

# **BOOKWORM DRAGON LORD**

## **---Prologue---**

I woke up and saw absolutely nothing. Adding to that, I felt like my head was floating in some kind of liquid. And I apparently could hardly move.

Okay... what the hell was happening? I clearly remember going to sleep last night. Okay... I drank a bit... well, a lot! It was quite a big occasion after all, it wasn't all days your little bro got married after all!

But for all that explained my current brain situation, it left out my sudden blindness and paralysis!

I vaguely heard of people waking up blind one day out of the blue. But it usually was due to one illness or another. Maybe something they did not detect and had no symptoms till it blinded you. It was rare but it could happen.

Only problem with that was, I was constantly monitored! And doctors would have seen that a mile away! I already have a pretty severe visual impairment, and I went to the doctors for a checkup to my eyes every now and then, so it was absolutely impossible this would happen to me without anyone noticing!

And what was up with my god damn movement?! Why could I barely move my arms and legs?!

I tried to trash around but all I got was just a heavy sensation of nausea and tiredness take over my body.

I lived alone so there was no way of anyone coming to my rescue from whatever this was at the moment. Hell, it was a Sunday today, and I needed to get back to work on Monday! All I could hope was for someone from the family checking up on me and finding me not

answering the phone alarming... yeah, that was not going to happen unless whatever this was lasted for more than half a day!

I sincerely hoped that would not be the case. One thing was for sure, as soon as whatever this ended, first thing I will do is book an appointment with a doctor!

I could hear my heartbeat getting faster. Well fuck! I was panicking! And who wouldn't?

Was this sleep paralysis?!

The thought came to my mind in that instant. I never experienced it in my entire life, though I heard of the creepy stories told by those who had an episode.

If that was the case, consider me officially creeped out! I saw no demons or other shit, but I surely wish I did! At least I would know I had not gone blind!

Okay, okay, I should concentrate on something else right now. I needed to calm down.

What did dad say? Yeah, steady deep breathing! That was it and it always worked ever since I was a child!

I tried to concentrate on my breathing... I felt dread washing over my entire body.

**I WAS NOT FUCKING BREATHING!**

And I could not fucking breath either!

If I tried to inhale air nothing would happen! It is so god damn weird of an experience! Like, breathing was something we did subconsciously since we are born! Its not like exercising a muscle! You just breathed normally! Like every other person in the world! And right now, it was like I forgot how to breath!

To say I was panicking by now would be an understatement.

I have no idea what the hell was happening anymore. Now that I concentrated my mind on it, I could not even feel my soft bed or blanket on me.

It was like I was floating in nothingness.

I had no idea how much time I remained like this, I only knew that a certain point my adrenaline must have exhausted my brain as I think I blacked out, though my being in that situation, I was not sure if I did black out or just stopped thinking all together at a point. And even if it did, I had no idea how long it had been since I first was in this situation.

It seemed like a lifetime already, but for all I know it may have been minutes, hours, or days. Time was such a fickle thing when you were deprived of your senses. By now I resigned myself to endure this and hope for the best.

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One, two, three, four, five...

No idea when I started, but at a certain point I just decided I would start counting. I think I initially thought it would be a good way to take track of time, but really, it was mostly a way to not go crazy in this weird hell I found myself in.

Was I dead?

To say that this question didn't cross my mind many times over since this started would be a lie.

I never truly believed in the afterlife. As a teenager I fancied myself a smartass due to not falling for the ‘propaganda’, but really, growing up I just realized that everyone believed what gave them comfort and there was no point in believing yourself superior due to stupid things such as this.

Though, if there really was a god that put me into this hell of an afterlife, fuck you! Fuck you with all my heart! Even if I went back and knew of your existence, I would still not pray a bastard who would put people through this just for not believing in them!

Wow... look at me... ranting to some god I just made up in my mind to somehow justify my situation!

Well, if I didn’t think I went crazy before, I certainly knew for sure that now...

I stopped my ranting as I felt it. Warmness, I felt warm, Jesus Christ riding a pogo stick! I felt warmth around my body!

I tried again to move my limbs, but all I could manage was a mere twitch of my fingers.

I wanted to cry, I wanted to cry so badly in happiness.

Just managing to slightly move each one of my fingers felt amazing, it felt reassuring.

That meant I had a body and wasn’t just an incorporeal consciousness floating around in the void.

I probably spent hours from there onward to twitch every finger I could feel.

I continued with my fading out of reality every once in a while, a sensation I associate more and more with sleeping.

I continued to exercise my fingers, now even managing to curling them slightly, I also regained some feeling over my feet which was great.

I found peace in these small victories and diligently continued to exercise. It was clear by now that I was no longer in my house and help would not come.

I had to stop whining and do something about this myself! It was no different from all the other challenges in life, be proactive and not a victim!

And so, time passed. I spent the days, or what I believe were days, exercising and using mathematics to not go crazy. Nothing serious, just some numbers to think about instead of contemplating my absolute misery.

One day I finally managed to move my neck, slowly but surely, I try to turn in a different direction from the one I have faced till this moment and my face promptly impact with something hard.

If I could, I would shout some profanities, not because it hurt, but because I just noticed how I am basically closed inside a god damn box! It's not a fucking surprise I can't see shit!

Well, at least now I knew I was not floating in the infinite void.

But now that I know I am inside something, well, I want to break the fuck out!

I lay with all my body against the wall I found and place my hand on it, trying to push, not having the strength to punch or do anything else really.

Needless to say, I got tired in a few minutes and begin to feel sleepy.

Maybe I should take a nap.

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Today I woke up like any other day, which meant in total darkness, but this time around I feel something different, something familiar, it took me just a moment to recognize what it was.

I was blinking. Yes, you heard it right, I was blinking, which meant I had functioning eyelids!

I proceeded to blink for the next minutes as I took relief in the regained ability, as minimal as it was, everything I regained was a victory by now, no matter how small or insignificant.

I was still laying against the wall I have tried to break through for countless days without success.

Knowing my luck, that thing would be made out of concrete for sure.

I brought my hand to the wall slowly, pushing against it.

Well, it seemed like the only victory I would get this day was the eyelids.

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The true change happened one day when I was just amusing myself using inequations from my second year in high school. All of a sudden, I felt like I was choking, which was strange since I never before took a breath since I arrived here.

My body began to twitch as the familiar sensation of needing to cough pervaded me.

Out of mere instinct I tried to do just that, I didn't have much success, but the feeling and twitching was becoming unbearable, with a pop something just broke and I spat out something only to subsequently take in all the air I could.

The sensation of air flowing through my lungs in a very long time shook me to my core, even more as the rhythmic breathing became a constant afterwards.

What I previously thought was my face now I could feel it being split in two, as if my mouth had remained closed till that very moment. Which very much could be the truth. God it felt so weird, as if someone just carved a mouth on your face, just without the pain.

Also, I almost forgot, but the pop sound I heard, which was probably my jaw opening, was the first sound I heard since arriving here, which meant I had ears and I have not gone deaf.

Now, if only I could get out of this damn box and check if I could see... that would be just the cherry on top.

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Well, if I ever saw him again, I would certainly thank my high school math professor, without him I would have already gone crazy. Not that I was a math enthusiast or anything, it just was the only thing I could think about without having another panic attack. I actually might have done more mathematic in my head than when I was in high school at this point.

Aaaand now I got distract in my ramblings and forgot at which point I was of the three factors equation. Fuck!

Out of instinct I pushed my head back in frustration only to hear a small crack as I impacted with the wall.

My eyes shot wide open, not that it changed anything in my visual capability.

Not knowing if I was just imagining things I pulled my head back and tried to slowly feel up the wall for any dents, no matter how small.

I used all my strength to roll over so that I was now facing the wall. That was quite exhausting in itself... Hey! Don't look at me like that! Imagine being stuck in a position for god only knew how long and then try to roll over all of a sudden!

I used my claws to trace the wall until I reached the point where my head hit.

There was a crack!

Sure, it was as big as my finger, but it was still a crack!

My heart sang in happiness as it began clawing with all the strength I could gather, which wasn't much, at the crack, oping to expand it with very little success.

Then an idea invaded my mind. Since it had been my head to crack it once, it would surely be able to do it again!

Using my hands as support, I positioned my head right above the crack before bringing it down with all the strength I could muster.

Verdict, it hurts like a bitch! But it god damn worked! The wall cracked more!

With freedom in mind, I could very much do this to the point of exhaustion.



I proceeded to pass the next minutes bashing my head against the wall. That motherfucker continued to crack without breaking!

In a desperate move I brought both hands on the crack and pushed down with my entire body.

And then I heard it, a loud crack sound, and I felt my finger go through.

I immediately moved my hands away, and much to my shock and astonishment, actual light came out of the tiny hole my finger created.

I felt like crying at the sole sight of the light. I wanted to scream in happiness at the thought of obtaining my much agonized freedom.

I just wanted to go home and return to my family.

With that objective in mind, I moved back against the opposite wall as I prepared to charge against the cracked wall in hope of breaking through.

After taking a deep breath and charged forward. Only thing I should have considered was, I wasn't used to using my feet to walk, even less run, anymore. So it didn't come as a surprise for me to trip on the first step and slam head first into the cracked wall.

With a loud crack and snap I felt something give out from under me and the next thing I knew, I was being blinded by light as frigid air ravaged my body.

I grunted, unfortunately what came out was more akin to a whine. God, I hope no one heard that, I totally sounded like a little bitch right there.

I waited lying on the ground exhausted for my eyes to get used to the light after an unknown number of weeks in complete darkness.

It took some time, but after a few minutes I could make out my surroundings.

Well more like the floor on which I was lying on.

Well, it looked very nice, like those floors you would see while visiting renaissance royal palaces, only more shiny like in Disney movies.

Well, that was all good, but I truly needed to know where I was, so I raised my gaze and-

**FUCKING EVERYTHING! IS THAT A FUCKING GIANT DRAGON?!**

I felt immediate liquid fear shoot up all my veins as my eyes meet the form of a giant light blue dragon not twenty meters from me. I immediately felt the need to hide back inside whatever I came out of, too bad the last half an hour of beating down a damn wall exhausted me to the point I doubt I would be able to stand up on my own.

The dragon moved closer as it bowed its head toward me. Oh god please no! I don't want to die! Not to a god damn dragon! Was I hallucinating? Was I high? I never took any drugs, so I have no idea how being high feels like!

To say I was frozen in fear would be an understatement I closed my eyes as I didn't want to see what happened next.

“You are an impatient one, I thought it would take another month at the very least for you to hatch, but here you are, clawing your way out of the shell, eager to explore the world... but that just won't do.”

The clearly female tone stunned me to the point that I just reopened my eyes, only to see the dragon's muzzle only a few centimeters from my head.

“Well, we should go and present you to your father.”

The dragon’s mouth moved, and the words flowed out much to my shock.

I didn’t even resist when the dragon opened her mouth and gently placed me in it before rising and marching away.

Well, my shocked stupor only lasted so much as my brain finally understood I was placed inside a dragon’s mouth. And like any normal person I began to flay my hands trying to escape that deathtrap.

Only thing was that, now that I could see, I could clearly detect the two not at all human-like limbs flaying in front of me.

I immediately stopped and looked down at what now were frontal limbs.

Light blue scaly skin in the place of soft pink one, four digits claws in the place of hands. I stared at them for a good two minutes, a single question repeating on loop in my dumbfounded brain.

WHAT THE FUCK?!

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I had yet to come to terms with what I had just witnessed when I was presented in front of an even bigger dragon than the female carrying me around in her mouth.

I would have called this an acid trip or a lucid dream, but the countless days I had spent in total darkness would beg to differ.

By now I lost any will to fight and was just accepting whatever was happening.

“He is small.”

The voice of the new dragon brought me back to reality. The female just set me down on the old ground.

“He broke out of his egg a whole month before he was meant to, what do you think?”

She rebutted as I still laid there hoping to sink in the floor and disappear.

“Humph! Whatever! Another son is another son, I will find an use for him.”

The clearly male dragon said with little care in his tone.

“He is your son, and you will name him!”

I heard the female growl dangerously.

“Mind your words Kilistran!”

The larger dragon roared making me curl up in a ball in fear.

I don't wanna die! I don't wanna die! I don't wanna die! I don't wanna die! I don't wanna die!

Silence reigned over the room as I prayed to whoever was listening for mercy.

“He will be named... Hejinmal, now take him out of my sight.”

Wait what?

Say that again.

For all I was panicking and almost wetted myself in fear my brain could still recognize that name fairly well.

I looked up, the two giant dragons hovering over me.

Blue scales, blue eyes, living inside a castle, the name Hejinmal.

Oh no! FUCK NO! WHAT IS THIS ISEKAI SHIT!?! I WILL NOT STAND BEING REINCARNATED IN FUCKING OVERLORD OF ALL FICTIONAL WORLDS!

I continued to rant inside my head even as the female dragon picked me up in her mouth and retreated.

LET ME GO I DEMAND TO FILL A COMPLAINT FORM! I DON'T WANNA BE HERE! WHOEVER DID THIS SEND ME BACK RIGHT NOW!

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This life was shit. I thought being a public worker for the state sucked? Well, that was far better than being a fucking frost dragon in a fictional world where the power imbalance was so great that the top 1% of strongest individuals went from dude who could blow up a house to dude who could alter the fucking rules of the world with an item from a videogame brought here by an asshole dragon!

And here I go rambling again! There was a reason why people told me to not stew in my thought for too long as I was inclined toward endless yapping almost as badly as that one bastard in Re:Zero.

Speaking of isekais, I reincarnated, yeah, that happened... and no, I am not yelling in my mind because that is all I did for the first week since I came out of my egg.

God, that is not a sentence I would have thought to ever need to utter, even if only in my mind.

I was also reincarnated in one of the worst worlds possible. The New World from Overlord. A world constantly invaded by hopeless nerds with a god complex and a devious sense of morality.

And to put the cherry on top of this pile of shit of a cake, I have been reborn as Hejinmal. Yeah, the fat shut-in useless dragon who literally wet himself the first time he met a foe. My future prospects looked so bright right now...

Well, only consolation was that I wasn't born as a peasant in Re-Estize, that would have been even worse! Between Eight Fingers, the useless nobles, and the future that awaited that kingdom at the hands of Satoru.

Yeah, I am calling that dude Satoru, Momonga is a mouthful and silly name, Ainz was kinda weird as well. Plus, I am used to calling people by their name, sue me.

And I am yapping again, aren't I? Talking to myself as if I had an audience... Jesus Christ I am already so fucked up in the head. Well, try spending weeks if not month in a confined, soundless, and dark place and then tell me how you come out mentally.

I looked down at my body. It was still so weird to see blue scales and claws where there were pink skin and fingers before. Also, having a tail was such a weird sensation. Moving it was similar to shaking your ass as a human, only difference was that said ass was more than one meter long.

I froze when I felt the body next to mine shift. Yeah, I forgot I was currently lying with Hejinmal's mother now. Well, she technically now was my mother as well, but I don't think I will be able to refer to her as such in my mind any time soon.

I missed my family, oh god did I miss it. I don't know how many times I cried myself to sleep in the last weeks. For what and who I left behind, I cried until I had no more tears to shed.

The only way I could distract myself from those grim thoughts was by focusing on the here and now. And that is what I did for the last couple of days.

I was reborn here, and if anyone believed I would just lay down and wait for good old Bone Daddy to get here and try to kill us all, well they would be severely mistaken.

If there was one race that could be considered overpowered in the New World, that race would be dragons.

Unfortunately, I was reincarnated in the only shown dragon family that did not have the slightest idea or potential for Wild Magic, and I also was the weakest among them apparently. So yeah, that sucked a lot.

One good thing I was going to exploit the hell out of, was the fact I remembered Hejinmal being more than 100 years old in canon. Which meant I would not have to worry about the Evil Deities and had time to prepare for when Nazarick arrived. Not that I planned to ever challenge those crazy overpowered fuckers, but I will need a good contingent to avoid meeting them at all.

For the time being my options were fairly limited, with the strength I possessed I could not do much.

I needed to understand at which point of the timeline I was born, just to know who was around and whose side I could join by the time Nazarick arrived.

Well, there were always the big players like Slane and Tsa, yeah, I don't remember the fucker's whole name, sue me!

Fluder should also be around as was Keeno... HOLY MOTHER OF GOD KEENO WAS ALREADY AROUND! SHE LIKE HAS ONE OF THE MOST OVERPOWERED TALENTS IN THE WORLD!

Though, considering she fought with the 13 heroes, it was possible she was affiliated with the Platinum 'daddy issues' Dragon Lord... no, that was not completely true, I remember that old lady necromancer saying that she had to forcefully recruit her to join Blue Rose in canon, meaning that Keeno probably went her own way once the 13 heroes disbanded.

Well, I already can cross out Slane, no way those human supremacists would ever let me join their side unless they planned to use me as a sacrificial pawn. Though having Zesshi on my side would have been incredibly good. Her and Keeno were probably the beings with most potential in the New World. The other Godkin of the Theocracy was probably powerful too, but he was far too young to hope to stand up against experienced beings like Zesshi and Keeno.

Joining Tsa didn't sound too bad on paper. It was unfortunate that he was hellbent on killing any Player or Yggdrasil being who arrived here. I remember some fans speculating he even stabbed in the back the Player who helped him against the Evil Deities. And if the giant asshole ever discovered my own origin he might just as well count me as a Player to be killed. No, definitely not joining that party!

Well, any normal fan in my position would say, fuck them all I am joining Nazarick! Yeah, that was like one of the worst ideas ever!

Those fuckers were psychopaths! Even if Hejinmal ended up as Aura's pet in canon, there was nothing stopping them from sending him to be skinned alive by Demiurge and then get healed and sent back like nothing happened, just to get a few materials for scrolls. Not counting they were spiraling out of control in the novels to the point I would not be surprised if they got blasted out of reality by a World Class Item by the end.



No, Nazarick was to be avoided, as was Slane and Tsa. They were all ticking bombs ready to blow up in a war that would make ashes out of the continent.

There was some sort of Council State in the north if I remembered well... some Dragon Lords were on the council too... oh crap, I think one of them was Tsa, so that is out, I guess...

I could always flee east and hope for the best among the demi-human nations. Though, there were never given details about what sort of shit was going on there.

Fuck! This was such a mess!

Maybe I just should put plans in the back of my mind for now. After all, there was one very important thing I should do before deciding on any plans. Something that would ensure my safety for the foreseeable future.

Getting stronger. Strength was everything in the New World, no matter what you wanted to do or who you wanted to be, if you had the power to do it you could, if you hadn't you couldn't.

I was born with good genes and a safe environment where the most threatening thing was a giant mole. I had time to study and train. Yes, I will figure out a plan while I do that.

Speaking of which, I should try and exercise my walking skills. I stood up on all fours, it was still so weird. As a human, walking like this would be uncomfortable as all hell, but that was because our bodies were not designed for it. A dragon instead was meant to be on all fours and so it felt like I was just walking, I just had four legs instead of two.

I circled around Hejinmal's sleeping mother as silently as I could, not that my body could make much sound, though I had no intention

of incurring in her wrath like one of my new step-siblings who ended up getting a beating after waking her up by accident.

I put a claw in front of the other, getting adjusted to my new weight. I opened my mouth letting my tongue explore my growing teeth, the sheer number I had was quite astonishing, I think I had three times the amount a normal human would have, it was a lucky thing I didn't need to brush them anymore.

I had spent a month outside my egg and I was yet to start growing teeth, I could feel the pointy ends in my gums but all food till now was food Hejinmal's mother had to chew and then pass to me.

And yes, it was as disgusting as it sounded. I almost vomited the first time I was famished enough to give in. Only thing stopping me was the fact my pain would have been for nothing if I threw it up.

My Italian soul cried out in agony at the sole thought of what I have done. As used as I was at cooking delicious food, passing from the peak of cuisine to chewed raw meat had been the greatest of pains after losing my family.

“How many times I have to tell you, do not wander around without my supervision.”

I froze as I heard the voice of Hejinmal's mother call from behind me. I didn't even have the time to turn around before I was grabbed by her mouth and brought back to the nest.

“Maybe you are just hungry.”

She mused before placing a piece of raw meat in front of me much to my growing dread.

“Come on, eat up.”

She ordered. I hesitated and just looked away feeling bile rise up in my stomach at the sole thought.

“Oh, I forgot, you can’t do it yourself just yet.”

She moved down opening her mouth.

OH GOD PLEASE NO! SOMEONE SAVE ME!

---XxXxXxXxXxXxX---

Character sheet:

Name: Hejinmal

Title: None

Job: None

Residence: Feo Berkana’s Royal Palace

Karma: 0 (Utterly Neutral)

Racial Levels:

- Dragonling (1)

Job Levels:

- None

Hobbies: Reading, writing, cooking.

**A.N.**

**Well, would you like this to be a story? I put up a poll for it if you feel like voting. No schedule, I will update when I feel like it.**

**My first ever attempt at writing a SI, or writing in a first person narration. That has been an experience for sure.**

**No idea how I did so feedback would be greatly appreciated.**

**Also, yes, the self-insert is veeery loosely based on myself, but do not take any of his statements as mine. That is not who I am, there are only a few similarities, just to set him up properly. And yes, for those who did not know, I am Italian, and so now we have an Italian dragon stuck in the world of Overlord as Hejinmal.**