were still one piece when I handed him to Szilard.

I entered Dora's room, anxious but resolved.

But I was surprised.

Dora-sama's belly had recovered nicely.

Looked like she had finished spawning safely.

A face of serenity.

Now that pregnancy has passed her.

I walked up to her and gave her the utmost salute.

"The aftershock of your battle has reached even here."

Dora-sama said calmly.

"Maybe due to the shock of the battle, I suddenly felt the premature sign for spawning."

As she said, she patted an egg beside her.

Dragon Race eggs are the size of human babies.

The pain of giving birth was shared.

“He was delivered safely, but premature. He may grow up immaturely.”

Despite her words, her hand strokes on the egg were gentle.

The Dora-sama before me was not the fierce and prideful Dora-sama of old.

It may have been a rude thought.

Until then, I'd only seen Dora-sama as strong and loyal.

Even Dora-sama had a gentle-side.

But leaving that aside.

"So, how are you?"

“Good, I managed to find the criminal and captured him after a long battle.”

"I see... Well done. Although someone already reported that before you came.”

Perhaps Maxwell had also heard it in advance as well.

No matter how much Dragon Race disregards the passage of time, I had slept for three days straight.

Maxwell was probably humoring me with his response, if only Dora-sama could do the same.

But that obtuseness was part of her charm.

"I am sorry for the delay in my report."

"Don't worry. I heard you fell into a deep sleep. It happens to everyone when their Dragon Touki is spent. It must have been a fierce battle.”

"And apologies for not bringing you his head..."

Dora-sama smiled wryly when I said that.

"It's fine. His head won't bring back the one we lost. It's a meaningless gesture."

Dora-sama stroked her egg again.

She laughed abruptly, as suddenly struck by an idea

"Laplace."

"Yes?"

Dora lifted up her egg and presented it to me.

The egg was wrapped in a soft cloth, looking so fragile.

"If you don't mind, please give him a name?"

"Eh...? But isn't he Dora-sama's?"

"Who else?"

"But I...?"

"Who else is here?"

Dora-sama repeated herself and heaved the egg to me.

Rather than me, wouldn't it be more appropriate to have Dragon God-sama or the Five Dragon Generals name him?

I was hesitant to hold it.

My hands quivered.

"Don't worry. Dragon Race eggs don't break so easily."

Only after Dora-sama said that did I finally take hold of the egg.

The egg was warm.

When I held it in my arms, I heard something like a heartbeat.

I'd eaten many dragon eggs, but they were cold.

I felt completely different from this one.

So this is life, how surprising.

"Have you decided?"

"...Normally, shouldn't we wait until we see the child? I don't even know whether it'll be a boy or a girl."

"It's a man. My child is a man."

"How certain...?"

I tried to think through my confusion.

A name.

I had it.

I was a man who could do as promised.

"Perugius."

That was the name that came to my mind.

Perugius.

Yes, Perugius.

"It's a good name. Feels like he could grow up to be a strong, smart, and generous child."

His name was Pergius.

It was decided that day.



Afterwards, I returned to my leisurely everyday life.

Wake up, visit Szilard to hear his progress, feed Saleyakt, and go back to bed.

As if I was out of work.

My future depended on Szilard's interrogation of the prisoner.

If the suspect was really Crystal's killer, I would have accomplished my mission.

After that... I'd probably go back to work for Dora-sama.

If he was judged innocent, my search would have continued.

Rather, in that case, I might be judged incompetent and dismissed from the assignment.

However, I was ordered by Dragon God-sama and accepted Dora-sama's request as well.

I would have liked to see it to the end.

No matter what people thought, I wanted to follow it through to the end.

So like in a daze, I passed each day for the judgement.

Those were peaceful days.

Sometimes I visited the training ground, but I didn't do any work.

My mood was like a death row inmate.

A bad premonition.

Perhaps I just wasn't used to spending time waiting.

Those days were the first and last time in my long life I spent just waiting.

No, there were other times... For what reason?

Basically, when I was on a mission.

Even now, I'm here waiting for my instructions.

With those feelings swirling in my heart, time slowly passed.

One year later.

The moment came a year after I caught him.

After visiting another world, Dragon God returned.



A meeting was held.

The agenda was, of course, about the criminal that killed Crystal.

Dora-sama and I both were in attendance.

Spawning season had ended.

She was not responsible for hatching the egg.

Although she did want to guard the egg until it safely hatched...

Her loyalty and dedication to attend an important conference of the Five Dragon Generals won out.

With all other chairs occupied by their owners, I was seated on Crystal's old chair.

"Report."

Under Dragon God's instruction, I stood up and gave the utmost salute.

A report of everything I had done.

"Thus, while I was traveling around the world, Human God appeared before me and granted me wise counsel. There's a magic eye within me, and I could trace the suspect with it. Using the magic eye, I was able to find a trail and after a long battle, capture

the suspect.”

As briefly as possible, explaining everything that happened.

I thought any more would be a waste of everyone’s valuable time.

“I see, you received advice from Human God?”

Dragon God-sama had a broad smile when he heard those words.

Showing how high regard he held for Human God.

“After bringing him back to Dragon Roar Mountain, I handed him over to Szilard-sama to take care of the rest.”

After I finished, Szilard stood up.

“My investigation is complete.”

Szilard picked up a piece of dragonskin parchment and began reciting from it.

“According to my investigation, the suspect is Necrolia Nacroia, a blood relative of Immortal Demon King Necross Lacross and one of the Eight Great Demon Kings.”

Those words immediately raised a commotion in the meeting.

“Under the order of Demon God, he teleported to the Dragon World to stop the progress of our Teleportation research. That’s how he caught aim of Dragon General Crystal and plotted his murder. However, due to a flaw in planning, he wasn’t able to return to the Demon World and was forced to stay. Since then, he had kept hiding while collecting various necessary materials for his return... until the aforementioned situation.”

It was Chaos that first grew agitated.

"Unforgivable!"

Chaos stood up, slamming his fist on the conference table.

The table made a tremendous noise but did not shatter.

Maybe he held back a little.

"How dare the Demons! If they had a problem with us, fight us openly, the gall of ordering an assassination...!"

Chaos's anger was plain as day.

A boiling rage.

I was too.

Although not as overt as Chaos, I was burning with rage.

"War! We will hit the demons where they live and show those Demon Kings their true colors!"

Chaos exclaimed, but the other three were as cool as expected.

"Szilard... is he still alive?"

Maxwell asked.

His glare was murderous, but his speech was calm relative to the hotblooded Chaos.

"I killed him. He was so cheery that it tested my patience."

"Well, then, just as well."

Maxwell relaxed.

But I understood.

Reading between the lines, he probably intended to say "If he's still alive, let me put a stop to that."

"..."

Dora-sama stayed silent.

However, the rage boiling from her body was not second to Chaos.

It felt life-threatening to approach her at the moment.

"Dora, could you swallow what the demons have done?"

"Chaos. Shut up... I feel the same as you."

"...No, surely your rage is greater than mine."

Chaos stayed quiet.

Dora-sama's anger at that time was such that even Chaos yielded.

Her hair-trigger temper was ready to explode.

Szilard looked at them and said.

"Dragon God-sama, we are of one will, let's invade Demon World immediately and let them receive the just reward for what Five Dragon Generals have suffered."

"..."

However, Dragon God-sama was wise.

No, even he was troubled by the situation.

Holding his mouth, he was deep in thought.

"..."

There might be something more far reaching to this current conversation.

Something that a fool like I was could not fathom...

No, it may not be foolish.

Even the Five Dragon Generals did not know much about the Demon Race.

While Dragon God-sama was quite familiar.

And particularly with the Demon God.

That's why Dragon God-sama may have had a different opinion.

After a long silence, Dragon God-sama said:

"We'll not go to war..."

His conclusion left the Dragon Generals stunned.

"Why?"

"What's the concern?"

"If we join forces, even they..."

With a simple raise of hand Dragon God-sama silenced the others.

He said with a stern tone.

"One of the Five Dragon Generals and one of the Eight Great Demon Kings, it's a wash."

An even trade.

I couldn't agree.

First of all, Crystal died because the Demon Race attacked.

If I didn't find him, or if he made better preparations for his return, the criminal would have escaped scot-free.

Leaving the Demons to laugh at the Dragon Race's pain.

How could it be a fair trade?

"If war breaks out, we will not go unscathed. The Demon Race is not an easy opponent, wait. Practice patience."

"But..."

"I'll negotiate with Demon God about this matter."

However, we were all servants of Dragon God-sama.

If Dragon God ordered it, we could only obey.

"Understood..."

Everyone was reluctant.

Even Dora-sama, a paragon of loyalty, seemed dissatisfied with the decision.

But no one argued in open.

"Dragon God-sama."

"What is it, Szilard? Dissatisfied?"

"No, I don't have any complaints. Dragon God says, we obey... This is about Laplace, who had exerted great efforts to bring the criminal to justice. He deserves to be rewarded for his effort"

I jumped on those words.

Those words were unneeded.

Rewards were unnecessary.

For me, doing Dragon God's bidding is a matter of course.

Rather, I wanted to apologize for taking such a long time.

But the Dragon Generals all simply responded with "well done."

It took a long time, but as a result I was able to uncover the demon's plot.

There was no reason to decline.

"Yes."

Dragon God thought for a moment.

And came to a simple answer.

“Well then, Laplace, I hereby grant you the title of Demon Dragon King and status among the Five Dragon Generals. Thereafter, follow me and assist in our negotiation with the Demon Race.”

"Wow!"

The decision was a shock to the Five Dragon Generals.

But there was someone even more shocked than the General Generals.

Me.

With this I would be included as the most junior among the Five Dragon Generals.

I couldn't believe it.

It was too much to joke about.

I couldn't fathom why Dragon God-sama suggested it.

"I... I'm against this!"

It was not me who raised the objection.

It was Chaos.

Going against Dragon God-sama's judgement was a serious act for a Dragon General.

However, even he may have reached the limit of his patience.

I could understand that feeling.

But I didn't concur with his objection.

Even though if I could do it again, I certainly would.

"There are others more qualified!"

Chaos hated the Demon Race.

Even though he did not doubt my loyalty.

He could tolerate me as long as I worked for Dragon God-sama's sake.

However, for a member of the Five Dragon Generals to have mix-blood of the Demon Race was intolerable to him.

The same demon blood that plotted the murder of a former member of the Five Dragon Generals.

Even if I could help with negotiating with the Demon Race.

"Please... reconsider."

Chaos looked to the other Dragon Generals for support...

But contrary to Chaos' expectations, and mine as well, the others responded more positively.

"Isn't that fine? Certainly, he's young, but his loyalty to Dragon God-sama is beyond reproach, and he has accomplished his missions."

"And the strength to defeat one of the Eight Demon Kings."

Szilard and Maxwell said.

Then Chaos looked at Dora-sama.

Surely you oppose this, his eyes were asking.

"For a long time, I had watched him develop... While he still lacks the strength to be worthy of the title Dragon General... we were once inadequate as well. Dragon God-sama's battle banner needs new blood if we're to grow our battle strength."

Dora-sama said, turning to me.

"Laplace. It's an honor. Work harder now, more than ever."

Accordingly, Dora-sama didn't object.

No, Dora-sama never disliked me in the first place.

As Dora said, it was a tremendous honor.

My effort and dedication was recognized, and at the same time, it may lead to "improvement of the relationship with the demons" as Dragon God said.

Of course, becoming a Dragon General would benefit Dragon God's unborn child as well.

All of the reasons why Dragon God-sama brought me here would be achieved.

"Although it may be beyond my abilities... I'll do my best"

I stood up, crossed my arms before my chest and said,

Unable to refuse.



"Thus, I became one of the Five Dragon Generals... and became Demon Dragon King Laplace."

Having said that, Laplace sighed.

Some subtle emotions, of weakness and regret.

Rostelina grew anxious when she saw him that way.

She asked Laplace to tell her his life story on a whim, but maybe she asked for something she shouldn't have.

Laplace may have told her something he didn't want to talk about.

"Laplace-sama... you didn't wish to be one of the Five Dragon Generals?"

"Hm? No, that's not it. Otherwise I would have refused even at Dragon God-sama's displeasure... It's just that in reflection, I was overeager for an honor that I didn't

deserve.”

“Why? Didn’t Laplace-sama catch the perpetrator, and others recognized your strength?”

“Yes, but the tasks of the Five Dragon Generals aren’t accomplished by strength alone.”

Laplace's words were vague, and Rostelina didn't understand what he meant.

From Rostelina’s perspective, Laplace was a god-like existence.

More than just power.

He's a great and honorable man without equals.

"But Laplace-sama is great. You even helped me."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. I have been saved by Master. It is thanks to you that I can live with my curse. I don’t know the other Dragon Generals, but I thought no one deserved the honor of Dragon General more than Master.”

Rostelina certainly grew up in the Long-eared Village.

However, Rostelina was a strange child.

Her magic potential far exceeded others.

In her childhood her power repeatedly ran rampant, destroying the village and killing villagers.

So she was cast out of the village.

She was abandoned on the edge of a large forest, crying alone.

She didn't have the ability to survive on her own.

What awaited her fate was being attacked and eaten by monsters.

It was the mysterious Laplace who found her.

He uncovered the mystery of Rostelina's body and embedded a magic circle in her, nullifying its overflowing magic.

Thanks to that, Rostelina was able to live a peaceful everyday life.

"I'm pleased to hear that. But as the last of the Dragon Generals, I do not wish to leave that name in disgrace."

Laplace said with wandering eyes, focusing on something far away.

The last remaining Dragon General.

Rostelina thought about the meaning of that phrase... but couldn't appreciate it.

She didn't understand.

So the only thing she knew to do was ask.

"Master..."

But Rostelina couldn't ask.

For Laplace, it must be a painful story to tell.

The story up until now had mostly gone well.

A wild child of the Demon War, educated, found gainful employment, gained recognition by his peers, and became one of the chiefs of Dragon Race.

It was mostly painless.

Thus, she was sure there was only a difficult and painful ending laying ahead.

Rostelina wanted to know.

No matter how painful, she wanted to know more about Laplace.

But if reminiscing caused Laplace to grimace, she would rather put up with not

knowing.

“Master... if there’s anything I can do to help, please let me know. I’ll do anything in my power to help Master.”

"Ah, in that case... No."

Laplace stopped himself mid sentence.

Then, with a wry smile, he shook his head.

"Well, I do have one request."

"What is it?"

With a gentle smile, Laplace stroked Rostelina's head.

"Go to bed for today. You have work tomorrow."

Without realizing, it was already midnight.

Rostelina had lost her drowsiness while listening to his stories.

“...Yes, Master."

Maybe I don’t have any ability to help.

Rostelina stood up from her chair and left the room, full of loneliness.

She left the room, returning to her room and slept.

"..."

After seeing her off, Laplace headed back to his desk.

The talk just now reminded him of something he had previously forgotten to write down.

There laid a single book.

A book that summarized the most important things.

He didn't put everything he knew down in writing, but it wasn't necessary to either.

Just a record of the most important things.

Laplace added new pages to the book and wrote:

"Perugius."

A name he had to write down.

The description he wrote included details he didn't mention in his story.

Not wanting to see Rostelina saddened by what happened, he kept mum on the subject.

"I have a request for those who read this book.

There is a child of Dragon Race who does not know his name in this world.

Please tell this child his name.

I have forgotten many things that happened, but this too was one of my missions.

This child has silvery hair, and must be a nameless man by now.

Please tell him,

"Your real true name is Perugius."

Perugius, son of Dora-sama, the Great Dragon King Dora.

Thus I recorded here, in case I die before completing my mission."

Laplace said as he filled another page of the book.

Afterwards, placing the book in the center of the bookshelf, in the most prominent position.

If he was to pass, then whoever that came after him would certainly find it.

It is Laplace's mission to convey his name, but there is no reason for Laplace to do it personally.

Of course, as his godfather, Laplace did wish to convey it directly.

"Dora-sama."

When he muttered the name, the figure who was like a mother to him appeared in his mind.

Dora-sama, a teacher, a boss, and a mother.

Her last moments were full of remorse.

Just remembering that moment gripped his chest tightly.

A hatred sprung from the depth of his heart.

It was a murderous urge that makes one want to start rampaging.

Laplace lived only to clear that remorse.

He had to fulfill his mission.

"Fu."

Laplace closed the book and sat back in his chair.

He felt exhausted, whenever he went down the mountain and traveled, he was reminded of the time he fought as one of the Five Dragon Generals.

Perhaps it's time to sleep, after a long absence.

"Good night, Rostelina."

Laplace said, closing his eyes.

It was the first time in decades where all the members of the household fell asleep together, atop Dragon Roar Mountain.

CHAPTER 12

DRAGON AND THE WOMAN

Centuries have passed.

At Dragon's Roar Mountain, the peaceful days continued.

For the human race, a century may seem like a very long time, but not for a long-eared race like Rostelina.

Nevertheless, it was sufficient time for the young girl to blossom into a full-fledged lady.

From a pretty girl to a beauty.

However, on the inside, Rostelina remained the same.

As innocent as she used to be.

It's only natural, living without contact with anyone but Saleyact and Laplace.

However, her heart was far from peaceful.

Her smile had disappeared, and gloom occupied most of her heart.

It's only natural...

Those stories... Ever since Laplace told her about his time as a Five Dragon General, Laplace looked more grim and troubled.

On the surface, Laplace was the same, but Rostelina could tell.

It's not direct like anger or feeling grumpy.

But an accumulation of negative feelings over time.

Moreover, Laplace had been away from home more often these days.

He used to be always home, now he's back only once a month.

Rostelina knew the reason.

Because Laplace is trying to confirm the rumor of Great Demon Emperor Kishirika Kishirisu's resurrection.

The Great Demon Emperor was famous enough that even Rostelina was aware of her.

She led the demons to war with the human race thousands of years ago.

It was a war many centuries before Rostelina's time.

A tremendous war that engulfed the entire world.

The war ended in the Great Demon Emperor's defeat.

But if she was resurrected, then the flames of war would start anew.

She doesn't know how Laplace would act.

Would he align with the human race or the demon race?

Or watch from the sidelines?

Whatever his decision, no doubt he has been busy preparing for it.

All that effort, even though the rumor had yet to be confirmed.

"Haa..."

Rostelina sighed while bringing in the laundry.

She knows Laplace is busy.

Laplace was always a man on a mission. If there's a great event happening in the world, it's only natural for him to be involved.

Only natural that he's too busy for Rostelina.

But there was a knot in her heart.

What if he is avoiding me?

What if he's annoyed that I asked about his time as a Dragon General?

Laplace said it first.

This story was a Bad End.

No matter how good things were going, it ends up with a sad ending.

What she heard so far hasn't been so tragic.

A half-dragon, half-demon orphan was found, educated, and gained status.

Rather, it's a success story.

If the story ends here, it'd be a Happy End.

But the story hasn't ended.

At the end of the day, Laplace lives out at this remote, barren place, roams the world, writes his books.

Something drastic must have happened.

Something decidedly tragic happened to Laplace... but what?

Maybe Laplace doesn't want to talk about it.

And if I keep asking, he won't come back anymore.

If so, Rostelina won't pursue it further.

It's fine.

Certainly, Rostelina wants to know what came after.

The reason for that pained grimace that Laplace occasionally wears.

She wants to know.

So she can be his support.

But if Laplace has a hard time talking about it, Rostelina doesn't need to know.

She can support him, even without knowing.

Laundry, cleaning.

After centuries even her cooking has improved considerably.

It's hard to tell, since Laplace said "it tastes good" to everything, but Saleyakt sang his praises with her cooking.

That was transmitted through Laplace, as Rostelina never learned to speak with Saleyakt.

Anyhow, she tries to help in other ways.

Like organizing the bookshelves.

Recently Laplace would shut himself in his library writing when he returned home.

He would come out after a while, complaining that he couldn't finish writing everything down.

Outside of these simple exchanges, Rostelina and Laplace rarely spoke.

I want you to count on me more.

I always made that effort.

I'm no longer a child.

"Oh, Master, I wonder if you'll be back soon..."

The laundry is finished and the house is cleaned.

After lunch, I'll clean Saleyakt's bed.

Don't forget to sprinkle Saleyakt's scales and droppings around the house.

It wards off other dragons from encroaching on his territory while he's away.

It's probably fine either way.

"..."

It will be dinner time soon.

But Rostelina was lost in her sighs.

She had no appetite.

".....Ah!"

Then, Rostelina's long ears caught a certain sound.

The flapping of a great pair of wings.

A sound more powerful and nostalgic than those of red dragons roaming in the neighborhood.

It's Saleyakt.

Laplace is back!

"Master!"

Without hesitation, Rostelina sprinted out.

As if on cue, Laplace was there on Saleyakt's back.

Laplace raised a hand upon seeing Rostelina, slowly Saleyakt feathered his wings and landed on the field before the house.

An elegant landing too refined for red dragons.

Simultaneously with the landing, Laplace jumped from Saleyakt.

Saleyakt yawned, as if he was tired, and went back to the back of the house quietly.

He probably was exhausted from the long flight.

"I'm home, Rostellina. What's wrong? It's rare for you to greet outside the house like this."

"It's not! I always came out to greet you these days!"

"Is that right...? My apologies."

"No, it's fine! So Laplace-sama... Would you like dinner?"

Lostellina asked nervously.

Laplace is often refused when asked.

Laplace doesn't eat much.

"Oh, yeah. I have been flying around without eating for some time, so I'm rather hungry. Please take care of me."

"Yes!"

But it seems different today.

Rostelina replied cheerfully and rushed to the kitchen.

The fire in the furnace hasn't been extinguished yet.

Pour water from the water barrel into the pan, and it begins to boil.

"Rostelina."

"Yes! What is it, Master?"

In response to a call from behind, Rostelina was about to rush over.

"Oh no, just listen as you prepare dinner."

But she stopped on Laplace's command.

With her lips tight, she returned to prepping dinner.

"I was able to confirm today that the Great Demon Emperor Kishirika Kishirisu has revived.

No, not quite, she revived at least five hundred years ago, but just now fully formed.

A puppetmaster of warlike Demon Lords.

.....Soon, war."

Rostelina's hand froze for a second.

War will soon begin.

Rostelina doesn't really understand.

She has never experienced war.

Many people died during the Human-Demon War.

But Rostelina lives a secluded life on Dragon's Roar Mountain.

No war, no matter how great, would affect it here.

"And it appears that the one pulling the strings behind the war... is him."

"Him?"

"The one I must pursue and defeat... the enemy."

Rostelina's hand froze.

"I do not know his aims.

But I have an obligation to figure it out and stop him.

I'll find every trap he lays and destroy it.

I will stop him."

"..."

"So I'll take part in the war. I don't yet know which side I'll be on."

In front of Rostelina, the water began to boil.

But Rostelina couldn't help looking back.

Laplace is strong.

But he is alone.

The Five Dragon Generals are no more.

The enemy probably killed them.

He may die.

Laplace could lose.

"Master..."

With an anxious heart Rostelina left the kitchen.

Laplace, as usual, sits in a chair with a neutral expression.

However, a shadow cast over his face.

We may not meet again.

Rostelina had that premonition.

"Oh, don't worry, Lostellina.

It will be a while before the war begins.

Until then, I'll be with you."

Whether or sensing Rostelina's anxiety, Laplace smiled and said.

"So, how about some food? I've been hungry for some time now."

"Yes....."

Rostelina returned to the kitchen and resumed cooking as requested.

Soup, grilled meat, plus some veggies.

It was completed in no time.

However, no flavor could overcome her anxiety.

"Yeah, it's delicious today."

Laplace ate the meal and said.

But was it really?

"What's wrong, Rostelina. You're pretty quiet today."

"Master..."

"Hmm?"

"Do you really have to go to war?"

Hearing that, Laplace troubled for a moment.

However, he soon turned solemn and nodded.

"Yes, I have to go. Especially if he's involved."

"Why...?"

Why?

That word came from somewhere other than Rostelina's convictions.

I shouldn't ask.

She thought, yet she did.

"I see... I see. I forgot. Speaking of which, I only told half the story, so you didn't know."

"Eh?"

"Let's talk. I'm sure you will understand if you heard everything.

What happened to the Dragon World... no, what happened to the world,
and my mission, why I must fight him."

Hearing that, Rostelina gingerly asked,

"I thought you... don't want to talk about that?"

"That's not true.

It's a painful and sad story, but it's a past that should not be forgotten.

If I don't talk about it, I may eventually forget it."

Laplace said, seemingly decided on something.

"Come, sit, Rostelina. Or do you not want to hear it?"

Hearing those words, Rostelina swallowed.

I want to hear.

What happened in Laplace's life?

What happened to Laplace the Dragon General?

I always wanted to know.

I won't ask if he won't answer, or if he doesn't want me to know.

"Please tell me!"

Then Rostelina took her appointed seat.

The seat next to Laplace, her place besides him.

"Okay, let's talk. The final story of the Dragon World."

So Laplace began.

The final story of Laplace of the Five Dragon Generals.

CHAPTER 13

THE DRAGON DIPLOMA

Before getting into the main subject, let's talk about the roles of the Five Dragon Generals.

As I mentioned before, each of the five dragon generals is entrusted with work by the dragon god.

Dora-sama trains dragons.

Maxwell exterminates demonic beasts.

Chaos manufactures weaponry.

Szilard is in charge of the dragon warriors.

In reality, apart from those public jobs, there're also behind the scene work, but let's leave that for now.

When I was appointed as a Dragon General, I was also assigned a certain job.

As Dragon God-sama's assistant.

Or more properly, as his escort... but basically act as his personal attendant.

Aside from surveying Dragon God-sama's surrounding, escort duty, offering suggestions, carrying his water...

Taking care of miscellaneous chores like that.

Even though they might be chores, for a newcomer like me to always be by the side of Dragon God-sama, it was an enormous honor.

Perhaps enough to displease the other Dragon Generals.

Because everyone, particularly the Five Dragon generals, respected, aweed, and worshiped the Dragon God.

So maybe such an honor for a rookie like me could be a cause of envy.

Of course, even if they have complaints, they did not voice them.

From my point of view, being an attendant was just the right role for me.

There was no reason to oppose it.

Thus, I traveled by Dragon God's side to the other worlds.

Research on Teleportation Magic was not yet complete at that point, but there was another way.

In every world, there was always a particular altar somewhere.

When Dragon God entered it, I followed. The altar activated and took us to an empty space of pure white.

You can travel to the altars of different worlds by flying there.

The first world I was brought.

A magical world swirling with poison and miasma... yes, the Demon World.

"This is..."

As I stepped out of the altar and saw the sight spreading out before me, I froze.

Demon World, a place of only bitter memories for me.

Naturally, those negative feelings began to flood back as I reminiscenced.

"What's wrong?"

"No, nothing."

Of course, coming back now fully grown, my perspective changed.

Having plenty of experience, the Demon town I once so longed for no longer interested me.

Nor any sense of anger.

I felt almost nostalgic of the demonic beasts roaming the distance.

It must have been that I felt no regret.

"Let's go."

"Yes sir!"

Dragon God took off without explaining where to go.

Where am I? No need for such stupid questions.

Dragon God-sama leads, I follow.

Dragon God was heading toward the heart of Demon World.

A giant crater that looks like a mountain range from a distance.

There were countless houses lined up inside, and a huge black iron castle in the center of the crater.

The center of the demon world, the Demon Capital Daileck (ダイレーク) and the Demon God Castle Gaileck (ガイレーク).

As we approached the castle, I observed bonfires lit in a circular arrangement near the roof of the castle.

Dragon God landed on the center of the circle without hesitation.

Innumerable demons stood around the circle.

Demons of various races.

Those with multiple arms, those with beast-like legs, those who phosphorescence, those with no eyes.

They didn't seem to be very happy to see Dragon God and me.

They didn't display an attitude, but I could sense the tension in the air immediately.

"Gahahahaha! Welcome, Dragon God-sama!"

Meanwhile, from thrones of Demons one stepped forward.

Among the tense crowd, he alone was unusual.

He approached us with a friendly attitude, laughing loudly.

"Mmm."

But he stopped when he saw me.

His smile withdrew, replaced by a solemn expression.

"..."

I also lost my voice when I saw him.

I knew him.

Black skin, six arms, purple hair, his upper body completely naked.

Seeing him, I instantly began to quiver.

Once upon a time, yes, a long time ago.

When I was still living in the Demon World.

The person who kicked me out every time I tried to enter the city...

Yes, it's indeed him.

The Demon King who defeated me many times in the Demon World.

"This is my escort. One of the Five Dragon Generals, Demon Dragon King Laplace."

Dragon God stepped in, after seeing both of us frozen in place.

With those words, I was reminded of my position and the reason for my visit.

I immediately gave the utmost salute and greeted the Demon Lord.

"I'm the Demon Dragon King Laplace. I'm pleased to make your acquaintance."

"Mmm....."

In response, the Demon King made a small, thoughtful gesture,

"Gahahahaha! I'm the one of the Eight Demon Kings, Necros Lacrosse! Remember it!"

He Laughed vigorously.

!

Reason for visiting this world?

Attending the meeting.

The gods of each world hold regular meetings together... I guess I mentioned that before.

That, of course, continued on.

The venue would change from time to time, but it rarely rotated to the Dragon World, Heaven World, or Sea World.

Other gods also bring attendants with them, and some of them couldn't fly or swim.

Probably being considerate of that.

That aside, a meeting of the gods.

The meeting agenda was the various troubles that recently appeared among the worlds.

The sudden appearance of demonic beasts, yes, the topic of sudden teleportation.

Every world was eager to solve these problems, but no solution had yet been offered.

On the contrary, listening to the meeting while standing in attendance behind Dragon God, I could tell that the relationship between the gods have sored.

"It's the monsters again! They destroy one of my towns!"

"One of my chiefs disappeared in a transfer, and thousands died when a war broke out."

"Humph, rumour has it that you already completed teleportation research? Sure it isn't a cover up?"

"What...? How can you believe in such baseless rumors? Or should I believe that you released those monsters?"

Sea God, a man with a large amount of tentacles growing from his mouth and squid-like slimy skin.

Beast God, a man with two heads, a dog and a cat, riding on a white wolf.

Heaven God, a beautiful man with twin eyes on his forehead and six wings on his back.

Demon God, a man with eight arms and six horns, spanning a height of over three meters.

In particular, the relationship between the four was terrible.

Every time they met, they cursed bitterly at each other, as if they're ready to tear at each other at any moment.

God's majesty, anger, and overwhelming power, it was terrifying to behold.

"Well, everyone calm down. Fighting here won't help solve anything. It's fine. The research is going well, so I'm sure we'll find the cause soon. Don't be fooled by those baseless rumors. "

"That's right. There is no point in fighting among ourselves. If we fight, it will only cost more lives of our people."

Meanwhile, only two were trying to stop the fight.

Our great Dragon God.

And the mosaic-looking Human God that's hard to recall.

Without them, the worlds would have long cut ties with each other, or maybe even went to war already.

"..."

When the gods heard the word of Human God, everyone went silent.

Human God commanded great respect.

As founder of this conference, and due to the rapid development of the Human Race, he was often consulted by the other gods.

In other words, he gave more than he received overwhelmingly to the other gods.

Therefore, it was easy to see that everyone respected Human God.

Dragon God-sama too was no exception.

"Hmmp, as if you are so prime and proper, Dragon God."

However, Demon God did not shut up.

And the words that followed were enough to make me tremble.

"I've heard rumors that you kidnapped my son, Necrolia Nacrolia, tortured and killed him."

The words shook me inside.

This sudden statement could start a war between the Demon and Dragon World.

Because I knew this rumor to be true.

Although there's a case on the Dragon God's side, but if we answered honestly a fight

would certainly break out.

"...It's just a rumor. I don't know anyone like that."

Dragon God-sama lied.

It surprised me a little, because I thought he was a person who would never lie.

No, it's only expected.

To be honest, we were already told to never expose the fact that Necrolia Nacrolia killed Crystal-sama.

Exposing it would only lead to quarrel and war.

Perhaps Demon God was merely testing us, but we can't take the bait.

Dragon God-sama chose a different path.

"Rather than that, look, Demon God, at this man."

Dragon God-sama gazed toward me standing behind him.

I immediately gave the utmost salute.

Don't shame the Dragon God.

"That half-Demon, half-Dragon mixed child? I thought you agreed to take him away? What about him?"

"He's now an important figure in the Dragon World, a living proof that the Dragon Race felt no hostility toward the Demons."

".....Hmmpf."

The genie looked at me and snorted.

Staring glowering at me.

In fact, his eyes were shining.

That must have been a kind of Demon Eye.

After seeing a result of with his Demon Eye, Demon God sank back deep in the chair.

"I see. I'll believe you."

Originally, I was originally adopted for this purpose, but that was the first time it actually worked.

For the time being, it would not be an exaggeration to say we avoided a direct confrontation between the Demon World and the Dragon World.

"...I don't want to fight either."

At least, Demon God didn't seem to want to deal with the Dragon World either.

No, it's not just the Demon God.

None of the gods want a large scale conflict to break out.

Frustrated by the strange circumstance, they have grown suspicious of each other.

The meeting was always tense like that.

Perhaps it used to be more peaceful, but at that time everyone was frustrated and aggressive.

It's a meeting for exchanging information, but few personal stories were exchanged.

Perhaps he didn't want to give useful information to a suspect of the case.

It was an uncomfortable situation.

!

In a way, it can be said that my mission was to improve such an uncomfortable situation.

It was diplomacy that I was entrusted with.

Of course, it wasn't to befriend the other gods.

Rather, it's their underlings that I should get along with.

In other words, other attendants like me.

Even though they're attendants here, back home they're all important figures of their worlds.

If we build a relationship of trust between us, maybe we can avoid the worst in case of emergency.

That was my plan.

The first person I reached out to is a demon, whose world we're in a tense relationship with lately.

The people of Dragon World were becoming more hostile to the Demons.

From the sounds of it in the meeting, it's likewise in the Demon World as well.

That's why I thought to offer an olive branch to the Demon World, to find a way to peace.

"Necros Lacrosse."

After the meeting was over, I called out to a prominent giant of a man.

"I'm the Immortal Demon King Necros Lacrosse of the Eight Great Demon Kings."

Necros Lacrosse looked back and was about to laugh loudly, but he turned solemn when he saw me.

"You are....."

He glared at me, his face distorting with trouble.

Perhaps thinking I came for revenge.

That's why I answered.

"I would like to introduce myself again. I am the Demon Dragon King Laplace, of the Five Dragon Kings. Not a humanoid demon beast without a name. It is Laplace."

"Mmph."

With that said, Necros Lacrosse displayed an expression fitting of a demon king.

As I learned later, he decided then to never bring up what passed in the past.

I did not begrudge him either.

It would be pointless.

Many things had changed between then and now.

"Recently, bad rumors about the demon world are widespread in the dragon world. I hope we can help resolve this."

"Well, I have no objection to that, but I hear that the dragons hate the demons, right?"

"The fact that I, a half-demon and half-dragon, was selected as a Five Dragon General, is proof that rumors are nothing more than rumors."

"..."

"Dragon God-sama wishes for peace. If the Demon God-sama doesn't want to fight either, I ask for your cooperation."

When I said that, Necros Lacrosse folded his six arms and looked down at me.

Testing me with an unpleasant gaze, but I decided to endure.

Perhaps determining whether I'm being truthful.

Depending on how you think about it, maybe I was chosen to lower their guard against the Dragon Race.

"Mmph."

After a while, Necros Lacrosse nodded heavily.

"Demon God-sama does not wish for war! Mysterious things have happened so much these day that things are a bit tense!"

"Well?"

"It's okay. Let's cooperate!"

Thus, I and Necros Lacrosse joined hands.

I worked with Necros Lacrosse and recruited collaborators around the world.

Because I only traveled to different worlds while attending the meetings fo the gods, it took a long time but..... Eventually I visited every world.

Sea World, a world without land, populated by people with scales, gills. And fins.

I was in awe.

After all, I've never seen an ocean before.

There was little water in Demon World, let alone a sea.

Dragon World does have waterfalls and lakes, but nothing could be called an ocean either.

Yet before me, who never knew of such a thing, an endless ocean spanned outward.

A world of nothing above to reflect off the ocean left me with some terrible memories.

While there's nothing above the ocean, under the sea it was truly lively.

Beast World, where dense forests and mountains continue endlessly.

I was surprised by that place as well.

There're certainly mountains and forests on Dragon World.

But nothing so vivid and green and full of life.

So incredibly dense.

Every step you take would send some little insects or lizards scattering.

Every other world seemed so barren compared to its richness in lives.

Oh, but you came from the Great Forest, so that might not strike you as odd.

Then there was the Heaven World, with its rocky masses hanging in the air where only flying creatures could live.

Quite similar to Dragon World.

Only that in Dragon World, the surface was above, while in Heaven World the surface was below.

Salt covers the land there. With a thin, ankle height layer of water above the salt layer. It was salty when I licked it, so maybe it was an ocean as well.

The water was fully saturated with salt, so nothing could live in it.

All creatures live in the sky and covered in feathers.

Looking back, I think Heaven World was the most beautiful of them all.

But back then, I thought creeped out, since everything I knew then was covered in scales.

Finally, Human World was an endless grassland.

Rolling hills covered in grass spreading endlessly.

Groves of trees not big enough to be called forests, hills not tall enough to be called mountains.

A wide-spread environment perfect for humans to thrive.

The people there were so incredibly frail.

At the time, I wondered how such poor creatures could really live.

They're weaker than when I was first found by Dragon God-sama.

Compared to other races in the world, they were like babies.

However, the world was clearly more civilized than others.

Tall buildings, wide roads, well-armed troops.

Even though they're weak, with no natural predators they dominated their world.

Afterwards, I slowly increased my number of collaborators.

It took a lot of effort, but things worked out when they learned that Necros Lacrosse was working with me.

Everyone thought that Dragon World and Demon World would fight to the end.

After all, Dragon World and Demon World had overwhelming combat power compared to other worlds.

If representatives of these two worlds both loudly declare their intent for peace.

Despite being a little skeptical, no one refused.

During the god conferences, I would invite their attendants and held our own meetings.

About our future plans.

How do we achieve a lasting peace?

Inviting a variety of opinions to create constructive plans.

But not everything went well.

Why?

This is because the faces of the attendants would change from time to time.

Especially for the beasts and humans.

They can live only for a moment compared to the dragons and demons.

A short lifespan.

The Heaven Race lived comparably longer, but they also change eventually.

Lifespan of the Sea Race varies greatly depending on the individual, so their numbers change irregularly.

When people change, so do their thinking.

Some exposed hostility towards other races.

But I didn't give up.

Working hard with Necros Lacrosse to bring them together.

The gods have no intention of fighting.

We should follow along and seek a path of peace.

We must take the initiative and set an example for us, who are closest to the gods.

Some changed their minds and others did not.

Once everyone is united, we can achieve progress.

Of course, it's not just meetings.

We actually did a lot of things to advance the peace.

I also tried various things that didn't work.

Cultural exchange was particularly effective.

Take residents of two worlds and ask them to work at each other's worlds for a while.

If you play an active role there, it will help improve the image of other worlds.

Yes, just as I did for Dragon and Demon World.

Of course, environmental limitations make places like Sea World difficult for others to

visit, but with the help of God, it was not impossible.

Dragon World invited specialists from other worlds.

While Dragon World was strong, we had fallen a step or two behind other worlds in technological progress.

Food preservation, papermaking, agriculture...

It was faster and more effective to bring in a technician than to transmit it verbally.

No, it certainly wasn't the fault of Dragon God-sama.

Dragon God-sama was always bringing new technologies back from other worlds.

However, technology advances day by day.

By the time we, the Dragon Race, adopted a new technology, it was often already outdated.

Our slow technological development may be related to the long lifespan of Dragon Race.

However, if we welcome engineers from other worlds, that could be solved.

In return, Dragon World sends dragon warriors to other worlds.

The Dragon Race is strong.

From the perspective of people in other worlds, it is no exaggeration to say that we are as powerful as God.

They go to other worlds to subdue monsters.

I learned around this time that the power of monsters varies from world to world.

Strong worlds bred strong monsters.

Demon and Dragon Worlds are the strongest compared to all the worlds.

Having fought the strongest monsters, our Dragon Warriors were very active in other worlds.

But at the same time, feared.

Well, I'll put that aside from now.

Various specialists came to Dragon World.

Among them, a woman from Demon World stood out the most.

Demon Emperor Kirisis Calisis.

Demon God's wife.

She was more concerned than anyone over the deteriorating relationship between Dragon and Demon World.

And visited the Dragon World on her own accord.

A brilliant magician.

It's magic, not magic techniques.

It is difficult to explain the difference between magic and magic techniques.

Ability to freely manipulate magical energy to create supernatural phenomena.

Magic can do even more advanced things without chanting or magic circles.

In fact, she was the one that invented the magic circle.

It is no exaggeration to say that she was the source of all the magic known today.

She did her best to serve Dragon World.

Dragon World's rudimentary research into "Ki" made enormous progress under her guidance.

In Dragon World, the demons were said to be barbaric and stupid.

However, many people changed their perceptions after meeting her.

Intelligent, competent and calm.

She reminded people of Lunaria-sama.

Their personalities were quite similar.

Before I realized it... she was getting along particularly well with Lunaria-sama.

They must have found a kinship as fellow wives of gods.

Kirisis Calisis and I.

Thanks to the efforts of two of us from Demon World, the hostility towards Demon World gradually diminished within Dragon World.

Even Chaos, always so hostile to demons, restrained himself.

My hard work paid off.

It was going well.

Meetings with other races have gradually become more peaceful cultural exchanges.

Sudden teleportation and monster appearances still occurred... but we no longer suspect each other over it.

Dragon God-sama also praised my work.

Well, one good thing followed another.

An even happier news came.

Lunaria gave birth.

The son of Dragon God!

CHAPTER 14

BIRTH DAY FESTIVAL, AND ALSO...

Truth is, then there was no custom of holding festivals in Dragon World back then.

Perhaps having a long lifespan, we didn't feel the urge to hold grand celebrations.

However, it was a special time.

The entire Dragon World was in a festive mood.

It was only expected, the child of Dragon God-sama, whom everyone worships, and Lunaria-sama, whom everyone adore, was finally born.

Szilard announced that a parade would held at Dragon's Roar Mountain.

Maxwell traveled all over Dragon World to collect dragon meat.

Even the dragons ongoing training with Dora-sama was treated well every day.

Chaos made fireworks, an invention of Human World, to excite the parade.

People from all over Dragon World have gathered, hoping a glance of the son of Dragon God.

It didn't last just a day or two.

It would last for ten, twenty years.

The long-living Dragon Race also celebrate for a long time.

It's not a day or two.

The festival lasted for decades.

The life of the Balaur is long, so the joy lasts long.

It might have lasted for nearly a century.

Everyone was jubilant.

I had never seen Dragon World so overjoyed.

Dragon God-sama and I were a little late to the festival.

Because we're at the meeting of the gods.

Even though, when Dragon God-sama returned, the thrones welcomed us with a joyous chorus.

Surprised, I didn't really understand what was going on, but Dragon God seemed to caught on immediately.

With one great flap of his wings, he darted toward his home.

Of course, I followed.

When we arrived, the family came out to welcome us.

"Welcome back husband, Laplace."

Lunaria-sama and the servants.

And held by Lunaria-sama like a precious jewel, Dragon God's son.

"Husband, the child has been born."

"Indeed."

Dragon God-sama looked unexpectedly hesitant toward his own child.

The expression on his face was neither laughter or tears.

Yet the feeling of happiness was still conveyed

"Would you hold the child?"

“...Yes.”

Dragon God received his child from Lunaria-sama.

It wasn't awkward, but his hands did trembled a little.

"How strange. Although everyone of Dragon World I considered my own, but it feels a little special to be holding this child."

"Fufufu. Husband, please give the child a name."

Dragon God-sama looked seriously toward Lunaria-sama when he heard her.

"May I?"

"Yes."

I felt nostalgic seeing that.

Yes, when I was adopted, such an exchange took place as well...

"That's right, hmm..."

However, Dragon God-sama stopped himself.

It's unusual for Dragon God to be lost for words and not give an answer immediately.

"What is it...?"

"I can't think of one."

"That's no good. Didn't we agree that Husband would grant the child a name?"

"I know, but I can't do it now. Give me some time."

"Yes."

The name of the child was not determined immediately after birth.

Dragon God-sama was not typically hesitant.

He was always a decisive person.

But there was a chasm between naming someone like me and someone who's part of yourself.

After that, Dragon God-sama worried for a long time.

He even asked me for an opinion.

Of course, I couldn't give a good answer.

It was preposterous for someone like me to have an opinion.

It can't be helped?

After all, that was the son of Dragon God.

If by chance he was named using my suggestion...

Such a fearsome thought would make my hair turn white.

Leaving the naming issue aside.

After holding the baby for a while, Dragon God-sama returned him to Lunaria-sama.

After receiving her child, Lunaria-sama looked toward me, who was watching over from a corner of the room.

"Laplace, come, why don't you hold the child."

Looking at the

worried dragon god, Lunaria-sama abruptly said.

I was shocked.

What a fearsome thought.

"Me...? Are you sure?"

“Of course, it’s your younger brother, after all.”

I was adopted, so it's technically true.

Even so, I never presumed to carry myself as a son of Dragon God.

Because I wasn’t really Dragon God’s son.

I no longer considered myself the family pet, but I knew my station.

If I forget the grace that gave me so much happiness and start behaving outrageously, I’d kill myself.

However, Lunaria-sama asked me to hold him.

She said he was his younger brother.

It would be stubborn and inflexible of me to refuse.

"Yes."

I held the child in my arms.

He’s warmer than the average Dragon Race. No, that’s just how babies are?

I held him gingerly, worried that the child might feel uncomfortable.

The baby had the looks of Dragon God-sama.

He had Dragon God-sama’s silver hair, fearless face, even similar scale colorings. Although he had less scales than normal, probably due to the human blood mixed in.

There were almost no scales on his face or other conspicuous places.

Now that I thought about him, I also have fewer scales probably because of my mixed-blood.

No, I shouldn’t be so disrespectful toward son of Dragon God-sama...

When I held that child, I naturally felt a sense of awe.

This person will surely carry Dragon World's future on his back.

My role must be to help him and protect him.

I sensed my duty that moment.

!

After that, the Five Dragon Generals came one after another.

Szilard, Maxwell, Chaos, and Dora-sama.

Everyone was impressed by the child.

And they left with a solemn expression.

Perhaps they felt the same as I did.

It's not just the Dragon Generals.

The gods of other worlds also came.

Typically, gods do not appear in other worlds.

But this was a special occasion.

Human God, Demon God, Heaven God, Sea God, and Beast God all came to give their blessings.

It was a spectacular moment.

Indeed, because the gods of the other world who rarely appeared, all came to bless the birth of a child.

It was absolutely majestic.

Again, everyone in the dragon world was awed by the auspiciousness of his birth.

When the festival was nearly over.

As the festive atmosphere finally began to settle.

She came.

A Demon Race woman with black-purple skin and white hair.

Demon Emperor Kirisis Calisis.

"Lunaria. Congratulations"

"Kirisis! I was wondering when you would come."

As I said before, Kirisis was on good terms with Lunaria-sama.

When Lunaria-sama recognized her, a smile bloomed from her face.

I didn't realize they were so intimate.

At that time, I was often away from home.

However, they must be close to be happy to see each other.

"I rushed over as soon as I heard that you were giving birth."

"Then you're a bit late then!"

"Research was going well these days. I was going to come earlier, but things were going so smoothly that I wanted to see how far I could take it."

"How'd it go?"

"These researchers at Demon World are great at investigating the details. They're rough at first, but quick on the uptake. They're quite refreshing to work with."

"Don't Demon World have excellent researchers as well?"

"Hahahahahaha! You sure are great at telling jokes! Demons are a bunch of rough idiots! There's no refining those roughians into true researcher!"

Kirisis was a woman with a boisterous laughter.

No, not just Kirisis, other demons as well, pretty much all the members of Demon Lords boost a great laugh.

Kirisis laughed and turned to Lunaria-sama's child.

"Will you show me the baby? I want to see that brilliant child between the great Dragon God and my best friend Lunaria!"

"Ufufu, certainly, please."

"Oh, amazing! What a beautiful child! As expected of the prince of the Dragon Race. I can see him becoming a smart and wise man in the future!"

It may sound silly, but that's how Kirisis talks.

Even as the smartest and kindest of all the demons, Kirisis wasn't good with words.

"Will this be a smart child?"

"Oh, my eyes can't fool me. All my children are idiots. They had the looks of idiots, but this child is different!"

"Ufufu, is that so?"

Huh?

Is it alright to talk down her own children like that? Especially as the wife of Demon God?

Wasn't that blasphemy?

No matter how intimate their relationship, it seem sacrilege to speak ill of child of a god.

Truth is, it's not a terrible thing for a demon to be called "dumb and foreright."

A simpleton won't betray you.

The saying goes.

Of course, being smart isn't a bad thing either.

For Demon World, there're good smarts and bad smarts.

That's why Kirisis didn't intend anything bad.

Dragon God-sama's son will become an excellent person, in a different way from my own.

It's a difference in values.

"Well, Lunaria! I'll be back! I don't know how long I'll be around, but as long as I'm here, I'm looking forward to the child's growth!"

"Yes, please come again!"

"Of course I'll! Until then, so long! Faahahahahaha!"

Kirisis left with another boisterous laugh.

That's the way she is.

!

That was the child's birth.

He was blessed by all.

Loved by all.

That's why I...

No, I'll leave that till later.

If I explained out of order, you'll just get confused.

Anyway, it was a blissful time at Dragon World.

Relationship with Demon World was steadily improving.

There was no sign of conflict between the other worlds as well.

Thanks to Kirisis Calisis, research on monster appearances and sudden teleportations has progressed dramatically.

It was a peaceful time.

Until that day.

Yes, the peaceful era suddenly came to an end one day.

Yes, that day.

Like a nightmare.

I remember clearly.

On that day, I was out with Dragon God-sama to the Demon World.

We attended the meetings as usual, then I discussed future plans with Necros Lacrosse.

The agenda was about future personnel exchanges using the recently completed teleportation circles.

Once the teleportation circle is completed, the cause of the teleport incidents will be known...

At least, it would create an easy method for people caught by the teleport incidents to travel back to their original world.

It'd give us a fix, if not fundamentally solved the problem.

The path forward was bright.

When I reported this to Dragon God-sama, a person who doesn't often smiles praised me warmly.

"Well done Laplace. Without you, it would have taken longer. You are my son."

I felt ascended to heaven right there.

I was full of confidence and swagger then.

Proudly puffing my chest and spreading my wings, boasting that I was worthy of the Five Dragon Generals.

But.....

Happiness came crashing down.

I returned to Dragon World with Dragon God-sama.

I went home to report to Lunaria-sama.

My nostalgic home.

Haha, I was expecting to be welcomed back.

That I was finally made a member of the family.

I was finally able to say, "I'm home!"

Oh, but...

Oh.....

It was a scene I could never dream of.

I still wish it was all but a dream.

After I said, "I'm home..."

No one answered.

I heard only a voice.

A baby crying.

Wailing.

In other times, I wouldn't have thought anything of it.

Babies cry, that's what they do.

Even I cried as a child.

However, I sensed something wrong then.

This felt different from the usual crying.

I hurriedly moved to Lunaria-sama's room... and saw it.

The bloody room.

The mutilated remains.

A tragic scene.

At the depth of the room, what I dreaded the most.

Lunaria-sama.

In a pool of her own blood in the middle of the room.

Her body in the fetal position.

Still clutching to protect the wailing child.

CHAPTER 15

FUNERAL

Dragon God-sama let out a voiceless sound when he saw Lunaria-sama's remains.

"Ahh... Aaaahh..."

His eyes wide, mouth agap, looking toward the room in disbelief.

I too.

I could believe what I witnessed either.

Lunaria-sama is dead.

In a pool of her own blood.

The one who accepted me as her own, dead.

Who? Why?

I don't understand.

She didn't hold grudges with anyone.

Everyone in Dragon World love her dearly.

No one would thought to murder her.

Yet, I could hear the baby wailing nearby.

A howling cry.

Voice of losing someone irreplaceable.

The son of Dragon God is crying.

It brought me back to reality.

“Ahhhh...”

I saw Dragon God-sama,

An emotion I never before seen on his face.

A voice never before heard out of him.

Anger, pain, resentment.

Wearing a torrent of emotions.

Confusion, anxiety, shock.

Voicing a whirlwind of emotions.

I've never seen Dragon God-sama so emotional.

He crouched down and held Lunaria-sama in his right hand, and his child in his left.

Lunaria-sama probably did not die a quick death.

There were scratches everywhere on her body.

There was a potentially fatal wound on her neck, three on her chest, two on her abdomen, and eight on her back.

Truly terrible.

The murderer went way overboard than necessary to kill her.

Even though Lunaria-sama was human, as a sion of Human God, she was full of kindness and compassion, completely unattached with conflict.

Yet such a gentle creature resisted so vigorously.

After so many fatal injuries she still stood unyield to the enemy.

Why?

It was obvious.

She curled up like a turtle to protect someone.

To protect son of Dragon God-sama, her son.

Lunaria-sama resisted the attacker and was murdered for it.

But she did protect him.

Despite the numerous scars on her back, as proof the child yet lived.

After killing Lunaria-sama, the murderer probably ran.

“Why...?”

The dragon god muttered blankly.

Speaking to himself, as he reassessed the situation.

Maybe he had the same thought as I.

The identify of Lunaria-sama’s murderer.

"Whyyyyy?!"

Dragon God’s roar trembled the whole house, the whole city shook, even the very mountain quaked.

"Who killed her!"

The murderous intent permeated the whole Dragon World.

All living things trembled in horror.

Quivering in the wrath of god.

From the smallest lizard, to the flying dragons, to the Dragon Race ourselves, we all

shook in horror.

I was no exception.

My whole body trembled and sunk in place.

I understood that Dragon God-sama would not hurt me, I couldn't control my unconscious fear.

"Aaaaaaaaaah!"

A ray of light shined from the body of Dragon God-sama.

What I perceived as light.

But it was a fist.

A fist carrying a dragon god's unspeakable rage passed by me.

When I turned around, there was a huge hole in the walls.

Through it the City of Kayose was visible continuously.

A great space at the back of the cityscape became an open cavern.

With a single blow, Dragon God-sama blew off a solid chunk of Dragon Roar's Mountain.

It was embarrassing to say this... But I leaked a little.

At that moment I could have been erased like those stones.

It wouldn't be strange for Dragon God-sama to leap out of the house to unleash his fury.

"..."

But that did not happen.

Because there was one person who did fear God's wrath.

His child.

After Dragon God-sama picked him up by the left hand, he was no longer sobbing.

Although still snorting from his nose, he raised his head to look toward Ragon God-sama.

As if relieved that he had arrived.

"..."

Dragon God-sama saw the child and calmed down slightly.

He understood.

That he still had something to protect.

"Laplace."

Dragon God-sama called my name.

"Yes, I'm here!"

"Assemble the Five Dragon Generals. Find the murderer."

"Yes!"

I didn't ask for a plan for the search.

I didn't suggest discovering the motive first.

Dragon God was angry.

A rage never seen before.

The Five Dragon Generals were ordered to convene and hunt the criminal.

So we obey.



The Dragon Generals gathered immediately.

It's only natural following a direct order from Dragon God-sama.

I rushed to each of the Five Dragon Generals to convey the order and collect them.

They'll rush to every command of Dragon God-sama, no matter what, that's the Five Dragon Generals.

Moreover, with Lunaria-sama's murder, it would be odd if the Five Dragon Generals didn't.

"What...? Lunaria-sama was murdered...?"

When I reported the circumstance to the Five Dragon Generals, everyone had a painful look.

No one in Dragon World hates Lunaria-sama.

Especially considering the

When General Goryu heard about the matter, everyone looked down with an analgesic look.

There is no one in the dragon world who hates Lunaria.

Considering Dragon God-sama's loss, everyone suffered for him.

"Lunaria-sama's body had countless wounds. This suspect is obviously a person."

I made my report.

Dragon God-sama remained mute after the Five Dragon Generals assembled.

He seemed to have calmed down slightly from before, but slowly a terrifying murderous intent oozed out from his corner of the room.

After my report, Dragon God-sama finally spoke.

"Find the criminal and drag them before me."

Everyone of the Dragon Generals trembled at that voice.

Even I was terrified.

The wrath of the Dragon God-sama.

I never saw him like this before.

Even when Crystal, one of the Five Dragon Generals, died, he wasn't this enraged.

"We obey!"

At once the Five Dragon Generals answered and their looks transformed.

If it's a command from Dragon God-sama, we'd descend to the depth of hell.

The wrath of Dragon God-sama is also our wrath.

We are all determined to find Lunaria's murderer.

"Go."

"Yes!"

At the command of Dragon God-sama, the Five Dragon Generals scattered all over the Dragon World.

Each looking for the culprit in their own way.

I, too, want to find them in my own way.

"Laplace, stay."

However, I was prevented by Dragon GOd-sama.

It was a surprise.

After all, I have a magic eye.

The ability to trace the criminal from the clues they left behind.

These traces do not disappear immediately, but do dissipate over time.

No one should have been more qualified than I was.

I also had the track record of catching the criminal who killed Crystal.

"Why? I also have Lunaria-sama's death...!"

But I had a more important role.

"Let's mourn for Lunaria."

At that time, I finally understood that the dragon god was not just angry.

He was sad.

If you think about it, it's a matter of course.

To be honest, I knew very little about Dragon God-sama's feelings.

I didn't realize how much he loved her.

Dragon God-sama was always a bit distant.

As if he's always keeping a reasonable distance with Lunaria-sama.

But that wasn't the case.

Dragon God-sama truly loved Lunaria.

He just had a different way to show it.

"Understood."

To me who gave the most salute, Dragon God-sama quietly said, "thanks."



Funerals at Dragon World were a special affair.

The closest member of the family was responsible for carrying the dead.

This person was typically the deceased's spouse, siblings, parents... or for those without immediate family, friends, colleagues, or even their immediate superiors.

The dead was picked up from where they lie and carried to the center of the town.

Every town had an altar at its center.

It's an altar to pray for a safe rebirth for the recently dead.

Also where other love ones can make their eulogy.

I don't remember the details, but the message was may you be born under Dragon God-sama again in your next life.

After the eulogies were raised, the dead were brought to the edge of town.

Circle around the perimeter once in a clockwise direction.

Dragon God-sama holding Lunaria-sama, while I carried the son of Dragon God-sama, with great care we completed the ceremony and circled the city.

Other Dragon Race stretched opened their palms and crossed their hearts when they saw who was carrying the dead.

The utmost salute of the Dragon Race.

We raise a fist to the living, but not to the dead.

That was the way of the Dragon Race.

In a normal situation, you only salute when you witnessed the body.

But all the city's denizens came to attend Lunaria-sama's funeral, assembling in it's inner perimeter.

Everyone loved Lunaria-sama dearly.

They all wished to witness her one last time.

After circling once, we arrived at a small round building.

A building made of stone.

On its walls engraved many names.

Several stone tablets stood as well, also engrave with names.

Names of those that passed in the Dragon World.

Dragon God-sama carried Lunaria-sama into the building, and a person quickly went over.

Tattered wings and scattered scales.

It's an old man.

Dragon Race have long lifespan, but we are not immortal.

We all die eventually.

He looked pained when he recognized Lunaria-sama.

“How could Lunaria-sama have died... What tragedy...”

He muttered, teary, as he carried her name on a stone tablet with a dragonbone chisel.

Names were typically engraved into the walls in order, but special people like Lunaria-sama were carved into stone tablets instead.

Of course, Crystal was also carved onto a stone tablet.

This was a graveyard.

A Dragon Race graveyard.

A facility to remember the dead.

When the old man received Lunaria-sama from Dragon God-sama, he went into the back of the building.

I walk behind him with Dragon God-sama.

There was a dark hole there.

The hole is so deep that it seems to continue to another world.

But, of course, it doesn't lead into another world.

This hole leads to the summit of Dragon Roar's Mountain... that is, the sky.

"Pray for those who have become souls a good fortune in the afterlife, and for them to return to these mountains and come under the guidance and blessings of Dragon God-sama."

The old man chanted a long eulogy.

I don't remember the wording in detail.

But it was longer than those chanted back in the city.

After finishing the chant, the old man gently placed Lunaria-sama's remains by hole.

Usually, it was dropped into the hole like that, and the funeral was over.

The hole leads to the sky, and if you jump out of the hole, you will be eaten by a giant black snake, a red dragon, a blue dragon, or worse.

Dragon Race has a long lifespan, but we could still die of old age out of battle.

Once upon a time, that was considered disgraceful.

It was thought as a honor to fight and die for Dragon God-sama.

But Dragon God-sama did not think so.

He believes all Dragon Race are equal under him.

That is why he came up with this funeral method.

He gave those who died of old age or illness the same as a warrior's death.

And like a great warrior, their names are engraved.

They lived and died for the Dragon Race.

However, such funeral rites were not suitable for Lunaria-sama.

Therefore, a funeral rite of the human race would be held after this.

Dragon God-sama picked up Lunaria and returned to the mansion.

There, in the garden beside the mansion, he laid the corpse of Lunaria.

Then, with a pained look Dragon God-sama raised a flame from his hand, and wrapped Lunaria-sama with its blaze.

Lunaria-sama's remains were burned in an instant and turned into pure white bones and ashes.

Together with the dragon god, we buried the bones and ashes into the ground, and planted a small sapling above it.

This is the funeral of the human race.

Is it different now?

But at that time, that was the funeral rite of the human race that passed to the Dragon World.

Dead bodies of living things can turn into monsters where they lie.

Therefore, it must be burned and buried.

With a sapling planted above.

The sapling will grow with the power of the dead.

While the tree lives, the living would never forget the dead.

This was how the human race, whose lifespan was shorter than trees, mourn their dead.

"I was introduced to Lunaria by Human God."

After we buried Lunaria-sama, Dragon God-sama shared how they met with me.

I just silently listened to the words of Dragon God-sama.

"At first, it was just an experiment. Is it possible to have children with another races, and if so, what power will they have? An experiment with consequences for all the peoples of the world."

"These experiments have been carried out many times, but one day Human God said, 'What would happen if the gods have children together?'"

"Thus Human God brought Lunaria for this. As she was Human God's daughter, and all the other gods are male and could not have children."

"I did not love Lunaria, but she did her best for Dragon World. She used her power as a scion of daughter to enrich the Dragon World."

"To me, all the Dragon Race are like children. All the Dragon Race are important. I wanted each and every one of them to be happy."

"When Lunaria gave me a child, I finally realized that she seemed more special than the Dragon Race."

"I didn't realize it... but by the time I noticed it, I had come to love Lunaria."

Dragon God-sama said with a nostalgic face.

Lunaria-sama never changed.

A person full of grace.

Even Dragon God-sama came to love her.

"Laplace."

"Yes."

"I can't forgive the one who killed Lunaria. I'm still trembling with unprecedented

rage."

"Yes."

"Even if we turn other worlds into enemies, will you follow me?"

"It goes without saying. Everyone, not just me, will follow the Dragon God-sama until the end. Even to our own destruction."

Dragon God-sama stood up in silence.

His eyes were sharp and his body radiating murderous intent.

There was no sadness anymore.

I was fearful.

Even though I knew that murderous intent wasn't aimed at myself.

No living thing would not find it terrifying.

Our revenge.

It has begun.



"Master....."

When he came to, Rostelina was standing in front of Laplace.

Studying Laplace with a worried look.

"Hmm? What's wrong, Rostelina? The story isn't over, but had you heard enough for today?"

"Oh no. I wish to continue... But Laplace-sama, perhaps you should have a night's rest first?"

"Why do you think so?"

“Because...”

Rostelina took out a handkerchief from her pocket and wiped Laplace’s face.

It whisked some stuff running down his cheek and darkened.

Yes, at some point Laplace had begun to cry.

Tears pouring out his face, sobbing through his words.

His speech was becoming so muddled, by the end of the story, it was hard to make out his words.

"Oh, I'm sorry. When I remember that time, it became like this."

"Laplace loved Lunaria-sama, didn't he?"

"Well, she was my mother. Even though we’re not connected by blood, she stood by my side. She was always there when I returned home, smiling so gently, listening to my stories. A goddess of compassion. To be so cruelly murdered... That experience on that horrible day... Even now... woo... woo..."

Laplace cried.

With a hand covering his eyes, he bend down, his shoulders shivering, with a slight sob, he cried.

Rostelina quietly watched, as a man twice her size sob in front of her.

She was troubled.

Because this was the first time she saw Laplace cry.

But after a while, she ran to the kitchen, drew a glass of water, and returned.

Slowly, she stroked his back, and offered him the glass.

"Fufu, thank you. Rostelina”.

Now that I thought about it, you’re always there to comfort me.

I was tired of an empty home and happy to have someone to welcome

"No, it's okay, master. I don't need you to thank me, and I'm grateful that I could be of help."

"Well, let's count on each other."

Laplace said so and straightened up in his chair.

His eyes were red and engorged, but his tears had stopped.

A clear voice came out of his mouth, no more muddled by sobbing.

"Let's continue the story. I'm sorry, but I may shed tears several times from here as well."

"Yes, I'll have some water ready."

"Haha, you sure are considerate... Next....."

Laplace looked toward the void again.

Remembering the past he did not wish to recall.

CHAPTER 16

THE ANGER OF DRAGON GOD

The search for the criminal has begun.

For me, Every big incident always started with a search for criminal.

I said so but, It's still the second time though.

Then, the existence who sneaked into the dragon world, passing through the eyes of the dragon tribe and went to the dragon god's mansion, and on top of that tried to kill Lunaria and eventually the son.

Is he going to be hard to find?

It certainly is easier than finding a demon in the whole dragon world.

After all, one who could do this is very few in number.

Unlike Crystal's case, it was a daytime incident and happened in the town.

Besides, I also have the power of the demon eye.

There is no reason for me to not be able to collect evidence.

Just like that, Evidence was gathered in no time.

Easily, It's gathered.

It's not befitting for a case where a person that could be called as the most precious person in the Dragon World is killed

It was so easy that it was strange that no trace was left on the scene.

It seemed to be hidden to some extent, but it was a sloppy hiding method that could be found immediately if you searched for it intentionally.

It's too easy that I don't even need to use my Demon Eye

Me too, I should have some doubts about that.

Unfortunately, people don't wonder much when things are going well.

That time I think It's natural for it to work because I acted according to the correct procedure.

By collecting evidence, the suspects were narrowed down.

But when I narrowed it down, I was stunned.

I reviewed the evidence again and confirmed it many times.

But no matter how much I looked up, the list of suspects didn't change.

The meeting was held almost after the information was gathered and the suspects were identified.



"Are these the suspects?"

We, the five dragon generals, gathered in the meeting room where the dragon god was waiting and presented the contents of each investigation.

All of the Five Dragon Generals had the same suspect on the list.

Yes, everyone came to the same conclusion as I did.

The list contained the names of four people.

Pudoria Dordia

Nartakiel

Npadon Ballad

Kirisith Calisis

The first three are probably unfamiliar names to you.

However, with the name of the last person, I think you somehow got the idea.

Yes, they are inhabitants of another world.

At the same time, they were the engineers(?) (技術者(Those who make things) I had spent many years adjusting and inviting into the dragon world.

"They had gathered in a building and had a meeting a few days before Lunaria was killed. Also, on the day when Lunaria was suspected to have been killed, a suspect who was suspicious of his behavior was witnessed. For that matter, they have disappeared since that day. "

" ... "

What Szilard's explained is the same as I find.

But I wanted to deny it.

It's impossible for them to do that.

They came for the dragon world.

They came for all world peace...

But I didn't have anything to deny the "evidence" lined up there.

Isn't it proof that Kirisis Calisis is on good terms with Lunaria?

No, It's the opposite.

It can be said that she approached Lunaria because She was trying to cause this incident.

"What's wrong with Laplace, you look pale?"

Szilard's words trembled my wings.

If they really committed the crime, It wouldn't be strange for me to be a suspect as

well.

I devised a plan to kill Lunaria, and for that reason, I invited them into this dragon world.

And I didn't have any words to deny it.

Even if I didn't mean it, there was no substitute for me to invite them.

Szilard said to me, who was terrified.

"Laplace, I'm not suspicious of you."

It was a reassuring word.

Looking around, the other Five Dragon generals were looking at me with the same eyes as Szilard.

It's a reassuring line of sight.

"You are more gracious to Lunaria than anyone else. Everyone acknowledges your loyalty to the dragon god. You cannot cause that tragedy."

".....Thank you"

At the same time I was relieved, I felt proud.

I'm being treated by this prideful Dragon general as an unquestionable companion.

"Maybe they tried to make use of you. The criminal knew what you were doing and approached you. They probably were trying to aim Lunaria's life and put the blame on you."

"But why Lunaria-sama?"

Anyway, I wanted to know the reason.

Who killed Lunaria for what purpose?

Are you trying to kill the child?

I wanted to know the reason.

"...It's just a guess, but people in other worlds probably don't like the dragon world to have any more power. In particular, the dragon god married a human god's daughter and had children. I think this is why. "

"What's dangerous about it?"

"Don't you know? The human race is the weakest, but the speed of cultural development is unrivaled by other worlds. And although the speed of cultural development is slow, we are the strongest race in the individual. The connection between the human race and the dragon tribe is If you become stronger, you can overwhelm other worlds and take the initiative. "

"It's stupid! Did they think that Dragon God was joining hands with human god with the intention of taking over the world!?"

"it would not be strange, for anyone to think that way"

Szilard's reasoning didn't convince me.

At least, all the gods I've seen were only thinking about their own world.

There was a bit of insecurity that we could get attacked by another world, but no one really wanted to fight.

If we even try to do this, the wise gods would of course realize it.

This is why I was convinced.

that it is better if the worlds are equal.

However, once a clear gap is created, the current situation will not continue.

The upper one may look down on the lower one and treat him like a slave.

If you've taken the lead in avoiding that, it's not unreasonable.

"But if that's the purpose, it's a bad move. There's no point in killing Lunaria herself!"

"That's right... Then, the murder of Lunaria might have been secondary, and the real purpose might have been to kill the child."

"What do you mean?"

"The Son will be the king(/rule over) of both the dragon race and the human race... No, he could be the Next generation's god." (peeps refer to gods as human god, dragon god, etc... he might be referring that the kid could be the god of the whole 6 race instead)

The title of the son of the dragon god makes the dragon tribe obey allegiance.

The title of Lunaria's Son makes allegiance obey the human race.

There is a possibility that the Dragon Race and the human race will join hands under the Son.

Therefore the assailant tried to kill the son.

However, Lunaria showed more resistance than expected, he couldn't manage to kill the son.

Of course, I would have considered killing Lunaria from the beginning.

Even if you kill your child, it doesn't make sense if you give birth to your second child.

"I don't care about the reason"

It was the dragon god who blocked the words of me and Szilard.

After looking through the list, he looked at Szilard with his sitting eyes and said.

"Szilard, what is this?"

"Eh?... Huh, that is a list of suspects?"

"What I ordered you"

"The criminal... oh"

Szilard realized his blunder.

It is not the suspect that the dragon god told me to look for it. The criminal.

In other words, we were not able to complete our mission.

Normally, Dragon God wouldn't point that out

But, Dragon God on that time is different

He has a face that basically says that if we don't bring the culprit now, we'll have ourselves torn to pieces...

"I beg your pardon"

In an instant, Szilard gave the most respectful bow.

With a look that's willing to die, he has advised the dragon god.

"From now on I will travel through each world, find the criminal and drag him here"

"Wait"

Dragon God sent a keen eye to Szilard, who tried to scream and jump out of the conference room.

Szilard was trembling.

The Anger continues.

No one can take his gaze head-on and stay calm.

Even if it is the Five Dragon General.

"Szilard, is the criminal among the list?"

"Huh! I think it's highly possible!"

The dragon god seemed to be thinking about something.

Is it another reason why the criminal killed Lunaria?

Or is it a way to find the criminal...

However, nothing came out of his mouth.

For a while, he looks on the list with the looks that seems to want to burn everything.

As if he wouldn't forget the name on the list even if he dies.

"Hm"

At last Dragon God raised his face as if he realized something.

Did you realize something?' We saw the face of Dragon God with that in mind.

However, Dragon God looks back sharply on something behind us.

"Do you have any business?"

The dragon God said that and finally realized.

There's a lone man was standing all along.

His presence was so thin that we not sure whether he is there or not.

Only on place around him, somehow it looked a little distorted.

It's as if he has always stood in our blind spot.

"Is it that strange that I came?"

He had a slightly different atmosphere than when I met him before.

It seems that he's being angry somewhere in his heart.

Well it's nothing surprising.

"Do you think that I will just stay silent if my daughter gets killed?"

Yeah, He's the Human God He's the father of Lunaria.

"You're probably planning on taking revenge, don't you? Please, I want you to let me in. Us Human Race indeed does not have the strength, But we have the wisdom"

"..."

"I beg on you, let me help you on this. Can I?"

"Nah, your help would be useful"

"Can you let me see the list?"

The Human God says so, and without waiting for a response, he picks up the list on the table and looks at it.

He reaches his chin and making a pose that's saying He's thinking.

"Hmm... As expected, This four world huh."

"Do you have something in mind?"

Without thinking I said so.

Then the human god turned on me as if he just listened to me.

"Yes, I think you're aware that this four world is in a terrible state with each other yes?"

"Yeah"

"But, These four world has been quiet for a while"

"But... that is..."

"Yes, It's because of your courage to become the bridge among the world, we had made a path among the worlds"

After getting complimented, of course, I would be proud of myself.

However, The continuation of his word is something that was the opposite.

"But, because of that the studies regarding monster and metastasis become known"

It was something that I don't have any clue about.

Regarding Monster and Metastasis, the subject is being studied all over the world.

That itself is something that I aware of.

About Demon race's research content, I had gone to inspect it a few time myself.

However, in fact, at that time, I was ignorant of how far the research of the dragon world had progressed.

To be honest, I thought that the dragon world was similar.

I only heard reports that there were "research results" once in a while, and I didn't know how much results were actually achieved.

No, if you think about it now, the report may have been hidden to some extent...

Well, let's talk about that a little later.

I didn't know about this time.

"I bet that they're surprised. The Dragon Race, whom all this time had nothing but power, having this length of technology. They thought that perhaps, it's actually us who's been the mastermind of the transfers of magical beasts."

"What the hell is that!?"

No one answers my question.

But Dragon God, and 5 Dragon General all have terrifying expressions.

It's a face that realized something horrible.

"Why did Lunaria get killed"

“Probably Lunaria-sama accidentally knew what they knew, and they too at the same time know that fact”

"....."

It was known that she knew the secret.

After that, while considering their future fate, it's not weird to kill her now.

I still don't know what they are talking about.

However, it's not weird for Dragon God and 5 Dragon general to be the culprit of monster and metastasis.

But I did not convince with just that.

“I see, They stole our research and concluded from the progress that it's the cause of monsters and metastasis, and also killed Lunaria-sama and tried to get their hand on my son.”

The dragon god quietly said so.

However, his voice makes the room's temperature seem dropped.

It was a terrifying word.

It's as if the dragon god's anger leaked out of his mouth.

“This is rubbish”

At last Dragon God jumps from his chair and said that

Then he off to the exit while being angered

“Where to?”

“Going from the top”

No one could understand the meaning of the word.

Both me and Szilard.

Dora, Maxwell, and chaos.

.

No one understands

CHAPTER 17

THE DAY OF ONE WORLD'S END

The world of beasts.

It is a world where huge forests grow endlessly and mountains are connected.

People who imitate various animals live.

Dragon God boarded Five Dragon General in such a world.

“Huh...”, He sighed.

When we arrived in the beast world, There were over 10,000 troops that appeared in front of us.

The time is night.

The beast tribe's army was shining its brilliant eyes from the woods.

Surrounding the shrine at the top of the mountain.

It was as they were waiting for us.

"..."

At that time, we didn't really understand what it meant.

Why were they gathered around the mountain?

Why did they look at us with murderous intent?

I didn't even think about it.

We belong to Dragon Race.

We are a Combat Race.

We could only accept the hostility and the murderous intent as it was.

They're our enemies.

They killed Lunaria-sama.

That's why they gathered here to greet us as we come for revenge.

Or, if you looked more closely, you might have seen that the faces of the beast people were colored with astonishment.

It was as if they had been startled by an unexpected arrival.

However, it was only a small discomfort, now that I thought about it.

"Bring out the one who killed Lunaria!"The dragon god shouted at the astonished beast tribe.

It's an angry voice.

A voice that made us five dragon generals tremble echoed throughout the beast world.

All the beasts trembled.

They knew they are being glared at by a great and mighty being, they're faced by an absolute opponent.

"We don't know!"

However, someone did not tremble by the voice of the dragon god.

A person of the same rank as the dragon god.

Yes, it's the beast god.He was different from the last time I saw him.

He certainly does have The two heads.

But he wasn't on his white wolf.

He stood on his feet.

Even though when I saw him at the meeting, he was always riding his white wolf.

“It’s Pudoria!!”The beast god heard the name and made a suspicious look.

"Pudoria is on your place!"

"He's gone!"

“I don’t know where he is!”

"Hide!"

"Do you want to blindly accuse him?!"

"If you won't let him out, I'll crush the whole world!"

"Try that if you can!"It was exactly this that I couldn't talk about.

If you think about it, it seems that it wouldn't have been a fight if we had more calm discussions here...

Whether it was a dragon god or a beast god, I didn't want to have a dialogue at that time.

Find out and kill him.

That was the only thing I had in mind.

“Well...”

The dragon god spread its wings, and the beast god exposed its fangs and maintained its position.

The battle has begun.

The battle between Dragon Generals and the Beast Tribe’s army continued for three

days and three nights.

But is it good if I say that was a battle?

The dragon god had a duel with the beast god, and five dragon generals crushed all the obstacles.

The beast tribe is a strong race.

They have a keen sense of smell, eyes that can see through the night, and can traverse rough roads without slowing down.

Furthermore, They use Sound Magic. (direct tl: has control over voice)

Their magic shakes the enemy's ears and can even lead to death.

But to us Dragon Generals, It was nothing.

Their claw, fang, or weapon is not enough to penetrate Five Dragon Generals body, and their voice just bounced back.

Our hit on the ground blew away the mountains, Our nail scapes the forest. With a single blow, 100 beasts were blown away and died.

It was a massacre.

The Five Dragon General killed hundreds of thousands of Beast Race.

Or if we were more numerous and had strength as a colony, they would have done so too.

(TN: the author here is trying to say that if the 5DG and the Beast Race conditions were reversed, in terms of quality and quantity, then the beast race would have done the same.)

None of the beasts can hurt any of the Dragon God Generals.

There was an overwhelming difference in strength.

The beast tribe also had warriors who were escorts of the gods, like us, but they... did not become opponents.

Then, while we were crushing the beast tribe, the Dragon God and the Beast God were fighting.

The rank as a race was overwhelmingly higher for the Dragon God, but their rank as a god is the same.

The Beast God was never inferior to the Dragon God.

The two were moving so fast that it was difficult to answer if someone asked what kind of battle it was.

Because of the speed, shock waves were always generated around, and the wind generated by the shock waves created an airflow, creating several tornadoes.

The tornado sucked everything from the land that became a sea of blood and rained a big tree and blood on the beast world.

The main weapons of the Beast God were claws and fangs. He bit and yelled at the Dragon God at a speed that eyes could not follow.

However, it was not enough to penetrate the scales of the Dragon God.

The dragon god, on the other hand, also has claws and fangs.

He faced the beast god, tore it with his claws, and beat him with his fist.

But again, this is not enough to cut off the beast god's fur and damage his flesh.

A situation where no decisive hit is given to each other.

However, the damage must have accumulated. The morning of the fourth day.

It was settled.

It was quick for a battle between Gods.

When I saw it, the beast god was biting firmly on the shoulder of the dragon god.

The fangs pierced the scales of the dragon god and spewed blood.

Finally, it was the moment when the beast god hit the dragon god with what could be called a decisive hit.

However, that decisive hit was what the dragon god wanted.

The dragon god grabbed the right and left heads of the beast god that had bitten, and put a whole body of dragon spirit on his body, and split it open to the left and right.

He tore it.

In two.

The dragon god then slammed the two of what was the beast god into the ground.

A tremendous shock and flash.

The overwhelming mainstream of energy struck the beast world.

I was blown away.

It was enough energy to blow away not only me but all of the Five Dragon Generals.

“!!!”

He was blown away, struck on the ground, but soon got up and jumped up.

What I saw there was a huge crater.

“.....”

The dragon god slowly crawls out of there.

He spread his wings and emerged into the sky.

And he shouted so that he could hear the whole world.

It was a scream of anger that could not be voiced.

“AAAAAAAAAAAA...!!!”

On that day, all the creatures of the beast world were imprinted with fear and hatred of the Dragon Race.

The dragon god went wild.

He rampaged, rampaged, and rampaged.

If you don't come out, I'll crush the whole world.

There was no falsehood in that word whatsoever.

90% of the beast world was destroyed, and Disintegration began.

Most of the creatures living in the beast world have died.

At this point, It wouldn't be possible for Pudoria to live.

That much destruction has been done.

"...Laplace, I'll leave the rest to you"

Relieved to see now the already disintegrating Beast world, he then goes back to Dragon World.

He hands me a jewel.

The jewel is covered in blood.

The moment It landed on my hand, I understood that it was a jewel with the power of God.

If you use it, it is possible to cross the "boundary".

Let's call it a god ball.

Probably when the dragon god killed the beast god, it was extracted.

"..."

With the God Ball in my hand, I was bewildered.

I didn't know what I was supposed to do when I was put in charge and told to see things through.

The remaining people were running around in search of a safe place.

However, where's a safe place when this world is about to end?

I can only watch them in pity.

As a result of the dragon god's rampage, the beast world is nothing but destroyed.

Then, is he telling me to run around and kill all the remaining people?

No, I wasn't ordered to do so.

The beasts who continued to run around in this already destroyed world, They knew it clearly.

I don't want to die. I want to survive.

However this world is disintegrating every second.

Their annihilation was inevitable without my help.

I had no choice but to watch helplessly as the world collapsed and people ran for their lives.

What was on my mind was a question

What's in my heart is dubiousness Is it necessary to do this much?

Was it necessary to destroy everything?

The game should have been Settled when the Beast God was defeated.

I didn't know where Pudoria disappeared after all, but I think it wasn't necessary to kill them all.

I think there was another way.

Beast Race isn't all bad.

I desperately shook off that idea.

What the dragon god did.

It must have some deep meaning.

I even thought it was a sin to doubt.

"Good Grief..."

There was someone that's talking to me.

It was standing behind me before I realized it.

I have no idea when He got there or when he was approaching.

After I turned around, there was a god with an unmemorable face.

Yes, it's a human god.

"It's pitiable isn't it,"

He said that as if he has seen through me.

No, perhaps he really has seen through me.

That time His power is still unknown to me.

"No matter how much you suspect that he killed Lunaria, not all of these people are bad."

"..."

"Most of them probably don't even know what happened."

Suddenly God's dead, and suddenly The world ends.

There's nothing to do but to despair. They didn't do anything... They didn't know anything..."

Human God stood behind me, looking at the beast and whispers to me.

I thought I was being blamed.

That I did Nothing but look.

I can't stop this tragedy.

But, it seems it wasn't like that.

After a while, Human God said something

"Still, this is too pitiful"

When I turned around, Human God smiled at me.

"Keep this a secret to Dragon God, okay?"

After he said that, Human God disappeared from view.

Where did he go? Where is he going?

I was pondering but after a while I realized something.

People were running away in a certain direction.

A certain direction.

That's the direction Dragon God goes to.

Do these guys plan to take revenge on him?

But Dragon God is long gone to the Dragon World.

And they shouldn't be able to cross the boundaries.

But they're certainly heading there.

To the direction we came.

To a shrine that's used to cross beyond the world boundaries.

Then, the people disappeared into the shrine.

To the shrine that should only be available to god.

Well I could also use it with this god ball though.

Anyway, the Human God moved.

Human god saved all the remaining beasts.

From the destroyed world to his world... The Human World.

“...”

The dragon god may have intended to destroy all the beasts.

And as a Dragon General, I should have followed it.

Maybe I should have hindered the actions of the human god.

However, I couldn't.

It's good enough for me if Lunaria-sama's death got avenged.

I didn't mean to destroy the Beast World as well.

That's why I standstill.

I stand still looking at what Human God is doing.

Until the last survivors of the Beast Race move into the Human World.

To be honest, I was even impressed at that time.

How merciful this god is!

Will he give that mercy to the beasts, even if his world is full?

Even Though the beast Race may have killed Lunaria-sama in a planned manner.

I don't intend to disrespect the Dragon God whatsoever.

For me, I remembered Lunaria's death as a deeply Sad and angry memory.

However, at the same time, I would have wanted him to show generosity and mercy.

Of Course, I didn't intend to directly make such a request directly to Dragon God.

Even now, It seemed that if we consider how dragon god felt, It's half unavoidable.

But still, I wanted the beasts to be given salvation.

Even for just a few times, we exchanged Technician and Dragon.

That's why give them a little bit of mercy, please.

But, It was not Dragon God who gave it, It was Human God.

And seeing his figure, I really thought that this god is really a trustworthy one, I didn't have any doubt.

Without knowing that it was his trick.

Anyway, this is how the beast world is destroyed.



The few remaining beasts were accepted into the human world.

Only a few percent survived, but still only a few percent of the world's inhabitants.

I didn't know the exact number, but it wasn't small.

Nevertheless, the human god accepted them as refugees.

To put it the other way around, more than 90% of the beasts have died.

Including the beast god.

It was the biggest disaster since the beginning of the sixth world.

But such a catastrophe was only the beginning of the tragedy that was to follow.

CHAPTER 18

TELEPORTATION RESEARCH

Dragon God-sama annihilated one world after another.

Sea World, Heaven World...

There was no room for negotiation with either.

All other worlds declared “we cannot forgive Dragon World” after the destruction of Beast World.

What we didn’t know at the time was that they also had their own reasons to fight.

There was no cause for standing down.

By the time we arrived, Heaven and Sea World were already lined up and ready for battle.

Sea Race’s army dyed the sea black.

Heaven Race’s army blot out the sky.

However, that show of force meant little before us, the Five Dragon Generals.

It was a massacre, just like Beast World.

The Five Dragon Generals cleared the riff-raff, while Dragon God-sama faced off with their gods and showered the world with his wrath until it collapsed.

The few survivors poured into Human World under the Human God’s benevolence.

We were victorious, one battle after another.

But even we did not escape the battles unscathed.

Dragon God-sama's body was tattered.

From the bite wound received from Beast God, he bled.

Poison from Sea God ate away at his leg.

The beam of light from Heaven God blinded him in one eye.

Dragon Race was indeed the most powerful race.

That was a fact.

But the gods were of similar rank.

They were equals from birth, even if us their children differ.

Even though the Dragon Generals were covered by battle scars, we could still fight.

After all, there was still one world left.

Yes, a race said to be equally powerful to the Dragon Race.

Indeed, Demon World.

I was worried.

War with Demon World would not be a cake walk.

Not all of Five Dragon Generals may survive.

Dragon God-sama himself may die.

Should we really continue to persecute this war?

Until Demon World was fully destroyed?

Of course, I felt no attachment to Demon World.

Rather, I hated Demon World.

The world that rejected me.

However, after witnessing the destruction of three worlds -- Beast World, Sea World, Heaven World -- I felt a great revulsion.

Was it all necessary?

A collapsed world.

Survivors with no escape.

The desperation they all wore.

If we lose, Dragon World would share that fate.

No, our fate would be far worse.

If Dragon Race tried to escape from our collapsing world.

Who would accept us as refugees?

Human World?

Maybe Human God would accept the Dragon Race.

He has supported us.

So the Human Race might be considered our ally.

Even if Dragon Race loses, maybe they'll protect and shelter our survivors.

But the Human World already sheltered survivors of the three worlds we already destroyed.

I heard they had been granted lands, recuperated, and settled into considerable territories.

Yet they would never forget the suffering, pain, and humiliation they endured.

If Dragon Race refugees flood into the Human World, they would certainly want us

eradicated.

Of course, I didn't plan on losing either.

I had no plan for Dragon Race to be treated that way.

But the opponent this time was the Demon Race.

Losing is a possibility.

I felt turmoil.

Whether to request Dragon God-sama to stop.

If Dragon God-sama could calm down, and request Human God to intervene and mediate.

After all, we still haven't identified Lunaria-sama's murderer.

Shouldn't we calm down and identify the true suspect first?

Let's stop and not complicate the situation.

Wouldn't that be better?

I thought so then.

What I should have done.

But I was so blindly worshipful of Dragon God-sama then.

Of course, I worship Dragon God-sama even now... but back then, the thought that Dragon God-sama might be wrong would never cross my mind. I wouldn't consider it.

That was the circumstance for the Five Dragon Generals.

Only the most faithfully loyal to Dragon God-sama can become a Five Dragon General.

We must affirm all of Dragon God-sama.

Expecting us to restrain him was impossible.

That's what I thought then.

But I was lost.

As we watched Dragon God-sama relentlessly readies for the next battle, the Five Dragon Generals were all a little lost.

I couldn't talk about it with anyone either.

Who could I talk to?

If Lunaria-sama was alive, or she might have shared her wisdom.

Now I thought about it, she was the only one of all of Dragon World who could have advised Dragon God-sama.

But if she's alive, this war would have never happened.

Her death instigated the war, after all...

Nothing could be done.

A dead end.

Stewing in my thoughts, I passed each day with only Saleyakt for comfort.

However, one person did take note of my sentiment.

Dora-sama.



One day she invited me to her house.

Thinking back, it was the first time I went to her house.

A simple abode unbefitting of a Dragon General.

Only a handful of servants, the minimum of material necessities.

Meeting her servants saddened me.

I had almost forgotten due to the shock of Lunaria-sama's death, but many of her servants were also killed in the incident.

Baby Perugia was resting at the back of the house.

Not yet old enough to open his eyes yet.

He had neither claws nor fangs, sparse scales, even the wings off his back were still tiny. A frail creature that would make your protective instincts blossom.

Was it because he's not yet grown?

Dora-sama saw me watching Perugia and asked.

"What's wrong? Worrying about something?"

It was a gentle voice.

Not an interrogating one.

She was trying to comfort me with kindness.

Our times as teacher-and-student suddenly rushed back to me.

I almost cried.

After my selection as a Five Dragon General, I didn't speak much with Dora-sama.

But she was always watching out for me.

"Truth be told--"

By the time I realized it, all the words I had locked away in my heart came spewing out.

I readied myself to be punished for my insolence.

"..."

But Dora-sama listened quietly.

Even when I raised my voice, Dora-sama didn't change her expression.

When I finally finished, she answered in a quiet voice,

"It's only natural that you don't understand the will of Dragon God-sama..."

Not trying to push me away.

Rather, it's a voice of regret.

"Come, I'll show you something interesting."

Dora-sama said, leaving the house.

I followed Dora-sama as I was told.

As we flew out of the city, Dora-sama didn't say a word.

I didn't ask where we're going either, but simply followed.

We flew for... about an hour, until Dora-sama landed atop of a mountain.

An ordinary, nameless mountain.

Dora-sama folded her wings and spoke for the first time.

"Here."

"Here?"

I replied like an idiot.

I saw only a mountain.

Dora-sama noted that I didn't notice anything special about this mountain.

Without answering me, she quickly walked before a boulder.

With a hand on the boulder, she chanted.

"This is....."

At the end of the chant, the boulder suddenly disappeared.

In its place, a cave wide enough for one person to pass through.

A secret passage.

Dora-sama silently stepped into the cave, I followed.

Inside the cave was a narrow passage.

It was dim, but the passageway seemed to be well maintained.

There was a room at the end of the passage.

A room created by carving out the narrow cave, with ceilings too low for flight.

Basically, the size of a typical house.

Desks were lined up in the room, with various stationeries and bundles of papers placed on them.

And there were a lot of Dragon Race.

Sitting by the desks, on the ground, some standing where they worked.

Everyone focused on their work.

"This is?"

"Teleportation Research Lab."

"Teleportation..."

I knew before that Dragon Race was studying teleportation research.

But I didn't know where and when, and how far along.

Despite being a Five Dragon General.

"Once you know this, your worries will clear up."

Dora-sama said and walked about the room.

"All researchers are here."

"Ahh!"

Watching them with admiration, I noticed something in particular.

Everyone's scale colors are rather faded.

Many no longer have any webbing in their wings, many others have lost their fangs.

To my surprise, only old people worked there.

"Only the elderly?"

"That's right... only the Dragon Race who have reached the end of their lifespan gathers here."

I didn't ask why, but I could guess.

Because Teleportation magic is dangerous.

If an experiment fails, the whole mountain may disappear.

That's why only old people ready to die could do the research.

Of course, there might be other reasons as well.

Old people are more suited to research than hot-blooded young ones.

In fact, this was the case in other worlds as well.

In Demon World, since the immortal demons tend to be idiots, those with short

lifespans tend to be researchers.

“Everyone! Thank you for your hard work! Today, the Five Dragon General, Demon Dragon King Laplace came to inspect your work! Just work diligently as usual, as you were!”

When Dora-sama finished, everyone welcomed me with the utmost salute.

It was a powerful salute, despite their age, I could appreciate they were all Dragon Warriors once.

“Welcome, young one. Apologies for our lack of courtesy, but please enjoy your inspection.”

“I appreciate it.”

With a little hesitation, I decided to answer him respectfully.

Although I may be a Dragon General, they had served Dragon God-sama with honor before I was born.

I thought I should be respectful.

"Come, I'll show you."

I followed Dora-sama around the laboratory.

Dora-sama briefly explained the research being conducted in the laboratory.

But to be honest, I had no idea what they were doing at that time.

I'm well versed with magic now, but back then I couldn't distinguish one magic from another.

The old men were developing what we would now call magic circles, but to me back then it only looked like weird patterns and scribbles.

Even though I didn't understand, I tried to memorize them.

A force of habit.

Ever since coming to the Dragon World, I was learning constantly.

No matter what.

If I knew the logic behind it, I could reproduce it.

If they let me study the vast amount of research materials from the past, I'm sure I could catch up to them.

But it was a rude awakening for me.

Their research wasn't so trivial that a beginner could grasp it at a glance.

"Do you understand?"

"No."

"Just as well, they'd lose their positions if you catch up to thousands of years of research just like that."

Looking back, that place was certainly ahead of its time.

Focused on teleportation and summoning magic research.

The great magic of the early days was more magic than magical technique.

Much was still undiscovered.

Only a few things were understood at a practical level.

A mountain of wisdom written on those dragonhide parchments.

If only a bunch of those have survived, the current magic system would have changed significantly.

If anyone understood them.

Afterwards, Dora-sama demonstrated summoning magic.

Summoning magic at its earliest form.

At its most native form... But it isn't much different from now?

A way to summon creatures from other worlds.

She summoned a small fish from Ocean World.

Just a powerless fish.

After its collapse, Sea World no longer had any inhabitants, but some living things clinged on.

Seeing the fish reminded me of the first time I visited Sea World.

I'm used to it now, but back then I was quite excited to see a fish for the first time.

To realize such creatures exist in other worlds.

Fish have an unusual shape, don't you think?

A strange creature that could only survive in water.

You don't think so? There're fish in our back pond?

Ah, yes...

Well, I lived for a long time in worlds without the sea...

But don't you find Blue Dragons odd when you first saw them?

They have a form that could only live in the sky.

"Dragon God-sama kept the research results a secret from the Dragon Race, do you know why?"

"No... I don't."

"He's worried. Unlike the monsters and teleportation incidents, there's no way to counter it. It'll only cause unnecessary trouble if announced."

Dora-sama said.

Well, probably other reasons as well.

Such as the research won't produce immediate results.

If they presented their findings and more teleportation incidents occurred, it'd create more pressure for the research team.

"Why... couldn't you tell me?"

"Because you were appointed as a Five Dragon General responsible for contact with other worlds."

I was rather shocked.

As Five Dragon General, I thought I stood as an equal with the other four.

But only I was not informed of our secret missions.

Perhaps, until then... I was a security risk or a potential traitor?

"Don't look like that. It's not like we're concerned that you may betray us."

"Then why?"

"It'll only hinder your work, if our research revealed the culprit behind the monster and teleportation incidents."

Some things were better not to know.

I understood that immediately.

Some demons are capable of reading minds too.

"Don't be sad, let me explain the situation."

Dora-sama patted me on the shoulder and proceeded to explain her research.

It seems that the Five Dragon Generals each have their own area of research - teleport, summoning, magical beasts, and barrier magic.

Crystal's focus was teleportation.

Dora-sama inherited his legacy.

She became the expert in both summoning and teleport magic.

"Summoning magic calls creatures from other worlds. Teleportation magic is the reverse, sending them to another world. Fundamentally, they're the same."

"Animals... what about people?"

"Sure."

Dora-sama said definitively.

"That's what other researchers have misunderstood, that we're using summoning and teleportation to sow discord between the Six Worlds. We neither plan or intend to."

"....."

"Quite the contrary, Dragon God-sama specifically forbids the summoning and teleportation of people."

Yes, Dragon God-sama made summoning people a taboo.

Of course.

If you can call and send people between worlds, it basically meant the Dragon Race was responsible for the teleportation incidents.

Therefore, restrictions were written into the foundations of summoning magic to prevent summoning of people.

Buried so deeply into its innermost layers, turning into a black box.

A level of complexity that even I couldn't analyze.

Even users of summoning magic could not understand its roots.

Perhaps only Dora-sama could unlock that black box.

“Do you know why we kept teleport and summoning magic a secret?”

“Because it’ll be abused if known?”

“Yes, if it’s for Dragon God-sama, we the Dragon Race is capable of anything without regard to the consequences.”

I heed those words and nod.

Let’s suppose someone got in Dragon God-sama’s way, and for whatever reason Dragon God-sama could not outright kill them himself. Then I would.

I’ll deal with the consequences.

If I can absolve Dragon God-sama of the sin, I’d do it without any hesitation.

Therefore, Dora-sama refused to share teleport and summoning magics with the Five Dragon Generals.

Conversely, she also didn’t know much about barriers and magical beasts.

But the possibility exists.

Thus the suspicion from other worlds that we’re the culprits cannot be absolved.

Of course, Five Dragon Generals would do no such things.

“The only thing we could do was figure out who’s the culprit behind the monster and teleportation incidents.”

“No... results of the research showed that the incidents weren’t caused by magical techniques. Its fundamental principles are different.”

“How?”

“We create the phenomenon using magical circles, but there’s no traces of such in the monster and teleport incidents.”

Research had progressed.

We could now teleport and summon.

And understood the reason behind the monsters and teleportations.

“The cause?”

“We called it Dragon Touki.”

Dora-sama explained.

Power permeates the Six Worlds.

In Dragon World we called in Dragon Touki, in Demon World they called it Magic Power.

A power possessed by every living creature of the Six Worlds.

People, fish, beasts, birds, even dragons.

The monsters and teleportation incidents were both a result of this power.

When a large amount of power is absorbed, creatures turn into magical beasts.

More powerful creatures transform into more powerful magical beasts.

People were no exception.

But unlike other creatures, their appearance does not change significantly, only they wield greater magic and special powers.

My Demon Eye, the overwhelming power of the Five Dragon Generals, they're all phenomena of this power.

This power maintains a natural equilibrium within the Six Worlds.

If the power diminishes significantly in one world, it'll be retrieved from another to compensate.

This transference not only caught up with trees and animals, but also people.

As a result, teleportation incidents occur.

People were spirited away.

“But we hit a dead end.”

We didn’t figure out the cause of the imbalances.

Why did the incidents occur more frequently?

Then a breakthrough.

According to the researcher’s hypothesis, he said that at a certain time, the power of the Six Worlds suddenly declined, creating significant imbalances.

The worlds absorb power from each other more to compensate, creating teleportation incidents.

Because of the power gradient within each world, magical beasts appeared more frequently as well.

So the theory goes.

The most promising theory so far.

However, why did the power of the Six Worlds suddenly diminish?

There must be a cause.

“We only got so far with our research when the war began. We also missed the opportunity to tell you as well. I haven’t had the chance.”

But the end result was a method to travel to other worlds.

"Laplace. Do you know why the dragon god allowed you to negotiate with other worlds and invite their specialists into Dragon World?"

"No."

"When the research progressed a little more, Dragon God-sama intended to share

these technologies with the Six Worlds. Its cause, remedy, as well as methods to prevent the incidents from reoccurring.”

Once again, I was touched by Dragon God-sama’s grace.

He was not only considering the Dragon World.

He wished to save all the worlds.

“Dragon God-sama was truly gracious, yet they spite his efforts, even repaid his kindness with spite. Do you understand now?”

“Any trace of confusion had left me...”

The other worlds had betrayed Dragon God-sama.

More than betrayal, they robbed him of his beloved.

His wrath was justified.

This war was inevitable.

A just dessert.

My hesitation has disappeared.

To tell the truth, I didn't understand half of the explanation about summoning at that time, but my concern had dissipated.

In the next battle, I decided to take the lead.

After an utmost salute to Dora-sama, I left the research lab and flew away satisfied and resolute.

Re-energized for the coming battle with the demons.

But I was a fool.

If I were a little smarter back then, with a bit more knowledge of summons and teleports, I would have asked Dora-sama,

“If the power theory was true, then wouldn’t our destruction of other worlds create further imbalance? Wouldn’t more magical beasts and teleport incidents occur?”

If I just said those words, maybe it won’t have been such an end.

The wise Dora-sama would certainly come to a new conclusion.

But I was such a fool back then.

And the battle with Demon World began.

CHAPTER 19

DESTRUCTION OF DEMON WORLD

The battle with Demon World was particularly fierce.

The Eight Great Demon Kings matched strengths with the Five Dragon Generals.

Dragon God-sama and Demon God were also equally matched.

We were no longer in perfect fighting shape, and Dragon God-sama was wounded.

We could no longer destroy a world with just the six of us.

Even though we intended to walk the path of peace...

Yet Dragon God-sama plunged us into total war.

He called upon all the Dragon Warriors and brought the full force of Dragon World to bear.

Of course, all the demon world's fighters came to meet them.

Dragon Warriors could win by force, but demon fighters win by numbers.

It's an even match.

Dragon Race invaded.

Although we devastated several cities, the demons were numerous and tenacious.

Unable to land a decisive victory, we withdrew.

Then the Demon Race retaliated, launching a counter offensive against Dragon World.

Because of the unique topography of Dragon World, the demons' offensive faltered, so they also retreated and left behind their share of destruction.

Such back and forth fighting raged on for years.

I command the Dragon Warriors from the front line.

Dueled the Eight Great Demon Kings countless times.

Necros Lacrosse had been strangely absent for the entire war.

A missing member of the Eight Great Demon Kings.

Did they hold him in reserve, or was he preparing to attack when we least expected?

I had no clue of his whereabouts.

The war raged for decades.

The necessity of war begets technology advancements.

During the course of the war, we the Five Dragon Generals developed many new magic and technologies.

Dora-sama created spirits using summoning magic.

To counter magical attacks from the demons, Szilard invented barrier magic.

Chaos forged magic swords from the bones of demons.

Maxwell developed Dragon Gate as a method to weaken demonic power.

A revolution in magical knowledge, relentlessly thrown into the battlefield.

Of course, the demons were no slouch either.

No, while there were many idiots among the demons, there're also wise ones.

They invented many magic to counter the Dragon Race.

A beam of light that can instantly vaporize dragons, magic spears that amplifies the wielder's power, poisons that corrode the victim in a painful death.

Many unique techniques were created, through methods unknown to us.

It was total war, with the apex pinnacle of technology and magic.

Much of them were lost.

Those endless battles, like a bottomless swamp, would stretch for eons.

However, even such a war reached a turning point.

What do you think was the end result of so much technological advances?

Population decline.

For Dragon Race and Demon Race both.

It's the natural consequence of war.

Demon Race and Dragon Race were both resilient people.

At the beginning, there were few casualties on either side.

Two armies colliding head-on, numbered in the tens-of-thousand each, yet only a couple deaths on either side.

It was a small miracle.

But as technology slowly advanced, the casualties mounted.

The Dragon Race's tombs were filled with the names of those fallen in the battlefield.

Too many have died, let's stop this war!

Wars among the Human Race would often end this way.

But neither the Dragon Race or Demon Race would ever consider it.

The turning point was something else.

We were troubled by our decline in fighting strength.

It was the injuries to Dragon God-sama and the Five Dragon Generals that forced us into total war in the first place.

As our numbers declined, we fell into a precarious situation.

Then Human God suddenly appeared.

Popping up from behind as usual, he said,

“The Eight Great Demon Kings are appearing on the frontline more often lately. If you defeat and reduce their numbers, you can turn this war around.”

“We won’t be having such a tough time, if only it’s so easy.”

“If the Five Dragon Generals all gang up on a Demon King, it’ll be no different than an ordinary monster hunt.”

Five Dragon Generals were the strongest warriors of the Dragon Race.

We always fought alone.

It wasn’t necessarily out of pride or honor.

Simply there was never a necessity otherwise.

Dragon Generals could always defeat every enemies single-handedly.

A blind spot.

When I spoke to the others of this, they all wore bitter expressions.

But with how the war had progressed, it dawned on everyone that special tactics were necessary to turn the tide...

So they accepted my suggestion.

We provoked one of the Eight Great Generals, lured and isolated him... Then all five of us attacked at once.

No enemy that could withstood the full might of the Five Dragon Generals.

That Demon King died, astonished and in despair.

In this way, one by one, we eliminated the Eight Great Demon Kings.

Without them, the demons lost their momentum and the Dragon Race pushed back.

Yet even in the end, Necro Lacrosse did not show...

Finally, Demon God appeared on the frontline.

When he spotted us, Demon God began to grow in size.

5 meters, 10 meters.

A hundred, a thousand, his growth continued unabated.

Only when his head pierced the clouds, and his feet were the size of walls did he stop.

At the same time when he stopped, eyes appeared everywhere on his body.

The eyes caught sight of the Five Dragon Generals... and engaged us in battle.

You may assume that giants in stories were lumbering beasts.

But not Demon God.

He still moved about in his usual swiftness.

He fell upon us, with punches the size of mountains and kicks like falling meteorites.

It was too much even for the Five Dragon Generals.

Even when we dodged a punch, we would be blown for tens of kilometers away by the aftershock.

There was too much of a power gap between gods and generals.

We were not his match.

It was then I truly realized the power of gods.

If I had fought Beast God, Sea God, or Heaven God, it would have been an one-sided slaughter as well.

Luckily, if Demon God appeared, Dragon God-sama would not stand on the sideline either.

Dragon God-sama, who had been preserving his strength until this moment, appeared in Demon World in perfect form.

The final duel began.

I was worried.

It wasn't that I don't think Dragon God-sama could defeat the mountain-sized Demon God.

But the wounds he suffered in other worlds had yet to heal...

However, it seemed that I worried for nothing.

A golden light shone from the Dragon God-sama's body as he began to move faster than light.

Demon God's punch and kicks had difficulty connecting.

On the rare occasion when they did land, it was Demon God that was blown away.

Dragon God-sama was overpowering.

But when a body part of Demon God was blown off, it would immediately regenerate. Demon God would launch into another attack, so Dragon God-sama failed to gain an upper hand.

Every blow between the gods was accompanied by roaring sounds, making our skins crawl no matter how far away we were.

With a slight delay, the shockwave came and blew us away.

But we witnessed their battle anyway.

We couldn't look away.

It was the fourth time I witnessed a duel between gods.

Each was a terrible catastrophe, of world-shattering destructions.

This battle was unusually long.

Dragon God-sama's unrelenting destructive power failed to break Demon God.

Neither could Demon God strike a decisive blow against Dragon God-sama.

Thus they attacked and defended, for ten days, twenty days.

Nobody could approach them.

All watched from afar like we did.

A fight that could go either way.

But Dragon God-sama was the victor.

After exactly one hundred days.

A divine light suddenly poured out from below the giant Demon God's feet.

It didn't immediately register for me what was happening.

But as the particles of light streamed out, it dawned on me.

It's a magic circle.

A magic circle, the size of continents, was under Demon God's feet.

I couldn't see how Demon God looked from a distance.

But from his gestures I could tell he didn't expect it either.

He never thought Dragon God-sama would pull off something like this...

Demon God's body began to rapidly collapse, starting from his feet.

Because of his size, from the distance it appeared as if a mountain was slowly weathering away.

It's hard to tell whether it was quick or slow.

After the light subsided, Dragon God-sama returned.

Holding a small jewel in his hand.

"Dragon God-sama!"

We rushed to him.

Dragon God-sama was covered in wounds.

In addition to the wounds received from other gods, Dragon God-sama had nearly exhausted all of his Dragon Touki in the battle against Demon God.

So weakened that I no longer sense the usual divine aura around him.

With Dragon God-sama looking near collapse, the Five Dragon Generals were all terrified.

"Oh no! Dragon God-sama, for the time being, let's hurry and return to Dragon World!"

"Mmm..."

We lent a shoulder to the Dragon God-sama, who could only moan in response, and flew.

Then Dora-sama suddenly turned around.

Beyond her were the terrified demon masses, petrified by the death of their god.

And the world collapsing around them.

Indeed, this world could not withstand a battle between gods either.

Seeing all this, Dora-sama tossed the jewel toward me.

“Laplace. You stay and witness Demon World’s end.”

“...Yes!”

Witness the end of a world.

Is it a courtesy?

In both the Sea and Heaven World, someone remained to witness their end.

Of course, it’s not mere courtesy.

There’s also the responsibility of finding Lunaria-sama’s murderer before the world’s total collapse.

Even though I barely did anything the first time, at Beast World.

It couldn't be helped.

You would freeze too, watching a world end.

It was too shocking a scene.

To witness something as vast as a world collapse.

Like the flow of a great river, an unstoppable end that you can only standby and watch.

Irreversible.

The demons are a strong race, but as the world collapses, nothing can be done.

Like people of the other worlds, they all tried to flee in every direction.

But after a while, they all collectively move toward one.

The legacy to another world.

Yes, Human God made his move again.

It's a shocking sight to bear... but after witnessing it so many times, I had become resistant to it.

I flew about the collapsing Demon World to complete my mission.

I was looking for someone.

Necro Lacrosse.

Even at the end, one of the Eight Great Demon Kings never appeared.

He was also a close associate of Kirisis Calisis.

If we met, maybe I could learn something useful.

Why wait until now to find him?

Because there was no way for me to come to Demon World.

I had long returned Beast God's jewel to Dragon God-sama.

I couldn't even think to petition him.

Because I already bore the responsibility of inviting those criminals into the Dragon World.

Even if I suggested it, Dragon God-sama probably wouldn't permit me to go.

As a result, I never had a chance to meet Necro Lacrosse again.

"Hmm?"

After flying for a while, I spotted something.

The largest city of the world, the Demon Capital Daileck.

The biggest castle, Demon God Castle Gaileck.

The castle was ablaze.

The castle that shouldn't burn, was engulfed with an unusual, black flame.

What insane individual would set fire to the residence of a god?

I found that suspicious and approached the castle.

However, with the smoke thick in the air, I couldn't find the entrances.

Therefore, I landed on the grounds.

Before, I always entered from rooftop, so it was an unusual sensation to stand before the front gate.

Several guards were fleeing from the castle as I landed.

When they spotted me, they screamed and ran away.

Walking away from them, I headed inside the castle.

It was tremendously hot inside the castle, with many demon corpses littered about.

But the heat did nothing to the protection of my Dragon Touki.

I looked about the castle that was engulfed in flame.

Of course, no one remained in the burning castle.

The glorious Castle Gaileck was deserted.

I couldn't find the arsonist, he must have already fled.

Thinking so, I left the castle.

Then, we met.

A six-armed black giant emerged from the stairs leading to the basement.

"Huh!"

Necro Lacrosse.

Just the person I was looking for!

“You!”

The face I haven’t seen for so long looked rather thin.

Could immortal demons lose weight?

He had a baby in his arms.

"Laplace! Please... let us go!"

Before I could respond, Necro Lacrosse continued, hiding the baby behind him.

"I know why you would betray us! But this kid knew nothing! The child is innocent!"

For a moment, I couldn’t comprehend his words.

I have betrayed them?

"What are you talking about?"

“What am I talking about? The one that murdered Kirisis Calisis and engulfed the worlds in the flames of war... was you, Laplace!”

“Wait, Kirisis Calisis was murdered? When?”

“What’s the point of pretending...? You plotted the whole thing!”

“I don’t know what you are talking about! Tell me, Necro Lacrosse, exactly how did Kirisis Calisis die?”

I listened to the visibly agitated Necros Lacrosse about the circumstances on their side.

Everything started the day Kirisis Calisis returned to Demon World.

Necro Lacrosse didn’t know the precise reason, only that she was allowed to return for a while.

Demon God nodded at his wife's words and did not inquire further.

Kirisia Calisia was near childbirth around that time, so everyone assumed the Dragon Race had allowed her return in consideration.

Kirisia Calisia gave birth to a healthy child.

The birth of an immortal demon is rather unusual, even their physique remained unchanged during pregnancy. But that's a bit of a tangent.

Shortly after giving birth, Kirisia Calisia was found dead.

Demon God went on a rampage, searching for the criminal.

Fortunately, this criminal left behind a trail of evidence.

Silver hair and scales.

Remains of a Dragon Race.

That night, all the Dragon Warriors stationed in Demon World had disappeared.

It's a story I've heard somewhere before.

And it proceeded as expected as well.

Dragon Race did it.

Laplace, of the Five Dragon Generals, took revenge on the demons.

But here the stories diverged.

Upon hearing the story, Necros Lacrosse strongly rejected the accusations from the other Eight Great Demon Kings.

Laplace would never do such things.

Rather, it's probably a plot, planting evidence to incriminate the Dragon Race.

We should calm down and investigate further.

The Demon Kings did settle down, and was about to engage the Dragon Race for details.

It was just then news of the destruction of Beast World at the hands of the dragons came.

At the same time, the suspect of Kirisis Calisis' murder was captured, a Dragon Race.

Under intense torture, the man testified, "I was ordered by Laplace, and Necro Lacrosse was also an accomplice."

Necro Lacrosse was quickly captured and imprisoned.

Necro Lacrosse turned rather depressed.

Incredible how much faith he had in me.

Even if he feared that I might take revenge for his past transgressions.

After that, Necros Lacrosse didn't know about the situation in Demon World...

Well, the story ended the same.

Demon Race chose to fight and engaged with Dragon Race in battle.

Necros Lacrosse could only wait in his pitch-black cell.

However, when Demon God died, the world began to crumble, so he knew something terrible had happened.

He managed to break free and escaped outside.

When he saw people fleeing in every direction, he hadn't figured out what's going on yet, only realizing that the castle was set on fire.

A black flame.

Seeing that strange flame, Necros Lacrosse realized that the newborn demon child was still in the castle.

Fearing the worst, he rushed into the castle and the baby's room. As he feared, no caretaker remained with the child.

So he took the child with him to escape, and that's when he unexpectedly met me.

"..."

"I feared you were the cause of everything, but I can see from your face that you're truly innocent."

"It wasn't me."

So much information left my head swirling.

If everything he said was true, then we were framed.

By who?

For what?

At least, Necros Lacrosse's wasn't lying.

He's a man who could tell no lies.

He doesn't have the brains to make up a story like this.

"I'd like to talk in detail, but I have to keep this child alive. If you're truly not hostile... please, let us go."

"..."

I slowly slid my body aside, letting them through.

Demon God's child.

When he grows up, anyone would expect him to become Dragon God-sama's enemy.

But I couldn't stop them.

After listening to Necros Lacrosse's circumstances, it's impossible to take the life of

that baby.

We already destroyed their world under false pretenses, to kill the child in fear of revenge was not righteous.

“Head to the teleport shrine. The path to the Human World is open.”

“Thanks! I owe you one...!”

And Necros Lacrosse was gone.

In his bosom a baby too young to open his eyes.

And I returned to Dragon World.

Burying the information I gained from Necros Lacrosse deep in my heart.

Thus, Demon World collapsed.

CHAPTER 20

RUPTURE

By the time I returned to Dragon World, Dragon God-sama was already bedridden.

It was a dreadful sight.

Blood gushed from his shoulder, one eye wounded shut, one of his feet wilted.

In addition, a great gash on his hand from his battle with Demon God.

A body littered in wounds.

That's the best I could describe Dragon God-sama's condition.

Wounds inflicted by another god would not heal quickly.

Only after a long time... maybe hundreds of thousands of years, would it slowly heal.

"Ah, Laplace, well done."

Despite being covered in wounds, Dragon God looked rather content.

In spite of the pain, his heart must have found peace now that his revenge was complete.

Whoever the criminal was, whether he still lives, now that their worlds were all destroyed, those questions had all become moot.

"Demon World fell silent as expected."

"Mmm... Then you should get some rest. You must be exhausted."

In that calm face there was a shade of anxiety and regret.

Maybe Dragon God-sama did regret having done so much?

This wasn't what Lunaria-sama would have wanted.

If things just settled as is, maybe in ten-thousand years he would have found another path.

"No, I'll rest after making my report."

"Mmm... what is it?"

But that opportunity was forever lost.

I reported to Dragon God-sama the knowledge I gained from Necros Lacrosse.

"I Found Necros Lacrosse in the collapsing Demon World. According to him, Kirisis Calisis--"

Dragon God-sama listened to my report without any reaction.

Probably was wondering of the purpose of my report.

But as the story progressed, his expression changed.

Grim, shock, and concern.

By the time I wrapped up, Dragon God-sama looked full of trouble.

"That was all I have to report."

"..."

"...Dragon God-sama?"

Deep in thought, Dragon God-sama did not respond immediately.

But my report was over.

I guess I should go get some rest as Dragon God-sama had ordered.

As I was thinking that.

“Yes... It’s him.”

Dragon God-sama suddenly murmured and stood.

He got up and was leaving the room.

“W-Where to?”

I hurried to ask, Dragon God-sama replied.

“Invade the Human World.”

I thought that was preposterous.

Why?

Human Race was the victim here.

We should also be grateful for them for cleaning up after our mess.

Unless the culprits were the human the whole time?

The humans wanted Dragon Race to destroy the other races?

But why?

There was no reason for it.

If Lunaria-sama had lived, then the Human Race and Dragon Race would have stood united atop the Six Worlds.

Moreover, Human God welcomed refugees from all the dead worlds.

Unless that too was for the Human Race’s benefit somehow?

In that case... wouldn’t my work as a diplomat have sufficed?

Eventually, there’ll be people of various races in every world.

All the destruction would be counterproductive.

If the Human Race was the culprit, their actions didn't make sense.

I was troubled.

I couldn't understand the reasoning behind Dragon God-sama's thoughts and actions.

Knowing what I know now... the wise Dragon God-sama already realized the truth after hearing my report.

Despite the scant info, he was able to piece all the clues together.

Through that, he concluded who's responsible, and who the true enemy was.

Of course, this was because Dragon God-sama knew more than what was in my report.

But back then, I didn't understand.

Laugh at my stupidity if you like.

However, I just couldn't believe that the Human Race could be responsible for the whole sequence of events.

Why didn't I notice...

But at that time, I didn't understand.

I lacked wisdom.

Moreover, he had planned ahead, for a long time.

"Convene the Five Dragon Generals, our battle is not yet over..."

Dragon God-sama did not explain anything to us.

Until that moment, we did everything as Dragon God-sama ordered.

So perhaps he thought a detailed explanation was unnecessary.

Of course, Dragon God-sama wasn't wrong.

We should have followed his orders.

But back then, all I wanted was an explanation.

I thought it was absolutely necessary.

Only if...



"That's it. Everyone begin your preparations."

Dragon God-sama gave the order to attack Human World as soon as the Five Dragon Generals assembled.

Just the order.

With no explanation.

Then, he immediately dragged his injured body from the conference room.

Dragon God-sama seemed to be in a rush.

So we didn't have a chance to ask anything.

And the order was too much of a shock.

"Preposterous..."

"Wasn't this war to honor Lunaria-sama? For what purpose would invading her homeland serve?"

"I don't know, but Dragon God-sama must have his considerations, but..."

The Five Dragon Generals were all in shock.

Only natural.

They thought the war was finally over.

Now it's time to heal the wounded, rebuild, mourn the dead, and look forward to a new future.

To suddenly be told the fight was not yet over.

Moreover, the opponent this time was our ally.

An ally we had no reason to fight.

“What could be Dragon God-sama's reason for this?”

“Human World has long stood by us.”

“There must be a reason to attack and destroy the Human World...?”

To continue the meeting without Dragon God-sama was unusual.

Normally, once Dragon God-sama gave us an order, we all went our separate ways to fulfill that order.

However that day, we continued our discussion.

There were many reasons.

Human World was Lunaria-sama's homeland.

Human God was always an ally for the Dragon Race, and he had helped us many times.

Take me for example... but I realized that the other Dragon Generals received his help many times as well.

Destroying Human World should be trivial compared to the other worlds.

But the war was a tribute to Lunaria-sama.

All those factors put a brake to our usual prompt actions.

The discussion got heated and stalled.

That's because we didn't understand Dragon God-sama at all.

“Laplace. What on earth did you tell Dragon God-sama?”

After a while, Szilard asked.

So I answered honestly.

What I heard in Demon World.

What happened in Demon World.

Upon hearing that, Szilard said, "I see," with a confident look.

"I'm confident that you were deceived."

“Fooled? Me?”

“Yes. To save his own life and protect Demon God’s daughter, Necros Lacrosse conceived a convenient lie to instigate war between Human and Dragon World.”

I didn’t think Necros Lacrosse would lie.

However, if he could, then it would fit.

Until told by Szilard, my idiotic self never believed that Necros Lacrosse would conceive a lie to save his own skin.

I was convinced that he couldn’t lie.

Since he long fought for peace between the worlds, maybe seeing his own beloved world destroyed changed him.

It’s only natural that he would want to sow discord among his enemies.

Perhaps he never entered battle, because he was plotting behind the scene? If so, his usual ineptitude might just be a foolish act to throw off any suspicion.

When people’s thoughts are in turmoil, they would rather trust an outsider’s opinion than their own intuition.

Necros Lacrosse never lies.

But that fact faltered against the thought that “he may lie.”

There wasn’t any definitive proof otherwise.

“Maybe... so...”

But something tugged at my heart.

“Normally Dragon God-sama won’t be fooled, but... if it’s your report, Dragon God-sama would trust it because of his trust in you.”

When I was told that, I couldn’t respond.

The reason that Dragon God-sama trusted the report was because of his trust in me.

By giving Dragon God-sama false information, this had become my responsibility.

“As the Five Dragon Generals, we are Dragon God-sama’s limbs. Normally we would simply obey Dragon God-sama’s orders without a doubt, but this...”

My next sentence forced the Five Dragon Generals to make a decision.

“But shouldn’t we try to stop Dragon God-sama this time?”

Everyone of the Five Dragon Generals held their breaths.

No matter the bad intelligence, we had received our orders.

Dragon God’s decisions are final.

To disobey is to deny Dragon God-sama.

If only we had tried to convince Dragon God-sama before he made his decision.

To deny god.

Is to deny your most earnest beliefs within your heart.

It’s an act of great courage.

Have you ever had to resist your deepest urge?

It was my first time.

“Alright... I agree.”

The first to concur was Chaos.

He was the most heartbroken by the loss of each of his comrades.

Despite his warlike nature, he celebrated the most for the end of fighting.

Of course, if war was necessary, he wouldn't object.

Rather, he would rush to the frontline faster than anyone else.

But a pointless battle...

“Indeed. No matter how weak the Human Race is, Human God is a god as well, and Dragon God-sama remains heavily injured. He should recoup...”

Maxwell agreed.

He did not wish to Dragon God-sama labor so.

Dragon God-sama may die if he continues fighting.

Not that Dragon God-sama would lose.

But if he was further injured, it could be irreparable and life-threatening.

"..."

Dora-sama was at a loss.

As the most loyal among us, it was the most difficult for her to disobey a direct order from Dragon God-sama.

“If it's for the sake of Dragon God-sama.”

She consented eventually.

Because her loyalty was stronger than anyone.

If it was for Dragon God-sama's own sake, even with great reluctance we must stop him.

That was her will.



After making our decisions, we went to Dragon God-sama.

At first, we tried to persuade him with words.

Human God was always on our side.

The intelligence from Demon World was an impossible lie.

We're concerned with the state of Dragon God-sama's health.

Let's not invade the Human World.

But it didn't work.

Dragon God-sama won't listen.

No matter our explanation, Dragon God-sama won't heed our concerns.

"Human God is no longer Human God. I don't know what he's plotting, but I have to kill him."

I didn't appreciate the meaning of those words then.

Because Human God seemed the same as the first time I met him.

Rather, it was Dragon God-sama that changed.

Dragon God-sama -- who was wise, benevolent, loving, and peaceable -- had become the physical incarnation of war.

"We don't want to fight the Human Race. Dragon God-sama, please rescind your order."

Then we tried to abandon the fight.

We refused to fight.

So Dragon God-sama had to too.

"It doesn't matter. You may stay, I will go alone."

However, Dragon God-sama would not relent.

Leaving us behind with those words to head toward the Human World.

"Please, reconsider!"

"No."

"Why? Human God has always been by our side. Didn't Dragon God-sama trust him as well? Isn't our current prosperity due to the efforts of the human race?"

"Human God was the culprit of this war."

"Where's your evidence?"

"In the Human World."

You know the word, "pestering"?

It was exactly that.

We tried every method to persuade Dragon God-sama.

But we couldn't.

The conclusion was always the same.

Dragon God-sama refused to listen, adamant on attacking Human World

At the very least, why are we invading the Human World?

Why must Human God be killed?

If Dragon God-sama explained the details of these questions to us, we might have understood the wisdom of his actions... and it wouldn't have ended that way.

However, I think it was unavoidable.

We, the Five Dragon Generals, were expected to obey Dragon God-sama.

No matter how wise and talented, Dragon God-sama must have found it difficult to handle our objections, when everyone had obediently followed his orders for hundreds of thousands of years.

Explaining himself would not come naturally to him.

For example, what if the broom you use everyday suddenly said, "I don't want to clean anymore?"

Do you explain to the broom why cleaning is necessary, or that the purpose of a broom is to clean?

Do you force the broom to clean by force?

Or do you just find another tool to replace it?

I think it was the same situation for him.

Dragon God-sama was too reliant on the loyalty of the Five Dragon Generals... no, that was incorrect.

Dragon God-sama trusted in us, the Five Dragon Generals.

He believed we would never bear our fangs against him.

Dragon God-sama must have believed that if he stubbornly proceeded, we would eventually relent and obey him again.

But we betrayed that trust.

"If Dragon God-sama won't relent, then we'll have to stop you by force."

The face of Dragon God-sama when Szilard said that was, even now, heartbreaking to me.

I have never seen Dragon God-sama looking so shocked.

I even wondered if we did something irredeemable.

But even if we lost Dragon God-sama's trust, we thought it would be okay.

We were prepared for that.

Even if we lost our positions as Dragon Generals and were banished from Dragon World.

As long as Dragon God-sama lived.

That's what we thought.

"...Just try it."

But even that failed to change Dragon God-sama's mind.

Killing Human God was that important.

We just didn't realize it then.

If we had a little bit of time.

Even if it's a waste.

If Dragon God-sama explained in more details, why we must invade Human World and kill Human God.

If only one of us had the wisdom to understand it.

I can't help thinking that.

No, even then, this battle would have been inevitable.

I knew.

He took a long time to prepare for this.

Still, I wonder.

If something was different, it wouldn't have turned out this way.

Such foolishness.

Such, that was how the battle began.

The most miserable, stupidest, most meaningless final battle...

CHAPTER 21

FIVE DRAGON GENERALS' BETRAYAL

Five Dragon General's Betrayal.

That battle seems to be recorded as such in the history books.

Well, it's mostly right.

Even though it was for the sake of Dragon God-sama, it was still a betrayal.

Without doubt, it was betrayal.

However, there was one big mistake.

Specifically, only Four Dragon Generals participated.

Because I didn't fight in it.

Someone needed to clean up afterwards.

When Dragon God-sama and the Five Dragon Generals fight.

Some among us would die.

Perhaps all of us.

That would decapitate Dragon World's entire leadership.

Who would lead the dragon warriors, kill the demonic beasts, research the arts, or assist Dragon God-sama then...?

Thus, I was asked to stand down.

A vital, but shameful role.

Why would I feel ashamed?

You don't know?

The Five Dragon Generals disobeyed Dragon God-sama's orders.

The only punishment for that was our destruction, until not even a claw or fang remained.

Leaving aside whether we succeed in preventing Dragon God-sama from invading the Human World, our betrayal was an undeniable fact.

Even if everyone survived, punishment would be unavoidable.

Only death could make up for it.

Yet I alone escaped responsibility.

Even though I didn't participate in the fight, I already disobeyed and plotted against Dragon God-sama.

Yet, I alone would keep my position among the Dragon Generals.

Nothing was more shameful than this.

Even for the future of Dragon World, it was an inexcusable act.

But as the most junior member.

I accepted my role.

By the way, we didn't begin the fight immediately.

Dragon God-sama and the Five Dragon Generals.

If we fought, we could easily have wiped out a mountain or two.

Preparations must be made for the battle.

Stop Dragon God-sama.

Easier said than done.

A few punches and kicks, restrain and lock him up somewhere.

Do you think it would be that easy?

The power required to resist Dragon God-sama could wipe mountains off the map.

Of course, no structure could lock Dragon God-sama in place outside of an appropriately large magic circle.

It's like babies challenging an adult.

You may not have interacted with babies much, but even when sick or injured, it's hard to lose to a baby that could barely crawl.

There was such a power gap between Dragon God-sama and the Dragon Generals.

That's why four Dragon Generals worked together to confront Dragon God-sama seriously.

The same tactic that defeated the Demon Kings.

No, even more power was needed.

Preparations took a fair bit of time.

Dragon God-sama agreed to wait.

You may think it's strange, perhaps Dragon God-sama wanted to give the Five Dragon Generals a chance to hand over responsibilities and evacuate the Dragon Race.

Whatever the reason, he waited.

Maybe Dragon God-sama couldn't win by himself in Human World, or perhaps he was waiting for Dragon Generals to reconsider after a while?

I don't know.

While the other Dragon Generals prepped, I was by Dragon God-sama's side, helping

him evacuate the population of Kayose to elsewhere.

I didn't know where exactly the fight would take place either, but Kayose was the center of our world.

The possibility for collateral damage was high.

I spent the days leading the evacuation effort.

Everyone was troubled.

Nobody would believe that four of the Five Dragon Generals would revolt against Dragon God-sama.

Some people even said they want to stand and fight with Dragon God-sama.

But Dragon God-sama quieted those voices and stopped them.

Ordinary Dragon Race wouldn't have a chance in a fight between Dragon God-sama and the Five Dragon Generals.

Dragon God-sama must have wanted to avoid any unnecessary casualties.

After the evacuation was complete, I went back to Dragon God-sama.

As well as showing my continued loyalty, it was also a quiet check to prevent him from abruptly taking off to Human World.

He remained silent in his thoughts.

Dragon God-sama didn't talk with me, nor act in any way dangerous, only quietly pondering about something...

At any moment, it felt as if he would ignore me and abruptly head toward the Human World.

I could only imagine what he thought about at that moment.

But Dragon God-sama was wise.

Perhaps at that moment, he already peered through the fog to understand the mastermind and his true motives.

Or perhaps, he already predicted the worst case scenario.

Anyways, the day had finally come.

I received the word from the Dragon Generals that the preparations were complete.

Upon receiving the news, Dragon God-sama looked at me.

"What are you going to do?"

"I will fight alongside Dragon God-sama."

I felt the weight of duty.

Inheriting the will of the Five Dragon Generals, not leaving Dragon God-sama alone.

As the last of the Five Dragon Generals, I shall carry on their legacies...

"..."

Dragon God-sama stared at me for a while, then slowly shook his head.

"I won't allow you to fight."

"!"

My first reaction was to protest and ask why must I stand by?

"Just in case, go protect my son."

Instead, Dragon God-sama gave me such an important task.

Protecting the son of Dragon God-sama.

Dragon God-sama must have thought that even the strongest Dragon Warriors could not protect him right now.

If you think about it, perhaps Dragon God-sama feared that even his child may become a target, while he was preoccupied.

“Don’t let any harm come to him.”

“Yes!”

Back then, I didn’t realize how important of a mission protecting that child was.

I thought of him as Lunaria-sama’s legacy, being entrusted by Dragon God-sama what he treasured the most in the world.

That’s what I was protecting... I thought.

Thus, I rode Saleyakt and evacuated far away with the child.

Soon after... Kayose disappeared.



Long-range bombardment from Maxwell’s Dragon Gate Artillery wiped Kayose from the map.

Beams of light sped through the air and landed Kayose.

They struck all at the same time and formed a ball of light, and just like that an entire mountain was erased from existence.

The highest peak in Dragon World.

The most historic city.

I was shocked.

I wasn’t sure how the Five Dragon Generals would fight.

I never thought such a historic and well-defended city would be so wantonly destroyed.

I really thought for a moment that the Dragon Generals had betrayed Dragon God-

sama.

But with a little thought, I understood their thought process.

It goes without saying that the Five Dragon Generals did not intend to kill Dragon God-sama.

They simply wanted to stop him.

Force Dragon God-sama to remain in Dragon World instead of leaving for Human World.

If Kayose was destroyed, it needed to be rebuilt.

A great deal of effort and time to return our people back to their regular lives.

If this reminded Dragon God-sama that “Dragon World must be prioritized over the Human World,” then regardless of the outcome of the battle, it’s a victory for the Five Dragon Generals.

Perhaps a bit of trickery...

But the Five Dragon Generals were already prepared in case of failure.

The fight would be futile, if after defeating them, Dragon God-sama went to Human World anyways.

When the debris and smoke cleared from Kayose’s destruction.

Only a single existence remained.

Dragon God-sama.

He was wholly unscathed.

It was too far to see his expression, but he’s clearly looking toward the source of the light.

Beyond the light of sight.

Something huge emerged through the clouds.

A giant mass of rock covered in dragon scales.

Its surface was covered in purple wires attached to iron stakes.

A floating rocky mass common in the Heaven World.

A nucleus of concentrated magic energy, its movement powered by layers of magic circles.

It's covered in dragon scales and outfitted with magic turrets of demonic origin, a full-fledged fortress.

Its name?

It didn't have a name.

Ah... if I should give it a name.

Chaos Breaker.

I would call it that.

Because that scene and that moment of Kayose's destruction was forever seared into my eyelids.

Next.

Four large beings, as well forty-four small beings were onboard the fortress.

The four Rebellious Dragon Generals, and the familiars they summoned.

Spirit Summoning developed during the war with the demons.

Dragon Race was reputed to be powerful, but not known for delicate or versatile works.

Spirit Summoning was a technique to overcome that weakness.

These were created to counter Dragon God-sama, each with unique abilities, more powerful than those used during the war.

When they identified Dragon God-sama, they flew around the fortress in formation.

However, Dragon God-sama already made his move before they're fully deployed.

Slowly raising his hand, he pointed a fingertip toward the fortress.

At that moment, something invisible emitted from his fingertip and flew toward the fortress.

An overwhelming torrent of power.

Even a Dragon General would be in serious trouble if they got caught in it.

But before it arrived on target, the fortress distorted.

A huge field of distortion.

That torrent of power was deflected by the field into a distant mountain, erasing it.

The combined forces of forty-four spirits blocked Dragon God-sama's attack.

Dragon God-sama fired off one torrent after another.

However, the spirits' distortion fields parried each of them.

Didn't you think it was too easy a way to counter Dragon God-sama?

I thought so too.

No matter how weakened by his previous battles with the other gods.

Forty-four spirits shouldn't be able to prevent his attacks.

But that stalemate didn't last.

As the fortress approached, the light of the spirits began to diminish.

Just a step short.

No, it's not fair to call it a misstep...

Anyways, by the time the fortress made contact with Dragon God-sama, the spirits lost their power and disappeared, one after another.

The distortion field disappeared as well, leaving the fortress exposed.

Even though it was vulnerable, it was still covered in hard dragon scales.

Slowly, Dragon God-sama pulled a sword from his waist.

A sword forged by the Five Dragon General, Mad Dragon King Chaos.

A genuine God's Sword that could withstand the power of Dragon God-sama.

Dragon God-sama stood posed with the sword.

A cut.

I had witnessed the power of gods many times.

But it was always against other gods.

Other gods were always capable of withstanding those strikes.

But this slash from Dragon God-sama seemed to distort the world.

Everything felt out of place.

In fact, everything was carved in halves.

The sky, the cloud, the dragons flying off in the distance, the ever approaching fortress.

All sliced in two.

What are dragon scales against a god?

What's the point of defenses on a wooden stump?

The huge fortress was split in half. The upper half, losing power, fell toward the sky.

Its lower half remained floating. Its core probably survived the attack.

The Dragon Generals landed on the falling masses.

Then quickly took off.

Their appearances were very different from what I remembered.

Their physiques were about three times larger than they should be.

So thickly covered in scales that even their face was tightly covered.

Their nose and mouth sticking out, with horns grew from back for the head, looking almost dragon-like.

The demons had developed a mysterious technique to transform the body with magic.

Dragon Race evolved it further.

Transforming the body to a more primitive form and gaining an explosive amount of power.

In exchange, the user's lifespan was greatly diminished.

The transformed four carried unfamiliar weapons as well.

A spear.

The Dragon Generals were all armed with god spears created by Chaos.

Normally, Dragon Generals do not use weapons.

But not when the opponent was Dragon God-sama himself.

Without a weapon, you can't even scratch him.

The four flew with tremendous speed, dancing around Dragon God-sama.

They probably intended for close combat all along.

Both the fortress and spirits were made to counter Dragon God-sama's long-range attacks.

Physical strength raised with arcane techniques, attacks strengthened by God Spear, as well as all the techniques devised in the demon war to weaken Dragon God-sama.

Concentrating all the wisdom and knowledge of the Dragon Generals in order to hurt god.

The Dragon Generals launched a terrible onslaught.

Every attack, shockwaves rang, lights flared, and the whole Dragon World trembled.

The onslaught of General Goryu was terrible.

Each subtle move, a shock wave ran, a flash of light burst, and the whole dragon world trembled.

Its collateral damage destroyed mountains, killed entire flocks of dragons, even tens of thousands of Dragon Race got caught up in it

The Dragon Generals gained the power to hurt god.

But only the possibility of.

Because even with that power, it wasn't enough to overwhelm Dragon God-sama.

One-on-one, it wouldn't be a fight at all, but with all four of them they barely made a match.

Barely.

Just barely.

Even though they're inferior, the power of the Five Dragon Generals managed to reach Dragon God-sama.

The power to reach god.

Even if it's just barely, they arrived.

They proved that the efforts of man could even reach the gods.

That proof was why I... no, let's put that aside.

In any case, Dragon God-sama and the Dragon General battled for a long time.

The Dragon God-sama who was near death and full of wounds.

The Dragon Generals who finally reached the realm of gods.

The battles between those five continued ceaselessly.

I was always watching.

I thought it was my duty to witness it.

The battle continues for days.

Maybe it wasn't for that long.

A fight between gods could last for years.

Only a few days.

Yes, six days.

The Dragon Generals probably intended for the battle to be decided quickly.

Probably.

No matter how much they prepared, how much their powers have developed.

If it became a war of endurance, they had no chance of victory.

So they wanted it to be decided quickly.

Maximum offensive, for that one-in-ten-thousand shot at victory.

One shot.

Out of ten-thousand.

Unfortunately, this wasn't that shot.

The seventh day.

The light and shock of the battle subsided.

The battle was decided on the fortress that was carved into two.

I approached the fortress to witness the outcome of battle.

I witnessed a dreadful sight.

Four men and women collapsed on the ground.

Goes without saying that they were the Dragon Generals.

They were all on the edge of death.

Szilard lost his left arm, half his face burned.

Chaos without an eye and a large hole on his belly.

Maxwell's claws were all smashed, his wings torn, on his knees.

Dora-sama had it the worst.

Her right arm and lower body were both gone, she's barely clinging on.

A complete victory for Dragon God-sama.

But there was something strange.

There was an extra arm growing from Dragon God-sama's chest.

Szilard or Dora-sama's lost arm?

No.

There were no scales on that arm.

A flesh-colored, featureless arm.

Surrounded by fog, difficult to recognize.

Everyone, including Dragon God-sama, was looking at the arm stunned.

To be precise, the owner of that arm.

Behind him, the god that struck landed a deadly blow against Dragon God-sama.

"Human God..."

Human God had punched through Dragon God-sama's chest, grabbing his divine jewel.

CHAPTER 22

DRAGON WORLD'S END

I wondered why.

How could it be possible?

I thought Human God was always on our side until that very moment.

Or should I say even then.

"Human God-sama... Why?"

I quietly muttered.

My mind in turmoil, a whirlwind of emotions.

Maybe because Dragon God-sama was about to invade the Human World?

So Human God-sama saw him an enemy?

That said, even if.

He had always been our ally.

He advised and helped us.

He even assisted us to avenge Lunaria-sama's death.

Human God always busied himself for the sake of the worlds.

Human God turned to me then.

Wearing a nasty, hateful grin.

"Ah, yes... Haha, this... hehe."

I believed that Human God was going to make up something plausible, initially.

Something appropriate for his station and won't break character.

But he couldn't resist the laughter.

He took too much pleasure from the situation.

His whole plot went so well that he couldn't help but ridicule us.

"Hahaha... Fufufu..."

A disgusting laughter.

It sticks to your ear and never fades.

"No... everyone did a great job. Thanks to you guys, I was able to fulfill my goal..."

To us who were still stunned, Human God said.

The one and only time I heard the truth from him...

After that, I met others deceived by him and subsequently led to their ruins.

Apparently he took great joy in sharing the plot in such situations.

Telling you "well done", patting you on the shoulder.

"Thank you"

"What are you talking about...?"

I asked, like an idiot.

If I just thought about it a little, I would have realized the truth in Dragon God-sama's words.

"What else? The war between gods and destruction of the worlds."

Yes, he was the mastermind.

Everything was his work.

The breakdown of relationships, the murder of Lunaria-sama and other dignitaries of the worlds.

Perhaps even the teleportation and magic beast incidents.

No, those were probably incidental.

But he surely took advantage of them too.

“Indeed, I merely planted the seeds bit-by-bit, because Dragon God was naturally prudent. I never expected it to work this well!”

“...”

“Especially Szilard. You sure did work hard! You never doubted a word I said, just as I expected!”

Szilard’s eyes widened, his body trembling.

“Without your efforts, Dragon World would never have destroyed the other worlds.

I just need to say three magic words, “for Dragon God”, and you conveniently believed my every word.

To think you loyal dogs would go this far to help me strip Dragon God of his fangs...”

“Preposterous! you said... that you wanted to help stop Dragon God-sama...”

“Hah, hahahaha!”

Human God laughed.

“Indeed, wasn’t my act splendid? The best I could hope for was for Dragon God to invade Human World by his lonesome, but fufu, fufufu, hahahahah!”

He laughed even joyously, amused by Szilard in his state.

“Thanks to your effort, Dragon God showed a critical flaw! I was able to kill that most

troublesome Dragon God, completely unscathed!

Preparing such a large scale assault on your own master? How moronic!

What were you guys thinking? I merely fanned the flame a little, and you went this far?

You're killing me with laughter with your so-called loyalty!

Oh Dragon God, I pity you for having such loyal vassals!"

"Ahh... ha... haa..."

Now that he mentioned it, Szilard's behavior had been strange.

It was a little unnatural for Szilard to be the first to advocate for war.

It was also Szilard who first suggested to stop Dragon God-sama.

A long time ago, it was also Szilard who killed the Demon King without a direct command from Dragon God-sama.

Szilard, the most resolute of the Five Dragon Generals.

He was deceived.

Dancing to Human God's tunes, he instigated the war between the worlds and drove Dragon God-sama to death's door.

Szilard screamed by this realization.

"Dragon God-sama...!"

With his remaining arm, he cut off both of his legs.

Plucked out what remained of his fangs and gorged out his eyes.

And finally, thrust a fist into his chest and pulled out his heart.

"Forgive me!"

Then he held it up and squeezed.

With a pop, his heart burst... and Szilard's arm fell limply onto the ground.

Szilard followed Crystal.

The Second Dragon General to die.

The dragon general with green-silver scales and ephemeral eyes

Who won fame fighting against the demon race and christened the Holy Dragon Emperor.

To atone for his sins, He ended his life with his own hands.

As his last act of loyalty.

Having been deceived by the enemy and driven Dragon God-sama to his death.

He had no other way to atone.

"Oh, how miserable and stupid to choose suicide because you've been fooled... Fufu, fufufu, Hahahahaha!"

Yet Human God mocked that loyalty.

Just remembering it makes me seeth.

Oh, how he laughed.

At the loyalty of Szilard to Dragon God-sama, the pride of the Five Dragon Generals.

But we couldn't say anything.

Certainly we were stupid, miserable fools.

Deceived by Human God's lies and Szilard's words, we drove Dragon God-sama to his death.

The reality was too stark.

Too heavy to bear.

I was filled with frustration, yet unable to refute anything.

“Don’t laugh!”

“Hmm?”

It wasn’t a Dragon General that stopped Human God’s laughter.

"Szilard was a loyal vassal. Do not laugh at him."

“Oh, you’re still alive? Lizards sure are tough, huh?”

It was Dragon God-sama.

Even with the divine jewel scooped from his body, he somehow clinged on.

“How exactly do you plan to order me around in this situation?”

“Szilard’s judgment was correct, and I would have done the same in his situation. Everything was my fault. Don’t laugh at Szilard, laugh at me.”

“What are you talking about? I’ve been laughing at you the whole time...”

Dragon God swelled with murderous intent.

Even near death, Dragon God-sama still had an overwhelmingly intimidating presence.

His anger had peaked.

In response, a cold sweat dropped from Human God’s forehead.

"Human god. No, the thing in the shape of Human God, answer this."

“Y-you are in no-no position to ask me questions...”

"Who are you? Why did you want war? Why did you want to kill the gods... and why did you kill Lunaria?"

Those weren't mere questions.

Those were demands.

The Five Dragon Generals would have immediately stood straight and vomited out everything we knew. Those were orders.

"...!"

But Human God did not answer.

No intent to obey.

Instead, he squeezed Dragon God-sama's divine jewel, tightly.

And with a loud snap, the jewel shattered.

"Ugh!"

The next moment, Dragon God-sama spit a large amount of blood from his mouth.

Every time he defeated a god, he also took out their divine jewel.

It had the power to cross between worlds, but also the source of a god's divine power.

"Still acting so high and mighty! What a joke! You lost! You lost to me!"

Human God shouted and tramped on Dragon God-sama on the ground.

Over and over again.

"Why kill Lunaria? Why the war?"

You, it was to kill you!

More powerful than anyone yet wary of war!

So cautious and without flaws!

Haa! You're in this state now all because of me!"

There was no power left in Dragon God-sama's body.

But his breath had yet to fade.

Rather, that feeling of intimation only increased.

"Uh...! What the hell are you! Damn it!"

Even Human God felt intimidated.

The collapsed, dying Dragon God-sama still intimidated Human God.

Feeling the brunt of anger and murderous intent.

Losing his most beloved, tricked into fighting other gods, even having his own vassals turned against him.

All of Dragon God's wrath now focused on him.

"Haa! It's useless to glare. You're already dead! I'm the one and only god!"

With that said, Human God stepped away and floated into the sky.

With an arm raised, palm pointing facing up.

A force converged in that palm, forming a tremendous ball of light.

"Destruction, Dragon World."

There was no time to stop him.

No, even if there was, it couldn't be stopped.

The ball of light fired off from Human God's hand.

It flew high above, as if to absorb all of Dragon World...

Explosions, lights, and shockwaves blasted the land.

By the time the light subsided, the world had begun to collapse.

The earth began to crack and darkness crept into the sky.

It was a little different from previous ones, but still a scene I had witnessed many times.

A scene of a world's end.

"Haha, good bye, Dragon God. May you perish here."

Human God slowly flew away, mockingly.

I could just watch.

If I had another chance, I would have attacked.

I couldn't forgive the violence of tramping on Dragon God-sama.

I couldn't forgive the insolence of insulting the Five Dragon Generals.

But I was too shocked to do anything.

Me, Chaos, Maxwell.

What did we do?

What just happened?

Of the Five Dragon Generals, only the recently deceased Szilard fully grasped the situation.

Only that something terrible and irreconcilable had happened.

We knew.

"Laplace."

Dragon God-sama's voice brought me back to reality.

"Dragon God-sama... I'm here."

I staggered my trembling body to Dragon God-sama's side.

Dragon God-sama was still alive.

His divine jewel crushed, covered in scars and wounds from other gods, but yet he still clinged on.

"Chaos, Maxwell."

"Dragon God-sama... We're..."

"It's fine."

"We failed to obey Dragon God-sama's order... Please forgive us, no, it's unforgivable. Only death could atone for our sins, please order it."

"I forgive you. Everything happened because I did not explain the situation to you."

Dragon God-sama forgave Chaos and Maxwell.

So easily.

Even though we betrayed him.

"But I have one last mission for you."

"Yes!"

"Yes!"

"The end of Dragon World approaches, and we're out of time... I need time to devise a plan to kill Human God. Earn that time for me with your lives."

Make some time, I didn't know exactly what that entails.

I thought about it often, but I never figured out exactly how one can delay the end of a world...

But they accepted their final order without hesitation.

“Yes...!”

Chaos and Maxwell took off flying, circling above Dragon God-sama.

“Dora, where’s Dora?”

Dragon God-sama called out to Dora-sama.

But Dora-sama... was in bad shape.

She could no longer move on her own.

“Laplace.”

“Yes.”

Without further instructions.

I went besides Dora-sama to witness her final moments.

“Dora-sama.”

"Ha... haa... that voice... Laplace... What happened? I can't see anything anymore."

Dora-sama was dying.

Probably in her last moments of consciousness.

But she still struggled to understand.

She probably realized something terrible had happened.

Fading, but she desperately wanted to know.

“Human God...”

I explained everything that I saw.

That it was all Human God’s plot.

How he instigated the war, how Szilard took responsibility and committed suicide to atone.

That Dragon God-sama was near death at the hand of Human God.

That the Dragon World was collapsing.

Everything.

“Well... Then I can only make up for it with my life... but I’m already near death.”

Dora-sama said to me, her hollowed eyes looking upwards.

“Laplace... I have a request.”

“Please ask anything.”

“It’s not an order... it’s a request... It’s unavoidable I’ll be judged as a rebel, but my son... Perugia... please help him escape... I beg you!”

“Escape? Where to?”

“To the future... the method in the teleport research lab... Please, Dragon God-sama...”

I didn't understand the meaning of Dora-sama's words.

But I do understand what she means.

To leave her be.

“In the end, Dragon God-sama’s words were true, and we were wrong... that’s... great. Betraying Dragon God-sama was a mistake... that’s... wonderful.”

Those were Dora-sama’s final words.

She was always doubtful.

To stop Dragon God-sama by force.

She always had her reservations about that.

That's why she was relieved in the end, knowing that Dragon God-sama was right.

Then she died.

The third to die after Szilard.

Even more important than her own son, her final thought was loyalty to Dragon God-sama.

She was loyal to Dragon God-sama to the last.

"..."

After bearing witness to Dora-sama, I returned to Dragon God-sama.

And conveyed her final words to him.

After pondering for a bit, Dragon God-sama said.

"Laplace, carry me to the teleportation laboratory."

"Yes."

I carried Dragon God-sama with one hand and flew.

Of course, I carried his son with my other hand.



A few minutes of flight while avoiding falling debris.

We arrived.

The secret location Dora-sama brought me to once.

The Teleportation Research Laboratory.

"Dragon God-sama!"

"Those terrible wounds..."

The elderly researchers had remained.

Already near death and already made their peace, they're unperturbed by the world collapsing about them.

Seeing the gravely injured Dragon God-sama concerned them more.

Dragon God-sama did not answer, but simply said, "the time has come."

Casting their worried expressions aside, they immediately led us to the laboratory's innermost chamber.

At the terminus was an altar and a monument.

The boundary of the world.

An altar that functions as a gate to another world.

The stone monument was engraved with sophisticated magic circles.

Three divine jewels were placed before the altar.

"Laplace, place my son here."

Following his instructions, I placed Dragon God-sama's son on the altar.

After I distanced myself from the altar, Dragon God-sama stood before it.

While I wondered about what's going to happen, Dragon God-sama began to draw magic circles onto the child.

Far too sophisticated for me, but I understood that it was a technique written on the stone monument.

Dragon God-sama seemed to understand it just by glancing at it for a few seconds.

"The collapse of the dragon world cannot be stopped, I will die. We have lost."

Dragon God-sama said it plainly, as if merely confirming the facts.

“Even so, he must be killed.”

Human God killed Lunaria-sama.

He made us dance in the palm of his hands to destroy the other worlds.

Even caused the Five Dragon Generals and Dragon God-sama to battle amongst ourselves until our own mutual destruction.

Unforgivable.

“That was not Human God. Human God wasn’t such a man... Hitogami, let’s call him that. I do not know why Hitogami pretended to be Human God, or where Human God had gone, but I’m certain of his machinations to destroy us, that he indeed has divine power.”

"..."

"To defeat him, you will also need god’s power.”

Dragon God-sama stared intently at me.

“After this, I’ll go to Human World and challenge him to one last battle.”

“Not at your current state!”

“I know. My death is unavoidable. I have no chance of winning, but I must have my vengeance.”

As Dragon God-sama finished, he picked up one of the divine jewels and pushed it into his chest.

Blood streamed, but Dragon God-sama’s body began to shine.

A little power seemed to have returned to that dying body.

“Yet my revenge probably would end in failure, that’s why--”

Dragon God-sama picked up one of the divine jewels and placed it on the chest of the child... it fell within.

“My child will reincarnate.”

The blood of Dragon God-sama and Human God flow through his child.

A demigod with great potential.

The power of gods.

“I shall grant to my child my every technique, and to him the ability to remain concealed until he could defeat Hitogami... but that will not be enough. He must find out what happened to Human God, and how Hitogami obtained divine power in the first place. Until then, defeat is inevitable.”

Dragon God-sama looked toward me, picked up the final divine jewel, and offered it to me.

“I give you a mission.”

“Yes!”

I received it and offered the utmost salute.

It was for Dragon God-sama that I learned the utmost salute.

It was my final salute to Dragon God-sama.

“I’ll send my child ten-thousand years into the future. In the meantime, I want you to find Hitogami’s true identity, his whereabouts, his weaknesses... Find a way to defeat him and convey that to my child!”

“Yes!”

After Dragon God-sama granted me my final mission, he applied various techniques to the child.

Complex techniques.

I still don’t understand what was applied

Just that they’re abilities for countering “Human God”.

At the minimum, Hitogami was similar to Human God's.

I waited for Dragon God-sama to finish, as the world collapsed outside.

He continuously embedded magic circles about the child without pause.

Dragon God-sama probably foreseen this ending.

That it would end like this.

He probably realized what's happening when the Dragon Generals broke away.

If you think about it, Dragon God-sama could have just headed to Human World and ignored us.

However, Dragon God-sama probably realized he couldn't win, even if he did.

Hitogami probably already had traps set for him if he left on his own.

That's why he looked for another way.

As Dragon Generals made our preparations, he probably was thinking of a way the whole time.

"Finally, do you have any last questions?"

Dragon God-sama asked as he finished embedding the last magic circles.

Slowly, I shook my head, but suddenly I thought of something.

A question I had to ask.

"A name."

"Name?"

"The name of your child."

This was the end.

There won't be another chance.

This wasn't something for me to decide.

It was Lunaria-sama's wish for Dragon God-sama to grant this child a name.

“...”

Dragon God-sama paused briefly.

However, it must have already been decided.

"Orsted."

Without any hesitation.

"This child's name is Orsted."

Dragon God-sama pronounced.



Just like that, Dragon God-sama's child...

Orsted, was sent to the future.

Dragon God-sama and I flew out of the collapsing laboratory and headed to the Human World.

Dragon God-sama went ahead, leaving me behind.

Our final words exchanged were “May the fortunes of war be with you” and “everything shall be left to fate.”

That was the last I saw of Dragon God-sama.

I jumped onto Saleyakt, dodging the falling rocky masses, and flew to the altar.

While I flew, I sensed a great presence disappearing behind me.

Two.

It was Chaos and Maxwell.

Those two, who literally put their lives on the line to resist the collapse, had passed.

The fourth Dragon, Chaos.

The last Dragon, Maxwell.

Maybe the order was inverted, but that's how I memorialized them.

Thanks to their efforts, I managed to escape from the collapsing Dragon World.

By the time I arrived at Human World, the battle had already begun.

Due to the battle between gods, the human world was beset by natural disasters.

Tornadoes, hurricanes, tsunamis, earthquakes, thunder and lightning.

Fear and loathing swirled around the world...

Intimidated by the divine, all living things of this world came to innately fear the Dragon Race.

But more than that, I was shocked.

Because Human World has transformed.

So much so that I no longer recognize it from when I was last here...

The Human World of old was an endless grassland and streams.

But now there are rivers, mountains, oceans, wilderness, and deserts.

As if the Six Worlds has all condensed into one.

Perhaps the collapse of each world had caused their magical energy to disperse into the Human World.

Maybe this unbalanced world from my view is what's objectively balanced.

I landed on one of the mountains, straddling Saleyakt.

The highest peak in the world.

As I bear witness to the end of the battle.

I didn't know where exactly Dragon God-sama and Hitogami were fighting.

I could only pray for Dragon God-sama's victory.

It might be a remote possibility, but I hope my wish could be answered.

Eventually, the battle was over.

The thunder and tornado subsided, the roaring sound faded.

Only the rain continued to fall quietly.

For seven days and seven nights.

On the eighth day, the sky was blue and clear.

There was no wind, the sea was calm.

There was no longer the presence of any god.

Neither Dragon God-sama nor Hitogami.

However, I knew.

Dragon God-sama was no longer there.

Thus, Dragon World was destroyed.

CHAPTER 23

THUS, TOWARD A NEW STORY

"That was the end to my story."

Laplace said and took a breath.

Relaxing his tense shoulders, clenching his jaw.

However, his face remained pale and grim.

Anger, resentment, impatience did not disappear.

Those terrible memories must have been painful to recall.

"So... what happened after that?"

Rostelina asked nervously.

"Hmm? Afterwards?"

"What happened after the Master arrived in the Human World? What of the survivors?"

"That's quite a few questions, Rostelina!"

Laplace laughed helplessly and answered.

"Dragon Race has mostly died out. Of course, some managed to escape the Dragon World. But because the collapse came more swiftly than other worlds, comparably few managed to escape."

Rostelina was a little relieved, but quickly noticed something.

"But then... where are all the Dragon Races?"

“They’re all killed...”

“W-why?”

“You don’t get it? Even though Hitogami was the mastermind behind it all, it was our hands that destroyed the worlds.”

Hatred, fear, anger of the Dragon Race permanently scarred the other races.

What if the Dragon Race came for the Human World next?

Indeed, fear of the Dragon Generals spread to this world as well.

“Well, there were few survivors.”

“Did Laplace help any of them?”

“No... I did not.”

“Why?”

“Because I had something I must do.”

Laplace was given an important task.

A request from Dragon God-sama on the verge of death.

A mission more important than the survival of the Dragon Race.

"After Dragon God-sama’s battle, I searched for Hitogami, but I couldn't find him.

Perhaps Dragon God-sama, having no chance at victory, somehow struck him a grave blow or sealed him."

“Do you not think it’s possible they destroyed each other?”

“There was a time when I thought of that as a possibility.

But after a while, Hitogami started to interfere with me indirectly.

It's proof that he's alive. "

As the last surviving Dragon General, Laplace diligently fulfilled his mission in the Human World.

Search for the missing Hitogami's whereabouts, his true identity, weaknesses, and how to kill him, to hand over to Dragon's God's son Orsted, when he eventually arrives in the future.

"What is the true identity of Hitogami? For what purpose he did those terrible things..."

"Hmm, unfortunately, I haven't figured out that yet. I can guess at his goals, but he remained an enigma... but I have a hypothesis."

"That is?"

Laplace answered Rostelina.

"When I came to the Human World, it was a great shock.

What once was an endless flat plain has become filled with forests, mountains and trees.

Inhabitants of all the worlds live here.

It's as if all the Six Worlds were weaved together... the world you're now familiar with...

Moreover Hitogami said, 'I'm the one and only god,' as he struck the fatal blow to Dragon God-sama."

Thus Laplace came to a conclusion.

"I think he wants to become the one-and-only god, for the one-and-only world.

So he caused the destruction of each world, absorbed them, and killed their gods.

The remaining question is, how did Hitogami gain the power of the gods in the first place..."

Laplace then put his hand on his chin, thought for a moment, peering at Rostelina.

"I told you before.

In the beginning, there was one god... the Creator.

He died, but no one knew what happened after he died...

Dragon God-sama said so, and Lunaria-sama as well.

So where did you think the Creator died?"

"No idea."

"I suspect he died in the world of nothingness."

"World of nothingness?"

"It's an empty space that you pass through when you move between the worlds.

The Creator died within that center... so one day, he found it and took the corpse for himself.

Perhaps he used the divine power from that corpse to replace or capture Human God, the weakest among them....."

"Ahh..."

"Of course, this was mere speculation.

It remains unclear to me what his true purpose was. "

For Laplace, the details of Hitogami's origin are irrelevant.

Whether he was Human God, or if he had good reasons for murdering Dragon God-sama.

He researched and theorized, but his purpose remained the same.

Kill the one that murdered Dragon God-sama and trampled on the pride of the Five Dragon Generals, Hitogami.

“...So where is Hitogami now?”

"Hmm? Of course, in the world of nothingness."

"How can you be so sure?"

“Because I had searched everywhere in the Human World...

Perhaps Hitogami was sealed in the world of nothingness.

Or placed within a barrier with the last of Dragon God-sama's power.

Or perhaps Hitogami put himself there in fear of Dragon God-sama...

Regardless, something great must have happened.”

“Does this mean you can't go find Hitogami as long as the barrier remains?”

"I've already found a way to unlock it, but it requires enormous magical power and a significant amount of preparation. Even if I do, Hitogami may be released. If I lose then, it'll ruin everything.”

Laplace said bitterly.

Perhaps he wants to break the seal and fight Hitogami.

Perhaps he wants to avenge Dragon God-sama's death and the Five Dragon Generals' regret.

But he never did.

He proceeded, slowly and steadily.

One by one completing the elements that guarantee Hitogami's demise.

“Laplace-sama had it hard, hasn't it?”

"It's painful to remember the old days.

But for the sake of guaranteeing a future without Hitogami, it's not so.

One day, Orsted-sama will arrive and fight against Hitogami, with everything I have prepared for him. The martial arts, magics, the techniques, weapons, and knowledge I created. No, not just Orsted. With the remaining Dragon Race, with Perugius-sama, fighting together against Hitogami. My heart pounds just imagining that moment."

With a smile, Laplace said.

He has been ready.

It was tough at first.

To start with nothing, except the mission to defeat Hitogami.

But thousands of years have made progress possible.

He worked on many things.

He passed Dragon Race's magic and techniques to the fast-growing Human Race and studied the secret techniques of Dragon God-sama and the Five Dragon Generals...

When the Human Race developed and improved upon his teachings, he learned from them and shared his newfound knowledge.

He prepared countermeasures for the side-effects of the magic circles used on Orsted.

That was not all.

In the event Hitogami's death had adverse effects, he prepared for that as well.

For the descendants of the Five Dragon Generals, he hidden in various corners of the world treasures made from fragments of Dragon God-sama's divine jewel, and records of his research results in ruins all over the world.

Doing everything he can.

Not just now, but for the long term.

Preparing for every hypothetical.

It was no longer so painful.

Because the darkness has passed and the future is bright.

"..."

But Rostelina could feel it.

A sense of distance.

Laplace's war.

There's no place for her there between Hitogami and the Dragon Race.

It made Rostelina very sad.

"Laplace-sama!"

"What is it?"

"Is... there anything I can do?"

Laplace was taken aback by Rosterina's words.

But soon with a soft smile, he stroked her head.

"You're always helping me, with cleaning and washing. Not only that, your presence soothes my heart, that has been lonely since I came to the human world. It's fine as long as you're here."

It was just a whim when Laplace picked her up.

Of course, there was also a possibility that something useful may come of it.

An enormous magical power lay dormant in her body that's hard to come by.

However, he didn't plan on using her.

Laplace is a person too.

After living together for so long, feelings have developed.

She's the only one who could heal Laplace now.

"I don't like that! I also want to help Laplace!

I don't think we can fight together, but isn't there anything?

Something that will benefit that child in the future..."

Laplace never asked Rostelina for anything.

He hasn't thus far.

Just to wait for him to return.

Surely she could do more than simply sooth his heart?

Waiting can be hard as well.

"Hmm....."

Laplace knew first hand, how hard waiting can be.

He had been waiting for a long time for Orsted, son of Dragon God-sama.

As preparation dwindled, when there's nothing else left to do but wait, he might have found himself a little restless as well.

"Hmm, I understand. If you insist, I'll have your help."

Thus Laplace said.

"Is there anything I can do !?"

"Oh, but it may be painful for you."

"What is it!? I will do anything!"

"I'll need to remove those magic circles I placed on you and restore the curse in your body."

"Ughh..."

Rostelina's face turned a little pale, hearing that her curse would return.

Plunge back to the darkness she once bore.

There was an instinctual fear against that.

"Then I'll use the demon's arcane technique to gradually reshape your body, so that you can become a store of enormous magic powers that can be passed onto others."

"Others...?"

"Yes. Orsted-sama was vested with a number of abilities to defeat Hitogami, so his magic power would deplete as a result. If the magic consumption is higher than we anticipated, it may exceed Orsted-sama's ability to recover."

"Ah! So my magic power would be useful there!"

"That's right. It'll take a long time for the arcane technique to change your body to an ideal state. Maybe a century or two. You won't be able to live like you used to."

"If everything can be done in my sleep, I think I'll be okay."

"The changes to your body would affect your mind in a variety of ways. With the passage of time, it'll even obscure your memories."

"You mean, my personality... even my memory of Master might be lost?"

"Yes. Of course, as long as I make periodic adjustments, your memories can be maintained."

"Then... I'll entrust myself to Master."

"So you will bear it?"

"Yes."

Rostelina's response left Laplace a little grim.

Realizing their current lifestyle was over.

Her voice would disappear from their household.

Rostelina, whose presence was a reminder of that warm household back in Dragon World, would disappear.

A sense of melancholy.

However, Rostelina chose for Laplace's sake, for Dragon God-sama's sake, Laplace could not refuse.

Because Laplace was a Dragon General.

He could not refuse someone who wished to work for Dragon God-sama.

"Well... then come. Let's get ready."

Laplace said, forcing a smile on his face.



An underground cave in the depths of Dragon's Roar Mountain.

A place Laplace uses as one of the laboratories.

In it were many giant magic circles constructed of stone.

The entire cave was a giant magic tool.

In its depth, there was a girl.

Her body dipped in waters with a faint shine, her eyes closed, asleep.

"--- Then the saint overthrew the Demon King and returned to his beloved."

Laplace was sitting in front of her and speaking quietly.

A story from long ago.

A heroic tale of the Human World.

"Well, that's it for today."

When the story was over, Laplace slowly stood up.

"I'm heading to battle again.

You can't tell what Hitogami is thinking, but nothing good could come of it.

I must go now."

Laplace said, placing a hand over Rosterina, then slowly covering her sleeping pedestal with a transparent lid.

Laplace patted the lid as it became completely submerged with shining water.

"let's continue the story once i'm done. No worries, because no story is as miserable as those of Dragon World's."

Laplace said so and turned his heels.

"I'm going, take care..."

His footsteps fade with each step.

When Laplace left, the lights in the room began to fade.

Eventually the footsteps disappeared, and the room was engulfed in darkness.

Rostelina was unconscious.

But Laplace's story surely reached her, deep within her consciousness.

She would wait.

Waiting for the day when the arcane adjustments ends and she can help Laplace.

In the darkness, waiting.

Always, waiting...



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