It hurts, it's hot, it's unbearable.

I should have felt no pain, but the pain went through my body.

The heat was supposed to mean nothing to me, but now I felt like I was about to melt in the unbearable heat.

And then there is the bitterness that you first feel when you come into this world.

The sense of danger, as if my existence itself was going to disappear, stimulated my survival instincts.

However, I still haven't slowed the erosion.

I want to win.

To break this misery, to save Veldora.

Besides, I'm not alone right now.

With Ciel as a reliable partner.

 I'm going to devour the Storm Dragon and find Veldora's core from it.

This level of suffering is nothing at all as long as it is accomplished.

"Ciel, is that okay?”

<<Leave it to Me.>>

No problem.

After getting a solid answer, I expanded the erosion further.

What's holding me back is the energy that's swallowed up.

Normally this energy would be restored to my power, but it's not the same when the opponent is a “true dragon,” let alone my power, and this energy even begins to destroy my body.

The Dragon's Factor is so powerful that it's presumably not bound to anyone.

But the fact that the result was actually domination by the Emperor is a headache, but now is not the time to complain.

Whenever a part of one's body is annihilated, 'infinite regeneration' creates a new body again. That is, by this practice, the energy that is eaten is forcibly absorbed away.

Granted, it's simpler to just throw that energy away, but that's not going to work. If you don't analyze it properly with the Analytical Identification, there is a risk of harming the core of Veldora's heart.

It doesn't get any more troublesome than that, but it's still the best thing to do.

This was the conclusion reached in consultation with Ciel, and all that remained was to repeat the whole operation.

I gave up thinking to continue with my homework.

Time is running out and the object is too big. An uneasiness arose in the mind as to whether it would be possible to make it in time, but I trusted Ciel.

It must be possible to make it in time.

<<I have a few other parsing assignments I've been doing as I'm busy. Do you want to hear them?>>

“……………”

I mean, what the hell is it with you!?

What are you doing while I endure the pain!?

<<What is being done is an 'analytic identification' of the power of Velgrynd. I studied the scorch dragon’s accelerated excitation, which was isolated in the infinite space, and mastered the laws of it.>> ……No, no, no, that's not what I'm asking—what I'm asking—to master it!?

 <<Although the reproduction of power has failed, it is possible to develop similar skills.>> That’s too much of a stretch, Ciel.

It seems better to think of it as her being able to read the content of my superficial mental activity at any time.

In the future, it's better to focus your consciousness on the psychological defense walls before thinking about issues in the deep psychological realm.

Having said that, it's not a bad thing to be able to imitate Velgrynd's must-kill technique.

It's impossible to reproduce the ultimate skill just by looking at it…

No, wait?

What else has been analyzed?

I became a little afraid to ask, but I asked straight out.

"What else has been analyzed?”

Ciel started to answer as if she had waited a long time for me to ask this.

<<Yes! The parsing of the roar of destruction is also over. After that, it's possible to use some of the leftover 'King of the Storm' to create this skill.>> Wait, wait, wait!!!

Isn't this the big report that will blow away all the pain I'm feeling right now!?

The kind of analysis that felt super difficult just to listen to, and was actually done in the blink of an eye, that's just too incredible…

<<No, it's true. And then it doesn't really matter, it's just a matter of starting now!>> The involuntary superficial psychological feeling is immediately reciprocated.

But…never mind. There's no point in hiding it anyway.

Think about it for a moment and you'll be relieved.

The research power of the Storm King does remain with me. If you use this skill, it's not incredible to recreate the Roar of Destruction.

It's an awesome thing to be able to use a power skill, and I'm honestly kinda happy about it. Though taken aback, since it was Ciel who felt nothing was incredible anymore.

Thinking about it that way, the one thing that even Ciel thought was important, it was very concerning.

"What's the point?”

 <<The analysis of the "Storm Dragon" through "Predator" has been successfully completed. From now on, it has become possible to transform Lord Rimuru's body into the same as the True Dragon Race.

Should it be implemented?>>

……What?

Just now, did you throw out such a dangerous statement as an understatement?

To transform my body composition into the same species as Veldora?

Should it be implemented?—It’s over!

I've lost all understanding.

If my own understanding is correct, doesn't that mean I can become a True Dragon Race……?”

<<This Perception Is Right>>

Huh?

And say correctly—uh, I said you!

…Really, it can be done?

<<Of course! So, evolve into a 'True Dragon Race?’ YES/NO>> Hahahah…Hahahahah!…HAHAHAHAHAH!!!

I couldn't help but come in for three laughs.

At a time like this, I have to ask yes, no, and so on—I give orders while thinking about such boring things.

YES!

In an instant, all the pain I felt was gone.

Pain, heat, bitterness.

The Storm Dragon's ‘Dragon Spirit Aura’ is no longer effective against my new body. If you ask why, it's because I can also use the Dragon Spirit Fighting Qi.

That said, the current me just needs to keep eating energy to increase.

The amount of my mana became more and more massive, increasing at such a rate that one was even concerned that if it continued, it would swell to the point of being uncontrollable enough to storm out.

<<No Problem. I will manage it perfectly.>>

Also.

With Ciel around, there's no need to worry about that at all.

After becoming a True Dragon Species, my amount of mana was finally comparable to that of Veldora.

 Then, the limit was pushed.

Here I am, reborn as a new “true dragon species".

From the time this state of affairs was put on hold, there was a fatal delay in the response of the "storm dragon" (body).

Allowing me to evolve into a "dragon species", the "storm dragon's" delay in responding to this state of affairs was fatal.

"Success, Rimuru! It's surprising that you've become a True Dragon Race, but I was right about you all along—Kuahahahahaha!"

Veldora boasted of victory, sounding as if he wasn't too surprised by the tone.

‘You were bred by me’—in spite of his tone, it goes without saying that the answer to the question of what Veldora had sent on this occasion was none.

Also, it's too early to celebrate the victory.

The exact location of the most critical core nucleus of Veldora's heart is unknown.

That's why I started the last step.

"Come on, let's get this over with!”

It's unforgivable that you would call yourself my favorite "storm dragon".

"Devour it all…the King of Gluttony...!

In obedience to my command, the King of Gluttony devoured the Storm Dragon.

With a cheerful feeling.

And, still, at an alarming rate.

A completely different, completely one-way progression than it had been so far.

The devourer and the devoured.

It is almost like the factual reproduction of the law of the weak and the strong…

The curtain came down quietly on the heroic battle.

With the evolution of a creature and the birth of a being, a higher realm is reached.

The dazzling glow of the energy residue that leaked out filled the surroundings.

That is the light of blessing.

Celebrating the birth of a new “true dragon seed".

 My old body, which failed to transform into the Dragon Seed, emits light when it is transformed into pure energy.

Even this residue, turned into grain, was absorbed by me and disappeared.

And just like that, I accomplished my purpose in flawless form.

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 After the light faded, only an unidentified lifeform remained there.

Veldora disappeared.

Eaten by the Slime, the Demon Lord Rimuru, Velgrynd realizes this.

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According to the investigation, Rimuru was said to have been born from the magical deposits leaked from Veldora, but Rimuru devoured all of the Storm Dragon like his parents and transformed himself into the fifth True Dragon Race: Ultimate Slime (Viscous Dragonic-Demonic Star God Body).

The Slime, immediately after, began to take on a human form.

A knife was held in his hand and he was not wearing any clothing.

The age looks to be about fifteen to sixteen years old.

A height of only 160cm or so is not too much to describe as petite. However, the amount of mana contained within it rivals and even exceeds that of Veldora.

The golden pupils seem to see through everything, slender and beautiful.

The silvery hair was laced with a hint of freshwater, giving off a moon white glow.

Without gender, the looks are better described as cute than beautiful. However, the divine atmosphere that wrapped around its body still elevated that appearance to the realm of beauty.

The dazzling white skin was enveloped in a demonic aura mixed with black and gold.

Rimuru seemed to mutter something in displeasure, and the demonic aura that covered his body changed into a pitch-black full-body suit that could give off a divine aura.

It seems that the demon race is using the 'material creation' that they are good at, to make the appearance of clothes for their physicalization. Even if it was just using the mana that leaked out of itself, the black clothes that were created were equipment whose strength was deep and bottomless.

Rimuru took the next step to suppress his excess energy perfectly, then revealed a smile as if finally satisfied.

Velgrynd witnessed it all while in captivity.

 From halfway through, the energy transfer stops.

Unable to believe what was happening before her eyes, she sank into a daze.

The battle between her brother, the Storm Dragon, and the Demon Lord should have been overwhelmingly in Veldora's favour, but it was absolutely impossible to be overwhelmed in return.

If that were to happen, it would mean that both parties were in fact "on the same level" from the very beginning…

 By chance? Could it be that…that Slime, was really just born there by chance in Veldora!?

Velgrynd, plunged into the sea of thought, finally arrived at this startled answer. However, she could not easily admit such things.

And that's par for the course.

The magical creature that was born by chance to the True Dragon Seed happens to hold a "soul" that can adapt to the Dragon Factor.

If the other party is really the fifth True Dragon Race, it can be called the existence of a brother.

However, Rimuru had evolved into the Dragon Race by eating Veldora, and to call such a being a True Dragon Race was something Velgrynd could never agree with.

If she may say so, it's something else very similar to the Dragon Race.

Velgrynd would never identify with such an unpleasant existence, nor would she want to.

He had to be wiped out while he was at it—Velgrynd’s instincts were speaking thus.

Also, one must avenge one's brother.

Veldora, to Velgrynd, was a sweet little brother.

Although Veldora was an arrogant and brash presence, very much a distracting one, his freedom was also envied. Though Velgrynd intends to use him as a pawn, that is an insignificant amount of years compared to the dragon's long life span.

Velgrynd dispelled this thought even less so, thinking only of liberating her brother once it was over.

It's supposed to be like this…

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Understanding, Veldora was swallowed up before her own eyes in a moment when Velgrynd’s sanity was blown away with rage.

"How dare you…take my lovely brother—!!”

 Velgrynd let out an angry snarl.

Two hundred seconds had passed and the Heat Break Prison shattered and dissipated.

The Scorch Dragon, which has put aside her reasoning to protect herself, has shown hostility towards Rimuru…

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