Child of Jörmungandr

by Download077

Summary

So, you’ve went from 250 square feet of suck to Nazarick. Freakin’ Nazarick. The guardians adore you, wait, no, they worship you. Momonga can’t stand you sometimes but damn it all if he doesn’t love you like a sibling.

The rest? Well, my child, that is for you to find out.

This is your story, after all.

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Hello lovely readers. In brief, I hope you take the time to look over this short summary before continuing to read this story.

When I first started COJ I had no idea what I was doing. Yep, I said it. Really? I just knew that I had a story in my head that I wanted to bring to life. Now, almost a year later, I am taking the time to go back through my story and rewrite scenes/chapters that I believe are in desperate need of some updated attention. After all, this story is a work in progress.

Moving forward the plot will not change. Scenes added will not interfere with the story but enhance it. It is my hopes to give this story the polish it deserves so that my earlier chapters can match the punch/style that my later chapters possess. Also, just to tighten things up overall and add some goodies that I have wanted for this story all along.

In closing this story is currently under construction, as I believe all WIPS are. Now then, I would like to leave you all with this last tid bit of wisdom before I wrap this up. To my fellow writers - Write what you want to write. Listen to your heart. Only you can tell your story.

..And Child of Jörmungandr is the story I want to tell.

Cö

Chapter one

Good tidings

You have saved enough money by penny pinching every nickel and dime you think you have ever had to your name. Scrounging enough for the surgery alone was a trial in and of itself, after all. That and you are pretty sure that your hair will always find a way to get caught in that auxiliary port in the curve of your neck. Could they really have picked a less convenient place?

One down; One to go.

The hardware to run the DMMO-RPG Yggdrasil.

Who knew a free to play game would need to operate on such ridiculous specs?

Damn it all if the graphics aren't some of the cleanest on the market, though. Free to play or not, the devs certainly did not skip a beat on making the game freakin’ beautiful.
Needless to say your boss was more than welcoming of your offer for over time. Thank god. There were always pictures to edit, orders to submit, and employees that needed to learn the ropes.

The last eight years bleed together with little excitement. Time in between work and sleep is either spent researching the current meta in Yggdrasil, playing the latest non DMMO-RPG craze, or indulging yourself in flipping through TV channels at breakneck speed.

*Nyoom.*

The helmet required for Yggdrasil and your new rig is chunky and fits lopsided atop your head. You have found that you need to wear your hair up in a ponytail if it is going to fit right.

Stubborn thing.

At least the visor is aesthetically pleasing. It is sleek and the texture is oily as you squeak your thumb over the shaded plexiglass. You loop the silvery cord around your finger a few times before sliding it into the port in your neck. A smile overtakes you as Yggdrasil begins to boot up for the first time. Your visor hums as it comes to life while you take a moment to adjust to the dive assuming influence over your body. Kinda makes you feel light headed.

Water trickles in the distance as tree branches scrape against one another. Leaves rustle. You startle as a clap of thunder *actually* shakes your body. One by one nine spheres pop into existence and begin to carousel around a tree that begins to fade into view. Dots of pink, green, and powder blue lights giggle as they dart up and into the canopy of the tree. Circling the trunk dwarves strike pickaxes at mining outcrops. Dragons breathe fire across the sky.

Carving themselves into the tree the letters *Y-G-G* and you know the rest crack into being as they split the bark.

"Oh man," you release a breath you didn’t know you were holding. “Here we go..”

As the main update hits, preparing your mind, body, and hell if you even have a soul but it is on board for the ride, you let eight years of pent up pining take you. Finally! It has been entirely too long, right?! Funny enough, for awhile you feared that the long wait could have been a mood killer. That it could have somehow sullied this experience.

You’re just now logging in a quarter past three in the morning.

Sweaty palms and a grin better saved for amusement parks say otherwise.

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Your eyes are sunken and pretty much ready to spill out of their sockets. Your mouth is cotton dry and the left side of your jaw is sore from where you have been grinding your teeth in frustration. Either the game is complicated and the tutorial is hidden due to the Japanese to English translation, or.....

You are not as smart as you like to think you are. Ouchies.
While fumbling about you decide it best to log off and do some further research. You thought you knew the game buut apparently you don't. Even through the years of reading about Yggdrasil the actual game itself is foreign to you. After enough time scouring the internet and using a translator an embarrassing amount of times you have discovered that you can substitute swiping your hand in the air like a maniac for a mouse and keyboard. You decide to use this until you are comfortable with learning the proper physical motions and where all the buttons are located on your HUD. It is all a bit strange and feels like you are trying to flip a piece of bacon with a set of six foot long tongs. For awhile everything feels far away from you, however, you get used to it.

Hmm...Fingers dance atop your mouse as you hum to yourself. You lean back in your swivel chair. A brief wave of vertigo sends your mind into a spin as you slowly wave from side to side. Adjusting to diving is going to take some time, but you think things will get better when you have your avatar. Right now you're just kinda hovering in a black pocket with a bunch of options. Flipping through the many text logs and prompts you find yourself before the character creator module. Huh. Well, what do you do?

Typically you choose support, so why not go with what you know?

Tanks are totally rad as well. Yggdrasil is well known for it's endless possibilities in customization.

DPS maybe? Nah, too much effort. Damage needs to be dealt in order for it to work, and your hit scan abilities are trash. A wince tugs at your lips as you recall some of your earlier years in trying to get into competitive gaming. You uh, learned pretty quickly that you are better suited in a supporting role.

Oh, why not a support tank hybrid?

You had just read an article on some new classes the game released with its newest DLC.

Check box, completed with a chipper brrrrring in affirmation.

Bingo! Starting job class acquired.

Username?

Just go with what you always use. Same gamertag you made up for that crafting game Trials of evolution; Ascension.

You have been called that name so much in old game chats and channels that you have almost signed it on government and job documents.

Artorian.

Feels natural and fitting to carry on the legacy. The name is also hella dope.

Wait, did you just put that information where you were supposed to put your actual name?

...Great.

Well, looks like your real name is now your username and your username is your real name.

You have already come this far; Screw it. Shrugging a shoulder you decide to just keep things they way they are.

Now then....
Human, Demi Human, Or Heteromorph?

Humans and Demi Humans undoubtedly have the advantage in your opinion. In player versus player they receive no penalty when PKing Heteromorphs, as well as they can load up on job classes. This makes them versatile, deadly, and undeniably the popular choice among players.

Heteromorphs however can stack up on a plethora of racials and still have a respectable foot in job classes. They allow for min max power builds and have some wicked creative avatar options at the cost of being a high price target. Heteromorphs are headhunted due to the nature of how Human and Demi Human's unlock the rarer of their job classes. Bag the right Heteromorph and suddenly you're taken from a paladin to an arch angel.

You can most likely hide out in Helheim if you decide to pick Heteromorphic. The valley's of graveyards and black skies are notoriously known for being a haven to the lesser chosen of the three races. That and with the rapidly dwindling number of players as Yggdrasil grows in age you can slip under their radar. You can power level and grind with minimal effort, and maybe you will be lucky enough to tag team along side others at the player hot spots. Sure you are joining late, but there are bound to be other newbies, right?

Customization has always been your thing as a graphics artist. You knew going into this you would most likely be choosing Heteromorphic. How can you not? They're really cool and can have different forms and can have all kinds of limbs and you could be a slime or you could...Okay. Yeah, it's the obvious choice. It's the neon blue cupcake in the bakers dozen of vanilla cream. Sure, vanilla cream is good, but come on. It's a neon blue cupcake of course it's the best.

However, a sense of hesitation sweeps across your heart as you tease your selection over the letters spelling out the race. Are you absolutely sure this is what you want? You're only allowed one character per account and IP address. Filling your lungs on a long inhale you nod your head. A shriek of purple fire shoots up in a column before curling around your cursor. Dark laughter echoes on the summon of a click as you make your decision. A snicker catches in your throat. Okay, yeah. That was totally awesome. Wonder what the animation is for the other races?

A yawn tickles the roof of your mouth. You were sure you had this all figured out. How many nights have you stayed up plotting out pretend builds?

At least you are here now. Finally.

There is one last thing to do before you can start this crazy thing, however.

Avatar?

Oh yeah. The best part. Time for some much needed wish fulfillment!

Pretty cool that your starting job class and racial lets you get away with a more humanoid design.

Sneaky sneaky.

You make her small. Supports need a tiny hit box, after all. Nothing made you grin wider than slipping through a barrage of bullets as the enemy team raked their mind as to how you haven't been punched into a red mist from the assault. Sigh, the good old days. Even if Yggdrasil was the end goal? You still enjoyed countless hours of fun on games like Fate, The divide, and Cover fire.

You decide to have some liberal fun. While work might not allow for vibrant hair colors video games certainly will. With a predetermined color palette in mind you begin to paint her design. Scarlet hair that has that sense of whimsy you have craved for yourself tumbles down her back. Lips lifting in a
smirk as you slide your cursor over the bottom of her hair you eye a different color, and hey, why not?

You splash the ends of her hair blue. Moving along you dye her eyes green, sliding your cursor around until you get the hue you're after. While filling in her sclera with a shade of green leaning more towards yellow so that her iris's really pop you start to register that this is going to be you. You pause to smile.

Her cheeks you pepper with scales that match the blues of her hair. You spend a ludicrous amount of time sprinkling the little guys down her neck, across the lower reaches of her stomach, embellishing her as if you were going to turn her in as a graduate thesis on character design. You would really like to dot them up and around her crotch, but Yggdrasil is one of those 'no lewds allowed' content games.

Goodie two shoe'd Puritan's.

Her tail needs to be longer and stout that way it will be ideal for close combat. Same shade of blue as her scales, although purple would have been a nice touch. Eh, pick a theme and stick with it. The ashen horns that peek through her hair are not necessary at this level, but with proper spells and some unique job class placement they could prove useful later. Right now, however, the only purpose they serve is cosmetic.

You can not design her wings yet. Those unlock once you reach the appropriate levels in your racials. That and they can change based off of what other job classes you choose as you level up. There is an insane amount of decisions you can make later if you decide to venture out and go wild with your build instead of sticking in your lane. Wings that sprout from your hips, wings on your ankles, feathers, wings made of freakin' fire.

You over look her for almost as much time it took to build her. After finding one scale that was too close to the other you got paranoid and this incited a full body scan for others like it. You just want to make sure she is what you want to be. You only get to do this once. If she is to be the body you take charge of she should be what you want her to be.

Fuck it! She is awesome, let's do this. You rush to the bottom right of your screen with a flick of your wrist, rapidly tapping at your mouse to get things started. Your vision tunnels into a blur as you are thrust into a new body. A cold gasp echoes between your ears. Gold flashes over your eyes before crawling back with a hushed whisper to reveal the barren lands of Helheim.

From the top of a balding tree an undead raven's throaty caw breaks the silence. Shadows creep along the dirt. Sheets of mist slide through the air. Bones rattle and--wait, what?

You glance over your shoulder to see a collection of skeletal rats leaping over terrain and charging towards you! Holy shit, already?! Glancing towards your gauntlets, okay, cool, starters armor, you flex your fingers. It really feels like you! Quickly, you assess just what you have on you and as expected it is really not much. Armor, one health potion, rusted sword, and a pouch for items.

You grip your sword by it's hilt as the rats close in. They can't be too high in level, they're just rats, so as you unsheathe your sword and your HUD flashes red in entering combat mode you begin to squeal with laughter.

This is it, this is finally it! Time to role play the shit out of this! You spent enough of your hard earned money and valuable time to get here, so you are going to live it for all that it is worth.
Well. Well well well.

You are questioning your investment because...

You hate this game! What the hell? Are people seriously just out to be assholes?! What is that saying again, 'Absolute power corrupts absolutely'? Well, it's true, because level sixty and up players have been tirelessly player killing you for the last three months. Honestly? It was not so bad at first. Reaching level fifteen to be set back to five was not a huge loss. Sure, yeah, it was a pain to lose some valuable drops. You secretly wondered if on top of the no penalty for killing heteromorphs the devs snuck in a higher percentage for heteromorphs on the drop rate of forfeiting their rarer gear over the common stuff when getting killed. Pfft, figures.

But now as you are sprinting for your life while clutching a rare drop Gem of Helheim you are something beyond pissed off. Ugh, that and why didn't you put more into agility? You can practically feel this dude breathing down your neck. How are you even supposed to get anything done?! One minute, you're farming some imps, the next you get a rare drop and hell yes! After that? This asshole. Again. It's like they've got an extra sense or something. They can smell it.

You barely have time to catch his level before he swipes his halberd, catching your ankle with a clang of his weapon against your armor. Shit! The metal screeches as you tumble forward with a dodge roll, a puff of ash scattering as you fall. Your back smacks against a boulder as your HUD flashes red like it's a damn disco ball. Your health is low.

An emote with a blurred out finger springs up above your head. You flash him a few because you don't know what else to do. He's got you by the short and curlies.

Idiot brands your mind when he sends the same emote back. Only his? His has a little firework on top. Because of course it does! He is level seventy six player and you are level twenty two. As his halberd slips through your hands and sinks into your chest piece once more you make the decision to fucking quit this game.

Fuck it, you are done. As soon as the re-spawn screen hits you are logging out for the night and uninstalling this free to play bull shit. These players all have years of experience on you. You thought it was enough to know the game in and out via forum lurking, but you were wrong. You should have started when Yggdrasil first launched if you wanted a balanced and fair fight.

Hell, you do not even want to fight! You were just farming some low mob spawns for drops! Just giddy as can be as you killed and force spawned the same cluster of imps for the necklace you finally have. Which, has no value to this guy. To you? It means higher special and physical defense against Demi human and humans. A nice token of Helheims drop list, and one of the sought after drops for low level heteromorphs first starting out.

Not like it could save you.

[Grasp heart]
Your HUD rattles. The red alarm flashing across your screen subsides as slick tentacles consume your status bars and stretch towards the middle of your screen. You reach up a splayed palm to blast a status effect spell his way now that you have a chance and...Gulping, you cancel your spell, muted as a hand devoid of flesh slides into the rogues armor as if he were nothing more than tissue paper. There is no give as the hand reaches it's prize and gives a lethargic tug.

The heart within the undeads hand pulses wildly, followed out of the rogue's chest by threads of clinging veins. Seemingly tired, bored even, the hand closes. Caught in the trap the heart implodes on a wet crunch, showering into thick chunks. The blood slides free from the user as he shakes away the mess with nothing more than an irritated sigh.

The level seventy six falls to the floor with a sloppy shudder of his armor. The vulgar emote with attached sparkler is spammed as his health drops to zero, his body convulsing until it fizzles into dancing motes of fading light. You spam the emote back. *Haha.*

Pausing on the seventh press of your emoticon screen, you find it best to maybe stop and turn your attention to what you really should be paying attention too. Yggdrasil might not permit users to feel climate or the effects of in-game status modifiers, but you know that when looking at the player before you that you feel cold. A shiver tickles your spine as your eyes dart over the heteromorph in front of you.

Yep, you are mega screwed. This isn't just some player.

Pinprick red eyes hover over your figure. Shit, skeleton mage. He is easily twice, possibly three times your height and adorned in some sweet lookin' gear. Dark robes, hands fully loaded with glittering rings, and some rare looking item fit between his ribs that you've never seen before. It pulses red with energy every few seconds. Wicked cool animation, no way that's just...

[100] floats above the players head.

...Level 100?!

Yeah, this settles it. It is time to log out. You mutter under your breathe as you hover over the log out screen with a swipe of your hand, and of course its blurred out. Damn, you can't leave Yggdrasil while in active combat unless you force eject. There's also a penalty you incur on force ejecting, but whatever. It's just gold, and it's not like you care, fuck this, you reach your hand back outside of the game as you make ready to literally pull the plug.

Bye.

"Are you alright?" Pause. Hold up. Your wide eyes meet his as your fingers begin to wrap around your auxiliary cord. Your avatar might have let slip a chuckle if facial reactions were integrated into Yggdrasil. Haha, damn, his voice sounds nothing like it should! It's young, a little dorky, and oddly endearing.

"Y-Yeah...I think I'm okay," You eye him, giving him a quick once over, consumed with the thought that he's either toying with you or...

He raises the same hand up that he used to PK that jerk from just a few moments ago. His robes pool over his wrist as he gestures, a small smiley face popping up as a well known sign of good intent. Your wash of paranoia falters in favor of some much needed relief, finally, someone that doesn't suck!

"Good to hear. That level seventy six was rather uncouth, wasn't he? It is frowned upon in the
current state of the game to run around and kill beginners just for the sport of it." He says as he slides a thin ring onto his pinkie finger. Your HUD breathes as it expands, the black and wiggling tentacles seizing up and shooting to the outer reaches of your screen. They dissolve with a few slick and wet pops, leaving your HUD and status bars clear and in view once more.

"My apologies," He breathes, "I have a passive skill that inflicts [Fear] on anything under level sixty. It allows me to move freely through different mobs and dungeons when I need to farm for basic materials and alchemical requirements." His sentence ends with another emote, a smiley face with an apologetic tear drop.

Cute.

"No no, really, it's okay! Honestly I can't thank you enough," You make to stand, using the boulder behind you for support. "If that guy would have killed me it would have been my third death today--" Before you can say more Momonga's hand reaches towards you, fingers wrapping around the halberd in your chest. You shake your head no as he slides it out of your armor, tossing it away and to the side. You do not want it, and neither does he it seems.

The halberd is useless to Momonga at his level, and you could not equip it even if you wanted too. Funny that the Rogue seemingly dropped his most valuable weapon over something basic.

RNG is a bitch.

Teehee.

"Your third death today?" There is a rupture of static as he speaks through his mic, the feedback screeching for a moment. He holds a hand up apologetically, and you wave him off as if to say 'Hey, it happens to us all.'

"Yeahhh...Third death, I know." Leaning against the rock you belt out a sigh. You almost tell him that you once made it to level fifty nine and then within three days you were hunted down to level four. However, you do have some pride, you are not entirely shameless.

"...Why did you help me?" Who are you to ask him why? He does not owe you an explanation, and yet here you are poking at him. Your gut twists in a few uncomfortable knots as you dart your eyes away.

"Ah. You reminded me of someone," Momonga shrugs, "I was feeling a tad nostalgic."

You shoot a glance back his way as he reaches his hand forward, fingers curling back a few times as he gestures his way. You place your hand in his for a handshake as he chuckles.

"Saving someone in trouble is common sense," A smiley emote springs above his user name and level. You shake his hand, and although it is a rather pathetic attempt of showcasing gratitude it's all you've got at the moment.

"Um..Thank you, by the way. I really appreciate you getting involved and lending me a hand. I wish there was a way I could repay you..buuut you and I are kinda far apart in skill." You run a hand over the small plume on your helmet, scratching back and forth. "I don't think there's anyway I can repay you other than to say thanks."

"Think nothing of it. Not to be rude, this is just an observation. From the way you fought earlier it is safe to surmise that you are not formidable at front line combat." Well yeah, no shit. You nod as your ego shrivels into a raisin.
"Healer?" He asks.

"Kinda. More of a hybrid class. Something spliced between Tank and Main Support." You say while putting away your Gem of Helheim. A quick hand forward into your item box, slipping away your new piece of equipment in the swirling void. Just as Momonga speaks your inventory disappears with a wet *pop!*

"Why did you make the choice of being Heteromorphic on top of a support build? I am sure you have learned that is is exceedingly difficult to level up without the added nuance of Heteromorphic player killers." He rests his hands at his sides, robes flowing in the breeze.

"I've wanted to play Yggdrasil for a long time...," You belt out a sigh. "A really long time." Both hands find rest on the boulder behind you, fingers tapping the stone.

"...What first attracted me to the game outside of its full dive was the ability to customize and make whatever I wanted. That's...that's what was important to me, I guess. The heteromorphic race always caught my eye when I would read about it. I thought it was pretty freakin' cool. It offered the most to someone like me out of the three choices I could potentially make, ya know?" You finish with tapping in the air, summoning a shrugging emote.

Momonga allows himself to soften into his current circumstance. Why is he carrying on this conversation? He should have left some time ago. He did his part. However, something is keeping him here with this noob. Perhaps he is bored or just pities her. Surely it isn't that he is lonely. That is something he does not care to admit to himself at the moment.

Nevertheless it nets his mind in an all too familiar pain. Nazarick has fallen into a ceaseless slumber with only his footsteps to remind the tomb that it is still breathing. The glory days have ended. Now all that remains is general maintenance and some feeble hopes. It is silly to grant a notion to the thought that someone might login and want to relive a dungeon crawl. Trivial as time has passed that someone might answer one of his emails. Yet, even after all these years, hope clings to his bones.

He quite misses those times of great raids, late night farming, and those more often than not inappropriate round table discussions thanks to Peroroncino. A part of him still aches, a large part of him actually, for the thrill of requesting days off from work in preparation for the latest DLC. Hah! He and his guild mates would play until they were ready to fall out from underneath themselves.

Reasonably he can not hold contempt towards his cherished clan members for choosing their day to day lives over Yggdrasil. Alas, not everyone has the begrudging benefit of being a salary man with little in the way of caring what happens in his personal life. Nothing ever quite bound Momonga to the physical world like how he felt tied to Yggdrasil. It was a part of him. Here is where he had stamped his mark, forged a home, made a family. In Yggdrasil the decisions he had made had been without question his, here he is free, unable to be swallowed into the tug and pull of a world rife with corporate greed where he was simply nothing but a....Ah. His thoughts get the best of him.

Here he feels purpose. There is a reason, a higher understanding to his walk in life.

....Even if that reason was now only ever lingering on the back of spying into the past through rose tinted glasses and yearning to see the future mirrored that way.

Hm. Perhaps it is rude that he is simply standing here silent? Despite the predictable one sided
conversation that is about to ensue he halts his bitter nostalgia to address her as her tail digs into the ground below. She has carved out several infinity symbols, all glowing in bursts of orange from the smoldering of disrupted coal. Hm. Tabula would have appreciated this..

“I am making ready to conquer a level fifty dungeon. I will not guarantee that you will survive, however, if you do you may assume whatever I do not wish for myself. If you keep your head low and stick close you should do fine.”

The words spilled out before he even thought of them. Clearly this was not the plan! Why did he say that? Why rings through his head. He adventures alone! *Uwah*, he avoids players for situations specifically like this. Whenever he sees some hapless soul in need of assistance he can not help but think of his glory days and original guild leader. Ah, how he misses him. Truly he was one of the strongest players in Yggdrasil; The unmatched champion of Compliance with law.

Damn it, Touch. Confound your good nature and righteous influence!

Her tail lifts from decorating the ground and jerks into a rattle. Clasping her hands together as blue light bounces off of the scales that pepper her cheeks she steps forward. “Dude are you serious?!”

An emote with a surprised face springs to life above her head, immediately followed by a spam of familiar smiley faces. Momonga strangles back a groan. She is such a noob...

Before Momonga can hope to respond she cuts him off as she says, “That would be incredible! I-I’ve never even been in a dungeon! Thank you so much!”

He stifles another groan. Fortunately Yggdrasil does not possess the necessary technology to emulate expressions.

Clearly, he is too nice. Left hand cradling his face Momonga reflects on how this might not have been his best course of action. A part of him warms, however, knowing that a similar situation changed the course of his life eight years ago. The student had become the teacher. What a cruel sense of irony.

Ah. Damn it once again, Touch. What would Ulbert think? Hm, actually, he knows *exactly* what Ulbert would think.

*Uwah.*

Well...it was only one dungeon, after all. One measly dungeon would not hurt, right?

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Thank you for your Kudos, Bookmarks, and Comments!

^_^*°•.˜*°• Check out my Tumblr for updates/artwork/asks relating to this Fan Fiction. Asks are always open!

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Tumblr

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A writer is a writer not because she writes well and easily, because she has amazing talent, or because everything she does is golden. A writer is a writer because, even when there is no hope, even when nothing you do shows any signs of promise, you keep writing anyway.

"Junot Diaz, Professor of writing."
*Room for one more*

[C]

Chapter two

Room for one more

:-Broadcast:-

[GM Message]

October 22nd, 2138AD.

DMMO-RPG Yggdrasil will close all online servers at midnight pst. We would like to thank you all for your time, care, and support.

Farvel Vare Kamerater.

[End GM Message]

It's not fair!

You had heard rumors of Yggdrasil’s shutdown, but had never believed any of them! A game like Yggdrasil, ending? Really?! You just gummed it all up to click bait and gamer gossip. However, here you are on the last day, sitting across from the guild master of Ainz Ooal Gown, on what seems to be the precipice of Ragnarok itself.

The real kick in the teeth? No one else has logged in save for you and Momonga to bid Yggdrasil a final goodbye.

They didn't care when they left, what made you think they would care now? You had some high
hopes of at least meeting a few of the guild's original members, but as the red timer in the bottom left of your HUD flashes down the final moments of Yggdrasil?

Yeah, they are not coming.

Rude.

They could have at least answered Momonga's email.?

Damn, poor bastard.

You watch with all knowing eyes and muted voice as Momonga slams his fist against the guild conference table. Several red zero damage numbers pop up in consequence. He's unintelligible in his muttering and you choose not to throw in a snarky bit of commentary. He is not in the mood for some informal banter.

And really? Neither are you.

Only a few grains of sand are left in the hour glass that is Yggdrasil, or better yet, Nazarick. This place has been your home away from home, hell, it has been your life for the last four years! Every day whether the sun rose or not, work or day off, you have been logged in grinding material, farming rare drops, and just enjoying the game for what it is.

Freedom. Yggdrasil was the first game of its kind as a DMMO-RPG that offered both casual and die hard fans a chance at how they wanted to experience the game. Yeah, it really was the end all be all of the sandbox genre.

Momonga's shoulders slump as he finishes going through the five stages of grief in all of about three minutes. You glance over and nod your head as he summons up a tear drop emoji. "Forgive me. This is just... quite troubling to me."

The sound of his defeated voice is damn near soul crushing. Why would he not feel like his world was ending, though? There is nothing he can do to salvage the twelve years of love, work, and sense of self that he has invested into Yggdrasil. There won't even be an offline mode...

You can empathize with him, proof in the leg bouncing up and down in your seat. Sure you have not put in the time he has, and yet? You kinda feel like you want to curl under the guild table like a pill bug and die.

What are you going to do? Yggdrasil has been everything to you for quite some time now. You may have only been playing for only a few years but you spent the majority of your early twenties busting your ass to save up the funds to afford the rig necessary to run Yggdrasil. You also kinda obsessed over web forums on the current meta, watched streamers crawl in dungeons, read developer commentary...

"I want to be alone for these last few moments. I need to walk around and make certain that I remember all of this as vividly as I can," Momonga's chair slides back without making a sound.

"Yeah, no worries. I uh, understand." You whisper, infusing a softness into your voice to give him the affirmation he needs. He's gone without another word, slipping through the guild conferences double doors like a phantom.

You lean forward as your elbows scratch against the table. A sigh echoes through your mic. You are not upset that he wants to be alone, you get it. He wants to soak up the sights of his castle like a sponge before it is all washed away by an ocean he can not command.
You scribble your finger into the table as if you could sign your name into its smooth surface as a final goodbye. That you just want to find a way to leave your mark. Leaning your head back you breathe out a sigh that shakes your visor. It may be an inappropriate time as Yggdrasil is about to bite the end, but since when has Nostalgia ever been a polite neighbor?

.Clearing dungeons with Momonga was a breeze. He walked through them like an unchallenged god would the planes of mortal men. A swing of his hand was like a tidal wave that drowned the impossible mobs that at the time you had no hopes of fighting against. His level one hundred was the pinnacle of all you hoped to accomplish.

That he helped you accomplish.

Somehow like a worm you wiggled your way into his apple's core. After your first raid together and proving that you were more than just a leech he took you on a few more lucrative quests. A few more turned into a lot, and a lot turned into power leveling you to level eighty. You later found out at first it was because he felt sorry for you. Ouch, that one hit like a dodge ball to the face.

However, when he prompted you with an alliance when you reached level ninety three with his infamous guild you quickly erased the thought that you sucked.

It was only through fighting end game tier level bosses and experience boosters that you climbed your way to level one hundred. Sure, there were setbacks. There were more than a few times you teetered between ninety four and ninety nine. You didn't have the build to solo the upper echelon of enemies that Momonga did, but still, you fought your war.

That was your trial, that yes, he offered to help you with. But! You wanted to achieve that goal of level one hundred on your own. Ever since you saw those red digits hanging over his head like a halo you wanted that end for yourself. He helped so much and clinging to his skill set like glue didn't always sit right with you. You are unsure if it was your pride, stubbornness, or want of proving yourself that got you through.

Nevertheless, you reached level one hundred. And Momonga laughed saying he could have gotten you there a lot sooner, but he was proud to hand you the number 42 in his guild. That no one would come after you, you would be the last.

And so you joined your first and final guild with a smile behind your headset that could give the color yellow a run for its money.

You met the basic requirements of joining his guild, after all. You were heteromorphic and a functioning member of society...albeit barely. You worked part time in a franchise owned photography shop where you mostly filed lab work and calculated payroll. On luckier days, you had the benefit of exercising some high school level skill on editing portraits. Eh, it paid the bills and let you save up for Yggdrasil.

Momonga rather liked that about you, actually. What you did outside of Yggdrasil made him think of Tabula. He would often muse on Tabula and how much work he had put into designing Nazarick, and said that in a way? You reminded him of his old friend. Always made you feel like you were floating when he'd say stuff like that.

Still does.

He spoke about his guild mates as if they were gods in their own right. That each one seemed to rule one of the nine worlds of Yggdrasil to him and when they all trickled away it was like losing pieces of himself.
So it is most likely in wishing to relive their glory that he brought you down to the treasury. To tell you all about the exchange of leadership to him, how they reached the top ten, and how they fell from it.

Momonga hands you a ring that slides comfortably onto your middle finger. At first you were not sure if it would fit, however as it slid down your knuckles it expanded to better suit and brand itself to its new and secure home. You gawk at it for a bit as he walks away. You admire the blood red amethyst that winks at you, while the black guild symbol below its table whispers a mute welcome.

"I want to show you Nazarick's vault and Mausoleum. You will need that to see them." Momonga says.

Huh, you wonder why he is choosing to walk over simply teleporting down to the Treasury. However, as he goes on about how Ulbert and Touch Me used to riot over what to do and when? You realize that he has quite the love for theatrics in story telling.

Who are you to deny him that indulgence when you want to know just as bad as he wants to tell?

Red silk runs as a sculpted river down the glossy stairs as you enter the mouth of the entryway to the Treasury. You follow behind Momonga, by his side, and one step to his right. You could guess he was floating down to the final residence of Nazarick by the way his robes tussle and flutter. The loud thuds of his heavy footsteps and the happiness of his young voice though let you know of his presence. You keep your steps in rhythm with his, nearly playing hopscotch in the foot prints he leaves behind as you both venture on.

"You still have the ring I gave you?" Momonga puts his arm in front of you, stopping you from taking a step forward and into the chief managerial office.

You grin inwardly.

_Show time._

You hum your best imitation of circus music as you mimic a crank, lifting up your middle finger in sync to the tune as your guild ring reveals itself. Momonga shakes his head and waves you off as he makes forward. You puff your chest in triumph of your childish and much planned gesture. Yep, the guild ring is staying on your middle finger from now on.

"I am just making sure," Momonga chuckles, "You will need to stow it away in your inventory once we get to the Mausoleum."

"How come?" You ask as you toy with your ring, spinning it around your finger.

"A ring of Ainz Ooal Gown is required to be able to traverse through the lower dwellings of the Treasury," Momonga reaches over and taps your guild ring matter of factually. "The deeper regions have traps such as Blood of Jormungandr set in place to eradicate intruding players."

"The purple poison stuff?"

"Yes. That is one of the Treasuries many nuances. Along with the item Blood of Jormungandr permeating the Treasury, the Avatara will assault anyone wearing a Ring of Ainz Ooal Gown."

"Uhh...why? That sounds kinda counter intuitive, doesn't it?"

"Hah! You should know Pero said the same thing when he came down here to retrieve some data crystals when Tabula first designed the Treasury. We all thought it was a notorious cosmetic item of
his when he shrieked because he actually sounded like an eagle when the first Avatara jumped him."

"See! Why have that as a thing then? It's totall--"

"Hold on, I am not done," Momonga holds up a hand. "If someone outside of Nazarick were to get a hold of one of these guild rings they would be immune to the gases which are the Treasuries main passive defense. The Avatara, alongside Pandora's Actor, are the tombs last defense before the vault."

"Ohhh," You nod your head. "That makes sense, really good sense actually. Hey so, uh, isn't Pandora's Actor your NPC?" You ask, practically drooling as you point at the saluting area guardian off and to the right.

Oh man oh man oh man. You would have loooved to have designed an NPC yourself! In an art book filled with rough sketches located in a shoe box under your bed you had made countless pretend NPC's for yourself. That over the years as Yggdrasil updated and added more classes and cosmetics you played pretend at night. You even downloaded a mock simulator and messed around with making a few NPC's yourself.

However, much to your disappointment? Nazarick was obviously at its level cap. Figures, the guild is as old as the game itself. Drat. So to stifle those desires that would never be fulfilled you went around and harassed your guild mates NPC's through poking out their emotes and reading their character sheets. It was a way of learning who they were through what they liked. That through their choices of design and lore instilled into their respective NPC's you could almost know them like Momonga did.

Almost.

"Yes, you are correct. Pandora's Actor is my creation." Momonga speaks with thundering pride as he rests a hand on Pandora's Actor's shoulder. The NPC does nothing in response to his touch other than to continue his blank stare and salute.

"He's so awesome! Doppelganger right? I've read about him a few times in the guild rosters bill of fares..." You say as you draw a quick diamond in the air, poking through the red smokey display to access Pandora's Actor's drop down menu.

Momonga points to Pandora's Actor's hand, gesturing towards Pandora's Actor's missing pinkie finger, "Greater Doppelganger."

You hum in acknowledgement as you slip your hand into your inventory to retrieve a familiar necklace. You browse Pandora's Actor's command prompt remembering that this dude is quite the eccentric fellow. That while Momonga likes collecting rare items he made it so that Pandora's Actor enjoys cataloguing him. Makes sense for the Treasuries area guardian, you can appreciate that nicety.

You snicker as you scroll down further. Oh yeah, he is weak for women he finds attractive. That he is heavy handed in his usage of terms of endearment so that he is...a ladies man? Oh Momonga. You sappy bastard.

You swipe down on the menu and it banishes in a puff of fog. At least you are not the only one that tried to get some wish fulfillment into Yggdrasil. Seeing that Pandora's Actor on top of his quirks is also an offbeat genius and master tactician only endears you to Momonga more. Lord knows what you would have done making your own NPC.

You would have thrown everything and the kitchen sink into your guardian.
"Here.." You speak softly as you reach the Gem of Helheim to one of Pandora's Actor's inhuman hands, "Keep this for me, kay?" This trinket of yours has been sitting in your inventory taking up space for too long now. You do not need it anymore and it has only been with you as a semblance of where you started in Yggdrasil.

Heh, he is the Treasury's area guardian after all. He likes this kinda stuff in accordance to his character lore, so maybe it will make him happy to have it. Better with something that can hypothetically appreciate it rather than it cluttering up your item box.

Pandora's Actor's hand ghosts over yours as he plucks the Gem of Helheim from your hand. Swiftly, the NPC swings it into his breast pocket, flicking open the button on his pouch before slipping the trinket inside. As soon as the necklace disappears he snaps his hand back up to his cap in a salute.

"Didja see that! That?! That's adorable!" You gush over the simple action as you clap your hands together. You would never admit it, but you once spent a crazy amount of time coaxing emotes and gestures out of the NPC and Floor Guardian Shalltear Bloodfallen.

No one needs to know that.

"Adorable?" Momonga scoffs, releasing his grip from Pandora’s Actor's shoulder. Before withdrawing his hand Momonga gives Pandora's Actor a light tussle of affection. Momonga strides off slowly, signaling to you that it is time to leave by pointing towards the Mausoleum. You wave at Pandora's Actor as you prompt up a smiley emote with a small hop of your feet.

You make a mental note to come down again to the Treasury now that you possess a guild ring. You are dying to know what emotes you can prod out of Pandora's Actor.

At a later date you were positively thrilled to discover that Pandora's Actor had a plethora of loud, unique, and some rather curiously adorable emotes.

Momonga totally spent quite a bit of cash on adorning Pandora's Actor and as much as you wanted to poke fun at him for it? You really couldn't. You would have done the same damn thing.

Pandora's Actor was just too much fun! So, on slow days where you did not need to grind material or coin for Nazarick, you would make it a point to visit the Treasury and mess with his many action poses. You were tossed between liking him doing the splits or the cute heart he made with those weird ass hands of his the best.

“Goodbye, Pandora!”

-:Broadcast:-

[GM Message]

October 22nd, 2138AD.
T minus ten minutes until Yggdrasil servers will drop offline permanently. Please log off now, or you will be forcibly ejected from the system. Thank you all for your time, care, and support.

Farvel Vare Kamerater.

[End GM Message]

Your inappropriately timed day dream halts at the GM Message.

Thank you for your Kudos, Bookmarks, and Comments!

~~*°•.~~*°• Check out my Tumblr for updates/artwork/asks relating to this Fan Fiction. Asks are always open!

Tumblr

Deviantart

This chapter has been rewritten as of 4/10/2019.
Chapter Three

Born again

A leaden alabaster round table with golden brush strokes along its circumference stands as the focal point of Nazarick’s conference room. Carved in the center in burgundy on a slab of glittering slate the guild symbol for Ainz Ooal Gown stakes its rightful claim. Forty two red satin chairs with polished obsidian backrests sit tight against the round table. Most of them, you are sure, have not been pulled back for claim in over four years.

It's now minutes to midnight and only one of the forty two parodies of the throne of kings has an occupant.

You rather like the concept behind the conference rooms design. Momonga once told you that he and his friends decided on a round table in favor of equality. No one ever really sat at the head of the conference room, all opinions held equal merit and were taken into consideration by all members of the guild. They ran on diplomacy even though the majority of them preferred that Momonga shoulder the weight of any and all final decisions.

They had voted him as guild leader, after all. Good choice. Best damn choice they ever made, you think.

Unprompted and most likely automated your HUD fills your screen with another one of Yggdrasil’s flashing red warning messages. Sigh. Damn, the timer in the top right of your HUD’s corner reads six minutes and fifty three seconds left. You feel your heart drop to the pit of your stomach.

Leaning back in your chair you kick your feet up onto the table, just so you can see your armor a bit better for a last time.

Remembrance of Oak.

“Ornate armor forged by the disciple of the ancient dragon of midgard.”

Flavor Text

Your end game armor that you spent more time customizing cosmetically than you did enhancing its stats. A common theme among your limited repertoire of equipment. Heh, without a job class even close to Craftsman you did what you could with the data crystals you farmed. Sitting here now at the end, you think you did a pretty damn good job.

Burnished white plates of glittering armor march up your legs in segments. Blue grafts of fabric fit in between each plate of steel, all laced with the high magical resistance to fall damage charm feather
weight.

You flick a finger over your broad chest plate, fitting and trailing yourself through the mythril engravement of an oak tree. This design, along with all of the sapphires that decorate where one would assume to see etched leaves, easily took you more game time than you would like to admit. Totally worth it, though. You wanted it to resemble some old armor you had in a favorite game of yours and you made damn sure to get as many details in as you could.

Damn, even though you can not really afford to think about this right now the shoulder guards were also time consuming to embellish. Sheets of steel that curve like a sharp edged oval sit proud on your shoulders. Two suns in mock of your latter class spell with the same sapphires on your chest piece adorn their face plates. Sigh, so much hard work is about to go to shit and you can't do anything about it..

Hell if it wasn’t worth it, though. Wearing this armor made you feel like an impenetrable fortress; As if you could walk through any battle unscathed. Most of the time you did, and you looked like a total badass, which was the penultimate in your development for your relic armor set Remembrance of Oak.

Your posture deflates as you reach both of your hands up, placing your palms on your helm. Lifting with a wiggle and some pressure, you free your head from your helmet.

Five minutes and seven seconds remaining.

Lawbringer.

“Authority; Self preservation; And a dash of Ambivalence.”

Flavor Text

You hum through a tired chuckle to yourself as you toss the helm up and down, the metal clanking about in your palms as you spin the faceplate around and into view. You made Lawbringer before Remembrance of Oak, so for a time you ran around in a glittering legendary helmet and your low class beginners set.

Funny as hell.

You had always been a fan of the spartan helmet designs, specifically the Corinthian depictions with their wide sweepings plumes of horse hair. Really, you were never one to pay much attention in history classes in school. You spent most of your time daydreaming about slaying dragons or mounting them with a saddle, really anything except for whatever flavor of lesson the teachers were instructing. You think that you might remember the Corinthian era due to admiring their stylistic choices in armor, orrrr maybe it was that you were going to fail the class and your only saving grace was the teacher offering you a chance to write an essay on that time period so you blasted it out and passed.

Either way, it made its way into Yggdrasil and now rests in your hands for a final time in the form of Lawbringer. Similar sapphires, but smaller, adorn the top half of Lawbringers faceplate in imitation of a starry night rather than the leaves of an oak tree. Your favorite part of Lawbringer, though? Well, it does not have horse hair, but it does have an enormous sweeping steel crest that curves up a
few inches from the base of your head only to plunge down like a bow drawn in reverse to the top of your back.

A swirling ebony void so deep a black it seems blue forms a veil as you slip your hand into your inventory. Flipping through a plethora of gag items, data crystals, expired cash shop consumables, and never before used named drops but hey they were cool you detect what you were probing about for. A medium sized pewter spiked targe shield and more importantly, a great sword.

Three minutes and thirty four seconds remaining.

Kingslayer.

“Bane of the unjust ruler; Herald of ordinance.”

Flavor Text

Your first piece of legendary gear that you were to scared to take out until you had Lawbringer and Remembrance of Oak fully crafted and at the ready for combat. You forfeit so much in your earlier times in Yggdrasil before side kicking with Momonga, so paranoia was still a bitter taste in your mouth at the time. You are still salty about losing that one Claymore you can not remember the name of in some unwarranted PVP action. That thing was sweet.

Your gauntlet makes a metallic crunching groan against Kingslayer's leather hilt as you grip the blade. You hate that you feel so conflicted about having emotions over a piece of data, but damn, this sword is your baby! If Yggdrasil could allow for facial expressions? Well, you would choke and shed a few tears.

Which is most likely what you will do tomorrow. Ouch.

You created Kingslayer as a mock of the highly talked about and rumored world item Excalibur. No one ever found it and the devs never confirmed it existed. Shitty devs. It just cropped up one day on the forums and all the high level guilds, Ainz Ooal Gown included, went ballistic. The gossip went on for months, sweeping the front page of every gaming website, and you followed the leads like a mouse after cheese in a trap. However, nothing led to a solid answer. It all just felt like a wild goose chase, yet still, everyone wanted what they believed it could be.

At one point it was even gummed up to possibly be one of the twenty. That’s when the forums really caught fire.

So you made Kingslayer in what you thought the world item might look like. You could not impart what you trusted Excalibur might be capable of, because some thought it would one shot world guardians, but the finished product nevertheless was a win in your eyes.

You have had Kingslayer through numerous battles, raids, and hours of farming. This sword, to you, seemed like it could do the impossible. It cleaved through mobs like they were made of tissue paper. With stacked buffs it could do enough dps to slice through a third of Surtr’s health in the Heart of Muspelheim raid.

It has seen thousands of hours of use. Although you speculate you may have been able to have gotten better to drop, nothing could stand against the might of Kingslayer in conjunction with your class build, gear, and rings. You tried a few times and no other sword felt quite as right.
Two minutes and four seconds remaining.

Carved down the middle of the spade tipped blade a pool of raw lilac ether hums, imbued with the magical enchantment curse of glory. That every kill, stacked up to five, makes Kingslayer that much more powerful. Polished amethysts that glint like fireworks cluster in bunches of three down the sides of the lilac fuller. Each amethyst represents a separate success you made in Yggdrasil, a way of keeping track of your gathered lore cards and personal conquests with you over your omnibus in Ashurbanipal.

Just below Kingslayer’s winged cross guard rests your guild symbol. Hidden beneath a glossy abalone pearl in black blood harvested from sea serpents on Midgard lays your mark. An Ouroboros coiled into an infinity symbol with simple yet definitive draconian features. A sketch of yours you made before you had even graduated High school. It was just another way of adding more of your life into Yggdrasil as Yggdrasil added to yours.

One minute and thirty one seconds remaining.

You do not want to go to work tomorrow.

..You do not want Yggdrasil to be over.

You lay Kingslayer against your targe shield on the guild table before you.

Vigilance.

“Insert flavor text here.”

Flavor Text

So maybe you forgot to write in custom flavor text for Vigilance. You never thought of anything cool enough and now as the game is ticking down you are mentally berating yourself. You suck.

You made Vigilance to compliment Kingslayer as a medium sized spherical shield with a round face plate with saw tooth like divots and regions. It was a dual purpose means of protection; It was meant to guard its user and bash those that stood in your way.

Wielding Kingslayer in one hand and Vigilance in the other you could walk through hell. Just not this hell, not Ragnarok itself in the form of a jarring amount of text consuming your HUD.

:-Broadcast:-

[GM Message]
October 22nd, 2138AD.

T minus one minute until Yggdrasil will retract its servers from Online status. Please prepare for forced ejection from the system should you choose to not log out now. We would like to thank you all for your time, care, and support.

Farvel Vare Kamerater.

[End GM Message]

You place Lawbringer with Vigilance and Kingslayer. They belong together, and at least in the face of the end, your favorite pieces of gear will remain immortalized in your memory as one.

How much time is left?

You pull up your HUD. The top right reads a blaring red countdown from 23 seconds. This is it.

...This is it.

Damn devs can’t even allow for screen shots to be downloadable let alone give Yggdrasil an offline mode...

You lean your head back and close your eyes. It helps with the nauseous feeling of being forcefully ejected. You mouth the countdown as it is read to you in an automated customer service friendly feminine voice.

00:05..

00:04..

00:03..

00:02..

00:01..
When you finally open your eyes two things cross your mind. Hey, cool, you don’t feel sick, anmmnd why are you still in the guilds conference room? Tension in the form of a thousand ants crawls its way across your skin. What the hell? The Devs would have announced if the servers were going to remain online past their initial cut off.

Are you lagging?

You glance down to your gear as it winks at you in shades of silver. Although you feel more than agitated you are glad to give your stuff another once over. You just wish you had more of an eidetic memory so you could remember it all a bit better later down the road.

Shit happens.

You sigh, inhaling a heavy amount of oxygen deep into your lungs. The crisp air stings your throat like a January morning.

Wait.

Wait a second.

Something is off. Way off.

You slowly rise to your feet, examining the air around you cautiously. Your eyes dart around as if the very walls might be listening to you breathe. Paranoia sweeps over your being like the kiss of a phantom.

“...Holy shit, I must be trippin’,” Your heart thuds in your chest with the force of a twenty man marching band. You swallow dryly as your skin again begins to crawl.

How are you feeling all of this? Has your dive been upped?!

A wave of calm rushes itself over your consciousness like a warm blanket. Your itching skin settles and your breathing slows to normal. You blink a few times as you are forcefully made to relax.

Just over your eyes like your own aurora borealis a purple ripple undulates before fading.

You rub at your face and the biting cold of your gauntlets makes your posture snap like a cobra ready to strike. Everything feels incredibly real. Too real. Yggdrasil’s Dive mechanics are extremely tame, with only the most basic of motor functions available. You were a bit of a drama queen and purposefully role played that you felt more for full immersion, but this? This is wack.

You should not feel this cold.

You should not feel the steel.

Hell, you should not feel like this at all! You should have been force ejected, you should have...

Wait.

You exhale loudly around a nervous laugh as you rub the back of your neck. No shit Sherlock, you
are dreaming.

This was not the first time you refused to log out of Yggdrasil and fell asleep only to find your dream self messing around and back in the game. Guess you were not done stressing yourself out about losing everything, right? It was not enough to experience the shutdown, but now you had to dream about it. Go you.

You pivot to the left, motioning to move forward, and conveniently forfeiting memory of the chair you were literally just in.

You tumble forward with a flail of your arms and somehow you manage to catch yourself on the wall. Phew, that was a close one. This did not stop your greaves armor joints from bending to support your weight however, and from behind your right knee, the sharp sting of pain nips at the supple fat of your thigh.

“Ow!” You swat at your leg where the sharp pinch had just struck you.

Your pupils grow small and the same dazzling purple light show from moments ago dances in front of your eyes. Pain. You do not feel pain in a dream. You..You do not feel pain in Yggdrasil..

You roll your tongue around in your mouth before you bite down on the inside of your cheek. You recoil as a sharpened canine pokes a small puncture into your cheek. The metallic copper tang of blood drips onto your tongue and oh look, it is the purple lights again.

This is not a dream.

You want to panic. Your heart is fighting itself in favor of wanting to pound itself around in your rib cage like a bird caught in a net, however in the face of this all you feel…oddly rational. Whenever you begin to feel the rise of tension in your stomach that light comes through to console you out of alarm.

With a wave of your hand you go to pull up your HUD.

And nothing. Figures.

Normally to contact a GM you would pull up your HUD, select options, and fiddle through the selections until you reached a contact menu. Which is what you would like to do because what the fuck is going on.

Physical reactions to environments and objects are at maximum threshold. You feel like you do when you are not in Yggdrasil.

Facial movement?

You open your mouth and make several exaggerated and comic expressions with your lips and tongue.

Facial movement.

Well yeah you just bit your cheek, blinked, your lips moved when you muttered earlier....

This was some advanced UI shit. Maybe this is uh...Yggdrasil two? Yeah. Yeah! That’s uh...gotta be it? It’s not like you are actually in Yggdrasil, don’t be a drama queen.

You fit Lawbringer over your head after fighting with your hair for a few minutes. Normally
equipment just snaps on..

You slide your arm into the back of Vigilance's leather handle and loop, flexing your fingers as you get used to the weight of your shield. Incredible, it seems like there was even a graphics update of sorts? Possibly? It...it feels so real.

You roll Kingslayer's hilt in your hand as the sword turns and reflects its rich silver upon the cracked marble walls of the conference room. You know this sword, this object of ones and zeros is inanimate, however deep down, somewhere to you, this sword has a spirit. It always has and now as it sits in your palm and the fuller shimmers like a lavender river it makes it all the more alive.

Your greaves tap against the flooring as you move forward to the hallway of the tenth floor. Maybe you can find Momonga, god you hope you can find Momonga. Surely he was just as mopey as you and didn’t log out and is either still lagging or part of this beta for what you think could be Yggdrasil two. You slowly creep your head out of the door way, scanning the horizon for, well, you do not know what.

You grunt as you reach up to knock a knuckle against your temple. Your helmet keeps you from scratching, but it does not keep you from feeling twitchy. Your right eye buzzes and you try to blink the feeling away.

[Message]

Holly. Holly, are you there?

What the fuck. Okay yeah, yep. You are trippin’. Someone snuck into your room while you were diving and injected some crazy stuff into your veins because Momonga is talking to you in your head.

The weird tickling pokes at your mind again. You relax and act on it like you have just remembered the name of a song you could not place days ago.

[Message]
Momonga? Hi. Why are you in my head. Better yet, how are you in my hea-

Never mind to that. I need to know your location.

Uhh conference room. Do you know what’s going on..?

[End Message]

The air grows thin. The area in front of you distorts and bends before tearing in a shower of streaming lights and particles. Heavy footsteps **thud** against the crimson carpet of the tenth floor as Momonga fills the once empty space.

He brings up both of his hands and turns them over methodically, his robes pooling over his wrists. “I can not believe that effectively worked as I thought it should...” Rich and dark his tone never raises above a whisper and it sends an ominous chill down your spine. He no longer has the voice of a chipper young man, but instead he now sounds as his avatar looks.

“...So uh...You have a clue on what’s happening? I can’t access my HUD and Ygg should have booted me, I mean, well, *us* a few minutes ago, right?”

“I can not be entirely sure as to what is happening, exactly. I need further analysis. What I have collected so far and surmised though,” Momonga pauses before taking a step forward and clasping a hand on your shoulder. “The NPC’s Albedo and Sebas are performing more than their usual commands. They are acting without instructions. This is outside of Yggdrasil’s parameters and is equally troubling and fascinating. What do you think of this?”

Your lower back twitches as your tail curls around your ankle. You snap your head down as the scaled blue appendage lays itself tightly across your greaves. You’ve...you’ve never felt your tail before. It was just like an extension cosmetic for combat, like holding Kingslayer, or, or…

“M-My tail,” You rasp. “I-I can feel my tail.”

“I see. You are approaching the same conclusion that I came to when I met Albedo and Sebas.”

*This isn’t Yggdrasil two.*

Again, the purple twinkling filters over your eyes. Your breathing evens out.

*This isn’t Yggdrasil.*
“Ah, it seems that you have an inhibitor as well?”

“Huh?” Momonga points at the reflective glow bouncing off of your helmet with a throaty hum. “I..I think so? I haven’t given any of this the thought you have. I just kinda picked my stuff up and walked out. I still think I might be dreaming, to be frank. I-I tried to pull up my UI HUD. Before that, for a good while I thought I was just hallucinating…”

“Whenever I seemingly get too emotional, or rather, emotional at all, I feel this wave of lights fog my mind. I have given it some thought and I believe it has to do with my racial class.” Momonga muses before tapping one of his bony fingers over your shoulder guard. He tilts his head to the side as he probes, and it is almost as if he is just making sure you are actually here and real.

Wait, Fog of lights?

The purple lights...

That’s it!

“Holy crap, you’re right! It’s gotta be my code of the commander class!” Holy crap is right. Your fingers flex as you try to quickly put together what is going on. Your job title as a Commander has to be what keeps flashing over your eyes. In game the benefit of Code of the commander, really it’s strongest ability, was that in the face of passives such as intimidation or fear you were left unaffected. Really helped with being around Momonga who has a constant fear aura.

Momonga nods as he gazes down at you. “I have requested that Albedo gather the remaining floor guardians to the sixth floor. They are rather...emphatic. Just brace yourself. They are seemingly loyal as their code would dictate however I can not be sure as to how they are going to react in the face of what has just transpired.”

“Juuust to be uh, clear. By transpired you mean that we’re like, here here and not logging out,” You gulp. “Right?”

“...It appears that way, yes,” Momonga clears his throat as he looks off towards the hallway. “Should they feel the need to strike an uprise you and I have to be at the ready,” A pregnant pause goes by. You reach your hand up to Momonga’s on your shoulder and poke one of his many rings. “I-I have work tomorrow at four..” He whispers to himself.

“I uh..I don’t think that matters anymore. Like, I have work tomorrow too, but…” You scratch the back of your neck as you break out in a nervous laughter, “I don’t think I care.”

You fumble as you attempt to sheath Kingslayer into the scabbard on your belt loop. “I mean, isn’t this awesome?! Didn’t we kinda always say it’d be incredibly badass if Yggdrasil was real?”

“Do not get your hopes up just yet. We are still completely unaware as to what is going on,” You grunt as Momonga throws in his own nervous chuckle. “You are correct in that notion, however. I did admit that it would be my dream to reside in Nazarick indefinitely.”

“Seeeee?”

“Mm,” Momonga nods before releasing your shoulder guard and motioning down the corridor, “If that truly is the case and this is a new reality? We have work to do.”
Thank you for your Kudos, Bookmarks, and Comments!

Check out my Tumblr for updates/artwork/asks relating to this Fan Fiction. Asks are always open!

Tumblr
Deviantart

This chapter has been rewritten as of 5/27/2019
Footsteps, heavy and soft, tap along one of Nazarick’s many interweaving hallways. Intersecting through the different floors these corridors were built with the intent of tricking potential raiders into traps. However, as with all things in the great tomb, they often served more than one purpose.

Conversation has always been welcome among what Tabula named his Web of calm insanity.

“Man,” while stifling a yawn that’s tickling the roof of your mouth, you prod, “Do you think they’ll like us?”

“My earlier sentiments still stand true,” Momonga muses, “It is still to my assumptions at the moment that they currently follow the parameters instilled into them through not only their respective creators, but Yggdrasil itself.”

“Whaddya mean? Kinda like they, well, guard the floors and the tomb?”

“Precisely. Furthermore, I believe based off of my previous engagement, they seem to view us as what they call Supreme Beings. Fascinating, albeit worrisome. Tell me, what do you think of this?”

“Well, first off, I don’t like the idea of being anyone’s boss let alone...yeah. But, huh. Come to think of it, that does kinda make sense in a way? The whole Supreme being thing. I mean, as NPC’s they were made to defend Nazarick. But in the end, the tomb is for us so…”

“My thoughts exactly. Although first impressions are quite telling, I am still concerned as to the nature of their allegiance. It is why I made the preemptive decision to hold this meeting of sorts on the sixth floor.”

“...I get it.” Glancing towards his left hand, metallic gold winks at you with every step he takes.

“Come again?”

“That’s why you have the guild staff. I have literally never seen you with it before.” It’s a good look on him, really. You always wanted to see him carry it around and just have fun for once. Blast a few dwarves, summon some undead, spam [Chain lightning] until the game lagged. However, there was that whole need the guilds approval bullshit he insisted on abiding by.

...Didn’t stop him from bringing you into the guild, though. It was the one and only time you ever heard him say that the guild rules were more like guidelines. As Momonga begins to speak your heart glows warm in the memory.
“Ah, yes. Consider it insurance should things not go as intended.” Hold up.

“Wait, you don’t think they’d try any funny stuff, do you?”

“No, no I do not. Although, we need to--”

You roll your eyes. “Yeah, yeah. I know. Expect the unexpected.”

“Indeed, you are correct. You take to my slogan well, Holly. Tell me, how are you feeling? It appears that as an Undead in this new world of sorts that I am immune to exhaustion. However, that does not seem to be the same in your case.”

Ugh, Sorry Momonga.

“Yeahh I know. Sorry for snapping,” A wince tugs at your lips as you rub the back of your neck, “I’m runnin’ low on fumes right now. I pulled an all nighter the night before last so I’ve kinda been up for awhile.”

“No need for an apology, sincerely. I am certain that if I were still capable of experiencing fatigue and emotion that I might be stressed as well.”

“Still...How are you handling that, by the way? You’re takin’ all of this really well, and not gonna lie, your calm is keeping me calm.”

“Rebuking your previous excitement already?”

You shrug a shoulder, “Eh, yes and no. I mean, it’s totally rad that we’re like, here, but...like you said. We just don’t know. What do we do if..?”

“Between the two of us we have more than what we need should we be required to make an exit. I do not foresee this as the case, however, I will ask that you be on your toes.”

“Kay, I can appreciate that. Um, you didn’t--”

“Do not concern yourself for my sake,” Momonga raises a hand, seeming to wave away his new state of being as he chuckles, “I promise you that I am quite alright.”

You really hope so. A palpable silence fills the air, save for footsteps, the tapping of the guild staff, and your breathing. Glancing around the hall you soak in the view as you make your way towards the sixth floor. Ornate paintings of the Nine Worlds adorn the walls. Nazarick’s signature velvet red carpet that seems to stretch on for miles beneath your feet. Golden crown molding. Obsidian statues of armored undead that flank the corridor.

It’s all so damn crisp. As your eyes dart around from object to object you keep expecting your HUD to block the corners of your vision from view. You weren’t one of those that could minimize your HUD. Cost too much. So, seeing this all in high definition? No, not high def...it’s real. Damn, it’s like seeing a theme park for the first time that you’ve only ever experienced through magazines.

It’s freakin’ incredible.

...And a little scary.

Glancing over to Momonga as you grow dangerously closer to the sixth floor, you whisper, “....Hey, big guy?”

Although gentle, the stamp of the butt of the guild staff echoes in a bounce down the hall. Twisting
to face you, the blazing pinpricks hanging in his skull seem all the brighter. Tickling at your lips, a smile softly spreads across your face as he takes a step towards you.

“You should know that despite my apathy,” Momonga pauses, holding you in his red gaze as he clasps a hand on your shoulder, “I too, am relieved to have you by my side.”

The stars in the sixth floors artificial sky hang in the night like beads of twinkling dewdrops. Leaves rustle among the infinite meadow in the breeze that permeates the floor. From the gladiators entrance a mechanical groan shifts chain links as they lift a latticed gate.

A hissing whine fills the air as a rush of blue fog bursts from behind the gate. Soft clink! clink! clink!’s smack against the colosseum floor as ice crystals drop from the fog. As the fifth floor guardian Cocytus emerges through the gate like a titan slipping through mist you shuffle closer to Momonga.

The sting from the rapid drop in temperature settles in your fingertips. Shivering as your tail curls around an ankle, you send a word Momonga’s way, “B-Bug.”

Momonga stifles a chuckle, “Observant. Yes, yes he is.”

“No, like, big bug. Really big bug,” You shake your head, “This is nuts! I still can’t believe it. He’s moving. Like, he’s actually moving.”

“I myself am still in awe as well. Do me a favor, Holly. Allow him to speak first. I want to get a sense for his character in correlation to what my old friend wrote of him.”

“You got it. If it helps, I remember reading that he was a knight of sorts. Likes collecting weapons, too. Kinda like you.”

There’s a richness to Momonga’s deep tone as he nods his head, “Indeed. Takemikazuchi placed quite a bit of who he was as a warrior into Cocytus. In brief, I hope that shines through today.”

You do, too. As Cocytus takes his last step to stand before you a surge of diamond dust puffs from his mandibles. A high pitched whine grates the air as Cocytus crashes a knee to the floor, slamming two fists against his chest as he dips his head in reverence.

Corkscrewing your ankle in a tight squeeze of your tail your mind calms as lines of purple lights fall over your eyes. As your passive clears your fear you stare at Cocytus because he isn’t just a big bug. He’s a big ass bug. A big ass bug that could squash you like a big. Heh, how ironic.

God, bugs give you the creeps.


“It seems that you are the first to arrive. Thank you for joining us, Cocytus.” Man, Momonga is
brave as hell. He broke the ice, literally. Teehee.

“I. Will. Always. Come. When. My. Lord. Or. Lady. Calls.” Cocytus lowers his head further, offering a nod to Momonga, and then one to you. You chew on your cheek as you study his face. Wow, h-he is just like how you thought he would be, he’s just like his character sheet.

Jerking your hand up into a clumsy wave, you inch forward, “Hi. Um, do you know our names, by chance?”

Ugh, it sounds like such a stupid question. It sounded smart in your head. However, he’s only said Lord and Lady. Just how much of Yggdrasil is in this world? There’s a chance he might not know--


Oh. Well hello.

The tip of your tail wiggles as his mouth parts vibrate. He’s not so bad. And shit, he’s freakin’ alive. There’s an intelligence that swirls in the clouds of his many eyes. No longer is he caught in stasis waiting on his floor for intruders. His movements are now fluid and his own instead of being ran by a system of algorithms.

Are the rest going to be like him?

Wait. Oh no. Oh no! Are the rest going to be like hi--?!

A high pitched shriek of happy laughter that sounds like Raid boss Titania rips through the coliseum as a blur of black and purple smacks into Momonga. Your eyes nearly pop out of their sockets as Momonga just about drops the damn guild staff. With a hand on his red sphere that looks like its trying to stroke a dick that isn’t there Shalltear Bloodfallen, Nazarick’s triple floor guardian, beams up at him and squeals, “My Lord Momonga!”

The look you are given by Momonga can best be described as two things. Number one. Is this bitch serious? Number two. Please help me.

Choking down laughter you shake your head no. There is no way you are getting involved in that. Holy shit, she is just how she was written! This is crazy! As Momonga fumbles with prying her off of him you remember when you first saw her.

You were creepin’ through the first three floors. Having joined the guild four days prior you had some investigating to do. After checking the guild rosters bill of fares you found the different NPC locations and darted around the tomb on a game of where’s waldo. The only time you had ever seen an NPC were the ones auto generated by Yggdrasil, you had never seen a custom one, so Nazarick was a carnival when you joined.

She was a little shit to find. Apparently, she had been placed on a timed cycle where she would move between her floors every hour. It helped keep potential enemy raiders on their toes. This way when they broke into Nazarick they couldn’t plan a stage of attack against Shalltear because she was never in a predictable location. Cheeky.

Humming a lullaby on auto loop you found her rounding one of the corners on the second floors catacombs. It was incredible to you, really. She had so much life from the way she had a bounce in her step down to how she clapped her hands whenever her character sheet was accessed. Cute as shit. She had all of these adorable emotes, too.

There were a few that you tried to spam out of her for longer than you care to admit. They were
limited time event emotes that could only be bought during the first year of Yggdrasil, and Peroroncino didn’t waste any expense on Shalltear. She freakin’ had everything. Which is why it was hard to poke those emotes out of her! They were randomized. It was always fun, however, to see her do the same jump rope animation four or five times.

Your favorite of hers was easily the umbrella twirl. From her own item box she’d equip an umbrella, twirl it around, and then giggle as it faded at the end of the emote in a sprinkle of glitter. Precious. A few other notable ones were her blowing kisses that sprung from her hand in hearts, a little tap dance, and a curtsy.

The sound of Momonga’s formal voice, despite his discomfort, breaks you of your quick trip down memory lane. Blinking his way you bite back some snickering as Shalltear pouts her bottom lip while Momonga fixes his robes, “Err, Shalltear. Ahem, thank you for coming.”

Toying with her dress she pulls at the fringe and giggles, “It is my pleasure to come twice for you, My Lord! Why, I believe a third climax is in order! In the presence of your power I-I..Ohh, Oh! Lord M-Momonga! I-I-I’m--!”

He’s just staring at her. Her cheeks are flushed, she’s panting, the girl is creaming her panties and he’s just staring at her. You kinda wonder if he’s thinking what the dead wish for when they can’t die.

Cocytus grunts as he makes to stand, the air displacing around him as he releases another deluge of hoarfrost. Shaking his heavy head a barrage of clicks and whirs vibrate from his mandibles as he glances down at a recovering Shalltear.

You think it best to--?! “Lady Holly!”

Shit!

As Shalltear lunges your way you try to look towards Momonga for aid, only to see him shake his head in mock of your earlier lack of action. Well. Karma is a bitch.

Stumbling backwards to make way for Shalltear you catch yourself on an ankle and smack your ass against the floor. Oof! Just as Shalltear closes in a whiplash crrAAaaCK! breaks the air. A lasso constricts the vampires waist before yanking her away from you and propelling her across the 6th floor.

“Wow Shalltear, think you can keep your grubby hands off of Lady Holly?” Replacing Shalltear and landing before in a kick up of dust is Aura, one of two of the sixth floor guardians. Heart racing like a horse you slap your hand against her outreached one as she helps you to your feet.

“Oh man,” you laugh, “Thanks for that, seriously.”

“No problem, Lady Holly! Sorry that Shalltear is a total loser.” Aura throws an arm behind her back, eyes sparkling as she grins.

“I heard that, you brat! Why, I should--!”

“Not. In. Front. Of. The. Supreme. Ones.” A halberd falls inches from Shalltear’s feet as Cocytus sends a sheet of ice across the floor, turning a good portion of the coliseum into a skating rink. Choosing to ignore their squabble Momonga takes his place next to you as you squat to get a better look at Aura.

“Hey kiddo, do you mind if I..?” Gingerly pressing a finger towards Aura’s cheek she giggles as she
nudges into you. Holy crap, she’s so cute! Better yet, she feels so real! She is real! Even through your gauntlets you can feel the warmth radiating from her skin as she blushes. Her eyes, you swear, Bukubukuchagama stole the ocean and the palette of a rain forest to color her irises.

“Thank you for coming, Aura. We are pleased to have you here with us. Now then, might I ask where your brother Mare is?”

“The honor is all mine Lord Momonga! Really!” Aura’s cheeks brighten before she scoffs, “I dunno My Lord, I’m sorry. He’s probably off somewhere napping like usual.”

“H-Hey! That’s n-not true!” A voice like lilac rain calls from a short distance behind you. Throwing your gaze over your shoulder you see Mare scampering towards you and Momonga. “I-I was taking c-care of the Elowan I-Inkvine’s in th-the Garden o-of Adam..”

Mare pants as he reaches his sisters side, who rolls her eyes as she belts out a sigh, “Yeah, yeah, and that’s more important than answering our Supreme one’s [Message]?”

“N-Never! It-It’s just if th-they’re not fed at a c-certain time..” As Aura and Mare argue Momonga places a hand over your shoulder and walks you a comfortable distance away from the present guardians.

Before he can get a word in your tail wags to beat the ground as you hurry through a whisper, “Oh my god, do you, didja, holy shit! Momonga!”

“Indeed. They are alive and well. I rest assured that my old friends would have been proud of what they accomplished,” Momonga chuckles as he pats your shoulder, “And a tad embarrassed. Moving forward, I still find it to our best interest to play the roles they seem to wish us to fulfill. With characteristics this elaborate based solely off of what they were created to be I can not accurately surmise how they may act in the face of something that could challenge their views.”

“Makes sure enough sense, but..it’s really uncomfortable. I really don’t like the supreme being stuff.” You don’t. It draws a pit in your stomach that makes your skin crawl. What makes you better than them? Didn’t you just come from a world where Mega Corporations owned by the 1% ruled society? That’s the last thing you want to be like.

“While I can appreciate your sentiments, realize that they do. Until we learn more of this...err, new world? Hm. Well, whatever this is, until we are certain that this is permanent we must be careful to abide by the lives placed before us. While apologetically apathetic to your plight, I can still recognize how this must be stressful for you. However, I rest assured that you prefer this alternative to our lives from only hours ago.”

“Oh, totally,” He has a point, damn. Restraining a yawn and failing to do so, you add on, “So, this, um, meeting. Yeahh, how is this gonna go, exactly?”

“Not to worry, Holly. Even in this new world I am still Nazarick’s guild leader and I have every intention of keeping that honor gifted to me by my old friends. I simply wish to gauge the guardians loyalty, the depth of their subservience, and their intentions within Nazarick. Feel free to interject when necessary, however, for the most part I will conduct this meeting.”

Oh thank god. Not only is the idea of talking in front of the guardians as a supreme being freakin’ terrifying, you’re also rotting like fruit on the vine here. You’re that type of tired where you think if you sat down you’d pass out. At least adrenaline is keeping you awake.

As you breathe a sigh of relief a waft of cedar smoke tickles your nostrils, “Thanks. Not to be a
downer, but I think I’ll uh, try to keep quiet so that I do-do-don’t--!

--And with a clap of leathery wings, the empty space beside you is filled. As black fire curls around the sharp edges of a kneeling figure your world slips on a banana peel.

“My apologies for my tardy arrival, my supreme ones,” Smooth like silver the 7th floor guardian breathes nothing but devotion across his tongue as he remarks, “However, truly it is the highest of honors to kneel in the presence of my Lord and Lady.”

“Oh, yes.” There’s a pregnant pause that stagnates the air as Momonga hovers his eyes over you. Okay, hi Momonga, what do you want? Darting your eyes between the two of them you sharply inhale as you think you get what’s going on. Shit, does he not know his name? Fuck. Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuck. Thanks, Momonga.

Sure, he might not remember who this is. But you do. And now? You kinda want to find a nice rock to crawl under and hide. Maybe die. If the guardians know who the two of you are...then do the guardians have memories of who they were before they became, well... alive alive?

...Oh. This sucks.

The Seventh floor of the Great Underground Tomb of Nazarick. Easily the most treacherous floor in terms of environmental hazards. You’ve only been there a handful of times, but each time you’ve had to cast [Atonement of Flame] so that the atmosphere didn’t lower your maximum HP.

Your first time? Well, Ulbert was notoriously known as Nazarick’s hardcore role player. Naturally then, his NPC was bound to have some of the best written lore and emotes.

Demiurge was located to the right of an ivory marble throne at the center of the Blazing Temple. Standing with his arms behind his back on approach Demiurge would dip his head into a bow. On rise through the broken cobblestone of the temple columns of lava would hiss into the air. You’re not sure if that was just good timing or part of some animation you didn’t know about, but nevertheless, it was really cool.

Drawing a diamond of red smoke beside the demon to access his character sheet, you hummed, “Oh. Ulbert made you handsome. Now, let’s see what you’re all about hot stuff.”

Absentmindedly flicking through his spells and abilities you stopped to snort a laugh at your unintentional pun, “Pfft. Hah! Hot stuff! Didja see what I did there?”

As you scrolled through his information you took the time to appreciate all that Ulbert put into Demiurge. You mostly expected to see Mr. Evil Mc Dastardly Evil of all things Evil, however, that wasn’t the case. Where others focused on Min Maxing such as Pero with Shalltear, or where Chagama took the chance to put some sibling rivalry in the twins, Ulbert made Demiurge a puzzle that only got bigger each time you thought you had solved it. His stats weren’t as high as the other guardians, however, his special was maxed out and meant that this dude could pretty much pull a rabbit out of his hat at any given time in a fight.

His lore complimented that nuance. Neat.

A bit further down the really juicy stuff came in, “Oh, so you’re a sadist? Pfft. Hahaha, man, the lot of you are kinda kinky,” you shrugged a shoulder, snickering as you banished his character sheet with a swipe of your hand, “Not that there’s anything wrong with that, ya know. Your secret is safe with me.”

After delving through his emotes for entirely too long you pranced over to the edge of the Blazing
Temple to peer into the river of fire. Hm, could you lose levels in Nazarick? What about Gear? Well, there was only one way to find out...And as all philanthropic video game loving nerds do, you decided to see if you could swim in the river of fire.

**Sloosh!**

Oops. Yeahhh, Momonga never let you live that one down.

And now as you thank god that you’re still wearing your helmet to hide your growing blush, you wonder if Demiurge has the capacity to remember all of that as well.

Clearing your throat as your tail constricts an ankle, you stammer, “H-Heyy, Demiurge! Yeah. Hi, um, thank you for coming! We appreciate you? Yeah! We appreciate you. Mhm.” You poor awkward thing.

Demiurge rises with a gloved hand nestled against his breast pocket. While his tail languidly waves behind him he breathes, “I am humbled by your regard, My Lady. Although I am unworthy to speak with either of you, my supreme ones, I wish for you to know that it is I that appreciates your willingness to stay with us in Nazarick.”

Wait, unworthy? Biting back a yawn, your brows pinch together as Momonga nods his head in tandem with a stamp of the guild staff, “Thank you, Demiurge. Both for your arrival and sentiments. Tell me, do you know of Albedo’s location? I would like to begin shortly.”

As Demiurge lifts a hand to point a claw tip through one of the many gateways in the coliseum you notice that his handkerchief appears to be damp. Huh, strange. You give him a quick once over and nothing else seems out of place, so you wonder if maybe he has allergies. Hm, you don’t recall anything like that from his written lore, but then again, you don’t remember a lot of the stuff. Just the basics.

Carrying the eighth floor guardian as her hip wings flutter Albedo seems to float like an angel over water rather than the sixth floor. Victim’s many beads of light glitter along his branches as Albedo presents herself in a curtsy before you and Momonga. “All of the Guardians are present, my Lord and Lady.”

Drawing Kingslayer from it’s scabbard you use the sword to ease yourself to the ground. Sitting with your back straight you lay your sword in your lap as the guardians line up in a parody of their respective floors, starting with Shalltear and ending with Albedo. With a quick shake of your head to stave off fatigue you gaze as Albedo strides forward and kneels, Victims branches illuminating with her words as she confirms that,

“We the guardians, pledge our undying loyalty to Nazarick’s remaining supreme beings.”

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—Check out my Tumblr for updates/artwork/asks relating to this Fan Fiction. Asks are always open!—

Tumblr
This chapter has been rewritten as of 11/5/2018

Chapter End Notes

Want to know why Demiurge's handkerchief was damp? Click here to find out!
Amplified by the guild staff Momonga’s [Fear] aura slips from beneath him in a torrent of black fog. The guardians tremble as their master casts a shadow that seems to consume the sixth floor as he booms, “Now, go forth in my name,” turning down to you, he calms into a softer tone, “Come, Holly. Let us go.”

In a shower of lights the air bends as Momonga vanishes in a cast of [Greater Teleportation].

Quiet hangs in the air until a snore bounces around your helmet. Snapping your head forward in a startle the snore yanks you out of your slumber. Although hazy, your eyes dart around to see the guardians in a blur before you, still kneeling. Wow, did you actually fall asleep? Shit! Okay, don’t worry, just play it off, you probably weren’t asleep for long.

The line of drool trickling from your lips says otherwise.

A voice like smooth bourbon reaches out to you, “Lady Holly, is everything alright?”

Grunting as you arch your back in a stretch, you wave a hand towards Momonga, “I’m fine, I’m fine, just gimme a seco——!” Wait.

The cold sting of air left from Cocytus’s passive burns your lungs as you sharply inhale. Snapping your direction to where Momonga should be, you instead find Sebas, Nazarick’s Butler of Steel.

When did Momonga leave and when did Sebas get here?! Holy shit, how long were you out?!

Purple fogs your vision and nets your mind in a warm cocoon as you glance between Sebas and the still kneeling floor guardians. Sure, Sebas just caught you off guard, but the guardians. They’re just staring at you. Like...it’s like they’re waiting for something.

With that twinge of fear erased you use Kingslayer to stand as you turn to Sebas, clearing your throat, “S-Sorry about that. My bad. Uhhh…”

Before you know it you’re sticking your hand out to give this man a damn handshake. From his uncompromising posture and unflappable expression something about him just commands respect.

Sure, you’ve seen him on the tenth floor plenty of times, but actually talking to the man?

Totally different story.

Sebas brings your hand into his as he bends his chest into a bow, “Sincerely My Lady, please do not apologize on my behalf. I was merely concerned. Forgive my intrusion, however, it seems that you are currently under the influence of severe fatigue.”

A dry laugh catches in your throat as you avoid a yawn, “Yeah, you got me.”
Reaching into his breast pocket, Sebas plucks a petite orange vial. Replacing the hand in yours with the elixir, Sebas hums, “I use these quite frequently. I believe it should help,” Sebas chuckles warmly as you examine the bright starry liquid, “Might I add that they are quite pleasant to the taste, as well.”

“Oh heyyy, is this a stamina potion?!”

“Why, yes. Yes it is. I keep a variety of them on my person at all times.”

“Oh man this is so cool,” Cradling the potion in the palm of your hand, you give it a few nudges with one of your fingers as you grin, “I’ve always wanted to know what one of these actually tasted like! Thank you so much!”

“But of course,” Sebas bows once more, “As always, it is the highest of honors to be of use to Nazarick’s divine Lady Holly.”

“Oh um, yeah. I appreciate it.” Your cheeks grow warm as you continue to fiddle with the potion. As your tail wraps around an ankle you find it best to remove Lawbringer so you can actually drink it.

With a firm hand on Lawbringers plume you give a tug. No give. After a few more hauls Lawbringer is pulled from your head like a stubborn weed. Damn, it was never like that before.

You blow your lips in a pfffbttt! as your hair falls in your face. It’s a damn circus act, keeping your sword, helmet, stupid amount of hair, and potion in check. You keep expecting to drop something. However, not today Murphy’s law, not today.

“Allow me, My Lady,” With a respect better reserved for greeting god at the pearly gates Sebas retrieves your gear. Tucking Lawbringer under an arm and crossing Kingslayer over a shoulder Sebas dips his head into a bow before taking a step back.

Flipping your hair forward and then back you greet Sebas with a warm grin that splits your face from ear to ear, “Thanks again, you’re a lifesaver.”

As you run your fingers through your curls to get rid of cold sweat and tangles you take the time to do a quick scan of your brain for what you recall of Sebas. You saw him all the time on the tenth floor, it’s where you always cast [Greater Teleportation] into after quests. But...you don’t remember a whole lot. Just that there’s the whole perfect butler thing, he looks just like the picture of Touch Me that Momonga showed you, and his stats are nuts. He’s just as powerful as Cocytus in terms of raw damage output, only Sebas, Sebas doesn’t use a weapon. Oh yeah! He’s more martial arts, that’s right! Okay, you remember a bit more than you thought.

Once satisfied with your grooming you flash Sebas another smile of gratitude. Man, this is so cool! You’re literally about to drink a potion given to you by Sebas. Freakin Sebas, who just hours ago was nothing more than algorithms, data, and percentages.

A part of you wonders if the guardians were actually partially alive all along.

Popping the cork you bring the elixir to your lips. As the liquid races to fill your mouth you half expect this stuff to taste like some nasty tangerine bitter cough syrup. Instead, as soon as the starry fluid hits your tongue an explosion of flavor forces an mmm! out of you. Greedily, you chug it down as if someone is going to steal it from you.

The taste is sharp, tart, and brings an overall clarity to your senses. Then, the nostalgia hits. Oh mann, you’ve tasted something like this before! It’s like...it’s like that peach orchard from when you were a kid, back before they were endangered. Sometime in mid July when they were in full bloom.
The sun was at its highest in the sky as you stood in line with your Mom waiting to purchase whatever at a fruit stand. When she wasn’t paying attention you snuck over to a sample plate and helped yourself to more than your fair share of freshly carved peaches.

They glistened like slices of the sun on that plate.

A tidal wave of energy rushes through your blood and zings your hair to stand on edge. Tail beating the ground you dart your focus back to Sebas as you exclaim, “Wow! T-That was incredible! I don’t think I’ve ever had anything that good!”

Eye pulling into an excited twitch you glance down to your hands. Flexing your fingers as the leather of your gauntlets bray, you laugh, “Damn, that stuff kicks in fast, yeah? I don’t feel tired at all anymore!”

Sebas gives a sharp nod as he permits the hint of a smile to take his face, “I am glad that you find the potion suitable to your liking, My Lady.”

“Oh yeah, it’s,” You pause as you twist from facing Sebas to the floor guardians. “...uh, amazing.”

Oh, well. This is awkward. That bad kind of awkward where you have to take a crap in a house full of people and there’s only one bathroom. Oh no. Quickly, you dig through your brain for some bad joke you can throw out to try and break what you think is tension and...yeah. You’ve got nothin’.

Damn, where did Momonga go? Better yet, how did he talk to them?! Well, you need to start somewhere, because you staring at them while they stare at you isn’t getting anything outside of being creepy accomplished.

Figuring that better late is in fact preferable than never, you clear your throat. Tossing up a hand in a quick wave you begin, “Hi. So uh, you guys don’t have to kneel anymore. I mean, if you don’t want too, that is. Yeah.”

Fuck. That sounded dumb. Way to go.

You chew on your cheek as the guardians exchange a few glances.

Gathering herself up as Victim chirps within her arms, Albedo is the first to rise. Sending a kind smile your way Albedo slips into a curtsy before sauntering your way. As she moves her long dark hair catches every star in the sky. Folding her hip wings upon her waist she makes her way to stand beside you. D-Damn, she smells like a bouquet of jasmine and honeysuckle. She’s so freakin’ pretty. “Hey, Albedo,” gulping, you scratch at your neck as you prod, “So, can you...give me a summary of all that just happened?”

Trailing off, you take a second to look past her rather than at her. Do you really just tell her you dozed off? Are they gonna respect that? Here you are, actually meeting them for the first time, and you fell asleep. Oh, and by the way? They think you’re a supreme being. Great.

On a deep breathe you choose to be truthful. Honesty is the key to respect, right?

Your eyes meet hers as you sigh, “I’m sorry. I was exhausted and I really didn’t hear much.”

“My Lady Holly, do not fret,” As Albedo steps closer the pearls of light along Victim’s branches begin to brighten, “Your health should always come first. Please, do not consider for a moment that
you are impeding upon any of your guardians. As one of the two last remaining supreme ones, our concern will always be for your well being above any of our duties.”

“Impeding?!” Albedo’s eyes narrow as your stomach drops, “Why would you ever dare to assume that she thinks that?! And of course she comes first!”

Shit just hit the fan.

Stomping forward, Shalltear shoots Albedo a look so dirty you half expect Sebas to pull out a mop and bucket to aid in the clean up. Twisting her nose up in a hmph! Shalltear turns to face you. Expression softening as her eyelids droop Shalltear drapes her arms over your shoulders. As she works her hands beneath your hair to interlace her fingers over your neck she coos, ‘Lady Holly, I’m sure, is more than aware of the fact that she isn’t a burden on any of us. Quite the opposite, actually…”

Shalltear smells of all things tempting laced with musk. Your knees grow weak as she cuddles into your neck, her cold breathe sending a shower of goosebumps all the way down to your toes. Licking her lips and flicking her tongue across your pulse point that jumps, Shalltear grins. Just as her lips slide over your neck Albedo begins to wail,

“Shalltear! How dare you interrupt one of our Supreme ones! Lady Holly asked for a debriefing. Not your slithery self desecrating her holy body,” Albedo’s golden eyes burn as she grips Victim tighter, “You, why you foul wretch!”

Shalltear huffs a pout as she takes her time in leaving the warmth of your neck. With a heavy sigh she slips away, toying with the fringe of her dress as her bottom lip quivers, “Lady Holly, I am so very sorry for interrupting you. I just found what that whore Albedo said to be troubling to your greatness, and felt that it needed to be addressed.”

Cedar smoke greets your nose as you blink away. As you thickly swallow to come up with some form of a conversation with Shalltear and Albedo you hit the damn breaks. Complimenting the tail curled only a fraction of an inch from your thigh you hear the rich voice of the seventh floor guardian come from over your shoulder,

“Ladies,” Demiurge greets, “If we could get to the subject at hand rather than this callous charade of insults exchanged between the two of you? Surely you can conduct yourselves in a more professional manner in front of My Lady in lieu of this poor excuse you both are choosing to display.”

You - 1

Murphy’s law - 1

Oohhh kay. This is a lot. Holy shit, he’s almost touching you. He’s right next to you. Twiddling your fingers you glance down to the head of his tail as it lazily rises and falls. Your cheeks grow impossibly warm as you avoid eye contact with everyone in the general vicinity.

Nope, nothing to see here. Definitely not you blushing.

Seeming to come to an understanding Shalltear and Albedo sneer at one another once again, yet say nothing more. Abandoning her post and resuming her place among the other floor guardians Shalltear saunters away. At the call of her giggling you lift your head to face her as she bats her eyelashes and sings,

“My Lady,” She dips forward in a curtsy before reaching up to pull an umbrella from thin air.
Smiling sweetly she pops open the umbrella before carouselling into a twirl. Once finished, with a wave of her hand, the umbrella disappears into a shower of glittering motes of light. With a wink saved special for you Shalltear assumes her previous spot next to Cocytus.

S-She...She did not just...

“Hey, so, Albedo, I uh, think I heard that Nazarick was no longer in a swamp? Where are we now?” Yeah, just change the subject. Just pretend you didn’t just watch Shalltear emote. Nope. Didn’t happen. Better to focus on what you did manage to catch from Momonga and the guardians before you fell asleep.

Albedo nods, the pink from her cheeks cooled, “Yes, you are correct Lady Holly. We are no longer concealed by a swamp. Rather, now we seem to be in an open wasteland. As it currently stands we are unsure of Nazarick’s location. However, feel confident in that your guardians will soon locate where the great tomb currently resides.”

Albedo glances over her shoulder, her soft eyes twisting sharp as she continues, “My love Lord Ainz has requested that Mare be in charge of reconstructing the landscape around the circumference of Nazarick. This way we may be concealed once more and are less susceptible to possible invasion.”

“...Lord Ainz?” You lift a brow.

My love?

Victim babbles with a few chirps as Albedo adjusts her hold on him, “Yes. He has requested to be addressed as Lord Ainz from here on out.”

Crap, do you need an alias? What is he planning? You need to wrap this up and find him on the double.

“Thanks, I get the picture from here. I’ll uh, leave the rest to you as Momo—err, Ainz requested.” That name change is going to take some getting used too. As Albedo smiles a glow warms your heart, she’s just so damn genuine. Taking a step forward you gently pet the top of Victim’s head before turning to Sebas.

Squishy baby is squishy.

You find it best to gather your things and-and-and-anddddd—-! By all things considered you should be facing Sebas. However, instead, you conveniently forfeit your memory of who was, and is, still standing beside you. Bumping full frontal and face first into the seventh floor guardian you feel your heartbeat jump between your ears as it pounds like a war drum.

A gasp rips from your throat as you throw your hands up in reaction. Attempting to wave them in front of you to try and placate the situation you instead smack them against his chest and holy shit he’s so firm. The demon chuckles as his tail curls around the back of your thighs as he soothes, “My Lady.”

Wow, even this dude’s breathe s-smells nice..

There’s a power that rumbles from his chest as he breathes. He’s everything smoke laced with cedar as you weakly smile and nod your head, “Heyyy, Hi, um, sorry, for, uh, ya know..?”

As your eyes meet his glasses he reveals a wide toothy grin. Canines glistening the demon purrs, “Please, no apologies needed. If I may? Lady Holly, I must selfishly request that you not push yourself so hard. Seeing you in discomfort is troubling to me.”
Swallowing what has to be a boulder in your throat, you quickly nod your head. You can’t find the words to say, they’re lost, gone, bye bye. There is no way his command mantra should be working on you. If you recall, that’s only something he can use on players below level forty. Nevertheless, something is going on, because this man’s voice makes your knees feel like gelatin.

“Lady Holly, might I presume that you are wishing to hold council with Lord Ainz once you leave us to our dealings?”

Shaking the stupid out of your head as you stare at how sharp this man’s facial features are, because wow, you finally chime in, “Uh, Yeah. Yeah! There’s a lot we need to discuss. I’d like to talk to him about a lot of things, really, like what steps we need to take from here and——”

You think he’s trying to kill you as his tail brushes against yours. Allowing a smirk to take him, Demiurge resumes, “I believe that to be a most excellent idea. Please, let me know what the two of you plan so that I may execute your will with urgency.”

Dancing your fingers along his lapels your cheeks brighten as a coy smile dawns on your face, “O-Okay, s-sure. I can uh, do that.”

The demons chest rumbles once more as he purrs, his tail finding the confidence to wrap around yours rather than occasionally flirting with it. Your blood sings. Ho-ho-holy crap you’re this close to him. Just as he begins to open his mouth once more to put his thoughts into words he’s interrupted.

“I think it would be wise to allow our Lady to reconnect with Lord Ainz. Their meeting should take priority over any communications we may have for them.”

The occasional lick of black fire that curls around Demiurge’s edges suddenly surges in an uproar. His expression flattens. Ears twitching as he rolls his tongue over his teeth, Demiurge smugly throws his voice behind him in response, “Yes Sebas, an intelligent observation. Would you be so kind as to bring My Lady her personals so that she may make ready to meet with Lord Ainz?”

You bite back a whine of disappointment as Demiurge’s tail slips away from yours. Stepping away as Sebas hands you your gear his black fire quickly calms into lazily cavorting about his frame once more.

Sheathing Kingslayer and plopping Lawbringer under an arm you thank Sebas with a kind smile. As Sebas removes himself from your direct line of sight Demiurge is quick to fill the vacant spot, raising a gloved black hand to his chest as he dips into a bow.

You stutter, armor clanking as you tremble while the demon’s nose nearly brushes your own. He’s level with your face as your heart begins to punch in your chest. As Demiurge’s glasses slide down the bridge of his nose, his diamond eyes cast a shower of light that jumps across your facial scales as he whispers, “I should thank you, My Lady…”

His breath is hot against your face as his lips begin to puppeteer the rest of his sentence. The intoxicating scent of his cedar smoke like cologne tickles your nose as he breathes, “…for keeping my secrets.”

Wait, huh? Tilting your head, you accidentally brush your nose up against his. He doesn’t move, except to allow a rather leading smirk to carve his face open. Pulling away, Demiurge bends at his chest in a bow, arm swung behind his back. As the demon strolls back to join his fellow guardians you rocket up a hand to cover your mouth as you belt out a gasp in realization.

The embarrassment scalds hotter than the sun as Demiurge glances over his shoulder and shows you
his pearly whites. There’s something about the way his tail flicks behind him that lets you know that he knows that you understand his subtlety.

Yep, that settles it. You want to die. Everyone is staring at you and you just want to crawl under a rock and freakin’ hide. They remember. Of course they somehow remember!

You’re squirming in your armor as you dart your sights around the sixth floor trying to not look at any of them. Crap, what other stupid shit have you done? Oh man, you really hope Sebas doesn’t remember you trying to scale the Chandeliers in the throne room…

Just above your right eye buzzes. Rubbing around your temple you wince, it kinda feels like there’s a bug in your burrowin into your brai—Wait! Momonga!

[Message]

Holly? Ah, there you are. Are you alright?

Yeahhh, about that. Where did you go?

My bed chambers on the tenth floor. My apologies, I assumed that when you did not follow that you had something you wished to say to them. Tell me, are you still with the floor guardians?

Yeah, I am. They're gettin' ready to do the stuff you asked them to do.

Very good. Now then, if you are finished, I would like to discuss things over with you. Come to my bed chambers, I want to see if you can aid me in figuring out the mirror of remote viewing.

Uh, sure. That’s just…yeahhh. That’s kinda a long walk?

Hm? Hah! That’s right. You have yet to teleport. Would you care for me to come to you?

Oh yeah, how about no? I’m literally still right here with the guardians. I don’t want to look like I don’t know what I’m doing. Can you uh, just tell me how?
Paint a picture in your mind of where you want to go. With that picture at the forefront of your mind, if you can see yourself there, [Greater Teleportation] will take you to that location.

That’s...oddly simple. So I don’t need to click my heels or sacrifice somethin’?

No.

Damn.

Moving forward, is Sebas by chance with you?

Yeah, actually he is. How come?

That is good to hear. Do me a favor. Request of him to accompany you. I want to speak with him about a task I would like to give him. Furthermore, he has an item I allowed him to borrow that I would be liking back.

Oh, yeah, of course. No problem. I’ll be there as soon as I figure this uh, [Greater Teleportation] thing out, kay?

Relax your mind, Holly. I will see your shortly.

[End Message]

Clearing your mind of the haze left over from the spell, you glance towards Sebas. Tilting his body forward in a slight bow Sebas turns his head to the side in wait of your question, “Hey, Momon—Err, Ainz wants us, I mean, would you go with me to meet up with Ainz?”

You don’t mind the Ainz title. It’s just...strange calling him something different than what you’ve been referring to him as for the last few years. Momonga was a cute username. Still, you wonder why the hell he moved his name to the first part of the guilds title. Maybe he’s after that new world new you kinda thing? Meh, who are you to judge.
“But of course, Lady Holly. It would be my pleasure. Shall we make ready and leave now?”

Behind you the buzzing conversations of the floor guardians fills the air. While Albedo and Demiurge discuss fortifying Nazarick’s defenses, Mare and the others hold a debate on the best way to cover the great tomb in such a way that it’s not disrespected. Meanwhile, Victim glitters and chirps. Cute.

Nodding your head, you motion towards one of the coliseum gates as sneakily as you can while you whisper, “Yeah, I think that’s best.”

Tip toeing away from the guardians you slip through and to one of Nazarick’s many hallways with Sebas. As Sebas walks in stride with you, hands kept behind his back, you try to picture Momonga’s room in your mind.

Okay, there’s the huge bed. Blue curtains. The purple fire wall lanterns...you screw your eyes shut and do a little jump. Why did you jump? Eh, maybe it’ll help kick off the spell.

You open your eyes to still see the hallway. Damn.

You can see the damn place perfectly! You’ve been there more times than you can count. Why isn’t this working? Ugh, if only you had your HUD, you could just scroll through your spells and select [Greater Teleportation] rather than actually, well, actually cast it! How is this supposed to work, anyways?!

Do you have to say it?

You tuck your head down as you spy around the corridor. Damn, this is so embarrassing. Grunting as you refuse to look at Sebas, you reach a hand forward, slyly waving it before you as you hurriedly whisper “..Greater Teleportation!”

...Nothing. Damn it!

“My Lady, I hope you do not mind my intrusion, however the potion I gave you will unfortunately wear off soon. While I would be more than happy to oblige you with another, I must insist that you rest here shortly.”

Belting out a groan in agreement you turn to face Sebas with a wince. “Yeahhh. I know. I just..”

“What is troubling you, My Lady? Allow me to help you, if I may.”

You were once told by an old coworker that asking someone for advice was one of the easiest ways to gain respect. There’s something about humbling yourself to another that endears you to them rather than taking the I know everything I don’t need your help approach.

Well, luckily Sebas already has that air about him to you. Maybe it’s the whole butler thing. Or, rather, it’s the calm he exudes from being an older looking gentlemen. Perhaps it’s the steel eyes. Nevertheless, you’re not entirely too sure, but something just...something says it’s okay to have a weak moment in front of him. Here goes nothing.

“Ya know what? Yeah. There’s actually something I could use your help with, if you don’t mind,” You pause, twisting a few curls around a finger as you stare at the ground, “I’m uh...little embarrassed about it though, so bear with me.”

Sebas’s brows furrow as he steps forward, “You have nothing to be embarrassed about, I assure you. It would be my honor to assist you in any way possible.”
“You’re too kind, really,” You smooth a hand along the back of your neck as a chuckle escapes your throat, “I’m...Well, to be blunt, I’m having trouble teleporting. I don’t get it.”

“I see. What trouble are you having?” Sebas offers his hand to you. As you accept, placing your hand in his, you sigh,

“I can picture where I want to go, but I’m not. I’m not there. It’s not working and I can’t figure out why. I thought if I did some special movement or something that I might be able too, but...Yeah. Nope. I’ve got nothin’.” Frowning, you grip at his hand.

Sebas nods his head, “I understand. It is quite commendable of you, and as expected of a supreme one to work around other options instead of giving up,” Sebas pauses, looking up in thought before resuming, “Have you tried picturing yourself along with where you are aiming to teleport?”

“Oh. Uh, no,” You strangle back a yawn as you take a step backwards. “One sec, that actually sounds really freakin’ smart. Let me try that out, kay?”

“Of course, My Lady.”

Closing your eyes, you draw yourself into the picture filling your mind. Everything is warm and dark. Another yawn strikes you. While sitting on Momonga’s bed a wave of fatigue hits you like a flood in reverse. Well, Sebas wasn’t lying, that potion is done for. Shit, your body sags, shoulders slumping as everything grows heavy. Wishing like hell you were on that bed right now instead of here, your breathing slows, world growing black as you whisper,

[Greater Teleportation]

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This chapter has been rewritten as of 11/7/2019
The tomb buzzed with excitement as the guardians executed their orders with efficiency, and as the rest of Nazaricks NPCs worked diligently. Normally the halls were silent, cast in the shadow of abandonment. Some areas of Nazarick, you were sure, hadn’t seen a soul in years.

Now though, three days into this new world, there had not been an inch of the great tomb that the maids or other live ins had not scoured over. By executive order through Albedo and Demiurge, all the floors had been put on high alert. The area guardians were to remain on permanent standby, as well as the 4th and 8th floor guardians were to remain on indefinite standby to their respective floor.

You though, you hadn’t seen a soul since you managed to teleport to Ainz bedroom.

“There you are, I’m glad you made it. I was beginning to worry when...”

A loud snore along with your body falling back into the bed let him know that you weren’t going to be capable of speaking just yet.

Being an undead, Ainz didn’t have to worry about things such as sleep, food, or water. He could keep going without the annoyance of living issues.

Some issues however, he did wish he still had.

You could not however, and were displaying a heavy stage of exhaustion. You had pushed passed being tired and entered into a negative status effect, further evidence that more of the game mechanics of Yggdrasil had imprinted into this new world.

“Sebas, tend to her please. Make sure that she stays here and gets adequate rest. It is to my intention
that should either her or myself leave Nazarick, the other one will stay. The great tomb will always have one of us present.”

“My lord.” Sebas said affirmatively, bowing in response.

Sebas walked over to the side of the bed where you had once been sitting, and were now uncomfortably asleep. Your body laid strewn, legs dangling off the side of where you were passed out. You looked like a rag doll that had been tossed into the trash.

Your breathing hitched, your face contorting in displeasure from the discomfort of your position. However, you remained deep in slumber. Exhaustion beat out your discomposure.

Sebas bent down, carefully hooking both of your legs into the crook of his forearm. His other hand reached to pull the comforter back, the shift of movement stirring you.

A muffled moan of displeasure and discomfort pushed its way passed your lips.

“Shhhh. Just rest. It’s okay.” His other arm slipped to support your back as he hoisted you up into his chest, to then gently lay you more properly onto the sheets below.

“Mph, Sebas...? 5 more minutes...” You nuzzled into him unbeknownst to yourself. You were so tired, and anything comfortable you would hold onto dearly.

He was so warm.

Carefully and with nonverbal actions he convinced you that the bed was where you wanted, and not his upper body. He encouraged you with the promise of plush sheets and dreams as he laid you down on your back, full body now against the silk sheets. Sebas let out a small sigh of relief as he watched your face intently for a moment, making sure that you were peacefully resting.

Rolling onto your side and facing away from the butler, you brought your knees up and placed your face deep into the pillow that now held your head. Even through your armor you could feel yourself sink into the plush mattress.

With a gentle lift and fold of the duvet the dragonoid in disguise completed his task of assuring your comfortable slumber. He thought to help you out of your armor, but assumed your modesty and decided against it through respect. He smiled inwardly, reaching down to brush your curls away from your face.

Sebas, like the others, enjoyed being in your presence.

“My Lord, the ring you allowed me to borrow.”

The same ring that adorned your middle finger, Sebas wore on his index. He slipped it off, and placed it in Ainz cold grasps.

“Ah, Thank you Sebas. Now, I have a task that I’d like for you too...” his voice trailed off as the sight of a burning village filled the standing mirror to his left.

The mirror of remote viewing.

Two women, rather, a young girl and her even younger sister stood before a soldier. The militant hungrily drew his sword, ready to feed his steel their life and blood.

“My Lord. What do you plan to do?”
“Nothing.”

“...I see.”

Obviously troubled but not willing to question his Lords judgement, Sebas stood still.

Your tongue felt caked in sand as you began to wake up from your sleeping marathon. You fumbled in the dark, reaching for your bed side table. You always kept a half filled plastic bottle of water by your bedside for cases like this. Waking up with cotton mouth was the worst. When you could not pat down your table, you found it best to bring yourself to your feet and head to the bathroom. Thankfully it had to still be night time, so heading down the hallway you would not risk running into your annoying mother and her even more annoying dogs.

The clacking of their untrimmed nails on hardwood floors drove you nuts.

Her tv blaring at 4am was almost as bad.

Tossing the covers to the side as you sat up, you looked around your room for your alarm clock. Nothing but silent black and a few shapes in the dark filled your waking vision.

Had there been a storm, a power surge?

You shook your head, agitated.

You were going to get an earful if your alarm didn’t go off in time for work.

“Gah, fuck me...” you muttered under your breath.

Oh how you loved being chastised early in the morning.

In a swift movement you tossed your legs off the side of the bed, readying yourself to get up for the time being. You were thirsty, you didn’t know what time it was, and your stomach gave a rather demanding roar for sustenance. A thunderous clang, the sound of something heavy and metal, crashed to the floor beside you. The disturbance rang in your ears for a moment as you were now, very much awake.

What the hell was that?

God you hoped it didn’t wake your mother up.

You got up to your feet, and your heart fell into your stomach when the height of the bed was not the height of your bed. It was as if you went to take one step down, and instead, went down three.

You landed with a heavy metal thud, armor clamoring in response. Heavy padding and intelligently placed resistance to fall damage in your greaves lessened the impact to nothing more than an uneasy feeling.

Momentary confusion swept over your mind.
And then it hit you.

The loud sound your had just heard was your helmet falling.

You hoped that was what it was.

Your eyes widened, and your mouth hung open excitedly. Your sides of your mouth curved upwards as you let out a choked sound of disbelief, stepping forward and towards the door of the bedroom.

This would let you know. You had just been asleep for nearing three days, so naturally this all was a dream, right?

You slid your hand against the wall, lights slowly warming the surrounding area. Dull and yellow at first, slowly glowing into a bright and illustrious white beacon in the top of the middle of the room.

Law bringer lay on its side, starry night gems shining in your direction.

It wasn’t a dream.

It had all been real.

You couldn’t believe.

Your stomach let out another irritated and demanding growl for attention.

That you couldn’t shake, and your mouth still felt like the Sahara desert, even in the face of your excitement.

He has to have a bathroom.

You just wanted to get to a sink and greedily fill yourself with water.

You walked towards the large door adjacent to the entrance, and gave a tug.

Fuck you Ainz.

You’re a god damn slob.

Yeah, you were somewhat of a pig in real life too. You didn’t always do your laundry on time and you lived out of a clothes hamper.

But in Video games?

You had a bad case of OCD. Everything was named and organized to an agonizing level of accuracy. If it wasn’t, it bugged you until you set time aside to do so.

This was inexcusable.

Your eye gave a twitch of agitation just as an avalanche of scrolls, bottles, robes, armor, and nearly the damn treasury dumped itself on top of your person.

With a shove you managed to spread the lot of what had fallen onto yourself to the side, scrolls unraveling as they slid off your lap.

You confiscated a few data crystals, standing up and kicking more of the junk out of your way.
Surely one of the maids would tidy this up?

You wondered if creating items was similar to teleporting, or [Message]. Seemingly, most magic was used through will?

You held up the small crystal, this would be more than enough.

~“:Create greater item:”~

A pair of denim blue jeans folded themselves in the air, and landed at your feet.

You grinned, bending down to scoop up your new attire. You were aching to get out of your armor and into something casual and comfortable. You thought of dawning an overly attractive dress or ball gown, but really, you just wanted to get out of this room and towards some food and drink.

You used a few more crystals for some other garments. A loose black tank top, a pair of sneakers with matching socks, and some pretty panties.

What? It’s not like anyone was gonna see them. The silky black lingerie with white lace was your secret.

Undressing out of armor was no joke. You spent a good fifteen minutes fighting with your chest piece, struggling to unclasp holsters and unbutton yourself out of its constraints.

Your gauntlets were relatively easy, but your leggings were by far, the worst. There had to be an easier way to do this. You made sure every strap was undone, and yet still, you felt wedged in mud. You held down the sides of your greaves and lifted yourself up, trying to wiggle your way out.

No give.

You tried jumping, laying on the bed and sucking your stomach in, cursing, etc.

You probably looked like a moron, tits flopping about freely as you tried to desperately heave off your lower half’s armor.

“C’mon Oak let go of me!”

You looked down, crinkling your nose in frustration. This was worse than trying to open a glass jar of stubborn pickles.

After another 20 minutes of heavy breathing and wriggling like a mouse in a sticky trap, you felt your leggings give.

When they finally slid off you scoffed at yourself, seeing where you had forgotten to undo the main fasten.

You blamed this oversight on hunger.

Before you left the room, you took a moment to do a little bit of...

Self exploration.

Pretty and taught blue scales surrounded your lady bits, replacing soft bristly hairs. They crawled up towards your belly button, and stopped before hitting the crease between your sexy parts and thighs.

You were more alarmed that you saw a sweet and plush shade of blue over sensitive pink when you
examined yourself further.

Ygdrassil didn’t allow for any content R-18, so seeing this was new to you. Your amorous feelings surged at the kinky color.

Just running your fingers over the edges of your slit sent joy through your body, a heat rising in your loins.

You took the liberty of using two fingers to slowly spread yourself, inhaling a deep breath as air kissed your plump lips. You didn’t dare to continue lower, no matter how bad you wanted to run a finger around your entrance teasingly.

Instead you brought your two fingers together, your folds growing rosy with a deep shade of royal blue.

Your core ached as your fingers slid across your small sweet spot, twirling in slow and teasing circular motions.

Blood ran into your petals, your sex puffy and aching for more movement.

Your legs began to shake and you pressed your back against the wall for support, fingers still working around your cluster of sensitive nerves.

Slowing your pace although your mind pleaded that you go faster, you slid one of the fingers down and away from your throbbing love button. You dipped down lower to feel the slick heat and wetness of your arousal, stroking slowly along the edges of your now pulsing sex. Your lips felt plump and full, slicked in your honey.

You felt no shame or remorse for masturbating here as you slid down the wall to a sitting position, your finger returning to the other to finish yourself off.

Squelching and a variety of other lewd sounds of pleasure and need found their way into the air as you began to press your hips upwards, thrusting into your diligently working fingers. As you drew closer you paid attention to your favorite part of your bud, up and to the left.

Breathing hard, you pushed yourself over the edge with a few more rotations of your fingers, desperate movements of desire to alleviate the hungry fire that had been created deep in your stomach.

You held back your moaning, stifling a cry of pleasure as you came, your sex leaking a silky clear liquid down itself as you released. You looked down through hooded eyes to see your now calmed petals lubricated with an opaque and shimmering nectar, the rest of your arousal seeping down and leaving a trail on the under belly of your tail. You could have held back as you came, but it just felt better to allow yourself the luxury of cumming with such potent force. You also greedily wanted to make sure that this was real, and to enjoy your pretty blue pussy for yourself.

Basking in afterglow, you removed your fingers from the sticky mess you had made in your guild leaders bed chambers, and rested your head against the wall as you panted lightly.

Yeah, this was definitely real.

And now you needed a shower.
Nazarick always had a cold chill to its long corridors and passages.

Your breath clung like smoke in the air as you walked along the halls, wishing you had made yourself a coat. When you found Ainz restroom had no toiletries, you used the rest of his data crystals to make some meager luxuries for yourself.

They were just throw away crystals, worth next to nothing. You didn’t think he’d mind, but just in case he did, you were ready to give him your stash.

Once you could find out how to access your inventory. That you had not figured out yet. You could not find your bedroom, and teleporting was out of the question. You were very hungry and the last time you teleported you knocked out. You were not sure if that was going to be a common side effect to you or not, so you would rather not risk it for the time being.

And so you left the room, leaving all behind except for your great sword. You stacked your belongings neatly, and out of guilt, shoved Ainz mess back into his closet. You fastened Kingslayer on your sword belt, wiggling the great sword in its scabbard to secure it before you departed.

The halls were particularly cold for a reason, however. Pressurized steam releasing from its confinement’s filled your ears with unease.

Only, it wasn’t steam. The air around you clouded with a blizzard of crystalline dust and tiny flakes of ice.


The shadow of a large isopod cast itself over you, enveloping your being in his presence.

“Co-Cocytus! Hi! Um...G-Good day to you too!”

You choked out your greeting, eyes wide as you stared up at the pale blue warrior. Your teeth began to chatter, chills running over your skin and taking place in the face of Cocytus’s freezing passive ability.

Your breasts longed for the warm confinement’s of your armor, aching for some sort of padding as they stiffened under the frost.

Cocytus’s mandibles clicked a few times as he leaned in closer, his head tilting to the left.

Backed against the wall, you were sure that Cocytus also suffered from the lack of personal space rule that you had diagnosed the rest of the guardians with.

Looking for an escape and finding none, you glanced up at him.


Escort?

“I-I don’t know what you mean.” You smiled un-assuredly. God you were so awkward.

Cocytus knelt on one knee, his face almost level with your own.
His movements always seemed so slow yet powerful. He sat a rather long Katana to his side, and placed the once confined hand over his chest.


You nodded your head as you understood why he asked about an escort. It made sense since Nazarick had been put on its highest security protocol. Should anything happen, yourself or Ainz should always have someone of at least the Pleiades level at your ready. Looking at the weapon that Cocytus had laid on the floor, you pointed and asked, “I-Is that the weapon Lord Takemika left for you?” You didn’t pronounce his creators full name, embarrassed you’d say it wrong. You were hoping by asking that he'd stand back and grab his sword, but instead he leaned closer. That and you were genuinely curious, Ainz had told you that Takemikazuchi was a weapon enthusiast and made many amazing swords.

He glanced over, the weapon gleaming in his many eyes. He bowed his head remorsefully.


His voice was somber.

Cocytus deeply missed his creator, and at the same time, had some very confused feelings about him. As did the other guardians, he felt abandoned. That he wasn’t good enough, and it was his failure to be a better guardian as to why Takemikazuchi left.

His posture fell, shoulders giving way to his heavy feelings.

You knew loneliness and abandonment. You were an only child, a bastard. No known father with a mother who worked too much and had too little. You understood what it was like to have conflicting feelings of love.

You didn’t find it inappropriate to reach a hand up and rest it on Cocytus’s forehead. You stroked his exo softly, and spoke even softer.

“I am sorry he never came back Cocytus.” You sniffled, and held back a tear. You couldn’t help it, you were grossly empathetic. You could feel the weight of his grief on your heart, in just those few words.

“You miss him yeah?” You paused your hand, looking into his eyes. Six versions of yourself stared back through cloudy orbs.

“...Yes. Yes. I. Do.”

He pressed his head into your now still hand. You felt something brush your waist, and your heart raced as you saw it was the left piece of Cocytus’s outer jaw.

One snap and you’d be cut in half.

Your heart calmed nearly as fast it had stirred as Cocytus nuzzled into your hand. An odd sound of clicks and hums escaped the insect, his sadness audible through what you assumed was a heavy sigh.

He was seeking comfort.

He wasn’t looking to harm you, nor was he ever looking to do you harm.

In a rush of emotion you moved forward and rested your head on his. You continued to stroke his
forehead, your lower lip pouting.

“It’s okay. It’s okay to feel the way you feel.” You hesitated before saying what you had planned next.

You chose your words carefully, making sure they took full effect and that you were above all else, honest.

“It’s okay to feel angry. It’s not okay...it’s not okay to feel guilty. You have nothing to do with why he left, or he never would have left you his blade.”

You felt his mandibles hug your waist. They rested on your curves as you spoke.

“I don’t know why he left. I never..I never got to meet him. What I do know is that he loved you, and if he had stayed, you would have been one of his main reasons. The sword you carry is proof of that, Cocytus.”

Another whir of clicks escaped Cocytus. Other than that though, he remained silent.

“I...” You swallowed hard. You had a decision to make, for you wouldn’t lie to him. You wouldn’t lie to any of them.

“I know I can’t be him. But I will never leave you. I won’t leave any of you.”

Chilled air crashed from Cocytus’s mouth, frost biting your black top. Diamond dust fluttered to the ground, the sting of cold bringing an ache of pain to your finger tips and breasts.

You did nothing though, you remained still against the 5th floor guardians unreadable face.

His mandibles had now closed around you, pulling you closer into himself.


His voice came out in a whisper. You could feel his breathing, frozen air replaced the warmth of hot breath.

“Don’t thank me. It is my highest honor to be here with you all.”

You believed what you said wholeheartedly. You wouldn't give this up for anything, despite the fact that you were only one heavy clack of Cocytus's mandibles from instant death.

Yggdrasil had been your life, and even when you weren't playing you were thinking of the game. So to be living here now, was a dream come true.

Cocytus demurred at your statement, and soon the two of you were in a hushed debate of why he should be thanking you, and why you were telling him he shouldn’t.

He was much more stubborn than you anticipated. Changing the subject, you patted his mandibles, physically displaying that you wanted to be released.


He released you immediately, retracting his head slowly from your embrace.

You smiled at him lovingly, not addressing his apology. You wanted to tell him it was okay and to not apologize, however he’d insist and you’d end back up in another polite argument.
“Can I see your sword?”

God slaying emperor blade.

A divine class weapon, almost a world item. Incomplete, yet incredibly powerful. A nearly 6 foot long odachi, the sharpest blade in the arsenal of 21 weapons that Cocytus possessed. A sword he only used against those he had the utmost respect for, a blade gifted to him by Takemikazuchi.

“Ooh! Of Course. My. Lady.”

Cocytus stood to his full height, you had momentarily forgotten that he was nearly twice your size vertically. He handed you the blade carefully, aware that it was larger than yourself.

However, you specialized in swords.

You class didn’t allow for bows, guns, axes, or lances, but swords?

You could equip and use any sword type, no matter the size or weight.

This was another perk of Code of the Commander.

You took the weapon slowly from Cocytus, admiring its quality. You had never owned anything Devine, let alone something close to a world item.

That was by choice.

Ainz had offered you crystals on more occasions that you remembered, trying to reason with you that it was better that you carry the best the guild had.

He had already saved and mentored you.

Truth be told you loathed receiving help. You wanted to experience and do everything yourself, a bittersweet part of your ego.

When Ainz came into the picture you were at your wits end, and it was either take his hand or quit the game.

You made all the gear you possessed, mostly, by yourself. You cleared dungeons with Ainz, and split the wealth. From what you got out of those raids you crafted into what you carried today.

You ran a careful finger over the odachi’s surface, and pulled away when blood sprang from the tip of your digit.

“That’s..that’s incredibly impressive.” You whispered in awe, turning the blade over as you continued your inspection. You switched the sword to your other hand, wiping the slow trickle of red from your finger onto your jeans.

What material was this?

Was this celestial uranium?

Cocytus hummed excitedly, mandibles clicking. He pointed at your hip, and then opened his hand.

“May. I.?”

“Oh! Yeah of course I’d be so flattered!”
Your eyes lit up as you handed him back his blade, reaching for yours impulsively.

You unsheathed King Slayer, shining with pride as you reached it towards him eagerly.

With as much enthusiasm as yourself Cocytus took your great sword up and into his top right hand.

Flipping the sword over several times in excitement, a new series of sounds escaped the guardian. A few deep chirps, some new clicks, and exhales of familiar cold dust later, he spoke.


He cut the air a few times, a momentous display of force as Cocytus wielded your blade with authority. The area surrounding the blade blurred when he slashed it across an invisible opponent.

“You. Have. Had. This. Sword. A. Very. Long. Time.” He wasn’t really speaking to you, more speaking aloud as he observed the minor details.

“Yes I have. As God slaying emperor blade is your favorite weapon, Kingslayer is mine. We have been through many battles together.”

Your heart was swollen and engorged with pride. He, a great warrior, was acknowledging your custom made weapon. Not a drop, not a purchase, your hard work.

It was like watching someone give your child an award, and knowing that you participated in their greatness. It wasn’t that you were phenomenal, it’s that you helped them to get there.

Your stomach roared with disapproval, gurgling in dissatisfaction and need.

You winced in embarrassment and scratched the back of your head. “Sooo...wanna grab some food?” You asked with a hesitant laugh, a flush red staining your cheeks as you shrugged.

Thank you for your Kudos, Bookmarks, and Comments!

**Tumblr**

**Deviantart**
Cocytus needs more love guys! He is best bug Uncle. Here, have a picture I found of Cocytus as best Uncle.
Convincing Cocytus that you were fine to walk to the treasury by yourself was a feat in and of its
own.

It’s not that you were tired of his company, quite the opposite. It was that you felt bad for holding
him up, knowing that he took his duties of patrolling Nazarick very seriously. You knew to him that
it was of no issue for the 5th floor guardian to play as your chauffeur, however, you respected him
and his job. That and you didn’t need anyone playing as your babysitter. It did amuse you greatly to
sit down with him and have a meal though, he was very impressed by the amount of food you could
pack down. When you told him 'Momma didn’t raise no quitter’, he looked at you confusingly, and
it was the first racial barrier you had experienced in the new world.

After consuming you do not know how the fuck to say that but damn was it good, you parted ways
with Cocytus. He needed more reassuring that you were indeed fine before he would let you out of
his sights, however.

“Cocytus, I’ll be fine, really. I just want to go and retrieve a few things of mine, and then I’ll come
right back and request a Pleiades. I promise.”

Cocytus pouted, his bottom arms folding on themselves.

It was quite adorable to see him be this persistent and feisty.


Oh this guilt tripping mother fucker had you by the short and curly’s. Well, blue scales now.

Face wrinkling in consternation, but still smiling, you spoke.

“You have my word as a warrior.”

You folded your arms similarly to his, tossing in a little hip sass.

He grunted in affirmation, and held back a small chuckle at your attitude.

His hand rose to his chest, and he bowed your way before making his depart. The familiar sound of tension released frost escaped his mouth, glistening clouds of blue trailing behind him as he walked away.

It had been awhile since your fear inhibitor had kicked in. You mused to yourself as you watched the ruler of glaciers walk away, wondering how you were ever terrified of him. His massive stature to you, was only matched by his gentleness. That was with you, Ainz, and his colleagues at least. You were sure on the battlefield Cocytus was a walking Demi god of raw power and disaster. You were lucky to have him as your guardian, and not your foe.

The chill in the air beginning to fade, you turned to face the revealing dark and foreboding entryway that led to the 10th floor, the treasury. Without your guild ring this stairwell wouldn't exist. The treasury was a hidden room, the only key being the jewelry on your middle finger. It had been a long time since you had been down to the treasury, the musk of the walls unfamiliar to your senses. A lonely humidity clung to the air as you made your way down. The mouth of the treasury floors entrance swallowed you in greedily; Eager for something, anything, anyone to enter its confines.

A large gaudy and golden chandelier lit up the managerial office of the treasury, where the same two royal purple couches faced one another. The chandelier floated as a focal point above the furniture, glittering in illustrious yellow light. Where each regal bar of filigree connected, a slender silver chain dangled free. Small rubies of deepest red decorated the shimmering spectacle, each one placed with purpose. The closer you got, the brighter it began to shine.

“When did we get this..?”

You reached up a finger, barely unable to touch one of the silvery chains. You let out a sound of disappointment, and just when you thought you couldn’t brush against the cold steel the chandelier tilted ever so slightly, the cool metal pooling in your warm palm.

“Huh...” you brought your hand down slowly, the chain gently swaying from the curious interaction. You fiddled with the chain a bit more, tickling the hanging steel links as they danced in your eyes. There was something captivating about the garish fixture, you found it oddly soothing.

Looking away and towards the mausoleum, you expected to see the treasuries area guardian and his familiar salute. The entry way was vacant of life, Pandora’s Actor most likely patrolling his surroundings as the others did. You frowned when he wasn't there, you would have liked to have met him..
A sudden dart of motion, caught in your peripheral vision, halted your thoughts.

Something skittering across the floor, and coming right towards you at break neck speed.

Oh.

**Oh no.**

**Oh hell no.**

Purple lights flashed about your eyes, bathing your vision in hues of lavender fields.

Every hair on your body stood at full attention, immune to code of the commander in the face of your one true fear.

*Cockroaches.*

A wale of terror, a high pitch holly wood scream echoed through the treasury as you scrambled on top of the coffee table between the two executive couches. No one was going to hear you besides the skittering terror coming at you like a speeding bullet.

You made it just as the filthy demon halted, feelers flicking and feeling the air in your direction.

Pupils retracting in absurd panic, you watched in horror as the tiny nightmare made way up the leg of the table.

“Nonononono...!” You scrambled backwards, wide eyed, just as the beast of burden crawled from the pits of the 9th circle of hell itself to consume your being. You waved your hands in front of you fearfully, your left leg trying to pathetically shoo the vermin away.

The soft golden light that had warmed your skin grew dim as you longed for Cocytus. You should have had him stay by you.

He would have brought the abomination to its end, or at very least sent it back to the second floor.

With utmost prejudice and enthusiasm a black boot came crashing down, squashing the hellish minion in front of you.

You looked up in a cold sweat to see the chandelier gone, and in its place standing above you, the treasuries area guardian.

Pandora’s Actor.

Master tactician, Treasury and financial manager, the ultimate trump card to Nazarick....

Pandora’s right hand snapped up to his heart, the other flung to the ceiling dramatically.

“Meine Shatz! Are you quite alright?!” He bowed down, crooning his head curiously in your direction. The hand in the air came down with his bow, and he tilted the bill of his hat your way.

Breathless you pointed up, towards his boot, and then at him. “Y-You were the chandelier?!!”

His posture immediately straightened, his right boot clapping against his left as he brought his feet together. The hand on his heart excitedly shot up to his hat, as he saluted down to you.

“You are most observant meine dame! Yes, it was I, Pandora’s Actor that illuminated this very
Did he just speak in third person?

As you went to stand Pandora immediately bent down, his extra long fingers wrapping around your hand carefully. When you accepted his silent offer of helping you stand to your feet, he without warning and ease pulled you up and into his arms. He took a large step back, bringing himself down from the coffee table along with his prize.

Setting you down gently, Pandora bowed again, this time unreasonably low.

“Now meine dame, what brings a precious flower such as yourself down to this dreary place?”

Precious flower?

Still recovering from your mild panic attack, you let out a sigh releasing your tensions. You really hated cockroaches.

Pandora’s actor looked at you, eagerly awaiting an answer.

Two empty black holes, ever unblinking, stared at you happily.

Or at least you thought so. He was incredibly hard to read because of his lack of facial expressions, however his posture and voice more than made up for his mostly non existent face.

“I-I was hoping to come down here for a few days crystals, I was wanting—“

Pandora tossed his hands high up in the air, fingers dancing with great excitement in the air above.

“Data crystals! They can be used to make anything from the most basic of weapons to the most advanced of armor! The grand material of the supreme beings!” His voice sang loudly through the treasury, bouncing off walls and echoing down the halls.

You brought a hand up over your mouth, muffling yourself.

You couldn’t believe this was Ainz creation. You knew he was a bit peculiar but this was just too much.

He was such a dork!

“And Meine Liebling what will you be bestowing upon the tomb with those lovely hands of yours?”

Lovely hands?!

Oh.

Oh no.

He’s adorable.

He was oddly refreshing in the face of the other guardians. He was incredibly vibrant and unafraid to be himself. Maybe that was because he spent the majority of his time in isolation and didn’t know how to act around others, or maybe he was just that way.

“Nothing serious Pandora. I was really just wanting a few for some personal use. Like a coat and gloves, or—“

With swift and easy motions, the doppelgänger removed the jacket from his back, and draped it over your shoulders tenderly.
He took a small step behind you, and placed a hand on each of your shoulders. His lengthy fingers found rest near your neck, and gave a gentle squeeze.

“Please, take my coat Liebling. And now meine dame, let us see what other issues I may solve for you~.”

With an encouraging and pleasing rub of your neck, he pressed you forward, implying that he wished for you to sit on the plum executive couch to your right. When you obliged and sat on the couch, he immediately joined you, jumping onto the couch with boundless energy. Pressing himself beside you, Pandora’s Actor comfortably folded one leg over the other, his gleaming black boot waving up and down as he hummed.

Yep.

No respect for any physical boundaries.

He stretched an arm out, wrapping it around you casually. He pulled you even closer, and you caught wind of his scent.

He had a soft, yet ever present aura of clean linen and sandalwood.

He couldn’t help himself in her presence. Pandora couldn’t remember the last time he had an actual visitor, so in the face of this opportunity, he took it to his full advantage. Above Pandora’s free hand, 4 different crystals formed and floated in his palm. He tapped each one with a different fingernail, addressing them individually.

“I have got data crystals galore my Lady Holly! If you will gaze your eyes here, you will see that we have red crystals and blue crystals and purple crystals and—“

“Don’t be silly, I don’t need anything that strong!”

He wasn’t dicking around. Pandora pulled out crystals that could easily make a new and better set of armor for yourself, and upgrade Kingslayer to a divine class weapon of destruction.

“Nein meine dame, forgive me but you are being silly. You should only adorn yourself in the best we have! Is that not why we have these phantasmal items?”

You shot him a look of bewilderment and amusement. Since you had been here, not a single of the now former NPCs dared to challenge anything you said. The closest one that came to it was Cocytus, and even then, that barely counted.

Game on Pandora’s Actor.

“Are you saying that what I made isn’t the best?”

The crystals floating above his palm disappeared, his head turning towards you. His thumb ran across his other digits as he thought for a moment. He hadn’t upset her, had he?
He leaned a bit closer, studying her face. When she smirked he knew what to say.

“O-Of course not! Anything you have made or will make is nothing short of excellence in my eyes! I only wanted to suggest that you maybe...upgrade them?”

You placed a hand over your mouth, narrowing your eyes at him.
Truth be told you were covering your smile.

A small giggle escaped out as you spoke.

“That means that you don’t think they’re perfect.”

“I didn’t say thaaat.” He sang.

“Yes you diiiddd.” You sang back.

He pressed his free hand against his heart, and leaned into you.

“How could I ever imply that the most attractive women in the world could create anything less than pure perfection?”

Oh he’s good.

Blood rushed to your cheeks, staining your face a deep red.

You looked away from his gaze, looking for a way to change the subject.

A sinister smile slowly crept across your face, and you turned back to face the guardian.

“So so slacking on the job? Why was there a cockroach in the treasury huh?”

Pandora’s actor placed a finger over his mouth, gesturing that he was thinking. His mind raced, searching for the appropriate response. He took his job as treasury manager of utmost paramount. If one of the last two supreme beings thought he was slacking...

“I am truly sorry that it looks as if I am shrugging off my duties, meine dame. That was one of Kyouhukou’s intelligence drones. Demiurge of the seventh floor has requested that they patrol the floors My Supreme being.”

His tone and posture shifted, he was speaking much more practical and serious, over his former playful tone. You didn’t mean to hit below the belt, you should have considered his feelings, knowing all the guardians take their roles in Nazarick so seriously...

“N-No Pandora I was just playing! I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to upset you. You do a wonderful job with the treasury’s upkeep...”

You waved your hands in front of you frantically, as if they could wave away the situation.

You winced, scanning his face for some semblance of what he thought or how he felt.

Nothing. Just an empty black stare.

Great. Your first fuck up.

“Du bist so schön, warum bist du hier bei mir?”

German, is that what that language he’s been interjecting into his speech was?

“Huh...?” you asked softly.

He sighed, head tilted up and looking at the ceiling above. An endless black vacuum of swirling darkness, threatening to swallow him whole.
A small green crystal formed in the palm of his hand.

He pushed it your direction with a brush of his finger, the crystal slowly floating your way and stopping between your eyes.

“The crystal you requested meine dame...Shall I get you more?” His head shifted back to you, his stare hollow and vacant.

That wasn’t the case though. His heart was filled with dread, not knowing how to get back to the light fun he believed you two were having. He was enjoying the bantering immensely, and for a moment thought you were flirting with him. However now the situation had changed, and in the face of his supreme being he had to respect her authority. It was better that he get you what you were after, and leave you to what you had planned next.

“N-No this is fine.”

You looked away, and spoke softer.

“You...you get lonely, don’t you.”

You took the small crystal, and placed it into your pants pocket. You never left his eyes though.

Pandora’s actor thought for a second, the arm wrapped around his guest flexing in distress, his hand gripping her arm.

“...I-I enjoy my position as treasury manager meine dame!” He spoke happily as he uncrossed his legs, bringing his left foot down to join his right on the floor below.

"I have many hobbies! Truly I do!...but it does get lonely.”

He spoke softer as his posture shifted, his free hand now fiddling with one of the decorated buttons on his uniform.

You looked forward, sensing some redemption in the conversation from his response.

You thought to shoot in the dark, the worst you could do is miss.

You leaned into Pandora, looking up at him and batting your eyelashes.

“I’m sorry I made you kill your friend....”

Pandora’s breathing quickened under the pressure of his ladies fluttering gaze. However, her smile, her tone, the soft laugh at the end of her sentence emboldened him.

His hand shot up, his shoulders no longer slumping.

“I would slay a thousand, no, a million pests for you my Lady! And admittedly, a few friends.”

You flashed Pandora a smile, showing him your teeth in the process. You hardly ever did this, you usually kept your teeth concealed. It’s not that they were discolored or that you were missing any, it’s just that smiling and showing your teeth always felt so forced.

“My right boot will be the mighty weapon which beats back all of your fears Liebling!”

You giggled again, resting your head under his comfortably.

“So you could take your boot to the 2nd floor for me?”
“I would happily commit genocide for you my lovely rose~.”

You looked down, your cheeks now scarlet. You felt Pandora shift his body, his head moving to the left of yours. Your hair was tickling his chin due to you being so close. Not that he minded that. To him, your scent was intoxicating. He found it appropriate to luxuriously address you as a delicate flower, for whenever you swept close, his senses filled with the soft scent of freshly cut roses.

He was more so happy that you hadn’t noticed his growing erection from your even closer proximity. He again had very little when it came to restraints, he was a sucker for pretty women. And to him, you were overwhelmingly picturesque. A work of art.

You lifted your head from his chest and mid neck, to look at him directly. Your hair framed your face, curls falling to your chest and caressing parts of his uniform.

He stared, breathless. He didn’t want to forget what you looked like in that moment.

You were dangerously close to his face, you could feel his breathing accelerate as you drew nearer. Your heart began to quicken its beating as you felt him begin to tremble.

You felt a warm need rush over your body. A strange sense of courage laced with emotion.

You had never been this close to a man before.

“..Pandora?”

"...Yeah?” He whispered back, his voice shaking.

“H-How do I kiss you?”

“I...I d-don’t know.”

You leaned in as far as you could go, your forehead pressing against his. When he didn't push you away like you feared, you continued your pursuit, albeit clumsily.

You shook nervously as you placed a hand on his shoulder. You bore full weight on him as you turned your body into his, and lifted a leg up and over him. His hands lifted to touch and rest at your waist, but stopped as he too worried.

He let out a pleasured gasp however as you straddled the treasury manager, pressing yourself into him.

He reached a hand up courageously, and caressed the side of your face. Warmth spread to the tips of your ears, your face you were sure was stained a deep and marooning red.

“S-such a beautiful color..!” He choked on his words, afraid to say anything else and ruin what was happening.

He let out another desperate gasp of air as you sat instead of hovering over his lap, the warmth between your legs pressing against his now, very hard member.

You also let out a soft moan at feeling his arousal. You had never done anything remotely close to this. You were always far too anti social or buried deep in a video game. Boys were nice, but you never actively pursued them.

A man wasn’t going to fall into your lap when you spent the majority of your time inside and away
from people. He didn't think a woman would ever find her way into his lap, yet here you were. You two collided against each other as two comets lost in the outer reaches of space. By all accounts you two should have never found each other this way, but you did.

Pandora's Actor placed his other hand in the small of your back, encouraging you to get even closer into his embrace.

Your own surprised moan escaped your lips when he adjusted his body to better your comfort as you scooted closer to him.

When his hips slightly rose and his hardened tool pressed into your sex, you gripped his shoulders as if you needed him.

You both remained silent, the only sound escaping either of you was an occasional heavy sigh of pleasure, or a soft intake of air when one or the other would move unexpectedly.

Everything was moving so fast, you didn’t know why you had come onto him so strong...

Did he have a passive ability you didn’t know of?

No. It wasn’t that.

It's that you felt in a way you had known him a long time, and in a way you had. You knew all about him, had read who he was. Although he was awkward he was charming, and he captured you with his garish behavior and terms of endearment.

That you were sexually curious with a high libido and no partner with which to play with. You had just rutted yourself earlier.

And his uniform. You thought it was kinda sexy.

God damn that clean and crisp authoritarian get up.

Pandora’s fingers trailed down the scales on your jawline, stopping to caress your neck and throat.

He saw himself rolling his tongue along the underside of your jaw, longing to feel and taste your skin. All the things he wanted to do with you flooding his mind with a horny virgin lust..

However you beat him to his own game, as you leaned your lips into the black void that served for his mouth. Half expecting to feel skin, and half expecting to feel something weird, you instead, felt nothing but air.

You pulled your face away slowly, looking at him with affection and curiosity.

His fingers continued to to rub around your neck, eagerly feeling and sampling as much flesh and scale as they could.

Sensing that something might be wrong when you pulled back, Pandora's Actor made to speak and remedy the situation.

“I-I can be anyone you want me to be...!”

He trembled as he spoke, his voice coming to you in almost a squeak and anxious to please. He didn't know what to do other than to try to keep you there with him, fearful that you might leave at any moment.
You gazed wondrously into his hollow eyes. He could be anybody.

"I-I want you to be y-you, Pandora.."

You spoke nervously as you leaned back into the area guardian, kissing the skin just above his oval mouth. You worked your mouth over and around his face lovingly, leaving sweet embraces over his cheeks and jaw as you smiled against his porcelain like flesh. He was just as inexperienced as you, all the two of you could do was try and figure this out.

The hand on your back gripped at your garb desperately as you spoke to him, releasing words of ache for his being. Not anyone else, him.

You left a trail of kisses down the guardians neck as you left his jawline, licking and sucking in a few spots. Feeling your tongue slip over his throat sent him over his limits, and he began to slowly grind his need into the warmth of your clothed mound. You rocked against him as well, wanting to feel him just as desperately as he wanted to feel you.

You left one last kiss on him, and pulled your mouth away from the warmth of his neck. He moaned quietly, missing your kisses as soon as your lips pulled away.

And your lips missed his skin, missed tasting and suckling on his neck. The hand on your lower back released its grip long ago, and had sneakily reached up and passed the barrier of clothing. It was as if it knew a secret know one else did, and reveled in the fact. He rubbed and trailed those long fingers over your skin, savoring your flesh with tender desperation.

His other hand rested against your neck, cradling the side of your face.

Your cheeks were hot with arousal as you pressed yourself into the hand holding the side of your head. It was cool in contrast to the growing warmth of your face.

As his other hand worked gleefully yet respectively over your back, you noticed that your hands had remained still. One laid softly on his shoulder, the other off to your side and forgotten.

You didn’t know how to touch him, you were afraid you would do something wrong. Little did you know, that he didn't think you could touch him in any wrong way. Anything you did to him made his heart sing with joy.

Your chest began to rise and fall with great anticipation, the thought of him ravishing your breasts with those hands of his peeked your sexual desires as you reached your free hand up to your blouse.

What would he feel like?

Would he like them..?

“Pandora.....”

Your voice crumpled under the weight of his name. The sound of your shaking murmur pronouncing his name so heavily caused Pandora to let out a groan of aching desire.

“Meine schönsten frauen...”

You had no idea what he said when he spoke German, but you loved it when he did. There was something whimsical about him speaking in a different language. Something you couldn't understand, but still knew from how it was spoken.
You looked down to your breasts, your nipples pressing against the newly made top with excitement. You knew they were sensitive and easily prone to over stimulation, you barely touched them yourself.

He had noticed your pretty peaking nips, of course. You couldn’t read his face or know where his gaze fell, however for a good time now he has been holding himself back from fondling them lovingly.

He longed to know how soft your bosom would feel against his hands and face, his mind throbbed in rhythm with his cock at the thought of the sweet sounds you might produce for him.

He was helplessly dreaming for more of you, just hoping that you maybe would give him more.

Coyly, you reached down to the bottom of your tank top. You rolled the fabric over your finger tips, knowing that there really wasn’t any chance of going back after this. You didn’t want to stop of course, you were just hesitant in the face of what you didn’t know.

Pandora’s thighs clenched as his heart began to pound faster with great excitement. You watched his head tilt and felt him cease any and all movement as you pulled your shirt up and over your breasts. Once free they fell into place, bouncing down from lifting with the removal of your garment.

Pandora reached up the hand that had found home on your back, and helped you to remove and toss aside the black cloth.

His eyes never left your chest.

His hand came back down, and he gently cupped one of your breasts with no reservations.

"Wunderschönen.." He whispered, his voice thick and amorous.

They were perfect.

He slowly rubbed a thumb over one of her petite nipples, they were so supple and delightfully firm. He eagerly removed the other hand that had been cradling her face, finding a new target on her soft bosom.

Pandora’s actor began to kneed his ladies ample tits, small yet still almost filling his palm. If it hadn’t have been for his longer digits, her breasts would have almost filled his hands. The doppelganger felt like he was on auto pilot with the rest of his body, leaving everything behind and to the most basic of his motor skills as he stared in awe while he groped the supreme beings chest.

Stammering and stirring under the new sensations of pleasure his hand was giving to you, you began to writhe and wiggle in his lap. Your bouncing and adorably sweet chirps of bliss nearly drove Pandora’s face into your neck, his hot breath tickling your skin. With your chest exposed he eagerly sought more, unable to continue to hold himself back from his more carnal urges. Things heightened in urgency within the doppelganger as your hands desperately gripped his shoulders, the sweet gasp he had been yearning for ringing in his ears. His tongue lashed out against your neck hungrily, the carnal need to taste the skin before him replacing his virgin timidity with raging desire. Hot and pent up saliva trailed down your neck as the guardian made great effort to taste every inch of your throat. It was here that his hips demanded more, now bumping and grinding into your sex with greater need.
The intensity of his situation grew, his members tip wet with over excitement, and growing impatient from lack of stimulation. His loins were beginning to pound with a dull and deep pain, aching for more touchings. Pandora reached a hand away from her breasts in an attempt to stifle his impatience for more. He wrapped his four fingers around the base of his ladies tail, squeezing to release his sexual tensions. It was as if he was using this as an anchor for his lust. To him, if he let this go, it was the end of his reserves.

Gently but with assertion, he pressed the tip of his finger down on her stiffened nipple over simply rubbing. When one of her hands moved to the small of his neck and gripped with trembling pleasure, he let out a hot and breathy moan beside her jaw. It was in the way she whispered his name desperately that had his mind catch fire, encouraging him to advance deeper into her wonderland of a body.

His digits now played gleefully along the small patches of excited skin around her nipples, the pigmented skin raised and receptive to his touches. His other hand preoccupied, gripping the supreme beings tail with greater force as he suppressed his rising urges once more. He did guiltily indulge himself further though, his tongue trailing down her neck and towards her chest without lifting away.

He was forgetting where he was and who he was. The doppelganger was completely lost in desire, rolling his tongue over her teat with loving force. All that mattered was filling his senses to the brim, and bringing more music from her mouth to his ears.

She was everything and more.

As his taste twirled and danced over your breasts, he freed his hand from fondling and trailed down your bare stomach. His fingers unintentionally tickled the skin below your belly button, the scales extra sensitive from never knowing anything but your touch. You wiggled in his embrace, face scrunching from the effort of trying not to giggle when his fingers continued to examine lower. The jolting movements shifted your breasts around and over his tongue, where he was luxuriously working.

The soft drag of your nipple over his organ made his heart leap and the base of his spine curl with need.

The little gasp you produced in virgin excitement when his hand brushed where your pants met skin made his loins pound like a war drum.

However it was when you rocked your hips into his manhood in over stimulation and your own want that made Pandora's Actor break under the weight of his excitement.

He released his tight grip on your tail, and both hands quickly made their way to the underside of your ass. He gripped and squeezed with new found purpose, the edges of his fingers feeling the heat of your sex for themselves. He could nearly taste your excitement through his hands. He stood up swiftly with your legs dangling on either side of his waist. His hips jolted accidentally into yours as he stepped forward, his hands groping your rear end as he groaned in elation.

“P-Pandora!”
You gasped, gripping at his sides with your thighs. You moaned as his tongue wrapped around your nipple, kneading your very sensitive breast without thinking of anything but enjoying you for all you were worth.

Your voice came out as a ring of momentary clarity as you felt his slippery tongue halt its agenda. However when his fingertips slid inwards and felt the dampness of your arousal through your pants, he was re lost. You were just as excited as he was, and that gave him the courage to continue.

He let out a shaking moan of deep seated yearning in response to feeling the continued plumpness of your backside. He did a quick turn to face the couch and retreat back to its comfort once more. However you were no longer going to be in his lap.

He desired much more than the foreplay the two of you had been at for some time now. His mind was purely set on setting himself between your legs to get even closer to you.

What would you look like underneath him?

The thought of what you would do as he slipped inside you burned a white hot craving in the recesses of his stomach.

How beautiful you would feel, how lovely your stomach would quiver as he filled you up, how your chest would rise and fall in pleasure.

Pandora’s Actor placed a hand behind your head and although he was in a state of high sensory overload, he was still gentle with placing you on the couch and onto your back. Despite the fact that he was still preoccupied with flicking his tongue over your breasts, the area guardian set you down as if you were the most valuable thing in the treasury. You were the most valuable thing in the treasury to him. The entire time he had showered any flesh of yours he had direct access to with his wet affections. However as he set you down fully the organ retreated, only moderately satisfied from sampling your pale body. He wanted more, more of everything. You had a halo of scents and tastes in your skin, layers of sweet fields of ambrosia still tickling his tongue.

Who knew the simple mention of cockroach genocide could lead to this hot and horny passion between the two of you?

Before you could process what was going on, the guardian was on top of you, your legs spread with him in-between them. Your face still flush, and growing an ever darker color again as he placed a hand on either side of your head, careful to not pull your hair. Curls of red wine dipped in a shade of royal candy blue lay strewn over the couch, your shoulders, and falling just over the edge of the cushions. They looked like ribbons, spirals of beautiful decorations adorning your heart shaped face.

He stared down at you, his chest rising and falling heavily with his deepest virgin desires and desperate need.

He wanted to continue.

He felt so lucky to be in your presence, his thoughts racing with what more of you would taste like, what your sex might look like, how it might feel...

However he stopped as he looked down at you, your eyes shimmering emerald, pools of endless green. His forearms trembled, and he grew unsure of himself. His heart began to pound erratically, feeling the echo of the beat in every part of his mind.
He shouldn’t be doing this.

He was taking advantage of her kindness.

The fact that she was just down here should have been enough! However when she placed herself in his lap, when she kissed him, when she kept showering him in her love..

Thank the gods up above and below that he could hide his face, shut out the world with his phantom expression. However as she continued to stare, he felt so below her even though he was above her now. He was below her. What was he thinking?! She was never going to come down here again.

His thoughts raced faster than he could catch them.

His stomach turned in confusion and humiliation.

He barely knew what he was doing.

He was only acting on impulse, he had no idea what to actually do with a woman.

Was he being too forward or rough?

What if he wasn’t good?

What if she laughed at him?

Even in his minor interactions with the other lesser denizens of the great tomb over the course of the passed few days, no one liked him. He had also been debriefed via drones and whispers of entering this new world. Upon receiving the news it was apparent to him that those he spoke with were for some reason, repulsed by him.

He knew they found him irritating. It confused his soul, wretched in him like a dull blade. He thought he was debonair, not disgraceful.

He was one of the greater minds of Nazarick. A Master tactician, designed by the very leader of the supreme beings! It was easy for him to know what others were thinking, but not easy for him to understand why.

You though, you weren’t repulsed. Proof underneath him, eyes piercing his mind like a dagger.

You had come to see him. Just him, all those years ago. No one came to the treasury just to see him.

No one except you.

This didn’t stop him from feeling trapped however, and in the face of his anxiety he stopped to a dead halt.

A turbulence of turmoil as to why he stopped began to settle over your mind. Did you do something wrong? Did you mess up again?

He only wanted you because he was programmed that way.

He only desires you because he was supposed too.

You didn’t think that you were attractive, funny, or impressionable.
No one had wanted you.

You were an isolationist, an introvert with bursts of extrovert sprinkled in your personality.

Your demons crawled from their once subdued homes, a dark hand of doubt and self loathing reaching through your fire.

There was no spell to get rid of those feelings.

But, if he was programmed, if he was meant to like you, forced to be attracted to you...

Why did he stop?

He was no longer just a piece of data, he could and showed he could think for himself..

That was the only thing you held onto, that kept your eyes from leaking tumultuous feelings of inadequacy, confusion, and fear of unrequited emotion.

You knew the taste of rejection.

You couldn’t escape his gaze, and you had no way of knowing what he was thinking. No body language, no voice, no face.

Your lip gave way under the pressure, quivering in uncertainty.

You were trapped in the cage of his arms, stare, and silence.

“Es tut mir lied meine dame...I-I shouldn’t have. Ver-vergib mir..!”

His voice cracked, and you felt his hands tremble through movement in your hair.

You had enough clarity to understand what was going on, or at least you hoped you did.

He was feeling the same way you did. He was brave enough to say something, where you laid below him silent and afraid.

He was human.

Well, human emotion and feelings.

You didn’t know what he was to be exact. If you chose to continue, he was going to find this out anyways.

And you didn’t want to stop.

You felt endeared to him.

You trusted him.

“H-He, it’s okay. I-I...I haven’t done this before either.”
You assumed he had never been with a mate either. He was all alone down here after all. You weren’t even sure if he had seen a woman other than yourself, the other three supreme beings, or picture books.
She...she was a virgin?

His loins ached with a stronger need once more.

Pandora’s Actor remained still though, a statue lost in thoughts.

His trembling slowed, and his breathing somewhat regulated.

“Why...why me?”

His voice came out as a low mutter, only understandable due to the nature of silence cast over the treasury. He wasn't worthy of such a priceless gift from you, what had he done to deserve you in the first place? What had he done for any of this? Again his thoughts raced passed him.

You smiled up at him, raising a hand to caress his face. He felt cold as if he was in a clamor, so when you spoke you were soft and reassuring.

“W-Why not you?”

His fingers flexed in response to your tranquil touch, and his heart began to pound again in reaction to your reply.

It was your turn to be forward. You wanted to keep going just as bad as he did. You didn't mind moving first after knowing that he only paused because he was uncertain of himself, and not because of something you had done.

You reached down shyly, looking away from his face and towards the still present bulge in his pants. You placed a palm on his clothed member, and rubbed gently.

He was still rock hard, his uniform stressed and tented against the furious need of his stiffness. Even in the face of possible rejection and feelings of failure, he couldn’t deny that he was still encumbered with thoughts of fucking you.

"L-Liebling...!" he gasped in surprise to your petting, your boldness a much welcomed guest in his tormented mind.

His cock throbbed in response, twitching in agony for more stimuli. The steadily growing pain deep in his loins grew stronger, aching for more fondling once again. Without intending but simply moving on instinct, his hips nudged more of himself into your grasp.

You continued to feel at him through the material, wrapping your hand around what you could of him and giving a gentle squeeze.

From what you could feel, he was thick in form and reasonably large. At least you thought, you had never touched anyone this way before.

Your light touches and curiosity of his body began to bring Pandora’s Actor back to his former, and much hornier self. When you palmed his length and gave a snug squeeze, he all but lost it again. The scales of self doubt and zeal tilted in favor of his libido, sending all thoughts of negativity out the window and only allowing room for passion.

With that, the two of you were once again, desperately clawing at each other for pleasure and
Pandora sat himself back as his supreme one continued to stroke him through his uniform. He reached down, but not to himself. A single finger ran across the seam of your jeans, the barrier between your soaking wet sex and his hand.

You lifted your hips without thinking, his palm now pressed against your heat.

Panting in your own rut of desire, you removed your hand from him, earning you a disappointed groan.

His disappointment was quickly displaced when he saw what you did next.

You unbuttoned the denim that confined you, and wiggled your hips pulling your pants down.

His breathing hitched as he gazed down at the top part of your lingerie. You couldn’t pull your pants down much further with Pandora between your legs. You looked at him pleadingly, a shy smile spreading across your lips.

Luckily, he was good at subtlety and got the message.

You brought your knees up, and he assisted in slipping off your material. He trailed a hand up your smooth leg and to your feet as he pulled off your pants, lightly placing them on the coffee table to the left.

If that had been you removing his pants, you would have tossed those suckers across the room in excitement.

He replaced your legs daintily to either of his sides, and allowed himself to press his girth against your lacy under dressings.

He rocked his hips lightly, watching his bulge shift your underwear over your puffy sex. He watched as they rubbed and hugged the small hills of your lips, and let slip a groan of surprise when he noticed that the reason why your panties were so dark around your sex, was because they were soaked with arousal.

His tongue surged with lustful craving, he began to yearn to explore your virgin depths with his mouths slippery device. He wanted to know what you tasted like, how your slick lips would feel in contrast to his own hot and wet tongue.

When you reached up and wrapped your arms around Pandora’s Actor, he warmly accepted and wrapped his arms around you in return. You pulled him down with you, showering his face in soft kisses. He dared to protrude his tongue and slide it across your lips, and felt an intense surge of emotion when you opened your own mouth, wrapping your lips over his organ. You moaned at the feeling of his tongue writhing in your mouth. It darted all over, exploring and feeling all it could. It was as if he entered an amusement park, and had to see and taste everything all at once.

Pandora’s hands moved to cradle the back of your head, wanting to grasp and feel your luscious hair as he poured his adoration into you.
He could smell the ever faint soap that once ran over your body, the flowery fragrance he’d forever associate with passion.

His tongue lapped over yours, twisting and turning in a dance of wild desire.

Your hands fell from his back as the both of you exchanged saliva, and you wiggled them between your entwined bodies. You searched for the top part of his pants, and smiled into his tongue as your hands fiddled and tugged at his zipper.

He pulled his tongue out and away from your mouths warm hold, and lifted himself up as he realized what you were after. This was more of a priority to him over exploring your mouth with his tongue. His heart punched his chest as he sought to help you relieve him from his confinement’s eagerly, and guided your hands to free him.

You reached into his pants, fingers immediately grazing the taut and large vein of the underside of his member. He breathed hard at your touch, and with a little help from your hand his tool lopped out of its prison.

Pandora let out a tiny whine of ecstasy as he was no longer stuck in his uniform.

His tip glistened with a colorless fluid, the head of his cock flush and pink with heat. The rest of his dick was starkly pale, your face growing warm as you looked at how big he was. He clenched his stomach muscles in minor anxiety as you stared at his throbbing member, his cock in response pulsing and twitching upwards.

You touched his tip, smearing the Pre-cum around and onto your finger. You trailed down, and gently wrapped your hand around the base of his flush tool. It pulsed hard against your palm, it felt like it was it’s own muscle flexing in distress and need.

He broke the silence first, voice nearly begging...

“L-Liebling please I-I...”

His voice hushed as your other hand began to slide the last obstacle between the two of you off of your plump and now very slippery sex. You felt his hips jerk in nothing but pure enjoyment at seeing you reach to pull off your underwear.

He immediately assisted, slipping his hands carefully under your hips, and hooking his fingers under your pretty panties. His mind clouded with a monumental high at touching your under dressings, he couldn't believe he was about to get to see your most private of parts. That he was going to be your first, and you, his.

Agonizingly slow he unwrapped you, bringing out your plush and deep blue pussy into his sights. He was taking his time to enjoy the event as if it were a holy liturgy. The guardian felt a shiver of electricity in the form of chills rut his body at your exotic color, his fingers trembling as he set your panties to the side.

He inhaled as you were revealed to him, in taking your natural aroma.

Everything about you was sweet and flowery, his girthy erection pulsating in excitement and in a unanimous agreement with his mind as he laid the bottom of his thickness onto the top of your petals.

She really was like a bed of roses.
“Ohhh....” He groaned at your warmth, your labia glistening and slightly parting as his cock rested down your slit.

Your eyes rolled back in pleasure, moaning, voice heavy with relief at the soft and wet sounds below as you felt him press his tool over your blushing folds.

He heard your pleasing reply, however his eyes were currently preoccupied with staring at himself atop your slit. He gave his hips another small push, his cock slicking itself wet with your clear girly juices. Your lower lips kissed and sucked at the underside of his member as he glided over your puffy pussy, his heavy tool sinking into your petals horizontally.

“C-Can I...?”
His breathy whisper was desperate and dripping with fervor.

He had wanted to press into your sex as soon as it was ripe for him to take, however he waited for your verbal consent. He was so close to pushing into you, so close to deflowering your womanhood and readying himself to overflow inside of you.

“...Can we g-go slow? You’re...y-you know....kinda..uh..”

Your hands came up and mimic’d to him a game of charades, where he recognized your ploy. It was as if someone came to you with a paint palette of red, and landscaped your cheeks with the darkest shades.

His pride swelled with praise, happy that you found him to be sizeably well endowed.

“We don’t have to rush through anything. I’ll stop if and whenever you want me too...”

He was calm for a moment in the face of the prelude of what was to come.

He reassured you with his words, and with a tender caress of your lower abdomen with his palm. He lovingly danced his fingers just above your loins before reaching for his device so that he could penetrate you for the first time.

Swallowing hard in preparation, you lifted your hips and pressed into him. His hand held his cock as he worked himself luxuriously, slipping his dick up and down your glistening labia. He rolled his member around your excited folds longer than you thought he would, taking care to fully encase his tool in all of your built up arousal. When your hips jolted and your mouth let slip a happy whine, Pandora let loose a satisfied groan of his own. The tip of his erection found your cluster of most sensitive nerves, and he took the liberty of furthering your pleasure by taking the time to pay attention to your body.

“Holy shit that feels a-amazing...!”

You cried out, a little louder than you would have liked. He groaned again, slipping down as his cock caught at your entrance. A wet squelching sound escaped around his organ as he gently prodded.

“I’m glad meine schatz...I f-feel incredible too..” He shuddered in excitement as his voice broke off, the tip of his head slipping around as he poked and prodded. He could tell that he was going to have to press harder than he wanted too, your pussy was so delightfully tight and he wasn't even sure how he was going to manage himself inside. However your arousal aided him in his ploy, and with
enough pressure from a press of his hand he felt himself sink the tip of his head into your heat. The doppelganger slowly and cautiously proceeded further until he no longer needed his hand for guidance, pulling himself away once he was wiggled in comfortably.

From just that small insertion, he could already feel her depths squeezing and massaging him, wanting to invite his plunging rod further. The air filled with soft sounds of wet sucks and squelches as he slowly pressed the tip of his cock in and out. She was so very wet and already felt better than anything he had imagined possible.

He sighed with relief at the exquisite sensations pulsing through his manhood.

He went to press his face against hers and whisper sweet nothings, more than happy to coax her into taking all of his length. However he found her with her hands on her face, she was red down to her neck.

“Should I s-stop..?” His voice did nothing to hide his reluctance from pulling away from her inviting cunny.

“NoImjustreallyshy.”
You squeaked, embarrassed to face him through the wet and lewd sounds coming from your sex.

The area guardian felt a high sweep over him as he gazed down at the beauty below. She was blossoming for him, and he choked out a low yet emotional chuckle at her cuteness.

“You do not have to be shy with me Liebling~.” One of his hands encompassed both of hers, and pulled them down and away from her face. He grinned inwardly, savoring the moment to strengthen their bond.

“I want to see both pairs of your lips openly..”

She gasped, and slapped his chest with disbelief and amusement.

“Oh my god you’re a pervert!” when she laughed, her insides implored him further, and he took the advantage to slip himself deeper down her welcoming pistil.

A low giggle of his own rustled from within him, followed by a pleased sigh.

"I would be lying if I said I was sorry meine dame.” His response had a small and familiar tune to it. He looked down to watch himself continue to penetrate his ladies chalice deeper, a fire in his belly building as he was slipping down further, albeit slowly. His loins ached and through waves of pleasure begged him to press in faster, to push his length all the way into her plush silk. However he moved forward cautiously, not wishing to selfishly take more, or injure the woman he was sharing this experience with. Pandora’s Actor would swear he was dreaming if not for the pleasure coursing through his body, he could feel her from the tip of his cock down through to his toes. She was all encompassing, all consuming, made of nothing but love..

“P-Pandora wait I..!”
You let out a hiss in sharp and sudden pain, reaching both hands up to grip his vest as you felt a deep cramp erupt from you core, causing your back to arch. The painful spasm was followed by a significant pinch, overwhelming pressure that made your stomach wretch. It felt like someone had a pencil sharpener in your sex, slowly grinding the lead to a point.
Your pussy clenched down hard on his cock, gripping him tight. He felt a series of contractions, his maidsen’s hold milking what length she had taken of him. However in the face of her sudden outburst of pain, the guardian very quickly went to unsheathe himself from her delightfully snug hold.

However when he went to pull out, she instead tugged on his coat, reassuring him to stay.

He whispered cautiously, yet unable to cloak the pleasure he was receiving from his voice.

“Ohh...Are y-you alright my lady?”
You clenched your lady muscles, and in response, Pandora’s cock throbbed inside of you.

“I...” this time it was as if someone ran by and tossed a can of red paint at your face unexpectedly.

“...think you just...poppedmycherry.” You refused to release your grasp on his uniform, disheveling his clean and crisp appearance as you buried your head in his chest.

He purred in response, at least, that’s what you thought the sound coming from his chest sounded like.

He wasn’t familiar with your metaphor, however he understood anatomy and knew that this was most likely going to come to a head. You had told him you hadn’t done this before, so he savored the opportunity to experience this with you.

Most men took great pride in taking a woman’s virginity.

Pandora’s Actor was no exception.

He was also in turn, excited to give you his.

“Just let me know...ngng...w-when you are ready again...” His voice was hushed and comforting, yet still shaken with pleasure.

He bent down as you let go of his uniform, and pressed his forehead against yours. His hips remained raised, not budging the slightest to assure that he didn’t press himself in anymore.

Oh how he wanted to though, how he wanted to finally place himself all the way inside of her slick velvety hold, how desperately he wanted to ravish her virgin sex.

You placed both hands on either side of his face and rubbed your thumbs in soothing circles against his temples. You went to cradle the back of his head and massage, finding that he was very smooth to the touch.

As your hands made way to his back, he laid his head next to yours, pressing into the soft flesh of your neck. He breathed into your nape, hot and humid air sending shivers up and down your spine. His body rested on yours now, however he didn’t lay his full weight on you. He had propped a good portion of himself up on one arm, the other hand resting in your hair, entangled in your locks. Even though he was aching to penetrate you deeper, he enjoyed this part of your coupling immensely.

The sound of your breathing, your creamy skin under him, the faint smell of distant roses, the taste of your neck, the thrum of your deflowering core...

The intimacy of being with someone else.

He felt your hands press on the small of his back as you turned to nuzzle his head.
“I-I think it’s okay now. I’m ready if you...”

He demurred against your neck, whispering that it was okay if you wanted to wait longer. When you pressed with more force onto his back he gave way to your desire, his hips buckling and dropping himself further into your sex. You were just as curious and horny as he was, despite the pain of losing your virginity.

Instead of just pressing his needy cock into you, he began to rock his hips, slowly tugging himself in and out.

This is what he had been waiting for.

The entire time he kissed your neck with his tongue, slipping and sliding it slowly from your ear to your jaw.

The tip of his member began to twitch and throb increasingly hard, his excitement rattling over his body and coursing most potently in his cock. He clenched, throbbing faster now that he was fully enclosed in his ladies loving and slippery hold. The pressure he felt surging through his manhood was only outweighed by his growing climax.

“I..I-I have to stop. If I keep going I will...I...Ooh...!” he moaned, and you felt him take in a fistful of your hair in a pathetic attempt to dissuade his already building orgasm. His body was quivering and hated to admit that he was weak in your tight folds. He couldn’t help his excitement, he had been hard for an incredibly long time and upon finally getting relief and sinking all the way into your deep blue ocean...

You smiled, pressing out a small song of laughter.

“We don’t have to rush through anything. I’ll stop—“ you recited back to him playfully, and he breathed a small chuckle back into your neck.

“I-I get it..”

Feeling the surge of intense pleasure fade down to a more manageable flame, the treasurers protector shifted his head to trail his tongue over your throat. He loved feeling you swallow beneath his touch. You could hear him grinning through his talk.

“Y-You ready?”

He was still quiet, but sounded much more confident.

“Uh....!?”

You stammered, feeling him slowly pull himself out of your sex.

This dude was about to pound the shape of your body into the treasury couch permanently.

“I want to make you feel as good as you make me feel~.”

He slid his length forward quickly, pressing himself deeper than before. He pushed his hips into yours, mashing the base of his cock against your entrance. He ground the most sensitive part of his need against the deepest part of your core, pushing against your ever tightening walls. It felt like he was pressing into the back of your sex and rubbing against a fleshy plush barrier. As fast as he was in he was out, pushing and pulling your wet labia with his quickening strokes.

You gasped at the sensation of being spread so very wide, your womanhood felt full in the most pleasurable sense of the term. The way his thrusts beat against your vulva almost made your eyes water, your mouth already agape from the new sensations tickling your core.
You encouraged him forward, raising your hips into his as he pulled his member back from the depths of your velvet furnace. He rocked himself a bit faster, sliding and slipping through your pleasured gasps and squeals. You were so slippery and hot, he felt his need grow greater and he began to hasten his already gliding cock.

You closed your eyes and let your mouth continue to hang open, enjoying the sensations of your labia being spread, your pussy being full and pumped into with now, more powerful thrusts. It was taking a herculean effort on Pandora’s part to not blow his top, he was performing considerably well for someone who had never been with a women. Or so you thought, you didn’t have anything to compare him too. From what you heard most boys lost their load after just a few strokes, so the fact that he’s been plowing your sex this long was impressive. His delightful strokes, those fast paced hip thrusts began to slow, and soon he was resting inside you, panting loudly. His cock rang with the urge to spill, however he clenched his abdominal muscles in defense and fought back the seed that was trying to force its way out his tip. His toes curled as he jerked and writhed on top of you, doing whatever he could to stifle back filling your folds with his hot syrupy cum.

“I-I am very sorry you just feel so good, I c-can not seem to h-help nnngh... myself..!” He sputtered in between his desperate breathing.

You knew how to help him make you feel as good, if not better than himself. You were just bashful and didn’t know how to tell him. You had never been the greatest at subtlety, and when you were subtle, it came off wrong or cringey. He was intelligent, surely he’d understand and wouldn’t feel insulted. After all he wanted to maximize your pleasure, it shouldn’t matter how right? You certainly didn’t mind, and his cock was currently pulsing like a madman inside you, so he didn’t exactly have a say in this matter.

Courage and the want to satisfy a deep craving drove you forward.

“Pandora..” you cooed, running your hands over his back reassuringly. He nodded, afraid that if he spoke he’d somehow lose it and blow his load.

“Lift up a little.”

He did as instructed, groaning as his lifting pulled his cock from your deepest warmth. You ran a hand down from his back to your swollen love button, it had been aching for attention since the head of the guardians cock left it be. Pandora lifted his head from the nape of your neck, rising up with assistance from his arms. He caged you once again, putting a hand on either side of your curves.

He stared with fascinated black eyes as he watched your fingers begin to twirl over your deep blue and very plush nub.

Was she touching herself as he made love to her?

Was she so turned on by all of this that she wanted to masturbate while he engaged in the art of pleasure with her?

His thoughts raced, blood boiling with raging passion and need.

The sounds she made as her fingers worked herself over brought Pandora back to his weakened state almost immediately, waves of pleasure grabbing hold of his mind as tightly as you held his thick organ.
His hands grabbed hold of your waist on either side, and he began thrusting again. Using you as leverage, he stopped holding himself back and began to fuck with a greater sense of urgency and power into your maidenhood. When he pressed his cock forward he would pull you down, using your body to his full advantage and pleasure. He moved you in rhythm with his more powerful thrusts, and it wasn’t going to be long before he was filling you up with his load.

However you were also in jeopardy of losing control, your climax building rapidly as Pandora’s thrusts became sloppy and desperate. In most aspects of life you had always been a giver over a receiver. It went with playing a support class.

The fact that he was feeling this good, the idea that he stopped holding back because of your body’s treasures and spoils, that he was about to explosively let loose on your very wanting sex..

These thoughts, the sounds he was making, the sounds both of you were making brought your passions to a roaring flame.

You cried out loudly as you came, your fingers slipping off of your sex from the frantic movements and gratuitous amount of sexual juices.

Warm liquid rushed and leaked in and around your entrance, coating Pandora’s thick member and giving him extra lubricant to fuck you with.

Tension too grand and enjoyable built up in the head of his cock as he felt your walls compress his member with increasing force. He did not think it possible for your pussy to get any tighter, his tool barely fitting and squeezing out and back in as it was. However when you started to cum and when you finished, your once comfortably snug fit was now enclosing him like a vise. With a few more thrusts you felt the guardian clamp down on the sides of your waist with frantic energy, his fingers digging into your supple flesh. He let slip a low moan as the head of his cock twitched emphatically as he released, an erupting orgasm sweeping over him in ecstasy. Multiple heavy spurts of cum shot from his tip in waves as he groaned pleasingly, filling you with his abundant seed. He sloppily worked his hips through his climax, slowing his pace as his now non virgin cock made a mess of your blue interior. He wanted to feel your clenching cunny milk what he had left from his girth as his stroking slowed, his thighs uncontrollably shaking and still jerking. The guardians heavy load sloshed around his slowly softening member inside of you as he stopped his movement, the heated ribbons of white insemination overflowing out of your now deflowered core.

Pandora’s Actor collapsed under the weight of his heavy climax, gasping for air as he laid on top of the lady he had just claimed below. His body pounded with exhaustion, his heart ready to jump out of his chest.

He said nothing as he panted, however his hands did find hers and intertwined with them.

He didn’t dare pull away from her, didn’t even think of pulling his cock out of her overflowing sex. He liked the idea that his seed was plugged up in her, and he was the seal not allowing it to escape. He relished the fact that some did though, despite his girth keeping her full and heavy.

He felt you adjust below him, a soft voice saying his name echoed in his tired mind.

“Mmmm....” he moaned softly in affirmation, shifting his weight.

After a good time of silence the guardians afterglow subsided, his mind no longer cloudy from his lengthy orgasm. Pandora’s Actor lazily rested with his prize for an extended period of time, content to lay in silence as he cradled your hands in his. He turned his head to face you, and right as he went to speak he stopped. You had been facing him already, mouth slightly agape. A small line of liquid traced down the corner of your lips, still slowly running.
Your eyes were closed, and your breathing was soft, consistent, and predictable.

You had fallen asleep.

He stared for a long while at your peaceful face in blissful infatuation, until he too, allowed himself to drift into slumber.

Thank you for your Kudos, Bookmarks, and Comments!

[Tumblr](https://www.tumblr.com)

[Deviantart](https://www.deviantart.com)
It was difficult leaving the final area guardian alone in his treasury room.

...so you decided against it.

You woke up underneath the greater doppelgänger who was sound asleep, face lost in a sea of your hair.

A wave of warmth swept over your heart as you watched him breathe. He had imprinted on you, in you.

He was *still* in you.

Letting out a small groan, you shifted softly, trying not to wake Pandora's Actor. You brought your hips from his and tightened your abdominal muscles, trying to gently release him from your hold.

His soft appendage slid out of your sex with a sloppy *plop*, followed by a sudden rush of fast escaping proof of unity. Your sex poured fluid like a broken dam, colorless silk with heavy beads of white mixed in a marmalade of frantic passion.

The sticky threads of heavy cream ran down to your round and ample bottom, splashing against your tail hole on the way down to its final destination. The stream pooled in the underbelly of your tail,
creating a small pond in the recess between skin and scales. A small ribbon of bright red adorned both of your leaking passion, evidence of your gift to him.

You whimpered in discomfort, whenever you stirred it seemed like your sex would press out more and create a larger mess.

Pandora's Actor had released all of his pent up sexual frustration into your welcoming folds.

Needless to say the guardian blew enough of himself into you for more than a few grown men.

No wonder he was dead asleep until now.

When Pandora's Actor's member felt cold air in contrast to the warm confinement's of his ladies warm folds, he began the slow process of waking up.

He took his time, wanting to escape back into his dream where he had been having an incredible time with one of the supreme beings, his favorite next to his beloved creator. He knew that she’d never want him that way, but it was still pleasing for him to dream about her in ways only he could.

However it was time to wake up, he had his duties to fulfill.

He’d retreat into those thoughts later when he could afford the luxury of doing so. He began to rise, peeling his face from the plum fabric of the couch that had served as a bed for him many times.

Swirls of red wine and indigo created a veil over his eyes, hair sticking to his face where sweat had dried.

Still only half awake the guardian shook his head for clarity, looking left drowsily, and then crooning his neck to face right.

His very soul caught fire when two shining globes of evergreen blinked his way.

She was there.

Memories crashed into his barely awake mind, images and sounds of what he only thought was a dream.

“Oh mein Gott...” he breathed, his body and mind sobering from the after sex nap.

“Hey there, you sleep okay?”

Your voice was hushed, weighted with an affectionate giggle.

He nodded, unable to find words in the face of the beautiful woman so very close to him.

“Yeah me too...I think I dropped out of the ring first.”

You tried to hide your discomfort with a song in your voice, however your tone gave way to a nervous laugh and breathy response.

Always the one to deflect attention from your dismay with humor.

He nodded again.
You raised an eyebrow.

“Are you gonna...talk?”

His head tilted slightly, and he shook his head no.

He was cute when he was shy.

“That’s okay. But can you...maybe get us a towel? We uh...well you made a mess.”

You snickered, and the wobble of your laughter against your relaxed body caused another glop of ivory to lull out of your sex.

Pandora sat up, his hands still on either side of you. Raising himself as if he was coming up from a push up, he glanced down and felt his loins rattle with desire once more.

He broke his silence.

“T-That is a lot...w-wow...”

His fingers dug themselves into the royal purple mesh underneath them, piercing the fabric.

He continued to watch as the small tear drop of your entrance oozed his essence, how could something so small hold so much...

He whimpered adoringly at the soft splash of cherry red mixed in with his release, still registering all that had just taken place before he fell asleep.

Your labia was sore from its first time, the soft and supple flesh surrounding your entrance flush and dark blue from use.

You watched Pandora watch you, and every few breaths or so you saw his body tense.

He didn’t know his sexual appetite until he had you for the first time.

And now, you were laid bare beneath him. Exposed, vulnerable, and filled with his seed.

He couldn’t hide his trembling, couldn’t stifle his oncoming amorous thoughts and stiffening cock.

Your raw and sweet pussy was beyond anything he thought it would have been.

And again, his body thrummed for more, boiling with desire, passion, and the need to feel you so intimately again.

In response, your eyes locked on his length. He was hard again after some down time, and his tip was already dribbling in anticipation. The thought of interlacing with him again excited you, but your swollen vulva throbbed in soreness from the earlier pounding to remind you that this probably wasn’t a good idea. You wanted to do something though. You wanted to hear him stammer in German, listen to him slur his words, watch him struggle with trying not to cum.

You found it sexy and empowering.

Pandora hadn’t moved, his gaze still locked on your petals.

He was just sitting there staring, and you were beginning to grow embarrassed.
You cleared your throat.

“Pandora’s Actor.”

You spoke with confidence and an air of authority, louder than the both of you expected.

His concentration on what he was wanting to do to your sex broke, and he rose to his knees with impressively swift movements. His cock still admirably hard bounced with his motions, and hung over your sex casting a shadow. His right hand shot up to his forehead, saluting to you who still laid below him, stark naked.

The guardian was saluting you.

His cock was hard and waving over your sex.

He...he was standing at attention.

“Yes meine dame!” He spoke, matching the volume of your voice.

“Keep it down I was just seeing if you were still with me.” You swatted his chest with playful aggravation.

“Why yes my lotus blossom, I will always be with you shall you wish it so! After all, I am your guardian!”

Your guardian.

His enthusiasm was unrivaled.

Neither of you addressed his stiff member, who was an obviously annoyed third party.

His dick was the elephant in the room.

Literally.

Refusing to ignore the issue at hand anymore, you spoke.

“Pandora I want...”

Your face was notorious now for becoming varying degrees of red.

You gave a shy look away from him, biting your lower lip.

“I want to do more but...I’m really sore.”

You shivered, goosebumps overtaking your body as he was no longer on top of you keeping you warm. Your nipples were standing at attention as well, the surrounding flesh flush with a deep pink from the chill of the room. He heard the light chatter of your teeth, and deemed it appropriate to pull away from his salute and press down to warm you.

“You have already done so very much meine dame.”

His voice was tender as he scooped you up into his arms, wrapping them around you.

His cock tickled just below your belly button, smudging a bit of his essence onto your stomach.
Disappointed in his gentlemanly response, you glanced away bashfully as his manhood continued to press against your stomach.

“Do...you want to stop?”

“No.” He spit his reply out just as you said the word stop.

He began to fumble his words after he spoke, embarrassed at his own eagerness.

“I mean, err...I do not want to do harm to you so...and you have already done a lot for me I can not!...I can not selfishly ask more of you meine dame.” He shook his head from side to side slowly as he spoke.

He was caught in the dilemma of being chivalrous or selfish.

He chose the high road, to the great disgruntlement of his manhood.

“What if...I want to keep going?”

You refused to look up at him, face crimson at admitting that your sexual appetite was far from being satiated.

He however, stared at you.

You were a china doll in his hands, so pretty and delicate.

He was putty in yours.

“What would you have me do meine dame?” His voice was so low that you didn’t even think he was speaking.

He pulled you closer with one arm, the other reaching down to pick up the coat he had placed over your back some time ago.

You didn’t know what to say.

You looked down between the two of you to see his still hardened member and gulped.

You wanted to tell him that you wanted to try sucking his cock, but the words couldn’t form. You didn’t know how to say it without coming across crass or just plain nasty.

That and he was thick around, and rather lengthy. You weren’t sure how much you’d even be able to get down, if it’d be enough to sexually gratify him.

The guardian also came like a fire hose, proof between your legs starting to stick and settle. You didn't think you could handle drinking him like a protein shake.

You couldn’t tit fuck him to save your life, your breasts would only hold on the sides of his girth, unable to envelope him.

You could use your hands, but you felt like that was a cop out.

He could use his hands and get himself off easier than you could, you didn't actually know how to touch him.

You dared to think of him sexing up your ass, however that was a lot of cock to fit in there. You
were sure that if your crotch was sore from that soirée, that him plowing your backside would end in you walking funny for a few days.

Did not stop you from fancying the idea, though.

He placed the jacket over your back again, and his free hand came to pet your hair.

“R-Really meine dame, it is quite okay! I-I admittedly have an issue with controlling myself around pretty ladies, and you are the most beautiful woman I have ever laid eyes on..”

He tried his best to sound convincing about it being okay for whatever this was to end. He couldn’t hide his hesitance no matter how hard he tried.

Your face twisted in turmoil and embarrassment.

You fixated your eyes on one of the buttons on his uniform and with a deep breath to steady you, let go of your pent up feelings. It was best to be honest right? You two had come this far...

You told him everything you were just thinking, throwing your frustration at his chest through the sound of your shaking voice. You didn't know why you felt so comfortable, it was most likely your now awakened sex drive and endorphins. You pouted at the end, still refusing to look up at him. Even though he had no expressions, it was still the idea that he could see yours. Your deepened red face, lustful eyes, your quivering lips..

He was still through it all, hanging on your every word.

Had he just heard all of that right?

He thought for awhile, trying desperately for a reasonable and correct answer to fall in his lap so that he could wrap it up neatly and give it to you.

His mind raced.

You were raunchy as hell and he really liked that. He wanted to explore your fantasies as well, and was deeply flattered that you wanted him.

He was your first after all.

There was a permanent invisible bond between you both now.

He broke the tension by twirling a lock of hair around his finger.

“I-I want to do all of that with you too Liebling.”

He decided on being blunt, however his voice did give way to being a little too giddy.

His cock was now hard pressed against your stomach, his tip kissing and leaving trails of excitement wherever it landed.

You weren’t sure how to respond.

You hadn’t planned on saying anything, it all just kinda came out haphazardly.

You breathed in, and were greeted with the heavy scent of your union with the guardian. You shook your head in disgruntlement and mild disgust, sex smelled kinda gross.
“Do you...is there a bathroom in the treasury Pandora..?”
As horny as you were, you were tired of feeling messy and sticky. The entirety of your pelvic region felt like it has been through a mud storm. That and the heavy waft of fornication was embarrassing. If you could smell it, he could smell it.

“I am sorry meine dame, the treasury does not have a lavatory.”

You frowned, and then bent your head back to finally look up at him.

You raised an eyebrow curiously.

“Well then how do you...you know...?”

He cocked his head in momentary confusion.

“Oh? Oh! Meine dame I am a doppelgänger! I do not posses the same bodily functions as you do. I can ~shift~ and ~change~ and ~switch~ freely between any form I please and bypass most issues that your kind is burdened with.”

His voice rang happily as he spoke about his capabilities as a shape shifter.

You laughed, shaking your head at his over exaggerated tone.

“I really need a shower.” you chuckled wryly.

“I think you smell lovely meine Liebling.”

You shook your head in protest.

“Young that’s nasty...why don’t you come up to the 9th floor with me? It uh, seems that with this shift of scenery that Nazarick has been through also moved my room and I haven’t been able to find it. Maybe you could help me and then we could...you know?”

You lied through your teeth, too embarrassed to admit that the 9th floor was a maze and you couldn’t find your room. You’d usually just teleport there with your guild ring, but this new world was a lot different. You were sure Pandora’s Actor could help you, he knew the ins and outs of Nazarick well. Ainz designed him as the ultimate denizen of the great tomb. He had the ability to craft and upgrade gear, transform into any guild member, and he knew every nook and cranny of the place. Despite only residing in the treasury.

You also grew red at the thought of getting lost in sheets on a proper bed with the guardian. The idea of continuing on this sexual adventure was at the top of your priority list, only underneath your desires for a hot bath.

He placed his head on the top of yours and sighed, picking up more of your hair to toy with.

“I would love nothing more than to go with you Winterberry. However I am not allowed to leave the treasury.”

You scrunched your nose in annoyance.

“Why not?” You sounded like a brat, unable to hide that you were displeased by his response.

“My creator Lord Ainz has me here...” he leaned in closer and whispered. “..Lets just say I am a lot stronger than I seem. I am here for more than just my astoundingly good looks!” His voice suddenly grew in volume as he raised his head to the light in sophistication.
“That shouldn’t mean that you’re stuck here.”

You pouted, and pressed your forehead into his neck.

You smiled when you thought of a way to maybe get Pandora out.

“Pandora, give me a second okay?”

[Message]

Momonga, can you hear me?

Yes Holly. You’re awake?

Yeah, I have been for awhile. Where are you?

I’ve taken one of the combat maids with me on a mission. I’m trying to gather some information to find out where we are.

That’s a really good idea. Thank you for letting me sleep in your room, I was beat.

Don’t worry about it. Where are you?

I’m in the treasury with Pandora’s Actor.

I see. How is he?

He’s doing great. Trust me. I actually was trying to get into contact with you because of him.

What’s going on? I can drop what I’m doing and head back to Nazarick if I need too.

No, it’s nothing serious. I just didn’t want to step on your toes. I wanted to allow Pandora’s Actor passed the treasury.
I don’t want him leaving the treasury.

Hear me out. The other guardians are pretty insistent on us having an escort. Demiurge and Albedo as you know have Nazarick on lock down.

Yes. I am aware. Where are you heading with this?

If you’d let me finish I could tell you.

Ah. Go on.

Pandora’s Actor can act as an escort and help with surveying the 9th floor. That way Cocytus can return to the 5th floor and uphold his position there.

I see. I understand your point but I don’t feel comfortable having him leave the treasury. I designed him to stay there on purpose.

I know. He’s your trump card. Momonga look it’s just the 9th floor. Come on he’s lonely.

He has hobbies and can entertain himself. He will be fine.

Momonga I can’t find my bedroom in the cluster fuck of the 9th floor. I know Pandora’s Actor can help me find it and act as an escort.

Why not ask Sebas?

I don’t want to track him down just so that I can find my room. Pandora’s Actor is already here with me, it just makes more sense.

You’re being rather persistent. Did he put you up to this?
No. This was my idea. He doesn’t know I am messaging you.

I still don’t like it. Why are you in the treasury anyway?

I don’t know how to get into my inventory. I came down here to get some things.

Did you get what you needed?

Yes. You’re trying to cut me off aren’t you?

Not purposefully. It’s not easy to do this while someone is talking to you.

That does sound strenuous. Seriously though, let me take Pandora’s Actor as an escort. He can help me find my room. He has a guild ring, he can teleport back anytime.

You’re not going to let this go?

Nope.

Fine. He does NOT go passed the 9th floor.

Thank you Momonga~.

You’re welcome. Also, I need for you to stay at Nazarick while I am out. I want one of us there at all times okay?

I understand, good call.

I’ll talk to you later. When I get back to Nazarick we need to formally have a discussion.
I agree. Thank you Momonga. Stay safe okay?

You do the same. We'll speak soon.

[End Message]

You breathed a sigh of relief.

“Did you fall asleep again Liebling?”

You heard him whisper, his hand quite busy with your hair now. He had been playing with your mane the whole time, wrapping strands around his fingers.

“No. I was messaging Momonga—I mean Ainz.”

“Oh my grand creator! What about? What did he speak unto you?”

The guardian grew excited at the mention of his creator, his voice entirely too loud once again.

You grinned at his eccentricity, and kissed under his chin.

He groaned at the sensual touch of your lips against his skin.

“Care to be my escort around the 9th floor?”

Cocking his head to the side again, the guardian spoke with a defeated sigh.

“Ja, but as I stated I can not....”

She said she just messaged Lord Ainz. Did she just...

His tone shifted, and his voice shook with excitement.

“Did...did you obtain me clearance to leave the treasury..?!”

“You can’t go passed the 9th floor or Ainz will grill me. You’re my responsibility now so—“

“Meine Liebling wie ich dich verehre!!!”

He pulled you in close, nuzzling your face. He untangled his hand carefully from your hair, and wrapped both arms around you tightly. He began to wiggle his hips excitedly. Where his length had grown soft in lack of attention, it was now solid and at full height. He was unintentionally grinding himself against you in his excitement over the news he received.
The fact that you wanted to spend more time with him, that he’d get to see more of Nazarick was overwhelming to him emotionally. He made that weird purring sound again, his chest thrumming with warmheartedness.

Your poor loins were in a dire state of sexual frustration.

Your outer lips and love button were coursing with desire, your exotic shades of blue blushing. You could feel a steadily growing thrum, a beating drum in your mind and sex. Every time his length nudged your abdomen your labia coursed with want. However whenever you clenched your Lady muscles in craving, your deeper parts cried in agony. The bottom press of your vulva, especially at your entrance, felt bruised.

You glanced down again at his cock, wedged up and between your hugging bodies.

You wondered if they were all that big.

You reached down and slowly wrapped your hand around the top portion of his length, index finger resting in the transition between his tip and shaft. You couldn’t wrap your hand around him fully, a good sized gap between your middle finger and thumb.

You could place both hands on him and he’d still have a good bit of him poking out.

No wonder you were sore.

A tingle ran down his spine when he felt your hand gently grip his tool.

He couldn’t control the throbbing in his cock as you curiously examined him.

He moved his head from on top of yours, and turned his face down so that he could watch you touch him.

He liked how your hair tickled his face, and loved how dainty your hand looked trying to hold his girth.

“...C-can you show me how?”

You gave him a light squeeze, and slowly slid your hand down his shaft.

Pandora nuzzled his ladies forehead, his heart bursting with affection.

She wanted him to show her how to touch him. She was pampering him with attention and her soft touches, and he couldn’t help himself when he excitedly wrapped a hand around his cock and her insecure hold. He could easily encompass his thickness and her hand with his larger grasp.

Her fingers felt so delicate and soft, the palm of her hand gentle and nervous. She was so adorable in her naivety and shyness.

“Just do not squeeze too hard and follow with my hand Liebling..”

She immediately released her grip, fearing that she was holding too roughly. He chuckled warmly at her receptiveness.

“No no my tulip...that was fine. We do need one more thing though...”
He brought the hand on your back lower, and used your tail to encourage your hips to tilt up. He set himself back slightly, and dipped his cock down to your blooming petals.

“P-Pandora please I don’t think I can...”

You felt him hesitate for a second, and then continue to rub his member over and along your excitement.

“Shhhhh I know Liebling..trust me..”

He spoke reassuringly, tenderly squeezing your full hand.

He sighed delightfully at the sumptuous feeling of his cock gliding over her wet and parting folds. She was tropical in temperature, he could feel her heat rising as he slicked along her blue waves. He could feel a deeper heat below her lovely current, but didn’t even dream to break her trust and dive in lower.

That and he was really enjoying the lewd sounds that he was encouraging from her pillowy pussy.

“Schön..let go for just a moment..”

She followed his lead, setting him free from her gentle hand. He found the view of his cock laying heavy in her labia to be intoxicating, her ovum so welcoming to his broad stamen. Pandora began to slowly rock his hips against her slit when a heavy waft of sex and roses filled his senses.

The treasuries guardian was drunk with ardor.

He was so gentle, his hips only ever so tenderly swaying his member against your sex.

You trembled beneath the weight of his assertiveness as he pressed against your womanhood, afraid that he was going to ignore your pleading against penetration.

You were afraid to trust him, knowing that if he hinted or asked to press into your still recovering sex you’d melt and grant him access. It turned you on to know that you were pleasing him, and knowing that you could push him further into ecstasy was enough for you to be willing to endure the pain.

However he never asked, and never even made an attempt. He only softly glided over your mound, slicking himself in the honey you were making for him.

He did say that you both needed one more thing...

“Oh you’re...I-I get it...” you breathed softly, understanding that he was using your arousal as lubrication.

Your innocence in the matter along with how you looked at him with understanding only built his excitement and adoration.

“Ja meine blume...we should be good now..”

He reached for your hand, and ran his thumb over your palm. He lifted his now glistening member from your silky warmth, and adjusted his seating.
“Do you want to move and get more...comfortable?”

He had been between your legs and on his knees for awhile now, and you had noticed him stretch more often than not.

“I am fine meine dame. Do you need to adjust?”

He kneaded your hand, rolling his thumb over your palm.

You shook your head no, and he proceeded to where you two had left off.

You looked at his member again, and watched as he placed your hand on himself. His hand then followed, and he enclosed you on his cock with his long fingers.

“Like this Liebling..”

He began to move your hand with his, slowly up and down his length. He rocked his hips softly in addition to your combined movements, and let out a soft sigh.

As your hand slid over his cock, you took notice that he was applying extra pressure with his thumb against his ventral vein. When you followed suit, you earned a deep throb of approval from his member, along with a moan from Pandora who was quietly panting above you.

He began to move your hand a bit faster, pulling you up his length at a quicker pace than what he pulled down with. Every few strokes he would pull your hand up and over his tip, and give a gentle and teasing squeeze.

The head of his cock was the pinnacle of this operation, earning you the most from him when it was touched. Whenever your palm slicked along his tip and applied pressure, the guardian would intake a sharp breathe of air in enjoyment.

His hips began to buck with more force, and you watched as he stopped pulling your hand down all of his length, and instead only the top half.

You stared in awe, mouth slightly agape. You felt bad for not doing more, you felt at this point you were only along for the ride. It was just so hot to watch him please himself with your aid.

“L-Liebling I am very close, can I p-please..”

He shifted his cock down as he stroked himself with you, and pointed the head of his cock towards your folds shakily.

He brought your hand over the top of his cock again and squeezed, his tip smoldering and slick.

He was asking to cum on the outer lips of your sex.

You panted with him in anticipation, your thighs clenching and wishing to rub together in needy arousal.

You whimpered a soft moan in approval, his hips now moving with great urgency and clumsily in the throes of pleasure.

He was no longer giving the same care to himself he was earlier, forsaking the extra attention to the bottom ridge of his cock. He was now only focused on spilling his seed over your welcoming lips. You though continued to press your thumb into the underside of his heated member, eagerly working out the area guardians oncoming climax.
Sweat fell from the Doppelgänger’s face and onto your body below, his arm around your back shaking uncontrollably. He moaned from his throat as his hips suddenly jerked, and a stream of hot white shot from his erection splashing against your petals. His hips ceased movement as seed flowed from his tip freely, and he moved your hand slower, encouraging the rest of his ejaculation out naturally over forcing it.

His essence began to pool in your delicate vulva, running like a lazy stream and filling wherever would give access.

He sputtered something inaudible in his bliss, and you could swear you heard him say something about pollination. While he recovered in his afterglow, you continued to stare. His cock gave a last triumphant throb, and the rest of his milky fluid came forth to run down the bottom of his length and over his and your hand.

You were amazed at how much the guardian could produce.

“D-Does it ever stop?”

Your voice was heavy with awe, laced with a little bit of reluctance.

The cloud on his mind from his hefty orgasm was only partially clearing when he heard your voice.

“Does what stop my Winterberry..?”

His voice sounded far away and tired.

You gave his tool a light squeeze, and felt his entire body react in response. The lazy hand holding yours found life and twitched, and his head jolted from yours.

He chuckled in realization.

“S-Sorry Liebling, I am exceedingly sensitive after climaxing.” He gave a deep breath and looked down at your painted sex.

He let go of your hand and ran a finger down your slit, tracing the tender outline.

“Such a beautiful rose...”

You let go of his cock, and shooed his hand away from your thoroughly coated lips.

He let out a mild sound of protest, to which you then swatted his hand away and he retreated.

“Pandora.”

He let you fall back slightly, controlling how you sat with his arm. He leaned you back far enough so that you two could look at each other without bumping heads. He placed his free hand over his heart, giving a small bow.

“Ja meine dame?”

“I really need a shower.”

He helped you get dressed, gathering your clothes that had been tossed and moved in heated passion. When he handed you your underwear you gave him a displeasing look, telling him you were not interested. You did not want to put them back on, they were growing stiff from drying and it grossed
you out. When he went to place them in his pocket for later use you nearly tackled him in embarrassment, demanding that he give them to you at once. He pouted and handed them back, but not before hinting that if you wanted a new pair he’d be more than happy to shift form for his supreme one.

Thank you for your Kudos, Bookmarks, and Comments!

Tumblr

Deviantart
“Man..are we almost there?”

You were irritated from the long walk, and craving the clean feel of water so you could wash yourself. You felt saturated in bodily fluid, your jeans sticking to your skin like caked on mud.

“I know Liebling~. We are almost there I promise! It is just down this corridor and then a short walk to the left.”

A hand placed itself on your shoulder and gave a reassuring squeeze as he spoke, his tone bubbly and confident.

“I swear you said that fifteen or so minutes ago.”

You groaned in irritation. You could feel your thighs beginning to chafe, furthering your consternation.

The hallway came to a four way section, where the promised corridor lay. Pandora's Actor offered you his arm which you happily took, and he continued to guide you forward. Regardless of how you felt, you were happy to be with the goofy bastard.
“My Lady, who is that there with you? Is everything okay?”

You whipped your head around, the voice surprising you. You let out a small yelp as you were caught off guard, your grip on Pandora's Actor tightened considerably.

“Sebas! Oh my god you scared me..! When did you get here?”

You felt your heart nearly punch its way out your chest, your free hand shot up to your bosom to calm your nerves. You shook your head as you exhaled audibly, embarrassed by your outburst from being startled.

Had Pandora's Actor not sensed him?

Sneaky butler is sneaky.

“I just crossed your path at the halls intersection, my lady. I am deeply sorry for troubling you, however...”

He was cut off by Pandora's Actor, who swept his way in front of you.

“Thank you for your concerns, Sebas!” The guardian nearly shouted, his voice ringing off the hallway walls.

Pandora’s right boot snapped to his left with a loud crack.

*Here we go.*

Pandora tossed his hand up to his heart, the other grabbing his coat and lifting it into the air, allowing it to fall dramatically.

He bowed, and his voice rang out as if he was performing on broad way.

“I am Pandora’s Actor! Greater doppelgänger!” He paused to do a quick turn to the right where the lights faced away, casting a good portion of his form in shadow.

“Lord Ainz Ooal Gown’s personal creation!”

He pivoted on his right foot, making a sweeping 240 degree turn. His coat flung around wildly with the sudden jerk of his body, the flowing ends of his jacket nearly smacking you across the face.

As his coat settled he turned his face to the side, and held the bill of his hat. He spoke as he tipped it forward.

“Financial manager and Area guardian of the Treasury of the Great Tomb of Nazarick!”

He turned his head to face Sebas directly now, letting go of his cap smoothly.

Sebas stood unflinching.

You however felt your face grow increasingly hot with each turn and flare of effect Pandora's Actor added into his introduction.

You placed a hand over your forehead and shook your head. His behavior was downright embarrassing.

Yep.
Still a dork.

You had sex with this dork.

You were planning on having *more* sex with this dork.

You could not help but smile though. In his own lame over the top way, he was pretty damn adorable.

Sebas gave a polite bow in acknowledgement of Pandora's Actor.

“I am pleased to meet you Pandora's Actor. Allow me to take the responsibility of escorting our Lady so that you may return to the treasury.”

Pandora's Actor raised up his hand and began to gesture as you stepped from behind him and towards Sebas.

You winked and whispered,

“Just let him do his thing.”

Sebas nodded, and Pandora's Actor rang out with a tune.

“I can heaaarrrr you Liebling~”

“I requested that Pandora’s Actor be my escort Sebas, thank you though.” You smiled and gave a small bow of your own.

“My lady, please do not feel the need to bow for me. It is my duty to assure your happiness and safety.”

Sebas bowed once more, his face stoic as ever.

“And it is my duty to you Sebas, to let you know that I appreciate all that you do for Nazarick..”

Oh. This argument again.

You had been through this with Cocytus, you knew you weren’t going to win. You were hoping to thank him for his assistance with your teleportation issues, but when you saw him move to speak you interrupted. You didn’t want to get into a game of polite demurring.

“Sebas, can you get my armor and shield from Ainz quarters? I’d like to have them as soon as possible.”

You did not like asking, but you knew he liked fulfilling his duties as a butler. That and you were trying to break free from the conversation, wanting desperately to get to your room. Your thighs and sex were unreasonably uncomfortable and sticky.

“Of course my Lady. Would you like me to bring them to your chambers?” The Butler placed a gloved hand over his heart, his expression soft and waiting.

“That would be most appreciated Sebas, thank you.” You smiled with your voice and eyes, and were greatly pleased when Sebas accepted your silent thanks in his own way.

He bowed again, and turned to leave. He gave a polite nod to Pandora upon his exit, to which Pandora saluted with great enthusiasm.
“Goodbye Sebas! Do take care and I look forward to our next meeting my good sir!”

Pandora returned to your side gleefully, and wrapped his arm around your shoulder.

“I can see why you’d still like to have me as your escort my lady!”

You shot him a confusing glance.

“Well there’s the obvious but um...what?”

“Just look at my shining sense of style! I do not blame you for choosing myself over him! With this handsome face and manner of speech I am the obvious choice!”

You looked at him, face completely blank.

“Pandora.”

“Ja meine dame?”

His other hand came up to rest on his chest with excitement, awaiting your words.

“I will cut you.”

He cocked his head to the side, and then chuckled.

“I mean, if you are into that kind of thing.”

The doors to your bedchambers bore the same great tree as your armor set, indigo gems glittering as leaves. Pandora's Actor placed both hands on the entryways iron bars, fingers wrapping through the details of your ouroboros guild symbol. He gave his shoulders a shimmy and stepped forward as he gave the doors a hard shove.

The doors flung backwards with a rush of force, warm light rushing forward to greet its guest and homeowner.

The area guardian of the treasury spun on one foot to face you, and tossed both of his hands into the air in happiness.

His voice was loud and full of bravado.

“Rejoice Winterberry! We have arrived~”.

You let out a heavy sigh of relief as your legs buckled, and you fell face first into your bed. You rubbed your face into the black duvet appreciatively, taking a deep breath of the clean sheets.

You glanced up to see Pandora’s left foot rubbing the back of his right ankle, his neck giving an occasional twitch.

“Pandora, what’s wrong?”
He turned to face you much faster than you anticipated, as if you caught him off guard.

His hands were at his mid chest, fingers tapping against each other uncomfortably fast.

“Oh nothing. I am just looking around.”

His voice was dripping with nervous excitement as his head gave a jittery tick to the right.

His face however, as always, remained unchanged. You could swear though that you saw a muscle pull on his left eye.

You lifted yourself up a bit more, your forehead wrinkling in confusion.

What was wrong?

“Are you sure Pandora?”

You frowned as you arched an eyebrow.

“Wellll..”

His shoulders pushed up into his neck as a hand reached up to scratch the back of his head.

“There is something.”

His right foot began to tap the floor as he took in a deep breathe.

What was up with him?

You pulled yourself up further onto the bed, pulling a square purple throw pillow under your chest.

“Spit it out, it’s okay. Seriously you look like a wreck.”

You couldn’t help but laugh as you spoke, you found his current behavior quite odd.

He cleared his throat, and lifted a shaky hand towards one of your many built in book shelves.

“May I...look at your collection?”

You looked at your bookshelf, then back to Pandora’s Actor who was now fixated on your things.

Gag items, expired tickets, a plethora of varying in rarity level items you refused to toss because they were pretty, etc lay neatly through out the wooden shelves.

“Oh! Yeah sure, knock yourself out.”

You gave him a wave with a smile, happy that someone wanted to look at your nerdy set up.

He snapped his face back to look at you, his shaking hand now planted firmly against his cap.

“Thank you very much meine dame.”

He gave a polite bow, and shot like a bullet towards your assortment of knickknacks. He excitedly retrieved a notebook from his inner coat, along with a simple office pen.

He began muttering to himself with great enthusiasm as he jotted down his surroundings. He’d occasionally reach up and fondle a necklace or touch a bottle, and then return to his book.
You pushed yourself up with aid from the throw pillow, and watched him for a few minutes.

It was then that you remembered reading about his character lore, and that this was one of his rather obsessive hobbies.

You made to speak, but closed your mouth before words would form.

He wasn’t going to hear you, he was lost in his own world for the time being. You didn’t want to interrupt him anyways, he never got to leave the treasury so this was a field trip from heaven for the poor guy.

You slid off the Victorian four poster, pushing a curtain of sheer black fabric out of your way.

You kicked your shoes off and pushed them under your bed slyly.

Force of habit.

You walked forward towards a large break in the bedroom, an iron arch with rows of dangling jewels serving as clearance to your en suite.

Your shoulders slumped, tail dragging the floor behind you as your posture deteriorated the closer you got to your bath tub.

You peeled your pants off with a groan of disapproval, tossing them aside with prejudice. The rest of your clothes you laid next to a tidy gathering of essential oils and soaps. You thumbed through your assortment of aromatherapy, embarrassed at all the flower scents you had due to Pandora’s liberal use of floral pet names. You couldn’t help yourself as you grabbed the rose vial amorously, even in the face of your mild shame. You were pleased with yourself for a moment though, enjoying the fact that you had so thoroughly customized your chambers.

You picked up a few other bottles, holding them against your chest with your left arm for leverage.

You clumsily walked towards your bathtub, trying not to drop any soap or other bathing additives. You were happy that all you would have to do is step down into the warm water instead of up and over.

You bent down, attempting to carefully lay the excessive amount of bottles and vials you were carrying.

Unsuccessfully they tumbled over one another as you laid them down, the rose oil spilling over the floor and rolling into the water below.

You pouted as you picked up the vial, until the pleasing scent hit your nose.

Your eyes closed as you inhaled, and your immediate thoughts were filled with passion.

You glanced over your shoulder and through the crystal strands of your bathroom door, face growing warm as you looked into your bedroom.

Pandora’s Actor was at a different book shelf now, still obsessively combing over your items. His book was away now, his hands grabbing and touching delicately yet hastily.

You let out a soft giggle as you rolled your eyes at his actions.

You turned away and picked up a few cherries out of the bowl next to the waterfall that filled your Roman style spa, and wondered if they would taste good. They were a decoration you set years ago,
so by all rights they should be rotting.

You couldn’t help your curiosity as you plopped one into your mouth.

Upon finding out that they were not rotting and in fact some of the best damn cherries you’d ever had, you picked up the bowl and dipped a curious toe into the steamy water below.

Deeply pleased with the temperature, you walked down into the water, careful not to splash anything into your guilty indulgence of fruit consumption.

Once deep enough that the water covered all below your shoulders, you tip toed around the large spa until you found a seat. You made sure to keep the bowl away from the water, lifting it higher and higher.

You knew you looked silly holding the bowl over your head, but you didn’t want to risk spoiling your treat.

You set the bowl on one of the bathtubs exiting stairs, where the water only brushed the basin instead of filling it.

Not before greedily placing a handful of the small rubies in your mouth, though. You were grateful to whoever de pitted them.

Pandora’s Actor let out a pleased sigh as he set the last of his ladies belongings down. He arched his back as he stretched out his arms, twisting his head to give his neck a nice crack.

“Meine dame I...”

He turned towards the bed and stopped, a hand reaching up to his hat to scratch curiously. He was so lost in what he had been doing that he hadn’t noticed your departure.

“Winterberry..?”

He scanned the room, stepping away from the bookshelves and towards the bed where she once lay. An abrupt yet polite knock sounded off the main door, the sound reverberating off the supreme ones chamber walls. The area guardian looked at the door, cocking his head to the side in confusion. He looked from side to side in paranoia, before giving a shrug and walking towards the door to answer the prospective visitor.

“This is Sebas. I will enter.”

The doors opened on their own, a casual spell for the butler to use to gain access into rooms and areas on the 9th floor. Sebas’s face remained unflinching as the doors opened, where Pandora’s Actor was ready to greet him.

“Ah! Sebas! Hallo again.”
Pandora’s Actor gave a polite salute, followed by a swift bow.

Sebas nodded in suit, and glanced passed the final floor guardian into the bedroom behind him.

“Pandora's Actor, Where is our lady? I have her armor as she requested.”

Pandora’s Actor glanced behind his self, still half expecting to see his lady on the bed cuddling a throw pillow.

“I am not sure Sebas, however..”

He paused reflexively at the scent drifting over him.

Roses.

“Das ist schön...” Pandora muttered under his breathe, turning his direction to a collection of crystals cascading down from the ceiling to the floor.

“However?” Sebas interrupted Pandora’s musing, his face growing concerned.

“My utmost apologies! She is in her en suite Sebas.” He extended his arm towards the bathroom entryway with a twirl of his hand, where steam was starting to cloud the vibrancy of the crystal strands.

Sebas gave a quiet sigh of relief before speaking. “Ah, I see. I am glad she is relaxing. However now that she has been properly escorted I will take care of her from here.”

Pandora’s hand dropped suddenly, and he turned to face Sebas directly.

“She has requested that I stay. I will take her armor from you now Sebas. I will get it to her when she is done bathing.”

His voice was flat, and the enthusiasm in his body language had shifted to being rigid. An odd air of tension settled over the two as Sebas made to speak.

“...I see. Please give our lady my regards.”

He carefully handed the doppelgänger Remembrance of Oak and Law bringer, before giving a polite bow.

“Let her know that if she should need anything, I will answer.”

“I shall. Thank you Sebas.”

He turned and walked away with the armor, the doors closing behind with a wave of his hand.

He wasn’t going to leave your side unless ordered too.

The treasury manager set his ladies armor softly onto her sheets, and traced a finger along the etched details. He admired the stenciling, pressing his thumb against one of the many sparkling blue gems
that adorned the set. He felt a strong urge to pull out an arsenal of data crystal and update her armor with his expert and craftsman skills, yet decided against it. It’s something he’d discuss with her verbally rather than just doing as he pleased. No matter how badly he wanted too.

His attention broke from her armor when he heard splashing, along with another heavy breeze of roses laced with pleasing soaps.

You were beginning to feel like a prune from how long you had been luxuriously satisfying all of your bathing needs. You wanted to make sure you were completely and utterly devoid of bodily fluids.

You ran a hand from your forehead and down through your hair, pleased that you didn’t catch any resistance.

You let your body fall forward, dipping your head down to submerge yourself into the water below once more. Once under, you brought up both hands to your scalp, lightly massaging to make sure that all soap suds had been relinquished.

Your hands stopped when you heard muffled words from above, along with unexpected movement. Coming up for air you brushed your hair out of your face, the long strands of red and blue bleeding into one another.

“Liebling, Sebas has brought your armor, I have it set on your bed for you!” Pandora sang happily, his hands rising in the air triumphantly.

Upon seeing the area guardian you quickly re submerged yourself, only showing your body from the nose up. You watched him through the rising steam, relieved that he couldn’t see your embarrassment at him walking in on your bath.

Instead of leaving abruptly as you expected him to at your reaction to his entry, the guardian instead plunked himself happily next to the bath and stared at you contently.

He reached a hand down and fiddled with the water, letting out a pleased sigh at the warmth and smell.

"Are you feeling better meine dame?"

He mused, his hand swaying in the water sending a few ripples your way.

You gave a simple nod, your hair floating around your face in all directions, quietly twirling in the oncoming disturbance from Pandora’s hand. Rose oil swirled on a silky layer just above the warm water, a rainbow of incandescent colors reflecting onto any surface that would accept them.

“I’ve always wondered what a work of art might look like if it were alive my Lady..and now I know.” His finger slowly worked between the contrasting liquids in your bath water, fragments of opal encircling his hand.

You pulled the hair to your right over your face, only your eyes visible to the guardian. Only, you were glancing down, the green from your iris’s shining as if they were bio luminescent through the reflective water below.

Your face felt warm from his musing.

A chuckle rang from the guardian, as he relaxed himself further, now laying on his back. His hand still danced on the waters surface, coating his fingers in the shining and slippery aphrodisiac.
“I am sorry Meine Geliebte! I find it exceedingly hard to restrain myself in your beautiful presence.”

You shook your head in protest, growing more bashful as he pressed on. You looked away from him and towards the bowl of cherries, attempting to break yourself free from his very forward approach.

It wasn’t that you didn’t like his sweet comments or lavish compliments, it’s that you didn’t know how to respond to them.

“Do you...want some?”
His head snapped towards you immediately, his body shifting to move into the bath with you.

“Oh I would love to feel you against myself once more my tuber rose~!” He hugged his body in a display of affection as he kicked off one of his boots, and shimmied off the coat on his back.

Your tail shot straight up in response to him undressing, your arms coming up to cover your breasts reflexively.

Do you want some.
You were referring to the cherries.
He was referring to...a different fruit.

“Oh my god!” You kicked a leg up towards him, a wave of water rising and splashing over him as he undressed.

“Pervert I meant the cherries!!!”
You made sure you could cover your bosom with one arm before throwing the other at the bowl behind you in consternation.

“...Oh.”
He turned his face away from you in embarrassment, his arms frozen from where they had been hastily undoing the buttons on his uniform.

You smiled at his misunderstanding, pleased to see that the tables had turned when it came to being bashful.

You reached into the bowl, and grabbed a handful of the small red delights. You shuffled your way through the water towards him, careful to not get any soap suds on the fruit resting in your hand.

“Hey now don’t be like that..”
You cooed, your wet tail reaching out to wrap around his ankle.

He gave a distressed whimper in response as he squat down to face you with heavy reluctance.

“My apologies I...”
You lobbed a cherry at his face playfully before he could finish.

His hand shot towards his face with great speed, catching the red gem with expert reflexes. He eyed the tiny berry for a brief moment, before pressing it into his mouth.

He gave a pleasing mmm, and reached his hand towards yours for another. You grabbed one to hand
to him, but decided to bypass his reaching arm and press the round bauble into his mouth with gentle and cautious movements. It was oddly erotic to feed him the fruit so slowly, the doppelgänger was of a different species and you found that arousing.

Like he was taboo or dangerous, despite how dorky and sweet you found him to be. Warm wet air slid against your finger tips as you pressed the cherry into his mouth. There was a soft suck of air, and the bead was gone.

Pandora adjusted himself, leaving his squat to lay himself down on his stomach to be at level height with his muse.

He plucked a cherry of his own after she slid one into his mouth, moving it over his thumb with his index finger as he enjoyed her affection.

He returned her actions, placing the smooth berry between her plump lips. He rolled the fruit over her mouth softly, watching with riveted eyes as her bottom lip parted, her mouth opening for him. He pressed the cherry in with a shutter, taking the liberty of sending the tip of his index along with. She received his offering, and gave his finger a tender suck. He guiltily indulged himself further, groaning in bliss as her tongue greeted him.

She looked up at him through hooded eyes, fluttering her eyelashes at him in a sign of feminine charm.

He drank her in with his entire being, staring nearly breathless as she orally worked his finger over and under her tongue.

His loins pounded in excitement, dearly wishing to replace his finger with his length.

She’d look so beautiful trying to manage his member over his hand, he thought to himself.

He pulled his finger out, now slippery from her hot saliva. He traced it over her lips, gliding down to press her bottom lip to her top, shutting her mouth.

As she began to chew the small offering of fondness, he brought his hand under her jaw to massage gently. She craned her neck up, face pressing closer to his as she swallowed. His hand slid down her neck as she did so, wishing to feel her drink the berry down.

He kneaded her gently with his fingers, the palm of his hand pressed intimately to her throat. When she pressed a sigh of longing passed her lips, he ever so slowly left the warmth of her nape, fingers caressing her skin as he pulled away.

She placed the remaining cherries in a decorative dish to the left of his shoulder, and propped herself up on the lip of the bathtubs warmed tile. Her breasts were slick from the kisses of water, beads of rose oil dripping down and around her supple and flush peaks. She reached up to place a hand on either side of his face, and pull him into her embrace.

She was an autumn siren, claiming the man before her with a promised song of euphoria and comfort.

And he desperately sought her music, leaning in to lose his soul in her pampered kisses and passion.

As he entered her embrace, he reached for another piece of the red fruit. He again placed the jewel upon her mouth, admiring how full his ladies lips were. He nuzzled her forehead with his own,
slowly bringing his mouth to hers. The guardian removed his finger from the cherry cradled in her lips, and replaced it with his tongue.

Your heart swelled with warmth and arousal as the final area guardian pressed the cherry into your mouth with his slippery tongue.

Your mouth was warm and welcome to its guest, who brought a gift with which you both could share. He pushed the gem forward, pressing his tongue against yours in an exchange. The cherry dropped onto your tongue from his, where he then eagerly took the opportunity to roll his organ over yours. You moved your tongue similarly, the red jewel now softly tumbling between your swirling passions. He moaned into your mouth as his hands reached up, fingers sliding into your wet hair to cradle the back of your head. His fingers began massaging your scalp, his tongue lost in rhythm with yours.

You followed his tongue as it left your mouth, forehead pressing deeper into his.

“Liebling take a bite...”

He spoke hushed, fingers still stroking through your hair.

When he saw your jaw move, he brought his tongue back towards your mouth, licking over the crease of your lips. He pressed with his device, pleading back for reentry.

When your lips parted his tongue wriggled back in, groaning in bliss as a rush of juices from the split cherry greeted his tongue.

Instead of continuing to twirl his tongue with yours, he decided on lapping a mixture of saliva and nectar up and over yours.

As you pulled away to swallow from too much liquid welling into your mouth, he retracted his tongue and slipped it down your neck. He was thoroughly enjoying the different textures and tastes, more than happy to slide along his ladies glistening skin.

Your chest began to rise and fall with exhaustion, desperately trying to swallow air to revitalize yourself from the sensual kissing. Or rather, the lusty game of tongue ballet the two of you had been doing.

Pandora felt your heart beat in your neck, and nuzzled lovingly. It was to the point that he didn’t care if the two of you coupled again. It’s that he just wanted to be around you.

He idolized his creator.

He was infatuated with you.

However he did still want to hold your body against his and claim you once more with his hearty seed, his throbbing member hard with proof.

You breathed his name as his hands slid down from your head to your back, fingers gripping your skin with anticipation. He wished to hold you closer, and you felt him begin to stand. As he went to lift himself off of the ground he slid his hands momentarily off of you, and you pushed yourself up with your arms to escape the sauna, not wanting to leave his embrace.

Pandora planted a firm foot on the edge of the spa, and reached down to lift his mermaid from her
private wellspring.
She was so light in his arms.

“Meine schone seerose..”

His hands returned to rest in the small of her back, beads of water running through and around his fingers.
She bundled up closer to him, cuddling into his chest for warmth. The sting of cold air had caused her skin to shiver from leaving her oasis, to join the man on dry land.

“Maybe I should dry off..”

Your words were distant, you were clearly opposed to exiting his warm hold. He gave a displeased grunt in agreement, not wishing to let go of you either. He was working up the courage to slide his hands lower, and gleefully fondle his favorite part of you.

He hadn’t had much time with your plump behind, but he wouldn’t deny that he was really hoping to explore his erotic desires on your backside.

Pandora’s Actor released you from his warmth, his uniform crinkled and wet. He retrieved a towel and placed it over your shoulders, staring, actually expecting you to dry off in front of him. When you mentioned word of privacy he gave you an indignant groan and muttered something in German, and you waved your hand to shoo him away for a little bit. As he left the room he bent down, and palmed a few of your essential oils. He did a quick turn to wave one at you playfully, signaling his less than pure intentions of what he was hoping for next.

In response, you picked up his boot that he had left and tossed it at his head.
He caught it easily with his free hand, sarcastically responding with

“Thank you meine dame, I almost forgot that!”

You wrinkled your nose at him, now only his silhouette visible to you through the crystals of the en suite door.

Pandora’s Actor placed the vials of therapeutic oils on his ladies bedside manor, a regal dark oak stand with sparkling black marble.

He once again shifted his neck from side to side, trying to get himself another satisfying crack. When he succeeded a wave of shivers crawled through his skin, which then started to bubble. His coat and surrounding area started to contort as well, a thick tar like liquid oozing in and around the area. The rolling substance surged up his body as he spread his arms out comfortably, the ichor forming boils of extended flesh with more of the gelatinous dark yellow sludge. The abscesses began to harden, the darkened toxic now encrusting the majority of the guardians body. He bent at the knee stretching further, his joints giving a satisfying crackle of sounds in response. The festering bumps and roils suddenly sloughed, as if gravity had taken its toll. They began to quiver and weep, the air filling with sounds of wet squelching. The larger looking cyts started to pop and deflate, the mucus that had began to slowly roll down to the floor mysteriously sucking itself back into the pustule wounds. The doppelgänger placed both hands on his hips, and turned as far left as he could. He repeated this
action teetering between the right and left, trying to force out more joint stimulation as his body shifted form.

He let out a sigh of relief as he got his desires, his back gifting him with a barrage of pops and snaps. The rolling bubbles of odd mesh and liquid suddenly seized, and sucked back into Pandora as if he was a vacuum. For a few moments his skin and uniform smoldered, fabric resettling and flesh reforming. Once finished he brought both hands up to pat off the front of his coat, and shimmy in his delight. He enjoyed transfiguring himself, even if it was to only dry off.

Hair now dry and unreasonably fluffy, you slipped on the new pajama pants that you made for yourself with the crystal from earlier. Black, baggy, and exceedingly comfortable, you yawned and stretched your arms upward in your relaxation. Your body felt loose enough to where someone could throw you against the wall and hear more of a splat than a crunch.

Tail hanging lazily over the lip of your pants seam, you danced carefully around the puddles of water below your feet, not wishing to get your new pj's wet. You gently tossed your towel onto a silver bar with draconian filigree on the wall, and scooped your tank top with the other hand. As your brought your hands through the neck hole of the blouse you heard a mixture of what you could have sworn was boiling water and sloshing casserole.

What the hell was he doing?

Disgusted and curious you wiggled into your top, and stepped outside your bathroom to witness the end of the final area guardians rather strange transformation.

You made to step back as he did a final twist at his waist, a series of cracks sounding in the air. He patted himself from the front and his hips wiggled, and upon sensing you, turned around entirely too fast.

He placed a hand on your bed to steady himself, and gave a happy hop onto the comforter. He extended his arms towards you eagerly, hands motioning towards himself.

“Winterberry! I wish to hold you against myself once again!~”

He wrapped his arms around himself in a display of what he was wanting, wiggling in delight during the process. He then reached out again hopefully, fingers dancing in the air.

You shook your head at the absurdity of what you just witnessed, shaking off your disgust at the way he shape shifted.

He was just so adorable.

He was a semblance of something steady in this new world. It was easy to forget everything when you were around him. Easy to forget your old world, easy to lose memory of what meager things you only used to vaguely care about.

Pandora’s Actor was an eraser for your anxiety and ill feelings. From his over the top personality to his desperate need for attention, there was no room for anything else.

Yggdrasil was all you wanted, Nazarick was all you needed.

Truthfully, despite the first onset panic of arriving to the new world, this transition was easy for you.

Despite not figuring out how to use your magic and powers, of course.
Once you were secure in Nazarick and knew that the guardians were loyal, you felt truly at home for the first time in your life.

You hadn’t once stopped to think of any of the consequences of being transported into this new world.

Especially not now as Pandora wrapped his arms around you, pulling you into himself to be swallowed by his affections.

From your physical interactions with Pandora, you always noticed that he was always careful to not be too rough. He was always tender with his touches, even in his more heated moments. There had always been a sense of consideration.

Now was no exception to his gentleness, as he lifted you up and onto the bed next to him. To Pandora you were a Kadupal flower, Queen of the night. The rarest of flora, something to be treasured and handled with utmost care.

And who better to handle you than the treasury guardian?

As he placed you onto the duvet, he rolled you onto your stomach. When you went to resettle onto your back he placed his hands on either side of your shoulders to massage, encouraging you to stay put.
He was a bit displeased that you had re clothed yourself, until he thought of you as a gift to unwrap.
He kneaded his fingers over and around your neck and shoulders with varying degrees of pressure, reading your body language as to what pleased you and what didn’t.

You reached forward, grabbing the same pillow from earlier to cuddle up to as Pandora rubbed your shoulders. You felt incredibly relaxed, sinking deeper into your comfy bed.

“If you don’t stop you’re going to put me to sleep, that feels way too good..” you giggled, rubbing your head into the pillow beside your head.

You wouldn’t admit it, but you had way too many pillows on your bed.

His hands stopped working your shoulders over for a moment, deciding to trail them down to your lower back and continue.

“Mmm Liebling we simply can not have that, I have yet to truly make you feel good~.”

He lifted his hands from your back, and moved himself to straddle your legs. As he began to slowly peel your pants down he received a slap on the top of his right hand from the upper part of your tail.
You gave him a sound of protest, to which he reached up to rub the base of your tail. He placed the lower curve of the base of your tail in between his thumb and index finger, and squeezed gently.

You retracted your tail from slapping his hand and relaxed, tail drooping to the side pleased with the attention it was receiving. He moved his hand up and down your lower backs appendage with varying degrees of pressure, working your tail over for access to your lower region.

Sensing that you were relaxed again, he took his chances and withdrew his hand from your tail. He slipped his fingers underneath the barrier between himself and your backside, his mind racing with heavy thoughts of what he was wanting to do with you. When he wasn’t reprimanded by your tail for his repeated action, he slipped your pajama pants down, exposing your bare and luscious bottom to his sights.
A low masculine rumble erupted from his chest, followed by a groan as he placed both of his hands on your ass.

“Meine Gott das ist schön..” he muttered, pressing his fingers into the cushiony flesh.

You squealed out in embarrassment, rubbing your thighs together and pressing your head further into your pillow.

Your butt jiggled around with the sudden jerk of movement, forcing out a needy moan from Pandora as he began to grasp and knead your bottom with desire.

He slowly drug his hands lower, resting his fingers underneath your cheeks. He began slowly moving his hands up and down, bouncing your rear up and down for his pleasure.

“L-Liebling you have an exquisite backside..” His voice was shaken with lust and admiration, his hands still slowly forcing your ass to wobble up and down.

Not knowing what to say, you forced yourself deeper into your pillow, as if it could save you from your embarrassment.

The guardian enjoyed your bashful nature during his sexual escapades with you, he loved your innocence and submissive tendencies while coupling. Although he was inexperienced, he preferred to be more dominant and was appreciative to how you complimented his desires.

This didn’t compromise his ability to be a gentleman, or playful however.

“Meine dame do not be so modest..” he teased, a finger now tickling up and down the rift of your rear.
You broke away from your pillow to peer back at him with a dirty look, to find him placing a hand next to your shoulder, already leaning over and towards your face.

“Meine Blume how are you feeling..?”

As he asked his hips dipped down to your backside, pressing his bulge against you.
Timidly you glanced away from him, face warming as he slowly rocked his self against you.
Before you could respond you felt him lift his package away from your rump, his head drawing closer.

“I do not wish to delve further if this is going to hurt you Winterberry.”

He pulled his other hand away from your bottom, resting it to the side.
His concern and willingness to stop for your comfort only made you want him more.

“You’re so sweet...” you trailed off, still coy from his looming gaze. You shimmied around again, propping yourself up with your treasured pillow. “I think I’ll be okay...really. I’d like to...” you turned away as you spoke, face growing a deeper red by the minute. “..keep going with you..”

You let out a small surprised gasp as he met you cheek to cheek and nuzzled.

“I was sincerely hoping you would say so. Just know that I would not dare to dream of hurting you or taking advantage of you Liebling.” His voice was delicate, his hand reaching up to run through your fluffy hair.
You turned your head to face him, to press your forehead against his and just feel his presence.
“I’m really happy to be here with you.”

His tongue slowly rolled against your lips at the end of your sentence, his forehead now pressed to yours.

This was how he kissed you, and this is how he chose to tell you how he felt. Instead of opening your mouth to suck on his tongue, you sweetly kissed his slippery device.

He slowly moved with your kisses, tenderly pressing into each and every one of your precious little embraces.

His heart swelled with emotion, pacing his actions now as he savored every action of love you spoiled him with.

You pulled away from his tongue, lifting up to press your lips where his nose would be, if he had one.

Normally here, he would have pressed into the nape of your neck to trail his tongue, to taste your skin.

Instead he simply rested, he just let go and breathed.

You weren’t sure how long the two of you stayed in silence.

You were the one to break it though, pulling away from the center of his face and releasing a contented sigh.

“I mean...we don’t have to keep going.” You said sarcastically, tossing him a wink.

“I wouldn’t want to take advantage of you.” You mocked him lovingly, knowing he’d take your teasing well.

At least you hoped he would.

“Oh-ho, where was that confidence earlier Meine Blume~?”

He took it well.

He kissed you again with a light *blep* of his tongue, and repositioned himself over your hindquarters.

“Let us see how long that lasts Liebling~”

He chuckled, taking in a handful of your ass into his grasp.

Your tail whip lashed up with new found life, the tip finding Pandora’s face. You tickled under his chin, peering at him over your shoulder.

“Are you challenging me?”

He momentarily ignored your clap back, taking the time to reach over to your bedside table. He retrieved what he was after as he spoke, “Mmm are you up to my testing shatz?” He flirted back, popping open a vial of pleasant smelling lubrication.

You retracted your tail, laying it again to the side.

“What are you doing?”

He laughed from deep in his chest enjoying your bantering as he patted your rump.
“Guaranteeing victory meine dame.–”

He popped open the vial with his thumb, the small wooden cork rolling down the silk folds of the bed and becoming lost in a sea of black.

He liberally poured the oil onto your backside, massaging your bottom with one hand as the substance ran over your skin. He set the now empty bottle to the side, and with practiced motions released his erection from his uniform with ease.

He took hold of his length, running his hand over himself pleasurably as he stared down at your now oily and shining cheeks.
You looked away bashfully, his incredibly forward sexuality rising a heat in your face and loins.

“Awww retreating so soon Liebling?” He teased again, now pressing the head of his length between your cheeks. The soft touch of your backside thrilled him, and he tried to stifle back a moan.

“Well how would you feel if I was playing with your ass?!” You said with an attitude, assured that he wouldn’t have a competent reply.

“Do you want to play with my ass?”
He teased, beginning to now sandwich his member between your cheeks and rock his hips.

Following his words he immediately felt your body seize up, your head whipping back to face him over your shoulder.

“You are so nasty!”
He breathed hard as he continued to move his hips, his cock slippery from lubing his self up with the assistance of your posterior.

“I never said I wasn’t meine dame–.”
He chuckled through his breathes, his member growing impatient and desperately aching for penetration.

You felt him adjust, steadying himself with his left hand against the sheets. He unstraddled your legs, and gently pressed a knee between your thighs. He wiggled his leg against yours, encouraging you to part your legs so he could sit between them.

Whimpering shyly you arched your back and moved your legs while Pandora pulled your pants down to your ankles. His hand ran up your leg to the smooth of your thigh, pausing to pet with affection.
He took great pride in seeing the small goosebumps form on your skin under his touchings.

He softly sunk his knee down between your thighs, and brought his other leg in by shimmying your legs apart further. Now rested between your supple thighs, he gave an accomplished sigh.

The guardian took his member in hand, and once again stroked himself as he stared at you for his viewing pleasure.
His other hand reached up and cupped your mound, his palm squeezing your heat.

“Lift your hips a little more..”

His voice was hushed and reassuring, his fingers taking the liberty of petting the outer edges of your slit.
You again followed his lead, raising your hips and sinking the front of your body lower.
Feeling his fingers trail the outline of your sex gave way to a series of aches and shivers into your ovum, as you started to press into his touch desperate for more.

His breathing hitched, drunk on the view of your behind spread to him.

If blue wasn’t his favorite color before, it surely was now.

“Liebling you are s-so exotic...” He slipped a finger through your folds, feeling your arousal and heat. Upon hearing your soft panting at his light fingering of your petals, he raised his self up and began stroking his cock through your dampened crushed velvet. He pushed the tip of his member forward, pressing the tip of his cock against your needing blue nub.

Pandora worked his wrist in small up and down motions, continuing to nuzzle the head of his length against his ladies favorite part. He rubbed himself against her with increasing pressure, hoping to pleasure her further and encourage light babbles of ecstasy from her voice. She began to press against him, grinding her hips in addition to the rubbing of his tool.

His blood surged, coursing through his veins with a great sense of urgency as she began to pant and whine in the bliss of his touchings.

She was singing shamelessly for him, her body writhing around in the throes of her oncoming orgasm.

“Das ist richtig meine liebe, komm fur mich...” His voice was thick with captivation as he felt his own excitement rising. He couldn’t help himself as he rubbed against you, the need to assist himself in addition to bringing out your cries of ecstasy overwhelmed the doppelgänger.

He let go of his member as he grew dangerously close, using the power of his hips and positioning between your legs to keep grinding against your most sensitive bundle of nerves. You squeezed your thighs together in desperation, groping his body as you twisted and squirmed around in an earnest attempt to bring out your oncoming peak of pleasure. His furious dedication to working your climax out paid off as he watched your head tilt back and let out a loud cry of euphoria.

You were embarrassed by your shameless moaning, but in the face of your pent up lust releasing, you didn’t care. He worked hard to earn your finish, and you rewarded him physically and verbally.

Your voice rang out as a myriad of endearment and pleading, breath behind your speech shaking and desperate. A wave of warm nectar released over his manhood in a rush of freedom, coating his cock in flowing proof of his accomplishment. He stared in awe, unable to move even if his creator were to rush in and demand so.

You slumped forward in your afterglow, entire body dropping into relaxation as you pressed your head down into the soft cushion below to calm the fog on your mind.

Pandora acted next on pure instincts and desire. His right hand moved forward, fingers wrapping around your tail and hoisting you up with ease. He pressed his left hand on the inside of his ladies thigh, and moved it to the side, spreading her further for his next steps. He leaned forward and with no reservations and pressed his face into your loins, his tongue wildly frolicking along your folds. He wanted to experience your arousal on a deeper level, to enjoy your sexuality on all five of his senses.

You let loose a series of whines and cries at the feeling of his face barging into your backside.
“Pandora’s Actor don’t do that, stop!” You cried out, squirming and writhing to get away in your humiliation and embarrassment.

It wasn’t that it didn’t feel good, it was that you were not expecting it. That his face was pressed snug up against your most private area, bathing you with his affection and lust.

His grip on your tail was too secure for you to get away, and with every attempt to move from him he fought back with his hold on you.

Where were you going to go? Further into your pillow?

You whimpered in your helplessness, he had you where he wanted you, and was making it apparent he wasn’t going to let go.

His voice was muffled as he spoke through your plush labia, his breath heavy and filled with fervor.

“Let me do this for you Liebling.”

You sounded off in protest a few more times to no avail, before settling down and allowing the guardian to work his tongue over your vulva.

You thought the guardians would listen to anything you said.

Pandora’s Actor was the exception.

The only time he wouldn’t listen, was if it was to your benefit not too.

Very soon, you were quite happy that you didn’t put up more of an effort.

You could always cum much quicker and easier after your first climax.

You knew this from personal experiences.

Pleased that you had calmed your nerves down and were now relaxing into his grasps, he slowed the lashings of his tongue, allowing the complexity of tastes setting in his mouth to make a lasting impression.

As a doppelgänger he had no preference to food or drink. This though, he would now always crave on the back of his tongue.

He drank from your chalice with utmost euphoria, his mind high on the idea that he’d be content to drown in your sea.

He let into his mouth all of you that he could take, his face now silky and wet from your powerful excitement and earlier climax.

His tongue ran along the edges of your entrance, pooling you with his salivation as he licked around, taunting you with no insertion.

You were growing impatient though, the crown of your excited pistil aching for attention. You pressed yourself into his face, much to his enjoyment. Sensing that you were no longer going to fight him to get away, he released your tail, and moved his hand down to your sex. His right and left thumbs placed themselves on either side of your sex, and spread you wide for his licking desires.

“P-Pandora please..” you lifted your hips again, trying to adjust his tongue towards your sweet spot. He moaned into your sex when he heard his name, and lifted his tongue to your throbbing love
button.
He gave you a light flick of his tongue, and to his delight he felt your hips dip down on him as if to say *yes, right there.*

He moved his thumbs up to the peak of your sex, and re spread your eager petals. His tongue began to twirl over your pleasure-able nub, it felt incredible against his organ, like a taught piece of satin.

He moved with increasing pace around your maidenhood, his tongue circling your now throbbing clit. He groaned in elation as you started to grind into him, desperately seeking release.

*So close..*
*So very close...!*

Your legs were wobbling, only held up by Pandora’s placement of his face and arms. You were bouncing above him in your throes of bliss, gripping your sheets furiously as you panted his name as if saying it would bring you closer.

Your toes curled as you felt yourself pushed over the edge in ecstasy. You took control and rode his face hard as his tongue circled around your nub at just the right angle, forcing your quickly built up orgasm out.

You ground against his tongue while tightening all of your muscles, focusing solely on the intense pleasure thrumming deeply from just over his mouth. Your hips slowed their rocking against him, your tongue rolling out of your mouth as you collapsed in the exhaustion of your splendor.

Pandora slid his tongue back, panting himself as his supreme being finished her climax. He pulled his hands back and without his support, she clumsily wobbled and fell further onto his face. He politely patted her thigh, to which she arose by lifting to her knees with reluctance.

“I-I’m gonna need a second...”

She breathed out mid pant, her forehead coated in beads of glistening sweat.

He pulled his face away, head pounding with excitement and pride from his accomplishment. He placed both hands on either side of her luscious backside, and pulled her back into the position she formerly was.

He’d always be gentle with her, but he wouldn’t deny the need in his loins that had been begging him for stimulation this entire time.

He played with her rump again, hands bouncing her ass up and down for his amusement.

However a wave of guilt did cast a shadow on his mind as he grabbed his member, which he slowly stroked in contemplation and needy arousal. She had told him to stop and he selfishly pressed forward. He had promised not to take advantage of her, but his need to please her, to show her his dedication and adoration outspent his willingness to listen.

“Winterberry I am...”

He was caught off by her light and whimsical laughter.

“That...that was *incredible.*”

You breathed, your heart beat finally calming in the wake of your back to back orgasms.
“I have never felt anything like that before. I haven’t even made myself cum that hard.” Shame was out the window, he had already seen and licked everything you own so you didn’t mind being honest.

You turned to face him over your shoulder once more, to give him your come hither stare. You batted your eyelashes earnestly, and bashfully looked away as you smiled. You waved your hips around in his face slowly, you wouldn’t deny either that you wanted to continue as well.

“I want you to feel good too ya know...”
You turned back to watch as his attention went from your face immediately down to the swaying of your curvaceous waist.

“J-Just be gentle again, o-okay?”
He no longer felt guilty based off of your new found courage and sexuality waving in front of his rock hard cock for the taking.

“I will be careful..” he spoke gently with heavy lust, the head of his cock now slipping and prodding at your entrance.

“Y-you’re so w-warm..” he whispered to himself, his tip beginning to sink into your sumptuous cunny. He sighed in relief at just getting his head in, his length throbbing in anticipation. He placed a hand on your ass for leverage, removing his other hand from his tool. He could easily manage himself without aid of his grip now that he was at least in with his tip.

You winced at the pressure of his cock spreading you again for the second time. It didn’t hurt like you thought it would, he was very properly lubricated and you were incredibly relaxed.

This was different from your first time. He slid in easier, you could feel it yourself that he was up against less resistance.

His hips moved agonizingly slow, and you were wanting to feel more of him. Your first coupling was rather painful, if you hadn’t have assisted yourself during it wouldn’t have been as pleasant as it was.

Him slowly sinking in felt so nice now, and you were exceedingly horny for more of his length. You began to press back on him, enveloping more of his length within your tight blue sex.

A rush of pleasure surged through his member in response, the head of his cock twitching in delight as his pent up eagerness began to rush in full force for exit. Both of his hands grasped at your waist for something to hold onto in the wake of almost losing his load.

“L-Liebling please..ngghh...do not I c-can no-t...!”
You loved that you made him weak like this. You could feel his cock throbbing with pleasure under the weight of your rocking hips, and you had some revenge to dish out.

You adored that you could be playful with him.

He stopped his self from slipping further in, trying to tighten his stomach muscles in greater attempts of not spilling his seed. He was wanting to take his time, but you had other ideas.

If he could get what he wanted out of you, you could do the same to him.

“Come on Pandora..let me do this for you..” you teased, empowered by your control of the situation. He groaned in response, clenching his muscles tighter than before. He gripped at your waist, pushing
and pleading for you to stop.

“I-I will cum if...y-you...k-keep....!”

Your broke the final area guardian, his constraints gone as your curves swallowed him whole.

He pulled your hips into him, no longer having the will power to stop himself from climaxing. He drew you down as he pushed up, making the most of his thrusts into you. With restraint gone out the window he fucked you harder, his hips slapping against yours as the bedroom filled with a chorus of pleasured moans.

His sounds of delight were intoxicating as he frantically plowed you from behind, his desperate sputtering now replaced with sounds of his panting as he grew dangerously close. You enjoyed that he was rather vocal.

Sweat began to drop from his temples as he gave a final push of his hips, his cock twitching and releasing his thick and built up cum. He tried to stifle his moaning but instead gasped suddenly, surprising himself at the power of his orgasm. He kneaded your waist with desperate fingers as he continued to climax, his ropes of seed coursing out wildly and into your warm and welcoming cunt.

He held still for a little while, keeping the head of his cock deep inside and pressed against your cervix where your clenching pussy drank him in. His breathe was in shambles as you felt him lean over you in the throes of his orgasm, his thighs wobbling helplessly. He began to pull himself out, only to thrust in slowly a few more times, ensuring that he was fully milked of all of his offering.

He panted above you for a long while, letting his member soften comfortably as he baskaed in his afterglow. He gazed for a time at the small of your back, taking pride in the small beads of his perspiration joining with yours. You glistened beautifully before the doppelgangers eyes, and it was the only thing he cared to focus on as he savored being so close to you.

He let go of your hips reluctantly, giving your butt a pat as he pulled his slick tool out of your now relaxing folds.

Upon exiting your sex, his and your union began to flow out of your small gape, leaking down and onto the sheets below. He put a hand up to his forehead and sighed in awe, appreciating the beauty of your coupling. After becoming content with imprinting the image in his mind, he fell back into the bed, tossing his hands above his head in elation.

Once he finished and was laying back recovering, you rested as well. You still weren't comfortable with the amount that he could shoot into you, however you did enjoy the carnal aspect of it. You took it as a testament to your femininity that you could make him cum that hard. There was a sudden shift in the sheets, as you felt familiar long fingers wrap around your body, and pull on you with great need. You aided him in his ploy, and soon you two were entangled in one anothers arms.

You grumbled a bit, uncomfortably trying to kick off your pajama bottoms that had been around your ankles for a good time now. He sounded a light groan of mild discomfort of the movement, he had been quite comfortable just laying with you in his arms. His right boot hooked in one of your pant leg holes, and helped kick them off, freeing you from restraint.

Something began to tickle your mind, an odd vibration just above your right eye. You pressed into Pandora's chest, closing your eyelid and attempting to scratch it away.

[Message]
Holly. We need to talk as soon as possible.

"Oh shit.." your eyes nearly bulged out of your head, and you gripped Pandora's uniform in a panic. You heard him whisper something in German questioningly, but you ignored him.

[Message]

Holly?

...Yeah!? Hey! What's up? Where are you?

I am heading back to Nazarick with Narbarel. I'd like to discuss with you my findings, as well as just catch up in general. I have plans that I would like to set in motion, and I will be needing your help.

Of course, anything you need. Where do you want to meet?

Can you meet me on the 6th floor in 2 or so hours?

Absolutely. I'll bring Pandora...

No. Send him back to the treasury.

Okay, I'll meet up with Sebas and...

I have sent Sebas out on a recon mission, take one of the other guardians.

Man you're killing me here.

As I said, we need to catch up. I'll see you soon.
You breathed a heavy sigh of relief, you were momentarily afraid that Ainz was going to teleport into your room right then and there and catch you lazily basking in afterglow with his NPC.

"Hey..." you said weakly, refusing to look up at the final area guardian. You reached up a hand in your grief to his face, not wanting to send him back to the treasury. You were very fond of the jolly fucker, and the thought of parting from him twisted your gut into knots.

"What is wrong Winterberry? Why do you sound so melancholy?" he held you against himself tighter, playfully wiggling around, trying to pry out a laugh.

"I-I..need to meet with Ainz on the 6th floor in a few hours. And..I can't take you with me."

Your head slowly rose up with the heavy intake of air that Pandora breathed into his chest.

A hand laced itself into your hair, lengthy fingers intertwining in your mass of curls. You sunk with his exhale of air as he spoke.

"...I understand."

You both lay there for possibly too long, himself finding comfort in the softness of your hair, and you, in the rhythmic breathing of his chest. You spoke quietly to him about your upcoming meeting with Ainz, where he voiced his concerns.

"He is most likely going to want you to adventure outside of Nazarick as well, meine dame. I have had an inkling that something might have been happening outside of the great tomb." He fiddled with your hair continuously as he spoke, lightly picking up and tossing locks of red and blue. "I am hoping to have an audience with my creator soon myself, I wish to speak with him about extending my duties. I can do much more than babysit the treasury! Even though I do adore my position as a financial guardian..." he fought with himself a bit at the end of his sentence. His voice still had his familiar tune, but there was an air of intellect in all he said.

You remained quiet as he continued to muse on. You were now cradling your hand against his neck, your other tucked into the sleeve of his uniform for warmth.

"My lady I..." he trailed off for a second, and you felt his hand grip your locks in contemplation. He took another deep breath before speaking.

"Allow me to upgrade your sword, Kingslayer."

"No."

You weren't going to have someone tamper with your weapon, and it didn't matter who asked. You would upgrade it when you had the materials yourself.

"....Lady Holly please hear me out."

His voice was uncompromising. You raised yourself up to a sitting position, straddling his lower abdomen. You were leaking his and your essence across his uniform, however neither of you gave a
damn. You leaned over him, and planted a firm hand on his chest. The other pointed at his face in consternation, index finger extended and waving. You furrowed your brows, looking at him through slanted eyes.

"I'll hear you out, but that doesn't mean I'm letting you touch my shit."

He nodded his head, and you withdrew your feisty hand from his face.

"I do not want anything to happen to you out in the unknown vast of this new realm. I know you can hold your own, but it makes sense that you equip the best we have! If something is indeed amidst, as I have suspected, I just..." his voice trailed off momentarily as he reached up to place his hands on your thighs. His fingers pressed into your skin, trying to physically express his concerns along with his wording.

"I want to do more for you. And this is something I can do, and I do very well might I add."

He paused again, pleading at you through his hands.

"Pandora, I appreciate your regards for me but..."

"I do not know what I would do if something happened to you winterberry! On behalf of all the guardians meine dame, on behalf of Nazarick, please..."

Guilt trippin' mother fucker.

He lifted himself up suddenly, his hands relieving the pressure from your thighs, and raising to now grip your shoulders. He gave you a soft shake, imploring his qualms into you furthermore.

"Why is this bothering you so much?"

You questioned, your hands folding across your chest in obstinance.

"Welll admittedly I want to tinker with your set up..." his grip lessened, and his fingers danced on your shoulders playfully. He resettled his hands comfortably as he continued to speak, inhaling deeply.

"I do not understand. We have an abundance of wealth, and upgrading your gear would only benefit you. You are one of our last two supreme beings, meine dame. I do not think you comprehend the repercussions we face if we were to lose you."

He rocked you again, his voice softening as he drew on.

"I know that I am being inexcusably selfish in my request. I want to know that if I can not be with you as your escort, I can at least have a hand in your aid elsewhere!"

You looked away from his always unending gaze, his black holes burrowing deep into your heart.

"..I want you to carry something of me, just as I hvae carried something of you Winterberry."

"What do you mean someth--"

Your heart skipped a beat, and then struggled to make up for the sudden jump as you watched Pandora's Actor reach into his chest pocket, and retrieve a small silver chain.

A petite purple marquise crystal dangled down from the chain, glittering and free of its previous confinements.

"Y-you..."
You reached up to the necklace to hold it, and he reflexively tensed and clutched it tighter.

"Give me that you ass."

You snatched it from him, the chain warm from his hold. You intertwined the silver between your fingers, the quartz bouncing around sweetly in the center of your palm.

You spoke when the crystal rested, laying still in your shaking hand. You couldn't hold back the emotion in your tone.

"T-this was my first rare drop...I-I remember when..." you stammered, memories of when you first joined Ainz in Nazarick flooding your mind, and promptly, your eyes. You remembered seeing the Doppelganger for the first time, when you handed him your Gem of Becoming.

You looked up to face him, gazing away from the pendant. Your irises welled with soon to be released and pent up sentiment.

Your mind began to scream a rapid collection of memories, all rushing at you with potent force. Wave after wave crashed over your eyes. Words, sounds, and images all threatening to consume your being as you placed your free hand over your mouth to steady yourself.

Tears streamed down your face, and you stifled back a choke as you found words once again.

"Y-you still have this..."

As fast as your tears fell, were as fast as his hands to wipe them away.

Puzzled and softened by your reaction, the guardian chuckled reassuringly.

"Of course I do my lady. Why wouldn't I?"

His hands began to shimmer, small beacons of golden light emulating through and over his skin. His thumbs rubbed away the flowing rivers of amber from under your eyes, tiny flecks of daylight whisking away into the air as he consoled his supreme being.

"Aww Meine Liebling, I am fine. Why are you casting [Tears of Jörmungandr]?

You looked down to see a growing arcane symbol of gilded light forming below the both of you, bathing the surrounding area in warm sunlight. Small wellsprings of opulence began to rise everywhere your tears fell, casting a halo of rejuvenation. Pandora removed his thumbs from under your eyes as you made way to clean your face instinctively, smearing a trail of luminary healing magic across your cheeks. You pulled away your hand in awe, the glittering spell of life in mid cast before you.

You sniffled, shaking your head a bit in confusion and reverence.

"Oh...m-my bad. I didn't.." You stammered, still in disbelief of the shining aurum spectacle unfolding before, or rather from, your eyes.

As your spirits calmed so did the spell, the arcane circle below fading into the nothing.

"I'm...still learning some things." you breathed easier as the spell lifted, the golden rays lifting from Pandora's hands. You reached forward, and placed the Gem of Becoming back into his breast pocket. You moved your hand over to the middle of his chest, feeling the pulse of his heart.

He's real.
They're all real.

Thank you for your Kudos, Bookmarks, and Comments!

Tumblr
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Chapter End Notes

Anyone of you lovely people listen to music while you write? I do all the time! My favorite things to listen to are the NieR Automata OST and The Aviators! What do you like to listen to while you write?

Streets of Gold by The Aviators

The Tower from the NieR Automata OST
You said your goodbyes to the final area guardian numerous times, and numerous ways.

You two had sex once more, slapping hips together like you’d never fuck one another again.

You were mortified, comforted, and oddly pained when he said that you should take on another sexual partner in his absence, that he’d hate for you to be an *unpollinated* blossom in need.

When you asked him if he was actually okay with that, he responded with that the guardians ultimately were here to serve their superior ones. That they were a shared collective, and their supreme beings happiness was their happiness.

He did add that he deeply hoped he was your favorite.

He was.

And, always would be.

You were not sure what he meant to you, but you know that you cared for him immensely.

You knew that watching him use [Greater Teleportation] like a total dork was funny, and that you already missed his presence.

Maybe monotony was not a thing to the guardians?

You quickly washed up, making sure to liberally apply soap to your groin to clean the mess of Pandora’s affections. Your room felt awfully quiet without his loud personality.
You soon found out that placing armor on a damp body was not very effective, leggings padding sticking like wet leather and glue to every inch of your skin as you scooted yourself into them with great effort.

You decided against Law Bringer, placing it into your closet inventory instead of equipping the helm. It was still uncomfortable, and helmet hair sucked. Armor clanking against itself clumsily as you shimmied around still adjusting, you caught glimpse of yourself in your wall mirror. You were going to be running late to the 6th floor and still needed to [Message] for an escort, but you could not help but look at yourself in deep appreciation.

You were not longer a basic digital graphics designer, or a paper roll filer. Not anymore. Your shining silver armor, Remembrance of Oak filigree, and great sword King Slayer (Adept) had you feeling like a knight.

A knight of Nazarick.

One of the supreme beings of Nazarick.

You hoped everyone thought you looked cool.

[Message]

Cocytus, are you busy?


I plan to keep my word true to you. Can you escort me to the 6th floor in a couple of minutes?


Oh Yeah that would be nice, thank you Cocytus.


[End message]

Wait a second.
Cocytus, it’s me again.

Yes. My. Lady.?

Please don’t send Kyouhukou.

Yes. My. Lady.

You rubbed your armored hand over your head in appreciation of your momentary genius, pleased that you dodged a bullet.

If that cockroach had showed up at your bedroom door, you would have screamed loud enough to shatter the dimensional block on Nazarick.

Who would Cocytus send? You should have asked who, and you could [Message] him again, but you didn’t want to seem incompetent.

He would probably send one of the Pleiades or another servant maid, you thought. It’d be nice to meet someone new.

You were startled by the knock at your quarters, whoever was there arrived a lot faster than you thought.

You could never say they weren’t prompt.

“Oh yeah I’ll be right there, thank you for coming!”

You fluffed your hair up, bouncing your curls to make sure they were set the way you liked them. You grinned your teeth at the mirror, running your tongue over your canines to make sure they were clean. It’d be pretty damn embarrassing if you had something caught in them, and you wanted to make sure you had a good impression to whoever was at your door. You wiggled Kingslayer (Adept) in its scabbard, making sure the great sword was snug and secure on your hip. You held the hilt for a moment longer, gripping it tightly.

You missed the big ham of a guardian.

You smirked and let go of Kingslayer (Adept), and walked to answer your escort.

As you opened the door, the only thing that could match your excitement at seeing the pinstripe suit was your dread.

Oh.
“My Lady, I heard you required escort to the 6th floor. I would be more than honored to oblige your request.”

Caught like a fly in a spiders web again.

Willingly.

It hit you now that you greatly appreciated Pandora’s suggestion that you possibly take on another sexual partner.

Especially as a toothy grin spread across the demon of Nazarick’s face, the diamonds that served as his eyes shining down on you with adoration.

You cleared your throat before speaking as you began to nervously fiddle with Kingslayer (Adept)'s sheath.

“T-Thank you for coming Demiurge. I appreciate it!”

You smiled, assured that the cool image you were hoping to impress upon your visitor was crushed by your awkwardness.

A gloved hand raised to his chest with a sense of dignity and grace, as the 7th floor guardian gave a slow bow. His tail flicked up and down with vigor, the spikes on the broad head of his appendage fully extended.

Cedar and the damp scent of smoldering smoke wafted across your face, sending a series of chills down your spine.

You had a crush on Nazarick’s leader of defense, and you wanted him in the worst way.

“The pleasure is mine Lady Holly. Shall we proceed?” He turned his head to the left, indicating politely that it was time to head out. His grin remained unchanged.

You were late. Ainz was slowly circling around the coliseum, obviously lost in thought. You waved at him like the ass you were, Demiurge following to your right and a slight step behind.

You two had a pleasant conversation about practically nothing, you were sure he was only simply entertaining you.

Like a babysitter.

He only liked you because you were his superior, you were sure of it.

“There you are. Why did you not teleport Holly?”

Man it was refreshing to hear your name without a title.
Your tail wrapped around your right leg, your eyes locking on the ground below.

He had already figured out and done so much.

You knew so little.

“I’m...still..”

He placed a hand up, as if to say he understood your plight. You winced a smile, still looking at the ground.

“Demiurge. The transition into this new realm has affected Holly and her abilities mysteriously. I would like to put you in charge of helping her reclaim herself.”

_Oh double fuck._

You heart skipped a beat, and you shot a panicked look at Ainz.

“That is a most extraordinary plan Lord Ainz. I would take it as a great honor to assist our lady in restoring her glory.”

You gulped as you felt something poking the tip of your tail, trying to encourage it from hiding around your leg. Smooth and oddly warm plates of metal coaxed your appendage out, the demon of Nazarick nodding your way appreciatively.

“My Lady, I would like you to personally over see the plantation I have secured so that you may find it to your standards. This way I can abide my due diligence to Nazarick, along with my responsibilities to your plight in this new world.” His words fell from his lips richly, his diamonds sparkling.

Ainz nodded in confirmation, long skeletal fingers stroking his jaw.

“As expected of you Demiurge. That is a wonderful idea. It is settled then. Holly, you will oversee the farmstead alongside Demiurge. It is in an undisclosed location, so you will be safe to relearn, err, reclaim your powers there.”

_What._

You looked between the two of them, unable to hide your anxiety.

You were coming down for a meeting! Now you were leaving the tomb?!

“Oh...Okay?! Okay look. T-That’s fine, I can..I can do that.” You waved your hand up, trying to clear the air of bewilderment over your head. You did say anything you could do to help, right?

“Ainz, Just...tell me what you know, _please._”

Sensing your dismay, he faced Demiurge once more.

“Demiurge, I need some time alone with Holly. I will message you when I am ready for you to take her to the plantation.”

“I understand Lord Ainz.”

He smiled reluctantly, displeased with being dismissed. He was enjoying the undivided attention of both supreme beings, along with the confirmation of getting to have one of them to his self for an
extended period of time.

His tail lifted yours as a gesture of respect and parting, tilting his head towards yours to signal his departure.

“My lady.”

As he walked away, he folded both hands behind his back, tail swaying casually as black flames trailed behind him.

Once Demiurge was gone, Ainz posture immediately slumped forward.

The hand on his chin raised to the smooth top of his skull, rubbing slowly in anguish.

“I feel as if I have to be really on top of my game around him.” He muttered, his head slowly shaking from side to side.

“How do you think I feel?! You’re sending me with him for an extended stay vacation!”

You tossed at him, hands wailing in front of your torso in physical frustration. Of course you were more than happy to go alone with the demon, but you were still nervous and thwarted nevertheless.

“What was I supposed to say?! No that is a bad idea Demiurge, she is not going with you? It is a splendid idea if you think about it.”

He mocked you throughout his statement, his long bony hand leaving his face to wave back at your tantrum.

You grunted at him, wrinkling your nose in disdain from his response. You tossed your hands down to your side with force, your legs moving before you could think to pace around the arena.

“Well...?” You muttered, still anxious from the news you had just received and from your now complex situation.

“Well what?”

You slanted your eyes at him, hands finding home on your hips as you continued to pace.

“All I’ve done is sit around and...”

You could feel a phantom tingle of guilt rush over your body as you saw yourself swimming in sheets with his NPC.

You folded your hands over your chest, and plopped down on the ground below with a heavy clink.

“Tell me what you want me to know.”

It was his turn now to pace as he let you know about the new world.
He explained to you the three kingdoms of E-Rantel, Baharuth, and Re-Estize. He spoke of a man named Gazef, some big wig knight of the Re-Estize empire.

What troubled you though, was the death of what you were already assuming were newly made friends of his.

That some crazy low magic bitch went ape shit and ruthlessly slaughtered his adventuring group, following up by trying to summon an undead horde.

He was able to save one of the five, but the others were too weak to survive resurrection.

He explained the ‘hero’ situation and his alter ego as Momon, to which you snickered at his choice of alias.

He shrugged you off, choosing to not engage your banter.

He sighed heavily as he finished, choosing to sit down next to you with an even heavier thud.

You both sat in silence, comprehending the gravity of this new life.

“Hey...I’m...I’m sorry about your group. I don’t know what to say..”

He replied before you could finish your sentiments.

“I can not surmise as to why... but it does not bother me like you think it does. The entirety of the series of events that unfolded irritated me more than anything.”

You nodded, although perplexed.

“I think it has to do with my racial class once more. I am an undead. I do not feel much of anything. If it benefits Nazarick...that is all I am concerned with.”

You nodded, although perplexed.

“I think it has to do with my racial class once more. I am an undead. I do not feel much of anything. If it benefits Nazarick...that is all I am concerned with.”

You chose to not respond, and instead continued to listen. You took pride in the fact that you could listen and not try to take over a conversation when it mattered.

However, he didn’t continue to speak. He instead seemed lost in thought, as if he wasn’t even there with you anymore.

“Why Ainz?”

“Ah. I almost forgot.” He mused, his fingers tapping against each other in an odd display of contemplation.

“There is a chance we might not be the only ones here. One of my old friends might be here too. I know the odds are slim, but if I spread the glorious name of the guild it might reach them...”

He trailed off, red orbs lost in the starry night sky above the 6th floor.

You didn’t have the heart to tell him how you felt about his situation where his friends were involved.

What were the odds that one of his friends, who had quit before you even joined, were here with you guys?

You weren’t going to be the one to stomp on his hope.
Noticing his somber, you playfully nudged him with your elbow.

“Soooo...Albedo...”

His head jerked, as if you had just poured a bucket of water on the undead overlord. You danced both of your eyebrows at him teasingly, giving him your best shit eating grin.

He groaned, face palming himself with a good and hearty whack.

“Of course you would find out...”

Your smile was now threatening to split your cheeks wide open.

“So I’m not the only one enjoying Nazarick yeah?” You laughed, feeling accomplished in the fact that you weren’t the only pervert in the room.

He slid his hand off his face, turning to face you slowly.

“What do you mean enjoying?”

Your chest seized up in your instant regret.

You began to twirl locks of hair around your fingers as you looked away from Ainz, face growing red in embarrassment.

“W-What did I supposedly find out?” You replied in a desperate attempt to throw the guilt back in his lap.

It worked.

“Gah I have utterly soiled Tabula’s hard work...it was just for fun I did not think...”

You recoiled at his statement in momentary confusion. Albedo was Tabula’s NPC. You knew her character well and...

The familiar grin from earlier began to creep over your face once more.

“So...huge slut working in your favor?”

Both hands lifted to his face, palms covering his eyes. He groaned loudly again.

“Ugh do not judge me...I-I rewrote her to love me. And now she is...obsessed.”

His turmoil felt unreal as he dug his fingers into his skull.

“It was just a harmless gesture, I did not think of the consequences! I just...”

“I had sex with Pandora’s Actor.”

You blurted out, staring straight ahead and refusing to look at Ainz.

Who was now looking at you.

Glaring at you.

“You...you had sex with my NPC?”
“Yep.”
He tossed his hands in the air in shock and frustration.

“You boned my creation!”

“You rewrote Tabula’s so you could bone his creation!”

Silence echoed through the 6th floor, ringing in both of your ears.

“...have you boned her yet?”

He growled in response, folding his arms across his chest.

“...I can’t.”

You faced him first, eyebrow arching.

“...can’t?”

He shook his head, and whined.

“This is so embarrassing...”

He looked over at you, relieving his tensions with a heavy sigh.

“I do not feel anything. I have no libido. I have no...”

He gestured angrily at his crotch.

“Dude...that blows.” you scratched the back of your head, happy that you weren’t in his shoes.

He grunted in response, shaking his head at you disapprovingly.

You pointed at him accusingly, finger wiggling between his eyes.

“Hey if you could have you would have, don’t judge me!”

He paused his disappointment in you, and nodded slowly.

“Hmph. Well, what is he like anyways? I have not descended to the treasury yet to actually meet him face to face.”

You made to speak, but paused as you lifted a hand.

German terms of endearment, golden lights, cherries, the scent of roses, and his hilarious gestures filled your mind.

You smiled softly, turning away as you spoke.

“He’s...he’s a sweetheart.”

“Sweetheart? Ugh, is he cool at least?” He pried at you, a bony finger poking at your shoulder.

You played the memory of Pandora’s Actor introducing himself to Sebas like a total spazz, and laughed out loud.
“Yeah, He’s pretty cool. In his own way.”

You both sat in silence again, digesting the conversation.

You couldn’t begin to guess what he was thinking.

You were busy being consumed with a collection of turbulent feelings.

Was it wrong to want to fool around with the demon after having sex with the doppelgänger? Were you cheating? Were you even in a relationship with Pandora? Neither of you confessed anything to each other, but you still felt guilty when your heart fluttered around Demiurge. He did say you should have more partners but...

You didn’t care that your actions were less than honorable. As long as you were safe, sane, and consensual, why not fool around? Who did you have to justify anything to in this new world, other than yourself. Was it entirely appropriate to be thinking of this now?

You let go of your thoughts with a breathy sigh, and turned to face Ainz.

“So, looks like I’m off to play in the country yeah?”

“He can teach you to better use your magic than I can, I believe. He is extremely competent. You are a Flamekeeper after all, and like Ulbert fire is one of his specialties.”

Ainz nodded as he spoke, as if he was convincing himself as well as you.

“It is paramount that you grab hold of your abilities as soon as possible. You are undeniably strong with your sword, but your true potential lies within your support class. If something were to happen, I know I can rely on you. We just have to get you there.” His hand consumed your shoulder, more of it hanging off your person than on. He gave a gentle and reassuring squeeze, his rings shining against your knightly armor.

You slumped forward, and closed your eyes.

“I am sorry that I’m not up to speed on this. I feel useless..” you whispered. As his jaw moved to speak you interrupted, your hand wrapping around one of his fingers.

“But I won’t disappoint you. I’ll get there, I promise.” You didn’t look at him, but you tightened your grip on him considerably.

His red orbs shone with brilliance, and his voice came out with an air of confidence and affection.

“I know you will.”

Ainz summoned Demiurge back to the 6th floor, where the demon was more than happy to make his way towards his supreme beings. He took place next to you once more, hand on his taught chest. He knelt down on one knee, tilting his head down in a sign of respect and loyalty.
“It honors me greatly to serve you my lord and lady.”

You wouldn’t lie that his display of subservience made you uncomfortable. You didn’t feel above the guardians in the slightest. You felt beneath them. They were so great in your eyes, and you were just...meh.

Little did you know though, that they thought the world of you.

“Thank you for returning Demiurge. I am most interested in having you assist Holly in her magical capabilities. Her physical strength I will put in Sebas and Cocytus’s hands once I am satisfied with her progress with you.”

Demiurge nodded, still kneeling before the two of you.

You couldn’t help yourself as you reached a hand down to him, smiling.

“You don’t have to stay down there ya know.”

Although the urge to take your hand was strong, the demon politely shook his head in objection.

“I am not worthy to stand as equal to yourself and Lord Ainz, My Lady. I am humbled to even be before you both, to have the glory of serving the last two supreme beings.”

Oh god he’s worse than Sebas and Cocytus.

You glanced over to Ainz, your gaze filled with concern. You quickly looked between him and Demiurge, pleading that he aid you in this awkward situation.

“Demiurge it is alright. Rise.”

He motioned with his hand, and Demiurge obliged his lord.

Damn, he’s good.

“I will let the both of you know that I am going to continue my research into our situation. I will further my credibility as an adventurer, so that we may have a better understanding of our place in this new land. Due to the efforts of the guardians, I am no longer concerned with always having myself or you, Holly, present at Nararick.”

“Your genius and dedication shows no limits my lord. You never cease to amaze me.” Demiurge complimented his Lords prowess and ideas, bowing his head again in respect.

“I leave the rest to you, Demiurge. Continue your diligence in the name of Ainz Ooal Gown.”

He turned to face you, his posture unwavering.

“If you need me, use [Message]. Until then grow back into your magic. It will benefit us greatly.”

You nodded to him in agreement.

You couldn’t find words, what could you add? He had this leadership role down.

You still just felt along for the ride.

But you were taking your first steps to being able to stand by his side. Maybe not as an equal, but definitely more than what you were now.
Ainz faded before you in a flash, the air barely having time to react to his departure. The demon turned to face you once more, his eyes electric with anticipation.

“Now then my Lady, where should we begin?”

You walked alongside Demiurge, explaining to him how you didn’t know how to activate your magic casting abilities, or spells. That you knew your fear inhibitor worked since it was a passive skill, but the rest was in folly. He never asked questions and only listened, and intently so.

You told him about passing out after teleporting, and that you had something happen that caused you to accidentally cast the opening of [Tears of Jörmungandr].

He raised an eyebrow in interest when you mentioned one of your top tier spells, but said nothing as you continued.

“I don’t even know how to access my inventory. Ainz makes everything look so easy..”

You shook your head in defeat, pale moon light flooding before you as you and the 7th floor guardian began to exit the great tomb of Nazarick.

“You and Lord Ainz are incomprehensible in power and stature. He a patriarch, and you, a matriarch my lady. You both are equally superb, you need not compare yourself against him nor anything else in this world.”

Speechless at his response, you turned to face him as he emerged from the tomb behind you, bathed in moonlight.

You watched him intake a deep breath of air, and roll his shoulders back a few times. He winced and turned his neck to the side, flexing his fingers in an attempt to release building pressure. His upper back began to toil under his business suit, the muscles squirming through his skin until you heard a loud tear of fabric. A pair of dark green wings burst from his back as Demiurge pressed his chest forward from the sudden jerk of his body releasing his newly formed appendages.

He breathed a sigh of relief, fanning his wings of loose membrane and mucus. His tail waved behind him as he spoke again.

“My Lady, can you form your wings?” He stretched his out to their full span, casting a shadow over you.

You had forgotten that you were similar to Demiurge when he was not in his imp form or true demon manifestation.

You also sported a tail, and when necessary, a pair of wings. They were useful for transport, but a lot of the time they were mostly cosmetic.

Until now.

“I’m...I’m not sure. I hadn’t even given it thought to be honest.” You looked over to Demiurge as he
closed his wings against his back neatly, the moonlight reignning over your face once more.

You reached both of your hands back, trying to pat where wings could sprout. However your armor severely restricted your flexibility when reaching backwards like you were, so you ended up looking like a fool.

“Yeah I’ve got nothing. Even if I could, I’m not sure if they’d make it out of my armor..”

Your right greave scratched behind your left ankle, your eyes now staring at the 7th floor guardians feet.

You felt like a total loser.

Sensing your discomfort, he made way to wash your ill feelings out.

“I will assit you my lady. I am deeply honored to have the prestige of assisting one of the two remaining supreme beings in any way possible. Do not fret, for I am confident in your capabilities.”

He extended his hand towards you, opening his gloved claw to accept your hand.

“The tomb of Nazaricks dimensional block expands for another half mile out. Further along the way is where the Plantation resides, so we can walk..”

His wings unfurled from his back, once again sprouting to their full glory in a display of masculine majesty.

“.or we can fly.” His smile spread wide across his face as he reached his free hand up to adjust his glasses, eagerly awaiting your response.

“.fly? But ho—“ you placed your hand in his, and before you could finish your sentence the demon had stepped forward, bent at his knees, and scooped you into his arms.

A shrill gasp escaped your lips as he hoisted you up, cradling you in his hold as if you were his bride.

A hand clasped around your shoulder, his fingers wrapping around your armor for added support. You watched as he looked down to your legs, his arm hooked under your thighs and baring your weight without issue. His hand pressed firmly into your greaves, securing his hold.

“Are you ready Lady Holly?” He looked to your face, tilting his head in addition to his question.

You bravely reached up a hand, and placed it lightly on his shoulder.

It was incredibly firm, the only hint of softness being his flannel business suit.

You patted his shoulder and nodded, and heard him give a light chuckle.

“Hold on tight my lady.”

The 7th floor guardian kicked off the ground with the strength of his right leg, and shot into the sky like a falling star in reverse.

Cold air rushed over your head in a downward spiral as both arms wrapped around the demons neck in desperation, your loud cry of surprise lost in the wind.

You felt Demiurge rest his chin on the top of your head as he continued to ascend into the starry
night, imploring you into the nape of his neck so that he may see passed the mass of your wildly frolicking curls.

That and he was enjoying carrying you, and wouldn’t lie that he carefully predicted your reaction to his take off. Demiurge was pleased with himself when his results were what he expected, your face was mashed under his, arms holding onto him as if you would never let go.

The current of wind dispersed as Demiurge slowed his climb into the night, his wings now beating at a steady rhythm as he turned his body to the left, and banked with the wind.

You slowly pulled away from Demiurge's neck, morbid curiosity consuming your being as the urge to look down to the land below you took over.

Hills of forest rolled below you in a blur of green, quilts of land unfolding into a large mass of many different specks of colors and shapes.

“We are coasting over the city state of E-Rantel. I already have minions carrying out a variety of covert missions to guarantee its seizure at a later date for the great tomb. All in accordance to yours and Lord Ainz greater plans for Nazarick, my Lady.”

Greater plans? What greater plans? You certainly didn’t have any idea of what he was talking about. What was Ainz thinking of doing?

“Wow, you’ve been really busy over the passed few days huh?”

You felt his chin swivel on the crown of your head to the right, his chest and neck pressing into you as he scanned his surroundings.

“Yes. I sincerely hope that my diligence is pleasing to you my Lady.”

His body tilted forward as he clutched you tightly, his wings offsetting oncoming turbulence as he flew passed the kingdom of E-Rantel.

“In just a few days you’re taking steps to overthrow an entire kingdom, Demiurge. That’s...that’s incredible and kinda terrifying.”

He hummed in appreciation, his wings making steps to begin his gradual descent.

You began to relax into his chest, the anxiety of flying washing itself away as you reveled in the awe of the night sky above.

Stars painted the canvas above, slivers of blue fire entangled in an eternal dance across an ocean of the unknown. You had always been a star gazer, one of your deepest dreams was to just once see the night sky without a blanket of pollution.

And here you found it in the new world, closer than you ever expected. A clear black visage rolling over you, a cluster of spacial quartz with an infinite array of shimmering worlds unfolding before your eyes. Consumed with awe you reached a hand up, streams of cold wind rushing around your gauntlet and parting the back of the demons well combed hair.

You felt like you could almost touch the cosmos, and your soul quelled in the face of something so much greater than yourself.

“It’s so beautiful...” you whispered, voice shaken with infatuation.
“It pales in comparison to your beauty, my lady.”

The cold air had singed your nose red from frost, and Demiurge had just stained your cheeks the same color.

You replaced your hand upon the back of his neck once more, and nuzzled back into the warmth of his nape as the two of you smoothly flew towards an approaching mountain range.

“These are the Azerlisia mountains. The farmlands are on the outskirts, the land has been seized and secured by our servants my lady. I truly aspire for it to be to your standards.”

You nodded, the sting of cold air threatening to steal your breath away. You would have responded to him further, but the chattering of your teeth denied you access to your voice. The mountain range began to shift from brown to white in a gradient blur, the snowy peaks laughing at your dropping temperature. You pressed further into the guardian with the hope of extracting more warmth from his body. Your armor unfortunately served as a barrier, where you felt as a prisoner becoming encased in frost.

“[Aspect of the devil, Hellfire mantle].”

A surge of warmth ran over your body, your skin tingling with bumps at the refreshing sensation of the chilly air fading away. The air around you seemed to blur, the once clean galaxy above now covered in a veil of exhausting heat.

Flames surrounded Demiurge and by your close proximity to him, you as well.

This is so awesome. You had an immunity to fire, but you never imagined you'd actually, ya know, be on fire.

Does life get any better? You were so close to the stars you felt like you could pluck one for yourself.

The consistent thrum of Demiurge's wings along with the rhythm of his breathing was starting to make your eyelids heavy. You yawned and stretched one leg at a time, the 7th floor guardian paying careful attention to his hold on you as you began to fidget in his grasp.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean too—“

You spoke softly, not meaning to disturb him.

“It is quite alright my lady. We shall arrive momentarily. Please feel free to make yourself as comfortable as possible, I consider it a great privilege to carry you here myself.”

What made you warmer, his hellfire mantle or the way he addressed you with such a sense of devotion?

Demiurge landed on the farming grounds like a slow crashing meteor, the flames from his mantle trailing behind him as his feet touched down to the soil below.
The sounds of softly bleating sheep and nature filled your ears, the night singing in a chorus of twilight and exotic insects. You could only make out the shadows of what you assumed were silos, a barn, and what might be a cabin. The rest was enveloped in darkness as Demiurge allowed his mantle to fade into nothing, flames escaping into the night as cinders.

He folded his wings against his back neatly, and you resisted the urge to reach over and fiddle with one of them.

He set you down gently, as if he was dealing with a delicate piece of artwork.

You stretched as soon as your feet hit the ground, reaching your arms up as high as you could while arching your back. You yawned as you spoke, scanning the area around you lazily.

“It’s like...it’s a tiny getaway. It’s so pretty..” your tail waved behind you happily, a gentle breeze tussling the trees that enclosed the farmlands.

He smiled in response to your musing, and reached a hand to yours.

“Welcome to the Plantation my lady. Allow me to show you to where we will be staying for the time being.”

Thank you for your Kudos, Bookmarks, and Comments!
Demiurge pushed the door open before you, a low whined creek entering your ears as the heavy wooden slab attempted to resist his hand.

“It’s nothing like the great tomb, but I do sincerely hope you find it satisfactory.”

The cabin was difficult to see into, the only visible lights being the moon pooling through the windows.

“I’m sure I’ll love it Demiurge. Thank you..” you glanced around as you heard the demon close the door behind you, and realized that you were completely alone with him.

This was the third time his presence sent an equal sense of excitement and dread into your spirits.

He was the true demon of Nazarick. Ulbert's personal creation, his entity meant to embody his obsession with what he believed evil to be.

He was cunning, ruthlessly intelligent, and..

He folded his hands behind his back, approaching you from the side with a soft smile.

“You should rest my supreme one. That was an exceedingly long flight and your comfort is my highest priority.”

You squirmed around in your armor, metal clinking as you began to undo the straps on your gauntlets.

“Yeah, you’re right. And this armor is murder, I’m dying to get out of it.”

He nodded, pivoting to face a door to his immediate right.

“Regrettably this cabin is only fitted with one bedroom. This is where I have been residing while overseeing the farmstead.”
You fancied the thought of snuggling up to the floor guardian warmly, his hot breath panting onto your skin as you ravished him on his own bed. However he dashed those thoughts from your mind as he spoke onward.

“I will have you assume my sleeping quarters until I can establish you something more fitting and deserving of your beauty. I am deeply sorry that I did not foresee...”

You put your hand up, attempting to copy Ainz. You really didn’t want to spend this time with the demon where he consistently chastised himself when he found his accomplishments unworthy.

“Demiurge. It is fine.”

He stopped, and gave a polite nod. A toothy grin spread across his face, only noticeable to you through the moons shining light cascading down on him through an adjacent window.

“I understand my lady.”

Demiurge opened the bedroom door for you, an air of darkness seeping around the entryway as you walked inside. A single slender window allowed a small stream of light to spill onto the bed before you, the rest of his room utterly black. His tail brushed against yours as he spoke.

“If you need anything, I will be out here.” You nodded and smiled as you slipped off your gauntlets, stepping forward to place them at the foot of his bed. You wanted to turn around and hug him, to tell him goodnight, but you weren’t sure how well he’d receive your affections. There was still something intimidating to you about Demiurge.

You understood why Ainz felt like he always had to be at his best while around the demon.

You choked on your words as you spoke. “G-goodnight and thank you again Demiurge.”

“Goodnight my Lady.”

He closed the door quietly, leaving you to his room in silence.

You sighed once the door was closed, reaching a hand up to mess with the top of your hair. The wind from the flight here had really done a number on your mane. You could feel where your hair was beginning to tangle, strands spun wild and frayed. You reached over your shoulder and grabbed the back of your thick curls, and gave a frustrated shake. You groaned in want of a hairbrush, leaning your head back in dismay.

You should have brought some data crystals.

Maybe Demiurge could show you how to access your inventory in the morning?

You unstrapped your greaves and chest piece, letting them fall to the ground with a loud crash of metal.

You winced at the sound, glancing at the door expectantly.

Phew.

You looked down, and again, sighed in frustration. Of course you were naked and didn’t think to put on anything under your armor. You were rushing from worry, you didn’t want to be late to your earlier meeting. You fumbled around in the dark, figuring that you could sleep in the nude and put your armor back on in the morning. Your hand found something smooth and cool, most likely a
dresser. You used it as a walkway to the head of the bed, until your fingers brushed up against something soft. Curiously you fiddled with the material, until your heart swelled with admiration and endearment.

You held a folded pair of soft flannel pants to your face and inhaled, the soft scent of cedar filling your nostrils. A similar fabric shirt was folded within, you could barely tell any difference in color between the pants and top.

He folded and laid out pajamas for you. When did he find the time?

You shrugged and slipped the clothing on, tail wiggling around in happiness.

The pants were a little big and the shirt clung around your breasts, but hey, they were really soft.

You crawled into his bed, slipping under the sheets with a relaxed moan of comfort.

You dug your face into a pillow, and reached for another one to cuddle with.

Which one did he sleep with?

You rolled onto your side, bringing your knees up to your stomach. You held the other pillow close to your chest, and it wasn’t long before you were asleep.

The loud wale of what sounded to be like a cross between a turkey and a rooster woke you up with a startle. You shook your head and buried yourself under the covers, not wanting to wake up.

That turkey rooster fucker was not going to let up, as it consistently cried out as if it were on fire.

You grumbled a few unbecoming phrases in frustration, throwing the comforter off your body in a temporary fit of aggravation.

Stupid bird.

You laid there for a bit, lazily basking as you stretched your legs, trying to encourage some joint popping from your knees. You managed to get a crack from the right one, but nothing from the left. As you stood up you rubbed your eyes furiously, only stopping to try and tame your hair. You had a bad case of bed head.

You looked around to find no mirror in sight, but did find that Demiurge had nice taste. The room was fitted in dark mahogany furniture, with maroon accents. Bookshelves filled to the brim with novels and research notes, all neatly organized and stacked. There was an assortment of paintings on the wall, all placed to form one image. You weren’t sure what it was, perhaps it was abstract? Regardless it was breathtaking, the use of colors and brush strokes to obtain that level of depth in a philosophical interpretation of what you took to be emotion was stunning.
You walked towards the door to enter the front room, and paused in a flash of momentary panic.

He’s going to see you like this.

You’re a mess.

You inhaled and were pleasantly greeted by the scent of a warm roast coffee, and possibly food.

Your tail began to wag at the smell of what was behind the door, and you shrugged as you pushed the door open and peaked around the room curiously.

Of course he’s awake and dressed.

Demiurge sat casually on an ornate loveseat, the same mahogany wood and maroon cloth from the bedroom matching the rest of the cabins decorum. He had one leg resting over the other, his tail lazily hanging over the edge of the couch. The coffee table before him had an assortment of exotic looking fruits, along with a plate of buttery pastries.

His right hand held a black mug, which was pressed to his lips. His left hand, a book, that he was engrossed in. Upon the sudden movement to his left his eyes peeled away from his paperback, and upon spotting you, he placed his cup down and smiled warmly.

“Good morning my lady. I took the liberty of...”

He stopped mid sentence, his words trailing off into nothing.

His tail started to flick up and down with excitement as you stepped out of his bedroom, closing the door behind you.

“Whatsoever that bird is, it sucks.”

You shuffled towards him, still a little groggy from waking up abruptly.

He placed a gloved hand up to his mouth, and cleared his throat.

“...Yes the Cockatrice are quite vocal in the mornings. However their feathers are incredibly resilient and make excellent quills among other things, so I keep a few of them here for harvesting purposes.”

He steadied his glasses on the bridge of his nose, and ran his fingers through his hair. His cheeks were ever so slightly flush.

Allergies?

You took your seat next to him, stretching your arms forward as you sat with a plop.

The tip of your tail began to wag back and forth as you looked at the collection of fruits and treats on the table, your stomach imploring you to quickly shove everything you could into your mouth like a chipmunk.

He swallowed the lump in his throat, and reached for a peculiar shaped orange fruit.

“I took the liberty of having the workers bring an assortment of the farms produce for you to sample, along with some baked goods.”

He reached to place the fruit in your hand and paused, unable to hide his grin any longer.
“Did you rest well my lady?”

You graciously accepted the orange offering from him, rolling it around in your palms. It looked like the bastard child of a pear and a peach.

A delicious bastard child.

“Yeah I slept really well, as soon I put on these pa—...”

You looked down, noticing the demons pinstripe pants.

You looked over to his thighs, noticing the same pinstripe pants.

You looked again to your thighs.

You winced in turmoil, keeping your head tilted down, eyes clamped shut.

If you focused hard enough on Nazarick maybe you could teleport back? You were a supreme being after all, maybe you could break the dimensional block on the tomb and hide in your bedroom for the rest of your life.

He hadn’t laid clothes out for you.

_Those were his clothes._

“I’m quite fond of them as well. My creator Lord Ulbert designed them for me, it makes me exceedingly happy to know that you enjoy them too.” His voice was calm and pouring with affection, tail still thumping against the side of the loveseat.

You broke your gaze from the ground, and slowly drug your eyes up to see that you were wearing one of his undershirts as well.

Without looking at the demon next to you, your eyes darted around the room, looking for something, anything to help you escape from this situation.

The loud and annoying wale of the Cockatrice sounded off once more, followed by a needy growl from your stomach.

Here you were, wearing his clothes presumptuously, hair a mess, stomach growling like an ogre.

You didn’t feel like a supreme being.

You felt like a dork.

Demiurge didn’t see you as a dork, not even in the slightest.

To him, he was undeserving of having one of the last two remaining supreme beings sit next to him so casually. That he was most fortunate that she was going to have breakfast with him, that she was somehow sitting in his clothes.

That out of the two remaining creators, he had the woman with him. To himself.

That he had the honor of helping her reclaim a piece of her nobility.
That maybe, if he continued his hard work for the great tomb of Nazarick, his lord and lady would remain.

He watched as you refused to look at him, and figured that maybe you were a bit timid in your situation.

Morning light flooded into the living room, dawning you in a halo of sunshine. Your hair was at its brightest, fluorescent shades of red and blue locked in an eternal ballet of twirls and curls cascading down your back and shoulders.

The 7th floor guardian reached a hand bravely towards your head, wanting to push aside the boundless river of hair to view your face in the same morning light.

Just as he began to sweep your curls back he stopped, hesitant in the face of his selfishness.

Your stomach growl and whimper egged him on though, and his hand reached through your bountiful hair.

He slowly palmed the majority of your curls, collecting threads of red and blue in his fingers as he pushed your hair out of your face with a gentle sweep.

His heart sang when you looked up at him and smiled.

“My Lady.”

He spoke quietly as he pulled his hand away from your head, strings of hair still trying to hold onto his claw.

“I would like to take you on a tour of the farmstead today. I am curious to know what you think, and what you might like to add.”

He paused, looking at the fruit in your hands, that was still untouched.

“Lady Holly, would you prefer something else to have for—“

You brought the bizarre fruit to your mouth, the fuzzy flesh tickling your lips. You were slightly afraid that it could taste entirely too sweet, the skin of the orange oddity was very pliable and would bruise with little to no pressure.

You were amazed at the dazzling rush of joy that tickled across your tongue, the fruit nearly bursting under the weight of your curious bite. Your guess of a pear and peach hybrid was mostly correct, only the texture on the inside was that of a ripe tangerine.

“Do we have anymore of these?!” You asked excitedly, unashamed of talking with your mouth full.

He couldn’t hide his happiness as he continued to smile at just being there with you.

“Yes we do my lady. I’ll make sure to retrieve more of them for you later in the day.”

He reached for his black coffee mug, as you quickly and excitedly consumed the rest of the fruit hybrid.

From here on out you would refer to it as ‘That delicious orange thing’.

As he brought the cup to his mouth again for a slow intake of caffeine, he looked over to see you blinking at him, hands reaching up towards his coffee.
He licked his lips instinctively at seeing the slow glisten of nectar dripping around your mouth.

“...Can I try some?”

He looked to his mug and then to your hands, and graciously placed the drink in your pleading grasp.

He thought to say he’d get you your own, that he wasn’t worthy to have you drink from the same cup as him, but you were just too delightful to deny.

You took a deep inhale of the dark roast, your mind instantly becoming stimulated with energy.

You took a sip, and pulled your mouth away from the drink as if it had offended you.

He chuckled as you slowly pushed the cup back towards him, sticking your tongue out with a “Bleh”.

You shook your head as he sipped the coffee, enjoying it more than you had.

You enjoyed your milk with some coffee, not the other way around.

You both casually sat for a bit longer, enjoying each other’s undivided attention. He mostly spoke about the surrounding area and the security of the plantation, as you eagerly tasted everything you could get your hands on.

You asked an occasional question, curious about how he had gotten as much done so quickly. He added in that he commissioned Mare for his help, that the dark elf was an incredible architect among other talents, despite his shy tendencies. You praised him for his efforts, taking notice that as you did so, he would steadily grow in his stature.

He was liking the attention.

He was starting to gesture more with his hands, and his smile was steady and contagious. You couldn’t help but match his excitement as he continued to explain his findings, duties, and ongoing investigations in the surrounding kingdoms.

You didn’t necessarily agree with his methods, however you did respect his abilities and couldn’t deny that he was extremely proficient.

Besides, he was just so adorable right now, happily chatting you up while sipping his coffee.

He began to notice that he had been dragging out the conversation for entirely too long. He still needed to show her around the area, tend to her magical instability, deal with his duties...

“Do you ever just...ya know, relax?”

He watched as she placed another flaky croissant into her mouth, plopping it in with a happy bounce of her body. She gave a pleased chirp, facing him as she munched contently.

Facial muscles strained as the demon attempted to dissuade his oncoming infatuation with the supreme being, she was such a treasure to him. She was staring at him so sweetly, hanging onto him with her crisp green eyes.
He reached up and scratched behind one of his elongated ears, speaking softly.

“You don’t need to worry about my leisure my lady. I have—“

You interrupted him with a hearty swallow of pastry.

“Demiurge, you need to take time off.”

“I must refuse my lady, I do not mean to combat your divine will, however it is increasingly important that I continue the steps I have set in motion for Nazarick.”

You wrinkled your nose at him, eyes glancing away.

He’s right.

He stood up suddenly, brushing off his business suit before placing his hands behind his back.

“I’ve already wasted too much of your time with my selfish reveries, Lady Holly. Please forgive my indiscretions.”

He lowered his head, eyes closed, as if awaiting for you to reprimand him. You placed a hand up shakily, confused by the turn of events. All you had done is suggest he take some time for himself, why was he acting this way?

“H-Hey I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to upset you. You just told me that you nearly work yourself to death everyday, I just wanted you to know I care and think...think that you should have a day off.”

You smiled cringingly, stretching your hand back to scratch the back of your head and furiously fiddle with your hair.

He frowned, and descended to the floor below on one knee, clasping a hand over his heart.

“Nononono w-wait!” You shook both of your hands at him rapidly, him in response tilting his head to you in confusion.

“My Lady I truly do not mean to offend you. Your very presence commands that I kneel to you, especially in recourse of my actions.” His voice was hushed and stern, his head crooning lower in respect.

He only looked up when he heard a thud, to see you sitting on the floor in front of him. He winced, his shoulders folding to sink his posture lower than yours. He stopped when he felt your hands clasp onto his shoulders, preventing him from prostrating himself in your wake.

“You’re going to learn very soon that I am too, stubborn to a fault, Demiurge.”

He brought his other knee down, straightening his posture and sitting on the back of his thighs. He sighed heavily, raising his head back up as you removed your hands from his person. He remained expressionless, baring his eyes into you with intensity.

You took his unrelenting gaze as him being displeased with your actions. He was simply trying to understand why you were showing him such a sacred level of compassion.

You shut your eyes in contemplation, and as a way to escape his piercing gaze. What were you going to say? He was so intimidating when rigid, it was already taking so much not to crawl in
“Will you compromise my lady?”

You opened your eyes, surprised to see that the demon was now relaxed and fiddling with his tie.

“I-I am open to it.” You spoke, doing your best to keep your cool.

“Afternoons. I would appreciate one Afternoon a week for myself.”

Just one afternoon?! You screamed in your head. This dude is a workaholic!

“That’s...that’s a start I suppose.”

You forced a smile, you had to appreciate his willingness to compromise as well.

The both of you had more in common than you thought.

You sat in an awkward air of quiet for a short period of time, you breaking the silence as you swam around in his suit pants.

“They are very comfy.” You pulled on the waist band, a good size gap showing the demon that the pants were too large for your smaller frame.

“But they weren’t made for me.” You laughed, pulling them up as they kept trying to fall down.

He nodded, breaking his stoic expression and smiling.

“Lady Holly.”

You paused your airy giggling, watching as Demiurge raised himself to his full height.

As his mouth began to move, his words were muffled by the shrieking of the Cockatrice who was now at the window, scratching emphatically.

You both glared towards the window, his ears pointed down and your brows furrowed in equal irritation.

“What’s for dinner tonight?”

He turned to face you, your eyes fixated on the screeching fowl at the windowsill who was now pecking at the glass with increasing enthusiasm.

He breathed in, a toothy Cheshire smile forming over his face.

“Anything you desire my supreme one.”

The only thing louder than the high-pitched screaming of the Cockatrice, was the sadistic laugh the both of you shared at its expense.
He aided you in your ploy of lack of clothing, although he was severely displeased with how he did so. He didn’t carry data-crystals on his person, and explained that right was exclusive to yourself and Ainz. You in turn explained to him, embarrassingly so, that you had lost your ability to access your repertoire that wasn’t directly with you.

The demon nearly crawled inside and out of himself as he handed you his comb, along with a folded workers uniform. He tried to insist that he take you to Nazarick and back so that you could have something more deserving, but you managed to escape his pleading by playing on his ego. That seeing the plantation was a top priority, that your magical reclamation with his aid needed to come first.

The servant uniform was an unattractive pair of dingy blue overalls, cut off just above the knee. You waved off the long sleeve addition in favor of his undershirt, which seemed to make him feel a little better. You did like the grey sneakers that finished the uniform, though.

After changing you sat on the loveseat nursing your poor hair, which was in a plethora of knots and tangles. You managed to get your thick waves back to their normal state after slowly working his comb over your head, swearing under your breath that the next time you flew you’d style it appropriately.

He assisted with modifying the workers garment, your tail greatly appreciative of his tailoring abilities. He mused that you were most likely the only one that also shared his frustrations in non appendage friendly attire.

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Taste of fire

 flavours o

 Chapter Twelve

Taste of fire

The demon was greatly pleased to have you on his arm as he paraded you around the farmstead. You in turn, were happy to be on his arm. You strolled with him among a variety of different pastures, crop fields, and irrigation networks. The pastures were brimming with an assortment of barn animals, all seemingly well fed and taken care of. The crop fields were illustrious, rows upon rows of vegetation stretched as far as the eye could see in some areas. You even recognized a few of the mornings breakfast berries, pointing out excitedly when they popped into view. He would nod and smile, clearly entertained and satisfied by your enthusiasm. The irrigation network connected to everything through surface transfer, ditches dug strategically so that gravity could do the majority of the work. He explained to you that the plantation was currently responsible for supplying Nazarick with 70% of its nutrition, along with nearly all of its magical scrolls. The rest was outsourced by other means. You were impressed beyond measure, and whenever he asked if there was anything you would like to add, you would shake your head no.

Servants in the same outfit you were sporting tilled soil tirelessly, only looking up to immediately turn away in fear when they saw Demiurge. A harsh wave of sympathy and guilt filled your heart as you pulled on his arm, asking if and when they would get a break. He explained to you that it wasn't something that you should worry about, to think of them as tools. That the servants were far beneath you, and that deities such as yourself should not concern themselves with the folly of pigs. You could not help but wince when the eyes of a frail man caught yours, his body visibly deteriorating. You turned away and closed your eyes, ashamed by your lack of ability to do anything. This wasn't just how Demiurge was. This is how all the guardians felt about the human race. Although Ainz and the guardians held them with little to no regard, you still did. You still had a piece of your humanity.

Sensing your discomfort he sought to console you, to try to ease your mind as you continued to follow along with the 7th floor guardians tour.

"Your benevolence knows no bounds my lady, however please rest assured that you need not worry for the bipedal sheep. They are clothed, fed, and housed. It is a symbiotic relationship."

You nodded your head, only focusing on looking at the ground below as you walked. You could order him to release everyone, and you know he would listen. He might try to reason against you,
but ultimately you were sure he would follow your decree. However, what would that get you? It would damage your relationship with him, and create a lasting domino effect of bad decisions for Nazarick. When it came to these innocent people or the great tomb, no matter how bad it bothered you, the tomb would always come first.

You looked up in time to see a cloud of rolling dust in the distance, a caravan lead by two bicorns the culprit of the soils disperse. Further on in a seemingly remote area of the plantation, you could make out a robust metallic structure, where the cargo was headed. A sense of overwhelming dread began to fill your mind as the sun bore down its full weight on the construct, silver glaring down greedily to welcome its delivery. As if timed with purposeful irony, you began to hear a series of blood curdling screams, followed by unintelligible pleading far off to where the shipment was doomed to arrive.

Demiurge sneered towards the oncoming carriage of goods, displeased with its timing. He looked down to his arm to see your head turned towards the racing bicorns, and stifled his irritation. It wasn't that he was annoyed at you, just the situation. He was aware that you were growing increasingly uncomfortable, and that the arrival of new specimens was truly uncanny. He might revel in his sadism, however he was fully aware that the two of you were nearly polar opposites on the karma scale. If it bothered you, it bothered him. Thus, he sought to remedy the situation, his arm beginning to wrap around your waist rather than merely cradle your arm. He was interrupted though as you spoke, your eyes locking on the foreboding silo.

"...Is that where..." you whispered, your stomach muscles tightening in turmoil.

For a moment he felt his body give way to trepidation, however in response to your dismay he relaxed. The guardian didn't want you to catch his unease at your plight. He hoped to wave away the situation as if it were nothing, because to him it was. Knowing that it was possibly everything to you though, bore into his heart like a writhing worm. He stepped in front of where your eyes had been hypnotized, replacing his torso with the building far away. He kindly set a hand upon your shoulder, the other on your waist. He softened his expression as he spoke, choosing his words carefully.

"Lady Holly, you do not need to burden yourself with my obligations to Nazarick. Those are my duties alone. What we need to focus on moving forward from here is your regeneration."

You nodded, respecting that he didn't try to lie to you. He didn't come out and say it, but you knew what went on in the infrastructure behind Demiurge. You continued to look ahead, eyes burning as you stared into his chest.

"Take a break."

A sound wave rippled over the crop fields where the servants struggled in their day to day toil. As the echo made landfall, they began to fall to their knees, gasping for air. You glanced over to see the feeble man from before clutching his shovel for stability, panting as sweat dripped from his forehead.

The hand on your shoulder lifted, and you heard a soft clinking sound. Without moving your head you lifted your gaze up to the demons face, to see him folding his glasses and placing them in his breast pocket. He looked down to your face and gave you a soft smile. His diamond eyes cast an innumerable radiance of reflective sunlight in the area in front of him, bathing you in an array of multi colored luminescence. He gently spun you to face the opposite direction of him, the dirt road opening up to a meadow just down the way. He replaced his hold on your waist, pulling you into his side tenderly as he stepped forward. His free hand extended forward as he spoke.

"Shall we continue? I saved the best for last, I do hope that you like it."

You inhaled deeply, reaching a hand up to your face to try to wipe away your tension and conflicted
feelings. You nodded as you exhaled, returning your arm to your side. You looked to his face and smiled warmly, you appreciated his attempt to settle your nerves. You had been mulling over the situation since you first saw the servant you locked eyes with.

He stepped forward first, awaiting to see if you'd follow his step. When you did the guardian felt instant relief rush over his mind, and he slowly guided you away from the fields. He didn't mind sending the bipedal farm dregs on break, he was already using [Message] to contact Pulcinella. The servants would be swapped out with the new pack that had arrived earlier, and then subsequently be put to use for Nazarick's scroll consumption. He made sure to let Pulcinella know to set aside one of the field workers, specifically the shabby middle aged man using the spade. He had other plans for his usage.

Upon seeing what Demiurge had said was the best part of the tour, you dropped all memory of what happened in the fields.

“A menagerie?!” You exclaimed emphatically, pointing towards the mouth of the meadow. A small and bright yellow feathered Quetzalcoatl flew overhead, slithering onto a nearby tree branch where you could almost make out an array of other exotic animals. Demiurge smiled and nodded, breathing a sigh of relief at your mood change. Peeking through the trees as you continued forward, you could see a greenhouse clouded in colorful birds, insects, and reptiles.

Your childlike wonder grabbed your hand, and pulled you away from the demon. You ran ahead, dashing towards the greenhouse with great zeal. He took the time to put his glasses back upon his eyes, he highly disliked the glare the sun put into his facets. He'd most likely only ever remove them for you, and didn't mind too much if it made you smile.

The majority of the exotic creatures immediately dispersed upon your excited arrival, much to your disappointment. A furious flutter of wings and animal cries filled the air, the loudest of which being that damn Cockatrice. Upon spotting the bird you pointed hatefully, throwing it an obscene gesture of your finger.

Fortunately for you, the greenhouse still had a few inhabitants that remained undisturbed by your presence. You spotted a dark green amphibian clinging to the house of glass, and slowly closed your hands around it.

Demiurge caught up to your position, walking casually with his hands familiarly clasped behind his back. He looked up and around, noticing that you had frightened away the majority of the animals.

“Look what I got!” you proclaimed with pride, beaming at the small creature in your hand. You made up the distance between yourself and the guardian, tail waving behind you happily.

He curiously crooned his neck forward, analyzing your closed hands. You opened them slowly, revealing the tiny frog.

“It’s a baby you when you’re in your imp form!” You said lovingly, reaching a finger down to give it a pet. In response the amphibian croaked, it’s throat expanding three times in size. It shot forward with intense speed, disappearing among the foliage below.
“Rude!” You scoffed, looking to the demon after the frog hopped away.

He gave a small chuckle in recognition of your find, smiling as you wrinkled your nose at the frogs unexpected departure. He moved in closer to you, resting a hand on your shoulder once again.

“It’s not quite a menagerie, but it serves its purpose. The animals are free to roam around and do as they please, and are harvested when needed. The majority of the creatures hold incredibly potent ingredients necessary for a variety of medicinal potions.”

He paused, reaching a hand up to stroke his chin.

“Well actually...your magical forte is in restoration and reinforcement...”

He lowered his hand from his face, placing it upon his heart. He began to grin as he spoke.

“Lady Holly, I would like for you to indulge me in an experiment involving us trying to coax out your magic. You said that you unintentionally cast the start of one of your higher tier support spells, so I am confident that we can assure your progress.”

You reached up your left foot to scratch the back of your leg at the sudden sting in your calf. You were pretty sure you were being slowly devoured by the insects of the meadow. You nodded in response to Demiurge's idea, and asked him if the both of you could try to bring out your magic elsewhere. You knew something was trying to naw on your legs, but you didn’t know what. You reached a foot up to scratch at the newly formed bite as you two conversed, and were greatly annoyed to find out that this new realm had mosquitoes. You decided against telling him, the earlier events you were sure left a bad taste in his mouth, and you didn’t want to be a burden.

As you left the meadow with Demiurge, you mused on how cool it would be if Nazarick had a menagerie. That the meadow felt more like a sanctuary than anything, and you really enjoyed seeing everything in a somewhat natural habitat. You apologized for scaring the majority of the animals, to which he responded that they only left because they weren’t worthy of your presence.

In the coming weeks Nazarick would have a fully functional Menagerie, under influence and order by the 7th floor guardian.

After what felt like hours, you plopped down to the ground in your frustration.

“Seriously? A puff of smoke?!” You looked at your finger tip in consternation, a slow twirling billow of steam disappearing into the wind as you frowned.

“You are doing fantastic my lady. This will take time, your powers are unfathomable and may take more time than I predicted. Please forgive my misjudgment and assumptions that I..”

You pointed the steaming finger at the demon, waving it around and interrupting his self deprecation.

“Demiurge this isn’t you or your failure, I'm just irritated.”

You sighed in unison with the demon, as he squatted next to you.
“Why don’t you take a rest? It’s been a long day, I can’t have you pushing yourself too hard my Lady.”

You fell back onto the ground, tossing your hands above your head.

“All I’ve done is walk around and try to grunt fire out of my hands.”

You groaned and snorted. You tossed both hands in the air, palms facing towards the sky.

“Maximize magic! I have no idea what I’m doing!”

You laughed at your sarcasm, and looked over to Demiurge whose face was twisted in discomfort.

“I’m sorry that I don’t live up to being a Supreme being.” You turned onto your side, propping yourself up with your hand on your face, elbow digging into the soil below. Demiurge stood back up, adjusting his glasses as they slid down the bridge of his nose. His voice was quiet and you could hear him shaking.

“You are a superb supreme being my lady. Your inability to access your magic for the time being does not invalidate what you are to me, the other guardians, or this very world.”

You looked away, swiveling your body up to a sitting position. You brought your knees to your chest, wrapping your arms around your legs.

You didn’t have an issue with the transition to this new world.

You still hadn’t thought much of the old world.

This though, this was your struggle.

What was so great about you?

You were acting like a brat, and didn’t know how to stop your self loathing.

You weren’t seeking compliments or comfort, it’s just that you had been going along with the motions of this all. You were frustrated with yourself.

‘Why can’t I be more like Ainz...’

You thought as you crawled into yourself, the floor guardian staring at you in silence.

Demiurge placed himself at your feet, kneeling with his hand gripping his chest. His eyes were locked into your feet below, his neatly combed hair brushing up against your hands and tickling your knuckles.

“I would do anything to guarantee your happiness my Lady. You are one of the last two supreme ones...”

He continued to speak, but all you could roll over your mind was last two supreme ones.

Last two supreme ones...

Last two..

You took in a sharp intake of air, lifting up to see the top of Demiurges head, hair slightly waving in the oncoming breeze.
You thought of your first meeting with Cocytus, and his grief without having his creator. That they all considered it their failure that the guild members trickled away. Just as you could not understand why they adored you, they could not understand that it wasn’t their fault that the others abandoned them.

Last two...

He was afraid you were going to leave as the others did.

You almost wanted to laugh at the absurdity.

They should leave you, not the other way around.

Regardless...

“...I-I won’t leave you, Demiurge.”

You whispered, reaching your hand to run through his hair. It was so soft, like sifting through strands of cool silk.

He lifted his head up at the sound of your voice, your hand running from the crown of his head down the side of his face. He was expressionless, his breathing slow.

When your hand found home on his cheek, a crash of emotion began to overflow your mind. Your spirit felt above your head, an intense build up of pressure threatening to crack your skull gripping around your forehead. You opened your mouth in an earnest attempt to relieve the tension, only to feel the buildup spill into your eyes. Both of your hands shot up to your face, cradling your temples. Your fingers tried to rub away the accelerating rush of energy that was trying to break free, only to fall numb.

The intensity reached its peak when Demiurge spoke.

“My Lady it’s okay I—“

At his voice you reached your hands forward, cradling his face. However bad you may ache in this moment, your will to console the demon was greater. Your heart swam in an abyss of empathy, the maternal need to extend your reach to him surpassing limits you didn’t know you had set. You weren’t going to leave any of them.

Demiurge's mouth fell agape as he tried to swallow a breathe of air, his casual passive black flames beginning to roar in a sudden upsurge of power. In a rush of spontaneous combustion the demon disintegrated to ash, his glasses reflecting your bio luminescent eyes as he fell to cinders. The metal spectacles bounced to the ground with a soft *clink*, his smoking ashes dispersing in the afternoon wind.

“...D-Demiurge..!?”

Fragile embers sifted there way down from your hands, which now cradled nothing but air. Your body began to shake uncontrollably, your fingers wobbling as what was left of the demon smoldered below.

What did you just do!!
An alarm of purple lights showered over your simmering green eyes, a collection of stomach bile rising into your throat and desperately seeking a way out. Tears sprang from your eyes with momentous force, splashing into the floor guardians simmering remains.

Swallowing hard as acid burned your esophagus, you let out a shrill wale of distress in your dismay. You choked out his name again, eyes darting around the field hopelessly. As you made to stand you tripped over your tail in your delusions of what was happening, scuffing your right knee.

As you hit the dirt the ground began to shake, unfathomable seismic forces shifting and breaking the soil below your fallen body. Your torso throbbed from the tumble in correlation to the ground rumbling, your vision clouded by dust and the continuous seizure of lavender hues trying to settle your fear.

You pressed into the ground with all of your might, attempting and failing to steady yourself as steam erupted from oncoming cracks in the earth. Searing flames began tearing from rips in the ground, birthed in violence from the rolling earthquake. Your ears filled with sounds of crashing stone and snapping tree branches, low whines of last ditch attempts to remain standing escaping from collapsing wood. Coughing and gasping for air through the clouds of dirt and scorching steam, you grasped at your chest for support as the violence surged on.

Your ears rang as your free hand tried to grab anything, only able to grasp onto handfuls of loose foliage and debris.

A low pitched cry followed by an insidious eruption of terrain fogged your vision as the world before you tore, the land folding in on itself and forming a hellacious chasm.

An eerie air of silence blanketed the newly formed terra as you took the time to at least bring yourself to your knees. Gritting your teeth in pain from thrashing about on the ground from tectonic shifting, you scanned the area.

It was as if a tornado of fire had ripped through the surrounding, gnashing and hatefully carving the land for its pleasure.

You coughed and spat onto the disheveled ground below, the metallic flavor of blood coating your tongue and now the disrupted dirt below. Wheezing you placed a hand on your thigh, attempting to stand. You felt as if you had been through a wood chipper as your muscles strained.

Movement startled your vision as you glanced to the left side of the flaming gulch, and once again, you were consumed by your passive ability.

That wasn’t an earthquake.

This was the beginning of the end.

Obsidian talons emerged victoriously from the gap in the world, sinking into the earths flesh for support. The land gave way as monstrous claws pulled up the torso of a black arch demon, carved in ruins of molten rock. Large curved horns freshly birthed from summon dripped with runny lava from the Demi gods forehead, splashing the ground with further destruction.

As the incarnation of what you assumed to be the dark god of this world in true form crawled from his throne world, you steadied yourself for the end.
Reflexively you reached to your hip, hand shaking in its struggle to grab your scabbard.

“W-where is my s-sword...” you stammered, the dark beast nearly done with surfacing out of the pits of hell.

Fingers gripped at nothing with desperation, your breathing hitching as you remembered Kingslayer (Adept) resting comfortably back in the cabin.

You looked down, vision blurring with fatigue and despair at your workers uniform, and not your armor.

The balrog was now free from the chasm, and rising to its staggering height. Hellfire erupted from every arcane engrafment through the demons skin, only subdued by the loud whiplash of the evil beings tail cutting the air.

Until now, you haven’t been in danger. You’ve been safe in Nazarick, and under protection of the 7th floor guardian.

Your stomach wretched as the demonic entity turned to slowly face you, a sinister smile forming through black cracks leaking with volcanic acid and dark magic.

Instinctively you turned to run, only to find the remains of a fallen oak blocking your escape.

You felt the ground give way to the monsters step behind you, the inferno from its arrival exhausting the air around you.

You held your hand up and reached forward, for something, anything as the roots of the tree before you were set ablaze by the arch demons approach.

You squeezed your eyes shut, but not in fear.

In acceptance.

Code of the commander replaced your fright with more rational thinking.

This..this was it.

Cool metal in the face of roaring flames found home on your forearm, familiar straps securing itself to your hand.

Vigilance, your round shield appeared before you as you opened your eyes, glittering as a beacon of hope.

Against all odds, you accessed your inventory. Through sheer force of will in the face of the end, you figured it out.

Without hesitation you held the shield up to your face, and turned to the demon. If you could protect your head you might stand a chance. Your job class code of the commander was working at full capacity as you stood behind your shield, purple lights continuing to encourage your bravery.

“M-Maximize Magic, [Iron warrior]!”

You shouted, and by your command, you manifested one of your class special spells.
Wherever you had scales, iron plates of reinforced defensive magic layered itself in replacement. Your shield in response sent a ripple over your body, a translucent purple aura covering you as an expansion of vigilance’s protection.

A throaty rumble erupted over your surrounding area as a deep visceral voice reigned supreme over all other sounds.

“Simply astounding my lady, I haven’t taken this form since the great battle at Nazarick.”

You slowly peaked over your shield, looking towards where you heard the dark thrum of words.

The arch demon of obsidian fire stood before you, dripping with molten rock and flame from earlier birth. It’s tail slowly waved behind it, steam settling along its simmering skin.

It was looming over you, it’s grin still oozing with thick and bubbling magma.

It was...

Wait. It was clasping it’s right black claw over its chest.

It was tilting its head to bow..

“D-Demiurge?!”

You placed your hand over your mouth after shouting his name at the manifestation of chaos, trying to pick up your jaw that was trying to hit the floor.

The demons chest erupted a low hum in affirmation.

“Fantastic job my lady, I never had my doubts on your capabilities. Not only have you forced my ascension, but you’ve reclaimed part of your magic I see.”

His tail waved with enthusiasm, it’s weight on gravity distorting the air.

His grin spread wider with pride in your progress, the once dripping magma beginning to harden and crack.

You stared up at him, lowering your shield to your side. The steel encasing your scales fell off like deadening autumn leaves, crashing to the ground and fading as small motes of light.

“As much as I enjoy my arch demon form my lady, it is not entirely appropriate for the plantation. I sincerely hope you do not take insult to me returning to my former self.”

The arch demon knelt down to one knee, his black skin beginning to crack as he did so.

All you could do is stare as the sting of tears filled your eyes, the obsidian monster before you crumbling in on itself.

The once illuminated etchings of an ancient language faded from the demons cracking skin, the black chunks crashing to the ground and dispersing to smoke.
Demiurge stood up from shedding his previous form, patting off the front of his business suit. He emerged casually through the fading fog, and spread his arms out happily in your direction.

“You are truly a prodigy my lady, as expected of someone of your grand skill!” He sighed happily, continuing to walk towards you as he surveyed the area. He gave a small chuckle, and gave the back of his neck a rub.

“It does seem that I have however made a mess of this place..”

He quickly placed his hand over his mouth, stifling back a cough. Black smoke slipped through his fingers as he breathed, which he followed up with waving away. He cleared his throat as he made his way to your side.

“I do think though that we’ve had enough fun for the day, don’t you Lady Holly?”

The tears that had been welled up fell as he said your name, flowing down your face like a broken dam. You reached for his tie and clasped your hand around it, using it as leverage to propel yourself into his chest with a wet sob.

You pressed your head into his chest with force, mashing yourself into his body as you choked on your pain.

“I-I thought I k-killed you, I-I didn’t know what I was doing!”

You yelled into his chest, the volume of your voice muffled only by how hard you were stuffing your face into the floor guardian.

The demon placed a hand on the back of your head, and another around your waist. You were already tightly pressed into him, but his arms pulled you in deeper.

“...I am truly sorry that I discomforted you, my lady.”

When you went to pull away to respond, his arms refused and kept you caged into his chest.

His tail brushed against yours, and you both intertwined instantly at the touch. You slowly released your iron grip on his tie, your breathing steadying. You managed to wiggle enough for him to loosen his grip, pulling away from where you had soaked the middle of his chest in your grief and anxiety. You looked up at the demon, who was already staring down at you. His eyebrows were wrinkled with concern, and you could feel his heart pounding in his chest.

You weren’t sure if it was chemistry, attraction, or residual feelings of adrenaline from the previous hour, but something drove you forward.

As Demiurge made to speak once more, you stood on the tips of your toes and placed your lips upon his.

It was here that you realized you had never kissed a man before. Pandora was different, he didn’t have a face.

It was also here that you realized you might be doing it wrong, or that your feelings weren’t reciprocated.

You pulled away from his lips, heart pounding and stomach turning itself over in humiliation. It was like you just gave his lips a high five with yours.
He released his hold on the back of your head and waist, and took a small step back. A gloved hand reached up to his mouth, covering his expression.

He’s going to berate you.

This is unbecoming of a supreme being, and that he’s not interested.

That you need to rest and are running purely on endorphins.

“...Please forgive my selfishness.”

The 7th floor guardian placed his hands on your face, cradling you in his grasp. As he stepped forward he slowly pulled your face to his, pressing his lips against yours like a crashing ocean wave.

His lips moved over yours slowly, his thumbs caressing your cheeks as he poured his passion into you.

He would slowly pull his mouth away to inhale, and take your breath with him. He’d then softly press himself back to your embrace, his lips warm and folding into yours romantically. You closed your eyes, the loving way he kissed you so unlike what you thought it’d be. You always imagined that if you ever did get to kiss him, he’d be forceful and dominating. Instead the floor guardian was gentle and tender with the way he placed himself upon you. You reached up and wrapped your arms around his neck, pulling more of the demon into yourself. In response he kissed you deeper, his lips moving against yours like liquid fire. Your senses filled with his warmth, the strong scent of cedar washing over your being like a much needed rain. He breathed into you as he calmly pulled his hands away, his lips reluctantly leaving yours. He cuddled his forehead to yours, his hands now resting on your hips. You opened your eyes and looked up at him, his eyes heavy with his sentiment towards you. You both reached to kiss one another again, lips locking together like two lost puzzle pieces reuniting. There was no movement as you two intertwined, only breathing through your nose as you both refused to unfurl your lips from one another.

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Deviantart
When you made it back to the cabin with Demiurge you both spoke of what had happened magically, along with his theories of why. That he figured your powers were volatile and raw, and would need further experimentation and testing for better control.

He was very firm with you on the fact that you should rest for the next couple of days, that what happened took a heavy toll on you emotionally. That he was concerned for your safety, comfort, and stability above all else, and that he’d do his best to not let what happened happen again.

You consoled him, letting him know that what happened had nothing to do with him, more that you both were victims of circumstance. You were pleasantly surprised when he was receptive to you, rather than bringing the blame back into his lap.

He praised you prolifically for figuring out how to cast your magical spells, and that he was ashamed at his delight that you found his arch demon form fucking terrifying.

“You know how to put on a hell of a show, Demiurge.” You shook your head with a laugh, laying your tail lazily in your lap. You laid your head back on the mahogany loveseat, the image of his arch demon form slowly smiling your way still sending a ripple of terror through your being.

“Normally I do not display that much of a performance. However the rush of monumental power you placed into me inspired my artistic side.” He grinned as he joined you, placing down a tray of different cheeses and breads on the coffee table before you. He folded one leg over the other comfortably, tail placing itself over his lap in a similar fashion to yours.
You excitedly clapped when he set the tray down, and reached for the brightest piece of cheese you saw.

You revolted as soon as the taste hit your tongue, shaking your head with added enthusiasm to get the message across that picking that piece was a really bad idea.

“My god that was funky!” You spat, looking at the floor guardian who was happily placing the same curd into his mouth.

“It is an...acquired taste my lady.” He chuckled, and positioned himself more comfortably into the loveseat.

You muttered under your breathe that you still thought it was nasty.

As you reached for a piece of bread you arched your back to stretch, a yawn escaping your mouth with needy implication. Your body was beginning to ache from being tossed around the ground earlier, and you were desperately wanting to change from the servant clothes into something you could now make for yourself.

Once retrieving your portion of the loaf, you pushed yourself back into the couch lazily, sinking down into the cushion with no concern for proper posture. You pushed the bread into your mouth with one finger, closing your eyes and chewing slowly. You rolled it around your mouth as you sunk further into the couch, the bread was so buttery and soft.

“...Mmmph so good..” you moaned tiredly, satisfied with resting on the couch next to Demiurge.

You rolled your head over to face the demon, swallowing as you opened your eyes.

“What are we doing tomorrow?”

You asked, reaching to fiddle with the head of his tail.

He watched your hands questioningly as your fingers wiggled his direction, connecting the dots when you grazed the tip of his broad metal appendage. His heart swelled when he reset his tail into your hands, where you immediately began petting with affection.

“I will be tending to my responsibilities to Nazarick around the Plantation. You will be resting here, my lady.” He looked at your face, watching you fight your fatigue. You wrinkled your nose and pouted your bottom lip in response. You didn’t argue with him, he was of course, correct.

He leaned over to you, his hand reaching up to your face. His middle and index finger stroked your cheek as he spoke.

“Lady Holly. It is becoming increasingly apparent that you need to rest. You did tell me you would not push yourself like this anymore if I recall correctly?” He spoke with care and playful teasing, his fingers now intertwining with a few of your bouncy curls.

“Yeah...I remember. I just...” as you made to adjust your poor posture to face Demiurge, your joints locked and you let out a cry in agony. Sore was an understatement. Sore happened after running a marathon or maybe working out for an hour or two. This feeling was that of a being thoroughly beaten by a gang of armed criminals. Armed only with batons. All beating the unholy shit out of you. After what had happened earlier, you both came to the cabin for discussion. You had been nestled into the couch for quite some time now, and your adrenaline had been washing away. What was left now were your atrophying muscles and throbbing joints, unnoticed until needed.
“I’m definitely going to feel that in the morning...” you lifted a hand weakly to your head, your brain pulsing hard enough to threaten cracking your skull. In response to your sudden outburst, the demon was already taking steps to lift you up and into his arms. Before you could comprehend the situation, Demiurge had you cradled in his arms, lifting your sore body up and into his self like a delicate china doll.

“I-It’s okay I can walk..” you stammered, cheeks becoming warm. Your heart beat increased as your stomach felt like it was floating, as if you were made of nothing but air.

“I know you can. I am present so that you do not have too.” He whispered, his tone thick with devotion to his supreme being.

Demiurge held his lady against his chest once more, coddling her as the paragon of perfection he truly believed her to be. He made sure to mind her drooping tail as he stepped over and around different furniture and decorum, making his way to lay her to rest.

He placed her on his bed as one lowers an infant for the first time. He feared that if he wasn’t as delicate as possible, he might shatter the treasure in his possession.

She who stayed.

She who swore she would not leave.

Wouldn’t leave him.

He stared at his superior being in awe, pale moonlight kissing her in ways he only dreamed of doing himself. He removed himself from her immediate space, all but his hand. He just wanted to make sure she was real as he ran his hand across her cheek, assuring to himself that he was not imagining her.

She reached up her hands to him, and he indulged himself as he lowered his face, much to her gratitude. When her hands met his face she sought him deeper, reaching further and caressing his elongated ears. She gave him a delighted giggle as his ears tilted up in response to her touchings, and he reflected her contagious smile. Her expression softened as her thumbs rubbed over his ears with slowed and repeated strokes, her eyes an infinite array of evergreen solace and compassion.

She pulled him lower with her eyes, her breathy whisper of his name touching his lips just before she kissed him.

He took in a sharp inhale of air through his nose in response, unable to stifle a groan as his ladies lips moved over his. Her kisses were like milk and honey rolling over his own, her supple skin so soft in contrast to his gloved hand stroking her cheek. He matched her embrace with equal fervor, lips slowly fitting together with hers in a tender ripple of passion.

The demon slowly pulled away from your embrace, his face cast in shadows as the moon hid in storm clouds above from the bedroom window. He breathed softly, pulling along with him the hand that had been so generously loving your cheek.

“....Goodnight my Lady.” He whispered, his tone dripping with what sounded like lust and dilemma.

You gazed at him, mouth still agape from kissing. You searched him for any semblance of emotion, however due to the darkness of the room you found nothing.
“...G-Goodnight...” you spoke forlornly, staring at him with needy eyes as he walked out of the room.

He paused at the door, hands gripping the handle tightly. His tail whipped around him sporadically as he curled his toes in restraint. He reluctantly pushed the door open with gritted teeth, and left the room.

You weren’t the only one disappointed that night.

After sitting there in shock and disgruntlement of not getting to have your way with the demon, you decided to instead take your sexual desires out on his pillows. It didn't matter how bad you hurt, you needed this.

You rode his bed sheets like a professional bull rider, desperately seeking to release your pent up arousal on something relating to the floor guardian.

And he knew it.

Little did you know that as a demon, Demiurge had an acute sense of smell.

And you weren’t as quiet as you thought you were.

So you in turn drove the Demon mad with your scent, his pent up sexual distress not so easily dissuaded as yours.

He didn’t have the luxury of having something of yours to play with, and neither did he feel comfortable relieving himself without privacy.

He wouldn’t know what to do with himself if you walked in on him pleasuring his need in your name.

So as you tried to quietly dominate the shit out of his bedroom set, he sat on the couch, squirming in his business suit.

He knew that your rest came before his selfish desires, but questioned his judgement based off of how long you stayed awake humping his bed.

He could very easily come in and help relieve some of that pent up tension, but decided against it.

He was a gentleman for his supreme beings, after all.

An exceedingly horny gentleman, thanks to you.

You woke up to find the floor guardian gone from the cabin, and your sexual frustration at its peak.

Not only did you blue ball each other last night, you tortured yourself with erotic dreams involving the demon. You used his bathroom to clean off your arousal, and couldn’t help but feel a little silly that this seemed to be an ongoing routine of yours.
It was a hard pill to swallow, but you were a bit of a slave to your more carnal desires.

Especially now that you’ve had fun with someone other than yourself.

You were sure you spent entirely too long standing in his shower, your mind allowing your sexual irritation to go in favor of being comfortably numb. The roaring hot water rushing over your sore body felt like a physical miracle.

You wondered if the water had healing properties similar to Nazaricks bath resort, you could almost feel your muscles working the pain out with little to no discomfort on your end.

You made a mental note to find a way to have fun in the resort in the coming future.

Now that you were able to access your inventory, you were relieved at the ability to have nearly whatever your heart desired when it came to basic luxuries. You were very happy to be a game hoarder. You were notorious for collecting and keeping even the most useless of items and cosmetics, and at this moment you were greatly appreciative of that fact.

You found out also, that a lot of the Magic in this new world was accessed through force of will. If you could command it, you could have it so to say. You were still rough around the edges, but the day before taught you more than what you had learned in your time since entering the new world.

You sat on his bed for entirely too long, wondering what outfit to create for yourself. In the face of being able to make anything, you could think of nothing.

You settled for the usual, blue jeans and a black v neck blouse. You were fine with the servant shoes, they were cute and you guys went through a lot yesterday. You went a little fancy with the blouse, making the sleeves extra puffy and flowing for some added feminine flare.

You did indulge yourself in a lacey pair of underwear, fashioning your maidenhood in black lingerie with dark maroon embroideries was just too much fun.

Demiurges choices of house decorum had inspired you.

The jeans were a patch work job in the back. You didn’t have the skill Demiurge had as a tailor, and your tail was uncomfortably snug.

You patted yourself of any wrinkles, enjoying how the clothes fit to your body. You ran both hands over your breasts, and thought to make yourself a bra. Your perverted side took over and whispered no, that it would be more pleasurable to be free and perky.

You lightly cupped and jiggled your breasts, mildly disappointed that you hadn’t made your character avatar with bigger knockers. They were just small enough to not fit your hands, but they felt nice to the touch. You happily clapped your hands on your backside and shook your ass, pleased with this part of yourself. Where you might lack in the front, you more than made up for in the back.

“Oh wow...” you whispered as you emerged from the bedroom, a burst of color being the first thing
you saw upon walking towards the loveseat. A familiar arrangement of bizarre fruits decorated the table, the most of which being the odd orange delight you enjoyed the previous morning. However, this isn’t what got your attention originally. The fruit was just there for show and consumption. In the middle of the table an ornate bottle with golden filigree shimmered, the vase bursting with every and any shade of blue possible. Mature orchids standing tall over small fields of hydrangea dominated the bouquet, petals shimmering with morning dew. Smaller buds of morning glories and blue poppies accented the floral arrangement, all blooming in a chorus of unity. When you breathed in you could almost see their smell from their potency, your senses invaded with their perfume. You fingered the flower petals lovingly, bouncing the orchids with awe.

You hesitated in assuming they were for you, due to your presumptuous act of believing his suit pants were yours. However when you saw the small white tear of paper with a cursive D at the base of the bouquet, your guilt waved free and our heart sang.

You happily devoured as much of the fruit as your stomach could hold, licking your fingers clean of the sweet juices running down your hands. You looked around the cabin in boredom, wondering where the demon had gone for the day.

He said you should rest here.

Here as in the Plantation or cabin?

You wouldn’t be working if you watched him work right?

You didn’t want to be alone.

But you also did want to be a burden.

Ugh. Conflicting thoughts suck.

However after kissing with the floor guardian you missed him. You wanted to just be around him.

You glanced around the room in your thoughts as if someone could hear you, not wanting anyone to know what you were plotting.

You were going to leave the cabin.

You were going to find him.

And possibly irritate him, but you didn’t care.

Plot now set in motion, you eagerly went for the front of the cabin, tossing the door open triumphantly.

Game on.

“Good day to you my fair Lady Holly! Lord Demiurge told me you’d come out around this time!”

Damn.

Demiurge - 1

You - 0
The clown of Nazarick sat on the porch steps of the cabin before you, hands clasped together happily.

Pulcinella.

The plague doctor clown of the great tomb, and Demiurge's personal assistant on the farmlands. He was made with the sole intent of making people happy, no matter what.

And him blocking you from leaving the cabin did not make you happy.

“Good day to you Pulcinella. Why are you here?”

You knew why he was here.

You were just trying to find a loop hole in the oncoming conversation to wiggle free from Demiurge's babysitter for you.

The nurse of the tomb rose to his feet, hunched over and standing face to face with you.

His white robes hung heavy around him, his black masks beak almost touching your nose. Yet another entity of Nazarick that had no respect for personal space.

“Why my Lady I am here to assure your happiness! Lord Demiurge made it very clear that I should stay here and guarantee your merriment!” He clapped giddily, his robes bouncing with his actions.

You sighed and scratched your nose in irritation.

“So Demiurge said you should stay here with me?”

“Yes my Lady! It is my greatest honor!”

“And that you should keep me happy?”

“Yes my Lady, very perceptive of you!”

“Well I’m not happy.”

You watched as he physically revolted at your last sentence, his hands unclasping and his posture squirming.

“Oh no my lady! I would do anything to please you! Just say the word and I, Pulcinella will make it happen!”

Bingo.
You smiled, clasping your hands behind your back and resting them on the base of your tail.

“I would like to leave the Cabin.”

You watched the clown bend at the knees in turmoil, his fingers dancing against one another.

“I am t-terribly sorry my lady. Lord Demiurge was very strict that I stay here at the cabin with you!”

The poor guy was about to break and you hadn’t even put on the real pressure.

“You don’t want to disappoint your supreme being do you?” You spoke sweetly, putting extra effort into your frown as you stepped closer to Pulcinella.

“I-I wouldn’t dream of it my Divine one! I would rather take my life here and now than cause you anything other than enjoyment!”

“Then it’s settled!” You removed your hands from your back and clapped them together happily.

You moved forward, stepping around the clown and making ready to dart off into the plantation.

“Nothing would make me happier than to leave the cabin.”

As you reached his side to walk by, he stepped in front of you, blocking your path with his bulky body.

“Truly my Lady I do apologize. Lord Demiurge said that you would be happiest while resting, and it would also bring him utmost joy in knowing that you were resting and thus be happy. So in favor of pleasing both of you, I must insist that you remain here my supreme being!”

Fuck.

Demiurge - 2

You - 0

You groaned in your entrapment, narrowing your eyes at the white clown.

You argued, if you could call it that, with your babysitter for a bit longer before plopping down on the cabins deck in defeat. You were sure you could outrun the Plague Doctor, but you weren’t sure how you’d face Demiurge once you made your escape.

He was just trying to make sure you were okay.

“I will take over from here, Pulcinella.”

Your heart skipped a beat at his voice.
Your eyes bulged and your jaw dropped at his appearance.

Oh sweet merciful gods in heaven above.

The demon swept down with ease, his right foot planting firm on the ground as he landed. He fanned his wings casually before folding them neatly against his back.

His bare back.

Demiurge reached up his hand to wipe the sweat from his brow to no avail. The demon was perspiring profusely, his neatly combed hair distressed in areas from vigorous physical activity.

Your hand shot to cover your mouth as you watched him approach you and the clown nonchalantly, his normal suit pants replaced by a pair of dark blue cargo pants. They were most likely light blue at one point, but were now weighted down by the demons heavy laboring.

“I have cleared the previous days atrophy, have the servants excavate the surrounding area and dredge up new routes for irrigation.”

You watched Demiurge and Pulcinella converse, or rather, you watched Demiurge's body shine wetly in the sun.

Holy mother of god he’s ripped.

Your thoughts immediately turned for the worst as you continued to stare, unblinking, at the demonic Adonis before you.

His pants hung dangerously low on his hips, where your eyes bore holes into his happy trail. Beads of sweat ran down the mans abs like a midsummer rain, his darker skin kissed with humidity. Below his abs he was cut with a sharp V, framing his groin as an etched piece of masculine glory.

You let out a small moan as he pushed his chest forward with a sigh, his washboard abdominal muscles glistening as all you could think about is how damn good they’d feel against your tongue.

You didn’t know what he had been doing, but you were sincerely hoping he’d do it to you later.

You knew he was attractive but this was just too much.

All you wanted to know was how his hips rocked when he fucked.

How would his chest rise and fall when buried deep in your sex, what sounds you could pull from his body in passion.

What does his cock look like?

Your eyes locked on his crotch, slowly pulling away from his tantalizing stomach.

You were consumed with how he might grip at your body as you pleasured him, how bad you wanted to wrap your lips around his length. You hadn’t given head before, but god damn did you want too right now.

You would happily suck him cleaner than a drug addict licking the remnants from a bag of coke.

Your hand was no longer covering your mouth, and you were slowly pulling at your bottom lip in need.
“Goodbye my supreme one! It was my pleasure indeed to be here with you!”

You looked up from the demons crotch to see them both staring at you.

Pulcinella was giving a polite bow, and Demiurge had his best toothy grin on display.

Yep. He totally caught you gawking at his junk.

Your head shot away from the two of them with lightning fast reactions, your hand waving frantically at Pulcinella as you tried to cover your embarrassment.

“Oh yeah it was nice to see you too!” You sputtered loudly, your face growing warm from being caught as a voyeur.

As Pulcinella skipped off to go back to his normal day to day duties, the demon of Nazarick leaned his self against the cabin beside you.

His body had calmed down through his casual conversation and dictation of responsibilities to the plague doctor, and was now breathing regularly.

“My sincerest apologies My Lady, I did not think that cleaning up the wreckage from yesterday’s incident would take as long as it did.”

He looked down at you, his tail reaching to nudge yours.

You were quiet for a moment, gathering the courage to look back up at him after greedily drinking in his physique wasn’t easy.

You were closer now to his half naked self, and it in turn was starting to make you sweat.

You took a deep breath and looked up to him, his body was slightly leaning over yours as he rested.

“No it’s okay, I get it...but...why the babysitter?” You frowned, eyes narrowing in displeasure.

He breathed through his nose, shifting his shoulders in discomfort. He looked away for a moment, before glancing back and holding your gaze in his.

“I was concerned. To go from not understanding your powers as a supreme being to unleashing them as potently as you did...” he paused as he thought of his words, scratching the side of his neck in the process.

“I did not want anything to happen while I was not present. I trust Pulcinella, he is a very kind individual that I sent here in my stead.”

“So you knew I’d get bored and try to leave, so you sent the clown to keep me here.”

You spat out sardonically, tail bapping his as he poked.

A hum of amusement rattled from his chest as he squat down in front of you, his hand resting over his bare and taught chest.

“I did not mean to cause you trouble my lady.” His tail fought with yours playfully, ultimately winning you over with a few more nudges and pets. You gave in and nodded.

“I was gonna come and find you, ya know.” You laughed, scratching the back of your head.
“Call it a hunch, but I had a notion you might. It is why I figured now was a pleasant time to return.” He smiled as he brought himself lower to the ground, folding his legs to sit in front of you.

You watched him intensely as he crossed his legs to sit, his muscles moving like a well oiled machine under his command.

“Y-you’re uh, very fit. Yeah...”

You pointed at him awkwardly, unable to control yourself as he began to stretch, your eyes following his every move. He exhaled through his nose, eyebrows arching and grin widening at your observation.

“My creator Lord Ulbert designed me from my physical form to my soul. It delights me to no end that another supreme being finds his creation to be appealing.”

He beamed with pride at your commentary, however his smile slowly slipped away as an air of quiet overcame the two of you. He leaned forward slowly, putting an elbow on his leg for support. He reached a hand to his chin, cradling his face as if he was lost in thought.

You looked over his expression, what could he be thinking about?

“What..what was Ulbert like? I never..I never got the chance to meet him.”

He turned to you and sighed, hand still steadying his face.

“Lord Ulbert was a nonpareil of incomprehensible cunning, intellect, and magical prowess. It is a pity that you never met him, he truly was a remarkable supreme being.”

The demons face softened as he gazed at you, the tail that had been brushing against yours flirtatiously now felt limp.

He’s like Cocytus, and most likely the others. There’s a deep residual pain from being abandoned by his creator twisting in his mind and heart.

If only the 37 members that quit knew where you and Ainz were now.

They would have never left.

“I wish I could have met him. Momon—I mean, Ainz said he was a fantastic front line mage and one of his closest friends.”

Demiurge flexed his neck in an attempt to force away his feelings. He breathed through his nose quietly, looking away from your eyes but still looking your direction.

“He was.” was all the demon said.

Your heart writhed in agony as you watched the floor guardian push away his emotions, locking them deep within himself. Where they would stay and fester for all of time, you were sure.

“Demiurge, do you know..know how supreme beings are made?”

He turned himself curiously, his head tilting as he lifted himself.

“No I do not. That is something beyond my comprehension, Lady Holly. How you, a god among mortals are blessed into this world is knowledge I can never hope to possess.” Your tail wrapped
around his protectively, giving him a reassuring squeeze.

“We...in a way we make ourselves. We’re kinda like...a blank slate.” You looked around in thought, wondering how to describe creating a player character. As you spoke he leaned in further, his hungry mind eager for this spoil of information.

“What I mean is...we create ourselves. Think of it as we make our abilities and bodies, and then spiritually posses them. That without our bodies we're just...energy. However once we take our physical form we can't return to our previous state. Take Ainz for an example, he’s an undead right? He chose to be that way. He could have picked anything, but he chose to be an undead.”

“...Fascinating..” he breathed, his diamond eyes glittering with lust for knowledge. His glasses were slowly slipping down his nose, but he was too lost in his endeavor for evidence that he didn't care to adjust them.

“In turn, I chose to be the way I am. Minus my current uh, lack of stability.” You wrapped a hand around a mass of your curls, running your hands through different strands of red and blue. It was still embarrassing that you couldn’t control your spells the way everyone else could.

“I wanted to be someone who would always help others. That the benefit of those I cared about was to my benefit. The better off they were...the better off I was.”

He nodded in respect of the information he was receiving, only moving to adjust his seating.

“Therefore I am a healer. A paladin. I chose to be a warden of dawn, a child of the world serpent. I wanted to be a balance of...someone who could protect and improve others.” As you spoke you gestured with your hands heroically, you ultimately were proud of what you were. What you are now. He remained unflappable as you spoke, devouring your words as soon as you let them out.

“However...” your heart began to beat in repeated thrums with the pulse of your mind as you stared at the demon, who was hanging on your every word. You reached for his hand, interlocking your fingers with his slowly. He was so warm in contrast to your cold finger tips.

“...Even with all the power you believe me to have, I can’t...I can’t heal that pain Demiurge.” His hand gripped yours tightly in response, his head lowering in acknowledgment. He knew what you were referring to.

“That is not your beast of burden, my lady. We have you and Lord Ainz. That is what I care about. If and when my creator returns I will rejoice. However...” his head raised slowly, his eyes shining with all the emotion the demon could muster up to show you his intent.

“You stayed. He did not.”

Although you wanted to look away, to try to find the right answer, you held his gaze. It was like he was searching you for something, as if your eyes held all the answers.

“I won’t leave you guys. After all,” You paused, a smile spreading across your face as you tried to stifle your oncoming chuckle. “You are stuck with me!” You shrugged as you giggled awkwardly, trying to lighten the conversation. It was easier to take this into yourself and off of him. You realized that he and the others would do anything to keep yourself and Ainz with them. You hoped that they knew you would do anything to keep them too.

“Lady Holly. I would not trade my time with you for any treasure in this world. I am...” he reached his other hand up, folding his claw through your hair like he was sifting sand. He breathed a sigh of relief softly as he spoke.
You both talked for a bit longer, slowly creeping towards each other. He was utterly enthralled with how the supreme beings conjured themselves, and was verbally very grateful to you for giving him such prized information. That he believed that you were the true matriarch of Nazarick, and your choice to be an archetype of support was bafflingly selfless. That of all things his lady chose to be benevolent and generous, and he deeply respected you for your choice. He showed a deeper appreciation for you when you told him that your actions weren’t always altruistic. That you believed in helping others, but you were unfettered when it came to certain impulses, especially if it concerned Nazarick.

That you knew what the farms main purpose was outside of nourishment for the great tomb, and that you knew what his duties were. That you didn’t want to participate or know the details, but you understood the importance. He explained that he did thoroughly enjoy his activities, and that he was genuine when he said he resented himself for making you uncomfortable.

All the while he fiddled with your hair, lightly stringing curls down to watch them bounce back with life. Your tails had intertwined, and were slowly kneading one another. As the conversation went on and as you two drew closer, you slowly found yourself in his lap, head resting on his chest. You thought he’d smell like a wet dog that had ran through an orchard of offensive body odor, but instead he filled your being with the soft aroma of forest fire. He smelt like a low simmering campfire after a long night, fire barely breaking free of a cold mornings grip. You found it increasingly difficult to not kiss and suck on his neck, as he spoke you would watch his Adams apple vibrate with his voice. You desperately wanted to feel the mans throat under your tongue, how his chest would shake as you worked your mouth over his strong features.

"Lady Holly."

He broke your feverish day dream of rolling your lips over his upper body with the call of your name. You shook your head, breaking your concentration from his jawline. You looked up to his face as he inclined his face lower to yours.

"If I may... I would like to take this afternoon for my leisure. I want to cleanse myself of this days task and contemplate my options moving forward."

You sat yourself up and out of the floor guardians lap with humiliation, assuming that you had wasted his time. Of course he had other things he wanted to do other than entertain you.

"Y-Yeah Demiurge, you do not have to ask me. I'm glad you want to take time for yourself, you deserve it." you cringed on the inside, your stomach somersaulting as the guardian stood up, stretching his arms out. He wants time for himself, why do you feel so badly? You were hoping he'd want to spend more time with you, but why would he? You didn't find yourself particularly interesting or likeable. Most of the time you found yourself a bit childish, emotional, and awkward. As if you didn't know how or when to say the right things, but you always hoped you somehow made people happy.
You bit down on the nail on your thumb, looking away from Demiurge as he turned to go into the cabin. It was better that neither of you say anything else, you already felt like you were dying on the inside.

"My lady...forgive my intrusion but you might consider...cleansing as well."

You looked up at him, face contorted in confusion.

Do you smell? You took a shower this morning, there's now way you could stink...

Great, not only does he want to get away from you, but he thinks you need another shower.

The floor guardian swallowed his next breath, clasping both hands behind his back. His expression was stoic as ever, but you noticed the tips of his ears were growing a deep shade of pink.

"The cabins facility is equipped with a generous sized bathing area, my lady. It could easily accommodate more than one user."

You nodded, eyes glued to the ground as if they were what kept you from floating away in embarrassment. You'd immediately take a shower and scrub yourself clean once he had finished bathing. You leaned your head down further, pressing your chin into the pit of your army shyly. You didn't smell, what gives? His voice broke your afflicting thoughts.

"My Lady."

He bowed your way politely, entering the cabin with his tail waving behind him every step of the way. As he turned to leave you noticed that the tips of his ears had darkened to red, his cheeks an ever so light hue of rose.

Wait.
Wait a second.
Why would he tell you that the bathroom could house more than one person?
It's not like...

Your eyes shot up from the ground and towards the door, that the demon had left conveniently open. How could you be so damn dense? Or are you just being presumptuous again? You know that he doesn't just mutter things out without intention, he's too intelligent for that.

You sat there contemplating what to do for a few minutes, fingers tapping the cabin deck with the intention of releasing nervous energy. What if you walked in on him and he chastised you? You two had kissed a few times and did just cuddle, but, did he really want you to shower with him? You certainly wanted to shower with him.

You stood up while mustering all the bravery you had, choosing to walk through the cabin and into the demons lair. Your eyes lingered willfully on the bouquet of flowers as you meandered on, the arrangement encouraging your endeavor with sweet scents of belonging.

His discarded clothing lay neatly folded on the mahogany dresser, his usual business suit and shoes laid out in a similar fashion. You took the time to appreciate his tidiness, because you were a mess. If he wasn't the way he was, you would have casually tossed your clothing to the side like a lazy slob. However you followed his example, folding your clothes neatly next to his as you stripped. You glanced over to the en suite, tail between your legs rattling with apprehension. Steam clouded around the door, billowing out in clouds of heated mist.

If by chance he wasn't interested, you could blame the steam. You could simply feign ignorance, that
you didn’t know he was still showering, right? You ran both hands over your head, rocking back and forth on your heels as you continued to watch the bathroom door perspire. You flinched as you heard a soft metallic whistle, the sound was most likely the floor guardian adjusting a nozzle to better suit his bathing temperature. You ran your hands over your body, scanning with utmost scrutiny for any hint of dirt or lint possible before swallowing the air before you, and walking into the washroom.

You tip toed towards the glass pane shower, where you could just barely make out the floor guardians silhouette through the moisture in the air. His hands were running through his black hair slowly, his back to your approach. You raised your head as you inhaled the warm air, the familiar scent of dampened fire and cedar pleasantly invading your spirits.

God damn did he smell nice.

You were close enough now that if you extended your arm out to its fullest you could touch him, but you were too nervous to do so. You stood there, wrapping your arms around your chest, staring at him as he bathed.

Water ran down his abs, carrying suds and translucent bubbles to his lower abdominal region. The floor guardian was a cliff side of muscle, his brawn stomach an uncompromising landscape of masculinity. Showers of rain moved through his physique as rivers of water do through rocky terrain, catching and slipping through his inflexible frame.

He turned his head to the side, holding you in his diamond eyes as he sensed his visitor.

His heart began to knock on his chest for exit, his member twitching to life as blood began to flow to his loins. He didn’t actually think you’d join him, he just hoped you would.

And here you were, standing coyly before him, exposed and willing.

Was it wrong to covet you the way he did?

He inhaled deeply through his nose as you stepped towards him, your hand placing itself on his forearm for comfort and acceptance. You resisted for a moment, the water was scalding hot and surprised your senses.

However you relaxed, and preferred your showers on the hotter side.

From now on you’d really prefer them this way.

Demiurge placed his hand on the back of your head, fingers working there way through your hair as he pulled you towards him gently. His tail snaked around your thighs, hugging you towards his body.

You in turn reached up to clasp both of your hands on his shoulders, fear washing down into the drain below as you embraced the guardian.

He spoke to you with his body as his hand massaged your head with tender motions, your hair weighted down now by the running water above. Your hands moved along the smooth of his neck, finding home on the back of his nape.

You interlocked your fingers and nuzzled your face into his throat, rubbing your nose affectionately against his skin. He ran his hand down from your head to the curve of your hips, giving a gentle squeeze in longing. His other hand reached down as he bent ever so slightly, hoisting up your leg into his hold.
Gasping in surprise and excitement you pressed your body into the demon further, his now fully erect member sliding against the smooth of your thigh.

You could never say he didn’t know what he wanted.

He exhaled loudly as his length slipped around your thigh, he knew how close he was to penetrating you and it made his blood cry with desire. You filled his being with a heartier flame than even he could muster, his fingers beginning to grip at the underside of your leg with needy implications.

In response to his eager fervor, you began to do what you had been yeaming to do with Demiurge. Your lips pressed against his neck, slowly dragging kisses over his flesh. His skin was tough and had little give to your tiny embraces. The demon lifted his head and unknowingly pressed his hips into yours when he felt your teeth graze his nape, a grin forming over his face in pleasure. His chest lifted you as he breathed in sharply, your mouth working over him was becoming too much to handle for the 7th floor guardian.

He normally wasn’t this weak.

He could very confidently hold his own in any situation, and wasn’t easily swooned.

Unless it was you.

He couldn’t hide his delight in the face of his pent up arousal at showering with his supreme being. He couldn’t resist his urges anymore, couldn’t shove away his need to couple with you any longer.

He pressed his lips over your forehead, kissing the crown of your head as water ran along and over your bodies.

He hiked your leg up higher, bouncing you up with his strength. You were nearly groin to groin with him now, his throbbing tool positioned between your thighs as if it was also holding you in place.

You whimpered as he handled you, looking down to see how his Adonis belt muscle framed his manhood.

You hadn’t been with him before, and he was becoming increasingly forward with his actions.

He looked and felt like he had the power to break you.

However he told you with his movements he wouldn’t.

His free hand tilted your chin up to him, his expression docile and loving. He nuzzled his nose against yours in a display of affection, only stopping to kiss you. He pecked your lips multiple times, reassuring you of his admiration.

He left your lips, moving his mouth down and over your neck with slow kisses.

It was his turn to spread his affections.

The demon moved his lips over his supreme beings collarbone with tender care, savoring her skin across his tastes. He allowed his tongue to escape, unable to resist lapping the water up around her supple flesh as he moved down to her bosom. He let slip a small groan as he cupped her left breast, everything about his lady was petite and so very soft. She was in such contrast to him, and that drove his infatuation further. As he ran his tongue over her teat she began to giggle timidly above him,
sensitive to his touches. He grinned before wrapping his lips over her stiff nipple, sucking with utmost jubilation.

As she squirmed and ran her hands through his hair, his cock nudged along her slick slit. Her sex was somehow hotter than the water pouring over their bodies, and his member ached for her soft folds.

As the head of his length slipped along her petals he brought more of her breast into his mouth, tongue frolicking over her nipple and drenching her in more than just the running water.

Above his head you wiggled around in equal pleasure and discomfort, the demons suckling sending chills of pleasure and over stimulation through your body. Your hands clutched his hair for support, your mouth letting loose a variety of mousy moans and chirps as his hips rocked against yours.

Your fingers began to press on his head, silently pleading for him to pull away from your breasts. Your vulva was blushing a deep blue from his touchings, and his mouth over working your teat was causing you to slip around in his grasp. You couldn’t help but dance and writhe around from sensory overload.

Although he felt disinclined to do so, he pulled away from your nipple with a wet smack. He did twirl his devilishly long tongue around your raised aeriola as he left, flicking your raised nip with the tip of his slippery device as a final goodbye.

You breathed harder as his member slipped through your lips instead of just gliding along them, your arousal ready to accept his manhood. You looked down to watch his hips move his length against your sex, his lower abdomen pooling and spilling excess shower water as he pushed his cock in gentle thrusts.

He reached his hand down to aid himself in his endeavor, taking hold of his member and catching the head of his cock against your tight entrance.

He lifted his head to you, pressing his forehead against yours and sighing in relief at the sensation of your tight cunny being spread by his tool.

The hand holding your leg began to tremble in anticipation, his breathing hitched as he slowly prodded and poked into your sex.

You inhaled as the scorching hot water poured down your face, a stream leaking down the tip of your nose and splashing onto the demons chest. You moaned as the tip of his cock began to penetrate you, his iconic scent of burning woods more potent as he finally wriggled himself into your welcoming maidenhood.

The guardian felt the strong urge to greedily thrust his cock forward into your sex with a strong press of his hips. If just the head of his cock felt this incredible, then he knew with one shove he could feel the thrill of all that your body had to offer.

However you weren’t just some woman to the demon.

You weren’t one of the cunts begging for their lives he could press himself upon with no guilt or remorse.

You were the pinnacle of feminine perfection to the demon of Nazarick.

You were tender, loving, and strong among other things to the floor guardian.
You were one of two left of the supreme beings.

And right now, you were his.

He wanted every moment with you to last a lifetime, and wouldn’t spoil his more than fortunate time with you.

He did think of it though.

The loud gasp you’d make at his sudden and powerful thrust, the way your pussy would clench his length in surprise, how deep he could get with just one push.

Instead he reached his hand to cradle the left side of your cheek, and drink in your beautiful face. He paused his hips from pushing himself further, wanting to share this intimate moment with you.

Where he could see himself in your eyes, you could see many of yourself in his.

You stared at him in the prelude of what was to come next, looking over his face as you both remained silent. His normally slicked back jet black hair was parting and drooping forward, his glasses lay resting with his business suit.

You weren’t the only one naked and vulnerable. And right now, the only thing separating you two was running water and hesitation.

You looked down from his quiet gaze as you felt his member throb, his cock growing needy for more of your warmth. You looked back up to the demon and timidly smiled, your tail brushing his in an added measure of encouragement.

His thumb stroked over your cheek in acknowledgment, his lips greeting yours as he began to slowly penetrate you once more.

You felt yourself melting into the demon with every push of his hips and touch of his fingers. His hands were just as busy as his core, his claws stroking and touching as much skin as they could. He fumbled a little as the running water made your soft thighs difficult to grasp, but it made it all the more fun when he slid in more of his cock then he meant too. His lips pressed against yours desperately as a low groan made its way into your mouth, along with his now very insistent tongue. Upon opening your mouth for the demon he turned his head slightly, giving himself leverage to dance his tongue across yours.

The hand under your leg squeezed assertively, fingers digging into your pleasantly plump thigh as he felt himself sink all the way in. The tongue that had been lashing around yours in elation was now content to a slow twirl, his breathing through his nose calmed.

However you desperately needed air and pulled away from his excited french kissing, panting as you looked down between your bodies.

He was fully sheathed into your folds, his pelvis pressing deep against your vulva. You were spread wide around his girth, water running in streams and pouring over your exposed and excited nub.

You clenched your abdominal muscles, tightening your snug hold on the demon in response to his hand leaving your cheek. You gained a hearty throb from his manhood in reply, along with the hand on your thigh grooping with greater desire. His chest hummed in approval at his next action, his thumb placing itself over your love button and giving a gentle wet press.
His hips began moving against yours like a lazy sea current, his thumb working in slow kneading motions as your hands clasped on his shoulders for support. You gasped and slid your bottom foot against the showers tiled flooring, losing your footing as he pleasured the most sensitive part of your sex. Your mind caught a feverish fire as you heard the demon gasp in pleasure when you lost your footing. As you slipped against him clumsily he unintentionally slid into you from the tip of cock to the hard base of his muscled groin.

You were caught by the arm under your thigh as his member pressed against your cushioned cervix, along with Demiurge's tail that was now supporting your back. He growled at the developing enjoyment of his throbbing cock, your mind high on the rare and oh so intoxicating sounds pulled from the demon in pleasure.

He had you where he wanted you, and wasn’t going to lose you to a slippery shower floor.

Especially not now, not with how amazing it felt having you clench excitedly around his cock in the bliss of his working thumb.

He steadied you against himself once more, brushing his lips against your forehead with a small chuckle at your fumbling.

Your bottom lip protruded out as you looked up at him through your growing pleasure, bashful at your awkward stumbling.

However your expression changed as his thumb brushed along just the right angle of your clit, your eyes closing and your mouth agape at the developing intensity in your sex.

From your soft coo at his rubbing, how your cunny squeezed his tool from his languid thrusts, to your adorable personality shining through, the floor guardian felt his hips move on their own in his drunken infatuation.

He picked up the pace, increasing the power of his once soft strokes as his padded thumb continued to heighten your oncoming orgasm. Water started to splash about excitedly as his movements grew with building force, your hips shakily bucking back with needing and sloppy motions. You both were now panting and watching him fuck faster into your flushed blue petals, his cock pushing and pulling your labia as he too felt himself growing closer.

The demons pampering of your plush nub grew clumsy in combination of his pounding hips and your slippery arousal, his thumb sliding over and around in increasingly teasing pushes.

He felt the leg he was holding up begin to gyrate excitedly, his ears perking up as you began to plead with him for release.

As you slapped your hips against his in desperation, you felt the fire in your core surge with immense pressure. You gasped loudly and gripped his shoulders as he pushed you over the edge, your hot pussy clamping down on the demons member as you climaxed. You rocked your hips taking over the situation as you rode out your ecstasy, his thumb pressing down on your clit to assure your maximum pleasure. You felt the entirety of your being build up and release at once as warm liquid flowed over his still gliding length, his own excitement now at its peak in the face of yours.

Demiurge pulled on your thigh, gripping you tightly as he fucked you through the height of your pleasure. Your sex implored him for his seed, massaging his cock with intense pulses and loving constrictions.

The demon used your leg as an anchor as he used the rest of his stamina to push and pull you with
his increasing thrusts. His hand quickly pressed into the small of your back as you heard him try to stifle a moan, his cock shuddering and releasing into the very back of your slick pussy. As his tip erupted with a thick rope of cum, he pulled you into him as if his life depended on it. You heard a shaking sigh as his head rested on your shoulder, his breathing shambled as he kept himself deep inside your folds. His hand pressed on the bottom of your back as his climax began to subside, assuring that you were as close to him as possible. He was enjoying the sensations of your inner heat milking him of all of his offering.

You greedily drained him of all he gave, your hands leaving his shoulders to cradle his sides as his posture crumbled.

“...you are my goddess.” he whispered breathlessly, releasing your thigh slowly from his prolonged possession.

Your thigh almost fell to the tile below, a well of water collapsing with your shaking body. You were still basking in your afterglow, and the heat of the shower was aiding in the looseness of your muscles.

His now flaccid member slid out of your sex with a wet *schloop*, your small gape releasing your unity. Translucent and thick white beads of cream spilled down your inner thighs, washing away with the ongoing flow of hot rain from above.

As your body folded under the weight of itself, you felt Demiurge's arms pull you close once more.

You breathed in unison with the demon, timing your breathing with his as you rested against his chest. The shower continued to run over your entwined bodies, yet no water could slip between your closely pressed torsos. Your eyes felt heavy as the fog on your mind remained steady, his heartbeat a beautiful melody that you wanted to listen to on repeat forever.

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Wanting to continue to relax with his claimed prize, the demon suggested that you both leave the confinement’s of the shower and retire to the bedroom. You whined uncomfortably as he turned off the flowing hot water, the cold air forcefully awakening your senses.

Demiurge wrapped one of the en-suite fluffy towels over his tail, explaining that the metal of his appendage retained heat and that you wouldn’t be cold for too much longer. He walked with you comfortably towards his bed, lifting the sheets so you could scoot in for warmth. He was much more relaxed after coupling, his normal bows and other devoted gestures replaced with subtlety and endearment.

He followed your lead once you were under the comforter, laying next to you and covering himself with a swift toss of the duvet.

You snuggled him snug as a bug, cuddling intimately with his legs for added comfort under his sheets and gifted heated towel. You spoke with him quietly about more of Nazarick and his plans for helping you with your magic. He mused that his plans were in full swing and that he pitied the slain theocracy, that they were religious fools that stood no challenge. That he was disappointed but not surprised in how easy this all was for him.

He rubbed a finger over your shoulder blade, suggesting that you try to form your wings. That they
would aid you in combat, mobility, and that he believed them to be a beautiful extension of his supreme beings already perfect form.

When you asked him if he was wanting you to try now he grinned and allowed himself a chuckle, stating that might be a bit much for the time being.

He was more interested in you trying that at a later date, that for now you should continue to relax.

“So what are your plans for the evening moving forward?” You asked, not forgetting that he requested this afternoon for himself. You wiggled your shoulders as his finger continued to move across your skin, he was unintentionally tickling you. You wrinkled your nose and giggled, tail twitching in irritation. His palm replaced his tickling claw, rubbing your back softly as he spoke.

“This My Lady....*this* is what I desire to do with what I have remaining to my leisure.”

Thank you for your Kudos, Bookmarks, and Comments!

Tumblr

Deviantart
“[Jörmungandr's chosen, essence of valor]!”

Kingslayer (Adept) began to glow with a mighty purple aura as you ran your hand over the blade. You smiled brightly as the glittering lilac dust tickled your palm, encasing Kingslayer (Adept) in magic. You swiftly held the sword up and to your face, as if you were a soldier ready to march into battle. Your eyes shimmered against the mirrored blade, reflecting back confidence and a secure smile.

A few days ago, you would not have had the courage to bring your spells to life. Your fear of failure along with your strong dislike of disappointing others held you back.

However now through diligence, desire, and some loving encouragement, you’ve grown passed a lot of your magical issues.

“I will not claim to be an expert when it comes to melee weapons, my Lady. However you appear to be doing a tremendous job, your craft is most excellent.”

You turned your head to the left, grinning from ear to ear. Demiurge stood to your side, his hand familiarly laying on his chest in respect. His tail waved behind him excitedly, he was clearly proud of your growing accomplishments. It was just over a week ago that you were struggling to puff smoke
from your hands, and now you were casting full blown buffs among other spells.

“This is just a minor aid spell, it’s meant to make up for the large difference I have in attack versus defense.” You twirled your sword slowly, the purple glamor fading away like a dying flame.

You reached for his hand with your free arm, motioning with your fingers for him to come closer.

“Demiurge, do you trust me?”

You smiled fondly when his hand rested itself in yours.

“Undeniably so, My Lady. There is no other than Lord Ainz that I can think of that is as comprehensible or dependable as yourself.”

You gripped his hand as he more than answered your question.

“Thank you. This is gonna hurt though, okay?”

He nodded without a hint of remorse or hesitation.

You removed your hand from his, replacing it carefully with Kingslayer (Adept)’s sharp edge. With a nimble push and lift you sliced the demons palm open, blood quickly springing free from the fresh wound.

On contact he flexed his fingers, but other than that the floor guardian remained still.

Kingslayer (Adept) was quickly sheathed into the scabbard on your hip as blood began to pool and trickle down the demons hand.

“I-I haven’t tried this one before, so I’m sorry if—“

“It is quite alright Lady Holly. Please resume, I trust you wholeheartedly.”

You swallowed his words as you hovered your hand over his, clearing your mind of everything except your focus.

You stared into his lacerated flesh, you had cut him deeper than intended. His skin lay open before you, blood still seeking freedom as it breathed air for the first time.

Just imagine this never happened.

Think of going back in a place in time where hand wasn’t filleted before you.

Just remember...

“[Maximize Magic, Greater healing].”

Small particles of jade green fell like snowflakes down from your hand, entering the guardians gashed claw. The shimmering magic soaked into and with his gore, dispersing as it was consumed by the still steady flow of crimson.

You furrowed your brows in disappointment, opening your mouth to make a sound of defeat.

Did it not work?

The once darkened blood seized its continuous discharge, and slowly began to sparkle. His wound
quivered before quickly sewing itself back together, as if there was an imaginary needle and thread tailoring his flesh.

Curiously in addition to his wound, his glove was also repaired.

The remnants of glowing blood splashed to the ground below, consumed by the thirsty soil below.

You wiggled your hips in delight, the tip of your tail just as animated.

You looked from the guardians hand to his face in excitement, and couldn’t hold back your laugh at his expression.

His ears were twitching sporadically, and his smile was pulled as wide as he could muster.

He shook his head in titillation, every hair on his body was standing at attention.

“Goodness that is overwhelming!”

He waved both of his hands as static shook the demon, a small spark cracking off loudly at the tip of his neatly combed hair.

“Why, I feel as if I could finish any and all of my commitments to Nazarick and then more.”

His arms were spread out in excitement, his energy on display as his tail whipped around.

You just unknowingly gave the 7th floor guardian the magical equivalent of crack/cocaine.

“I guess I’m still a little new to controlling how little or how much I put into my castings..”

You placed your hands on your hips and sighed over dramatically, relieved that the spell did indeed work.

And was still working.

The demon was still twitching unintentionally, his ears the largest victim in this situation. They were continuously moving and jerking about, unable to release the energy caught inside.

He was normally composed, so seeing him this way was uncharacteristic and frankly, charming.

You moved over to his twitchy self, placing both hands on his ears and rubbing tenderly.

There was nothing left of him that intimidated you. He would always have your respect, but never again your fear.

Unless he was in his arch demon form.

That would take some additional work.

He smiled bashfully and glanced away from you, both of his hands clasping behind his back familiarly as he tried to dissuade his hyper activity.

He wouldn’t say it, but he liked his ears rubbed.
Holly, I need to know where you are and if you are safe.

You paused your tender loving on the demons ear lobes as [Message] came through. You pulled off of Demiurge slowly, bringing a hand up to your temple as if it could help you hear better.

Demiurge tilted his head curiously as you pulled away, slightly disappointed that he was no longer receiving physical attention.

He watched as your expression changed, and calculated quickly what might be going on. Upon realization he ceased any and all pent up energy, able to command himself to settle down as you communicated with Ainz.

[Message]

Yes I am fine, I’m standing next to Demiurge and practicing my magic. I’ve come a long way I —

I need you both back to Nazarick as quickly as possible.

Y-yeah of course, what’s going on?

I will tell you when you arrive, just leave now.

Okay now I’m curious and worried. What is going on, is Nazarick okay?

[End message]

“What the hell..?!” you tapped on your temple furiously, as if it could reignite the conversation.

“Did...did you just hang up on me?!”

You kicked the dirt below you in frustration, sneering as you did so.
“Jerk! Did you just block me on [Message]??!”

He had indeed caller ID blocked you on [Message].

Demiurge stepped forward, clasping a hand on your shoulder.

“My Lady, what did he say?”

You snorted angrily, dismissing the rude and abrupt ended conversation with your guild leader.

You looked up to Demiurge, his face twisted with concern.

“We...we need to head back to Nazarick. Now. I don’t know why, he didn’t tell me.”

You took a deep breathe to calm yourself as Demiurge rolled his shoulders forward, his concern changing to a grimace.

“Demi...?” You spoke softly, reaching your hand up to his that was now gripping your shoulder.

He grunted and as his grip suddenly tightened, the sound of tearing fabric filling your ears as the demon sprouted his dark green wings.

He straightened his posture as he fanned his wings, loosening his hold on your shoulder but not removing his hand. He reached his other hand to his neck and rubbed, it was obvious to you that growing wings wasn’t a simple physical task.

He looked over his shoulder as he shook his wings free of the mire from formation, spreading them then wide and to their full span.

“We should depart now then, as he requested. I can not think of an incentive either, however I can smell his sense of urgency through your response.”

Before you could give him an educated response, the demon had you in his arms, casting one of his spells as he made to fly.

“[Aspect of the Devil, Hellfire mantle].”

You quickly pulled your hair to the side, tucking your locks between your neck and his. You breathed in silently, giving a solemn look to the cabin a few yards away. Both of your hands found the back of his neck as they had familiarly so many times before. Your tail wrapped around his thigh for support, squeezing to let him know it was okay to take off.

Neither of you spoke as he flew back to the great tomb, both of your minds consumed by what might be in store.

What could be going on that was so bad that you needed to return? Ainz made it so clear that you
needed to focus on regaining your strengths as a support mage. You were just starting to get a grasp on things, and you were also thoroughly enjoying your time with Demiurge.

You were on a set schedule for the first time in the new world at the Plantation, and you were going to miss the life you had been living for the passed week or so.

Would you ever get to wake up next to him so casually again? After coupling you two had been in the same bed every night.

What about the early morning fruits, and the deep conversations laced with tail flirting?

Would you still have the same level of intimacy?

Was this just...it?

You held him tighter as you felt the sharp sting of emotion singe your eyes, pressing your head into his chest as you saw the central mausoleum of the tomb below.

You were at least happy that you didn’t take your time with him for granted. You felt liked you lived every moment with him as if it would be your last.

His mantle faded as he made his descent, the ball of his right foot making first contact to the earth below. He set himself down gently as he continued to cradle you, holding you tighter as he now stood firmly planted. He breathed out as he folded his wings against his back, turning his gaze towards you as he slowly blinked.

Even without knowing what was next to come, you both knew you’d be parting soon. That this mini vacation was over, and you both might not get the chance again at whatever this was.

You studied his face in the warm sun, the sky bathing the demons strong features in light.

He drank you in for all your worth as well, his heart falling to his stomach as he wondered if he’d get to carry you this way again. He gazed upon you, eyes slowly moving over every inch of you from the neck up.

Your plump, soft lips that had kissed so many times, yet not enough.

Your sweet nose and more often than not flushed and cherub like cheeks.

Your ribbons and curls of long exotic hair, a gradient of darkest wine and deepest of celestial blue.

Your eyes.

Green hemispheres of what he knew to be safe. Eyes of his goddess, she who stayed and swore to him she would remain.

Your lips found each other in a collision of grief, passion, and solace. You moved as one with the 7th floor guardian, his kisses familiar but still so brand new.

He took his time as he tenderly embraced you, joining his lips with yours as a key fits a lock. You breathed him in as he rippled his lips over yours, knowing that you two were stalling the inevitable.

You knew Ainz was waiting in the throne room.

You knew something was wrong.
You knew that you didn’t want to pull away from the demon.

You pulled his bottom lip with you tenderly as you left his warm mouth, only to feverishly return for one last kiss goodbye.

It was you that folded deeply into his tastes, frantically explaining to him all of your emotions through your fervor.

Most of your deeper connections with the demon were physical, and he understood the conversation as he again met you with equal sincerity.

You lost track of thought and time as all that mattered was spending these last few minutes wrapped up with Demiurge.

It was he who pulled away first this time, slowly returning again to peck your lips countless times before retreating for what he feared, might be indefinite.

He pressed his forehead to yours, his hot breathe warming your cold nose as he spoke.

“...We need to go, My lady.”

“...I know.”

The throne room of the 9th floor greeted you with the slow illumination of glamorous ceiling warmth as you made your way to Ainz.

Every few steps the next chandelier would start the slow process of awakening, showering gold upon the regal red carpet below your feet. Demiurge followed behind and to the right, hands only moving to adjust his spectacles. You tried to maintain the posture of what you thought was befitting a supreme being as you made your way down the great hall. You kept your shoulders up, your back straight, your tail...between your legs. You felt like you were getting ready to give your parent a bad report card.

No matter how much you felt that Ainz was your friend, ultimately, you deeply revered him. He was a mentor, the guild leader, and in many ways your role model. The thought of letting him down or knowing that something was wrong filled your spirits with dread, especially now as you approached him.

He sat upon the obsidian throne of kings, the integral world item of Nazarick. His hands were clasped together methodically, his head tilted down as he was lost in thought. The seat of sovereignty towered over the room, Ainz modest by comparison.

However it didn’t matter how high the throne may climb, the guild leader of the great tomb of Nazarick would always dominate in sheer presence alone.
Albedo stood to his side, both of her dainty angelic hands folded upon her ample bosom. As you drew closer you saw that she was looking at Ainz with great worry, her eyes heavy with a lovers concern.

The rich brilliance of the throne room cast the overseer of the guardians in a halo of gilded resplendence, her long raven hair shining as a beacon of prospect.

Where Demiurge found you as the Matriarch of Nazarick, you found her to be the true depiction of femininity.

Albedo to you was the matriarch of the great tomb, not you.

She was perfect in every way.

Just seeing her angelic face softened your anxious feelings...

Albedo’s gentle and maternal presence suddenly jerked, her body wrenching as she swung with rage to face you and the 7th floor guardian. She lifted her hand with lightning fast reflexes, finger extended and pointing accusingly. Her eyes were unusually wide, pupils contracted and shaking with hate. Every bit of her divinity was lost to her ruthless aura, a devil in an angels disguise. As she spoke her words commanded subjugation, her once heavenly tone replaced with shrieking hostility.

“How dare you show your face here Demiurge! Lord Ainz requested that you return immediately to Nazarick, and here you are casually strolling in?! Do you not know the weight on his heart in this dire situation, who do you think you are to keep my love Lord Ainz waiting?!”

What the *fuck*.

You could hear Demiurges sneer as he sighed heavily behind you.

You tightened your posture, balling your hands into tightened fists.

Time to put on your big girl panties.

...And then immediately have them pulled down as Ainz beat you to the punch.

“Albedo, calm yourself. It’s fine.”

His hand rose up slowly as the Lych Lord turned to face her, even he was surprised by her violent outburst.

“But My Lord?! He-“

She pressed her hands together anxiously, quickly adjusting herself to reface Ainz in a desperate plea.

“Enough Albedo, I said it’s fine.”

He turned away from the succubus dismissively as she fell to her knees, hands again clasped over her breasts.

“F-Forgive me my Lord.”
Damn. And you thought Demiurge was bad at first.

Maybe she wasn’t the picture of perfection you thought she was.

“Lord Ainz, If I may. Did something happen to one of the other floor guardians?”

Demiurge spoke beside you now, having found himself to your right hand instead of behind as an after thought.

You shot him a look of bewilderment, your eyes searching his face for context or proof of his question.

“What could have happened...?” You whispered his way, shaking your head in disbelief. Nothing could touch the guardians, his inquiry was unfounded.

Ainz was caught of guard as well, standing up promptly to address the demon more formally.

“Y-Yes Demiurge, you are correct. Very perceptive of you. Explain to me how you came to the correct conclusion to this matter at hand.”

Demiurge didn’t hesitate to answer his Lords request.

You darted your eyes between them in angst, how could this be true?

“If something were to happen to one of the guardians on a reconnaissance mission in this new realm, then it would be paramount that yourself and Lady Holly be kept secure inside Nazarick. If a power exists that can possibly overwhelm one of us, then we must take every necessary step to assure yours and her safety.” He turned to face you as he continued his explanation.

“Which is what I believed to happen, due to your urgent request that Lady Holly and I return to Nazarick. It was the most logical hypothesis I could muster, My Lord.”

Ainz nodded slowly as he turned to readdress Albedo, who was still kneeling to his right.

“Albedo, pull up our roster.”

The floor guardian nodded and rose from her knees, only stopping to dust off her flowing ivory dress. With a slow tap of her finger in the air, an ethereal placard formed.

It was the guilds list of active members.

So more of Yggdrasil was integrated into this new world than you thought...

Handy.

The fourth name down the list was emboldened in red, starkly contrasting the softer text of hovering golden names.

“I sent Sebas and Shalltear on a mission to continue to gather information on the surrounding kingdoms. I...” he hesitated, reaching for the guild staff to his left as if it would aid him in his dealings.

“I did not think they would be in danger. Shalltear.... has fallen to a severe status effect, and it appears as if she has gone traitor.”
You walked up the steps towards Albedo as Ainz spoke, feeling as if you needed to see the floating tablet closer to affirm his claim.

“That’s...that’s impossible..” you muttered, slowly tapping her name on the hovering page. As you touched her name it turned to a cloud of red smoke, reforming only when you pulled away.

There it was though.

Her name in contrast to the others, glowing with hate.

“H-how...” you tapped your finger against her name a few more times, each time getting the same smoky response.

“...I am not sure. I underestimated this new world. This is all my fault..” he stopped mid sentence, gripping the guild staff and straightening his posture. He looked over to Demiurge, and then to Albedo.

He was talking too comfortably, and knew that he still needed to remain as a supreme authority. Especially in the face of Shalltear's possible rebellion.

He cleared his throat, tapping the staff to ground in a semblance of continuing his communication without emotional falter. He looked down to you, eyes ablaze with his sovereignty, and to you, his grave concern.

“We need to head to the treasury, I will be retrieving some of Nazaricks world items. Demiurge, I appreciate your continued hard work at the plantation, however now I must ask that you remain at Nazarick. Return to the burning shrine and have your subordinates take over in your absence.”

You toyed with the ring on your middle finger as you watched Demiurge bow, his eyes closed in subservience and respect to his new orders.

“As you wish, Lord Ainz.”

The demon lifted his head to face you, bowing a final time to showcase his undying devotion.

“My Lady.”

As he turned to walk down the long hallway your heart sank to the pit of your stomach. You clenched your fists, tilting your head to the ground to avoid eye contact from anyone.

Why does this hurt so bad?

You looked up without moving your head, clasping your hands together as you continued to fiddle with your guild ring.

You inhaled deeply for reassurance, and cleared your throat before you spoke. Your next actions made sense to you emotionally and logically.

“Demiurge, there is one last thing I’d like you to take care of for me.”

The demon halted his departure, turning his body to face you curiously. You glanced back to Ainz as if you need approval for your next actions. He nodded, unsure of your request of the demon but still confident in your choices.

You made your way down the steps slowly, feeling the weight of every step you made towards the 7th floor guardian.
Part of you just wanted to say goodbye one last time.

The other, wanted to give him something of yourself. Something more than what you had already shared so intimately.

“You should have this. It’ll help you move around the tomb easier, I know it has to get tiring running from place to place.”

He knew what you meant, but didn’t dare to assume.

The guardians considered it to be of the highest honor to hold this item, and only three currently had one in their possession.

Until now.

He walked towards you, politely meeting you halfway.

You reached down, pulling his hand up and into yours. You ran your thumb over the top of his claw lovingly, petting the demon as you spoke to him softly.

“I-I can get myself another, you know. I want you to have it. It’s...it’s my guild ring.”

As you began wiggling the guild ring off of your middle finger, the demon retracted his hand. He began to politely demure, shaking his head.

“My Lady I am unworthy. I have done nothing to deserve—“

You tossed your hip to the side, smirking at the demon as you interrupted him. As you spoke you snatched his hand back into yours, giving him a tight squeeze.

“You should have been given one already. You do so much for Nazarick, and you’ve...”

You paused your speech, sliding the ring onto Demiurge’s middle finger. The blood red amethyst instantly changed its size to fit him, resting where it would remain indefinitely from here on out.

“..you’ve done so much for me.”

He grit his teeth as he looked down at the shimmering stone. The guilds symbol swam in a pool of crimson, reflecting light whenever the jewel was disturbed. He gripped your hand in a fit of emotion as he steadied himself.

“I-I can not. This is your..”

“You can and you will.”

You smiled at him brightly, longing to reach up and rub the demons pointy ears. They were currently pointed down in a display of distress, did he really think he wasn’t deserving?

You giggled and sighed, reaching up your other hand and placing it over his, your palm on the ring. Your next words were hushed, only meant for the two of you.

“I’m just as stubborn, remember?”

You only looked away from him as you heard a repetitive thud below your feet. The broad head of his tail was thumping the ground, his passive black flames doing tiny leaps in excitement.
He could hide all he wanted behind his unflappable expressions, but his tail would give him away every time.

Those were the last words you’d say to him for awhile.

He knelt down onto his knee, placing the hand with his guild ring over his chest. He pulled down your now naked hand, pressing his forehead to where the ring once rested.

Where he believed it should have remained, but was speechless in the face of where it now called home. His warm breathe tickled your fingers, his voice inaudible as he whispered. You lifted your hand to brush his cheek, only to caress cold air as the 7th floor guardian returned to his domain with the aid of your gift.

You stared, possibly for too long where the guardian once was. The familiar cold air of the tomb wrapped itself around you like a blanket, assuring you that the demon was gone.

You inhaled deeply as you closed your eyes, readying yourself to reface Ainz and the dire situation at hand.

“Thank you, Holly. I had been meaning to give him a guild ring. I should probably...” he stroked his chin in thought, making a mental note to get each of the floor guardians a ring of Ainz Ooal Gown.

However he found himself lost in thought again, and quickly dismissed his musing.

You took your place by Albedo, eyes caught by the golden lace around her chest. Despite her horrific outburst from earlier, she was still so very beautiful to you.

Her breasts were nearly spilling from their meager confinement’s, soft and milky white skin barely contained by the web of filigree pressed tightly into her supple bosom.

Ainz had really good taste.

Your hands folded behind your back as a new force of habit, eyes leaving Albedo and hovering over the overlord.

“You’re already planning something, aren’t you?” You stated directly.

You hoped he had a plan.

He always knew what to do.

“Yes...Yes I do.” He looked over yourself and Albedo, contemplating his words. Out of everyone in Nazarick, it was you two he trusted most.

“We will be heading to the treasury to grab a few world items. I intend on having each of the guardians keep one on their person at all times. This way they may be better equipped to handle situations such as the one that has taken Shalltear from us.” His hand fiddled in front of him, retrieving something from his inventory. When he found his prize he motioned to you with his other hand, catching your attention. He lobbed a guild ring your direction with a light toss of his hand, saying nothing but a nod. As you slipped the new ring onto your finger he began to move forward, using the staff as a walking stick. He said nothing of following, yet you and Albedo left as soon as he cleared the stairs.
“Tell me Albedo, have you heard of Pandora’s Actor?” Ainz broke the long silence as he made his way to the treasury, Albedo and yourself to either of his sides. The guild staff struck the ground with a heavy thunk every third step he took, the seven shimmering jewels of the weapon humming with a low glow whenever the staff hit the floor.

Upon hearing Pandora’s name, you went through a series of conflicting thoughts and emotions. You were thankful to Ainz for his small talk with Albedo, you now had the time to think for yourself.

Was it wrong to have feelings for both the treasury and 7th floor guardian? Your heart ached as Demiurge left, but jumped in elation at the thought of seeing Pandora’s Actor again. It wasn’t until the demons absence that you realized you missed the treasury manager.

Were you cheating..? Did they have a concept of the old worlds culture? Rather, your typical American culture. Pandora did say the guardians were a collective and your happiness was their happiness...

Neither of them declared love or a relationship of any sorts. It was more that they just wanted to be around you, and frankly, you them.

...could you have them both?

It was perfectly socially acceptable for men to have a harem.

Why couldn’t you?

You didn’t realize how sexually deprived you were until you started fooling around between Pandora’s Actor and Demiurge. You had a craving worse than a pregnant women with a jar of pickles and peanut butter.

Would they be interested in a threesome?

The tip of your tail wagged happily at the thought of you being sexed up by the two of them, their hands lost over your body as their hot breathe...

What the fuck is that?

You paused along with Ainz and Albedo, all of you looking at the oddity on the treasury rooms executive couch.

“L-Lord Tabula?! Is that really you?!”

Albedo stepped forward, her heart beat increasing in excitement as she rested a hand on her chest. She then shifted abruptly, pulling herself back as if she had been offended.

In a momentary lapse of judgement and confusion you stepped forward as well. Could it really be
“Pandora’s Actor, change your form.” Ainz commanded as he stepped forward last, him being the only one completely aware of what was going on.

You placed a hand over your forehead in shame.

Of course it’s Pandora, no shit Sherlock. The other supreme beings are gone. It’s just you and Ainz.

“So cool!~"

A slow grin crept on your face as you turned to Ainz, his head was slowly turning in confusion. He did say he hadn’t met Pandora’s Actor yet.

This is gonna be good.

“Y-You’re looking well.” Ainz stammered, a bit thrown off by Pandora’s syrupy and cheerful tone.

You pulled your lips in, mashing them together as an attempt to dissuade your oncoming snicker. All you could think about is Pandora's performance in front of Sebas, and hoped dearly he'd do the same for Ainz. You weren't going to be disappointed.

As Ainz explained to Pandora’s Actor why the three of you were there, the doppelgänger did what he does best.

It was show time.

“World item! Changing the world with ~immense~ power!”

It was not easy holding in your laughter. With every word and twist that Pandora put extra emphasis into, Ainz jaw slowly drooped lower and lower.

“...has the time finally come to wake them up?”

Pandora stood with his back to his three guests. He was holding the tip of his hat, his face barely visible as he glanced over his shoulder, eager for a response.

[Message]

You said he was cool?!?!

-laughter- I said he was cool in his own way!
He’s so lame!! Ugh...I bet Albedo is judging me so hardcore right now...at least his uniform got him laid...

[End message]

You glared at Ainz as he ended the message before you could respond.

However Pandora's Actor had thoroughly embarrassed him, which was a win in your books.

Ainz groaned as a ray of green lights shimmered over his face, his hand palming his face. He pulled away from head slowly, and approached his creation.

“Yes, you are correct. I need Billion Blades, Depiction of nature and society, Hygieias Chalice, and Avarice and Generosity.”

He sighed as Pandora turned and saluted emphatically him, happy to receive any attention from his creator.

“Wonderful choices my liege! Outstanding and expected from my glorious creator Lord Ai~nz!” The treasury manager joyfully placed one of his long hands upon his chest, the other pointing at his supreme being.

“How do you know to call me Ainz, Pandora’s actor, I have yet too...”

Ainz glanced over to you, glaring through his red orbs. Although he couldn’t form the expression, you knew the harsh judgement he was putting on your shoulders. You gave a sarcastic flirty wave, giving him the answer he needed. The same green hue overtook the skeleton once more, as he stepped passed his financial advisor with a heavy sigh.

“Albedo, give your ring of Ainz Ooal Gown to Pandora’s Actor. You can’t have it where we are going.”

Albedo frowned as she looked at the ring on her finger, and held her hand to her body possessively. She pouted as she thumbed her trinket, not wanting to let it go.

“Albedo, I’ll hold it for you. You go on ahead.” You reached a hand out to the succubus, her face still contorted in turmoil. You tried to reassure her with your smile as you spoke again, this time hushed.

“I promise I’ll give it right back. And this way, you get more personal time with Ainz.”

Her grimace turned to a wince as she agonizingly pulled the guild ring from her gloved white hand. She looked down in shame as she set it in the palm of your hand reluctantly, and whispered.
“Thank you my Lady.”

[Message]

You aren’t coming?

I would rather speak to you in Private about all of this Ainz. I understand that you trust Albedo, I do too. However..

No I agree with you. I haven’t been thinking straight since this happened.

Hey, it’s going to be okay. We can figure this out.

Thank you. I hope so.

[End message]

Pandora’s Actor stood to the side as his lord and Albedo walked by and into the confinements of the Mausoleum.

“Do be careful my Lord, and you too miss Albedo!”

You watched from the opening of the treasury as Ainz and Albedo faded, protected by the Avatara and traps of the deeper parts of the tenth floor. Pandora’s Actor stood further down the way, his hand unwavering from his cap until they disappeared.

You fumbled with Kingslayer (Adept)’s hilt, clinking the scabbard against your jeans as Pandora faced you. He bowed in respect, saluting once more as he spoke.

“Meine dame, If I may..why did you not join them in the Mausoleum?”

It had been over a week since you last saw the final area guardian. You wanted to run and jump into his arms, for him to twirl you like a ballerina in his adoration. However here he was, formal and professional. Maybe it was just a fluke, what had happened before. Just an intense rush of hormones and endorphins, nothing more. You bit your lip as you looked down, tail wrapping around your leg in distress.

“I figured...”

You didn’t know what to say or what lie to make up. You stayed because you wanted to spend time with Pandora. You were half way serious with Ainz when you said it would be better for the two of you to speak alone. If he had said that Albedo listening in would have been fine, you wouldn’t have
objected.

You looked up to Pandora’s Actor, whose posture remained unwavering.

You frowned and shrugged at him, your eyebrows furrowing in pain as you felt your soul fade into an abyss of unrequited feelings.

You turned your face away, looking at him was causing your eyes to swell with emotion.

You weren’t going to cry...were you?

Don’t cry. Don’t be weak.

It’s not that big of a deal.

It was just a fling. You’re an adult, a supreme being! You can handle this.

You heard a small whine come from Pandora, your eyes glancing over to him as you dried your coming tears.

His shoulders had slumped, and his hands were placed behind his back.

He was looking away, his left boot digging into the red carpet below him.

He tilted his head to catch your gaze, sinking further into himself as he watched you look away once more.

He shakily removed a hand from his back, removing his cap from his head. His heart writhed in agony as he fought back his own confusion. She was his supreme being. He had been entirely too inappropriate with her. It was borderline disrespectful. But...she never told him to stop. She always laughed, blushed, or played with him. And now, she was crumbling before him. He faced the ground as he clasped his hand and hat over his heart, his voice wet and hopeless.

“....I missed you Winterberry.”

There was nothing you wanted to hear more than those words. Your lip quivered as you again fought back your tears, sniffling before you faced him.

“I missed you too, Pandora’s Actor.”

You choked out, a few tears falling from your eyes in defiance. They were hot as they streamed down your face, stinging your vision.

You didn’t know why you were crying. Maybe it was in relief, anxiety, or something greater.

You watched as he placed his hat back onto his head clumsily, stepping forward with his arms open and reaching for you desperately.

You didn’t even take the time to wipe your face as you dashed towards the doppelgänger in equal parts longing, happiness, and love.

You barely made it passed the couch before he met you with equal need, scooping you up as you had feverishly wished for. He spun you around slowly, as if you were the only one in his amusement park. You were the princess on his carousel, and nothing else mattered than seeing your hair and smile float around his being.
Before the treasury guardian could set you down, you quickly wrapped your legs around his waist. Kingslayer (Adept)’s scabbard rattled in the clamor of the both of you adjusting, the doppelgänger easily capable of holding you up where you were wanting to be.

Pandora’s hands held his supreme being up by the back of her plump thighs, his long fingers running along her denim jeans. He stared into her eyes, endless pastures of leafy green fields he wanted to frolic in. She stared back with nothing but love, her breathing settling as he cradled her against his body.

She was back.

She was here with him again.

In the face of the women he held so dear, his very spirits felt like a dream.

He was not real in this moment.

Neither was she.

Nothing was.

He didn’t think he would get the chance to speak with her again, let alone hold her.

But here she was, wrapped around him tightly and sharing his feelings.

Tears stained her beautiful flush cheeks, two searing trails of emotion singed into her heart shaped face.

Her hair a whirlwind of lush ribbons framing her face, only the luckiest shades of red and blue painting his supreme beings curls.

She was back.

Once again she filled his senses with a myriad of roses, warmth, and comfort.

How he missed her so.

“Meine Liebling...” he whispered heavily, nuzzling his forehead sweetly into hers.

You tenderly clasped both of your hands on either side of his face, caressing his smooth pale skin as he whispered in German.

You sniffled one last time, nodding as he cuddled his head into yours.

“How have you been...?” You whispered back, stroking your thumbs up and down as you slowly blinked.

“I have been well my young lady! How has the most beautiful flower the world will ever know been?”

You nudged his forehead as he flirted with you, giggling when he bounced you up and down
playfully as he spoke increasingly louder.

“I’ve been good Pandora. I’m happy to be back.”

You were sincere when you told him you were happy to be home at Nazarick. You would hold your
time at the farm with Demiurge as a valuable jewel in your heart of hearts, but as always, the tomb is
where you felt at peace.

Especially in the face of this new conflict.

Even more so as you inhaled Pandora’s uniform, he smelled like early Sunday morning laundry.

Freshly folded and warm linen, fabric you just wanted to snuggle into and sleep.

The intoxicating waft of sandalwood..

He was comfortable, safe...and his cock was as hard as a rod of solid tempered steel.

He couldn’t restrain himself as you groped his sides for support with your legs, the heat of your sex
warming his loins with intense excitement.

“L-Liebling you do not wish too...you know...” his voice was shaken and dripping with desire, his
long fingers excitedly tapping your inner thigh. He encouraged your hips down as he lowered his
hands, sliding you down to press against more of his erection.

His groan came out with a tinge of happy surprise, his cock throbbing as a way of telling him thank
you for moving you lower.

You both slowly turned your heads to face the Mausoleum, then back to one another.

The thought of maybe being caught peaked your interests.

That he’d have to rut you fast and hard to avoid suspicion.

You felt your mouth salivate with craving at the thought of his hips jolting suddenly, his length
erupting with his pent up seed..

“I mean...you don’t want too either.”

You said with a breathy sigh, grinding your heat into his stiff package. When you moved your hips
against his concealed cock he would catch on the inseam of your jeans, and push against your sex
just right..

“N-nein of course not, I would not dare to think...”

He was breaking under the pressure of your rolling hips, you could feel his arms trembling as he
swallowed hard.

You pushed against him and shuddered, things were starting to get very slippery as you worked his
member around the inseam of your denim.

You looked up to him, face lavishly pink with arousal.

“Couch?” You spoke shakily, unable to hide your desires either.

He nodded furiously, sliding you down to your feet.
“Couch.”

Pandora’s Actor excitedly placed both of his hands on your hips, sampling the small of your back with his familiar extra long digits. He gave a gentle squeeze as he encouraged you onto the couch, his sole interest in slipping between your legs.

You however, had another plan.

You caught the horny doppelgänger off guard as you pressed down on his arms, releasing you from his hold. He cocked his head to the side as he made to speak.

“What ever is wrong meine dame? I—-Oof!”

You grinned maniacally as you placed your hands on his hips, giving a gentle twist to encourage him to plop down onto the couch. Before he sat you placed the palm of your hand on his mid chest, giving him a light shove.

He looked up at you quite disheveled, then danced his knees feverishly as he watched you undo your pants.

It was your turn to pound his shape into the treasury couch. You slid down your jeans, stepping out of them with a kick of your left foot.

Pandora’s Actor stared at his supreme being in awe, her small blue sex glistening with arousal.

Was she really so turned on by him?

His tool throbbed in triumph at the thought.

He let out a moan from deep within his chest as both of her hands kneaded his cock through his uniform, his hands joining hers to release himself.

As soon as his member felt the sting of cold air he keened, only to then half gasp as she softly squeezed his length with both of her plush hands.

Her hands were so gentle and small fondling his girth. His eyes were drunk with lust as she held him with one hand, her other hand trailing up and thrilling his ventral vein.

He leaned his head back against the couch, sighing at the pleasant sensation of her dainty hands pampering his cock. He relaxed fully, only focusing on the slow pleasure rising in his manhood.

However when he felt a warm rush of humidity kiss the head of his member, followed by a wet and warmer sensation, he shot up.

“Meine dame! P-please you can not..! Nngghh..ohhh das ist guuuu..” His hands were raised and shaking, he couldn’t let her service him this way!

....could he?

The slick of her mouth running over his tip sent a tingle of dazzling sensations across his body, her tongue twirling and tasting his arousal forcing his hands to lose themselves in her hair. He didn’t have the will power to stop her, not in the way her luxurious mouth pampered the blunt head of his cock with a promise of such magnificent warmth.
Hearing the final area guardian pathetically plead and then give in to temptation in one sentence was equal parts empowering and captivating. You couldn’t help yourself as you smeared his essence over your lips, he tasted curiously sweet with a light tang.

Your tongue rolled over the head of his cock with slow drags, smearing his slowly dribbling pre cum over more of his tip and your mouth.

You licked your lips, his excitement strung along in a glistening strand as you opened your mouth to bring him in.

Above you the area guardian watched intently, unable to control his panting in anticipation as you brought the head of his length into your mouth.

He groaned as his fingers shook in the thick waves of your hair, hoping that he didn’t make you think he was requesting more from you.

This was much more than he believed he was worth to you.

His supreme being, one of two, was pleasuring him with her graceful mouth.

You inhaled through your nose as you opened your mouth as wide as you could, being extra cautious to keep your teeth out of the way. You weren’t sure how much of him you could take in, but from the sounds he was making you were pretty sure you were doing a good job. Despite being hard and girthy, the guardians cock was silky soft and easy to suck. His sexual musk was also pleasant, the guardian smelt like the natural scent of male arousal mixed with his clean uniform.

You gave the base of his cock a gentle squeeze as you hugged your cheeks around his member, unable to control the soft and wet slurping sounds produced from pleasuring the treasury guardian.

Saliva flowed down his member as you moved your mouth over him, bringing him in slowly in fear of gagging. When you could open no wider and felt your jaw ache in pain you paused, breathing through your nose and laboring air around his cock and through your mouth.

As you rested you used your hand to work him over, your mouth producing more than enough lubrication to aid you in your endeavor. His cock throbbed as if it had its own heart beat as your hand stroked, his fingers now gripping the back of your head. It was so erotic to you to feel his pleasure building that you stopped your resting and moved your mouth in tandem with your hand.

Pandora had to look away or face blowing his load in his ladies throat.

Just watching her beautiful self struggle to handle his cock was driving him mad with fervor, his manhood building up an intense pressure only outmatched by pleasure. He was unashamed of the sounds she pulled from him as he moaned, his only restraints left were his abdominal muscles keeping him from seeking more of her mouth.

It was taking great strength on his part to not selfishly take more in the face of her own selflessness. Just thinking of pressing just an inch more into her mouth, to touch the tip of his member against the back of her throat, was beginning to push the guardian into his climax.

The sound of her choking for air on his manhood as he pressed for more..

His seed powerfully releasing into her throat and forcing its way to fill her belly..
His cock slipping out as she leaked his essence from the corners of her luscious lips...

“L-Liebling you have to s-stop p-please...!”

He begged as his hands made to the side of her face, pulling her delightfully warm mouth from his cock with a wet smack.

You panted as you caught your breathe, you didn’t know you were bringing him so close. You brought a hand up to your jaw and rubbed, working the muscle out after having stressed them. He was much bigger than you anticipated. You let go of the base of his cock and felt Pandora’s hands quickly leave your face, clasping on his thighs and gripping his uniform fiercely. His thigh muscles flexed visibly below his uniform, his head laid back as he fought back his rising orgasm.

You could probably re wrap your mouth on his cock and give three strokes and it’d be game over. A half groan half chuckle left the guardian as he brought his head back to face you, his hands slowly releasing the grip on his pants.

“T-That was very close....”

His voice was shaken, his face glistening with perspiration.

You giggled at his double entendres, moving a thumb over your lip seductively at the treasury guardians still aching cock.

It was then you realized that he didn’t just pull you away so he could sex you up. It was that he came like a muscle horse and didn’t want to finish in your mouth.

You were suddenly greatly appreciative of his consideration, the thought of semen blowing out your nose was not sexually stimulating.

“I don’t think we have a lot of time left, Ainz is gonna be heading back soon..” You whispered, paranoid that somehow your guild leader could hear you.

Pandora grunted as he nodded his head, turning to look over his shoulder and into the Mausoleum.

“Y-you are correct in that notion, we may want to stop...”

He spoke weakly, his voice trembling under the weight of being so close yet so far...

You crawled into his lap, positioning your dripping and eager sex above his very needy cock. You trapped him with your legs, your knees groping the treasury manager.

“All I said is we didn’t have a lot of time left...” you whispered as you placed your hands on his shoulders.

He’d happily replace the weight of the world with your hands any day.

“I-I do not think I c-can last long...are y-you sure..?”

Despite his feeble query his hand was already gripping his member, slicking his self along your blushing blue folds. Although he thoroughly enjoyed your mouth, nothing compared to your plump wet labia. He shuddered as his cock slipped through your heat, the fire in his loins surging once
You embraced his face with a shower of kisses, giggling warmly at his need for reassurance.

“I wasn’t planning on letting you last..”

As soon as he slid and was caught against your entrance you lowered your hips energetically, slipping him up to the hilt into your slick pussy.

You gasped in unison, pulling on each other in surprise.

His hands clasped on your hips in a jolt of unimaginable bliss as he suddenly gasped.

Your hands gripped his shoulders in a wrench of unpreparedness.

"E-einfach..meine blume..” he breathed, quivering under the growing pressure in the tip of his twitching tool.

He was positioned at the very end of your honey pot, his cock thrumming with intensity and the urge to spill.

“I-I didn’t think...god it feels like you’re in my throat.”

You panted as you squeezed your lady muscles, shaking as you mashed your face against his. You opened your mouth and groaned, your sex felt spread wider than it ever had been before. The head of his cock was pressed hard against the smooth muscle of your cervix, your body shivering in the confusion of the pleasurable pressure and mild pain.

“T-Technically I almost w-was..”

He mused adoringly, the tips of his fingers purposefully tickling your sides.

You closed your eyes tightly, pressing your lips together as you struggled not to laugh.

As you made to speak you instead snorted and chirped, your inner folds happily nursing his length from your odd giggle.

“F-funny guy huh..?”

He moaned in approval as his hands pulled on your hips, hungrily seeking movement. You two didn’t have time for small talk if you, rather he was going to finish before Ainz and Albedo got back.

You slowly lifted and his hands followed, guiding your hips up and down as you rode his length.

He glanced down to watch himself be ridden generously by his supreme one, her blue petals following his cock as he was stroked in and out of her juicy pussy. It was only a matter of a few pleasurable dips of her lovely curves until he felt himself unable to keep away from thrusting up into her. As she rocked her hips down he eagerly pressed up, quickly taking over with the power of his thighs.

He couldn’t help but take more from her as his oncoming climax began to peak. When she moaned oh so delightfully instead of telling him to stop, he began to start the process of finishing inside her. She was just too inviting, he couldn’t hold on any longer.
He inhaled sharply as his hands gripped her bouncing body, tossing his head back as he felt the entirety of his pleasure focus in the tip of his cock and release. She cooed sweetly as she felt his manhood throb with splendor, his thick cum firing from his tip like a bursting pipe.

The surprise he felt as she continued to ride him through his orgasm caused him to gasp his favorite pet name for her. His thighs felt like gelatin as he continued to slap his member into her sloppily, he loved that she wanted all of him inside her and would never hesitate to fill her so warmly.

His cock spread his seed throughout the entirety of her sex as she slowly eased her movement, his potent load almost too much for her small cunny to hold.

He ceased all movement besides his hands that slowly caressed her tiny waist, the material of her blouse felt nice against his palms as he enjoyed his milky afterglow.

Pandora collapsed comfortably underneath you, his previous labored breathing quickly slowing.

You forgot just how much the doppelganger came as you adjusted, his seed taking advantage of your tussling as it began to seep out your folds.

However you didn’t care, and wanted to remain united with the now drowsy guardian. His once groping hands were at peace, and his chest was rising and falling so calmly.

Did he just...fall asleep?

You leaned over him carefully, as if you could tell he was napping by his face.

His three black holes remained unchanged, but his body felt so relaxed.

“...Pandora?” You whispered quietly, poking his chest gently.

You received nothing in response, just his tranquil breathing.

Oh.

Oh god he’s so cute.

However you could feel a tingle run over your spine, you knew you were playing with fire.

Ainz and Albedo were more than likely heading back.

You looked down at his uniform, rubbing your hand lightly over the thick yellow fabric.

It was coarse which made you think it was made of corduroy, but felt soft as if it was interwoven with wool. As you pet his chest you thought the material would catch on your skin, but instead you felt like you were stroking plush micro fiber. It was soothing to your hand despite looking itchy and stiff. The tip of your tail gave a small wag as you rested on top of him, continuing to dance your hand over his uniform.

It was nice snuggling up to Pandora's Actor, he was so comfortable in more ways than you knew.

It was worth the oncoming panic of being caught with him sexually to rub your face lovingly against his chest.
You were a fan of soft textures, so when your cheek brushed his silk black tie you happily nudged more of it across your face.

Often times when shopping in the old world, you’d walk through and touch every blanket and shirt you could as if you were a health inspector.

Pandora’s Actor slowly woke up as he adjusted his neck, he was feeling something, or rather, someone wiggle in his lap and across his chest. He yawned happily in realization as he lifted his head, his hands coming back to life to pet his treasure. Upon lifting his head the room around him began to spin, and he out a low groan.

“Mmph...I-I, My apologies it seems that...” he looked down to see his lady staring at him, her chin rested into his tie. She looked as if she had just been caught doing something she shouldn’t have, her eyes wide and alive.

He chuckled in realization, raising himself up from his folded posture.

He clenched his stomach muscles as he felt a rush of cold air kiss his member, his movement unintentionally slid his now flaccid tool from her sex. He was immediately greeted with a rush of warmth upon leaving, he was the cork holding back their unity.

When she whimpered he purred, massaging her lower back to encourage her leaky sex.

“I think it is simply beautiful meine dame..”

She objected with a pout, turning her head away and muttering unintelligibly.

He couldn’t see, but was delighted as he felt the creamy and warm drippings coat his groin. She spilled from her slit several streams of his cum and her arousal, all in slow rushes. He didn’t care that it was beginning to soak his uniform, he could easily shift and clean himself. But for now, feeling her on top of him, pouting adorably as her sex lulled out their union, this was all he could ask for.

Their intimacy and comfort around each other.

That she was there...

Thunk.....

Thunk....

You shot to life as you and Pandora exchanged a look of panic. Well, he always looked the same but his hands gripped your back in anxiety.

You clumsily climbed off of him, fumbling around for your pants as he reached down to tuck his manhood away. Your eyes darted around desperately, finding your jeans clinging to the treasuries coffee table by your right pant leg.

As you stepped your thighs squelched, and you winced in defeat as more of his cum trickled from your still leaky sex.

You looked down and spread your thighs, groaning in disgust as the mess between your legs looked
like a thick cob web of sexual fluids.

“Pandora..!!” You shook your head, pointing at your crotch as your other hand snatched your jeans.

He was mid shape shift as he laughed, flipping over the left cushion on the treasury couch to hide the mess. He made a mental note to clean it later, but not before enjoying it for himself.

“Sorry Liebling~” he chimed happily, patting off his uniform.

Fortunately Ainz could probably just barely see your silhouettes as he and Albedo made their way back, so your secret was safe.

It didn’t make putting your pants on any easier though.

“We need to keep a towel down here..ugh...”

Of all days why did you go commando today?

You quickly hoisted up your pants with a sticky schmuck, wiggling your hips around to try and disperse the saturation so it wasn’t centrally located like a glob of thick glue.

Even Kingslayer (Adept) sounded in agitation as you adjusted its scabbard on your hip, the great sword clanking about loosely in its sheath.

“Does it look like we just fooled around?” You looked over at Pandora, scanning him to make sure his appearance wasn’t compromised.

“I would never call our coitus fooling around Winterberry~” He spoke soothingly, stepping towards you with an outreached hand.

His fingers intertwined with your curls, twirling around your thick springs playfully.

“Is my hair okay?” You asked as you furrowed your brows in paranoia, reaching your own hand up to fix up your mane.

“But of course my lovely dame!”

He spoke emphatically, taking you by surprise. However you smiled softly, nuzzling your head into his hand as he continued to fluff your hair.

You didn’t mind his quirkiness.

You were most likely the only one who didn’t.

____________________________________

Thank you for your Kudos, Bookmarks, and Comments!

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You found yourself in the middle of the 6th floor arena, glancing around to find that you were alone.

You were usually the one late, not Ainz.

Your temples throbbed as you reached up to rub your head, your eyes slightly hazed from teleporting. It was going to take some getting used to, even with slowly learning your abilities and skills. You wiped your eyes and looked up at the 6th floors atmosphere, the same artificial stars shining with vibrancy.

You were thankful that he didn’t figure out you had ditched him to fuck his NPC, and even more appreciative when you were able to manipulate your way into postponing your meeting with him.

You explained that you had been training with Demiurge prior to coming back to Nazarick, and that you needed time for yourself to take care of “living” responsibilities.

That he might not need food or a shower, but you did.

You gave Albedo back her guild ring as she ran up to you feverishly, where she hungrily slated it back onto her ring finger. To her, it was a wedding band and a semblance of her leaders love.

To you it was a way of getting around the tomb without making your legs sore.

Pandora’s Actor made a strong case and point with Ainz about leaving the treasury before you departed, especially now that world items were being spread about. That in this time of conflict his skills and abilities could prove very useful.
At first Ainz objected, and which much to your surprise, Pandora didn’t just roll onto his belly and take no for an answer. He continued to strengthen his case, putting forth that even though he loved being in the treasury, it was a waste for him not to be able to help. That him sitting around and fiddling with items wasn’t beneficial to Nazarick. It probably didn’t help his case that he more often than not fidgeted about and spoke entirely too loud the entire discussion.

You respected Ainz for listening to him instead of striking him down, although intermittently Albedo had a few choice things to say.

Ainz did ultimately turn him away, much to the doppelgängers disgruntlement.

At least, not until you jumped in.

“Ainz, it makes more sense for Pandora’s Actor to be able to move freely along Nazarick as the others do.”

You placed both hands on your hips, looking at the king of the dead in frustration.

You didn’t like the idea of Pandora’s Actor being kept like a song bird in a cage.

“The other area guardians do not leave their posts either unless summoned. I designed him to stay down here, so here is where he will remain.”

He wasn’t being rude, just firm. You understood why, but you understood Pandora more.

Not just because he was fun to fuck or that you cared about him so much.

But he was right.

“I understand that.... However he’s not _just_ an area guardian. He’s the only NP—I mean, he’s the only guardian down here. Which makes him technically, a floor guardian. The treasury is it’s own floor in a way. And, he’s the same level, err...he’s of the same strength as the others.”

You fumbled as you spoke, it was hard not referring to them as NPCs or their levels. You knew they were so much more.

“My liege, she does bring up a fair point. I mean no disrespect in my continued prodding, but my lord I could be of much more use to Nazarick!” He saluted his commander, his other arm swinging behind his back as his coat flared around by his loud gestures.

You impulsively placed both hands behind your back, clasped firmly over the base of your tail. You did just spend a week with the 7th floor guardian, so it was only natural you adapt a few of his habits.

You swallowed hard as you looked into Ainz red orbs, holding his unblinking gaze. Maybe you could be the key to Pandora’s prison.

“I want to make Pandora’s Actor as my personal escort, as Albedo is yours.”
Although Pandora’s Actor didn’t say anything aloud, he physically spoke with his dramatic full body turn to your direction.

You only caught him moving in your peripheral vision, you weren’t going to back down from Ainz.

You weren’t trying to challenge him.

You were hoping he’d understand that you were only being as stubborn as he was, along with trying to show him that his demurring was unfounded.

He might be your mentor, but that didn’t mean you were afraid to speak your mind.

[Message]

You really want him as your escort? He’s such a...doofus.

*laughter* Y-Yes I do Ainz. You know he can be of greater use to the tomb, why are you so insistent on keeping him down here?

At first it was because I designed him to be down here. Now it’s because...ugh. He’s embarrassing.

I’ll work with him. Besides I think he can help me with my magic too. I didn’t get to finish with Demiurge, although I did learn a lot from him.

Ah. Fair point. I’m curious to know what all you can do now. Why do you think he can help you though?

He’s a doppelgänger. He can change into anyone and anything remember? He might not be able to access my super tier spells, but he knows me better than I know myself as a spell caster.

...Fine. He can...ugh. He can leave the treasury and freely roam about. Just...just work on him okay? Maybe toss him another pity f—

[End message]

Your face was beat red from holding your breathe during the last bit of [Message]. You quickly cut your guild leader off, your eyes bulging at him in embarrassment and audacity.
“Lady Holly dear you are very red, are you alright?” Albedo spoke softly.

“Meine Liebling is something wrong?” Pandora's Actor placed his hand on your shoulder, the tips of his lengthy fingers pressing into your mid back with concern.

You broke your concentration on the last few hours dealings as Ainz appeared across the stadium.

He hadn’t teleported. He was walking in, still using the guild staff as his escort. He slowly made his way through the coliseum gates, robes flowing around his feet in the ambient wind.

You made your way towards him as he turned to the left, heading for the first set of stairs up and into the amphitheater. He stopped at the second step, slowly descending to a sitting position. As you approached he laid the staff of Ainz Ooal Gown down to rest, the regal serpents blazing with a black hum of flame.

“Hey big guy...” you said softly as you sat next to him, unhooking your scabbard from your hip. You placed the metal sheath over your lap, twiddling a few fingers around the leather interior encasing Kingslayer (Adept).

He looked over to your sword, reaching a lengthy boned finger your way. He brushed the encased great sword, the might of his touch gently pushing it across your jeans.

“Ah. You finally upgraded after all this time?”

The dark purple gem encrusted into Kingslayer (Adept)’s hilt glittered like the night stars of the 6th floor as if it knew it was being talked about. Your hand embraced the swords grip as you brought your custom great sword out and into view, turning it over to admire your craftsmanship.

Pandora’s Actor's Craftsmanship.

“Yeah...” you smiled warmly as you spoke, feeling the power of your weapon as its steel shimmered.

“Will you carry a world item now that you’re upgrading? You should carry one, all the guardians will have one from here on out.”

Your immediate gut reaction turned you to face him in defiance, clutching your sword in angst.

You didn’t want anyone’s charity.

You carried your gear and nothing else.

But....times have changed.

This isn’t a game anymore, this is your real life. And could be, your real death.

If something could affect the bloody Valkyrie, something could most certainly disable you.
You re sheathed your sword without turning away from Ainz, able to slip it away with well practiced movements.

“I-I’ll think about it. I’m not trying to be a dick, it’s just...”

He pat the top of your head, and it felt like four heavy thunks from a heavy iron paddle. You winced and shook your head in irritation and admittedly affection.

He was your closest friend.

“I’ll take a maybe over your usual staunch no, Holly.” He chuckled, removing his hand from the top of your head. He was amused by your disgruntlement, and held in a laugh at how he had just flattened the top of your hair.

“Now, tell me, how was the plantation?”

At the very mention of the farmlands, for just a moment, you smelt smoke and cedar. The scent tickled your nose for a second, and you weren’t even sure if you had smelled anything at all.

“It was really nice, It’s well maintained too. The cabin...”

You trailed off and looked away from Ainz, your cheeks growing warm. You smiled awkwardly as your tail slapped against the stone slabs behind you, memories of the cabin tickling your mind.

You could taste the fruits on the back of your tongue, and you could still ever so slightly recall the cries of that stupid Cockatrice.

You still thought it sounded like a Turkey on fire.

The hot water of the shower, the demon with you in almost every imaginable position every night (and most mornings), his kisses like liquid fire...

“The cabin, yes. I remember Mare assisting Demiurge in the farmsteads architecture.” Ainz broke your drifting mind, your last thought still lingering on the edge of the demons lips.

“Y-Yeah he did a magnificent job. He’s very talented. Both of them are.” You swallowed your musing as you faced Ainz, eyes bulging in recollection.

“Have you seen Demiurge’s Arch demon form?!” You almost yelled at him, your hands quickly leaving your sword as you gestured.

“Once, during the raid that made it to the 8th floor. Why?” He was calm as he spoke, interfacing his fingers in front of him.

“I-I was able to cast a spell and force him into it. I don’t know how I did it, I actually thought I killed him! But ho-holy shit he’s terrifying.”

Ainz eyes seemed to glow with an intense red aura, his right eye in particular trailing a smoke of glowing crimson.

“He’s only supposed to transform into his Arch Demon form on the 7th floor. That’s an expensive magical spell, he doesn’t have that much MP unless he’s in the burning shrine.”

His fingers flexed excitedly as he spoke louder.

“That’s excellent news! I didn’t doubt you coming into your strengths, I was just concerned when
you couldn’t cast magic like I could.”

You groaned as you slumped your head forward dramatically. Your ears felt hot in embarrassment.

“I didn’t know it was him...I thought he was going to kill me until he talked.”

He didn’t mean to laugh at you, but couldn’t help it in the face of your naiveness and distress.

“Ahaha...Well he is pretty scary. Even when I talk to him now I worry about what I’m going to say.”

You shook your head, waving him off with your hand.

“He’s really not bad when you get to know him. He’s actually really thoughtful, kind, and...” your voice was too soft and syrupy for Ainz comfort.

“You didn’t...” He shook his head, placing a hand over his face in shame.

Busted.

“Man...Ulbert dude...” as he shook his head you felt your cranium nearly burst from pressure. Your face was as red as a tomato as you steamed off at your guild leader.

“What?! I didn’t fuck him!”

You crossed both arms over your chest, turning away as you furiously pouted.

Ainz pointed two fingers at himself, and then one back at you accusingly.

“Don’t lie to me. You screwed my friends NPC, and you screwed MY NPC!”

You snorted, refusing to face him.

“Well you would if you could.”

You said hushed, you could feel your heart beat in your face as you spoke.

He turned away and grunted in aggravation, the both of you sitting and sulking like children.

“...you have a point. But don’t lie to me, you boned Ulbert's personal creation.”

He spoke as if you had fucked the Virgin Mary.

“Hey look, I didn’t fuck him....he fucked me.”

It was worth it for the loud crack his bones made as his head spun to face you unnaturally fast.

He had no words, just his agape mouth. You grinned from ear to ear and shrugged.

“You’re telling me Ulbert wouldn’t want his guardian to get laid? Really?! I know your friends were a bunch of pervs, just look at Peroroncino and his sister. She was a —oft! OW!!”

You shoved Ainz in his rib cage as his hand smacked the back of your head. He then thumped your forehead with a loud crack, your hands shooting up to cradle your head.

“Not okay! That hurts!”

You winced as you shot your hands towards one of his ribs, grabbing him roughly and attempting to
shake the overlord with your body weight.

It more or less looked like a child writhing around on a set of vertical monkey bars. In a fit of defeat you instead settled for a swift kick to his shin.

Which then caused you to yelp through grit teeth, both hands now grabbing your right foot in hopelessness.

“...Asshole.” You muttered as you nursed your throbbing toes. It was like you had caught your foot full frontal in the middle of the night on a kitchen table. A kitchen table made of fucking steel.

You glared at him as you coddled yourself, and wrinkled your nose when he shrugged innocently.

In response you grumbled a bit, muttering that he was a bonehead.

He sighed contently as he spoke.

“If it makes them happy I guess.”

“M-My lord and My L-Lady is everything o-okay?”

While the both of you pitched a fit like squabbling siblings, Mare had been watching with great concern.

He was slowly approaching and stopped mid way, fearful of his two supreme beings rough housing.

He clutched his staff Shadow of Yggdrasil, his small hands decorated impressively by Avarice and Generosity.

The black and white world tier gauntlets seemed to swallow up the arms of the dark elf, he looked comedically adorable with them equipped. However you knew his looks were a facade. He was ridiculously powerful despite his appearance and shy personality.

You and Ainz both exchanged glances, calling a truce on your petty argument in the face of one of the guardians. No one likes seeing their parents fight.

“Everything is fine, Mare. Holly and I are having a discussion.”

You both straightened your posture, doing your best to seem professional and orderly. Ainz made it seem so easy. He always had an air of authority, even when slapping you upside the head.

“Oh, oh okay! I-I understand. Um, L-Lord Ainz? I was hoping too, um, ch-change the weather...”

Mare slowly made his way towards his Lord and Lady, feet shuffling as he walked.

“Ah yes, go ahead Mare. That is fine.” He smiled through his tone, gesturing with his hand towards Mare to continue with his day to day activities.
Mare grinned excitedly, his ears wiggling in the face of acceptance from his supreme beings.

“T-Thank you Lord Ainz! You-you’re very k-kind!” He turned around, lifting his hand into the air timidly. He stood up on the tips of his toes, using his staff to keep his balance.

The slow breeze that had been gently flowing over the 6th floor suddenly picked up, carrying with it a cold current. The black sky above started to trickle slowly, rain drizzling over the forest surrounding the coliseum. No water fell near the Roman structure that seated yourself and Ainz, only the cool wind remained from Mare’s weather altering spell.

He turned back to face the both of you, eyes wide with hope.

“Thank you very much, Mare. It is much more cost effective to have you maintain the forest than Nazarick’s artificial system.”

It wasn’t Ainz that complimented the Dark Elf. It was you.

You hadn’t spent any time with either of the Dark Elf twins, and you’d happily take the opportunity to shower them with any attention you could. They were always hard at work, so seeing either of them unless requested was rare.

They were also children.

Well, looked like children.

You knew from reading their character sheets that they were approximately 76 years old, and experienced in a variety of combat and beast taming methods. However 76 wasn’t very old in Dark elf terms, but to you, 76 was still your Grandma.

Mare’s feet tapped happily on the soil below as he moved to step forward, only to stop and clutch his Shadow of Yggdrasil in nervousness.

“O-Of course Lady H-Holly! I-I am grateful to be-be of use to N-Nazarick.” His ears pointed to the ground, along with his Heterochromia eyes.

“Mare, come here please.”

Ainz leaned forward, his hand extended. His fingers were motioning in the air, catching the floor guardians attention first before his words.

Mare eagerly pitter pattered his way over to yourself and Ainz, his pleated white skirt softly raising and falling as he moved.

“How are you liking Avarice and Generosity?” Ainz tapped the world item upon the 6th floor guardians arms, specifically the black and cruel gauntlet.

The black and red right piece of Avarice and Generosity reminded you of Demiurge’s Arch demon form.

Black, glowing red, and evil as hell looking. However what was underneath, was something kind.

“A-Absolutely M-My Lord! I-It it is an honor!” His eyes were shining brightly, his smile full of adoration as his hips wiggled.

“They look good on you, I am glad you like them.” Ainz nodded in approval, the floor guardian buzzing with happiness. He was rocking happily on his heels, swaying with his staff slowly.
He was just so adorable.

You were never into the trap thing, but you had to admit Mare was really fucking cute.

You smiled as you reached into your inventory, fumbling around for something specific.

Time to earn some brownie points.

“Mare, do you still like collecting flora?”

You smiled when your hand brushed against something delicate and thin.


You reached a small flower up to the floor guardians golden hair, wedging it behind his elongated ears. You set it with a tap of your finger, lingering to play with his hair.

It was incredibly soft, like yellow strands of expensive Egyptian cotton.

“Here, I don’t think this is something you can find in this realm.”

You knew it wasn’t something that could be found in this new world. It was one of your notorious gag items, a completely useless cosmetic. The petite hibiscus was rare as hell though, one of those login-this-many-days-in-a-row kind of thing.

He reached his hand up thoughtfully as his white gauntlet of generosity brushed against the delicate petals, his face growing flush. You watched the tips of his ears darken as well, reminding you of another long eared guardian.

“I-It’s beau-beautiful Lady H-Holly, Y-you are so g-generous!” He squealed excitedly, his left leg folding behind his right as he rubbed the back of his ankle.

You smiled warmly, feeling your heart ache in the maternal need to dote on the submissive guardian growing.

You weren’t sure how you felt about having children yourself.

But you loved kids.

Children always had boundless energy, unfathomable imaginations, and unrivaled innocence.

“You’re welcome Mare. It looks good on you.” You continued to play with his hair, weaving strands of blonde silk through your fingers.

He leaned his head into your hand, his left foot leaving from behind his right, now tapping on the floor in elation.

The more time you spent around the guardians, the more you realized just how much they craved attention from you or Ainz. Anything.

A single word, a look, any bit of affirmation that they were recognized sent them to a higher plane of existence it seemed.

You still had a difficult time understanding how they could adore you so much. You understood your title, but not you.
This didn’t stop you from enjoying the attention and adoration though.

And you made sure to always give them, what they gave you.

As you twirled your hand through more of Mare’s hair, his grip on his staff began to loosen. As he leaned further hungrily for more attention, his staff slipped from his hands. He fell forward, hands flailing as he tried to regain his balance. He instead winced as he knew he was getting ready to eat the steps of the amphitheater, bracing himself for the cold stone.

You caught him with ease as he fell, your tail nudging your scabbard off your lap to clank angrily to the cobblestone below.

Sorry Kingslayer (Adept).

You held him tenderly by the waist, quickly placing the guardian in your lap with a soft *plop*.

You giggled as you spoke, feeling the guardian tremble on your thighs.

“You’re okay, I’ve got you little one.” You pet his head lovingly, your other hand reaching to pull down his skirt that was riding up.

You looked to Ainz, who had also reached for Mare. Instead as you grabbed the guardian he changed focus and grabbed his staff Shadow of Yggdrasil.

Mare whimpered as he shut his eyes, fearing he was going to be reprimanded.

Instead he felt your continued loving pets, slowly but surely soothing his anxiety.

“Are you alright, Mare?” Ainz asked, his boney finger placing itself under the floor guardians chin and lifting carefully.

“Y-Yes, Y-es My L-Lord.” He trembled softly, his hands clasped together and shaking hopelessly in his lap.

As Ainz pulled his hand away you reached your other hand to his face, caressing his cheek. He was very cold, where you expected warmth. You pushed on his face gently, encouraging the young dark elf into your chest. He shut his eyes tightly as you pressed firmly, his head now resting on your bosom.

He sighed at the pleasant warmth, nuzzling you tenderly in a display comfort and affection.

“Shhhhh. You have nothing to be afraid of...” you continued to slowly pet the top of his head, only looking away as his nervous body settled. You looked over to Ainz, your eyes hooded in child to mother maternity.

It was here and now that the weight of Shalltear being gone hit you.

*She was gone.*

You held Mare a bit tighter, clutching him in bitter realization.

She danced in your memory like a prima ballerina, twirling her umbrella above her silver hair.

Your eyes welled with tears as your breathing hitched, Ainz's hand already at work as you stifled your emotions.
A wave of ethereal indigo flowed from his palm, drifting peacefully towards Mare.

You felt the floor guardian slump into your torso as you adjusted accordingly, molding him comfortably into your embrace.

“W-what are we going to do?” You whispered, shaking your head as a few tears fell from your face and onto the sleeping dark elf below.

Ainz sighed as he lifted a strand of Mare’s hair before he spoke.

“You’re not going to like my answer.”

You gently pet Mare’s blonde hair as Ainz revealed to you all that he spoke of to Albedo, and more.

Shalltear had been affected by a world item. That world items existed in this new realm outside of Nazarick. 200 game, now life altering relics. 10 of which could change the fabric of reality and time.

Things just got much more complicated.

Ainz explained that he felt at fault personally for not foreseeing this, that he paraded around ignorantly and it cost us greatly.

You spoke with your expressions, not wanting to interrupt your guild leader. This was in no way or shape his fault to you. He was taking intelligent and calculated steps, he wasn’t to blame. You felt the weight of his guilt as the conversation went on, your shoulders slumping as you held Mare closer.

Shalltear was in an open field, and unaccompanied. She had been there for quite some time now, with no movement. He surmised that she would attack anything or anyone that attacked her, and until then she would remain pacified. That this could be a trap of sorts.

That the only way to reclaim her was to kill her, and then resurrect.

That he planned on killing her.

You couldn’t hold your tongue any longer at the mention of him engaging in battle with the bloody Valkyrie.

“She’s too powerful, Ainz.” You whispered bluntly, shaking your head. “The odds are against you. Send the guardians, they—“

He interrupted you, shaking his head as well.

“This is my responsibility Holly. I caused this, I—“

“The guardians are here for the defense of Nazarick. Shalltear is a part of Nazarick, Ainz. Send Cocytus, Sebas, and Albedo! They can overwhelm her and—“
You whispered harshly, only to be interrupted by Ainz as he pointed at Mare.

“I...I can’t let them kill each other. I know they can handle it. It’s...it’s me that can’t handle it.”

His hand was shaking as he joined you in stroking the shy dark elf’s head, his voice cracking.

“They’re my family now. Our family now. They are my friends legacy, I love them too much to allow them to tear each other apart.”

A soft pale and green light overtook the king of the undead, his hand gently pulling away from the floor guardian.

“Then send me.” You faced him sternly, your left hand intertwining with Mares generosity gauntlet.

“I can fight her. I don’t have a single weakness against her, and I just upgraded KingSlayer (Adept), I can...”

You stopped in your frivolity.

You can’t fight her.

Even if you could, could you kill her?

You barely knew how to cast magic, let alone use your sword.

And if you did manage to make it that far, could you...

“She was designed as an assault NPC with PVP stats, Holly. I have the highest win rate in the guild in PVP. I will not throw you at her uselessly to possibly save myself.”

You gripped Mare’s hand, causing him to stir. You frowned at disturbing the guardian below, making note to be more careful in your reactions.

“Holly, I need you to do something for me.”

You softly rested your head on Mare’s, nodding at Ainz carefully. You inhaled as your nose twitched, the young guardians hair tickling your nose.

“I do not intend on losing. Because I know Peroroncino, I know Shalltear. This battle is more in my favor than we think. However...”

He looked away from you, his eyes searching for something up in the starry night above.

“Should something happen. You will need to succeed me.”

Your brows furrowed as your mouth fell agape. You hadn’t considered it as a possibility.

Ainz dying wasn’t on the table for you. He was unstoppable. He was the guild leader of the great tomb of Nazarick. He led every raid you went on with him, and led you now in this new world.

“Ainz I...I can’t be you. I could never be you.” You stammered, trying to get his eyes to yours and failing.

“I’m not asking you to be me. I’m asking you that if something happens to me, to step up in my stead.”
Your hand left Mare, reaching up to hide your face in shame and building emotion.

“Ainz I have always fumbled my way through things, where you’ve always walked confidently. We need you, not me, I am not—“

“You need to take me off of that pedestal. I fumble a lot more than you think. We both have our strengths and weaknesses, Holly.” He finally unglued his eyes from Blue Planets greatest success, as if he had found the star he wanted for himself.

“Unfortunately this is not up for debate. If I die, you will lead Nazarick. I am sorry that I cannot prepare you more for this, I barely knew what to do myself.”

Mare began to slowly stir and groan as the conversation carried on, occasionally repositioning his head upon your chest. You couldn’t continue to argue with Ainz anymore. You didn’t have the heart or stomach for it. He was already under enough pressure as it was, and you were beginning to get tunnel vision.

You heard him, but you weren’t sure if you listened to him.

You know with time you might be a decent leader. That you could never replace him, but under no circumstances would you crawl into yourself and allow Nazarick to suffer. Nazarick would be handicapped enough without Ainz.

“I don’t want you to say anything to anyone about this unless I do perish. It will be obvious to them that you will rule over Nazarick should I fall. I want them to have consistency in the face of this inner turmoil. That and we don’t need rumors sprinting down the 9th floor halls, the maids already chat entirely too much.”

You nodded, your head throbbing in rhythm with your heart beat. Mare shifted his head once more, letting out a small sniffle as he nuzzled your warmth. You closed your eyes as you felt lightheaded from the stress of the situation.

“I know this isn’t easy. But if I didn’t have faith in you, I wouldn’t demand it from you.” You heard him clearly through the black haze on your mind. You kept your eyes closed, and did your best to remain receptive.

“Take Demiurge as your advisor, and keep Albedo as overseer. Have Sebas and Cocytus mentor you. Raise Nazarick to its highest safety protocol and lock down the tomb. Pull all outside resources inward, and lay low until you come into your strength as I did. Then gather information slowly, and anticipate anything and everything. Always assume the worst and that you will lose. Over prepare for all situations.”

As you opened your eyes the 6th floor began to turn to the left, your mind struggling as a sailboat in an oceanic storm. You rubbed your hand over your face and to the back of your head, pulling your gaze up to the floors artificial cosmic array.

You shook your head slowly from side to side, your vision settling as you spoke.

“I understand.”
Ainz stood up, and motioned for Mare. You held the Dark elf possessively, grunting in defiance.

“I will be engaging Shalltear tomorrow morning. Mare and Aura will be on the outskirts keeping watch in case this is indeed, a trap. Albedo will be using the Mirror of remote viewing to watch the battle, alongside Demiurge and Cocytus. I will be giving fake orders tomorrow to everyone, so just go along with what I say.” He paused as he reached again for Mare, and you reluctantly guided the dreaming floor guardian into his arms.

“At all circumstances are any of you to engage the fight regardless of what might transpire. Should I fall you must become strong for them like I know you can be.”

You stood up, reaching for Mare’s staff Shadow of Yggdrasil. You gripped it tightly before handing it to Ainz as he finished his speech.

“Get some rest and digest what I’ve said. I know it is a lot to process.”

You placed the staff in his free hand, his other easily cradling Mare. The Dark elf looked so small in the nook of your guild leaders arm. He had already adjusted comfortably, pulling up a part of Ainz robes as a blanket.

Oddly enough you heard Ainz chuckle, his feet carrying him away.

“Don’t look so despondent. I don’t plan on losing.”

You didn’t say anything as he walked away carrying Mare. You simply stared, your mind blank.

His heavy footsteps left imprints in the coliseums loose dirt flooring, his robes cleaning up the disturbance like an ocean wave pushing sand.

Your knees buckled as you sat down under the pressure on your heart, your lower back aching in pain at your weakness. You brought in a fast intake of air through your nose as you winced, bending over to reach for Kingslayer (Adept). Your fingertips scratched the cobblestone below as you wrapped around the hilt of your great sword, tiny pebbles embedding themselves into your fragile skin.

You weakly grasped your sword and scabbard, your strength leaving your body and flooding your mind.

He’s not going to die.

He’s going to be fine.

In the face of the impossible becoming possible, you gripped your sword firmly.

“I can do this.” You breathed, trying to convince yourself. If you gave it word you gave it life, right?

You brought up Kingslayer (Adept) as if it held all the answers. You pressed your forehead against Kingslayer (Adept)’s scabbard, feeling the cool leather against your warmed face.

[Message]
Pandora’s Actor?

Winterberry~! Yes My Lady, ‘Tis I! How may I be of assistance to you my beautiful flower~

Are you busy?

Never too busy for you, My Lady!

Can you go to my room ASAP? I’ll be there soon.

As you wish Meine Liebling~

T-Thank you Pandora.

[End Message]

You pulled away your sheathed sword, re homing the weapon back onto your belt loop. You sat for a bit longer, hands folded on your lap. You would have teleported to your room immediately, but you were finding it hard to focus on one thing in particular. Your thoughts rattled through your mind like a ping pong ball, bouncing everywhere with little to no control.

Can you keep yourself from disobeying his order? What if he’s going to die and you can prevent it with intervention?

Could you forgive yourself if you let him die?

What if he does die?

Will they have the same respect for you as they do him?

They’d respect each other more.

You don’t have what it takes.

You could shove this off on one of them.

Demiurge could take over, he was already taking the necessary steps...

....

No.

This isn’t right.
You can’t do that to them.
You can’t do that to Ainz.
You can’t do this to yourself.

Your thoughts slowed from their erratic dysfunction as your breathed a heavy sigh. You unclasped your hands, pushing yourself up by pressing down on the stairs. You left two small hand prints on the cold stone below, your sweaty palms imprinting all your worries into the amphitheater.

It’s not if or how you’re going to do this.
It’s that you have too.
You chose to be a Warden of Dawn.
Everything you made yourself to be was For The Greater Good of others.
You won’t let them down.
You can’t let them down.

[Greater Teleportation]

You didn’t intend on startling the doppelgänger upon teleporting to your bedchambers, but couldn’t help yourself but smile as you did so.

“M-My Lady!” He stammered unexpectedly, quickly placing back an old and expired upgrade stone onto your bookshelf of Knick knacks. It was a rare drop during a winters beholden event, that could be redeemed for 5 pretty nice sized data crystals. However you were lazy and forgot, so it was useless.

At least it was cool looking, right?
You laughed as you approached him as he turned and faced you, obviously disheveled. He quickly saluted, his other hand on his chest fidgeting nervously.

“What were you doing?” You asked, eager to drag out his embarrassment.

You didn’t care if he rummaged happily through your stuff.
He thought you cared, and that amused you.

“Oh I was just...Yes! I was simply adjusting your Stone of Boreal fortitude, My Lady. You see it was crooked, and I found it of utmost importance—“

You poked him in his chest, between his large fingers. Your tail slithered around his ankle as you smirked.
“Don’t lie to me. You were messing with my stuff.”

His pulled his cap down slowly over his face, peering at you shyly with one of his black eyes.

“..You are most perceptive Lady Holly.”

“I don’t mind if you want to touch my things Pandora. I actually think it’s really sweet.” You placed your hand on his face, rubbing gently.

You stepped closer, molding yourself into the treasury guardian.

Pandora’s Actor had a way of making everything stressful fade away, there wasn’t room for it with his larger than life and admittedly awkward personality. Just a small smell of his uniform among his other subtleties put your thundering mind at ease. He was warm in a world so cold right now.

You rested against him, wiggling your free hand behind his back and underneath his coat.

“Winterberry...Are you okay?”

He could practically smell your anxiety, no matter how hard you tried to mask it. Even if he could make it all fade away from your mind, he could still feel it in the slight trembling of your body as you sunk into him.

He looked down to you, but you couldn’t look at him. As his arms wrapped around you with concern, all you could think of was your promise.

You can’t tell him.

He doesn’t know what’s happening. He wouldn’t know until tomorrow.

You can’t tell him that his creator might die.

Your hand left his face weakly, tucking itself into the arm of his coat. You held him tighter, and in response he straightened his posture.

“My Lady, just say the word and I can make it happen! As your now personal escort it is my duty to ensure your well being!”

You felt his head tilt in confusion from your lack of orders and silence. He was expecting you to command him to fix your problems, so he could be your sword and shield. When you finally did speak, his posture softened considerably.

“I...I can’t tell you what’s going on, Pandora. But I want too. So just...just stay with me tonight, okay?”

You felt one of his hands close around the top of your head, pressing you into his chest.

His other arm flared his coat over you protectively, wrapping you up in warmth and the scent of fresh linen.

“I will always be here for you Winterberry.”
Thank you for your Kudos, Bookmarks, and Comments!

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Through every toss and turn the doppelgänger acclimated to you accordingly, doing his best to keep you entangled comfortably in his grasp. He didn’t know what was wrong, he only knew that as long as you were upset it was his sole duty to console you by any means necessary. Even if it meant adjusting himself every few minutes as you tried for hours to fall asleep.

Every once in awhile you’d meekly apologize for disturbing him, it seemed just as he would doze off you’d writhe around like a fish out of water. In response he’d whisper something soothing in German, and sleepily nuzzle whatever happened to be touching his head.

Tomorrow felt like the opposite of the excitement you felt on the night before Christmas. Tomorrow was judgement day.

All you could think about is how you’d face the guardians if Ainz did fail.

What if Ainz fell, and Shalltear attacked Aura and Mare on the outskirts of the battlefield?

If Ainz dies, would you send the guardians to defeat her? Knowing that he specifically said that we couldn’t have them tear each other apart?

How fast could Cocytus and Sebas teach you proper melee techniques and how to wield your sword?

How fast could you learn your higher tier spells from Pandora’s Actor?

What steps had Demiurge taken to secure the surrounding kingdoms, was it too late to pull out?

What repercussions would Nazarick face?

Every decision, no matter how small, felt like an ultimatum.

Is this the pressure he’s under now?

You swam in an array of tumultuous ploys of the mind and bed sheets, only falling to sleep as your
Pandora’s Actor stirred, waking up before his supreme being. He was exceedingly careful to not disturb the sleeping beauty wrapped up in his arms, her back to his chest as they spooned closely. She was finally breathing softly, her body relaxed from its earlier anxious state. He couldn’t understand why he was special to her, let alone why she came to him for anything.

She could have taken any guardian or denizen of Nazarick, but she chose him as her personal escort.

He breathed in, soaking up her natural aroma of roses as he watched her rest. It didn’t matter why, he was just happy to be with her. That all of everything was worth holding her so close in her time of need. That he tried to put the pieces together as to why she might be feeling troubled so that he may resolve her plight, but even with his advanced intelligence he was drawing blanks. His concentration broke as her tail slowly flicked to life, pressing into his lower stomach in agitation.

He glanced down as she groaned, slowly emerging from her vague slumber. His uniforms decorations were digging into her scales, leaving three chain indents in her tail. He removed the hand that was cuddling just under her breasts, softly brushing aside his metal costuming. When he re-positioned his arm to coddle his lady, her hand found his. She placed her hand in his palm, her five fingers so small compared to his four. He enveloped her hand by folding his fingers down, giving a gentle squeeze.

“Guten morgen Liebling...”

His fingertips pressed gently into the back of your hand as he whispered to you, his breath softly tickling into your hair. The more German he spoke the easier it was to put things together, although most of the time you had no idea what he was saying. You were fond of the way he said Liebling, though.

You leaned down to his hand, planting a small kiss on one of his knuckles. You were happy to wake up and have him there.

“Thank you for staying with me, Pandora’s Actor.” You whispered into his hand, your hot breath sending chills up and over the back of his hand. His head nudged yours, his chin tapping the top of your head a few times as he sought to rest himself upon you.

“It is my honor to be here with you, Winterberry.”

[Message]

*Holly, I will be leaving Nazarick soon after I message the guardians. Prepare to meet with Albedo in*
the throne room.

....I understand.

Thank you. Once this is said and done meet me in the throne room at the throne of kings along with
the other guardians so that we can resurrect Shalltear.

Ainz, what if...

Then you know what to do.

...Momonga?

I’m going to be okay. I’ll bring Shalltear home.

[End message]

“Meine dame?”

You were unintentionally digging your hand into Pandora’s palm as you spoke with Ainz via
[Message].

“...I need to go take care of some things Pandora.” He suddenly became very quiet, his head lifting
off of the top of yours.

“Pandora?” You asked curiously, nudging his legs with the back of your feet. He was silent for a bit
longer, not even responding when you nudged his hand with your face lovingly. You breathed
sharply in reflex as you understood why he was so still.

He is receiving his orders from Ainz.

This is really happening.

The warning sirens of the end began to wail in your mind as you closed your eyes.

Pandora’s once relaxed body tensed considerably, his fingers now digging into the back of your
hand. His fingernails were beginning to break your skin when you said his name.

“I am truly sorry Liebling...” he whispered, releasing your hand.

“I just received my declaration from Lord Ainz. Meine dame, can I ask something of you?”

His voice was hushed, as if he was deep in contemplation as he inquired you.

You nodded as you looked over your shoulder, unable to see him from how you two were cuddling.
“My Lord is preparing to head out of Nazarick. My orders are to set aside a generous proportion of gold until he returns! What will the gold be used for? I would like to know, as treasury manager.”

You were careful with information you gave, you didn’t know all that he knew. You wanted to tell him everything, but you gave your word you wouldn’t say anything until after Ainz returned.

If he returned.

“It’s for a resurrection Pandora. You can—“ he shot up from his comfortable relaxation, causing you to roll onto your back without his support. You whimpered from the sudden movement, he was so warm.

“What’s wrong Pandora?” You asked, sitting up yourself and reaching for his forearm.

“I-I...I understand.” He said shakily, his hands gripping your comforter in his conflict.

“I...I’m not following Pandora...what do you understand?”

He swiveled to face you as you took hold of his arm. His muscles felt strained.

“Five hundred million. That is quite the sizeable amount! I-It costs five hundred million to resurrect a Floor guardian.”

Pandora’s Actors hand raised up, his lengthy index finger tapping once into the air.

Nazarick’s guild roster appeared, shimmering gold names floating in the air, and one glaring red name.

“...The resurrection is for Shalltear Bloodfallen.”

His finger pushed through her name, angry red smoke dispersing and reassembling her name as he pulled away. With a swipe down of his hand the etheric tablet disappeared.

You released his arm, your hand falling down to the duvet.

“Y-Yes. It is for Shalltear. I will bring the guardians down to the throne room when Ainz returns and —“

“...If he returns.”

You placed your hand over your mouth, covering your surprise.

This is what he meant by his understanding.

He...he figured it out.

“Meine Dame! It...it was not my intention to trick information out of you. I-I...I just wanted to find a means of fixing your anguish. But now—“

You looked down, refusing to look at him. You weren’t upset with him.

You were upset with yourself. You were careless with what you said, you should have kept your mouth shut. You could have told him don’t worry about it, but your emotions got in the way. You barely gave him anything and he pieced it together like the tactician he was. You should have said nothing.
How can you possibly lead Nazarick if you can’t keep one promise?

“P-Pandora I...I gave him my word..”

The sheets shifted and the bed gave a soft creek as Pandora’s Actor moved from where he was. Your body bounced a little as he sat directly in front of you, his stark black military boots on either side of your crossed legs. He reached forward, his hands wrapping around your back. You didn’t resist as he pulled you closer.

“Why is he going alone? Unattended!? He has taken the other supreme beings weapons and armor into his repertoire. Even with their relics he is at a severe disadvantage...!” he gripped your back, you could feel his arms crumbling under the weight of the situation. He was trying to remain calm for you. He knew the odds. He was more than aware something was happening when more of the great tombs treasures left his guard.

“...He...He feels that it’s his responsibility. Pandora I tried to talk to him, I—“

“Lady Holly send me! I do not care if it costs me my very life—“

You grabbed fistfuls of his uniform, gritting your teeth in a fit of emotional agony. Your voice broke as you spoke through your teeth.

“I won’t risk losing you!”

You pulled the doppelgänger closer, your hands clutching his uniform as your wave of epiphany filled your eyes.

*This* is why he went alone.

The very words you spoke to Pandora, he had spoken to you. This was a repeat of the previous day, only the tables had turned.

“My Lady Lord Ainz is infinitely more important to Nazarick than myself! Should Nazarick lose—“

He gasped mid sentence in his own epiphany, the hands on your back seizing in realization.

“That’s wh...! It would make *you* the de-facto ruler..”

You nodded as he felt the gravity of his and your grief, tears pouring from your eyes as you let out a wet sob. He didn’t need to say or beseech anymore. Everything came together for him like a kaleidoscope of colors, all once blurry but now painting a clear picture for him.

He knew why you were so scared.

Why you couldn’t say anything.

He *understood*.

You released your hold on his clothing as your body slumped forward. Your forehead lazily slid across one of the steel buttons fastening up his vest, it was cold against your hot and pounding face.

You would be strong for the other guardians.

Pandora’s Actor would be strong for you.

“Meine dame! No matter what happens, I swear this unto you! I will stand by you through
anything.” The area guardian tossed his hand into the air as he finished speaking, sweeping it down to gently persuade your posture from further deterioration. He molded you once again into his body, resting your head into his chest with a soft press of his hand.

You nodded as you wrapped your arms around him, turning your body to the side and curling into the treasury guardian as if your life depended on it.

“...You promise?” You asked weakly through your tears. You winced at your instability, pressing your lips together to stifle your flowing despair.

“I promise Winterberry...Ich liebe dich.”

You held each other tighter as you bonded once again, your anxiety draining away as he breathed calmly. He knew you didn’t know what he said when he spoke a different language, so his proclamation was more for him than anything.

What mattered is that he meant it, and would tell you in more ways than just in German later on.

You stayed with Pandora’s Actor right up until it was time for you to head to the throne room. Kicking your habits of procrastination was as hard as learning how to control your powers in the new world. You figured it best to dawn your full armor set, that hey, if you looked good you’d feel good. Right?

Pandora taught you a magical trick on how to equip your armor without actually having to strap the set on, by simply reaching into your inventory and seeing yourself in your gear. At first you were only able to equip your greaves, but after a few tries and flicks of the wrist you were fully enclosed in steel. You probably didn’t need to snap your fingers in your inventory for your armor to equip itself onto you, but you believed it helped.

You flexed your fingers against the worn leather of your gauntlets, you could already feel the lining stick to your palms. Your hands were already perspiring as you made ready to leave your bedroom.

“Liebling...” Pandora’s Actor fiddled with the tip of Kingslayer (Adept), secured strongly to your sword belt. The blade gave little in the way of movement as the doppelgänger ran his hand across the platinum laced scabbard.

“You allowed me to upgrade your great sword...”

You were glad to be wearing Law Bringer, your legendary helmet hid your ugly look as he fingered your sword. You knew what he was playing at.

And that he was right.

Now wasn’t the time to let your ego get in the way of what was best for you. Best for the possible last remaining supreme being if Ainz were to fail.

He did an incredible job with Kingslayer (Adept), and you were confident he’d give the same care
and attention to detail to anything of yours. You knew it would also make him happy, that playing with the treasuries spoils was nearing a fetish for the treasury guardian. That getting the opportunity to tinker and enhance a supreme beings coveted set would tickle his highest of fancies.

Well, almost his highest of fancies.

You had him covered on all fronts.

And he had you, too.

He promised to stand by you through anything, and you believed him. If anyone else asked to upgrade your gear, they would have received a firm hell no.

However because it was him you would say yes, albeit reluctantly.

As you nodded his hands enthusiastically shot to your chest piece, your approval pulling a disturbingly erotic shudder from the guardian. He ran his thumbs over the etched tree on your breast plate, petting the indigo sapphires embellished as leaves.

“Oooh..Danke Schon My Lady...”

His voice was breathy as he spoke, his fingers enjoying the taste of cold and tempered steel. You turned away in embarrassment when you saw the material between his thighs tented, his hands still lingering over your chest with the intention of touching every stone and groove.

“P-Pandora...” You stuttered bashfully, intertwining his busy fingers with your own. He unglued his eyes from your armor as if he had been in a trance, chuckling as he shimmied his shoulders. He was most of the time only allowed to polish or organize the treasury gold and items, so getting to actually apply his skills on something so valuable made the doppelgänger’s blood sing.

“Ahahaha...Yes Liebling?” You sighed as you squeezed his fingers in between yours. At least for a moment he made you forget everything plaguing your mind. Especially when you imagined him spanking himself excitedly over your armor. You wondered disgustingly if spunk made for a good buffing oil...

“It’s time for us to go, Pandora. I’ll meet you in the throne room with the others this afternoon..”

You looked through your vertical slits in Law Bringer at the guardian, staring deeply into a void of black.

Even though you were growing steadily more and more comfortable with your guild leaders creation, you’d still admit his ever unchanging face was bizarre.

You hoped through your eyes he could see what he meant to you.

There was an unfamiliar feeling growing in your heart when you were around Pandora, something new you hadn’t experienced around anyone else.

You weren’t sure what it was, but it was strongest when he wanted to leave and fight Shalltear.

That you were afraid to lose him over anything else.

“Shatz what are you planning if...”

He folded his hands over yours, his voice hushed.
“I..” you swallowed hard under the pressure of his anxiousness, among your own myriad of distress. Be strong for them.

“Pandora. I will pull all resources outside of Nazarick back into the tomb. We will place Nazarick on its highest security protocol while I grow into my powers. I will focus on maturing my abilities as a supreme being, all while exercising caution of the surrounding kingdoms.”

You paused, your tail wrapping around your left ankle. You gave yourself a reassuring squeeze from your tail, convincing yourself of your confidence. You knew you sounded fake as hell, almost spitting out what Ainz told you to do verbatim.

“That is my plan Pandora’s Actor. I will be successful.”

Maybe if you could fake it hard enough you could make it. You felt comfortable enough to practice in front of Pandora, it was in his name to be an actor so you were sure he could appreciate your role playing.

He breathed in sharply and nodded slowly as you finished speaking. He knew you were scared and that you were doing your best to be a worthy supreme being.

He already thought you were.

He stepped closer to you, closing the gap between your bodies as he released your hands. As he wrapped his arms around you for a parting embrace, you ran your hands up to his face. You cupped his oval jawline with love and care, tilting your head up to look at him as he looked down to you.

“My Lady, you have my undying devotion and faith!” You raised an eyebrow at the volume of his voice, your cheeks growing warm as he leaned closer to your helm.

“Lady Holly, I will await your arrival at the throne of kings Meine Liebling....”

As he released you from his possession while stepping backwards, you followed him with your arms, gauntlets still coddling his face. As the back of his left foot hit the ground completing his movement, you let your hands slip away.

You brought your gauntlets together as you scratched at the hardy leather of your palm, placing them at chest height as you spoke sweetly.

“Leeblying?” You asked curiously, trying to pronounce his German endearment correctly.

“What does Leeblying mean?”

Pandora’s hands clapped together excitedly as he let out a tiny chirp in adoration. He wrapped an arm around himself and reached his other towards the ceiling as he danced his fingers. “Liebling means Darling, for you are Meine Liebling!”

He proclaimed passionately, bringing his hand down to adjust his hat suavely.

You giggled and nodded as you placed your hands behind your back.

It was time to go.

Your face grew hot as you focused on the throne room, preparing to face your guild leaders Gambit.

“.....G-Goodbye Leeblying.”
“How can you be so sure?!”

You heard shouting as you arrived in the throne room. You blinked a few times, giving your eyes time to adjust to the glowering golden lights shining from above. Teleporting was still leaving a slight blur over your sight, so reflexively you raised a hand up to your forehead to shield your eyes.

Just ahead you could make out the shapes of three of Nazarick's floor guardians, huddled around a large oval object.

The mirror of remote viewing.

You inhaled sharply, cold air stinging your nostrils. A burst of bitter freezing dust erupted from Cocytus in irony, the sound of pressurized steam whining free from his vents only masked by Demiurge’s rage.

As you came to your wits a bath of purple illumination washed over your helm. Your right leg began to gyrate with unending nervous energy as a violent plume of black fire rose from Demiurge's surroundings.

This was going to be more difficult than you thought.

You reached for Kingslayer (Adept), securing the already tightly fastened weapon. The all too familiar hilt reassured your hand as you gripped it tightly, and you could swear that your sword had its own soul.

"You're letting your emotions control your decisions! If he perishes I demand that you step aside as overseer of the guardians!" Demiurge roared, his diamond eyes wide with incoherent anger and fear.


"That won’t be necessary.”

Your eyes met Albedo’s as you spoke, your feet carrying you forward as the supreme being you needed to be. She looked confident as she smiled and nodded at you, her hands placed daintily in her lap.

She was poised and secure to the others, her faith disturbing and unfounded between Cocytus and Demiurge.

You saw her eyes as she saw yours.

Forlorn, despondent, hopeless.

You saw yourself in the Overseer of the guardians, as she saw herself in you. She reached to her bosom as she held your gaze, planting her gentle hand across her heart. You watched her fingers flex as her eyes softened, as if to say “I have you”.

You nodded as you reached a hand to the middle of your breast plate, hand placed firmly over your
the etched oak tree that protected your heart.

“\textit{And I, you.}”

Just knowing that she felt the same way you did, gave you the courage you needed.

Demiurge shot up from his seat when he saw you, only taking a second away from his new mission to sneer hatefully at his comrades.

How could they stand by so idly to just watch as their ruler, the leader of the supreme beings, possibly fall?

“Lady Holly you must grant me permission to leave at once and aid Lord Ainz! I can have my subjects on site immediately!”

He easily made up the distance between the two of you with swift and long strides of his legs. Black fire chased the demon feverishly as his hands clasped together in front of his chest desperately, pleading with you to agree with him.

You stepped forward, placing your hand from your heart to his. The 7th floor guardians chest was ready to explode, his heart beat felt like someone was knocking on the other side and trying to escape.

You had heard the sound of his fast pulsing heart before, the symphony of his passion still familiar in your mind. This wasn’t in feverish lust, adoration, or beseeching comfort though. This was an erratic ploy, a last gasp of air from a frightened and helpless soul.

He was scared.

You were all scared.

In the face of this encroaching night, you had to be the sun to break the dark.

\textit{A Warden of Dawn.}

“Nazarick will stand united. Have faith in our Lord.” You spoke firmly as you stared into his diamond eyes, disguising your turmoil with assertion.

You wanted to tell him yes.

You wanted to go with him to support Ainz.

You didn’t want to hurt him, and your stomach churned with angst when he revolted at your words.

His face twisted in agony and confusion, his eyes glistening. The demons tail sought yours as his hands clasped heavily on your shoulders.

“My Lady! \textit{Please} reconsider! I—“

You had to look away from him or face disrespecting your promise to Ainz.

The spiral of disloyalty and ill will you would install into Nazarick would be unfathomable should you grant his request.

You would cause a rift between yourself and Ainz.
The guardians might possibly take sides as well. Those that believed that your judgement call was right, and those that didn’t.

You couldn’t divide Nazarick just to comfort the 7th floor guardian, no matter how badly you wanted too.

“Demiurge, I need you to stand with me.” You pressed into his chest with your open palm, staring ahead and towards the mirror of remote viewing. You could only make out Shalltear standing ever still in a field of green due to her stark contrasting dress. From afar she looked like a lone flower, a delicate orchid in the middle of an emerald oasis.

Demiurge's hands weakened in defeat upon your shoulders, his claws folding in acceptance. His once prying tail fell limp, slipping away and in between his legs. He removed himself slowly from your front, stepping to the side in respect and somber. His hands found the small of his back where he straightened his posture with a deep breath.

“...I will stand with you, My Lady.”

You closed your eyes, giving yourself a brief moment of recovery. His voice was monotone, yet cut deep into the fibers of your being.

He would soon understand, for better or worse, that your decision was in his best interests.

In everyone’s best interests.

...At least you hoped.

"The best thing to hold onto in life is each other."

- Audrey Hepburn -

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Your armored feet felt encased in quickly drying cement as you moved forward and towards the mirror of remote viewing. Moving felt like betrayal to everything you knew was right. Your joints tried to lock as you made to step forward, your muscles doing whatever they could to convince you to remain glued to where you stood. All eyes were on you as you stepped forward, dragging your foot forward as if you were stepping out of tar. A quick thought of teleporting away crossed your mind, but it was just that. A thought. You had to do this. After you had taken your first few steps you heard Demiurge follow behind you quietly, lost in his thoughts.

It was difficult for him to think clearly within this dire situation.

Why.

Why is what shouted throughout the entirety of his being.

Why was this happening this way, and why did not he understand?

The well oiled machine that served as his intelligence was grinding to a halt, gears turning in on one another as the demon continued to dwell in confusion. The 7th floor guardian knew it was not only his duty to serve his lord, but to also have faith in his master. He could not shake the fact that all of this was foolish, however.

The guardians were just that. Guardians.

There was not a force in nature that could stop them if they fought together. It was their duty to protect the supreme beings.

And right now, none of them were serving their purpose. There was only one thing he was sure of in this cloud of pandemonium.

The leader of the Supreme Beings was going to most likely perish, right before his very eyes.

“Cocytus, what are the odds of this fight?” You asked sternly as you tried to fake it until you made it, taking your place next to the Knight of Nifelheim. You did not think twice of sitting beside Albedo
as Demiurge resumed his seat next to her. You could barely look at him as it was.

He was expressionless. Emotionless.

If only he knew the pain in your heart upon seeing him this way. You didn't have the time to worry about how he felt however. You had to be strong for all of them. You had to carry on the facade of strength until you believed it yourself. No matter what was about to transpire you had to temper your mind and heart as if it was a part of your Remembrance of Oak armor set.

“Three. To. Seven. My. Lady. Three. In. Lord. Ainz. Favor.” Cocytus spoke as he sat back into the dark blue couch, the weight of his movements causing you to rebound in your seating. The larger insect before you let out a jittering series of odd whirs and clicks, his mandibles clacking a few times as he processed what he said.

"Then let us watch as our Lord wins against all odds." Albedo's hand reached towards the mirror of remote viewing, slowly waving over it as if she was introducing a theater show. As she pulled back the mirror rippled from her motions, disturbing the view of Ainz casting a series of spells over himself.

You observed intently as he took his time coating himself in nearly every support and buff spell he knew. You grit your teeth in the knowledge that you could have been there with him as you had been so many times before. You cleared hundreds of dungeons with your guild leader, and you were always his right hand. You would magnify his capabilities through your own, making the undead overlord an unstoppable hurricane that rained hell on anything in his path. He was already powerful, and the two of you would often muse in laughter that your aid was just over kill.

You could have healed him through this fight, and avoided combat with Shalltear. You knew from experience how to confidently play the sidelines and stay away from foes. Being support you were often the focused target, so adapting and overcoming obstacles was a no brainer. Prediction was your key.

This was different though. This was not a few clicks on your HUD based off of a percentage of success or the viability of a builds set up.

This was real.

You truly wanted to believe that you could have stood beside him and made this fight a ten to one, ten in your favor. Chances were though, that you'd lessen his odds as he'd have to protect you. That you were not ready for anything close to combat. You knew the basics of your spells and nothing more. You tried a few times in your spare time to fiddle with KingSlayer (Adept), and the most you could muster was some pretend fencing and swinging the thing around like a baseball bat.

And right now, he was already casting more than what you were capable of aiding him with. At least here on the couch beside the three guardians, you weren't a burden.

You closed your eyes to try to push away your ill tempered feelings. You had had plenty of time to revel in your self loathing and lack of worth, now was not the time to continue to wallow in pity. However as Ainz prepared for his onslaught upon Shalltear Bloodfallen, you felt the weight on your heart begin to crush your already feeble conviction.

You reached down and wrapped a hand slowly upon Kingslayer (Adept) to try and steady yourself. You fiddled with the hilt, the frayed and worn leather greeting you with familiarity. You opened your eyes as you slid your great sword from its scabbard, preparing to use the blade as a means of support. You stabbed the point of your weapon in the regal blood red rug below, aiming to
utilize it as something to lean on as you watched the battle.

Instead of subtly placing it, your blade roared with a heavy clang as it met the 10th floor with anger and abrupt brutality. The sound echoed around the hall of the throne room, the chandeliers singing as a chorus of wind chimes in the disturbance of silence as they swung from side to side. Your heavy heart crumbled under the pressure of your unknowing outburst. You only meant to set the blade as a crutch, not as a means of expressing your anxiety. This was yet another lesson to learn, that you were much stronger than you believed. It would just take more conditioning and control for you to believe it.

Your body shook as a similar but much louder clamor of metal filled your ears, rattling your head inside your helmet. You looked to your left to see Cocytus also slamming his halberd into the ground, his jaw snapping together aggressively. The floor below was quickly consumed by ice, forming a mirror of the throne rooms guild flags and illustrious lights.

The mighty arthropod grasped his halberd with new found purpose, his large armored hands lifting his cleaver once again for another mighty crash to the ground below. As his weapon made contact with the newly formed glacial lake below, his mandibles struck each other in an eruption of wintry cold. The air filled with his freezing steam, tiny snowflakes vibrating and breaking as the uproar of reinforced steel collided with the 10th floor once more.

The only thing that kept you from bouncing out of your seat and onto the frozen red carpet was your steady hold on Kingslayer (Adept). Your vision barely began to settle from the noise as you looked again to Cocytus, this time, in confusion. Before you made to speak through your now chattering teeth, the 5th floor guardian spoke.


As you inhaled sharply through you nose in realization, you were greeted with an icy burn. Your lungs contracted in pain as you exhaled, the warmth of your breathe disturbing the air with a cloud of fog. You winced as you nodded at Cocytus, tightening your grip on your swords hilt. Your chest ached as you breathed, however you would take this pain over the humiliation you almost faced.

You slapped your sword down entirely too hard and by accident in the tremors of your minds anguish.

Cocytus believed you were announcing the start of a mighty battle between his Lord and comrade. That you were a warrior, someone brave in the face of the unknown. He was completely unaware of your anxiety, and by your simple slip up, you had cleared a lot of his. That your action was that of a leader, a supreme being. To him, you were courageous to have such confidence as to let sound a battle cry of steel in this grievous set of affairs.

Although your breathing was now labored from the rapidly dropping temperature, some of your thoughts were put to ease. Even if it wasn't on purpose, you felt better thanks to Cocytus.

You shivered as you rubbed your thighs together, your armor sounding in discomfort as it scraped together. The last time you felt this cold you were hundreds of feet in the air in the 7th floor guardians arms, where he promptly warmed you with his mantle and affection. You grit your teeth as you peeled your eyes away from mirror of remote viewing, barely grazing the demon in your sights. He was hunched over and focusing intensely on the mirror, his elbows pressing into his knees as he continued to stare. Neither he nor Albedo had paid much attention to your confusing yet endearing moment with Cocytus.

They were entirely too focused on Ainz as he cast his first of many attack spells, awakening the once still Shalltear Bloodfallen. The vampire arose from her slumber as she faced her assailant, eyes
electric with the lust for war. She was born with new purpose, voicing that she would kill her lord gleefully and without hesitation.

The frost covering the floor began to fade as Cocytus focused his sights upon the mirror as well, his fingers flexing over his halberd as Shalltear equipped her crimson full plated armor. All three floor guardians for better or for worse were now wrapped up in the onslaught that would determine their fates. Should Ainz lose, you would be the last remaining Supreme being.

“Is that super Tier magic? Why did he cast that now?”

You were startled at the sound of Demiurges voice, along with the abrupt jerk of his posture as he faced your way. As you went to speak you noticed that he wasn’t turning to you.

He was facing Cocytus.

You immediately bit your tongue, the air around you raising in temperature as Cocytus’s earlier excitement began to settle.

He wasn’t going to face or ask you anything. Your hands clasped on your sword began to shake, riddled with guilt and a heavy heart.

You weren’t sure what was making you feel worse.

The fact that Ainz might die, or that Demiurge possibly hated your guts.

You can’t help how you were feeling.

But you can help how you choose to act.

You steadied yourself again, pulling on nearing the last of your reserves.

*Just be strong.*

“Hm. He. Is. Most. Likely. Trying. To. Lower. Her. Health. From. The. Start.” Cocytus answered his colleague, his voice unsure of his masters plan as well. As the floor guardians discussed what your guild leader did and why, you continued to lose yourself in the mirror of remote viewing. You could retreat into your emotions later, drown them into your many pillows. Now was the time to be a supreme being. Even if being a supreme being meant watching a magical television where your best friend fought to the death.

Nothing that Ainz was doing made sense. The match seemed balanced enough, more of a stale mate than anything. For every spell the bloody Valkyrie cast, Ainz would act accordingly and defensively. He wasn’t gaining any ground, but at least he wasn’t losing any.

What was he thinking?

He said he had a plan, didn’t he?

It wasn’t until Shalltear began casting her higher tier magic that you started to genuinely worry. Summon household and Einherjar.

The sky above the vampire poured out a plethora of elder bats, the ground below her a black abyss puking out shadowed wolves and other dark minions. An ethereal copy of Shalltear Bloodfallen emerged beside her, glowing a mystical white with crystalline features. They smiled together in
identical harmony, your guild leader taking a cautious step in the opposite direction. As the battle drug on it was becoming more and more apparent that you were going to be forced into succession.

[The Goal of All Life is Death]

You gasped loudly and leaned forward, catching the attention of the surrounding floor guardians. You watched as the time clock attached itself to Ainz back, hands ticking as he dodged Einherjar’s assault.

This was it.

He can do this!

It was rare, but you had seen the leader of Nazarick use his ultimate ability before. Instant and unavoidable death for anything and anyone in his vicinity. It did not matter how powerful his foe may be, they would fall.

All he needed was twelve seconds.

You had once seen the overlord clean an entire dungeon with The goal of all life is death. You called him out on it when he said it was possible, challenging him to prove it. He preferred not to waste the super tier spell due to its cost and long recharge time, but he was never one to back down from a dare. Much to your awe and following disgruntlement he wiped the dungeon you questioned his abilities on in a matter of seconds. You bet he couldn’t and he did. You owed the bastard a few of your cash shop items after that one. You found out quickly it was easier to not bet against the leader of Ainz Ooal Gown. He did not like losing.

And now was no exception as the clock upon his back struck midnight, the battlefield erupting in what the goal of all life is.

Death.

The mirror of remote viewing became consumed with an arcane blue shower of light, nothing visible through the casting of Ainz Ooal Gown’s eclipse of life ending magic, Fallen Down. You sat back into the couch in relief, the vice like grip you had on Kingslayer (Adept) released as the sword fell back with you. The blade collapsed with a sharp clang, but you did not care. You didn’t mind that the guardians were now staring at you over the glowing mirror. Ainz won. That’s what mattered.

You reached up and wiggled Law Bringer off of your head, hair catching in the divots that held the indigo jewels as you lifted. You dropped the helmet lazily between yourself and the 5th floor guardian, the tempered steel of Law Bringer greeting his exoskeleton with a similar tune to Kingslayer (Adept)’s earlier tumble.

The relief you felt to your guild leaders victory was second to none. There was no greater high than feeling your anxiety wash away as easy as water off the back of a swan. You sighed in elation, your breath shaking in residual nervous energy. Your body felt like a bowl of lukewarm noodles as you opened your eyes to see Cocytus turning his way to address you. As you raised a lethargic hand to speak, the mighty insect reached his three armored fingers towards you. In his grasp he held your great sword Kingslayer (Adept). As you recovered into the couch beside him, the floor guardian had picked up your blade for you in respect and concern.

“Wha..?” You rolled your head over to face Cocytus instead of staring openly at the 10th floors ceiling and gaudy lights.

The battle isn’t over?

He must be referring to a closing war cry or something of the like.

Nothing can survive Ainz ace in the hole instant win spell.

You couldn’t see the mirror through Cocytus’s large and pale blue thorax, so you begrudgingly sat yourself up to check out what he was referring to. It was as if you were committing treason to your body as you moved, your head dizzying in the response to motion. Groaning as you adjusted your seating, you pushed your helmet hair from your face to see the battlefield clearly.

“There’s no..that’s not possible..”

Your fear inhibitor jumped in before your eyes as you witnessed the mirror’s blue haze fade, revealing a wasteland of blonde dust. In the middle of the newly formed blast radius and standing only a few feet away from your disheveled and tired leader, stood Shalltear Bloodfallen.

Unscathed and hungry.

Soft hues of lavender soothed your trembling, along with how Cocytus placed your sword in your hand. Once he was sure you had a secure grasp on your weapon, the 5th floor guardians swung one of his heavy arms behind you. He gently pressed the palm of his meaty claw into your back in an attempt of consoling your nerves. He pressed his fingers into you gently, the insects mouth parts vibrating as he comforted you silently. In turn you smiled weakly, placing your free hand on his plated thigh. You gave his leg a pat and nodded, doing your best to avert the gaze of the other two guardians.

They had both taken notice to your presumptuous outburst, and were now paying attention to your over the mirror of remote viewing. You were sure the only reason why you could find words was due to code of the commander and Cocytus.

Code of the commander dissuaded your fear.

Cocytus emboldened you with his coddling.

“I-If he doesn’t...” you stammered, your eyes darting down to the floor in an attempt to escape all of the eyes consuming your words. Your inhibitor could remove your fear, but not your feeble nerves.

He’s not going to make it.

He can’t have MP left after that, and Shalltear is back to full stats.

In a lapse of hyper active fervor and hope you had forgotten she was carrying a resurrection item gifted to her by her creator.

You were already dealing with so much, that you had accidentally forfeit memory of her inventory.

He said not to say a word unless he did die.

He was going to die.

It wasn’t treachery to take the preemptive strike on readying the guardians and Nazarick.

The hand on your back jolted up in disbelief, pointing a thick hook towards the mirror of remote viewing. You glanced up as well, your formed words falling into an abyss of confusion and excitement as your eyes locked onto the wasteland battlefield.

“That’s, that’s compliance with law!!” You almost shouted as you turned to Cocytus, the both of you the only ones in the room aware of what Ainz had just equipped. It was as if yours and the 5th floor guardians favorite sports team had just pulled on their trump card.

“I’m not following, what is he doing??” Demiurge growled towards Cocytus, his frustration in his lack of understanding in the situation blatantly obvious. He was in incredibly rare form, normally the demon was so composed.


Cocytus thrummed with new found prowess as his jaw clicked together joyfully.

You ground your teeth together as Shalltear shot forward towards Ainz, her aggressive style of combat you knew he couldn’t stand against. Even in the world class armor if you didn’t know what you were doing, nothing could protect you from the true vampire. She was the guardian who saw the most front line combat, and regularly fought against players. She could over come and adapt nearly any situation with her countless number of hours in warfare.

You know Ainz is a mage, and not a warrior.

Did he want to die wearing his friends armor?

“That’s. My. Creators. Blade!” Cocytus boomed as Ainz snapped a small wooden plank, and in its place a sword of electricity surged forth. Pandora’s Actor was right. He had taken a chunk of the old guild members gear with him. The odds of the battle began to swing in the overlords favor as he rapidly switched between his old friends weapons.

“I knew he would be successful. As a woman the feeling I have now is indescribable. Watching the man I adore, my dear beloved Lord Ainz battle so victoriously sends shivers all over my body...” Albedo held herself as she eagerly trembled, her face beautifully blushing. Her cheeks were a sensitive shade of plush pink, and her eyes were psychotically glued to the mirror of remote viewing as she spoke.

“The way he keeps switching weapons to confuse that lamprey who dared to think she could destroy him! I can barely take it!” She squealed adoringly, her breasts heaving with her lustful breathing.

Cocytus and Demiurge were seemingly unruffled by her sexuality, both more engrossed in their god overthrowing their fellow floor guardian. You couldn’t help but blush yourself as the angelic succubus grew more and more aroused, it was difficult to watch her and the battle field. The tides of the battle turned over faster than you could comprehend, your emotions unable of having the time to catch up with Ainz oncoming victory. The mirror once again became engulfed in blue fire, the battlefield consumed with the super tier spell Fallen Down for a last time. You quickly placed Kingslayer (Adept) on the table before you, clasping your armored hands onto the dark wooden table as you leaned forward in anticipation. You were not going to assume he won again. Your heart could not take it.

And yet there he was.
Triumphant. Unconquerable.

It was he who now stood alone in the badlands, an angel of death in world champion armor. The absolute and undeniable ruler of the great tomb of Nazarick.

He did say he was not going to lose.

Law Bringer couldn't protect you from hiding your [Tears of Jörmungandr] as it sat nestled between yourself and the 5th floor guardian. The only thing that managed to conceal your silent weeping were the guardians excited eyes still locked on the mirror of remote viewing. As Cocytus raised his halberd in exultation, gold fell from your eyes in a flood of respite and disbelief, enriching the table below in tiny pools of sunlight. You quickly grabbed Kingslayer (Adept) as you stood clumsily, sheathing the great sword with a shaking hand. You missed putting away your blade as magical wealth fell from your eyes as if you had won the lottery, but you were able to put away Kingslayer (Adept) after a second fumbling try. As you turned away in shame of your inability to control what seemed like any of your emotions, an arcane symbol of shimmering light began to engulf your surroundings. There wasn't an ounce of subtly in your departure like you hoped. As you walked away choking back your luminary tears they chased you in streaks of amber, rising springs of shimmering stars as they splashed onto the carpet.

If it wasn't the hurried clamor of armor that sounded from your hastened exit that got the guardians attention, it was most assuredly the spectacle of morning brilliance that did.

"Lady. Holly. Wai--!"

[Greater Teleportation]

You were gone in a flash of light, a blur of dispersing gold. The only things left to signal that you were there in the first place being the slowly fading spell of [Tears of Jörmungandr] and your forgotten helm, Law Bringer.

The demon of Nazarick reached up to also call for you as you teleported away, biting his tongue only when you faded in a cosmic array of glittering dawn. He was too lost in his lords glorious victory and his own relief as you rather hastily departed.

He only caught you in the corner of his eye due to the accidental cast of healing magic, lights glaring across the many facets of his diamond eyes. He retracted his claw from it's desperate ploy, fingers flexing in distress. He closed his eyes as he pieced together the entirety of the situation, shifting his concern from losing the leader of the supreme beings.

Losing Lord Ainz meant your rise to leader of the supreme beings.

Leader of Nazarick, and the last of the grand creators.

Demiurge leaned down and into one of his hands, his head throbbing from the surge of epiphanies crashing over him with unrelenting fury. He calculated quickly that you must have had a meeting with Lord Ainz, and that he had prepared you for possible succession. That you were still learning your magic, he had been your guide. He had been more than your guide. He dug his fingers into his palms, tearing the fabric of his gloves that Lord Ulbert had designed for him personally.

Of course you were frightened.
He wouldn't say it, none of them would. But they knew you couldn't do what Ainz could do. You knew you couldn't do what Ainz could do.

Their loyalty would remain unwavering, but the glory of the great tomb of Nazarick would tremble under the pressure of trying to raise a leader worthy of the supreme beings.

Guilt crumbled his posture, the 7th floor guardians shoulders shrugging forward as he squinted. His ears tilted down as well as he understood at last the full weight of the battle with Shalltear Bloodfallen.

That if you had granted him the chance to charge in like he wanted too, it would have caused a rift between yourself and Lord Ainz. He would have undeniably turned the battle over into his Lords favor, but at the cost of your integrity and ability to listen to orders. For one of the first times, he thought strictly for himself instead of the greater good. He had told Albedo that she was being emotional, and yet, so was he.

He questioned his masters ability to be victorious. He put you in a compromising situation. He stood ignorantly callous to the weight of your turmoil, unaware of the pressure upon your shoulders. He thumbed at the ring on his middle finger, spinning it slowly in agony. He was not worthy as he had told you. He fully believed in that now as the soft halo of [Tears of Jörmungandr] subsided, leaving the room devoid of your light.

Would you still stay now?

The other supreme beings left from lack of interest.

If his Lord left him, surely you would too. Statistically the odds were in favor of you leaving the great tomb of Nazarick as well.

He wouldn't deny that he missed his time with you on the farmstead. That he reveled in the others envy of his secluded mission with one of the supreme beings. That he had aided you in restoring more of your magic, that he was at an honored level of intimacy with his goddess. His pride and heart were swollen like a balloon, popping only now as he believed he had dashed all hopes of being on any level of good graces with you again.

His self pity and tumultuous thoughts were set aside as Albedo addressed Cocytus, who was walking away from the scene. An eruption of frost escaped from the insects mouth, replacing the shimmering golden grief in the air with steaming cold.

"Cocytus, where do you think you are going? Lord Ainz will be returning soon and he has requested that all floor guardians be present for Shalltear's resurrection. Do not dishonor your master."

The giant arthropod stopped, thumbing the small helm in his grasp. He looked down in a moment of contemplation, his mouth parts jittering about as he spoke.


Cocytus slowly faced Albedo and Demiurge as he made to speak again, pointing his halberd at them accusingly. He sighed in a few clicks and whirs as he addressed both of them.


The 7th and 10th floor guardian faced each other with matching expressions of pain. Albedo looked away and towards the mirror of remote viewing as she answered Cocytus's statement.

"Do as you wish, Cocytus. Just do not keep Lord Ainz waiting." Her voice was hushed as she continued to look away, not wanting to face her colleague in his honorable intent. She too would
have relished the opportunity to speak with you. Although she loved Ainz unconditionally, her devotion to you was also unwavering. However as Overseer of the guardians her ultimate focus was her Lords orders. The overseer of the guardians was pleased with Cocytus's initiative however, despite how off put she might have seemed by it.

"Cocytus." Demiurge rose up, taking steps towards his fellow floor guardian. Maybe if he could accompany..

"I. Go. Alone. Demiurge." Cocytus breathed, who continued to follow the regal red flooring out of the throne room. The demon said nothing more as a a final whine of tension released steam forcefully left the 5th floor guardians mouth in an eruption of hoarfrost. Cocytus slipped out of the 10th floor and through to the 9th, a cloud of cold fog lingering around the exit way.

Thank you for your Kudos, Bookmarks, and Comments!
You thought to invite Pandora's Actor to your pity party as you arrived in your bedchambers, knowing that he'd bring gifts of love and support. He could easily dissuade all of your ill feelings away with a song and dance. Just the thought of his random outbursts in an attempt of looking debonair dried your slowly trickling golden tears. You sniffled as you rubbed at your nose, smearing the clear liquid against the leather of your gauntlets. You reached to your right, fumbling through your inventory for something more comfortable.

A pity party is no fun in armor, you can't throw yourself on the bed like a brat and thrash around in heavy plated steel. Well, you could but it wouldn't be as cathartic. With a twist and a flick of your wrist you unequipped your armor, soft and familiar clothing replacing Remembrance of Oak. You weren't sure when you'd get over the feeling of auto unequip and equip, it felt like a cold rush of wind up your crotch and arm pits.

A breathy sigh passed it's way through your lips as you vaulted onto your bed with dramatic force. You grabbed more than enough pillows for yourself as you curled up and onto your side, bringing your knees up as far as they could go through the mess of cushions. Fortunately you felt like you had shed enough tears for a lifetime, so no more tears would fall from your eyes as you closed them in thought.

Ainz had defeated Shalltear Bloodfallen, and was heading back to the great tomb of Nazarick. You were more than happy that he made it, however you couldn't stifle back the weight of grief on your heart. All that you could think about was what if. What if he hadn't have made it...
Right as you began to bring your celebration of feeling sorry for yourself to its climax, you heard a heavy knock on your guild room doors. It most certainly wasn't Demiurge, you were assured that he'd be the last of the guardians at your chambers after what transpired. It wasn't Pandora's Actor either, he would have just teleported his happy ass in. That and the knock was formidable, coming from someone with brutish power.

It is probably Ainz.

Shit.

You tightened your eyes shut as you winced. You left the throne room in a hurry to hide your weakness, and now not only did Ainz have to fight Shalltear, he had to hunt you down like a child. Audibly groaning you tossed yourself off of your bed, pillows dispersing like a flock of startled birds. You stood before your double doors, eyes trailing up to the vaulted ceilings where the oak entryway climbed to the very top. You raised an eyebrow as another insistent knock rang over your regal foyer, this time with greater need.

Yep. You are in trouble.

Time to tighten those stomach muscles and get prepared for the ass chewing.

Ainz wasn't one to chastise, but he did say prepare for the worst at all times, right?

You wrapped your fingers around the iron ouroboros door handle, and with a hefty pull and some added body weight, the door creaked backwards to allow your visitor access.

"Hey...I-I'm glad you're okay I--" you stuttered briefly as you spoke, only stopping when a haze of bitter frost seeped through your entryway. You quickly swung your head out your door as you now faced the 5th floor guardian, nearly crashing your skull into his midsection as he stepped forward.

"Co-Cocytus..? What are you..?" you looked up at him curiously and admittedly relieved. His lower right hand brushed against your side, his claw opening to reveal Law Bringer. You smiled softly at the floor guardian as you reached for your legendary helmet. You hadn't realized you had left it behind.

"You didn't have to come and bring me this Cocytus, but I do appreciate it." you cradled the helmet fondly, running a hand over the face plate before reaching it into a swirling void, storing it away in your inventory.


"May. I. Enter. My. Lady? I. Would. Like. To. Speak. With. You. Privately." He looked down as he finished speaking, his mouth parts almost tickling your forehead. Other than his alien and rather threatening appearance, the 5th floor guardian reminded you of a large breed of hound dog. He was insistently loyal, caring, and completely unaware of his size. If he had knocked on your door when you first entered this new realm, you would have panicked and probably slammed it in his face.

However now as he stood before you in all his might and daunting mass of brawn, you felt protected. Even if he was entirely too close for comfort. You shyly reached up and batted away his inquisitive flickering maxilla from the crown of your head, stepping away and into the confinements of your bedroom.

"Of course you can, what's wrong?" you nodded inward to your room as you walked away, gesturing for the frost giant to follow. He took two strides in before stopping, his lengthy tail still
hanging out the entryway. Seemingly unaffected by his monstrous size the floor guardian rested his Halberd carefully against the wall to his left, figuring it unnecessary to uncomfortably squeeze himself into your chamber. He wasn't planning on keeping you for very long. His posture relaxed as his lower arms drooped forward, motioning towards you as he spoke.


You stopped mid step as his words fell upon you faster than the dropping temperature from his passive ability. You looked over your shoulder at him, your face stricken with pain. He was sitting closest to you, it was most likely more obvious to him than the others that you were writhing about in turmoil.

"Cocytus, I am sorry that--" he raised his top right arm, his hand opening up as he gestured for you to stop. His mandibles clicked a few times, sounding off like crackling wild fire.


You nodded in agreement, turning to face him as you fiddled with Kingslayer (Adept)'s scabbard. You picked nervously at a fraying piece of leather, too focused on the floor guardians meeting with you to take note and fix it later.


"It's not just that Cocytus." You looked down as you spoke, not wishing to put more on the floor guardian if he had truly felt as helpless as you had felt earlier. However you had spent all of your resolve, and even your reserves were empty.

"If he had died, I would have--"

"I. Know. My. Lady." He stepped forward, towering over your figure as his lower left hand reached towards you. His fingers gently grazed your blouse as he opened his heavy hand. You didn't deem it inappropriate to place your hand in his, and upon doing so, he gently closed his meaty pincers.

"I. Would. Follow. You. Through. Any. Battle." his lower right hand lifted up as he tapped your forehead, pressing gently with his curved blue claw. He then lowered down to poke your sword, and lastly and most softly, just above your breasts. He didn't linger himself too long above your cleavage, not wishing to make you uncomfortable. He may be unaware of his size, but he was more than aware of the boundaries of respecting his lady.

You gripped at the hand that was enclosing yours, your small fingers barely wrapping around a part of one of his hooks. He didn't say a lot, and he didn't have too. You swallowed his speech as you nodded once again, furrowing your brows weakly as you lost the words you thought you had. In just a few sentences and touches he wrapped everything up beautifully and better than you could have.

You smiled fondly into his six glossy cobalt eyes, glistening orbs that devoured your presence in admiration and allegiance. At least you didn't have to worry about Cocytus or Pandora's Actor disliking you. You had their undying devotion, and unbeknownst to you, one of their hearts.

"Cocytus, I would confidently do the same for you." Your expression brightened as you reached up to pet one of his mandibles, cherishing the fact that he came to you. You didn't expect or want anyone to come after you like a damsel in distress, however you were glad that the Knight of Nifelheim came to your doorstep.
"You. Already. Have. And. Do. My. Supreme. One." He said tenderly as he released your hand from his own. His top left arm redrew his Halberd from the wall as he took a step backwards, your hand slipping from his mandible and retreating to your pants pockets for warmth. His sentiment didn't go unnoticed as your expression softened from your once bright smile, to one of memory and fondness. You remembered your first encounter with the 5th floor guardian as you placed both hands on your heart, your tail waving behind you in a slow teeter of joyful recollection.

You were not all bad. You just served a different role than Ainz. Where he led Nazarick with charisma and undeniable authority, you led with softness and compassion. You were two of the same coin, complimenting each other through different roles. Just as you did in Yggdrasil, before your lives changed. For better or for worse you both were now stuck in this new realm, and growing pains were to be expected.

A bizarre set of sounds came from Cocytus as he made his way out of your room, a new barrage of snaps and strange insect like skitterings forming from his mouth parts.

Was...was he laughing?


He was laughing.

And now you were laughing.

You followed him out of your room as you shook your head at his banter, and as you reached to close your door the floor guardian beat you to the punch. He loomed over you again, his free top hand closing the door with ease. He was truly a gentleman, and his chivalry only endeared you to him more.

"Thank you..." You smiled as you walked ahead and towards the descent to the tenth floor, knowing that again, you were going to be late.

"For everything." You spoke a bit softer as the floor guardian followed behind, and for every three steps you made, he strode one.

You were beginning to grow accustomed to the monumental force of cold blasting from the floor guardians jaw, however this plume of icy fire was unlike the rest. This was still a mist of his glacial race. However as the frozen cloud of glass engulfed your surroundings, you were instead greeted with a soft autumn like breeze over his normal frigid fog.


You were never one to be punctual, and even if you tried to be on time you were always fashionably
late. Now was no exception as you braced yourself before the final step to the tenth floor, where you
could already pick up on Ainz speaking with the guardians. You could hear his voice, further
affirmation that he accomplished what you all believed to be impossible. You didn’t know why your
fear inhibitor began to soothe you upon entering the throne room, but nevertheless the soft tint of
purple rippled across your eyes.

Ainz was not one to harshly criticize or bring down the hammer of reproach whenever you had
botched or mishandled things in the guild. He mostly shrugged it off or laughed. What mattered to
him is that you made progress, never taking steps backwards...You know why your fear inhibitor
kicked in.

It was that you looked up to Ainz.

That you might have disappointed him and that afflicted your heart.

That because you were hard on yourself, you always expected him to be hard on you as well.

Your chest fluttered in a surge of relief upon seeing him, and in a pain of humiliation as they all
turned to face you. It was like being late for an important business meeting, coffee staining your
attire, as you bumped into the clean glass door instead of opening it for entry. Your shame of running
away like a hollywood broad was on display for all as you made your way towards your final
destination.

The leader of Nazarick turned away from his guardians as he saw you enter the throne room, leaving
them to stand and revere in his splendor as he made to meet you half way.

"We will resurrect Shalltear momentarily."

A chorus in unanimous affirmation of his order rang from the guardians as he made his approach to
face you. You smiled hoarsely, reaching up a hand timidly to give a familiar sarcastic and flirty wave
in an attempt of casting your angst aside. Instead of waving your hand made it to about your mid
chest, and flapped around as if it were controlled by someone else.

Your eyes darted away from Ainz as he now stood before you, looking down at you with his
crimson sights.


Your eyes darted around the room as Cocytus and Ainz briefly exchanged dialogue, searching for
something to relieve the burning in your mind. You were sure that as soon as Cocytus joined the
other guardians, leaving you alone with Ainz, that he was going to let you know exactly what he
thought of you. You found your target as your nerves stifled, your chest slowing its leaps as it wasn't
your job class flickering over your eyes in comfort.

The familiar area guardian of the treasury stood off and to the left of the floor guardians, almost
blending in with the wealth necessary to revive Shalltear. His non descriptive face hid everything
from the world with ease, however you had an inkling that he was looking at you too.

You were correct in your intuition as the doppelganger retrieved his hat from atop his smooth head,
bowing as he softly placed it over his heart. As he finished his gesture by returning his cap back
upon its home you recollected his trembling voice from the last time he devotedly addressed you that
same way.

"...I missed you Winterberry."
The hand that had waved to your guild leader pressed between your breasts, your heart jumping once again. However it was burning for a different reason this time around. You couldn't shake the endless maze of pleasant memories as you stared at the treasuries manager.

Your collisions of need and curiosity, laughter and trust, solace and calm. You had never felt so close to someone, especially in such a short amount of time. You could not resist the odd feeling curling over your body as the emphatic guardian saluted your way, pulling a smile from you that threatened to split your cheeks wide open.

"Thank you Cocytus. Take your place among the other guardians, I need a moment with Holly."

Your thoughts broke as you heard your name pronounced, your guild leaders glowing red orbs once again casting a hue of intimidation over your being. The 5th floor guardians heavy and rigid tail brushed yours as he walked away, and you were sure it was a final memento of his words to you from earlier. A blue cloud discharged from the insect warrior as he walked away to join his fellow companions, leaving the air almost as cold as the gaze lingering just above your head.

You looked up to the overlord as a forlorn child does an unforgiving parent. The curves of your lips pulled down under the crushing weight of his stare, your forearms tingling as you lost the strength you thought you had mustered from glancing over to Pandora's Actor.

"Are you alright?"

Your lips parted as your brows pinched together, confused by his sentiment. You looked above his head, half expecting to see his floating username and level as a flashback came over your mind as a rising sun.

You gripped at your blouse, the soft black material crushing gently between your kneading fingers. You could almost feel the halberd sticking out of your beginners set of armor, your levels getting ready to reset. You stood face to face with him once again now, in a similar fashion to that of the past. A skeletal finger with a large red ring poked at the hand clenching your shirt, prodding you in concern. Yet again he pulled your tumultuous feelings away, just as he had four years ago when he lifted the halberd with ease from your chest plate.

"...That's what you said to me the first time I met you." you whispered as you leaned into yourself, loosening the vice like grip on your now crumpled v neck.

"I suppose that is what I said.." he mused, his mouth opening slightly as he too recalled meeting you for the first time. You were nothing more than a passerby and a fleeting thought back then, until you wriggled into his life like a welcomed pest. He hadn't actually wanted to help you, he was only doing so because it's what Touch Me would have done. That was four years ago, however. As time passed you became more like an apprentice, and then, a sibling he didn't know he had wanted.

He was just as confused as you were now, unsure as to why you were dripping in a cold sweat as he spoke with you. He was holding the guild staff, was his aura amplified and somehow affecting you? It hadn't before now, it couldn't be that.

"By the looks of you I could have sworn that you fought Shalltear instead of me. Are you alright?" he lifted his hand, tapping you now on the forehead with a light poke of his index finger. His words were more insistent this time around.

"I-I...I'm really glad you're okay. Watching you fight, I thought...I thought I was going to lose you." You looked down and away from his face, staring into the red orb centered in his curved rib cage. It's glossy sheen reflected a distorted mirror of yourself, your features curving on the sides inside the
glowing artifact due to its spherical shape.

"I told you I did not plan on losing, Holly. Not with the weight of the guilds name on my back now, especially." he hummed a bit as he spoke, shifting his posture as he lowered himself down. His robes cascaded down onto the flooring below in folds. His skull replaced his red core as he faced you, and you surrendered to his gaze instead of continuing to shift away.

"I am so sorry that--" you began to speak, stopping when his heavy hand found rest on your shoulder.

"Albedo told me what happened. It was not my intent to test you when I requested that you be present with the guardians as I fought Shalltear. However due to how the situation unfolded, I can say with certainty that I am pleased with how you handled this event." He paused when you shook your head in confusion, he was actually happy with how you had conducted yourself?

"I had already secured plans in case you rushed in, and I half expected you too. I know it was not easy to watch me go alone, and for that I do apologize. I could have handled things differently, but the fact of the matter is I did not and you still supported me." He squeezed your shoulder in emphasis, his hands even larger than Pandora's. You could feel every bump and groove of his bones, his wish upon a star ring digging into your shoulder blade.

You looked away from the fire in his eyes as you reached a hand up to your face, rubbing at your eyes to hide your oncoming tears.

Remember how you thought you had cried enough for a lifetime? You were wrong, there will still many tears to be shed.

The hand on your shoulder pulled your body forward, your body swallowed by darkness as the king of the undead hugged you into his ribs and flowing robes. Your throat felt dry as you choked on the onset of flowing emotion from your eyes, unable to hold back your feelings.

You hated that you were a cry baby, but at the same time, you at least knew that you were genuine.

You gripped at his obsidian attire, unashamedly smearing yourself wetly into his garb. You were lost in a sea of darkness as his clothing encased you, the left of his rib cage bent around your torso. Everything felt so large and seemed to swallow you whole.

Your emotions, Cocytus, Ainz, the rest of the guardians, this new world, all of it crashing down on you now as you let go and wept against the leader of Nazarick.

"I-I'm sorry. I hate t-that I'm like this, it's ju-just been so much.." you breathed through your quiet sobs, trying to stifle all sounds of weakness from reaching the guardians. You were already betraying yourself by opening the floodgates in front of Ainz, you didn't want your hurricane of grief to engulf them as well.

A hue of green poured over you, flickering lights as an aurora of jade lit up the dark. You felt nothing though as the emerald danced away, only to surge up once more with greater vitality. If the green had been replaced with purple, it would have calmed away your fears.

"Holly, I am sorry that I am unable to empathize with you. That does not mean I do not care, or that I am unable of at least understanding why you feel the way you do." his voice came as a whisper, soft and careful. After coming to this new world, other than in fits of emotion that were then quickly erased, he felt nothing but his cunning and will. He was growing apathetic to the mundane dealings of human notions, and soon they were irritating him more and more as he dealt with others. He knew
that with his feelings mostly subsided he had been able to do as much as he had, however this didn't keep him from hoping that he might be able to feel something again.

As you digested his words you slowly breathed in your sorrows, engulfing them back into yourself to wrap them away, just as you were concealed now. You rested a hand on the cold red world item in his chest, using it as a means of steadying yourself.

"Thank you Momonga."

He sighed, wishing he had the ability to return your sentiment. He cared for you, cared for the guardians, cared for Nazarick.

Just in a different way.

The light of those types of feelings were suppressed from him now, and he more so saw what he once affectionately referred to as friends and a home, as possessions. That they were his, and his ego was not something tied down by his race. You were all the lych kings trophies, and he wanted to keep you safe, functioning, and happy. Some of his prizes he took care to more than others, specifically his guardians and you. You all were of utmost paramount to him, treasurers he hoarded deeper than all others.

He cared.

Just in a different way.

However he was intelligent and understood emotions and why they took place. He was just above them now, or so that's what he told himself to help stifle his jealousy of no longer being able to feel as those around him did.

You both held your private conference for a bit longer as Ainz kept you bathed in darkness. You both shifted gears towards another topic, the issue of resurrecting Shalltear Bloodfallen. He explained that he wasn't sure if he could bring her back, or if reviving her would remove her status effect. He hadn't wanted to discuss this in front of the guardians, and it was a slight oversight on his part when he didn't mention it to you before the battle. As your nerves calmed you poked at him for his forgetfulness, taking the time to hassle him. He shrugged you off and called you a crybaby, mentioning also that you were late and he hadn't forgotten about that as you hoped. You corrected him, poking at the red orb in his chest. You were fashionably late.

Your eyes caught the deeper swirling darkness at your feet, his menacing aura crawling up to your calves as you both carried on. The air below felt colder and thinner, as if something was going to slip through the cracks and pull you lower.

"What do we do if she comes up swingin'?” you asked quietly, slowly pulling aside his robes to peak at the guardians. Most of them were waiting silently, except for Aura and Mare. You couldn't hear them, but it was apparent that Aura was picking at Mare over something. Typical siblings.

"Albedo and Demiurge convinced me to let them along with the other floor guardians handle the situation if she goes awry.” As he said the demons name your eyes glanced over to his statuesque posture. As always confidence rolled off his shoulders naturally, and his expression remained ever stoic, hinging on smug. He was no longer the man you saw earlier, the frenzy and panic of frustration replaced with an air of his malicious intellect. You re cloaked yourself behind your guild leaders heavy robes, pulling them back like a curtain.
You were sure the 7th floor guardian was done with you on all levels other than respecting your position as one of the remaining supreme beings.

Other than having his forced allegiance, you were sure you were empty to him. You knew his feelings had become unrequited when you slid from behind Ainz and the demon of Nazarick didn't budge an inch. The rest looked at you in some shape, way, or form, but he was immovable. The pain in your chest gripped colder than any frost even Cocytus could muster, the searing pain of his crystal eyes not holding you as they had on the farmstead carved a wicked scar into your heart.

Ainz lifted his heavy bones up from being bent next to you, his vestments raising with him and revealing you to the guardians once more. Instinctively you reached both hands up to your upper arms, covering yourself as if you had been exposed. He looked to the guardians, and then back to you. A trail of red followed his left eye, as if his orbs were leaking raw power.

"Let's go Holly." He was still quiet, but was returning to his leadership role over the comfort of his friendship. It was amazing to you how effortlessly he had your respect, and how he could switch from being affectionate to demanding fealty. He took one step forward with aid of the guilds staff, stopping when he felt a tug on his garb.

"I already know the answer, but I want to ask anyways." the words rolled off of your lips like droplets of morning dew, only visible to those who looked for them. He heard you as he turned his skull, raising it slightly as if to say 'Go on'.

"Are you alright?"

He lingered for a moment, staring at you through one blazing eye.

"I am now."

The treasury guardian found himself happily positioned to your left after seeing Albedo join Ainz on his right. A proper gentleman wouldn't leave his lady unaccompanied, he was your personal escort after all. You didn't ask him to join you, he just did. Your spirits lifted as he walked up the stairs, the heels of his military boots clicking as he swept up to you with his loud body language. You had never seen the doppelganger kneel before, so when he did it caught you off guard.

Pandora's Actor knelt down on one knee after he saluted you with a snap of his hand to his cap. With a smooth flick of his wrist he energetically placed one of his large hands over his heart, fingers almost coming up to and passed the nape of his neck. The other hand reached towards you, his palm upturned and hoping for your hand.

Your face grew hot as his coat pooled in folds around him, the outer stretches of dark mustard fabric tickling the last stair towards the throne of kings. Everything was an opportunity for a stage show to him, and what better way to express his devotion and love for his lady than to display it so vibrantly for everyone to see?
"My most illustrious lady, I--"

"Okay seriously, who is the dude in the yellow jacket?"

He was swiftly interrupted by Aura, who was pointing at him with an incriminating finger. She had an eyebrow arched, her voice spun wild with irritation. The other guardians were hot with confusion and mild anger as well, who did this resident of Nazarick think he was to walk up to one of the last two supreme beings so casually?

"...Who am I you ask?" he called out behind him, his bravado loud as he made to stand. He pushed himself up and off the ground as he tilted his head over his shoulder to face the floor guardians, the hand on his heart lifting to the tip of his cap with a twirl.

You heard Ainz next to you audibly groan, his hand reaching up to his face in embarrassment as Pandora's Actor's own hand simultaneously reached towards the coat on his back.

Normally you would savor every moment of what was about to transpire, seeing Ainz squirm around in repulsion of Pandora's Actor's garish behavior was just too perfect for words. However, you'd have his back on this one. He had just been put through the ringer, and you weren't about to let his creation put him through round two.

No matter how funny it might have been.

"This is Pandora's Actor." you spoke as you placed both hands behind your back, clasping them comfortably over your tail. The doppelganger turned to face you as you interrupted his planned grand introduction. You looked at him reassuringly as he gave you a soft whine in pouting, stepping aside as you stepped forward. He did allow himself a small spin as he took his place to your left, snapping his boots together with a thundering crack as he finished his motions.

In response to his continued flamboyance a smile did its best to fight its way across your face. You battled your twitching facial muscles as you did your best to beat back your giggling, but you lost as you spoke with a wide grin and a song in your tone.

"He's the Treasuries Area Guardian, as well as the Financial Manager for Nazarick."

You exchanged glances with Ainz, and although you couldn't see it in his face, you could tell he appreciated you sparing him from his NPC making an ass of himself.

"Pandora's Actor is also Lord Ainz creation, and by my request, he is my personal escort and guard around Nazarick."

As you spoke the doppelganger gave a polite bow, unable to keep himself still as he was spoken about in such high regard. He was buzzing with vibrant energy, he wasn't used to this level of attention. Especially not in front of an audience. He glanced over to you as you finished speaking, wishing that you knew of the smile swimming in his mind that was unable to spread across his face.

Processing this new information, the floor guardians settled themselves back from their former resentment of the unknown man. He was in a coveted position, as well as having his creator still present. He wasn't a floor guardian, he was technically lower than them on the ladder of hierarchy in Nazarick. However like the treasury, he was his own entity. This is why none of them knew of him besides yourself, Ainz, and Albedo. The doppelganger was an enigma in more ways than one; He was the ever changing phantom without a face after all.

"Erm, Yes. Pandora's Actor is my creation. As Holly said he is the treasuries area guardian, along with overseeing all finances for Nazarick for it's defensive and offensive budgets. He keeps a
constant eye on our inventory, as well as he is the final obstacle to overcome should anyone actually manage to get down to the treasury."

As Ainz went into detail of Pandora's Actor's responsibilities, he spoke with a bit more nobility. Despite Pandora's personality, he was still proud of his creation. Ultimately Pandora's Actor was designed to preserve the identity and glory of his guild mates, Ainz never intended him for actual combat or real use. However in this new world, he fulfilled many different and equally viable roles. Intentional or not, he was pleased with his handiwork, despite Pandora's over zealous disposition.

The leader of the supreme beings stepped forward, tapping the staff of Ainz Ooal Gown onto the floor below with a heavy and matter of fact thunk. He looked over the hoards of gold, five hundred million was nothing compared to the untold riches down in the treasury. The treasury of the great tomb of Nazarick was a dragons dream, splendors of coin far as the eye could reach and beyond.

"Now then, let us bring back Shalltear. Prepare yourselves should we have to do the unspeakable."

As Ainz began to summon Shalltear Bloodfallen back from the dead, you felt something brush against your left arm. Pandora's Actor's hand was hovering above KingSlayer (Adept)'s handle, fingers ready to grasp the blade for use should the BloodyValkyrie ascend from the dead hungry with blood lust. If she did rise under the same status effect, no harm would come to you through Pandora. He stepped forward quietly, positioning himself as a barrier between you and where the gold began to flow from his lords resurrection spell, forming the vampire anew. You were hushed away from the others behind his back, his hand still extended behind him at the ready above your sword. His fingers twitched to life as she took physical appearance, his mind already calculating the probability of what might transpire. You were the most likely target in the room to receive her attacks should she rebel once more, he figured.

You wrapped your hand around one of his fingers, giving a gentle squeeze in support and affection. That growing familiar feeling, yet still foreign to you, began to cloud your mind as you felt him relax under your touching. It was beyond your current understanding, but most of all, it felt warm.

"Be at ease my lord, she is no longer under mind control." Albedo spoke calmly, her voice a chorus of angels.

Pandora's hand relaxed once again, only moving to curl around yours in relief. You reluctantly let go of his finger to free yourself as Ainz stepped forward towards Shalltear, and he wasn't going alone. The doppelganger calmly stepped aside as he felt you move forward. It was here he noticed how small you were, your hair clinging to the static of his uniform as you walked away. You only stood a few inches taller than the newly resurrected Shalltear Bloodfallen, barely grazing five feet. He knew you were petite, but it was only when he felt that you were in danger that he found you so very small.

He was well aware that you were a supreme being with incomparable power. However, upon entering this new world, that power was compromised.

You hadn't told him of your situation, yet he knew.

If he could lock you away in the treasury with himself he would, to shield you from the world and it's cruelty. That and he'd enjoy having you to himself, years alone and hidden away from the rest of the great tomb had taken a toll on his heart. A toll that you had lifted with a single smile. He promised to be with you through anything, and meant it wholeheartedly.

"Ich liebe dich."
He whispered quietly, to which you heard him say something ever so softly in German as you strode away. You turned his way smiling with those sentimental green eyes, and he felt himself slip into a moment of emerald bliss. He drank you in for all you were worth, standing resplendent before him with a halo of supernatural beauty. His thoughts grew amorous as you shifted away from him, returning to stand beside Ainz as he clothed Shalltear. He couldn't help himself or his eyes as they hovered over your hips, your voluptuous curves causing blood to flow uncomfortably fast to his loins.

He could almost smell, nearly taste the passion of heavenly soaps and flowers decorating your skin like a garden of Eden. He placed a hand over his mouth, averting his gaze bashfully to focus on something other than his supreme being. It was difficult as you held in his peripheral vision like a beacon, and nothing interested him more than your generous sized backside as you bent down to embrace Shalltear. He was most certainly an ass man, and watching you unintentionally flag your tail as you were knelt over cuddling the vampire to your body in affection made the treasuries area guardian delightfully squirm.

Oh the lewd things he wanted to do to you and with you.

All the positions he wanted to slide into you in, how you'd look with your backside stuffed full of his length, the sounds you'd make as he fucked you in his many different forms..

The sudden jar of movement ceased his eroticism as you fell down onto the ass he was so hungrily wanting to plow into, the bloody Valkyrie the cause of his disruption.

"I've been with many women before, but never anyone like you Lady Holly..."

Shalltear purred, her flat chest brushing against the soft cotton of your blouse. She was laying on top of you, hands lost in the back of your curly hair as she stared at you through dark red eyes. Her dainty nipples were stiff from the cold air of the throne room and her growing arousal. She ground herself against you, her flat chest and petite nips grazing your supple breasts. You didn't wear a bra so when the vampire pressed herself against your bodice, her nipples grazed your own with a sweet touch.

She gasped sweetly, her eyes never leaving yours.

"You're so naughty my lady, making me this wet with your powerful presence! Your soft breasts feel so nice against mine.." she squealed quietly, but was not so subtle as for the others to not here her dirty talk.

"You don't even have a chest anymore Shalltear! Get off of Lady Holly, haven't you done enough for one day?!" Aura shouted at her fellow floor guardian and in a way, her sister. Her eyes were narrowed, hands on her hips in disapproval of the vampires lack of ability to control herself.

Shalltear pouted with a breathy sigh, reaching a hand from behind your hair and pressing a finger onto your lips.

"I am sorry my supreme one....I guess we'll have to continue this some other time..

She lifted herself off of you although she was greatly disinclined to do so. As she gathered herself up modestly with the cloth Ainz had graced her with, you saw a small shimmer between her legs. Her sex was glistening, her labia parted and puffy with heat. You looked down to between your own legs, mortified at your own arousal as she left a small string of her eagerness across your jeans.

You gulped as she sauntered away, breathless after being molested by the floor guardian.
Even when she let out a sheer cry from realization that her chest was now a rail board, you lay still on the ground still trying to collect yourself. You glanced over to Ainz in a cold sweat, seeing that he had backed up in his discomfort of the situation. Your eyes met his with an air of frantic embarrassment and pleading.

Luckily for you the undead overlord could set aside his uneasiness to address the overall situation. You were currently out for the count, hand shakily reaching up to your brow as you tried to comprehend what just happened.

....could girls be just as fun as boys?

Your nether region certainly thought so.

You admittedly had a hard girl crush on Albedo. She was irresistibly beautiful. The succubus had an air of everything right in the world about her, it was as if when she spoke trumpets sounded in for a chorus of wedding bells to play. From the tip of her raven black hair to the pretty way her ankles moved when she walked, the final floor guardian was the epitome of what you found appealing in a woman. However you did not want to ravish Albedo. It was that you wanted to stare at her as if she was a work of art.

Shalltear though...

"Why am I back in Nazarick? I remember I was hunting humans in the woods. And why am I naked on the floor?" Shalltear looked around the room curiously, her lip pouting as she faced the leader of the supreme beings.

As Ainz discussed with Shalltear and the guardians, you took the opportunity to come back from the abrupt and sweeping feeling of confused sexuality.

You were right when you said that the guardians were kinky.

They didn't know that you were as well.

You were startled as familiar long fingers placed themselves on your shoulders, trailing down to just above your breasts. The soft padding of the digits pressed into your skin tenderly, tasting the contrast in soft flesh and scales.

"Liebling are you okay?" Pandora chuckled lightly as he whispered, fully aware of how you had just been molested by Shalltear.

When you nodded his hands ran down your arms, fingers intertwining with yours.

"I can't exactly blame her Winterberry, you are quite a sight to behold."

You groaned and shook your head no bashfully as he whispered sweet nothings to you, helping you stand to your feet as the glaze on your mind subsided. You weren't sure if you'd ever get used to his terms of endearment or schoolyard flirting, but one thing was certain.

You never wanted him to stop.

You smiled up at the doppelganger, brushing off your shirt to free it of any wrinkles. You winced as you pulled your blouse down, attempting to cover the damp spot from your brief and wild encounter with Shalltear.

Pandora's Actor swallowed the hard lump in his throat, his voice cracking as he spoke.
"Meine dame, unfortunately I do need to depart back to the Treasury. I must take inventory of our stocks and sort through the usage of data crystals! Especially after the sizeable quantity of gold that was just spent today.."

You might not be able to read his face, but you could hear the frown in his voice.

He didn't want to go, and in return, you didn't want him to leave.

If you could have it your way, you'd equip him to your sword belt as you do Kingslayer (Adept) and keep him around indefinitely. He was right however, despite being your escort he still had duties to fulfill. He didn't have the luxury of ordering someone else to do it for him since he was the only one down there.

You looked over your shoulder to Ainz and the guardians, who were still heavy in discussion. Most had their backs to you, if not their sides at the least. They were fortunately too engrossed in soaking in their lords orders to notice you at the moment.

You climbed up onto the treasury managers shoes, surprised that there was no give. They were as hard as steel, only disguised as black boots. Your focus wasn't his feet however, they were just a means of getting you closer to your target.

"Kiss me before you go?"

You whispered sweetly, your voice caressing his mind like a dream. Your fingers slipped away from his, wrapping tenderly around the back of his head. You tickled him just below his cap, fingers brushing against the firm fabric adorning his smooth skin.

"I-I don't know h-how..

He choked out, his hands nervously placing themselves on your waist. Truthfully he wasn't sure how to kiss you. He was a doppelganger, a phantom with no face. He wanted hopelessly to feel his lips on yours, but he didn't have any of his own. He could shift and borrow, pick any form he wanted and feel you the way he feverishly wished too. However that wasn't him. He could be anyone you wanted him to be, but the person you wanted him to be the most, was himself.

You leaned closer to his face, kissing just above his oval shaped mouth. You giggled against him, your breathe hot and entering his being like a welcomed summer breeze. Everything about you to him was made of love, the beauty of your air no exception as he inhaled all you exhaled.

He took the initiative to try something you two had done before, hoping that it would work. His stomach flopped in humiliation, unsure of his action and the consequences he might face if he was wrong. Nevertheless his tongue shyly slipped out of the oval void, flicking nervously just under your chin. His heart leapt, the hard dull thud in his chest almost painful from the rush of emotion as your lips slowly enveloped him. His hands gripped at your curves as they had also once before, the both of you unintentionally groaning and slowly rocking into each other.

You both were hungry for more of each other, equally wishing to lose one another in frantic passion and pleasure. How desperately you wanted to give all of yourself to him again, and how furiously he wanted to do the same.

You let his tongue free from your lips, following him out with yours. You twirled your slippery device around his as he slowly wrapped his tongue over yours, hugging you wetly. His wet taste was considerably longer than your own, and ever so lightly thinner. It was still very attractive to you that he was so alien, that you were making out with a man of a different world and species.
Again you played with fire, knowing that at any moment one of the guardians or your guild leader could snap a peak over and expose your love affair with Pandora. You playfully wrestled yourself free, kissing his tongue before he resealed it inside of himself. You made a mental note to ask him where his tongue went when he retracted it, it seemed to just vanish into the thin darkness that served as his mouth.

"W-was that okay..?" he panted quietly, his voice trembling with the need for affirmation. He was scared of disappointing you, possibly losing you to his lack of ability and experience as a lover frightened him.

"Don't be silly...Y-You know how to kiss me." you pulled away shyly, gazing into his eyes. They were starting to grow on you, and you even believed you were starting to find his blank slate face attractive.

He sighed in relief, his chest relinquishing the pressure that had been humming over his heart. As you made to step off of his boots he pulled you closer with his strength, pressing your body deeply into his.

"I..I know it probably won't be long, but I want you to know that I will miss your presence Winterberry."

Karma was on your side today as you felt the strong beat of his heart against your temple. You were secure in Pandora's Actor's loving embrace, Ainz had won against all odds, and despite the ruler of Nazaricks doubts Shalltear was back home and well. You felt like the luckiest person in the world as Pandora's Actor stepped away, sweeping with a bow as he made to teleport back to the treasury.

"I will miss you too, Pandora. Maybe...maybe one day you can show me how you take inventory of the treasuries stocks?" You were curious of all he did down there, and you knew that you could learn a thing or two. It would also mean that you'd be alone with him, free to gleefully fuck and mess around as much as the two of you wanted.

"I would love to show you my lady! Just say the word of when and I will show you the ins and outs of the treasury managers duties!" he sang happily with his loud vanity, finally catching the attention of the guardians.

After catching their attentions he gave an energetic salute, his hand crashing up to his cap with enviable agility.

"Goodbye to you all my comrades! Farewell to my grand creator, Lord Ainz!"

His chest was hard pressed up, his posture that of a dedicated militant soldier.

He spoke much softer as he bowed your way, his hand returning to his side.

"Goodbye to you, Meine Liebe."

He was gone in a blink of an eye, the air around him sparse and blurry as it desperately tried to fill the space he had just been in. You furrowed your brows as you stared where he once was, and a dull pain struck your heart. You felt an odd sense of loneliness wash over your being as you bit at your lip in contemplation.

What an odd feeling.

You flexed your fingers in a bit of distress, and moved to slip them into your pants pockets.
He was just there, but you missed him dearly.

You returned to stand next to Ainz as he dealt out the rest of his orders diligently, taking no time for anyone to interject or ask questions. Albedo had suggested earlier that Nazarick overtake a settlement of lizardmen for the great tomb, making a good case that they would make better hosts for necromancy over normal humans. You made sure to listen while you conversed, rather, flirted with Pandora's Actor. It paid off, you didn't want to be caught off guard like your last meeting with everyone. Now that world items existed outside of Nazarick and had harmed one of your own, it was time to strengthen the tomb. There was a power outside that could threaten the safety of the guild and its denizens, and conquering the lizardmen would be the first of many steps towards protecting Nazarick.

"I will pay the favor back tenfold to whomever did this to one of our guardians. Trust me in the knowledge that this will be the last oversight I have." Ainz growled angrily, his statement needing no prodding or questioning.

"Demiurge, once Shalltear has rested explain to her what has happened." Ainz waved away his anger, pointing at Shalltear as she still sat below. The poor thing was confused, naked, and disheartened in knowing that she had caused so much trouble.

"Yes my lord."

His voice dripped from his mouth like silver, causing the high that had been built up from your good fortune to come crashing down like an airship being struck by the hand of god. The cold hurt from earlier gnarled and twisted at your heart as if the organ was caught in a slow turning grinder. The metaphorical wound that had been stitched shut throughout the day suddenly unwound itself at the sound of the demon's voice. You looked over at him, his posture uncompromising. His tail was curled behind him, the six points on the blunt of his appendages metal head were standing at full attention. He inhaled deeply as he bowed towards Ainz in respect of his new orders, his head turning to study Shalltear as he thought of what to say to her at a later date.

Just looking at him made your chest ache as if you had just finished running a marathon. You weren't breathless or tired, you only knew the soreness of what you had been through. You wanted yet again to slip away to your room, to hide somewhere soft instead of in plain sight where everything felt so jagged and hard. The scar on your heart wept as you had to look away from him, just catching the glint of his crystal eyes unwilling to even notice that you had returned next to Ainz was enough to make you sick.

"We should all rest after what has transpired today. We will pick up where we left off within the coming days, starting with overtaking the Lizardmen for Nazarick. I will leave you all to return to your respective floors."

You wanted to turn to Ainz and thank him for breaking the quiet, and for giving your mind something else to attach to rather than the pain of knowing that the demon of Nazarick was disgusted with you.

You could have possibly let his treasured lord die.

Even Ainz said he didn't handle that situation the best to his abilities.
Demiurge was the defensive leader of Nazarick, he knew what was best.

And you stopped him. You desperately hoped that he would realize that you were only doing what you thought was best.

His unwillingness to even acknowledge your presence, not a single look, let you know that your hopes were just that. Hopes.

Maybe with enough time you could reconcile with him, get a portion of what you had back. Even if it was just a smile or a nod, you'd take anything.

Ainz sat on the throne of kings with a loud crash of his bones, cradling his skull. You sat on the arm of the throne like a rebellious school child, folding one leg over the other as you both sighed in unison. You pressed your chin into your shoulder as you looked at him, waiting for him to say something. He would have left if he didn't want to talk.

"Life was a lot easier when I was a salary man. I'm sure if I could actually sleep I'd think this was all a dream." He scratched the top of his skull, his finger scraping across the clean white bone like a fork cleaning a plate.

You groaned and swatted his hand with your tail, the screeching clamor was nothing less than atrocious.

"Ugh I hate that sound." you shook your head in disgust as he did it a last time with the sole intent of irritating you.

"Every time I wake up I think I'm still dreaming to be honest with you." your tail retreated to lay lazily over the arm of the throne with your legs.

"If you could, would you go back?" you leaned into his shoulder, careful to avoid the large pointed bone that protruded from his robes shoulder plates.

"This has been exceedingly stressful, I will not lie to you." His posture straightened as you fumbled, knocking your head against the red orb on his robes. You grumbled a bit as you re-positioned to get more comfortable, the throne wasn't exactly soft.

"..So you'd leave?"

"No. Would you?"

"No."
You spit back your reply faster than you thought you could form the word.

He smirked through his voice as he spoke, turning his head to face you as you day dreamed about staying in Nazarick for the rest of your life.

"Good. I was hoping you would say that."

"So you're really okay with being here indefinitely? Like, forever forever?" you turned to face him as well, cocking your head to the side curiously.

"Yeah, yeah I am. I've technically lived here for the last twelve years, so it already feels natural. Just because the old life was simple, does not mean I favored it over this one. I find myself fortunate to be living here as I do now, don't you?"

Fortunate was an insult to how you felt about transitioning.

"I may not have been here as long as you have Momonga but...My bad. Ainz."

You smiled as you said his new name, sarcastically gesturing quotation marks with your hands. He folded his hands on his lap and laughed in response.

"I don't mind if it is just you and I. Would you like a nickname too? I could call you the Great Womb of Nazarick with the way you fool around with that dork I made. Do not think I did not see you earlier."

You covered your mouth as your eyes grew dangerously wide, nearing ready to pop out of your skull with enough force to propel them damn near half way across the tenth floor.

You wheezed with laughter as you spoke, cradling your side in pain.

"I-I can't even be mad at you for that, that's fucking funny. Great womb of Nazarick? Fuck you!" you spat as you shook your head, trying to cool yourself from humiliation.

"Haha, It just rolled out naturally. That was pretty good, huh?" he mused, feeling accomplished for stunning you the way he did.

You upturned your nose at him with a Hmph, folding your arms over your chest in a huff.

"I'll give you that one. I'll raise you the idea that we should try and find a spell or potion to give you a dic--"

You looked at him in excitement as you then dramatically turned to look at your crotch, having a sudden stroke of perverted genius.

"Dude?! Could I give myself a dick?!"

You pointed at your groin with your mouth agape, surely there was a spell...

Ainz groaned as he pushed himself up, shaking his head in repulsion as he walked away.

"There is certainly something wrong with you."

You flailed your arms a bit as you slid backwards into the throne, your head crashing against the other arm of the great tombs grand throne of kings. You gasped loudly as your hands shot backwards to cradle the back of your throbbing cranium.
"It's taken you this long to figure that out?" you spat as you sat up, sliding yourself off the throne. You were fine with sitting on the arm, but actually taking residence on it alone felt arrogant and it made you uncomfortable.

He waved his hand as he continued to walk away, laughing you off as he spoke.

"As I stated earlier, go and get some rest. A lot happened over the course of today's events, and I would rather the great tomb sleep peacefully tonight. I will [Message] you later with some ideas I have moving forward."

"Alright have it your way. Hey though...I'm glad you made it back. Try not to scare me like that again, okay?" You walked towards him, knowing you wouldn't make it before he used [Greater Teleportation] to take him to his destination.

However he didn't leave just yet, allowing you to catch up and stand beside him. He turned to face you slowly, his robes following his every move with a slow flutter of waving material. He placed a hand on your head, giving you a light pat.

"I will plan accordingly next time." he chuckled, and before his next pat hit the crown of your head he was gone in a ripple of particles, disrupting the air with a shimmering blur.

You sighed loudly, inhaling the cold air of the Great Tomb of Nazarick. Despite it all, karma was on your side. As Ainz had suggested, you were going to retreat to rest, to sleep peacefully in your bedchambers. You were thankful to have the day come to a close on the bright side of things. You still couldn't believe all that had taken place, and didn't care to revisit those dark thoughts as you saw yourself sitting comfortably on your Victorian four poster.

[Greater Teleportation]

You fell back into your bed as soon as you felt your butt sink into the duvet. Pillows from earlier lay scattered around, some falling off the bed as you flopped backwards. You pulled one onto your chest, a deep purple cushion with ruffles climbing inwards to a small decorative jewel. You held it tightly as you closed your eyes, breathing in slowly. You allowed yourself to think of nothing but comfort as you let go of everything to just breathe. However something tickled your nose, something oddly familiar yet too far away to be recognizable. You slowly lifted yourself up, lazily searching your room as you lifted your nose to the air, sniffing about curiously. The scent buzzed at the forefront of your mind as you tried to figure out what it was. It was so faint, you could barely tell if it was even real.

You thought you might be imagining things as you stood up, walking passed the dresser adjacent to your generous sized bed. As you began to walk away a pleasant waft greeted your face, kissing you with the scent of a freshly struck match.

Smoke?

Why would your room smell like smoke?

You inhaled again, raising an eyebrow as you impulsively looked under your bed, inside your bathroom, and just outside your chamber doors.
You shrugged it off as you felt the roof of your mouth crave the release of a yawn. As you walked back to your bed you stretched your arms above your head, wiggling your body around before making ready to bury yourself like an ostrich in sheets and pillows.

A glint of red caught your eye as you prepared to jump like a child in a bouncy castle into your cushions, causing you to stop and turn towards what grabbed your attention.

The corners of your vision began to blur to black, your heart punching as you realized why you were smelling the cloud of smoke.

Karma itself sat on your bedside dresser in the form of your old guild ring, laughing at you in shades of red and gold. You stumbled forward with a whine as you placed your old guild ring in your hand, the deep red amethyst pooling in the center of your palm with a twinkle. You gently pushed it with your other hand, your index finger pressing against the main facet. You keened at the oncoming gnarl in your chest, the tumbling down of a deep seated hurt surging through as a bitter cold against your heart.

He...he came and gave it back.

Why...

You tightened your eyes as you grit your teeth, the wellspring of emotion rising like a storm against your mind. You gripped the trinket in your hand, fingers mashing the ring into your palm where it began to imprint itself into your skin. You trembled as you fought back tears, you couldn't continue to cry over and over again. You just didn't know yourself well enough to have the strength to stop as water poured from your eyes in sorrow. You choked out a wet sob as you opened your hand, a few tears splashing down onto the ring of Ainz Ooal Gown. Demiurge's ring of Ainz Ooal Gown.

Until he gave it back.

You swallowed wetly with a whimper, staring deep into the black guild symbol at the center of the ring. You ran your thumb over the crimson amethyst, smudging away the clear liquid disturbing the image. You closed your eyes as you thought of the blazing shrine, it hadn't been too long ago that you had visited the 7th floor. You felt your knees try to resist your urge, but you fought against yourself as you saw the entryway to the floor. If you didn't go now you never would, you had to act on this impulse of bravery.

Your stomach filled with raging turbulence as it too aimed to stop you as you saw yourself beside a decrepit column, lava boiling and bubbling along the sides of a cracked cobblestone walkway. As you inhaled another scent tickled your nose as you wiggled it in recollection. The song of autumn trees, the beautiful fading scent of cedar traveling up and through to your mind. It was all you needed to make your decision final.

[Greater Teleportation]
Thank you for your Kudos, Bookmarks, and Comments!

Tumblr

Deviantart
You rubbed at your swollen eyes, smearing old tears away from your blurred vision. Teleporting was beginning to feel more natural rather than feeling like getting shoved off of a second story building. Whenever you vanished to suddenly reappear, you felt weightless in the median. For that split second you were a feather rushing towards your chosen destination, and it was as if you were between a stretched rubber band in the very fingers of time. Within a blink of an eye you were thrown forward and tossed back in a paradoxical retrograde of instant travel.

You were getting 'used' to it.

What you weren't used to was the searing heat singeing your eyes as you continued to rub at them in discomfort. The 7th floor was unlike all the other floors in the great tomb. Where the other floors had an inherit cold air to them, the blazing shrine was an eruption of scalding air and scorched earth.

"Atonement of flame...!"

You choked out as you placed a hand on your throat, wincing in pain. Your next breathe of air came in at a regular temperature, but your breathing was labored and hoarse. Your esophagus felt like it was cracking and had been starved of water for far too long. The hand not rubbing your neck in agony stretched out beside you, slipping into a thin void of swirling black. You quickly retrieved the common low tier item Pitcher of endless water, and swallowed down an unnatural portion of the refreshment.

"Holy shit..." You muttered as you put away the drink.
Normally when you came to the Blazing Shrine you would cast your *Atonement of flame* and shrug off the negative status effect of the scalding climate. You already had a natural immunity to fire from one of your job classes, but the 7th floor was of a different flame entirely. It usurped the upper echelon of Flamekeepers, leaving even level 100 players such as yourself susceptible to its ruinous hellfire without an item or spell dissuasion.

However you forgot to buff yourself considering the situation and why you came here. Upon collecting yourself from the sweltering temperament, you were reminded very quickly that it was still amazing to you how anyone managed to siege and conquer the Blazing Shrine.

This place, for lack of better words, was *hell* incarnate.

You weren’t sure if Ulbert Alaine Odle was a genius or insane. It was quite possible he danced on the thin line, despite or because of his lack of education and child rearing.

Proof of this stood before you as you curiously reached up to the crumbling pillar you visualized as you teleported. You wanted to touch it, but you were afraid it would disintegrate to ash. It stood just a foot taller than yourself, covered in vertical etchings meant to depict the hand chiseling of Greek architecture. However on the side that faced you, stood a hateful blast gnarled four feet wide into its core. The insides of the pillar revealed that at one time it possibly may have been made of white marble. However with time and the slow decay of the burning shrines devastating atmosphere it was singed a darkened slate. Upon further investigation you saw that there were more chunks of the column missing, some laying on the ground dirtied at your feet.

This one pillar of many was not all that adorned the 7th floor in Ulberts obsessive compulsion to coat whatever he entitled himself to in malfeasance. Everywhere the eye could see stood statues with the same level of destruction as the columns. They were meant to mimic the fall of old gods as demons overran the heavens, claiming what they believed was rightfully theirs. The age old tale of the battle between good and evil stood before you, only this time, the devil won.

Looking around one might say that the Blazing shine at one point was a place of divine spirits. A place where those of kind hearts and mild souls came to rest for eternity in peace. A white bastion of protection and fruition.

However where fields of green might have been, the ground quelled with cracked stone and scattered bone. Bone picked clean in avarice, marks of gnashing teeth adorning the remains of the fallen in disrespect and laughter.

The sky may have been an oasis of blue, a cloudless eternity of a hopeful deities blessing to those who entered his home. A spectacle for all to worship in reverence, the very definition of freedom from the worlds cruelty. An orange sun would never rise nor fall, but remain as a vow to those as residents that they were protected and loved.

The crimson sky of the 7th floor cackled at that thought as it's own star of black yawned across the horizon. The only rain that ever may fall from the Burning shrines sky were tiny cinders, flecks of the memory of fire falling down to paint the cobblestone below.

At a different time and place, you were sure lakes made of the collective tears of angels in joy embellished the land. Water so clean and clear you could see down endlessly with no darkness in sight. Only the heavenly light of promised serenity could ever rise from the ponds of god.

This was not the place of a benevolent god, and never was. No light could shine through what was at
no time a kindhearted messiah's ocean of tranquility and favor. The only thing to rise were seemingly endless spoils of boiling magma, singing a song of furious steam and torment. Stretching around the outskirts and part of the entryway of the shrine lava flowed freely, bubbling and splashing onto anything it so wished.

This was the Blazing shrine. The 7th floor of the Great Underground Tomb of Nazarick. Demiurge's realm. Your surroundings were a reminder that the demon of Nazarick was in contrast to you by a staggering six hundred karma points. That did not matter much to you, however. You just wanted to find him and try to mend the rapport you thought you had with the floor guardian. It was more plausible than not that you'd never speak with him again on the same level you had at the plantation, but you'd be happy to at least be on cordial terms with Demiurge.

You swallowed your anxious feelings, thankful to the cold water and atonement spell that had soothed your momentary lapse of heat stroke. You slowly investigated your surroundings, looking for the best route to the downfallen Temple of the 7th floor. This is where he most likely was since Ainz had ordered the guardians back to their respective realms. This is where he oversaw his domain, and where he was when you first saw him.

'Oh! Ulbert made you handsome.'

You groaned as you remembered your embarrassing behavior, minding your head as you stepped through the ruins of the 7th floor. The shrine was the only floor that looked like it had never recovered from the largest assault against a single clan, however you knew that it had always looked this way. You grunted as you pressed your shoulder against a slab of smoldering wood, using your body weight as a means of moving it out of your way. With two good shoves you stumbled through, your arm dirtied by the crumbling of charcoal and ash.

Why didn't you think of the Temple instead of this random ass spot in the shrine? You just thought on the first thing that came to mind and went with it. You knew if you hadn't went right then and there you would have just climbed into your bed with the discarded ring and sobbed. As you soldiered on you were starting to think you should have stayed. This was especially apparent after your shirt caught the jagged edge of an old iron gate, splitting fabric as if it were ripping tissue paper.

However it was when you heard the roar of fire and the splashing of molten rock that your fear inhibitor surged forth at full force. You dashed forward and away from the sound, fumbling as your feet shuffled through long undisturbed soot and calcified bones. The first thing that came to mind was your accident with Demiurge where you forced him into his Arch Demon form. The sinister smile of what you didn't know was him at the time still carved it's way into your mind like a steak knife. Your body screamed at you to run then, just as it did now. It didn't matter that you were a supreme being and were safe anywhere in the tomb, the sound still startled the hell out of you. With your fear now replaced with the urgency to get the fuck away, the only thing that rang in your mind was to survive.

The hateful noise seemed to get louder as you hurried away. You used your surroundings to your advantage as you climbed, shoved, and hoisted yourself up and over what was once or never was a church. The ruins gave way to your rushed and clumsy movements, crumbling or cracking further as you ran. You could focus on nothing to teleport too, your mind moving faster than your thoughts or body as all that mattered was getting away from that sound.

You skid on your feet to a dead halt, an eruption of clouded ash rolling like a dust storm of gray racing behind you. As you came to your final stop the airy residue rushed up from disturbance, fogging your surroundings in a thick and dry fog. You coughed as you waved the long dead cinders away, your eyes locked on the monster rising from the river of fire before you. There was no more
room to run forward as you stood on the edge of a shattered cobblestone path, waves of boiling lava splashing up and just before your person. As you stepped backwards your foot caved into something that was once firm, but was now crunched below the weight of your step.

You hadn't been running away from the gurgling of molten obsidian.

You had been running towards it.

Two enormous vaults of gooey lava shot forward to either side of you, laying arms of sticky liquid rock just four feet from your person. The viscous fire splashed as it made contact with the pathway, sending hunks of free flying hot sludge wherever it so pleased. The magma continued to boil and erupt, gathering itself up and rising from the river of fire like an eldritch god from the sea. The colossal figure lazily rolled it's way to boil and bubble before you, lava sloppily falling endlessly from the crown of it's form.

"Welcome to the Burning shrine, my Supreme one."

Guren.

The Area Guardian of the River of Fire in the Burning Shrine.

A level 90 gargantuan elder slime that rivals Demiurge in power and capabilities.

Guren is one of the main reasons why you found it hard to believe anyone got passed the 7th floor. The oozing guardian had no actual form as an ambush NPC, and not many knew how to actually take him down. You didn't know how to take him down. He lived in the River of Fire and would stalk his foes before trapping them with himself back in the lava for a fast and easy kill. He engulfed his opponents in his titan like size, devouring them faster than the magma could spoil their flesh. This was the area guardian before you now, humbly prostrating himself at your feet in ceaseless devotion and respect. It was an honor to have a Supreme being visit any guardian, even if it was just by chance or accident.

You sighed in relief as you pulled your foot out of what you had just caved into. You looked down in disgust as you shook your shoe out of the animal like skull, sending a few flecks of splintered bone into the air.

You had stepped into a skull.

How fitting.

"Hello Guren, thank you." You spoke kindly as you looked down to the left side of your shirt, the fabric frayed and torn a good four inches. As the slime pulled itself back into the River of Fire you dusted off your arm to only smear the soot around and onto your palm. You winced as you wiped the mixture of sweat and debris off on your pant legs, staining your jeans with slivers of graphite and smudged smoke.

"To what do we owe this great pleasure of having you here, Lady Holly?"

The slimes voice was so soft in comparison to his enormity and loud cracklings of heat. He spoke now from the River of Fire as he slipped back into his home. Other than the searing steam rising
from where he once was, you couldn't tell he had been there or was there at all.

"I was hoping to have an audience with Demiurge, Guren. Can you please point me in his direction?"

You stepped forward, peering over the ledge of the pathway and into the seemingly endless pool of lava. You smiled as Guren made to speak, watching as a small ripple in the basin of liquid fire signaled his speech.

"He is in the Temple my Lady. I can call him to you, you should not be kept waiting my Supreme one."

You shook your head no as your heart leapt with anxiety. You'd rather find the demon, not the other way around. Just the thought of him landing before you with a blank expression, knowing that he didn't want to see you already made you feel queezy. You figured if you could see him first you'd get the preemptive strike on whatever you were planning.

You still didn't know what you were planning.

"N-No, No that's okay. I'll make my way there, thank you Guren."

The River of fire began to pull itself back, the small ripple where Guren had been speaking from vanishing from sight. The lava shuddered with a sound of exhausting heat, as if the Burning Shrine itself was sighing. Steam tossed itself towards the crimson sky as a portion of the river cooled, forming patches of blackened and cracked char. The freshly made and still searing hot obsidian stretched forward, curving left to a different part of the 7th floor.

"Allow me to be your escort to the Temple then, my Supreme being."

"Oh! That's really helpful, thank you!"

Again you smiled, realizing that the area guardian had purposefully cooled a portion of the river to form a pathway. The drop down to the steadily fuming and still cooling rock wasn't too far, but still made your brows furrow. One wrong step and you'd plummet into the hungry lava. You may have an immunity to fire, but magma was a different ballpark. You didn't want to risk your chances. Just as you cautiously began to nudge your way down to the black steps they rose to greet you, brushing against the bottom of your shoe.

"Allow me, My Lady."

As you made contact with your new course it rumbled, cooling more of itself off on either of your sides. Steam continued to uproar as you moved forward, blurring your surroundings of all but forward. The sweltering heat was like walking through a sauna where not even your atonement of flame could save you from perspiring. You took the opportunity to wash yourself off with your own sweat, flinging gray ashen paint and whatever else had built up on your arms away.

The walk wasn't long, but it was quiet. The only sound that whispered into your ears was the rising steam and the occasional burble of lava which you assigned to most likely being Guren. You hooked your thumbs in your belt loops as you marched forward, shimmying your pants up a bit from where they had slid around from your earlier fumbling. As you drew closer you could see the debris of the entryway to the Temple, the left side facing you with a large blast in it's side. Similar columns from earlier pathetically tried to keep the building in tact, all with their own scars and stories of destruction and fame.

You hesitated as you made your final step up and off of the temporary bypass, the Temple now within full view. You thought it was kinda fucked up that Demiurge ruled from ground zero where
the other floor guardians had much nicer floors. You wouldn't say it out loud because you knew the guardians worshiped their respective creators, but you couldn't help but think Ulbert was kind of a dick for this design. Mostly because you cared about Demiurge and wanted better for him. However Ulbert had no way of knowing his creation would suddenly spring to life, maybe if he had known he would have done things differently.

Maybe he never would have left.

"It was nice seeing you, Guren. Thank you for bringing me here."

You stepped away and onto the actual ground, and despite how hot the shrine was it felt cool in contrast to the cracked obsidian road. As your foot left the pathway it sloughed back into the River of Flame with a soft splash. It was greedily consumed as the magma belched with fury in temperature difference, spraying streams of glowing red and orange into the air. As the lava settled from its fit of rage a small ripple formed, a tiny bubble popping as Guren spoke for a final time.

"It has been my honor, Lady Holly."

The doors of the temple, if you could call them that, laid strewn and barely hanging on to their hinges before you. You knew the way in, you had been here before. There was a small opening to the right where if you crouched you could sneak in unscathed from sharp pieces of flayed granite. The temple was mostly designed cosmetically this way, it wasn't purposeful to the floor for combat purposes. The Blazing shrine dangers were found in it's NPC's, climate, and Floor Guardian.

*He's in there.*

You rocked on your heels as you looked at both of your middle fingers. The right finger held your guild ring, the left one his. Each glittered in beautiful shades of regal red and gold as you moved your hands. You glanced between them and the foreboding entrance to the Temple, hoping to find some form of courage to move forward. You had come this far, you couldn't chicken out and leave now!

....Could you?

You could avoid him at all costs, just leave Ainz to deal with him.

You didn't *want* to leave Ainz to deal with him.

You liked Demiurge. A lot.

You had a raging crush on the demon. You had been intimate with him, spent a week lost in whimsy with him.

You remembered thinking as you flew back with him to Nazarick that what had happened at the farm was it. A memory and nothing more.

You didn't want to be right in those thoughts, and if you left now you most likely would be correct.
If you could try to salvage a piece of that you would.

You had already walked through a River of Fire, so surely you could make it through that crack in the Temple.

You promised to never leave him. You weren't about to break your word now.

If you remembered right, it was just a quick dip, a sidestep, and a push of a worn piece of cloth and you were in. You were correct as your hand swept away a dirtied and frayed banner, allowing you entry to the Temple. Your eyes were immediately greeted by the centralized white marble throne, unscathed by any debris or cinders. This is why you thought this dark and terrible place may have once been a sanctuary. The throne stood only second in majesty to the throne of kings on the 10th floor. To the left of the ivory glory is where you first saw the demon of Nazarick all those years ago. You thought yourself silly to think that's where he'd be when you entered the Temple.

He wasn't there.

He..he wasn't anywhere.

You stepped forward, eyes scrutinizing every detail of the place for his figure. Up and over fallen beams, through cracks in the walls, up and towards the caved in ceiling.

Nothing.

Nothing but unsalvageable destruction.

"Lady Holly."

The familiar voice was hushed, but acknowledging. It was spoken as if it rolled off the tongue like drippings of silver. An air of power and calm, sprinkled with a hum of unmistakable intellect.

You looked over you shoulder at the call of your name. You knew the voice, knew it well.

What you didn't know was the figure encased in the Temples shadows.

Two large red eyes formed first, too far apart to be human. They cut the darkness with their wet gleam, and were located near the top of the creatures head. They projected outwards as bulging hemispheres, a slick membrane retracting itself across the beings eyes as if it were blinking.

As the creature stepped outwards and into the Temples dim light you saw the familiar business suit and undeniable posture of the 7th floor guardian. You turned to face him, fiddling your fingers against each other as you looked away nervously. Your arms felt like heavy blocks of ice, frozen cold even in the center of the Blazing Shrine. You glanced back through the corners of your eyes, your left foot digging needlessly into the floor below.

"I-I've never seen you in your Imp form, before."

You whispered as he clasped a large and dark green claw over his chest, bowing politely. He kept himself low in his bow as he spoke, the slits of his eyes latched to the floor below.

"I assume this form while in the Blazing Shrine as a precautionary measure, my supreme one."

Whether it was intentional or not, his thin amphibious lips fanned as he spoke. Behind his slick glandular maw laid an insidious amount of short fangs, rows of keen and razor sharp teeth. He
blinked once more, only this time a layer of his taught and moist green skin formed over his eyes. He kept them sheathed away as he kept his chest and head bent towards you.

"My Lady, to what do I owe this splendid honor of having you visit the Blazing Shrine at this hour?"

You studied him a bit more before you spoke. You were unsure if you weren't speaking because you didn't know what to say, or because you were soaking in his appearance. His wings were folded against his back and seemed significantly larger. The points where they pinched together at the top had grown tripedal digits, each with respective hooked talons. True to amphibian form his tail was absent, however still ever present were his elongated ears. They had moved higher up his head and were now placed just behind his protruding crimson orbs. His skin was now oily and sporting the same shade of forest green as his wings, except for what you assumed was an underbelly of sorts. A pale hue of yellow dropped from the bottom of his face to down his neck, the rest concealed by his normal suit and dressing.

His head was that of a frog now, and had grown significantly to accommodate his new eyes and wider mouth. However where he had kept his elven like ears, he also still had his finely combed black hair. Curiously and oddly enough he still had his glasses, which were fixed on the bridge of a small nose with wide nostrils. They served absolutely no purpose for his eyes were now on the opposite sides of his face, but they were there nevertheless.

"I-I...I'm not sure why I'm here. I guess...I just wanted to go for a walk?" you stuttered as you spoke, closing off your sentence with an unconvincing and awkward smile. You felt the curves of your lips pull left as you winced, looking away while you rubbed the back of your neck.

Demiurge opened his eyes as her nervousness crashed over him like a meteor shower. First his thick skinned eye lids, then the thin and clear membrane encasing his large round protrusions for protection. He studied the supreme being before him, watching her every move, her every word as they rolled off of her lips.

The same question that he believed he had purged from his mind came back now with a furious vendetta.

Why.

Just as he believed he had purged the question, he believed he had purged her. Yet both word and lady were standing before him. He was not worthy of being in her presence, and thought to rectify the situation by removing himself. He did not deserve to be looked at by her radiance after his doubts and selfishness. He could no longer accept her benevolence after his actions, and the only way to relieve his guilt was to give back her more than gracious gift.

The guild ring almost bore heavier on his hand than the weight of shame on his heart. Since he did not have the strength to bare both, he remedied his anxieties by giving back his ladies priceless trinket. If he could have given her his still beating heart he would have.

However his greed got the better of him as he spoke. Just seeing her before him in his domain all alone formed the words out of his mouth before he could stop them.

"My Lady, please tolerate me as your accompaniment. I can not help but notice you have no escort. I would relish the opportunity to stand beside you, although I do not deserve to do so."

In a way, he hoped that she would reject him. Maybe affirmation of what he knew to be true, that she
despised him for his actions. Maybe that would lift that weight, even if it was just for a bit.

He closed his eyes once more, he did not even deserve to look at her.

He did not expect the crushing gravity to suddenly vanish when he opened his eyes, his heart leaping painfully in joy when she nodded her head.

Why.

He wanted to question it, but didn't dare to inquire his good fortune.

You nodded your head to his suggestion as you made your way out of the temple. You were relieved to see his imp form, no matter how odd he might look at the moment. It was easier to face the terrifying yet kinda cute frog rather than his handsome stone cold face. You knew he was of amphibious nature in his imp form from how Ulbert had wrote him, but you didn't know to what extent. Just as you knew he had an arch demon form, but didn't know what it looked like. At this moment out of the three appearances he could take, you were happy to see the frog.

And so you walked with him striding behind you. He was easily four or five foot steps away, rather than following close as he usually had done. One step back and to the right, that's where he preferred. You drug your feet along the path down from the Temple, minding your steps as you avoided gaps and cracks. By the time you reached the bottom of the stairs your shoes were chalked with ash, your footprints embedded into the soot.

He's following you because he's polite.

Any of the guardians would request to be by your side if they found you wandering about.

He's just trying to assure you get back to your room so he can resume what he was doing.

He doesn't want you here.

You don't want to be here.

Not with him boring holes into your back with his demonic red eyes.

"I'll...I'll take it from here Demiurge. You can head back to the Temple, thank you for your time."

you said quickly as you winced, shuffling forward. Just put some distance between the two of you, picture your bed, and bounce.

Your heart fell to the pit of your stomach as you heard his foot steps behind you, his voice calling out to you firmly.

"My Lady it is of no issue, sincerely. I will be your entourage."

He stood next to you now, and it almost looked like he was going to rest one of his claws on your shoulder. However he seemed to hesitate and stop, folding his hands behind his back as per usual. Just seeing him make an attempt, that small desperate ploy..

"I-I just want to go back to my chambers." you looked down and away. There's no reconciling this. You're imagining that he cares. He would have resented you had Ainz died, he does resent you..
"I will see you there then, my supreme one."

Demiurge tilted his head, mind racing to catch up to the many thoughts screeching across his mind. He blinked, the thin and clear skin returning to quickly encase his eyes and re-moisturize them. For a moment she was blurry as his eyes adjusted, only to represent herself in her full glory as his vision cleared. He wanted to apologize and beg for forgiveness, but felt that would just insult the goddess he served. He was a floor guardian and should hope for nothing more than what he has now. He was lucky to even have that.

How could he doubt her divine will, and then seem indifferent to her in her time of need?

He should call for another guardian to come and escort her back. He doesn't deserve to be here with her.

"...Guess I forgot you were stubborn too, huh?"

Her words etched themselves into his skin, burning his heart. He held his breath for a long moment, exhaling through his nose as his chest felt like it was going to burst. He instinctively went to adjust his glasses, only to fumble and realize he didn't need too. It was rare that the demon of Nazarick was caught off guard.

He couldn't read her, and that frustrated him. He could read nearly anyone besides his Lord and Lady, along with the Overseer of the guardians. He surmised he couldn't read the 10th floor guardian because she was a psychopath. His Lord and Lady though, he could not guess to think what they might be plotting due to their omniscience.

Words failed the 7th floor guardian as he ran his tongue over his teeth, pressing his thin top lip out as he thought of what to say. He leaned forward as he made to speak, bending himself at the waist to bow. However his words came undone as she spoke instead. If he couldn't say anything right, he could show her his respect at the very least.

"We...it'd be easier if we teleport there."

The words seemed to knock the air out of the demon as he recoiled. His head snapped up to look at her, and never before had he felt so very small.

Were her eyes always so wet and green? She screamed through his blood as he watched her reach out to him.

The curves of your lips felt pulled down by twenty pound dumbbells. He wouldn't even speak to you. Now he was just staring at you, and as always he was unflappable. Even if the tiny glasses on his nose were cute and endearing, he was intimidating. His mind was a sly cat ready to pounce, and you felt like a mouse. A mouse running in a maze with no direction, and all you wanted to do was escape.

Your trembling hand had a mind of it's own as it reached to him. You could at least try and convince him to take his guild ring back. If you could get him to reequip it he'd take you to your room, and you could slip away from the world for awhile.

"...H-Here." you fumbled as you slid his guild ring off of your middle finger, shakily holding it up to his face. Both of his slit pupils locked on the trinket with homing accuracy as you held it up. He almost looked cross eye for a moment, pulling away too quickly and shaking his head. He closed his eyes, shutting them behind his slimy green eye lids.
"I can not Lady Holly. I am without a shadow of a doubt unworthy. I should not even be in your sovereignty after my derelict behavior."

As he spoke he took small steps backwards, his head shaking from side to side slowly. His eyes remained closed, his posture still bent in regard.

"...Truly your benevolence knows no bounds, My Lady. However I can not allow you to contaminate your mercy upon my undeserving self. I will call another guardian for you at once, I should not be permitted to be with you let alone look upon you..."

It was your turn to recoil at his words as he unreasonably demurred. It was in the way he spoke the last of his sentence that burned a different fire in your belly.

Look.

He wouldn't look at you during the meeting with Ainz earlier.

You swallowed as you made to move forward, sucking your teeth in thought. Where he had made about ten small steps back, you made three large steps forward.

It was the first time that you felt angry in the new world. Was this somehow all just a monumental misunderstanding?!

"Did...D-Did you give this back because..." you spoke rhetorically, cocking your head to the side and leaving your mouth to hang open where no more words could form.

He must have been unsuspecting to your small hand, because his eyes shot open and you felt his body tense in stress when you grabbed his shoulder. He was even more so alarmed by the raging storm in your eyes, his pupils retracting to small and shaking slivers.

"I will accept any punishment, even if you demand my life Lady Holly."

Despite the quell in his eyes, the demons voice came out firm. It was as if he believed that you were going to request his death.

It was as if he believed this entire time that you loathed him, as you believed he had...

"I don't want to punish you! I want to know what the hell is going on with us!!!!!" you didn't mean to shout at him, but your voice rang in his ear drums like two brass cymbals.

"Did you give this back because you think you're unworthy of it or because I didn't let you go with Ainz?! Tell me!" your chest heaved up and down, your face flush and pink with the need of knowing his answer.

The guardian collapsed to one knee, your hand slipping off his shoulder as he descended himself forcefully. He faced away from you once again, staring at his footprints in the ashen ground. His ears folded down with a quick twitch.

"I desecrate your name when I speak it, My Lady. I never should have doubted yourself or Lord Ainz. My transgressions are unforgivable, as a guardian it is my sole responsibility to devote myself entirely to you."

He choked on his words, the claws upon his wings flexing to relieve his stress as he pressed on.
"I-I was callously ignorant my supreme one. It is why I suggest my life as atonement."

The guardian caves in on himself, his thick hand grabbing at the knot of his tie. He attempts to loosen it as a means of distracting himself, but he can feel her eyes on his being. She was an inferno of inexhaustible heat, and he was naught but a struck match. It was easier to offer his life to placate her rage at his sins than continue to insult her existence with his own. He wouldn't escape so easily as she descended with him, dirtying her knees with the 7th floors resting cinders. She's now singed with gray, but her green eyes still shine with the fury of a thousand lively suns.

"I don't want your life, Demiurge, damn it!"

Another hand grabs at his shoulder, taking a fist full of his clothing. He tries to study her in between her blinks, attempting to find some sort of a reasoning for what is happening. She should demand his life. He's not worthy of this level of attention from her. His stomach twists in knots, tying in on itself entirely too tight when streaks of liquid cut the ash on her face.

"God I am so sick of crying. You know you've been a lot of the cause of my misery today, for fucks sake."

He's not the type to snivel himself, but he can feel the emotion start to bubble up in his tear ducts. How could he hurt her, when she meant so much to him? He shakes his head from side to side again, and it grows increasingly apparent that he's unsure of what to do. He wants her to end his life, he wants to beg for forgiveness, he wants to reach out and hold her...

"I-I thought you hated me. I couldn't bare it. W-when you wouldn't look at me..and when I found the ring I gave you..I-I just came here. I didn't know what to do. I am so sorry Demiurge."

She chokes on his name with a wet sob, her tears crashing onto the thick dust below. She forms the loveliest shade of grey paint he's ever seen at his feet, and he wonders how a goddess such as herself could ever cry because of a fool like him. His own tears burn away with a quick sheath of his amphibious eyes, encasing himself in a thin clear membrane to hide his weakness.

He screams at himself no, but the delicate hands on his shoulders howl a much heartier yes. He reaches his hands for her, pulling the supreme being before him into his shaking embrace. The complicated knots of shame and sadness come undone when she doesn't resist, and instead, propels herself into him as if he's the only thing that has ever mattered. He closes his eyes tightly as it's all too much, and he feels like if he can shut off one of his five senses maybe he can feel more of her.

"Lady Holly, it was never my intention to cause you such pain. I feel as if apologizing is an insult, however...I am so very sorry."

He speaks quietly, his left hand stroking up and down her back gingerly. His heart leaps and knocks on his chest painfully when she places her head against his chest all too familiarly. He inhales and she smells of him, intoxicating his senses with smoke and a grove of roses. Her hands beseech him, slipping away from his shoulders and under his arms to wrap around him. She's so small and soft, and fits into his body as if Ulbert designed him to be made for her. For the first time in the day his breathing feels easy, his webbed claw threading her hair in comfort. Just the single action of his fingers dancing in her silk like strands sends a rush of memories over his mind. He can hear every laugh, feel every day, taste every second, smell every scene, see every...

You pulled away from the demons chest in time to watch him open his eyes, both lids peeling back
slowly. He looked down to you, the curves of his thin lips turning up to spread a small smile. You smile back sweetly as you nod your head in understanding that this all was a misunderstanding.

"We...Demiurge we need to talk. I don't want this to happen again." as you said this you motioned with your hand between his face and yours. You wiggled your finger back and forth dis-pleasingly, and he nodded with a gulp.

"And you're taking the ring back." there was a hesitation in his eyes, but he nodded again as the flame from earlier blazed across your iris's with potent vitality. There was a beautiful lethality in your normally tender eyes, a whirlwind of wild cosmic fire that reminded him of why you were one of the remaining two supreme beings of Nazarick.

You pulled away from him to stand to your feet and brush away the distress of the Blazing Shrine. Again you were coated with a chalky gray, your hands leaving smudges of solidified smoke everywhere they touched. You gave up after trying to dust off your shirt.

You held out your hand to Demiurge expectantly, tapping a foot as you waited. He pushes himself off the ground with ease, and you're impressed that only his one knee and shoulders are covered in soot. He looks away from you for a moment, his alien eyes hooded in remorse. He again feels small as he gently places his grasp in yours, and it swallows your hand whole. You slowly turn his claw over with both of your hands, his palm facing up as his thick digits flexed.

"You're more than worthy of this, so don't make me chase you down again to give it back. You..." hesitation clouded your mind as you slipped his ring off of your finger. You toyed with it a bit, but you weren't hesitating about giving it back to him. That was easy and what you had wanted to do all along.

You stopped yourself from saying more as you pressed the ring into the center of his palm, applying pressure with your index finger as a way of saying This is yours. He reflexively closed his hand as yours left, tightly encasing the guild ring as the treasured present it was.

"You..? You were saying, My Lady?"

He questioned, still tightly keeping the ring clasped in his hand. His eyes unfortunately weren't very subtle anymore, he couldn't hide behind his glasses or diamonds as they flickered over your body. He was obviously displeased at your distressed appearance, but didn't want to intrude and ask that the both of you leave the Blazing Shrine to further discuss the days happenings.

"Come to my room with me, and I'll explain more there. We need to find a better way of communicating."

You sighed as you finished speaking, closing your eyes for a moment.

He doesn't hate you.

You couldn't have been more off if you had aimed an arrow at his heart and hit a different guardian.

You have got to find a better way of handling things, today has been too much entirely.

Everything just feels so heavy.

Earlier you felt like a mouse, trapped in a maze with no way out and no destination in mind. You ran, because it's all you knew to do. There had been a cat, hungry for your soul, ready to strike and devour you as the weak morsel you were. However now you found your way out, helpless in the thought that your escape was at the beginning all along. And that cat? It was just another mouse, just
as terrified as you were.

[Greater Teleportation]

You looked like a burn victim, minus the burns. It was like you had survived a nuclear fallout by running through the mushroom cloud and every building it tore down. You stared at your bathroom mirror in disgust and awe at the many shades of gray coating your body. You weren't sure how long it took to cleanse yourself of the soot, ash, and god knows what else was stuck to your person. What you did know is that it took multiple wash cloths that were once white and that your counter tops looked like rush hour at a restaurant that served nothing but monochromatic oatmeal.

You sighed contently as you fumbled in your inventory, equipping a simple black dress. Sweetheart neckline, knee length. A little bow adorned your left hip, and you decided to forsake undergarments. If things went your way after conversing with him you planned on fucking the shit out of the demon until he was drooling and stupid.

At least that was the most of your concerns as you walked out of your en suite, pushing aside the small strands of beaded crystals. Your head swept left, and then shot right.

Fuck.

His gloved black hands were clasped over the base of his slowly waving chrome like tail. The thick and plated head of his appendage was relaxed and resting on the floor below, slowly circling as the rest of his tail swayed back and forth. He seemed quite satisfied with glancing over your bookshelves, his head occasionally turning from one side to the other as he mentally perused.

His right ear gave a twitch as he sensed you, his body languidly turning to face you with a familiar air of confidence. His complacent expression quickly changed to a slow forming and very toothy grin.

"My Lady."

His pleasant voice purred as he politely addressed you, a hand with soft dignity find it's way up to his chest. The end of his broad tail was lifted, no longer content with slowly dragging itself upon the soft area rug below.

Your cheeks had been cleaned from soot, however now they were dusted with a heavy shade of flush pink. He was no longer in his imp form, catching you off guard. The self assuredness of your earlier anger rushed away faster than water down a drain as he lifted his sights over to the front of your bed. Your heart thumped in your chest hard enough to remind you that you were still alive and staring, jolting you forward with a nod in acknowledgement.

He sat next to you on the chase lounge against the foot of your bed, relaxing himself with a heavy exhale through his nose. The deep purple suede tickled your skin as you brought your legs up, sitting in a lotus type position as you pulled at the hem of your dress to cover your bare skin. You looked over to the demon after you finished fidgeting, now comfortable with looking like a tiny black
"Do you mind if I take the liberty of asking you something?"

He adjusted the glasses on his nose, pushing them up tightly. As you wiggled about to better suit yourself he followed in your stead, crossing one leg over the other. His knee softly brushed against yours, and you felt a tiny spark ignite across that tiny patch of clothed skin. It was excitement, causing your stomach to somersault as his eyes waved over you. He had no idea that every time he smiled or touched you it made your soul catch fire.

However his words were soft, rumbling deep from his chest as he spoke hushed.

"Yeah, go ahead. I said we needed to talk, right?"

You chewed on your bottom lip, anxious. Despite being here with him after knowing that you two didn't despise each other, you still felt like you were wrong. It still hurt to know that you had hurt him, that he was desperate enough to throw his life on the line to pacify the situation. It was all very dramatic, but you knew that's just how he was. Devoted beyond measure.

"What were your plans moving forward should Lord Ainz have died today?"

His tone did not match his question. It was tender, as if he was asking you a different question entirely. It was as if he was eluding to something else, like a flower trying to emerge from underneath concrete.

Or maybe you were just looking too far into things.

You were quiet for a moment, resting your head back into the top of the chase. You closed your eyes, knowing that he was staring deep into them with those pretty crystals of his.

"Funny enough that's what I wanted to talk to you about."

He shifted in his seat as she closed her eyes, air filling her chest as she leaned back. He only looked away from her face as her soft bosom rose with the intake, gently laying back down with her soft exhale. How the course of the day led him here next to her was beyond even his intelligence, but again he wouldn't dare to question his recent set of fortunate circumstances. He gently placed his other foot on the ground, leaning forward as he clasped his hands together. His heel clicked on the hard marble flooring, the area rug of her bedroom ending underneath his other shoe.

He ran his tongue over his teeth in contemplation of her words. A mild panic rose in his stomach, tickling the bottom of his heart. This is why she wanted him to follow her. She wanted to let him know in a more comfortable setting that she was displeased with his doubts and actions. His calf muscles flexed in distress as he heard her mouth open.

"You were the first person I thought of when Ainz told me that if he died, I'd have to succeed him as leader, ya know."

He..he was who she thought of? Why him?

Both of his ears twitched at her words, the tips pointing towards the ceiling. He crooned his neck to face her, holding her visage with his right eye. Her delicate hands were placed in her lap, resting in the few pooling folds of her black dress. Her eyes were open, but instead of looking at him, she stared at the ceiling. Her bedroom lights flickered across her face, painting her creamy skin in many
small flecks of beautiful white.

"I am the first you thought of, truly?"

His nostrils flared as he questioned her again, swiftly looking away in shame. If he was still on this winning streak of his, maybe she'd take it as him trying to understand her rather than his own selfish curiosity.

"Yeah, yeah you were. Is it really that hard to believe?"

Her soft laughter was equal parts welcoming to his heart, and bone shattering to his mind. If he could just read her better this wouldn't toil his soul, but instead she danced before him like a phantom. Every time he believed he had her caught between his fingers for examination she slipped through like smoke. She was an impossible enigma, and truth be told it's part of why he was so feverishly attracted to her. Despite her prowess as a supreme being, forgetting her raw power, putting aside her beauty, he found her fascinating.

"Help me to better understand you, Lady Holly. I can not see why I am who you thought of, I apologize for my lack of foresight."

He closed his eyes tightly in anticipation of her venom. She was going to sink into him as if she was a syringe treating an infection. His shoulders sank forward, only to steadily straighten as she curiously showered him with..compliments?

"You do more for Nazarick than you think, Demiurge. I don't think you realize how valuable you are. I mean..."

She shook her head in amusement, placing a hand on her head. He leaned back as he watched her, his brows tightly knitted as he hung on every word. She lifted a hand, tapping a different finger as she told him what she thought he was.


He drank all of it in as if he had never quenched his thirst before. As if her flattery was the only drop of water left in the world, and he had it for himself. He had her current undivided attention, and she was choosing to lavish him in affections over reprimanding his earlier actions.

Regardless of how high he felt from her doting on him, he couldn't let it go to his head. He winced as he dug his tail out from pressing against the hard wood of the furniture, relaxing it now over his thigh.

"I am most gracious of your praise my lady...it is a priceless gift."

The mood shifts as she nods, shyly unfolding her legs from under herself. They cross over one another as she quickly pulls her dress down, his eyes electric at the small peak of her upper thighs. However she curls away from him and into herself, staring down at her floor. Before he can ask her beautiful and pouty lips are moving, forming words he can't believe he's hearing.

"...Were you mad at me?"

He can almost feel himself want to laugh at the absurdity. Her eyes though, once shining bright with conviction are..dim and hopeless. Her lids are heavy, her beautiful long eyelashes pulled down by the weight of her own confusion and grief. This is why she is fascinating. How an almighty can feel as he does. How a creator, an avatar of the universe can speak with him so casually, so intimately.
"I believe it to be impossible for me to ever hold any contempt for you."

She shoots him a look that emboldens his decision to reach a hand towards her. She meets him halfway, knitting her fingers through his. His heart leaps when she accepts his ploy. Just as her palm caresses his he's reminded of all that she is to him.

"We are most fortunate that Lord Ainz returned to Nazarick unscathed. However..."

His hand engulfs hers in the black material encasing his rough claws. He's careful not to pierce her supple skin as he squeezes her hand.

"...If he had fallen, I would have stood with you unquestioningly. Just as I stand with you now my goddess."

Again she's nothing less than the most captivating women he's ever seen or had the luck of meeting. The hue of her green eyes is a shade he can't hope to understand as she travels up and down his spine with just a look. The halo of light in her transcendent eyes are a gate to her soul, and for a moment she lets him see inside of her. The expression isn't the sorrow from moments ago, nor the conflux of wrath and fright.

It's again, something he can not fathom. A feeling he doesn't believe his Lord equipped him with. All he knows is that he is drawn to her helplessly like a moth to a flame, and for a split second he feels closer to her than he ever has before.

....Or maybe he was just looking too far into things.

Your breathing hitched at his words as if he was clutching your heart instead of your hand. He left you dumb and swimming in your head as his grasp tightened, and you feared he might just burst your pulsing organ. It was at that moment you truly believed the only way to relieve the building pressure in your chest was to kiss him, so you moved forward to do just that.

You wanted to drown him in pleasure, to make the events of today disappear from both of your minds. If it was possible to make all of this a lesson learned over a painful memory you'd go through any trial. You were sure he felt the same for when you shifted towards him, he propelled you onto him with a strong pull of his right arm.

The man moved with easy and swift motions, and before you knew it you were laying on his chest. Your heart beat began to thump in your ears as his hands found home on the small of your back, sinking his fingers deliciously into your skin with tender imprints. His smell is nostalgic of your time with him at the plantation, and the look on his face as he gazes at you makes your stomach weak with butterflies.

It's this crazy look of vulnerability and lust that sparkles at you from behind his glasses when his lips part to allow air into his lungs. You rise on his chest as he breathes, carefully running your hands over his dark orange flannel. You grip at the fabric gingerly, kneading your fingers up and over his shoulders as he lets his deep exhale out. His hot breathe tickles your skin, and god, everything about him just feels so nice. You could pick up on his scent through a storm, and you're reminded of that as a gentle waft of a forest set ablaze enriches your nose.

His heart beat knocks against your breasts as you press into him, hovering your face above his. You can feel his pulse in tandem with yours, and it's as if both of your life's blood are trying to find a way to breach flesh and connect. As you press down to pepper his lips with soft kisses he sits himself up,
embracing you with all he believes he's worth. The hands on your back feverishly thread through your hair, his finger tips pressing against your scalp. He grips and nurses with his hands, sending sparks and thrills throughout your body. You can feel him from the top of your head to the tips of your toes, and it sends a wave of excitement down to curl and pool in your stomach.

His lips move over yours, and it's like you've never kissed him before. It's erratic with this intense sense of desperation. He nips at your lips his front teeth, dragging your bottom lip into his mouth to suckle on. When you moan into him at the sensations developing over your body he purrs in affirmation, his chest rumbling like thunder. The kiss deepens when he nudges his face with growing heat into yours, his hands now palming your head. You're receptive when he opens his mouth, his tongue slipping through his lips and into yours. He greets your own tongue with a flick and twirl, inhaling deeply as he tastes of your mouth for the first time in what he believes is too long.

He's almost insatiable with how haughty his lips ripple over yours, and everything feels so very warm and wet. It would be disgusting if you didn't feel about him the way you did once saliva started to drip from the corners of your mouths. Instead you found it intoxicating, and you bunched up the material on his shoulders in fistfuls. There was no way to press him into your lips further, but it didn't stop you from trying as you tugged on his clothing in the pursuit of more.

In response to your fervor his eyes open, and you're so close to him that your features are blurred. He groans into the kiss and the sound is electrifying, and it courses through your veins in a hot rush to prepare you for what's going to come sooner than later. His fingers once again dig into your scalp as you hollow your cheeks, sucking on his tongue. You want him as feverishly as he wants you, and it's growing more apparent with every moan or tug. His right leg tenses and stretches, his foot slipping carelessly against the suede cloth as you work him over.

He releases your head from his confinement, pulling his mouth away from yours with reckless abandon. His cock is so hard it's beginning to ache, and is tenting uncomfortably in his dress pants.

"Fuck..."

He breathes hard, muttering under his breathe. He bares his fangs and the look in his eyes is dangerous. He sits up with a shove of his legs and a grip on the back of the lounge. You arch your back as you sit in his lap with his movements, digging your nails into his shoulders. He snarls quietly at feeling your heat against his need, his nostrils twitching at the scent of your arousal. Carnal instinct kicks in to wash his mind of any and all hesitation moving forward, and he grinds himself into you with a rock of his hips.

"Demi..."

You whisper through your own labored breathing, your hands leaving his shoulders to start undoing the buttons on his jacket. You're clumsy through your shaking desire, finding that undressing the demon is frustrating. His hands join yours and with practiced motions he swiftly lets the jacket roll off of his shoulders, and he seethes in excitement at hearing you sweetly say the first part of his name. The rest of the clothing on his upper body soon follows, his tie tossed off somewhere in your bedroom as you run your hands over his smooth dark skin. You press your thumbs into his taught chest, stamping your print into the demon as you drag down. There's little give in his skin, but seeing the flesh grow flush from your touchings gives you pride.

His lips curl mischievously as his hands return the favor, slipping under your dress and through to your thighs. His tongue flicks over his lips as he bunches up the thin black fabric in his hands, rolling it up over your body. The removal of your dress stops at just below your breasts as the demon pulls at the bottom of his lip with his sharp teeth. The small slit of blue between your legs over underwear stiffens his manhood harder than it already was. He pulls up the dress further and your breasts fall
with a small bounce, and he leaves the rest to you to remove. He latches onto your left breast with his mouth, your right with a groping hand.

Her breasts barely fill his large palm, and the drag of her peachy nipple makes him whine with desire. Her taught and pebbled bud flicks across his tongue as she tosses her dress, possibly landing on his tie somewhere in her room. He tugs and sucks at her aroused breasts in hopes of earning cries of enjoyment from the supreme being, and his eyes flutter when she sings. The demon nurses at her raised teats, flicking his tongue in tandem with his fingers over her bosom. He plays her like a harp, and she hums beautifully like one in turn.

He leaves indents of his fangs into her soft breast when she palms his manhood, her other hand entreating his pants for access. He allows himself to focus on what she wants as he sets her nipple free from his mouth, but not before lovingly twirling his tongue around her for a moment longer. As her hands flick and grab at his belt he goes lower, unzipping his trousers.

Seeing that he's had better luck with undressing himself than she has, her hands play with his in want of touching his manhood. He sighs sumptuously as he frees himself, and her hands take over hastily. The head of his member is slick with pent up arousal, his tip dribbling with small beads of pre cum. She wets her fingers playfully with his excitement, thrilling his cock with teasing touches. When he finally looks at her face with a needy stare, he's met with an emerald furnace.

It's her gaze that's dangerous now, her blood boiling for him. She dances in his eyes like wild fire, and his lips once again crash over hers. Her kisses spread warmth over his body, and he's reminded of when she cast her potent Greater Healing spell over his splayed palm. The electricity surging through every fiber of his skin as she folds over his mouth is even mightier than her magic, and it's incredible to him. It's impossible that she's here with him now, climbing further into his lap as his hands squeeze her ass in yearning.

He doesn't remember her ever feeling this good, or maybe it's because of the fever between the two of them. She sinks down on him, her silk walls swallowing him inch by delicious fucking inch. Her sweet slit is tight, his eyes squeezing shut as he dips in and out of her heat with soft presses of his thighs. He slowly works her open though, and she kisses him through it all. She is all consuming. He feels lost in her, and never wants to be found again. If he could bury himself in her energy indefinitely he would, finding hearth in what he believed was spiritual and physical perfection.

As he sits flush against her spread labia she finally pulls away from his mouth, a single glistening string of saliva still connecting him to her. Her tongue flicks out to catch it, and it's the most erotic thing he's ever seen. His cock throbs enticingly and he sucks at his teeth. He enjoys her pulsing heat for a moment before moving his hips, and she whispers into his ear with a hot moan.

"You have no idea what you do to me..I want all that you can give."

In an instant she ignites within him an inferno of hunger, heat, and need.

"Yess.."

Is all he can manage to hiss out before his hips start to strike into her with new found purpose. The only thing faster than his rocking into her is his racing heart at her words. He grabs her thighs for leverage as he spends his strength into her, his fingers digging and piercing her flesh. Her body bounces on his like a ship lost at sea, the currents carrying her against tidal wave after tidal wave. With every stroke her breasts rebound, and he watches and selfishly wonders if there's some way she was made for him.
He stares openly through his panting as she writhes on top of him in pleasure. Her mouth hangs open with a myriad of sweet and blissful chirps, her hair a frenzied mess. If it's not sticking to her glistening skin it's frolicking wildly with his thrusts. It pleases him that she can't match his rhythm, the brawn of his muscle too much for her slender form. Her legs widen as she tries though, and his hands move to help guide her eager hips.

He adjusts and slows his pounding, matching her in equal stride. His ears ring and his heart thuds with a punch in his chest when she whines at him for more. He nods as his nostrils flare, the familiar swoop in his stomach sending a shiver through to the tip of his cock. He tries to think of anything to object his twitching tool, but he can't help but instead watch her flush petals rise and fall over his girth.

She's sopping wet and her juices are coating their thighs. The scent is exhilarating and it's all drawing him closer and closer. His eyes squeeze shut as he flexes, gripping her hips and digging new punctures into her supple flesh. He's marked her for days to come, prolonged proof of their unity. The world starts to blur as he's over come by pleasure, and it's when her body strings like a bow that his urgency is most potent.

She screams his name in euphoria, a hand threading through his hair excitedly and another digging crescent moons into his shoulder. His eyes open in time to watch her go slack jawed, her eyes fluttering back as her chest heaves in synergy with his now desperate and sloppy thrusting. He feels himself begin to teeter over the edge when her sex encloses him in pulsing wet velvet, gripping him like a vise.

Her cunt pleads with him for his seed, and he presses his forehead into her sternum as the building pressure in his cock is outmatched by pleasure.

She pushes his head back from her breasts with hands clasped on his shoulders as his cock begins to twitch with intent. Her eyes are ardent and wide, and all he can feel is the world whiting out.

"Show me."

His brows knit together as he doesn't even have the time to respond, his climax firing from the head of his cock as he nestles into the slippery curve of her plush cervix. His lips pull back as his fangs bare themselves out, the bends of his mouth jerking as his member throbs inside her luxurious folds. He lifts his head up as he shakily exhales, his Adams apple bobbing as the last bit of his cum slips free into her silky womanhood.

His head comes down slowly and foggy with afterglow, and the crystals of his eyes swim in a cosmic sea of green. It's those eyes that steal his breathe and blot out everything.

He pants and presses his forehead into hers, and all he can think of is that she's the goddess of vitality incarnate.

You unintentionally wheeze in exhaustion, unaware that when you asked him to give it his all he would be the one to leave you drooling and stupid. Your legs wobble like raw chicken skin as you're sure the only thing holding you up is Demiurge's thighs and your steadily weakening hold on his shoulders. You admire your work though, the demon is a glistening Adonis and you can feel it in his hands that he's also spent.

You dust his lips with sweet kisses, to which he weakly replies with a few pepperings of his own. It's soft and wet, and leaves your heart feeling like a balloon ready to float away. When your lips slide
off of his you allow yourself to fall into him. You catch in the dip of his shoulder and nape, your breasts slicking against his chest in a caress of perspiration. The hands on your hips tug up tenderly as he shifts, his flaccid tool reluctantly leaving the warmth of your perfectly pleated petals. The 7th floor guardian wraps his arms around your back, and gently lays back with you resting against his chest. His quiet tail has found life, and is slipping around your left leg in search of comfort. You prod your head around his chest in discomfort, looking for somewhere to lay your head soft and finding nothing but his strength. You settle for the middle, closest to his heart. You'd rather be uncomfortable than without access to his slowly cooling skin.

His heart beat has slowed, and you press your ear to the soft vibration of his mighty center. You're content with laying here listening to the steady thrum of his heart, and find it beautiful that it almost matches in pace with your own. The day slips away as you focus on nothing but the sounds of his existence beneath you.

"...Hey. Are you asleep?"

You know he's knocked out cold and you're a total dick for waking him up.

He grunts sleepily, the comfortable hand on your back pressing into you irritably.

No one likes to be woken up from their sex nap, especially at 3am.

You giggle against his chest, placing a wet kiss on his pecks with a doting smack of your lips.

"You know, my en suite can....easily accommodate more than one user. Just wanted ya to know."

You rise with his chest as he purrs, his voice quiet and spilling from his mouth like a spring of silver.

"Mmm. Is that so?"

~I don't want to hurt you ~

The Aviators
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Tumblr

Deviantart
Your hair is slick, dripping wet with steaming water. He swipes your shades of red and blue tresses away from the back of your neck, his teeth sinking into your skin with a hot groan. With every shove of his hips you are pressed further up the lip of your roman bathtub, and he has you pinned. He is so much taller than you are, however the water makes penetrating you from behind this way more manageable and oh so enjoyable.

Every stroke of his manhood is a challenge, you are tight enough as it is without your legs closed. He swims in enjoyment of the struggle, his claw grabbing a fist full of your hair as a way of keeping himself lined up. Everything is so slippery and warm, and his other hand is no exception as it slides over your shoulder as he tries to thrust deeper.

You tuck your chin down as your eyes tighten, water splashing up to your face as the demon gets what he wants. **Deeper.** His mouth rises from the nape of your neck with a grunt as he adjusts, his tongue flicking over the rising flush over your skin in accomplishment. He is careful where he leaves his mark, but nevertheless he stamps you with swells of dark pink.

He picks back up after settling in, and his rhythm is deliciously predictable. You can feel so much of his length this way, and he does not hesitate to make sure you enjoy **every inch.** He growls out a chuckle when you fight his knee from spreading your legs, and his lips move to nibble on your ear.

"I see stubborn is a reoccurring theme between us My Lady.."
He teases with a sterling purr of his voice. His breathe is hot as he returns to suckle at your ear lobe, giving a tug with his lips as he again wiggles his knee between your legs. He hums in appreciation as you give in, and he parts your thighs wide.

His hands run down your sides as his fingers take the liberty to drag against your creamy skin. His fingers nails again mark you with loving scores. His palms rest and knead on your heart shaped bottom as he thrusts harder, molding your sex to fit his tool just the way he likes it.

"I rather enjoy this form of communication."

He breathes hard, his tone almost as slippery as the delightful friction the both of you produce.

"I believe it...Mmm...suits you and I well."

His sigh comes off labored as he finishes his sweet whispering, and his hands pull at your ass in the thrill of his building climax. It is when you arch your back that he leaves your ear, his tongue trailing down to twirl over your pulse point. Your stomach tightens as your hands try to dig into the stucco like texture of your bath as the demon licks at your neck. You feel like a live wire under the floor guardians hastening strokes, you can not help that he feels so fucking good inside of you.

"I-I think ahh...so too...!"

She whines a reply back to him in mirth, and her simple breathy cry rushes through his veins like a potent street drug. Is she trying to kill him? She takes her pleasure so damn beautifully, and he has to clamp down on her shoulder with his fangs to settle his needy cock.

'Not now.'

He seethes to himself as his brows furrow in concentration. His boyish lashes flutter over his bejeweled eyes at the taste of her skin, and she's nothing less than euphoric. She's the perfect balance of earth and fire, and somehow she comes off as sweet as blood. Again she's able to make the world stand still as he feels...

"D-Demi...Gah, please...that hurts."

A wellspring of liquid copper coats his tongue, and the demon of Nazarick buries himself to the hilt in her pulsing heat. He's not a vampire like the first floor guardian, he won't lose himself in blood lust. But the trickle of her origin in his mouth is almost enough to send him off the edge.

He presses a moan into the fresh wound, extracting her existence with a few kisses and licks. He rests in her warm silk as he licks his lips, unashamed of smacking them in enjoyment of the complex elegance settling over his tongue.

Before he can verbally make amends her hips buck onto him, her voluptuous curves sending a ripple over the now tranquil water. A cherub like giggle follows the slow sway of her waist, and it sends a shiver throughout the entirety of his being.

"I didn't say stop."

Her sexuality has no mercy, and his lips embrace her neck and stain her with her own blood. He takes over from where he left off, and where she made the bathwater burble, he makes it roar. His lower back shudders when she squeals at the delight of his power, and his tail strikes forward
through the water to wrap around her right leg and squeeze.

He peppers sweet kisses under her ear, nibbling with his teeth cautiously.

"Haaa...Forgive my miscommunication My Lady."

She warmly receives his philandering by raising her ass higher for him. His left hand catches the base of her tail as his orgasm twists in the depths of his abdomen, searing hot with warning. He admires the deep blue protrusion twitching in his palm, and it gives him so much pride to have something in common with his supreme being. He's more like her physically than the other guardians, and it's why he believes it possible that he was made for her.

He lifts away from her ear, repositioning his mouth over the warmth of her nape. It's primal and dominating to finish in her bent over her small frame, and it sends the urgency through and to the tip of his cock with a mighty shudder. He knows she is his god, but when she pampers him like this she makes him feel like one too. His eyes drag sensually over her shoulder blades, where he knows she can form the most god damn beautiful wings in existence. Just the thought of how they'd burst with an eruption of life from the tender skin on her back...

The power of his climax makes the demons eyes bulge on sweet hot contact, and he frees her neck with a rumbling growl of masculinity. He uses her tail with a hot sigh in pleasure to keep himself buried in her pulsing pussy, his crystalline eyes rolling around in his skull like dice. The head of his cock spills in triumph all the while, canvasing her silk blue walls with his release.

"...Oohmygod."

You moaned yourself as his hips jerked, and that beautiful fucking moan serenaded your ears. If you could have recorded that lustful groan he bellowed out as he came you would have. It was beyond anything you could have hoped to pull from the demon in pleasure, and it made your stomach swoop. His hand let go of your tail, allowing it to slip and droop in the warm water. He collapsed over you, resting his head on yours as he panted.

You cracked a tired smile as his actions tickled your heart. It was charming for the uptight demon to be this comfortable with you. It was nice for a change, just feeling him rest as you supported his weight in his milky afterglow. It was intimate, and the quiet beauty belonged only to the both of you.

After lazily resting on you like a lizard on a warm stone, the demon slips out of your sex with a content sigh. It makes you bashful when his hands swim up to your torso and give a gentle squeeze, his nose nudging the crown of your head in adoration. You hear him inhale, sniffing the soft scents of lingering shampoo clinging to your hair. He presses a tender kiss as he exhales, and he leaves himself there for a time. His nonverbal actions of endearment are more than enough to let you know that the day before had washed away.

You never read anywhere in his character lore that he liked to snuggle. Yet here he was, wrapped up in every limb, nook, and cranny of your body as if he'd die if he weren't holding you. It was nice
though. *Really nice.* You thought you were going to lose him, and now he was breathing so peacefully and you felt closer to him than ever before. You were mad in lust with the demon, and didn't want to lose the floor guardian to yesterday's dealings.

Even if his chin was digging into your forehead, *or* that his tail was rubbing your ankle raw, *or* that he was practically strangling you in his embrace.

There was no wiggle or shimmy that could set you free, even an inch. If anything his arms only caged you tighter. You felt like one of those Chinese finger traps, the more you struggled the worse things got for you. At least you were in your bed versus the bathtub or chase lounge.

He grumbled a bit in his sleep, and you were given a bit of relief as his tail drooped sluggishly, rolling away from your ankle to find home in the sheets. He lifted his head up and relaxed his arms with a sleepy sigh, which was then followed by a long yawn. Finally, you can stretch a bit. You sigh happily as you bend your knees up, forcing out a few cracks as you nudge into the 7th floor guardian with no reservation. Your head falls deeper into your many pillows as you reach your arms out, only for them to limply fall onto his back as you readjust to rest. Just that little bit of flexing is enough to set you up for the best damn sleep known to mankind. A pleased babble escapes passed your lips as you nuzzle Demiurge, ready to finally get some rest.

However the two of you aren't the best at communicating, and he misinterprets your sweet sighs and adjusting body as...a sign of something else.

He stirs as a familiar fire burns in his belly, and the demon awakens as the 2nd remaining supreme being drags her body against his once more. Just the soft pull of her breasts over his chest is enough to drive him mad with fervor. How she ignites such a rush of need in him he does not know. What he does know is that it takes a herculean effort to not crawl on top of her and brutally fuck her beautiful shape into her sheets.

He can't stop the heated blood from flowing to his loins, but he can control himself. He's been more than lucky enough today, and pressing his good fortune doesn't seem like the best of ideas.

...However her soft sigh, the way she grips his back, he knows her well enough to take it as he's not the *only* one that's tingling with salacious thoughts.

No, her rest should come first. It has been one of the most difficult days she's faced, he's sure of it. He's a guardian, and he should protect her from her (and his) desires when she's been through so much. God damn her though, that soft nuzzle and her hot breathe is just too much. She's just so plush, and her thighs pressing so softly into his is so enticing.

He's the 7th floor guardian of the Great Underground Tomb of Nazarick, and his resolve is damn near unbreakable. Only once did his floor ever fall, and that was under a siege of fifteen hundred strong men. And yet this one women, this fascinating specimen of a living and breathing super nova can bring him to his knees with just a soft peck of her lips on his throat.

He sneers inwardly at his thoughts, but grins happily at the women below who pulls him in closer. She's too inviting, and he knows how fucking lovely she feels. If his heart wasn't beating so painfully in his ears he'd be sure it had burst. The supreme being cuddled up to him and wanting him is a feast of bounty and sexual gratification that he doesn't have the will power to not partake in.

He grips at her back to make sure, and he's gifted with a dreamy exhale from that cute button nose of
hers. Her dainty palms press into the top of his back, right where his own wings would be if he chose to form them. His shoulder blades tingle from the stimulation, and his manhood presses hard into her supple thigh.

He showers her forehead in sweet smooches, the curves of his lips spreading a smile across his face from ear to ear.

"Lady Holly."

He whispers with a growl, and his cock throbs at her name passing through his lips. His excitement smears on her creamy thigh, the tip of his member dribbling in anticipation.

"Mmm..?"

She buries her face in him, the pretty affirmation rustling up from her chest as she shifts against his body. How can so much power contain itself in a women so very smooth and supple? It's damn near criminal, and the paradox of her existence only drives his infatuation higher.

"Mhh....Permit me to give you a detailed oral report of my recent findings."

He purrs with a flick of his tongue, trailing a finger up and down her naked back. The other hand he reaches up the bridge of his nose, removing his glasses with a pinch and pull. He doesn't need to be fiddling with them while he's busy playing with something much more tantalizing.

She giggles, and her bosom once again tickles his brawn. Her nipples aren't hard, they're just small buds of softest rose pressing into his skin. He licks his lips in want of having them in his mouth.

"..Demi..right now?"

His tongue moves over his teeth, his strong pointed nose nudging hers playfully. She sounds far away and tired, but he knows how to bring her up and to speed.

"I can assure you it's of...great importance. It's to your benefit to know, My Lady."

Why is he wanting to talk right now? Ugh, you just want to go to sleep. In all fairness you did wake him up earlier for sex, so you can listen to whatever he has to say. So you dislodge yourself from him, peeling your breasts from his warm chest. You pout from leaving his warmth, your hands falling from his back as you move back to face him.

"Okay, what is of great importance Demiurge? Let's hear it."

You blink a few times and raise your eyebrows, stretching your face to wake up. You yawn again, careful of how you raise your arms up so that you don't accidentally clock the floor guardian upside the head.

Knowing him this is important though, he doesn't mess around. It must have just came to him after the events of the day subsided.

However he forms a dastardly fanged smile, and his eyes are sparkling.

"This is not a conversation that we can have face to face, Lady Holly."

You give him your sincerest what the fuck look, adding in a raised eyebrow. You're not dumb by any means, but you know that Demiurge is an intellectual machine capable of making modern day geniuses nervous. In response to your naivety the demons smile softens, and his tongue runs over his
lips mockingly.

He smirks and you gulp under his heated stare. His sexual euphemisms push you down into the bed the same way his hands do, his tongue gliding down to where he intends to have an *in depth discussion.*

It's amazing to you that this demon, this negative five hundred karma point *monster,* can have a face so soft. He presses wet kisses down and around your smooth belly, dipping his tongue inside of your navel. He leans his head to the side, his cheek cool against the warmth of your stomach. Every action he takes down to your core sends a shiver over your spine in anticipation. You hope that he can't feel the tightening in your stomach as your breathing hitches, his tongue laughing across the top part of your sex.

This isn't the first time he's went down on you, and the 7th floor guardian knows how to play you like a musical instrument. He learned more about you on the farm than you knew about yourself, and you can tell by his hot moaning he's eager to understand more.

His tail is up in the air swaying happily, the blunt heads six metallic spikes fully extended. They glint in the dark, but are in no comparison to the diamond eyes that look up at you as he sucks on the flushed skin just above your slit. You whimper a moan and a shy smile spreads across your lips as you glance down to him. Your cheeks grow impossibly hot.

He kisses lower agonizingly slow, because he's a tease. He's a damn tease and he knows he's embarrassing you by looking at you so innocently. Like he's not about to rock your world as he drags his tongue flatly over the tiny bud nestled at the crown of your folds. He chuckles when you look away, your face he knows is beat red despite the darkness of the room. His warm breathe washes over your folds, and you quiver like gelatin.

As one hand clenches your bed sheets, the other one fists them with hard drags as he wraps his lips over your excited nub. The muscles in your abdomen tighten when he gives a few gentle sucks, gauging how sensitive you are to his touches. He reads your movements like he's scanning an important document; Careful not to misinterpret anything.

It's selfish of him, but right now he doesn't care. It's selfish because he wants to feel her *everywhere.* His taste, his eyes, his heart, his mind, his everything. He's hungry for all that she is, so that he might understand what plane of existence she walks on so far from his own. She's a fountain of youth that he laps from lavishly, her clear arousal coating his face warmly. She tastes how beauty looks, and feels how emotion acts. It's complex, and undeniably her. He groans in awe at her sweet taste again, thinking of how that orange fruit dripped down her lips at the plantation. His chest fills with the dull thuds of his heart, almost painfully so. His mind is high as his chin rests on her plush labia, slicking him in her silky warmth.

He sucks slower and teasingly, only removing his lips when she starts to buck into him desperately. He smiles arrogantly into her sex, kissing the small bud as she writhes above him. God it makes him happy to know that he can do this to her. That she's above him wiggling about in pleasure because of *him.*

His cock weeps with arousal as he begins to flick his tongue across her swollen clit. He doesn't care about himself, because all that matters right now is getting his point across. That he adores her, cherishes her, and wants her to always feel this good.

He won't deny it though, that part of what's driving him forward is the idea of himself sinking into her after he's made her cum hard like he knows he can. What a treat that would be, to dip into her
soaking sex still spasming from climaxing. To continue to unite with her over and over, keep filling her with his seed. She takes his cock so well, and how he slips inside of her warmth makes his fingers and toes tingle. How he's able to drop himself in her endlessly and still she wants more.

Which is what she wants now, more. Heat spreads through his veins when her hands thread his black hair, gripping at him desperately.

"God please don't stop! Mhhh....p-please don't stop!"

It might be foolish of a demon to seek light, but when her voice rings in his ears like a chorus of fucking angels he can't help but be blinded gloriously. He swirls his tongue around the left side of her bud, where she's less prone to over stimulation. He growls at her in his own arousal as she pulls on his hair, and he can feel her vulva begin to pulse. He knows she's close and it makes his stomach curl with desire. His tail lashes about behind him aggressively as he continues to work her over, circling her preferred side with rapid flicks of his tongue.

You sputter nonsense his direction as you tighten your already iron grip on his sleek obsidian hair. He's strong and you're sure he doesn't mind you using his tresses as a joystick to guide him where you want him. Your hips buck of their own accord as you hear him growl assertively, and it only builds your already burning hot climax. Tension coils in your abdomen tighter and tighter as all you can feel is your body about to burst as you reach the edge of your climax. Your breath catches in your throat as you let out a soundless scream, arching your back and mashing the 7th floor guardians face deep into your sex. His tongue still works diligently as you push and pull his face over your sex, riding out your powerful orgasm. You release and the guardian is greeted with a silky shimmering liquid, warm and sweet rushing over his already slick face.

You lay limp as you pant, your throat hoarse as you pathetically mewl out in afterglow. You lift up a bit to face Demiurge, your sex still spasming from the heated talk it had with the demon.

He's gathered himself up a bit, and you gasp quietly when his eyes meet yours. He looks angry. Again his diamonds are wild and dangerous, and there's a heat radiating from his body you haven't experienced yet.

It isn't a look of fury, however. This is the look of a man made undone by a women. This is a man with one goal in mind, and it's brutally fucking your shape into your sheets.

Your heart pounds in your chest, the beat echoing in your mind as you furiously shake your head yes. The thought alone that he's unmade himself through lust for you is enough to set your soul on fire.

There no smile from him, simply a show of his canines and his intense posture let you know that he's ready. He lifts himself up with a shove of his arms, which then lock around your legs. His hands grip at your ankles, and he looks at them curiously for a moment. He licks your left ankle, and grazes his sharp fangs across the skin. Not enough to slice open flesh, but enough to let you know they're there. He swallows his breath and looks at you again, the same sense of urgency and heat blazing across his jewels.

Hit tail seizes yours, wrapping around it with a shove. The shove that also has your ankles at your ears, your body folded. He's on top of you, and his passive black flames are consuming the bed in what seems like a ritual. You had honestly forgotten about them, most of the time they only tickled around his feet if at all. But now they were in an uproar.
As he goes to lift a hand from your ankles you give his tail a squeeze. His chest rumbles with what you think is a courting call, because it's softer than earlier. It's animalistic and sexy as hell, and you're honestly excited for this. You know he's strong and that he always holds back.

You don't want to be treated like a china doll, like some fragile thing that he might break. You reach down and take his length into your hand, and guide him just above your entrance. His hips immediately dip, but you press a hand into his muscled stomach.

He snarls a bit as his tongue licks over his teeth, his eyes wild.

You bare fangs back at him that you don't have, but you're still just as savage as he is in this moment. It's sweet because he hesitates for a moment, and his expression starts to falter.

Yours remains unchanged.

"Show me."

His brows raise at your words, and his once wavering smile now threatens to split his cheeks open. The demon leans in low, his lips just over yours as his word spill from his mouth hot and rich.

"Gladly."

She's a forbidden idol, a fruit from the garden of the creator of gods himself. He partakes of her as any demon does something so divine; With greed and force.

As soon as her pretty and polite hands leave his girth, his hips drop into hers with lethality. He plunges his spear into her chalice from tip to hilt, smashing his lips to hers as he does so. He doesn't take her wanting lightly, no. He pulls himself out quickly, only to violently strike himself back into her. She gasps and he eats her air, continuing his onslaught. This is domination and this is where he claims her rightfully. He has an air tight grip on her small ankles, spending himself into her pulsing heat as strongly as his body will allow.

The clench of her sex is almost painful, the shock of his punishing hips almost too much for her. Yet her lips still move over his as if she's demanding more of him. Any other women would have crumbled underneath him, cried and wept at his selfish strokes. This isn't just a woman though; This is a goddess. This is the 2nd to last remaining supreme being with unfathomable power, and she can take all that he has. He is reminded of that as her small hands grip at his chest, and leave small scores of their own into him.

When she pulls his bottom lip into her mouth and bites, and when she bucks back into him. She might be small, but she has more in her than anyone he's ever seen. He's worked her so hard now that he can feel the puffiness of her labia, that she's swollen from his painful movements. She's splayed out before him, wearing his bites and scratches like a fucking champion. Soon she'll wear his bruises on her ankles as well, gifts from him to her. The last thing he can give her is his seed, which is growing quickly in his aching groin.

She whines into his mouth, but he doesn't hear what she says. He presses down onto her ankles harder, pulling his length out of her and greedily shoving back in with hastening pressure. The fight begins to grow dim in her though, and he feels the once digging nails of her hands release his chest. Her hips have stopped matching his, and when he opens his eyes to look at her she's spent.

He's exhausted her, and she has no fight left. It's enough to draw him closer to his goal of emptying all he has left into her. He pulls his lips off of hers as she gasps for air, and her coughing squeezes his
cock in her pulsing heat. He looks down to see himself beat into her, and it instantly brings the curling of his orgasm at the base of his spine to the tip of his cock. She's too inviting and warm to deny, and he doesn't have anything left in him to stop himself.

"...Mhh...F-Fuc-!

He can't keep himself quiet as his climax punches out of his cock, and he fucks her raw pussy through it. His claws dig into her ankles as his strokes slow, the head of his manhood spilling ropes of cum into her quivering cunt. The pleasure overwhelms him, and his world is consumed by the darkness of the room for a moment. He lets out a shuddering sigh as his tool gives a final twitch, spilling the rest of his milky seed into her.

When he sighs you can feel his cock pulse, and it's the heavy feeling of his climax flooding inside you at it's height. It's an odd sense of relief and loss. Despite the pain it was pleasurably intense. You were high on being rutted like an animal, as well from watching the demon enjoy you so liberally. You didn't think you could take anymore when he came, yet part of you wanted him to keep going. You're not entirely sure what hurts worse however. The new welts on your ankles or your poor used and abused cunny.

You hear an odd wet chuckle, and the demon falls on you helplessly. His claws retract from your ankles, and you both awkwardly shuffle about until he's comfortably resting between your legs, his head on your chest.

"T-that....that was quite the discussion, My Lady."

God he's adorably corny.

His body is saturated in sweat, and his breathe is in shambles as he speaks. His tone is still that of flowing silver though, and as always, has this air of richness.

"I-I don't think I'm ever going to walk right again," You stutter through your own speech, your heart thudding painfully fast. "No more t-talking for tonight." you giggle sleepily, and the demon adjusts himself comfortably between your breasts. He sighs happily with a nod, followed by a yawn.

"I am in complete agreeance with you Lady Holly," he says while planting a small kiss on your left breast. His eyes flutter closed, and he speaks through another long yawn."I rest assured that you and I will have many fun things to discuss later down the road."
Thank you for your Kudos, Bookmarks, and Comments!

Tumblr

Deviantart
"It honestly feels like I'm trying to take the dump of a lifetime," you laugh through your labored breathing. You give a final grunt as you tuck your shoulders forward, letting gravity take its toll on your aching body. You fall down to your knees panting as you simultaneously stare up at the artificial sky that makes up the 6th floor, sweating profusely. You try to focus on a cluster of stars that you're sure Blue planet spent entirely too long designing, doing all that you can to dissuade the vertigo building in your head. Whenever you blink sweat rolls off of your eyelids, and when you open your mouth to breathe the droplets catch in your mouth.

You hear Demiurge clear his throat, followed by his muffled chuckling. He would not agree with you or say it to your face, but it did kinda look like you were trying to take a shit. His form casts a shadow over your small frame as he steps behind you, speaking with reassurance.

"Lady Holly, it is most likely that they are toiling beneath due to how long it has been since you have formed them," he bends down with you, resting himself on one knee as his hands place themselves gingerly on your shoulder blades. "You just need to work the muscle out so they are not up against as much opposition."

You groan in distrust and shake your head a bit, trying to clear your head. There's a dull throbbing from the pressure, and you feel your jaw pop. You have been trying for what feels like hours, but you know it has only been around forty five minutes.

Demiurge had suggested that you two both travel to the 6th floor, where there was plenty of open sky and field. That he would like help you with forming your wings. He had mentioned it before, but you two were cut off on the farm when Shalltear had been affected by the unknown world item. Since Ainz had yet to give anyone clear instruction, Demiurge found it most important to tend to his original duties to you.

"My Lady, do you mind if you and I undertake this in a different manor?" You feel his thumbs rub over where you think your wings are supposed to come out from, and he presses his digits into your clothed flesh gently. He moves his thumbs in slow methodical circles, massaging as he waits for your answer.
"Uh Yeah, I don't mind. If it helps me get these bad boys out, I'm all for it." You reach your hand up to your brow, wiping away the drying sweat. As you shake your hand free of perspiration he pushes your hair aside after getting confirmation and your face grows warm. Your heart skips a beat as you half expect his mouth to clamp onto the back of your neck. Instead you hear a tear of fabric as he rips open your tank top, his gloved hands now pressing firmly into your bare back. You shiver under his touch in contrast to the chill of the 6th floor.

"Let us try again Lady Holly. This time I will assist. However this is probably going to cause you some...mild discomfort," He takes a deep breathe as if he's also preparing to form his wings, however instead he gives you an encouraging press of his hands. He kneads at your shoulder blades with his palms, and his tail brushes against yours.

You groan as you again try to focus on forming wings. Which you've never formed. In Yggdrasil it was just a click of a button and an animation. However Demiurge is sure you can form them, so you give it another try. You're not even sure what muscles to strain, so again, you just strain everything. Your fingernails dig into the soil of the 6th floor, and your arms tense as if you're lifting weights that are entirely too heavy.

Again, all you feel is pressure. It's as if every muscle is compressing, and you're in an invisible vice. You're almost positive that if you keep going you're going to bust an ear drum, but the thought of doing this again keeps you going. You gasp loudly as you struggle to continue, and the demon feels a ripple under his palm. "There they are," he says with a toothy grin, and you feel his claws dig into your skin.

The sharp nails on his thumbs puncture your peachy flesh, and he drags down. You wince and bite your lip, tears springing forth from your eyes in shock of the pain. You tuck your chin down and hold your breathe, and you start to feel something violently start to writhe underneath the flesh of your back.

It feels like worms are crawling in your skin, and there's a colony of them in your shoulder blades. Just as you think to give up Demiurge's thumbs sink deeper, and he pulls the wound open. You don't have the time to curse at the shrieking pain as two blue wings burst from your back, forcing your body forward as they're birthed.

For a split second you look at the ground and think 'This is gonna suck,' knowing that you're about to bite the dust. However the demons arm catches you, and pulls you back from eating the dirt.

"Splendid work my Lady! They are simply ravishing.." there's a strong hint of attraction in his voice as he compliments you, and you feel his hands run over your newly formed wings. They're limp and feel like hanging pieces of skin, and when you try to move them they don't budge. Instead of responding to the 7th floor guardian you just take the time to catch your breathe. You close your eyes when the stars in the sky start to form everywhere. You mew out a whine as your body fights off the agonizing hurt throbbing in your back with a dull numb.

You're amazed at the little effort it takes on Demiurge's part to form his own wings, because when you finally birthed yours it felt like you were actually giving birth. In your state of delirium as your mind fogs from pain and stress, you half expect someone to run out with a gurney and toss you an infant.

"T-thank..you.." you finally manage to sputter out. You look behind your back and then quickly look away in distress and disgust. You whimper in defeat as the demon cleans the mire and mucus from your wings. He flicks off a good chunk of tissue and slime, which he burns away with a small torch of fire from his fingers.
"It is natural and nothing to be embarrassed about, My lady," he says with a toss of his hand, removing the last of the phlegm from your wings. "It pleases me to no end that I was the one able to assist you, and I believe this to be the highest of honors." He purrs politely, and his palms caress over the scarring just above your wings. He grins in accomplishment when he see's the flush pink mark at the base of your nape, and then helps you to stand to your feet.

"Should they feel like limp noodles?" you ask him through a breathy laugh, and you unashamedly use him as a crutch. You have his suit balled in your small hands as you exhale, pressing your forehead into his chest.

*Smoke.*

You breathe in and his scent helps you to feel comfortably numb.

"Considering all things, Yes. It will take time for them to grow into themselves. The muscles are frail and the bones are most likely very fragile. I would like to..recommend against you trying to actually fly with them unless I am present." he lifts them up gently, and they droop weakly in his hands. They're like wet butterflies in his hands, beautiful yet useless until given time.

"I-I think flying is off the table for right now, Demiurge. I agree. I can barely feel them. It's like...," you think for a moment as you let go of his garb, pushing yourself back to stand up on your own. His hands slip away from your wings and they instantly fall without his continued support. "It's like I'm trying to use my sword with my feet? I don't know how to describe it. I know they're there, but I can't do anything with them.." you trail off with a breathy sigh, face twisting in thought as you try to think of a better way to explain what you're feeling.

"Think of them like your Magic, My supreme one. They are an extension of you physically and mentally. I personally would not put too much sentiment into them. The sensation will come naturally to you in adequate time." He smiles as he brushes your hair from your face with a gloved hand.

"Shoot I hope so. Is it that difficult *every* time?" you raise a questioning eyebrow as you glance over your shoulder. You lift your arm up and down slowly and watch as the corresponding wing twitches. You gasp excitedly at the small twinge in your new extensions.

"Put simply Lady Holly, No. They will be up against less resistance now that they have broken free." He watches as you try to work out the new muscles, and can't help but grin himself as they twitch with life. "Just don't push yourself too hard, My Lady. At most you should possibly fan them, or keep them folded against your back. Anything else will cause unnecessary atrophy."

You look away from him like the feisty little shit you are, and grunt at him through your nose. He chuckles a bit and steps forward, taking hold of the top of your wings with care. You both spend the next few hours with him teaching you proper exercises on how to maintain them healthily, so that you don't overwork the muscles in them. As the time goes by they start to feel a bit more natural over alien, but you know you won't be flying on your own anytime soon. All the while the floor guardian showers you with praise, whether it be a twitch of your wings or when you actually managed to fold them against your back.

You lay yourself down on the 6th floor much to his disgruntlement, and splay your wings out as if you're science project. You find it rather cute that the demon doesn't like you to get dirty, but you pay him no mind as resting on the cold dirt is your top priority. When he speaks your heart falls into the pit of your stomach though, and you look at him as if you've been charged with treason.

"My Lady, where has Pandora's Actor been all this time? Not that I mind being with you, I cherish
it," his tail slowly pads on the ground, leaving an indent of the broad metal head wherever it lands. "However he should not be shrugging off his duty as being your escort. It is paramount to all of us and Nazarick that you and Lord Ainz be accompanied."

Your face grows beat red, and you steady yourself for the onslaught of jealousy and wrath. You've been happily fucking both of them without reservation, and although Pandora doesn't care, it's possible that Demiurge does. You swallow hard, and your throat feels suddenly incredibly dry.

"He's...He's uh...Well. He's down in the Treasury for some time after Shalltears resurrection. The treasury unlike the other floors...doesn't have anyone but him. So he's busy and..." your face is flush with heat, and your fingers are tapping against each other rapidly. Fuck. He's going to come unglued on you.

"I see, interesting. I have never spoken with him before, I did not even know of his existence until the other day." he says as he adjusts his glasses, pushing them up his strongly defined nose. "I can not help but be envious of him, even if it is just a little."

You look at the demon with a frown, and guilty might as well be stamped across your forehead. "Why...why are you jealous of him?" you look away as you ask, and half expect your surroundings to be consumed in black fire.

"Admittedly...it's mostly because he still has his creator present. That and he has the honor of being your personal escort around the great tomb. All of the guardians should be covetous of him in some way or another, and are fools if they are not." Instead of black fire there's silence. You contemplate what to say, but feel lost for words. You instantly think to tell Demiurge that you would have taken him as your personal escort if he wasn't always wrapped up in something, your time with him now is actually uncanny. However, you'd be lying. As soon as you thought to say something you could feel the ghosting of the treasury guardians long fingers intertwining with yours, and it made your stomach swoop.

Instead you act on bravery, and with a charge of impulse you speak quietly as you chew at your lip. "Demiurge...you should know that Pandora's Actor and I--"

"I am aware."

Even though his tone is nothing less than polite, it stings like an unexpected ice pick jarring itself into your gut. Of course he knows. It's Demiurge we're talking about here. He generally has a grasp of every and anything going on in the tomb, it's his job.

"You're a supreme being, My Lady. You can have anything you want in this world, and should as far as I am concerned." he adjusts his glasses again, and he yet again surprises you. "However...I am sure he can not provide for you in the same sense that I do." He faces you with a Cheshire smile, and his chest puffs out in pride.

He's not wrong to be cocky, he knows how to play you like a damn fiddle. It doesn't stop you from feeling bashful though, you're still new to the world of sex. You choose not to say anything but smile coyly, and it's all he needs to know that he's right. Which he knew he was right, he wouldn't have said anything if he wasn't so sure.

He chuckles to himself again, smiling through his speech as his tongue rolls over his teeth. "Lady Holly, do you know when Lord Ainz will be dealing out his orders for us moving forward? I am eager to know what he is wanting to pursue in the grand scheme of things, so that I may aid in his and your endeavors."
Wow. They really don't give a shit. You were right when you said they were all kinky bastards. You hate to be a double standard, but if you found out that one of them were carelessly fucking someone else it would break your heart. Well, possibly not Demiurge. You're aware of his breeding experiments at the farm, you just choose to shove them to the back of your mind and pretend he doesn't do really fucked up sadistic shit to the women he captures.

You're thankful for his change of subject, and even more grateful for his acceptance. You run a thumb over your chin in contemplation of his thoughts, pressing into your lip sluggishly.

"I am not sure Demiurge. I was planning on using [Message] to contact him soon. He said we'd be discussing things soon however... I think he just needs some time too."

"Yes. The course of actions that took place yesterday were exhausting for the both of you. Lady Holly, I..." the demons voice falters for a moment, and his glasses slide down his nose as he turns to face you.

"It's Okay Demiurge. You don't have to say it." You know that he's remorseful for what happened, because you still are too. You don't want him to chastise himself like you know he's about too. Instead you reach over and pet his face, and slide his glasses back up the bridge of his nose for him. Again it surprises you that his face is so soft, and you linger for entirely too long.

"If last night is any consolation I'd say you and I are good Demiurge, I promise." you giggle as you reach up for one of his ears, and he blushes timidly at the contact.

Bingo. His ears are his weak point, and it's entirely too much fun not to make the normally cool and collected demon feel blustered. His ear twitches and he nudges himself against your touch, and his tail strikes the ground in elation. You say nothing as you love on the demons ears like he's a damn puppy, because right now he is. He's fucking adorable despite the monster that lurks within him, that is him. Luckily you don't have to concern yourself for that beast, he reserves that for his duties and selfish desires that Ulbert instilled in him.

[Message]

_Holly, I'm ready to go over some plans and want your input. Can you come to my chambers?_

You've gotten used to multi tasking while using [Message], so you continue to fiddle with the 7th floor guardians ears as you talk with Ainz. You find he's particularly fond of when you play with the piercings on his left ear lobe, for whenever you pay attention to them he lets out a pleased breathe of air.

 Yeah, let me wrap things up with Demiurge.

_Ah. You're with Demiurge? Bring him along. I want to send him back to the farm, Nazarick is low_
on scrolls and I need to know if he can continue a steady production of sheep skins.

No problem, he was actually just asking about you. He wants to know your plans too.

Very good, I'll see you both soon then.

[End Message]

"What did he have to say, My Lady?" the demon looks up through his spectacles at you, the flush pink on his cheeks subsiding. You furrow your brows in response, how did he know you were talking to Ainz?

"Anyone ever tell you it's kinda scary how smart you are?" you laugh nervously as you let go of the demons ears, and push yourself up to your feet. Your wings droop until you lean forward, grunting as you try to make the weak muscles move to fold them against your back.

He chuckles at your fumbling as he too stands up, and he walks behind you as he talks. "I am not worthy of your continued praise Lady Holly, it was just a simple observation." He places the base of each of your wings between his index finger and thumb, and gives a gentle pinch. In response your back tingles, and your wings reflexively contract and fold.

You look at him with amazement of the simple action, and his smile is nothing less than suave. You'd have to remember that move later.

"Now then, where would Lord Ainz like us to meet him?"

You dust off the dirt from your knee's, and raise your arms high above your head as you stretch. Your wings follow suit, and you can feel the muscles inside of them as if they're a phantom clinging to your back. This is going to take some getting used too. The tail wasn't hard because you always seemed to be using it in Yggdrasil, but these wings are going to take some time.

"Us? That's a little more than a simple observation Demiurge." you smile as he mirrors your expression. You secretly wonder if he has an ability to hear the [Message]'s passing through Nazarick, or if he's just that damn intelligent.

"He wants us to meet him in his chambers, I'll see you there." He bows as you make ready to teleport, and he laughs a bit as he speaks. However you don't hear him, as you see yourself next to Ainz at his desk table in his bedroom.

[Greater Teleportation]
The guild leader of Ainz Ooal Gown sits hunched over a splayed map, covered in thimble sized red gems. The stones act as landmarks, and the 10th floor guardian makes minor suggestions as he asks for her thoughts. You teleport next to him, and he startles. His bony index finger unintentionally pushes one of the rubies too far, and he splits the map open with a small snare. He looks at you displeased, and you wince as you shrug your shoulders as if to say 'My bad.'

His displeasure turns to satisfaction quickly though, and he reaches a hand up and pokes one of your wings.

"Ah, you've formed your wings. Very nice, you are coming right along." he fiddles with where they pinch together at the top, and you recoil as he curiously examines your new appendages.

"They're sensitive, stop that." you bat away his curious fingers, slapping the top of his skeletal hand like a mother does a child after freshly baked goods. He grumbles a bit and waves you off as the 7th floor guardian arrives. Demiurge strolls up calmly with his hands placed behind his back, and he bends at the chest in respect as he speaks.

"Thank you for having me here, My Lord. To what may I do for the Great Underground Tomb of Nazarick and it's supreme beings?"

Ainz picks at the frayed map, cinching it tight with his fingers before placing a red bauble over the tear to cover it's rip.

"Now that Shalltear is back at the tomb, I would like for you to resume your duties at the plantation. I need to know if you can steadily supply Nazarick with sheep skins."

The demon smiles as he raises his head, adjusting his glasses.

"Yes, Yes I can. I can assure the tomb and it's denizens will have as many magical scrolls as they need and more."

Ainz sits himself up happily, and he fiddles with one of the rubies between his fingers as he speaks.

"Very good, Thank you Demiurge. I am curious though, what are the names of these sheep that you have? The quality of the scrolls is impeccable."

Doe he seriously not know? You look between Demiurge and Ainz, and it's very apparent that the leader of the supreme beings does not know what happens at the farm.

Demiurge thinks to himself for a moment, and he adjusts the knot on his tie as he smiles warmly.

"Would...Abelion sheep suffice my Lord? That is what I would call them. I actually have a variety of sheep at the farm, however the Abelion's are the best in class."

You shutter as you think of the man with the shovel, tilling soil until his muscles are weaker than your wings. However it's for the good of Nazarick right?

You grimace and turn away, facing the map instead of Demiurge and Ainz. You shake the thoughts away, burying them deep in your sub conscience. You can just pretend he's not a monster...right?

Right.
Instead you quickly scan the map, looking at all the places Ainz has placed the blood stones. There's plenty of topography, but there are no indicators for towns or cities. You assume that the rubies are placed at where people may congregate, where Ainz has been, or where he has plans.

"Most excellent Demiurge. Your contributions to Nazarick are as always greatly appreciated." Ainz fiddles with the ruby, spinning it slowly between his index finger and thumb. The demon's tail waves behind him languidly as he's complimented, and you're pleased when he doesn't object the praise.

"Thank you Lord Ainz. Please forgive my selfish anxieties, however I sincerely hope to acquire knowledge of your strategy with overtaking the Lizard men tribes. Should you need my assistance I can assure you that I am capable of handling scroll production and the supremacy of the demi-humans."

"Lord Ainz has already entrusted myself and Cocytus with managing the task of dominating the Lizard men. You should focus on what he has deemed you worthy of for now, Demiurge." Albedo speaks politely, yet her eyes are lethal. Demiurge runs his tongue over his teeth during the exchange, and his once slowly waving tail lays itself down on the floor in agitation.

"I see. Very well then." his posture is nothing less than calm, yet he too has eyes of wild fire. He catches a glimpse from you where you furrow your brows apologetically, and in an instant he smirks a deliciously sadistic grin.

"Actually, Lord Ainz may I once again selfishly speak out of turn? I would like to make a suggestion." One of the hands on his back slips to his chest, and his tail taps the ground silently in waiting.

"You've been given your orders Demiurge, you should leave and not disrespect our Lord and Lady with your continued--"

"Hey now, Let him talk. I want to know what he has to say," you interrupt Albedo, much to everyone's surprise. Ainz tilts his head your way, the demons smile grows wider, and Albedo pouts as she takes a step back.

"You may speak, Demiurge." Ainz places the stone on what looks like a mountain range, and taps it with his index finger in waiting. You do your best to control the right side of your mouth, hoping that you're not sporting too heavy of a shit eating grin. You hope that you're smiling just enough to let the demon know that you have his back.

He purrs with the best tone of silver he can muster as he makes his recommendation. "I think it would be most wise to send Lady Holly to accompany Cocytus. This will give her one on one time with him to exercise her more physical capabilities as you desired, Lord Ainz," As the overlord's posture changes to that of interest the demon steps forward, doing his best to ignore your bulging eyes at his suggestion. He stifles a small chuckle at the wild look you're giving him as he continues forward. "It would also benefit her to gain tactical knowledge, and oversee a floor guardian as they to learn to adapt to an ever changing campaign." The demon of Nazarick reaches the desk, and taps a red stone similarly in the way that Ainz has been doing. Demiurge rolls the ruby underneath his finger, grinning once again as Ainz sits back comfortably in his seat.

You wrinkle your nose at the demon as he refuses to look at you, and you feel like he just tossed you under the bus. Ainz glances over to you just to catch the tail end of your dirty look, and he smiles through the tune in his voice.

"That is an excellent idea, Demiurge. It is one I will implement effective immediately. Holly, you will oversee the Lizard men in place of Albedo. This will free Albedo to continue watch over Nazarick, and as Demiurge said it will be priceless knowledge for you to have in the coming times."
It's times like right now you wish you would have shut the fuck up. You hold back in a groan as you
gulp and nod, placing your hands behind your back similarly to how the 7th floor guardian chooses
to stand. As Ainz looks away you sneer at Demiurge once more, hoping to have a chat with him
once this meeting of sorts is over. Sure it's a good thing that you go, but you'd much rather lay in bed
and eat, sleep, and have sex whenever you want.

"..Yeahh that's a great idea, Thank you Demiurge." you try to sound convincing, but you're pretty
sure they all heard the tinge of sarcasm and disdain in your voice.

"If that is all Demiurge, I will ask you to return to the plantation. Albedo, resume with guarding
Nazarick. In between these next eight to ten days I will be furthering my guise as Momon along with
popping in to check on the status of the great tomb and the Lizard men. I entrust you both with
furthering my Agenda for Nazarick." The leader of the great underground tomb leans forward, and
places both elbows on the table below as he finishes speaking. His robs fold and pool over the map,
consuming it in shades of black and deep amethyst.

Albedo and Demiurge bow in sequence, affirming with a simple "Lord," as they speak unanimously.
Ainz looks down at the map as if he needs to study it further before speaking once more. "This does
change a few things...Hm..." he mutters to himself, placing down the gem in his hand next to the one
Demiurge had been fiddling with. "Holly, I need to speak to you in private for the time being," The
overlord glances up at the two floor guardians, barely moving his head as he finishes speaking.
"Thank you both for your valuable opinions, they are always welcome at my table. Know that my
orders are not set in stone, and should you wish to challenge my thoughts I will always listen," Ainz
clears his throat as he continues, his voice quiet yet domineering. "I may not implement them, but
your words are appreciated. I can not, and will not do this all on my own."

Once again the floor guardians affirm their Lords orders. As Albedo leans in to Ainz batting her
eyelashes and doing her best to flaunt her femininity, the demon as always stays devoted to his cause.

"I will leave to the farmstead promptly. Thank you for your most valuable time, My supreme ones."

You weren't going to get the chance to give the demon an earful. Plans had been set in motion that
could not be undone, so you'd just have to roll with things. Even then you'd like to think you'd give
him an earful, but more likely than not you'd just demur bashfully as he explained to you why it was
to your best interest to accompany Cocytus. He was as always right.
It still didn't stop you from turning your nose at him playfully when he approached you, tail waving
behind him in accomplishment.

"Lady Holly, do please make sure to not pressure yourself on your campaign with Cocytus. I
sincerely ho--" You interrupt the 7th floor guardian with a sharp poke to his chest with your
disgruntled index finger. You shift your weight to the left, placing your right hand on your hip as you
cock up an eyebrow his direction.

"Yeah, yeah. You worry too much. I'll be fine." As you roll your eyes sarcastically you wave your
once prodding hand away from his chest. As you go to withdraw Demiurge catches your hand
smoothly, wrapping his fingers underneath yours. His thumb brushes over the tips of your digits, his
gloved hand tickling your bare skin.

Your once rolling eyes turn soft, and your heart flutters as his lips brush gently against your
knuckles. Your face grows warm as you catch Ainz watching in the corner of your left eye, and you
can't stop your tail from beseeching the demons in a quick flick of affection.

"Goodbye My Lady."
He whispers richly against your finger tips, his warm breath sinking into your skin like rain nourishing a garden. The demon walks away as his swirling dark flames lick at his feet, his shoes softly stamping against the flooring. The last time he left you with a sinking feeling, as if you were being swallowed whole by an infinite array of familiar loneliness and heartache.

Now as he pushed the door open of his masters bedchambers, he left you feeling whole. Possibly more than whole, for as he made his departure you felt your heart swell and your stomach swoop in affection.

"I will make sure that when I return to Nazarick I will provide an elaborate verbal debriefing of the farmsteads status, My Lady. We should organize a proper time for such a conversation when you return to the great tomb as well."

You inhaled sharply as his tail slipped out of the doorway slyly, and you grit your teeth. He knew his euphemism wasn't lost on you, and that Albedo and Ainz simply thought he was being dutiful. Damn silver tongued demon had you where he wanted you, for as he walked away he proudly wore his signature smile. God how you wanted to chase after him and accompany him to the plantation once more. How nice it'd be to wake up every morning and fool around, practice magic, eat delicious fruits...

You sighed as you ran a hand over your own, tickling the knuckles where he had kissed your fingers. You smiled warmly as you stared at your guild ring, the stark red amethyst glittering in your eyes. Karma no longer laughed but smiled back through many facets as you ventured forward, turning to face the Overlord.

You held back a snort as you weren't the only one dealing with some very forward sexuality.

"My Lord as your loving wife it is my duty to make sure that I am always ready for your more masculine desires! Please do not hesitate to take me whenever you wish, I am always willing."

The succubus squeals adoringly as she presses her breasts into the guild leader, her face a blushing pink. Ainz jaw drops as he stares at her cleavage, and the both of them are consumed in a show of green lights as the poor bastards emotional inhibitor calms his fire down to nothing. He grunts as he places a hand on Albedo's shoulder, lightly pressing her away.

"Uh....Yes. That....Yes. Ahem. Albedo this was err, fun. Please return to the throne room and proceed with....yeah. Plans. Those things." the flustered skeleton turns his attention back to the map, nervously placing stones around meaninglessly as the final floor guardian gives him her best pouty face. She sighs lovingly in acknowledgement, and her hand greets his on the map.

"I understand my Lord. Please be careful out there."

He nods as he refuses to look at her, but you happened to catch his finger raise and brush against her hand in affection. You lean forward as you smile from ear to ear, the view of what's happening dancing in your eyes. It takes a lot for you not to gush over the mild attention he shows her, but just seeing him display a token of love towards Albedo makes your blood boil.

Yep.

You ship them.

You ship them hard.

The angelic floor guardian bursts your thought bubble of trying to find a way to make the Overlord feel human emotions again as she glances up to you, speaking softly.
"You too My Lady. Should you need anything from myself please do not hesitate to come into contact with me or any of the other floor guardians. We will always be at your disposal."

You nod too as she slowly saunters away, her hip wings bouncing with her dainty steps. As she makes it halfway down the hall way she gathers her hair to her side, running her fingers through her obsidian mane. Simultaneously both your eyes and the guild leaders eyes drop to her bottom, jaws comedically hitting the floor.

She...

Her dress. Her dress has butt cleavage.

You feel your right eye twitch unintentionally at the sight, her dress hugging her hips in all the right ways. Golden filigree tickles the soft peek-a-boo of flesh above her supple hindquarters, and before either of you can enjoy anymore she teleports away in a flash of white light.

"D-did you..."

you stutter with a breathy moan, lifting a finger to point where she once was.

"...Yes. I know."

The overlord says with an exhausting groan, carrying his heavy hand to his head with a whack.

You were sure somewhere in the grand scheme of things, possibly in an alternate universe, Tabula Smaragdina was laughing maniacally.

Much to Ainz distaste you propped yourself up on the desk, wrinkling the map. When he told you to move your 'fat ass' you spat back you wouldn't have to if his 'fat ass' wasn't eating up all of the desk chair. He conceded defeat as you wiggled comfortably, dropping your tail over the lip of the table.

You purposefully pushed a stone with the tip of your tail, and muffled a giggle as he placed it back where it was with an obstinate grunt.

He cleared his throat as he picked up the red gem that Demiurge had been rolling about, squeezing it softly between his fingers. "Now then..."

You had enough wits about you to know when playtime was over. You folded one leg over the other and leaned into the map, studying the area Ainz's hand was hovering over.

"Is that where the Lizard men tribes are located? Where Cocytus is at now?" you asked quietly.

"Very observant of you. Yes, yes it is. I'm sending Cocytus specifically because I want to test him." Ainz slowly begins toss the gemstone up for his amusement, catching it as he muses on. He catches your curiosity and interrupts you before you can speak.

"I want to see what he's capable of with his own battalion. He is forbidden to engage in battle himself, and instead he must use what I send him," he catches the stone, enclosing it against his palm. "Originally I was going to have Albedo observe, but sending you is more ideal."
He stamps the bauble down without letting it go, nudging it closer to an open field.

"The battle will take place here. All I want you to do is watch. Do not make suggestions, and you are also forbidden from engaging," His red orbs hover over you as he lifts his head, and even though you're at equal height he towers over you. "This will also give you the time with Cocytus to practice using your sword."

His hand reaches towards you, and he drops the stone. You instinctively catch it, and although he had been handling it for some time now it felt cool in your hand.

"Two birds one stone. You get to be my eyes, and you get to--"

You cut him off as you warm the ruby in your hand, rolling it over the small lines in your palm.

"Hey now wait a second, why are you testing Cocytus?"

Ainz sits himself up and away from the map, and where his elbows had been have now left imprints of his humerus.

"Ah, I didn't explain myself did I? Sorry Holly, I have a lot I am thinking about at the moment."

You furrow your brows as you frown, squeezing the ruby.

He deals with everything. The least you can do is be his eyes during this operation.

"No Ainz, it's fine. Don't be sorry. I..Shit I should be the one that's sorry. I--"

"I get enough of that from the guardians, Holly. I don't need it from you too. Don't be a sycophant," he glares at you as you shake your head, and his eyes soften when you wrinkle your nose and pierce your lips. You whine in protest as you fold your arms over your chest, still gripping the maps marker.

"Hmph. Fine, have it your way. I just feel bad, okay?"

"Don't. I just want you to continue to learn, adapt, and grow. It'll be nice having someone as powerful as I am. Well..almost as powerful." you groaned at his cheeky statement, but at the same time you were appreciative of his patience. You sighed as you reached forward, placing the warmed stone down where Ainz had pointed earlier.

"Well, cough it up then. If I'm going to be your eyes, at least lend me your brain so I know what's going on and why." you push the stone forward, and it borders with the flat lands and some rolling hills.

"I am curious to see what he can learn, and if he can overcome less than desirable situations. Do not get me wrong, I fully intend for him to lose," Ainz sits himself further back into his large office chair, folding his hands in his lap. You eye his left hand with a bit of jealousy, his Shooting Star ring catching your view. Man you wish you had one of those, and hated to admit you spent too much money gambling on trying to get one. "I just want to know what he does. I am glad Demiurge suggested you over Albedo. It is not that she isn't capable, but I feared that she might let her devotion to Nazarick get in the way of allowing him to lose." his fingers tap against each other rhythmically as he finishes speaking, and you're sure that this isn't the only thing he's thinking about at the moment.

"Does Albedo know that you are wanting to test Cocytus?" you swivel to face your guild leader, tucking your legs underneath you carefully so that you don't further wrinkle the map.

"No. I simply told her to observe. I won't lie I was wanting to see how she would handle things as
well, but it is more valuable to me to have you there."

As he finishes speaking you smile, and your tail beats softly against the hard wooden desk.

Valuable.

All of the denizens of Nazarick cherished the leader of the supreme beings praise and affections. You were no exception.

"So let me get this straight. I'll go with Cocytus, watch him, and he and I get to play with our swords? Huh...not bad!" you grin as you sit up, and you reach instinctively to fiddle with your scabbard. Instead your fingers graze air. You frown as you turn and look, remembering that you hadn't equipped your sword today. You just kinda ran out of your room with the demon, eager to sprout wings and spend more one on one time with him.

Ainz chuckles a bit as you fumble around, breathing a comforting sigh as he continues to relax. "In layman's terms, yes. Don't think you're getting off the hook so easily, however," he laughs as he sits up, and the chair creeks beneath his weight. You narrow your eyes at him as the chair whines, secretly hoping it snaps underneath him.

Teach him to call you a fat ass.

"Once this is settled and I am comfortable with your progress you are going to be adventuring as well. It'll be beneficial to Nazarick to have both of us gathering information on this new realm," Ainz tone changes as he again sits forward, and he reaches towards the covered tear in the map. "I don't want to repeat what happened to Shalltear. We have to think danger is lurking around every corner. We can't assume that we are the most powerful beings, even though evidence shows that we more than likely are..." He snorts as he places a palm on the map with a thud, and the glowing fire of his eyes ignites.

"I can't tell you how angry--" he seethes, and a slow waterfall of green washes away his anxiety. His fingers flex when your tiny hand folds over his.

"I understand Ainz. We'll get em'. It's just a matter of time is all."

He looks at you as you smile softly, and you blink slowly.

"It's like you said. We just have to be more careful is all. I mean, all things considered I'd say we ended up on top of this. Just from that fiasco we learned more about this new world than all the days combined, right?" you grin as you sit up, pulling your hand away from his as he watches you gesture.

You lift both arms and flex as you try to sport muscles you don't have. Your arms are toned but you're not Demiurge. You grin and flash the Overlord your pearly whites, and you can't help but laugh at yourself as you speak.

"Besides, we're the best there is! With my muscles and your brain there's nothing we can't do!"

Ainz says nothing as the hand once on the table, slowly works it's way up to his forehead. He places his head down into the palm of his marbled hand, and laughs.

"We're so fucked."
As the conversation continues you lazily splay out over the map, placing your hands behind your head. You cross one leg over the other, waving your foot as the Overlord speaks openly. Your wings droop weakly over the sides of the table as you relax, and your tail fiddles about with one of the stones. You think to take one with you, they're oddly satisfying to play with.

You learn more about the surrounding villages and city states as you two converse. Where Demiurge pointed them out as you flew over some of them, Ainz goes into actual detail about them. You both find it odd that they don't have any history dating passed two hundred years, that seemingly this new world is very new. He mentions interest in a young boy and girl in a place known as Carne village, and that when you get back from your crusade with Cocytus he would like for you to meet them.

You had not spoken with any actual humans, the only ones you had seen in this new world were the ones Demiurge confiscated. When you prodded his mind for what he was wishing to do with Carne village, the Overlord surprised you. He wanted to keep the place safe. That there were an additional two individuals to the boy and girl he wanted to preserve at all costs, and should Carne village come under assault he already had plans to assure their safety.

When he told you why they were precious to him you better understood his actions. The young boy knew who he was. Ainz respected the young man, and in a way had taken him as an apprentice. Without even knowing the boy you felt endeared to him. You already had something in common with this child known as Nfirea.

"So he's kinda like a little me?" you smile as you turn your head to face Ainz, content with no longer staring at the stucco ceiling. As he spoke you found shapes in the abstract designs, and were fond of what looked like a juggling giraffe off and to the right.

"Yeah but less annoying." he chuckles, sinking himself lower into the chair. It creeks once again and your ears perk up hopefully, but nothing happens. You grunt in disappointment as he carries on.

"What level of tier magic are you able to cast Holly?" He changes subject, but his posture and tone is still calm. You groan as you stretch your legs out, adjusting. You're pretty sure one of the red gems is jabbing into your butt cheek.

"I haven't tried anything passed Tier Four, besides my accidental casts of [Tears of Jörmungandr] and my [Atonement of Flame]. It's funny, actually. I can't remember the last time I used some of these spells, but I know them better than the ones I seemed to use all the time..." you let out a long huff of a sigh as you reach under your ass, and you were indeed laying on one of the red stones. You slip it into your pocket and the Overlord points one finger at himself, and two at you to let you know that he saw what you were doing.

"You will be more than fine on Tier Four. You can pick one of the battle maids to accompany you when you get back from your mission with Cocytus. You can not request Narberal though, she is my accomplice." He grunts affirmatively as he claims Narberal for his own.

"I don't want one of the battle maids..." you whine as you look away, and you slip your hands away from cradling the back of your head. You pull a few strands of hair over your mouth as you look down, entangling your fingers in ribbons of red and blue.

"Ugh. No. I can't even imagine what he's like in front of actual people..." Ainz shakes his head as he too leans back, his tone thick with disgust.
You shrug your shoulders up, digging your chin into your arm that's facing away from Ainz. You suck your teeth at his comment, and you hold back from snapping at him.

"Sure he's loud but...." you whisper, and again, Ainz states the obvious.

"Holly, no. Not just no, but hell no." His voice is stronger this time around, and you catch his hand wave at you to further strengthen his assertion.

That doesn't stop you from trying, however.

"...Please?"

"No."

You snort defiantly as you sit up, pushing yourself to a sitting position. Your wings strain to fold against your back as you wince, furrowing your brows as you flex. You reach back and try to pinch them similarly to the way Demiurge did earlier, and are relieved when his trick works. They fold neatly against your back, and you hum with approval.

Ainz finger carefully brushes against one of the wings curiously once more, and you shuffle away with a few scoots of your rear end.

"It's harder than it looks." you mutter as you drag the map with you, the edges curling over the table top.

"Gah, you are not going to drop this are you?" He spits out as you continue to pout, and he pulls the map back onto the table properly. This action also drags you back, and in response you fold your arms over your chest with a grunt.

"No." you parrot back to him.

"Ugh...." he groans louder, shaking his head as he looks away from you. His red orbs roll in his skull as he sighs dramatically, and speaks as he refuses to give you any eye contact.

"Look if you can give me a good reason as to why you want him to accompany you, I will listen. Listen. That is it." he watches as you perk up in hope, knowing that he is most likely going to dash your wishes. He did say that the guardians could speak openly and question his choices, so it was natural that he do the same for you.

"If you really think about it, it actually makes a lot of sense for me to take him. He's a doppelganger, you made him. You know what he's capable of Ainz. He can gather information with me, and keep me protected better than any of the battle maids can." you straighten your posture as you puff your chest out matter of factually.

"You said I could have him as my personal escort, don't forget about that."

"You do not make for a convincing case, Holly." his finger taps against the table as he waits, seeing if you have any clever tricks up your sleeve.

"You just don't want him to go with me because of your ego."

You hear him scoff, and his finger stops its prodding at the desk.

"Ainz I trust Pandora's Actor more than I trust anyone in the Tomb besides you. Let me have someone I can comfortably rely on when shoving me out and into the open world to run around and
gather intel and learn." Ainz reaches up to cradle his chin in thought as you speak, and your tail thuds slowly against the desk once more.

You have his attention and interest.

"He can be anything or anyone. That alone makes him a priceless asset. That and he won't be missed from Nazarick right? You know most of the time he just wonders around, so it'd be nice for him to gain some experience alongside me."
Your fingers tap against each other feverishly as you continue to think.

Why do you want to take him with you so badly?

You bite your lip at the thought, unsure of why you are pleading with your guild leader for the treasury guardian to be your adventuring partner. It just felt natural to ask for him, he was the first person you thought of when Ainz mentioned you leaving Nazarick on your own. The thought of not having him twists knots in your gut, and you swallow hard as you push your ploy further.

"H-Hey you know if he's with me he's not here, so...that means you won't have to deal with him?" you smile unassuredly, and the Overlord sits forward with greater interest.

He breaks his silence as he nods in understanding. "You make for a good point there...Hmm.."

Seriously?

That's what catches his attention?

You wrinkle your nose in irritation at the thought, but hey, if this is how you win...

"Yeah! Two birds one stone right? He's out of your hair, and I have someone I know I can count on," you lean forward as you continue, you tail thwarting the table once again.

"Shoot, we can actually get a lot accomplished with him under my supervision. Pandora can help me with my higher tier magic. Sooo while we're out adventuring and stuff he can teach me on the side! And you don't have to deal with any of it." you grin painfully wide, and your nostrils flare in triumph.

"No."

"Awww!?"

You whimper as your shoulders fall in defeat, your once assured grin faltering down to a pitiful pout. Your tail droops, and muscles you didn't know you had in your wings twitch in discomfort of the situation. He watches as you squirm, and begins to chuckle.

"You had me at getting him out of my hair. I just wanted to see what reasons you would come up with. You did better than I surmised." He mused to himself that it was also worth it for the last expression you made. Priceless.

Your face grows flush with frustration, and you hop off the table with a shove.

"Dude you are such an asshole sometimes! You really had me going there!"

He laughs louder as you walk away, and tosses one of the red gems at the back of your head.

He's got some damn good aim because it pegs you dead center, and you turn around with an even faster reaction.
"Hey!" you shout at him with a laugh, reaching back to rub at the dull throbbing at the base of your skull. You slip a hand into your pocket to return the favor, and stop mid way through as all the stones surrounding your guild leader raise with a gesture of his hand.

You glare with an unintelligible grumble, leaving the stone be. As your hand leaves your pocket empty the rubies lower around him, and he teases with a finger wave.

You lift your head to pretend that you are above the situation of throwing the stone back at him, but both of you know full well you are not. You place both hands on your hips and tap your foot, raising your eyebrows his way expectantly.

"Well, when do I leave?"

The Overlord ascends from his seat, his robes lifting from their slumber with his actions. As always the air beneath the Lich King seems thin, swirling with the underlying intent that something may reside within the darkness. He takes a few steps forward and passes the desk, and his hand waves in front of him lazily.

[Gate]

The air between the two of you cracks, and a nebula of black and purple fills the void. The portal sways as an ethereal piece of art, the dark colors bleeding together hypnotically. You step forward curiously, your head moving up and down like a cobra as you examine the gateway.

"So cool...where does it lead?"

You ask in awe, reaching a hand out towards the swiveling array of transportation magic.

You of course know this spell, and had used it in Yggdrasil. Yet seeing it this way, so surreal..

"I already had Mare and Aura construct a safe house for the duration of this warfare of sorts. Cocytus is stationed there, and that [Gate] is where you are going to be headed." he points at the rip in reality nonchalantly, and takes his place next to you. His hand places itself against your leathery wings, and he gives a gentle push.

"Off you go now. I will see you in eight days."

You stumble forward a bit, and look over your shoulder at the Overlord. Your tail wraps around your leg as you fiddle your fingers, and you take a small step towards the gate. And another. And another. You stand just before the twisting cosmic ripple, and it feels like you're about to jump off of a cliff.

It's just a step through right? It's like [Greater Teleportation]. You've done that a few times successfully, this should be no different.

Still your stomach feels light, and your knees quiver. Purple lights dance over your eyes and you wince in embarrassment. Ainz thinks to himself that you look like a child going to her first day of school, and he quietly savors the moment with an airy laugh.
"You are going to be fine Holly. I have done it a few times."

You bend at the knees a few times, and rock back and forth on your heels. You spring forward with a hop, and are greeted with the sound of song birds, the smell of summer, and the color green.

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An ambient air carries the sweet melody of foreign birds and the rustling of summer leaves across the gap in the forest. The emptiness in your chest from jumping through from Nazarick to here subsides as you take in the view, soaking in the rays of the orange sun. The star hangs high in the middle of the cloudless sky, is it larger than the one back in the old world? Everything here feels so much larger, so much grander.

Your home for the next eight days puts the plantations cabin to shame. Enormous wooden beams carry what looks like a grand entry way a staggering five meters high, and walls swing back at least 20 meters long. How much time did it take for them to do all of this?! It was just yesterday that Ainz had decided upon conquering the Lizard men under Albedo's suggestion. This was undeniably the twins handiwork, you would have to find them and thank them at a later date for this. They may be small but god damn if they are not formidable and efficient.

Fuck yeah for another vacation!

If you were lucky you would get the same treatment here like you did at the farm.

Minus the sex.

Well...Cocytus is a guy right? Does he have a...?

No! Do not think like that! That is wrong and _weird_.

....

You kinda like wrong and _weird_ though.

This piece of architecture looks like more of a resort than a base of operations, and you can not help but feel excited as you make your way up the stone steps. Just behind you the [Gate] disperses, and the ruler of Nazarick carries on with the rest of his plans. You fumble a bit as you try to take the large steps two at a time, and laugh at yourself heartily as you manage to catch your footing. It would suck pretty hard to fall down what looks to be a good set of forty or so steps. This place is just so rad though! You knew it would have to be big to accommodate Cocytus's size, but this is just too much! The doors are etched with the guild symbol, and the handles you are sure are made of some form of
tempered metal.

You wrap your fingers around the filigreed door knobs, and they are freezing cold to the touch. Of course they are, and the sound of fast escaping frost through a piercing whine rumbles inside of the building. You give a heave to open the door, trying to push it forward so that you can gain entry.

No give.

You grunt in agitation, sure the door is heavy but it can not be that heavy. You press your shoulder into the door this time, and give a strong shove. And another.

Is this thing locked, what the hell?

Forsaking the door handle you place both hands on the door, and press as hard as your body will allow. You even add in some foot steps and a few curses. Nothing.

Wait.

Wait a second...

You slant your eyes in paranoia, looking left slowly, then right slowly. You do this a few more times just to make sure no one is watching as you once again grasp the door handle. The sting of cold metal bites your palm as you pull the door instead of pushing, and it opens with genuine ease.

You quietly take a second to thank the gods that no one saw that.

You bring the giant door back just enough to slip inside the building, and upon entering you see Cocytus standing behind an enormous tabletop. There is a map splayed out across the table that is at least five times larger than the one Ainz had earlier. Instead of small red stones the map is dotted in actual figurines. The models emulate Nazaricks offensive units and what you assume is an accurate count of the Lizard men. Even from the entryway you can tell the miniatures are detailed, and have been placed on the map with careful precision.

The 5th floor guardian is hunched over the map, his mouth parts twitching in concentration as his head sweeps from side to side. His bottom arms have their hands placed down on the sides of the table, his upper limbs delicately moving other miscellaneous map markers into more strategic positions.

"Cocytus?" You smile through your tone as you speak, raising a hand to wave happily at the floor guardian. Unfortunately no one let the poor guy know that you would be replacing Albedo. At the sound of your voice the large insects mandibles crash together in a startle, and his right claw knocks over a few of the models.

"Lady. Holly?!” The guardian lifts his head swiftly, and the hook that knocked over the figures quickly makes it's way to his chest. He steps back from the war table, and descends down to one knee in his ceaseless devotion. "My. Lady. To. What. Do. I. Owe. This. Honor. How. May. This. Humble. Guardian. Serve. You?"

You are still not comfortable with all of the bowing and respectful gestures, it always seems to make your shoulders tense up. However they hold you in such high regard, and asking them to stop makes them in turn uncomfortable. Maybe you could get Cocytus more relaxed around you like Demiurge and Pandora's Actor over the course of these next eight days? One on one time with the guardians seems to do the trick, at least it did with those two.

No do not think like that you are nasty.
Do not look at his crotch.

Your face turns flush as you look away from the floor guardian, and then your eyes grow wide with unspeakable terror. Cocytus is not the only one here at this base of operations, and he is not the only one bent at the knee. Your heart drops to the pit of your stomach as if it were a cement block, and the area guardian kneeling before you has officially taken ten years off of your life.

"Lady Holly it is truly a day to be revered, having you grace our presence is nothing short of a blessing." The stark brown insect's voice is like nails on a chalk board, despite the fact that his tone is calm and sweet.

Code of the commanders fear inhibitor kicks in a like a fucking rave party, and you are blinded by an alarm of purple lights. This is the grand daddy of terror, Satan himself in the flesh. Or carapace, rather.

Kyouhukou, Insect druid.

A god damn cockroach.

The area guardian over the Black capsule, located on the second floor of the Great Tomb of Nazarick.

Why is he here?!

Your hand points at him without thinking, and the shrill scream that escapes through your lips pierces every plane of existence. Your heart swims in your stomach acid, burning in fright as you stare wide eyed at the area guardian. The birds within a half mile radius scatter upon their wings at the sound of your banshee like wale, which is exactly what you are doing now. Scattering.

You turn and dash the opposite way of Cocytus, making your way out of the building clumsily as you fall all over yourself. Nope nope nope time to leave! This is not a vacation! This is hell, and you are not staying here a moment longer.

"Lady Holly what is causing you such trouble, are you okay my supreme one?!" You hear the cockroach cry out after you, followed by Cocytus's equally concerned call. "Lady. Holly. Where. Are. You. Going. Are. You. Alright?!" The two follow behind you in stride, which only causes your panic to further. Just the sound of the roach's skittering feet is enough to shower you in purple lights once more.

You are not sure if it is instinct or your fight or flight response kicking in, but your wings unfurl and spread to their full span. Muscles you did not know worked are now flexing in distress and intent, and if they are going to help you get away from this situation you are damn well going to use them. As you make it to the steps you kick off the ground with a shove of your right leg, springing up into the air. With one beat of your wings you are lifted into the air, sure to leave this place in the dust. You do not know where you are going to go, but as long as it is far the fuck away from here you are not picky.

Except you are not going anywhere. Just as Cocytus and Kyouhukou make their way outside after your very sudden dash out, they witness you painfully fall from the sky with a scramble of limbs and a few choice words. You crash wildly into the stairs below, and a loud snap cracks out from under your left shoulder blade. The wind is knocked out of you as you gasp at the shock of the pain, and your body is suddenly tumbling down. Remember your earlier fumble, and how you thought it would really suck if you fell down all forty steps?
You were right. It really sucks. You rag doll your way down all forty of the stone steps, and your head crashes against the last one with a mighty whack. On contact everything goes black, and your body falls limp. The two guardians rush after you, and your small frame lays strewn like a chalk outline from a crime scene before them.

Normally blood would not terrify the two guardians, but seeing it weep from their supreme beings back sends fear coursing through their very souls. The 5th floor guardian kneels down beside her quickly, and his bottom arms gently scoop her up. She is so very small, her body is a fire compared to his icy one.

"I-Is she alright Cocytus?!” Kyouhukou pleads with the floor guardian, grasping his golden scepter with all of his limbs besides the ones he needs to stand with. He leans into his friend, hovering above the supreme being with dread and concern.

"She. Is. Injured. Her. Left. Wing. Is. Severely. Damaged..." Cocytus speaks quietly, his voice shaking. His top right hand reaches down, brushing her hair from her face to reveal a large gash in her forehead. Her gore seeps through his hand, slowly trickling from a snapped bone protruding out of the top of her left wing.

"Oh no..Lady Holly, why my dear one.." Kyouhukou whines as he too reaches a limb forward, shakily running one of many arms over the gnarly slash on her forehead. "[Middle cure wound]," The area guardian breathes, and a soft shimmering light leaves his hand to gently fall into the supreme beings freshly birthed gouge. The scar is made undone, and he sighs in relief as her forehead is no longer split open.

"Cocytus I..I do not posses the ability to do much more. Her left wing is as you said, and she is going to require immediate attention!" Kyouhukou reaches his hand towards Cocytus, resting it nervously against his pale blue exoskeleton. Cocytus breathes quietly, frost slowly escaping from his mouth as he tries to figure out what to do next. Neither he, Kyouhukou, or the others inside of the Monument of ruin know [Gate] or [Greater Teleportation]. They are also devoid of a reliable healer.

A thought comes to the floor guardian that painfully lashes at his pride. With utmost care, as if he was handling his creators blade for the first time, he stands up cradling the 42nd supreme being. As he turns to hurry back up to the monument of ruin he speaks.

"I. Will. Call. For. Aid. Since. This. Is. Beyond. Our. Expertise. At. The. Moment. Her. Care. Must. Come. First." Both Cocytus and Kyouhukou make their way up the steps with equal parts worry and urgency. All the while the second to last remaining supreme being swims in a sea of unconsciousness, her left wing drying with caked on mud and blood.

The demon of Nazarick throws open the doors to the Monument of ruin, black flames climbing
passed his foot steps as he barges in. He fans his wings and folds them against his back as he makes his way forward hastily, and with a wave of his hand the doors behind him slam shut.

"Take me to where she is being kept, Cocytus." He speaks, and his voice is prickly with concern and assertion. He looks at his colleague expectantly, his eyes narrowed. Cocytus turns to the left, moving forward as the demon catches up to him.


"You were not debriefed?" The demon scoffs bitterly, turning down a hallway to follow his fellow floor guardian.

"No. I. Was. Not." Is all the insect said.

The demon sighs as he threads a hand through his hair, adjusting his glasses as he converses.

"It is most wise that you called for my assistance, Cocytus. Why did you call for my specific help, however? What led you to the conclusion that I would be most suited for this cause?"

It was Cocytus's turn to sigh as he pushed open a door that was too small for him to fit through.


"Any of the guardians would have came at a minutes notice, Cocytus. However...I appreciate the sentiment, my friend."

Before the demon can enter the darkened room, he finds himself standing still with the 5th floor guardians large hooked hand on his shoulder. He looks at him with a questioning eyebrow, narrowing his already slanted diamond eyes once more.

"I. Owe. You. A. Drink. Demiurge." Cocytus says, gripping the 7th floor guardians shoulder. Demiurge is more than aware that Cocytus is not a man of many intelligent words, and his look softens.

He smiles as he steps forward, waving a hand back at Cocytus as he enters the room.

"Friday's as usual then?"

He is not too concerned with her overall physical appearance, despite the fact that it angers him that she is dirty. She is too valuable to not be treated as such, but he can understand the others wariness around her. She is a goddess. Not just anyone or anything should have the privilege of tending to her, caring for her, cherishing her. A gloved hand caresses her cheek, the other slipping onto her waist as he inspects her. He hisses and his once calm demeanor turns to that of alarm. His tail strikes the ground as he carefully rolls her onto her stomach, and her left wing is crumpled in on itself like a kite after a windstorm.

Her breathing catches in her throat as he attempts to examine further, and he winces in empathy. A
glare of purple glints over his bejeweled eyes, dragging his attention over to her face from her back. Carefully, oh so carefully he cups her face, leaning in and studying. She is out cold, but there is something sulking underneath her eyelids.

He thumbs gently just under her eyebrow, and lifts with a gentle press. Her eye is lazy, rolled back. The vibrant green of her iris is consumed by a sinister purple haze, and it swims into the yellow of her cornea.

"Kyouhukou, tell me please. Who all was in the front corridor when Lady Holly arrived?" he asks cautiously, quietly. He knows that she will not wake up from just his words, but he is wary nevertheless.

The cockroach sits hunched on a wooden stool, leaning over an oval glass table. He twitches at the demons words, and he gently picks at the plush red royal crown nestled in his lap.

"Ah, Yes, it was only myself and Cocytus." He answers politely, parroting Demiurge's tone.

"You are sure, positively so?" Demiurge asks, leaning a hand into his breast pocket.

"Yes, it is as I stated. None of the others were present. I was coming in to speak with Cocytus about the green claw tribe when she came in." Kyouhukou trails off as he sets his crown onto the table, his attention turning to nervously pet his scepter. "Is...is she going to be alright?" He prods with a hushed tone, leaning further. In response the table wobbles.

The demon plucks out a small red vial, the liquid glowing under the dim light of the room."She is suffering under the negative status effects of Despair Aura II. If it was indeed only you and Cocytus that were present, then this was most certainly caused by one of the two of you," Demiurge pops the bottle open with his thumb, the cork dropping onto the sheets below.

"B-by one of us?" Kyouhukou repeats, and watches as the 7th floor guardian sets the glass bottle up to the supreme beings lips.

"Yes. Kyouhukou I am sorry to say that it was you who caused this disturbance among our Lady. It is the only reasonable conclusion I can come up with. She has been amid Cocytus on more than one occasion and has never sustained more than a bit of frost bite." The demon encourages the liquid down her throat as he strokes her neck, tilting her head backwards as the red fluid slips free into her mouth.

"Me?" The area guardian squeaks, and his head falls in defeat. He clutches his staff tightly, and a dismal hiss escapes from his mouth parts.

Tenderly the floor guardian wipes away the excess of the potion from the crease in her lips, and he sits himself beside her. He takes the bottoms of her wings into his hands as he speaks.

"Regrettably, yes. I must ask you to return to Nazarick, it is to her detriment to have you remain here," The demon is not one to console anyone, but his heart does feel remorse for the area guardian. He is briefly reminded of when he believed she despised him, and it rises through his blood like an infection.

"You can not help that Lord Luci*Fer made you that way you are, and that Lady Holly is unsettled by your appearance. I personally hold no resentment for you, Kyouhukou." Demiurge breathes gently, glancing up to the area guardian of the black capsule.

"I...I understand. I will head back to Nazarick immediately, I do not wish to further disturb our Lady." Kyouhukou stands, already making ready to exit the Monument of Ruin.
"Yes, please do. She will be in my direct care from here, your continued fret is needless. Resume to your post and...do not let this trouble you any further, Kyouhukou." The demons attention draws away from the area guardian who is now making his exit. The potions that Pulcinella make work wonders, and he stares with riveted eyes as her left wing folds itself neatly against her back, unscathed and new. His grin turns ominous when he thinks of all the other things that red fluid is capable of, and the fun that he has yet to have at the farm.

She breathes easy, calmly, and predictably against his chest as he lays with her protectively. He savors the time, his tail wrapping around hers. He has done all that he can, but still he guiltily indulges himself in staying a bit longer. His hand threads through her hair, gently petting her as he rests his head on hers. He would find a way to nonchalantly thank Cocytus later, for being here for her now is more than what he could ask for.

You can hear people talking, but the conversations sound as if they are coming to you through water. Your fingers work tirelessly against a broken keyboard, and every so often the B key sticks.

Your computer screen is destroyed, shattered. It still works. Each crack in the monitor shows a different visual, a different piece of work to be done. Separate deadlines glare at you through broken glass, some several years apart.

To your right, a pale yellow wall. Pictures of fake families and even faker smiles decorate the studio.

To your left, figures. People mid walk, mid gesture, mid death. Everyone is a stark black shadow, frozen in time.

A women in a pool of her own gore and vomit.

A man with a gunshot wound to the head, falling backwards endlessly.

A child with hands around his throat, lifted up and gasping.

You work faster, your fingers burning. More deadlines pop up, and the screen blares red as if you have caught a virus.

Red. Red stains the keyboard.

The garbled sounds and smells of death ring in your ears like a thousand shrieking violins.

The screen cracks further, your vision pulls left again.

More shadows.

The have moved.

Moved towards you.

You type faster, the skin of your fingers pulled back and exposing raw meat and bone.
Faster, you have to go faster!

Gold spills from every crack in the screen, replacing the silent screams of the blaring red alarms.

Gold.

Black hands wrap around your neck, something cool and smelling of gun powder presses smooth against your temple.

Wake up.

Rivers of Gold engulf your vision.

Black chokes you of air.

A loud crack, like that of thunder, forces it's way into your mind.

Wake up, child.

You awaken dripping in sweat, mouth agape, eyes searing hot with the warning of tears. Your breathe is caught in your throat as you shoot up like a bullet in a mad scramble. You fumble in the dark as you toss a hand up to your temple, rasping out a breathy gasp as you expect to feel a hole. It is not a sense of alleviation that settles over your mind at fingerling flesh, it is panic. You inhale in your confusion, and the scent of smoke wafts into your nostrils. They flare at the smell, and you turn to pat the side of your bed in a frantic of hope. Nothing.

You whimper as you scan the room, your heart rate decreasing from the sudden apex of temporary disorder. Purple lights this time around wrap around your still pounding heart, embracing you with a kiss of calm. In a matter of seconds your breathing eases, and you take a moment to soak in your nightmare. Or what you can remember of it, at least.

You shake your head as your curls stick to your skin like it is a glue trap. You reach back to pull your hair up into a pony tail, and then shimmy it over a shoulder. You register that there is something missing, something wrong. There is a phantom ping toiling through your shoulder blades, and you glance over your shoulder to see that your wings are gone. You quickly look lower as your tail raises up, and you sigh in relief as you place a hand on your chest like a southern belle.

The wings being gone? Manageable.

Losing the tail? Unmanageable.

What the hell was that dream?
Before you can give any more thought to your night terror, something more urgent takes over.

What the hell happened?!

The last thing you remember is trying to scramble away from...

*Oh no.*

You grab the bed sheets, bunching the blankets up in fist fulls. You pull them up just beneath your eyes as you look around the room in paranoia, inhaling deeply as purple lights once again glitter over your eyes.

*Where is that damn cockroach.*

Better yet, how do you migrate through the maze of this place and avoid the cockroach?

Where 'is' this place exactly?

You look around the room, it is relatively plain. The bed is full sized from what you can touch, and the comforter feels more like a quilt. As your eyes settle to the darkness you can make out a small table and chair, an adjacent door, and one small bookshelf. It is simple, and feels rather domestic. You can smell smoke, but you are not at the farm. You would recognize that room. Are you still at the Monument of Ruin?

Who brought you to this bedroom?

You inhale sharply once more, and now you are fully awake.

You grimace as you recall bouncing down every stone stair like a supreme slinky, all while being chased by Cocytus and Kyouhukou. You pull off your grand finale with a slam of your head against the final step, and the rest is lost to you.

You scratch your head and say a few choice words, slowly lowering the blankets with your free hand. Curiously you feel...fine. More than fine to be frank. Your scratching fingers run over your forehead, and there is no sign of distress.

Time to investigate.

The padding of your shoes makes the faintest of clamor as you walk down the empty hallway. The guilds symbol is marked on every painting that decorates the walls, and flags emulate the throne room in choice of decorum. The ceiling is vaulted, and there is a familiar golden crown molding along the edges of the tops and bottoms of the walls. Seemingly the structure is made of wood, and the flooring is carved along the sides for added texture and flare. You sum up that you are still at the Monument of Ruin, and a rush of cold air only affirms your theory.

Fingers gently graze the edge of the hallways exit, and you can see the 5th floor guardian once again hunched over the war table. You scan the room with utmost scrutiny as you search for Kyouhukou. Eyes dance wildly up, down, and all around.
It's just Cocytus.

Thank god.

You look around once more just to be sure, and put your hand up to your mouth as you quietly call out to the floor guardian.

"Hey, Cocytus. Over here!" You whisper as your tail coils around your leg, and you peek out from around your corner.

The first thing to move is the guardians tail, which twitches as the sound of your voice. There is a heavy thud as his long appendage hits the floor, followed by a wide turn of his body as he faces you. His mandibles click together quietly as his head tilts, and his bottom arms clasp together.


You lean forward, still unwilling to leave the comfort of your sheltered position. You already have an exit strategy should the cockroach show up.

"Y-Yeah, I am okay Cocytus. Is...is Kyouhukou still here?" You whisper through a gulp as if the walls can hear you, your eyes moving between Cocytus and the doorway.

Cocytus takes five large steps forward as he speaks, and he is now towering above you.


An expanse of cold dust twists free from the vents in his mouth, and you are greeted with the usual whistle of pressurized steam releasing. For someone with little expression he's very emphatic right now, his mandibles and mouth parts jittering as if they are playable piano strings.

You sigh in relief as he tells you that Satan has left the building, yet you raise in eyebrow when he mentions a different devil.

"Cocytus slow down, what do you mean take care of me properly? Demiurge is here? Isn't he at the farmstead?" you pat his head with a soft Shhhh, trying to settle his nerves despite your own.


He bends at the knee, lowering himself. His head hangs in shame before you, and for the first time you're standing taller than the insectoid.

You furrow your brows with a pout of your lip, conflicted with your own shame. You might have maybe over reacted. Fear in and of itself is irrational right? You slow your pats down to a steady stroke, smoothing your hand over his carapace.
"Cocytus you did not cause me any trouble. I'm...." you pull at your bottom lip with your teeth, looking away from the 5th floor guardian. His head raises up slightly as you bring your hand away from his head, fiddling your fingers together. "I-I'm...I might be a little..scared of um...bugs."

You look over his form with a frown, your brows pushing together as close as they can. Guilt is an understatement as your arms fall to your sides, and you could swear that your knuckles drag the floor. You just admitted to the biggest bug there is that you are terrified of him and of all of his bug buddies.


"Well..." you start off with an awkward grin, eyes pulling up and to the left as you wince. "I'm not really scared of you, not anymore at least. It's...It's Kyouhukou."

How do you tell him that your mom once had you live in a studio apartment infested with tiny Kyouhukou's when you were young? The little bastards were everywhere. No one likes watching cockroaches scurry along the floor in the night at break neck speed, let alone wake up with them in your bed sheets.

The guardian sighs softly, and the crown of his head nudges into your stomach. His actions further affirm that he's just a gentle giant, and you look down at him with softer eyes.


"I bet he is. He's just...he's creepy looking. It's nothing against him, it's just...he's...he's a cockroach. A big cockroach Cocytus. Like, a really really big cockroach." As you speak you motion with your hands in a game of charades, and it forces a chuckle out of the floor guardian.

"He. Is. Rather....Creepy. As. You. Say. I. Suppose. My. Lady. However. He. Is. No. Where. Near. My. Height." As he speaks the guardian stands to his feet, and his mandibles wave over the top of your head. He unintentionally proves his point as he looks down over your small form.

"Well yeah, you're the most badass insect there is so of course he's small compared to you." You giggle as you rub a hand over the back of your neck, and you lean against the wall as you look up to the floor guardian.

Just underneath his many glossy eyes a deep blue forms, and the guardian turns his head to the left to glance away. His tail drags against the floor with a long scrape, and all four of his shoulders rise up.

Is he...blushing?

Did you just fluster him?


Holy crap you just flustered him.

You look away while cracking a smile, and your own cheeks flush.

"Y-Yeah...I mean, you're really awesome. I've always thought that to be honest. I was actually hoping to maybe ask for your help with learning how to better use my sword? I know how strong you are and--" 

You stop as an eruption of ice unfolds from his mouth, and the floor guardian steams like a train running on carbon dioxide. You have got to wear a coat around this guy, you can feel his frost bite
nipping over every inch of your skin.


Do not look at his crotch.

You are such a degenerate.

Of course the war table is almost five feet tall. It is fit for him to use, not you. The tip of your nose pokes the lip of the table, and your eyes are level with the obscenely well done models. They are each a good three inches tall, and if you had been a kid you would have went ape shit to play with them. You still kinda want to play with them.

You explained to him that you would be overseeing his operation against the Lizard men over Albedo, and that seemed to really get him cranking. He insisted eagerly that you over look his lay out, and you were more than happy to oblige him. However the table was posing a problem, so you figured you could sit on the edge of it like you did back at Nazarick on Ainz's desk.

You grunted as you firmly planted both hands on the sturdy war display, hoisting yourself up with the power of your arms. As you made to swing your legs up you felt what you thought was the ground raising up with you. Cocytus's top right hand was supporting you, lifting you up the rest of the way.

As you made to step down he lifted higher, and you floundered about in his grasp. His right hand leaned you slightly left, and you fell gently onto the nape of his neck. Both of his upper limbs supported you as you slid, helping you adjust. You straddled him like he was giving you a piggy back ride, because he was. And it was awesome. You could see the entire table from up here, and it was actually really sweet of him.

Do not make a joke about sitting on his face.

Teehee.

You leaned forward, placing your hands on the top of his head. While he explained his motives his bottom hands moved figurines, and his top ones pointed routes of intended actions and ideas. He was much smarter than you anticipated. He had clear and concise plans, and had been collecting information via scouts and drones for the last four days.

You tapped the top of his head questioningly, groping him with your thighs.

"Wait, four days? We haven't even been here a day Cocytus."


"What?" You angle over him, head upside down. Your hair falls over the two of you in a mass of red and blue curls, and your eyes are wide. "What do you mean I've been out for four days, are you serious?!"
As his top left claw brushes your hair to the side he explains that you managed to cast despair aura II on yourself, and had been out like sleeping beauty for the last couple of days. He expressed again that he had been deeply concerned, and had called Demiurge for assistance. That your left wing had been severely injured, and despite the fact that you were fearful of him, the cockroach had healed a nasty gash on your forehead. Demiurge had stayed for two days to make sure you were fine, and that Cocytus had checked in on you whenever he had free time.

You lifted your head away from his as blood rushed to your brain, causing you to feel dizzy. You're not a bat and you can't hang upside down for a prolonged period of time without feeling light headed. With a mermaid flip of your hair you were back and sitting upright, and his left arm was already up and behind you in case you had fallen. He's so endearing. You folded your arms over his head and sighed, laying your chin into the soft part of your relaxed bicep.

"So we only have four days until the big battle?" you ask while pointing towards the middle of the map. It's the flat lands, and he has more than a few skeleton miniatures placed around the vicinity. Apparently one skeleton figure represents ten.


You smile widely as you straighten your back, lifting off of his head with a soft push. You reach your right hand forward, and make a gripping motion.

A thin black void swirls into existence, and your great sword Kingslayer (Adept) fits nicely against your palm. The insects head tilts up as he catches the glint of your divine class blade, and he lets out a pleasing sound of clicks and whirs.

"If we only have four days left, then you better show me what you're made of big guy."

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Thank you for your Kudos, Bookmarks, and Comments!

Tumblr

Deviantart
So maybe asking the 5th floor guardian to show you what he is made of might not have been the best of ideas. This is increasingly apparent when he sends you flying into a tree at what feels like fifty miles per hour as if you are nothing. You crash through a young birch tree like a brick flung from a tornado, taking the poor sapling down with you.

Thank god Pandora's Actor took your permission so literally and upgraded your armor. You did not know he could even access your inventory, but it kinda made sense. He is the 'Treasury' guardian after all. He is like a master key, in a sense.

You were pretty shocked when you equipped your set Remembrance of Oak earlier, it was pristine. You could feel a different power radiating from the steel, and you could swear that the normally matte etchings had a low glow of ethereal blue to them. The worn leather of your palms had been replaced, the gem stones on your chest piece had been polished, and you felt lighter overall.

The eccentric guardian could not help himself and even added a bit of his flare to your chest piece, for you now had a small purple cape. It fell from your neck to your mid back, but your hair covered most of it. You were annoyed by it at first, but after catching yourself in a few reflections you would have to admit it looked pretty nice.

Said purple cape was now caught underneath the tree you had just taken down, and was keeping you from getting up.

"Aw fuuuuck...." You groan as you desperately try to tug yourself free. Someone as big as Cocytus should not be moving that fast...

With a wide and swift swing of his top right arm, swiping with his creators blade, you are struck once again.

Of course he is using God slaying emperor blade. He respects you.

Hello next tree.

And the tree behind that one.

Oof.
Where is your sword? Oh yeah, he disarmed you. Quite some time ago actually.

Is he laughing at you, or is he just having such a great time tossing you around like a bouncy ball that he is chuckling through those weird ass bug sounds?

"Cocytus wait!" You throw your hand up with a rasping laugh of your own, and the fast moving train that is the 5th floor guardian stops mid swing. The air above him settles from his power, the blade having cut the very oxygen above him.

You exhale loudly, bringing your hands up to adjust your now divine class helmet. Man this stuff is badass, you honestly did not feel much of Cocytus's attacks. You already have naturally high defense, so this new upgrade makes you feel damn near invincible. Maybe you should have worn your armor when you decided to fumble down all of those stairs a few days ago.

"Man you are unrelenting." you say as you stand up, brushing off a bit of dirt and some twigs. You wince behind Law Bringer as you look at your surroundings, and it looks like you and Cocytus have been deforesting the place.


"Go easy on you? Cocytus I'm not..." you reach for your blade, and stop mid way.

_He doesn't know._

Actually, the only ones that know that you are not this incredibly all powerful supreme being are Demiurge and Ainz. Well, rather struggling with being a walking god as they think you are.

Sure you told Sebas you were having some issues teleporting, you hadn't even told Pandora...

All he knew is that you couldn't find your room, and that you were scared to death when Ainz fought Shalltear.

You did not exactly want to walk around to every living soul in Nazarick and start the conversation off with 'Hi, I'm Holly! The 42nd supreme being, and I can't do shit'.

You take your blade from Cocytus with a shaky hand, or you would have rather, if he had let it go. You look at him through the horizontal slits in Law Bringer, and his mouth parts flick around softly.

"Something. Is. Wrong."

How do you tell this nine foot tall pale blue badass that his faith in you as a warrior is misplaced? That you're not this formidable opponent he thinks you are?

Damn it this is everything to him and you know that. This is what the two of you have in common. He's a tank/DPS and you're a tank/support, with similar interests in swords and battle tactics. He's the closest to you in karma, too.

"Are. You. Alright?"

Those three words, whenever spoken, always have a way of burning their way into your heart like a cattle prod. Six glossy pearl like orbs stare level with your eyes as the guardian sets himself down, finally relinquishing your sword.
You look away from his eyes, hovering your gaze over Kingslayer (Adept) as if your blade could whisper to you what to say next. You turn your sword over a few times, eyes heavy as you stare at the crisp and clean reflection of yourself.

*He even polished Kingslayer (Adept).*

You sheath away your blade with a breathy sigh, falling to the ground with a dramatic clunk of steel. Needless to say resistance to fall damage rocks as you fold your legs underneath one another, gesturing a hand towards Cocytus as you speak.

"Yeah, I'm alright. But, you're..you're right. There is something wrong."

The guardians sword vanishes as he stows it away into his own personal inventory, and he leans in as he talks.


Your fingers flex at his words, and your tail slips forward to lay itself in your lap. You stroke your scaly appendage for comfort as you decide to spill the beans.

"I...I don't know where to begin or really even how to say this. I'm not..I'm not the 'supreme being' you think I am, Cocytus. I barely know how to control or use any of my magic, and..." you look away and down to your scabbard, whispering as you refuse to look at him. "I don't know how to wield my blade. At all. I don't even know if I'm ever even holding the thing right."

An uncomfortable silence settles over the two of you as the floor guardian digests your words. Out of the corners of your eyes you watch his bottom arms fold on top of one another, and the guardian looks up and away from you in thought.

The quiet between you both is loud, and goes on for what seems like minutes rather than seconds.

"...Only Ainz, Demiurge, and you know. I haven't wanted to parade it around, that I'm living a facade. Something...something 'happened' between the old wo-- I mean...Ugh. I'm just not what you think I am." you blurt out, unable to handle the mute roar shaking around you and the 5th floor guardian.

Strained frost releases from his mouth in a high pitch whine, and the blades of grass surrounding the both of you freeze at their tips.


For someone made of frost and strength, he sure knows how to be warm and so very tender. There's a pregnant pause before you speak, and your eyes stay glued to the now icy ground.

"Why. Why do you devote yourself to me?" you mutter as you shake your head, and although he can't see your face from behind your helm, he knows your pain stricken face.

"Why. Do. You. Devote. Yourself. To. Us?" His mandibles clack together, and you're not sure if it's out of aggression, irritability, or emphasis. He leans over you, and his right hand palms the ground next to you.

You finally peel your eyes away from the frozen blades of grass, and look up at the guardian. He is directly above you, looking *straight down* at you. He is massive and his posture is uncompromising.
Your look is nothing less than that of bewilderment as he prods back at you. "I would do anything for you all, I lov--" You swallow your sentence as the guardian leans in, totally unaware that with a crack of his jaw he'd knock your head clean off.


A small trickle of ice leaves his mouth, and it floats down in flakes of snow to coat your tail and armored legs. "I would never leave you all, Cocytus. You all mean the world to me, and Ainz for that matter."


His mouth parts make the weirdest of clamor as they curiously tick tick tick across Law Bringer. Thankfully your helmet has some warm padding, you are sure it is nipple stiff cold outside of your armor right now.

Your words are lost somewhere between being stuck in your heart, leaning into the guardians chest, and the frozen tear caught half way down your cheek. You hug him around the neck, unashamed that you are one needy supreme being with a necessity for affirmation. Something the guardians will never hesitate to provide.


You are now convinced that no one is too old for a piggy back ride. Cocytus fortunately does not make the same mistake that you made as he opens the double doors to the Monument of Ruin, retiring after a long day of one sided sparring and the sharing of emotions. Which, he doesn't mind. Like the others he relishes it, and is quite happy with being your topless palanquin and guardian.

As the doors open you spread your arms in sequence, giving a heavy sigh in relief. The guardian chuckles when you reach down to play the top of his head like a set of bongos.

"Food! I know if I'm hungry, you're hungry. I'll bet you one of my cash shop items that I can eat more than you."


"Please under estimate me, I love that."

Your clap back has the fifth floor guardian chuckling once more, and in turn you snort out a few light and airy giggles. Yes, he can very easily demolish you in an eating contest. However it is still fun to poke at the fact that he weighs a ton but you can still give him a run for his money.
At least you like to think you can.

"Lady Holly, Cocytus?" A soft voice calls out from around the left side of the war table. Her tone is bubbly like that of a young girl, yet sounds somewhat raspy as if something is scratching just underneath.

Cocytus catches glimpse of her first, and you lean forward squinting your eyes to try and see who is speaking just around the table's corner. Whoever is talking is smaller than you, and is concealed in the shadow of the war table.


The small battle maid reveals herself as she slips quietly from the darkness enveloping her. She bows politely, her fingers lifting her flowing maid attire in an added curtsy.

Entoma.

One of the seven Pleiades of the Great Underground Tomb of Nazarick.

Meant as a final defense, part of a final raid boss team assigned to defend the throne hall.

One of the smallest in form at the great tomb, yet still formidable. Just underneath her cute garb and mask lies a fiendish horror. An arachnid monstrosity with many eyes and even more teeth.

Bugs.

Why is it always bugs.

"Lord Demiurge requested that I deliver these goods to you and Lady Holly, Cocytus."

Lord?

'That's right', You think to yourself, resting your arms on top of Cocytus. Nazarick is ran on a hierarchy system. It's Ainz, then you, the Floor Guardians, and then you are not too entirely sure. Sebas is somewhere in the middle you think, maybe between the Pleiades and the Area Guardians? Where's Pandora on the list?

Is it Supremes, Floor Guardians, Area Guardians, Sebas, Pleiades?

Maybe it's Supremes, Floors, Sebas...

Fuck it. You are not a bureaucrat.

Why is she addressing Demiurge with a 'Lord' title, and not Cocytus? They're both floor guardians...

Wait. Is it because she's comfortable around Cocytus?

Long and spindled appendages delicately lift from Entoma's back, hoisting her up and onto the war table with ease. They are a sleek shade of violet, and all eight of them gleam under the light of the setting sun. A burnt amber light pours in from surrounding stained glass windows as the tiny maid sets herself down onto the table.

With an adorably soft grunt she pushes a fair sized wooden carton forward. It's contents include a messengers bag stuffed full of scrolls, a basket of those god damn delicious orange fruits, and a decorative glass vase bursting with blue flora.
Entoma pulls out a small set of tan cards with red embellishments from her puffy sleeves, and fiddles with them as she speaks.

"Should you have any issues with the scrolls Lord Demiurge asks that you contact him directly Cocytus," she chirps softly as she speaks, and her hair twitches and clicks against her mask. "Lady Holly, Lord Demiurge sends his regards and wishes you well."

She gestures with her talismans towards the flowers and fruits with a twirl of her wrist. She then sits down on her knees carefully, her maids outfit pooling around her. Although she is like many of the denizens of Nazarick with a total lack of facial expressions, you can tell that she's staring hopefully at the woven basket of exotic delights.

There it is again. She denotes Demiurge as 'Lord', and Cocytus as just Cocytus. It has to be that she's comfortable enough around him to drop the honorifics. If Entoma can drop the titles around Cocytus, then maybe with enough time the Floor guardians can drop them with you too?

One can dream. You don't mind the 'Lady' prefix, but the whole Supreme Being, Almighty, etc is a bit much. You'd prefer to be on more casual terms with the guardians rather than them thinking of you as this god that can do no wrong.


You feel Cocytus's entire body shift right, and his lower arms cross over one another in a fit of irritation. You press your lips together and look down at him, your face dusted pink.

He's jealous.

You twirl a lock of your hair and choose to say nothing, not wishing to fuel the fire. Or, ice rather.

Cocytus moves forward to the table, and you can still feel it in his steps that he's disgruntled. However he sober up as his left top arm pokes at the messenger bag, spilling out a few of the scrolls. In response Entoma looks his way, and a pleasing variety of clicks unfold from behind her mask.

Cocytus follows suit, tilting his head to the side as his mouth parts vibrate and hum. Entoma giggles, and she lifts her hands towards the burlap sack and runs her palms over the scrolls. Again she chimes in with her own obscure insect sounds, to which Cocytus's mandibles click clack together.

You wrinkle your nose, and flick your tongue against the roof of your mouth to try and imitate the sounds they are producing. Immediately Entoma turns her head your way, and you feel Cocytus lift as he too tries to glance up at you. Their reactions were so fast you could swear you had just insulted their creators simultaneously in bug language.

Whoops.

"Yeahhh..I don't know what the hell you guys are saying." You rub at your neck with a nervous chuckle, what were they just talking about? Were they even talking?

Entoma stifles a giggle as she speaks, "Cocytus was just saying that Lord Demiurge can shove thos--"

A high pitched screech erupts from Cocytus as he frees an ungodly amount of tension released frost from his mouth. He chides in a variety of vibrations and clicks before speaking in a language you can understand.

Right...

Entoma lets out a few whirs of her own as she brings her talismans up to her face, covering her mouth while peering over them. She babbles out another giggle, and nods her head.

"It's nothing compared to human flesh, but they are very tasty Lady Holly." The tiny maid sighs happily, finishing off the fruit you had placed in her lap.

You sit next to her by the newly delivered cargo, the both of you munching furiously on the juicy offerings. Well, you are munching like a mad woman. You have eaten five of them, and are reaching for a sixth one.

"Okay not that I've had human or anything because that's just kinda wrong, but these are far superior." You wipe at your mouth with your forearm before taking a bite of your fifth bastard peach. Upon sinking your teeth in you're greeted with a burst of flavor and liquid, that then pours down from either sides of your lips.

These things are a mess but damn it if they are not delicious. They are the perfect combination of sweet and sour, leaning more towards being tart.

"Entoma. Stop. Eating. People." Cocytus grunts out as he reaches for his eigth piece of fruit. Which he tosses up and down a few times, and eyes you playfully.

You glare at him as you take another bite, knowing that this sixth, maybe if you're lucky seven is your limit. That and the acidity is starting to make your mouth raw.

Entoma pouts as she lifts her head up with a prideful Hmph, adding in a tossed hand towards Cocytus.

"You don't know what you're missing out on. Man flesh is so tender, supple, and lean! It's the best really, I--"

You quickly reach over and place a hand over Entoma's mouth, or rather the drawn lines that emulate a mouth on her mask.

Whoa there tiny Satan.

She tilts her head and a childish laugh slips through the lip bug under her disguise as you hand her another piece of fruit.

Sure she's cute but the whole eating humans thing?

Nope. Do not want.

She toys with the piece of fruit, and instead finds interest in one of the Lizard men models. Which
she then chews on. Because why not.

"It's three more days until you fight the Lizard men, right Cocytus? Too bad you can't go out there yourself~" She teases while nibbling on one of the figurines.

Cocytus reaches forward as his mandibles clack together irritably, motioning with a grabby hand at Entoma. She recoils and gnaws on the model faster.

You finish your last piece of fruit with a groan, patting your slightly distending stomach. Yeah, seven is your limit. While Cocytus and Entoma exchanged an argument in a language you couldn't understand you greedily and slyly consumed another piece of fruit.

You weren't sly. They both saw you.

Entoma does a quick hop off of the table, and much to Cocytus's annoyance she palms three more of the Lizard men models.

"I have to head back to Nazarick, but it was a lot of fun spending time with you My Lady!" she chirps as she lands, the eight legs on her back carrying her down gently. She turns to Cocytus with a flirty wave, and they both exchange more than a few insect like sounds.

You crawl to the edge of the war table and shoot her a smile, and give a soft wave goodbye as she disappears through a petite [Gate] summoned from Nazarick.

Cocytus shakes his head from side to side with a groan, moving towards the table. He then scoots a few of the Lizard Men miniatures further apart to make up for the missing four.


You try to parrot Entoma's giggle as your tail nudges one of the Lizard Men over, which then dominoes a few more of them to fall. You then try to stand them back up unsuccessfully, and you knock over what looks like a platoon of them. You pierce your lips and look over to Cocytus guiltily.

"You. Know. It's. Cute. When. You. Do. It." He chuckles as he begins to reset the models, and you vault off of the table with a growing blush.

The once orange light flickering in through many hues of glass has subsided, and the entry way of the Monument of ruin is bathed in the moons blessing. You dance away awkwardly as you don't stick the landing as gracefully as you had hoped, and your armor clunks about in response. You nudge his tail playfully with your own as you walk away, waving with the back of your hand.

"Goodnight Cocytus, I'll see you in the morning!" you sing out with a yawn, trying to hide the fact that he flustered you.

You're not going to see him in the morning, you're lazy and totally going to sleep in.

He knows this.

Both that you're going to sleep in and that he's ruffled you.

You hear his familiar chortling again as he calls out to you, his brash voice carrying through the halls.

It's the night before the assault, and the time here seems to have went by within the blink of an eye. The last few days were relatively the same, and you were thankful to Cocytus for his methods of teaching.

He significantly slowed down his approach with sparring, and focused more on showing you how he does things. He preaches simple methods that are effective, and believes that over complicating things is for mages. That warriors such as he and yourself understand that there's more power in the prospect of simplicity.

Which you can totally get behind.

The path of least resistance is often your choice, unless there's something you want behind a more difficult option. You might be lazy sometimes, but good god if you aren't tenacious if you have a set goal in mind.

You lay on top of the sheets on your bed, holding your sword up in the darkness. You have been swinging it around slowly and rhythmically, trying to mimic how he wields his blade. That and you can not get to sleep. All of your thoughts feel encased in a 4x4 cement room, bouncing off the walls like tennis balls.

He has a great set up, at least you think. Being a tactician is not one of your strong suits, which is why you liked to hang more in the back line of things. You were not always a few steps ahead like Ainz, most of the time you were lucky to be in his foot steps.

Which was okay, you built yourself on the foundation of supporting others.

You genuinely like seeing others succeed, which is why you can not get to sleep.

You are afraid Cocytus is going to lose tomorrow and how he is going to take it if he does.

You know that he has been staying up planning meticulously, studying when he could, and challenging himself to be better. It bothers you that Ainz is testing him, and that you are here to evaluate how he does. That you are here under the guise of overseeing the operation, but you are actually just here to spy on him. It feels treacherous, and it makes your limbs feel heavy.

You stare at the ceiling as you set your blade down, your forearm growing numb from holding up Kingslayer (Adept) for so long. You sigh as you find shapes in the textured walls of your room. You armor lays scattered about, half way through taking it off you realized you could have just used the trick Pandora taught you.

"A quick flick of your wrist and Ta-Da! Refreshing is it not Meine Liebling?"

You smile warmly as you look at the small cape peaking at you from behind your chest piece. It's been over a week since you've seen the awkward fucker, and it's starting to gnaw at your heart. You keep playing his voice over and over in your head among your other thoughts, and it helps to keep you from feeling too anxious.

"I..I know it probably won't be long, but I want you to know that I will miss your presence"
“Winterberry.”

"Yeah, I know. I miss you too." You whisper to no one, sitting yourself up against your bed's headboard.

What time is it? It has to be late. You peer out through a small window in the room, and the moonlight is blocked by an overcast night. There is really no way of telling, but you are sure that Cocytus is most likely awake as well. Every so often throughout your time here when you would wake up to run off and tinkle you would hear him releasing his pent up frost.

You hop off your bed, reaching a hand into your inventory. You are going to need a coat for what you have planned.

Even with furry slippers, matching fluffy coat, and dragging your blanket behind you like a lost child the halls are freezing cold. When you breathe there's a puff of fog, and you blow it around like you're exhaling a hit from a bong. You were happily surprised when you could make that cheap looking material from the old world, the fuzzy fabric that everything clings too. The stuff is a magnet for dirt and as you walk you can tell the bottoms of your slippers are chalked with lint and other things.

Oh well. You're comfortable and look like a small fuzzy black ball of fluff with your head poking out. It beats having nipples stiff as diamonds.

Your nipples are still stiff as diamonds. It's still fucking cold, and you're pretty sure instead of adorable you look like a drug addict ready to harass the local gas station attendee.

Where does he sleep anyways? None of the bedrooms or doors you have seen can accommodate him. You tip toe down the hall and into the entryway, finding that he is sitting against the wall closest to the war table. His lower arms are lazily folded on one another, his upper arms drooping as his head hangs low.

His six blue eyes are cloudy, and as you walk up to him his mouth parts are slowly flicking forwards and backwards. It must be a lot later than you thought, he is actually asleep.

At least you think he is asleep. It's hard to tell. However he would have addressed you as soon as you came in. You are standing right in front of him and he's completely silent. You wave a hand a few inches from his face, and in response.....

Nothing.

You stare at him as you clutch your blanket, running your hands over the fabric in thought.

They're real.

You do not think of it often, but not too long ago they were just NPC's. All standing still on their respective floors with no hopes, dreams, or aspirations.

Now you have the biggest one sleeping soundly before you, and he is very much so alive.
He is so contradictory to what you thought he would be like. You knew from reading about him that he had a warrior's mentality. That he liked to collect different weapons, he's prideful, and a loyalist.

Other than that you were sure he would have been rigid, strict, and nothing less than serious.

However he had a good sense of humor, was kind, and oddly enough the mammoth sized floor guardian was gentle.

Unless he was kicking your ass in a sparring match. Oof.

It is probably creepy that you are just standing here staring at him, so...

Fuck it.

You shrug your shoulders as you step to his left. You set yourself down behind his leg, and in the curve of his tail with a soft plop. Fortunately his armor plating is smooth as you lay your blanket down, and curl into yourself to sleep. If he has no respect for personal boundaries, you can do the same right?

As you start to drift off you feel him shift, and you denote it to him simply adjusting in his sleep. However as your eyes flutter in the space between asleep and awake you hear a soft whine of condensed ice piercing the air above you. You pull your blanket around you tighter, and mewl out a yawn as Cocytus looks down at you, his eyes still slightly foggy.


"Ugh...I do what I wa-a-ant..." You whine as you turn away with a pull of your blanket. "The floor is fine, and..." You look over your shoulder at him, and you look at the ground as your tail slips over his quietly.

"I didn't want to be alone."

There's a pause, followed by a series of clicks you haven't heard before. The floor guardians head turns away slowly, and he resumes his previous position. You're greeted with what sounds like a soft and rumbling purr as he whispers.


Fuck you Lizard dude with Frost Pain. You sneer when his blade makes contact with the Elder Lich, burying the blade in Iguvua=41’s skull with a sickening spray of gore.

'God damn it'

You think, and your eyes are ablaze with rage. Damn animal should have just laid down and died, but now...

"I...I. Lost." His voice is more acknowledging of the situation over admitting defeat. You make
ready to jump off of the war table and dash away from over a hundred flying miniatures as you expect his fist to crash into the map in frustration. Instead he's calm, and a soft wind of frost with no sound of tension slides free from his mouth parts.


You would have preferred the fit of anger and flying models.

Your fists ball up and you want to punch the Mirror of remote viewing floating dead center of the war table. It's a constant reminder right now of failure, and it's mocking the floor guardian as the Lizard men celebrate their victory.

"I don't think that you bring shame to Nazarick, Cocytus." You look over to him, and you try to conceal the fact that you are burning up on the inside.


"Please. Excuse. Me. For. The. Time. Being. My. Lady." You nod as he walks away, and as he enters the hallway you hear what's possibly the loudest shrill sound of tightly compacted hoarfrost explode in a sudden rush from his mouth.

In a petite fit of your own rage you snatch up the closest Lizard man model, and squeeze it to fucking dust. The ashes are unable to slip through the cracks in your fingers are you burn them down as well, wishing that the figurine was a voodoo doll.

You do not hate the Demi humans. They are doing whatever they can to survive. You hate the situation and what it's doing to Cocytus. The guardian that values honor over everything and anything feels like he has brought embarrassment to the Great Tomb.

You are somehow always late, punctuality is not your friend.

You try to tip toe into the entry way, only for every eye to lock on you as if you are a ten point buck at a hunters convention.

"Lady Holly is here?! That's so not fair! When do I get to spend some time with her?!!" Shalltear wales, and she propels herself towards your direction with hopeful arms.

She attempts to dash passed Albedo, and the vampire is grabbed by the forearm like a mother would a child lost and then found in a grocery store.

"You still haven't received your punishment for the disgrace you brought upon Lady Holly and Lord Ainz! Are you delusional?" Albedo whispers in the type of tone that carries with it a scream that
rattles the walls.

Shalltear sneers at the Overseer of the guardians, and with a muttering "Bitch.." she wrestles her arm free, and turns away. But not before giving you her best pouty face. Which works. You pout back, and for a split second her eyes glow with a symphony of red in it's most passionate shade.

You exchange a glance with Ainz, who is used to you arriving 'fashionably late' as you like to say. However he's looking at you considerably longer, and his head is trying to motion for you to look over to the left....

What the fuck is that?!

The 7th floor guardian reveals himself as he steps from beside Ainz, he had been hidden away by the Overlords wider stature. He tilts his head curiously as he speaks. "My Lady I was sure you would have departed to Nazarick after Cocytus's failure. I am terribly sorry that I did not fashion you a seat as well."

[Message]

What the fuck is that? Is that a damn chair made of bones and skulls?!

...H-He made it for me. I can't sit on that, those are HUMAN skulls! YOU sit on it!

Me?! HELL no!

Come on take one for the team Holly!

Not just no, hell no Ainz! YOU sit on it! He made it for you!

I am not sitting on it! Time for plan B.

[End Message]

"Shalltear, I know of the punishment that I would like to present you with. Come here please." Ainz points to the ground as
Shalltear approaches, and he fucking sits on her.

You cover your mouth as you gasp, your eyes wide with absurdity.

*She's so small though.*

"My Lord such a stroke of genius! A guardian as a chair, I never would have thought of such a thing!" The demon’s tail waves behind him enthusiastically, is this mother fucker blushing at the tips of his ears as well?

God damn it Demiurge!

[Message]

*How is Shalltear BETTER than the creepy demon chair!?*

*I do not know I panicked! Do you think this is easy for me?!!*

*Ainz she might weigh 90lbs wet get off of her!*

*I suppose I am heavy, uh, let me see if she's okay? Yeah.*

[End Message]

"Shalltear, are you alright? Is this hard on you?" Ainz asks cautiously, looking down to a shivering Shalltear.

And then shit hits the fan.

The wildest erotic laughter shrieks free from the Bloody Valkyrie, and she moans beautifully as she speaks.

"I am perfectly fine My Lord! Why, this is a reward for me actually!" she sings, her face blushing a deeper red than her crimson eyes. She breathes hard through her panting, and her tongue lulls out as she whines in bliss.

"Lady Holly, there is still room on my face should you need a chair as well!" The vampires tongue flicks your way suggestively, and the only thing redder than Shalltear is you.

The room seems to spin as you can almost comedically feel steam venting from your ears. You look at the Shallchair and then Demiurges twisted demon throne, what the hell are you supposed to do?!
All eyes are again on you in anticipation. You look at Ainz desperately to notice that he's stifling back laughing at the series of events unfolding, and you squirm in your armor like worms in a can.

Fuck it.

The demon chair, Demiurge wins.

You are not sitting on Shalltear's face.

Not in public, anyways.

As you back up you hear Albedo ask Ainz if she can be excused, to which the entire Monument of ruin shakes as she destroys whatever is in the room over. As you groan and make to step towards the throne of evil you bump into the 5th floor guardian, who then lifts you up with his upper set of arms.

Weeeeee.

He sets you gently and familiarly on his shoulders, and you sigh in relief. His cold body settles your heated one, and you lean onto the smooth crown of his head.

[Message]

You have no idea, you just saved my life. Thank you.


[End Message]

If Ainz gets the Shallchair, you get Couchcytus.

Sorry Demiurge.

Ainz groans audibly as a hand reaches up to his skull, and he'd swear to you that although he's unable to feel headaches he's experiencing one right now. He forcefully ascends from sitting on Shalltear, which forces her into the ground with a shove of his heavy bones.

To which she screams in delight, and you're pretty sure she just creamed her panties. She lays on the floor for a bit twitching, and her eyes are rolled back. She totally just climaxed.

"Ugh enough of this, we will discuss the events of today's failure back at Nazarick." He commands attention as all the guardians bow in sequence, and even Shalltear subsides her afterglow in respect. You can feel it in Cocytus's shoulders as he bends in devotion, and his body reflexively seizes at the
You take the opportunity of him bowing to hop off of his shoulders with a quick leap frog jump. You and Ainz watch as the guardians slip through the cosmic tear back to the Great Tomb one by one.

"I hate you." You glare at Ainz with a shake of your head, and an amused laugh follows through your lips.

"Ah. Yes I am not very happy with myself either at the moment..." He clears his throat, and he too shakes his head. "Why is she so damn kinky?" His question you know is rhetorical.

"Because I know Peroroncino I know Shalltear," You mock in your best nasally Ainz voice, to which he thumps you on the head. **Hard.**

"Yep. I deserved that." you whine out as you rub at your head, you can already feel the skin raising to form a welt. **Ouch...**

Seemingly pleased the Overlord points to Demiurge's creepy ass skull throne. "You need to talk to him about that."

"Why me?!"

Somehow the red lights of his eyes narrow, and he inserts his right index finger in and out of the 'O' he's making with his left hand.

"Yes My Lord." You parrot the guardians tone, and flinch when he goes to thump you again. Instead he laughs, and pats your head. Which gives you the worst case of a bad hair day. Then he thumps you.

"If you were wearing your armor I would not be able to harm you. Put it on. We need to get back to Nazarick and deal with Cocytus. I am curious to see how he responds to losing along with why he believes he lost."

You grumble as both hands rub different lumps on your head.

"Ainz he...he really did his best."

"I know he did. That I have no doubt of."
You glance away as Albedo chastises Cocytus, how does Ainz keep his cool? This..this is not easy. You're happy to be wearing your armor, to hide behind your helmet Law Bringer. You don't want the guardians to see the series of angered, pained, and saddened expressions you're making in a matter of seconds.

You're just as surprised as Ainz is however when Cocytus starts to plead with him for the Lizard men's lives. That he underestimated them, and although they're weak they're formidable. That he believes they'd make a better addition to Nazarick alive than dead.

He's entertained for a bit, until Ainz shoots him down.

You wretch physically at his next words, turning to face him with larger than life body language. He ignores you, and every muscle in your body flexes in agitation and distress.

"Cocytus, you will kill the rest of the Lizard men as punishment for your failure. You will carry out this duty later in the day. I wish to send the Lizard men a parting gift in the time between now and then."


You're defined by how you choose to treat others in their times of need, not in their times of want or luxury. You can be there for every laugh, every happy memory, but what matters is when you're there for someone when they need you most. That's endearment.


You white knuckle Kingslayer (Adept) in it's scabbard, gripping the hilt as you muster up every ounce of conviction from deep within your being.

"The failure is mine as well. I will accompany Cocytus."

Ainz and the guardians face you, and in turn, you do not face them. Your forearm that's supporting your grasp on your blade tenses as Ainz nods at you with a raised head.

You close your eyes for a moment in relief, thankfully he respects you the way you respect him in these situations. If he had said no you'd have looked like a fool, and you'd have had to have respected his decision.

"Lady Holly, the failure is Cocytus's alone. You should not assign yourself to his lack of ability to accomplish such a simple task." Albedo speaks softly and reassuringly.

"I would have to concur with Albedo, My lady. It is unnecessary for you to sully yourself on the battlefield with the Demi humans." Demiurges voice purrs as he supports the overseer of the guardians.

You snarl quietly behind your helmet, sucking your teeth as you speak before the others can chime in.

"I did not ask for anyone's commentary. My decision is final." You walk forward and through the guardians, your eyes locked on the throne rooms exit doors. If you just keep walking and ignore everyone looking at you in bewilderment you can pretend they're not there.

'Please let this work,' You think to yourself, reaching a hand forward. If this does not work you are going to look like such an idiot...
Ainz sits forward with a grin on the inside as a long and slender scar rips itself into the throne room. You inhale slowly, taking in as much air as possible into your lungs.

_Holy shit it worked._

You fight back your tail from wrapping around your leg in insecurity, and you instead raise a hand into the air motioning forward.

"Let's go, Cocytus."

At the sound of his passive aura erupting from his mouth you step forward through your [Gate] and back to the Monument of Ruin. You leave just in time to miss the 7th floor guardian working his charisma and charm, convincing Ainz of keeping the Lizard Men alive and enslaving them for study over total annihilation.

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Thank you for your Kudos, Bookmarks, and Comments!

_Tumblr_

_Deviantart_
You are not sure if it is in the name of dramatic effect or hesitation, but Cocytus has yet to come outside. Since your authoritative departure from Nazarick you have been sitting at the top of the steps of the Monument of ruin. Time would not matter if you did not have a deadline fast approaching. Every minute that goes by feels like one wasted as you sit in silence. However if he needs time, you will give him all he needs.

You are a procrastinator too, after all.

Law Bringer sits to your right, and every so often a current of wind carries your curls across your face. You love the damn thing, but it is uncomfortable after a prolonged period of time. You run an armored finger up and down the large plume of your helmet, and the sound that is produced is oddly pleasing. It is this low hum, as if you are circling a wine glass instead of the crest of Law Bringer.

When the double doors open with the familiar whine of releasing frost your finger grates against Law Bringer with an ugly scrape. Fingers drag down and curl around your nose guard, and you lift up your helmet to hold it in your lap. Cocytus replaces where Law Bringer was, and where your feet almost touch the second step down, his are on the sixth. You both lean forward in sequence, and there is a pause as you both wait to see who is going to speak first.

"You. Didn't. Have. To. Do. That. My. Lady." He breathes out quietly, and just to your left his tail rests around you. It drops with a heavy *thunk*, and the glacial barbed head of his appendage lays itself down on the eighth step below.

You blink a few times, and as you inhale your lungs sting and shrivel from the cold. You have gotten used to it, and you would swear the ache was becoming comforting.

"You...You always have my back, Cocytus. I just want you to know that I'll always have yours." You sniffle as you rub at your nose. He's colder than usual and it is making your nose run.

"Any battle, right?" Your eyes flashed ardently as you beamed at the floor guardian. The hand on Law bringer formed a fist, and you gestured in sequence.

You pressed your chest out, and your balled hand beats once against the tree on Remembrance of Oak with a metallic ring.
Next, you tapped your forehead with a wink.

Lastly, you wiggled Kingslayer (Adept) about loudly in it's scabbard.

You shrugged shyly as you finished, and your smile was nothing less than affectionate. Some of the sounds he produces you think you have heard, others you know there is no way. The guardian was an antique store of noise for a few moments before he spoke where you could understand him.


Your face brightened at his words, and you smiled wide with your teeth. It's not easy to pull that kind of grin from you, but he earned it. The moment was short lived as you felt a familiar tickle above your right eye, your eyebrow pulling up in a twitch. As [Message] began to creep into your mind you quickly tapped at your temple. Cocytus nodded in understanding.

[Message]

Holly?

Yeah, I'm here. Look, about earlier...

Actually I wanted to applaud you. It is good to see you assume initiative.

...Oh. Really? Um...thank you! I was just doing what...what I thought was right.

You are welcome. Now, I would like for you and Cocytus to watch my demonstration to the Lizard Men. I can not permit them think that they have an upper hand on us.

I get that. Momonga about that actually--

Demiurge has already convinced me to enslave them rather than use them as tokens for necromancy.

Enslave them? Isn't that...worse?
No. We will govern them with sensible benevolence unless they choose to revolt. We will succeed them into Nazarick once they show growth.

I understand, and Demiurge is who suggested that? Seriously?

I know. I was reasonably surprised as well. Moving on though this is why it is important that I show them our power. They will not respect a leader who they believe they have won against.

It was barely a win.

Regardless this has to happen. Prepare Cocytus, and have him dawn his armor for his assault. I still want him to kill off a few of the Demi Humans as a show of dominion. Position the Mirror of Remote viewing at the center of the flat lands, you will know when I arrive.

Hey wait, before you go. I didn't step on your toes did I?

No you did not. Next time however, I would appreciate if you would give me a heads up. It is better that we are on the same side of things so we do not accidentally collide or misinterpret one another.

I agree. I honestly was afraid you were gonna be like Holly No and I'd look like a total ass.

I would not do that to you, and I expect the same from you to me.

Have I ever?

Ah. No you have not. Thank you.

You're welcome Momonga.

[End Message]
"Let's go back inside Cocytus, Momo-err-Ainz wants us to go watch him on the magic T.V."

You stand up with a stretch of your arms, and the 5th floor guardian tilts his head your way questioningly. His mouth parts vibrate and it's then you realize that he doesn't know what a T.V. is. Oops.

"Uh..The mirror of remote viewing, I mean. The oval thingie." You draw a circle in the air as the guardian rises up, and within two steps he's holding the double doors open for you.

It's sweet how he always insists on lifting you up onto the table. Each time you go to wiggle up his hand reaches down as if it's second nature to him. Now is no different as you rise up, and he laughs when you put your hands on your hips in satirical nobility. You step off of the meat of his claw with a hop, and with a quick turn on your heel you face him with a bow.

Pandora's Actor would have been so proud.

Frost releases with a chuckle and he too, gives a soft bow. Your eyes sparkle at your growing relationship with Cocytus as you face the Mirror of remote viewing. Unfortunately your greaves scrape the map as you sit down, ripping a wide tear across a set of hill tops. You clench your jaw with a wince as you pull your knees up into your chest. You look over to Cocytus and point at the rip with a nervous laugh.

"Uh...let's just pretend that didn't just happen."


"Holy crap that's genius!"

Even though the Mirror of remote viewing can not produce sound, you would have sworn you heard the ground scream as an enormous rock landed in the middle of the flat lands. As the stone square makes contact all the models on the table vibrate, and you instinctively reach a hand towards Cocytus to steady yourself from shaking as well. You glance down to the map at the fallen figures, and you know where the flat lands are but where are you and Cocytus?

Neither of you speak as you both lean forward, studying the landscape as a hulking titan crashes through a grove of trees. Chunky limbs carve their way forward through the forest, and the stone giant pulses with a centered red glow.

You curl into his right arm comfortably, and you carefully stretch your legs out so that you don't create more Ainz Vs. Shalltear fights on the map.

You watch with fascinated eyes as the stone giant encroaches onto the battle field, stopping with a heavy shift of rock.

Gargantua.

The fourth floor Guardian of the Great Underground Tomb Of Nazarick.

A mindless siege golem that has to be activated, and can only be controlled by a Supreme Being or the Overseer of the guardians.

Undeniably Gargantua has the highest stats among the other floor guardians. However he has to be controlled, so this puts him at a severe strategic disadvantage.

For the most part, he lays dormant below the crystalline lake on the 4th floor.

*And you thought Cocytus was big.*

As the events unfold and you and Cocytus watch from the mirror of remote viewing, you can't help yourself as you snicker. One of Cocytus's mandibles nudge you curiously as he turns his head your way, and you point at the mirror.

*So that's where Pandora's Actor gets it from.*

"Come on now, isn't it a bit much? They're walking up a damn stairway made of skeletons. Skeletons, Cocytus."


You leer at the floor guardian, pointing aggressively once again at the scene.

"Come on. You know it's a bit much."

His jaw clicks together gently, and with each clack you're nudged in the shoulder.

"Mmm. We. Agree. To. Disagree."

You turn your nose up and look away as you mutter unintelligibly. He chuckles in a few whirs and clicks.

"Oh. Oh hey! Wait a sec!" You jolt and pull your finger away from the happenings of Ainz and the guardians, and swing it towards Cocytus.

"I almost forgot! Mo-Ainz only wants you to kill a few of the Lizard men instead of genociding' the poor bastards." You smile, your eyebrows arching up and down.

"Oh. Really. That's. Fantastic! Did. He. Say. Why?" Cocytus sounds genuinely happy, and a deluge of frost slips out of his mouth. Which you try to shoo away with your hands.

Uh oh.

*Rivalry.*
"Uh.....," you stammer a bit as you bite at your bottom lip. "Demiurge convinced him."

Cocytus grunts, and his mouth parts flick about wildly. He himself mutters this time in a language you will never have hopes of understanding.

But you still try.

"So does the third click mean asshole or something like that?"

"....Something. Like. That."

You throw a hand up to your mouth as you try to stifle back laughing, and you fail horribly. You lean forward as you hold your sides in a fit of giggling, and the floor guardian allows himself to laugh enthusiastically as well.

"You look like a total badass, Cocytus." You muse as the both of you walk through the forest, heading towards the flat lands.

The insect warrior overlooks himself, and one of his hands brush against his golden armor. A royal blue flush embraces the guardians carapace, just underneath his many eyes.

"I. Like. Looking. Like. A. Total. Badass." He hums happily, and with a swipe of his creators blade he takes out a birch tree once more.

He's been doing this the entire way here, and you're not sure why. God Slaying Emperor Blade is one of the sharpest swords in Nazarick, and it's not like the trees are going to make it any sharper.

You smile slyly his way in realization.

"Dramatic effect?" you grin through your voice, and if you weren't wearing Law Bringer he would have seen you dancing your eyebrows.


The hand that prodded at his armor swings to your back, and he nudges you with a soft push of his claw.


Your left wing twitches in response to his gentle press. Both right and left wing fan themselves out with a few clumsy flaps before neatly refolding against your back. The cold bite of metal stings your leathery appendages, but it feels pleasant. Demiurge was right that it wouldn't be as hard the second time around. It was not nearly as difficult, however where they burst from felt sore. It was as if the skin was thinner there now than anywhere else on your body, and permanently bruised. You believed that if Cocytus had instead brushed your shoulder blade his finger would have sunk easily into the tender flesh, like a spoon pressing down into a warm pastry.

You decided on presenting your wings for this battle of sorts because you too, wanted to look like a
badass. They still served no real purpose, but they were a part of you nevertheless. If you were going to dawn your armor, sword, and shield, why not sport some wings?

Once satisfied with depopulating the forest of a stream of trees the guardian sighs contently. He stands with you just before the mouth of the flat lands, and you can make out that Ainz has set yourself and Cocytus up with your own entourage of Skeletons. Each un dead warrior sports their own set of shining golden armor, along with a complimenting guild flag. As Cocytus steps forward you follow suit, and you notice that it comes to him quite naturally through posture alone to be a leader.

It makes you uncomfortable, but you would have to admit it is pretty cool when the flags lower one by one as you and Cocytus make your way through the row of Skeletons. Each one is indicative of the different guild members of Ainz Ooal Gown, and you feel so much pride when you see yours at the front across from Momonga's. You stick your chest out a bit, and your wings stifle themselves from flexing out pent up emotion.

You don't know why he see's you as an equal in this new world. He could have very easily commanded you how he does the Guardians, and you would have complied without question. Instead he guides you, respects you, he even thought he could count on you to keep Nazarick going if he had died. All of this is clear with how the flags are positioned. Number 1 adjacent from Number 42.

In a fit of emotion you think to use [Message] as you walk through the line with Cocytus, just to let him know how much you appreciate him. That you've always appreciated him.

You wouldn't be here without him.

*Thank god he didn't log out and chose to stay until the very end.*

You dash those thoughts as you reach the end of the flags, standing beside Cocytus on the flat lands. Your feet sink into the marsh a good inch, and with a heavy pull of your legs you un stick yourself from the thick globs of mud. There's a wet and dirty suck that pops into the air as you adjust, and you greet the air with an "Aww man...".

You had to haul yourself hard enough forward that you thought your thigh was going to pop out of your pelvis. You look down with a frown, there is mud caked all over your greaves and crusting in between plates of armor and leather.

*Ew.*

Cocytus turns to face you once you're done shuffling, and his head gestures forward. You look up and away from the ground, and *holy crap that's a lot of Lizard men.*

You nod his way in non verbal consent, and with a heavy raise of his top right hand, in perfect sequence, two pillars of ice erupt from the ground. The two jagged stalagmites of glacial prowess twist into one another, almost kissing at their peak. The sun casts a glare across the flat lands as it shines on the center of the battle field, and not even the star of the new world can melt the might of Cocytus's frigid gateway. They cut the field in half with their iridescent blue shine, and the Lizard Men seem to recoil at the display of absolution.
"So that's Cocytus? Welp, we're done. It was nice knowin' ya fella's!" The reptilian chieftain of Dragon Tusk scoffs with a clash of his teeth. His tail lashes behind him aggressively, and he turns to the others with a wet chuckle.

"We knew this was going to come Zenburu. Still yourself, you're going to cause unnecessary unease amongst the warriors." A slightly smaller Lizard Man speaks calmly, however his eyes do not shift focus. They remained locked ahead, studying with utmost scrutiny the foe ahead of them.

"Aww come on Zaryusu, they're fine. They ain't a bunch of babies, they're MEN! Am I right boys?!" Zenburu calls out, and there's a loud clamor of shouts and whoops that affirm his statement through the crowd.

"We shouldn't risk them. He only said whoever walks through is going to meet their end." Zaryusu overlooks the field of men before him, the men he brought into this. Tribes that once fought and clawed at one another now stood as one. For a moment, his anxieties and his growing fear of the inevitable are washed away. His people stood as one.

"I agree, my brother. Only we six will step forward. Our tribes will find a way to survive under this new rule, but here...here is where we meet our fate." The tribe leader of green claw nods as he speaks, and rests a hand on his brothers shoulder. He gives a reassuring squeeze as he watches him look over the flat lands with intelligent eyes. Eyes he knows has seen so much of this world, places and scenes he'll never know for himself.

"Five, Shasurya. Five." Zaryusu leers at his brother, but it's not out of respite. His eyes tell a hundred stories in a look, and Shasurya nods slowly in respect and understanding.

"Whaddya mean five? I ain't stayin' behind. I want to see what that big-blue-dude is made of!" Zenburu sucks at his teeth as he speaks, stepping forward and towards the shimmering fragments of ice.

Both brothers shoot the leader of Dragon Tusk a synchronized glare, to which he chuckles out an, "Oh yeah! Almost forgot."

"I..I don't think the blue one is Cocytus." A voice speaks softly, mournfully.

"What makes you say that Crusch Lulu? Of course the blue one is Cocytus, it's not that shrimp that's with him." The chieftain Zenburu laughs heartily, and for added measure he places a hand on his chest.

Crush Lulu points forward and through the glaciers, gesturing towards the soldier to his left. "Look at where she's standing. She is to his left, and he--"

"He is to her right. He's her right hand." Zaryusu finishes her sentence, and they both exchange a look of understanding.

"Well son of a bitch. I didn't even notice that." Zenburu places his hands on his hips in thought, and his tongue rolls over his teeth.

"I did not either, Zenburu. I was too focused on the big one to even think she might be Cocytus." Shasurya hangs his head over to the leader of Dragon Tusk in agreement.
"Eh, mistakes are made." Zenburu shrugs.

"There's also...something about her. I can feel it. I don't know how, or I don't know why but..." Crusch Lulu trails off, and her face tightens in distress.

"What is it Crusch?" Zaryusu's hand folds into hers, and he steps closer to her.

"I...I have awakened dragon blood coursing through me, Zaryusu. At times, I can sense the flow of energy in others, even if I'm not trying. And right now..." A pregnant pause casts an ominous shadow over the chieftans as they all hang on her hushed words.

"She is...she is similar to Ainz Ooal Gown. The force in her is different, however. Where Ainz Ooal Gown filled my mind and heart with dread...she..." Crusch Lulu hesitates once more, and her red eyes dart away from the others.

"There's no way that brat is on par with the skeleton lord we saw earlier. It's not possible for that much power to exist at one time." A different Chieftan speaks through this time, his tongue flopping about as he objects.

"You don't understand. It's not like that at all! It's not as simple as power or might, Sukyu." The stark white females eyes lift with lethality, and her tail stamps the ground with a splash of sticky mud.

"That women Cocytus is the child of a god."

"That's the dumbest thing I've ever heard. Gods don't exist, and even if they did, we've seen the only one so far." An armored lizard calls out, folding his arms over one another. The chieftain of Razor tails sighs as he shakes his head, knowing full well that this world is devoid of deities. They're nothing more than false idols that the weak use as a crutch in life to him, to his people.

"Do not speak to her like that. Who are you to question what she sees?!" Zaryusu spits angrily, gripping Frost pain on his hip. His chest rumbles as his tail lashes behind him, and his eyes narrow.

"Calm down brother, we're all just on edge because of what's going on. Besides...we need to head out. They're going to get bored if we keep them waiting too long. And I for one? I don't want to know what they'll do if we continue stalling." Shasurya says as he steps away from the group, and calls out to the crowd to stay put.

The chieftains disperse as they each convince their respective men to continue on in their stead. They follow the philosophy that the captain goes down with their ship, and that none of their people should share their fate.

"I...I hate this world. I hate it so much." Crusch Lulu pushes herself in Zaryusu with a whisper, where she fits into him like a lock and key. Tears blot her red eyes, and his scales blur as she studies him for the last time.

"I don't hate this world, Crusch." Zaryusu whispers back, and he gingerly strokes her smooth albino skin. His claw runs up and down the petite lumps of her spine with nothing but love. His heart races when she slams a fist into his chest with a wet sob.

"How can you not?! Look at what's happening!" She cries loudly this time, and her tail beseeches his.

"I could never despise this world. For without it, I never would have met you." He holds her image in his mind, she's so beautiful at this moment. He hopes that she will give him the strength and courage he needs. She does give him the hope and courage he needs. He's seen this world, been all
across it in the years of his life as a traveler. However, never, never did he imagine in a lifetime of searching would he find someone like her.

And if he has to die today, so be it. In these final moments he loves her, and she loves him. That's what matters, and that alone is worth fighting for. Worth dying for.

"I love you, Crusch Lulu." His hand cradles her face, and her flowing tears drip down into his claw like diamonds. They're so precious to him as they roll down her cheeks, and if he could he'd make and wear a necklace of them.

"I love you too, Zaryusu. I love you so very much. I..I wish I was going with you. I don't want to live without you." Her small limbs fold into his larger ones, and she holds onto him as if she means to never let go.

"If gods exist like you think they do...then you won't have too." The hand not stroking her face rubs tenderly over her stomach, and his own eyes fill with remorse. The word legacy had never scared him before until this moment. Not with how he saw it growing inside of her, how he viewed it in the thousands of memories he'd never have in her crimson eyes.

It is all she can do but to tell him that she loves him. Because she does, unconditionally so. He cups her face and embraces her with a lifetimes worth of his love, giving her all he has to give in these last few moments. When he walks away to die a warriors death her heart falls like an angel cast down from heaven, and she stifles back her sobbing. Hot streams of love, confusion, and despair burn her face and crash to the mud below. As he and the others disappear through the cold gates of death, she gasps in knowing that she will never see him again.

Both of her hands press firmly into her stomach, and she cradles where life might form if she was truly lucky. She closes her eyes tightly in the prospect of carrying his child, and for the first time, she prays to a god she does not believe in.

"So they're only sending five of them? Phew, I thought they were all gonna' come barreling through." You whisper Cocytus's way, and he hums in agreement.

"I'm. Glad. I. Didn't. Want. To. Have. To. Kill. Them. All." His top right arm extends forward, and with a grabbing motion his creators blade is summoned.

"You're going to use God Slaying Emperor Blade?" You ask questioningly. The Lizard Men are way lower in level than Cocytus, they probably can't even damage him. His halberd Decapitation fang would have done just fine. You look over both of his weapons as he adjusts his pose, readying himself to bring carnage onto the field.

"Yes. They. Are. Warriors. And. Deserve. A. Warriors. Death." He beams, and his mandibles seem to fight one another as they crash together loudly. A thick fog of frost screams free from his mouth parts in release, and the 5th floor guardian calls out to the Lizard men.


With a heavy step and a splash of slugged mud Cocytus steps forward. He leans in as if he is about to propel his mass towards the Lizard Men, and both of his upper arms raise. His bottom left arm reaches up to his top limb, and he exchanges

Decapitation fang between his two left claws. He holds both weapons horizontally ahead of him now, and once again his mouth erupts with a blizzard of pressure releasing frost.

Your tail thumps behind you, spraying mud all over the backs of your armored thighs. You're unable to control yourself however, and your scaled appendage frolics wildly in excitement.

*He's so freaking awesome!*

During your four years as a part of Nazarick no one ever made it passed the third floor. Even then, no one even really made it to Shalltear. Most of the time they were dissuaded by traps or were taken down by the area guardians Neurosis or Kyouhukou.

So you've never seen Cocytus in battle.

You've actually never seen any of the guardians in battle, besides Shalltear when she fought Momonga. That was at least a fair fight.

This though, this is a one sided massacre.

Wait.

*Uh oh.*

You look over to him with a panicked expression, however you're concealed behind your helmet. You raise your round shield up, and take a small step back. You grip at the straps on Vigilance, your knuckles strained.

*Holy shit does he expect you to fight with him?*

Sure, you've slayed mobs before. A lot of mobs. You were great at PVE, especially when you had someone to support. Back before Kingslayer (Adept) was a divine class weapon it had devoured it's fair share of NPC's and dungeon forces. The blade has seen thousands of lives fall before it, but that was back in *Yggdrasil*.

They're not just artificial intelligence anymore. You could almost consider them as players. They don't have a static set of moves, they're dynamic now.

They're alive.

You can't study an ever changing set of moves if they're always adapting and never repeating. Sure their might be some nuances you catch onto, but that takes time and careful examination.

It's far easier to study a boss fight or a set of enemies that will repeat actions based on percentages.

There's a reason why you left the PVP to Momonga.

You weren't exactly the best at PVP. You weren't built for it, either.

Your job was to keep the team going.
You didn't want to run around and PK unless you were with Momonga. Then you could hide behind him as he worked his magic and keep an eye on his health and MP. It was a symbiotic relationship. You kept him alive, and he kept you safe.

That and when you tried to go out on your own....

Didn't work out as well.

There's a rush of purple that creeps over your skin, prickling your body with a wash of calm as you watch the five Lizard Men approach.

"Co-Coctytus..." You stammer, stepping back into your foot prints in the mud.


Despite his ferocious posture, his tone is calm and reassuring. How did he know that you were about to ask him if he meant for you to fight with him?

Did he believe they weren't worthy of you, or did he sense your nervousness? It was most likely, somewhere in between.

Regardless, it warmed your heart to know that he thought of you still with such high regard. God did he terrify you at first, you wanted to avoid him at any and all costs.

When he arrived that first day? All you could see were his mandibles scissoring you in half with one snap.

When you first ran into him outside of Momonga's bedchambers you had sincerely wished you could have slipped back into your guild leaders room.

It was then though, when he displayed his grief so honestly that you felt a connection. That all he ever wanted was for his creator to have stayed, and you as a supreme being symbolized hope in a way to him. That since you had stayed this long, that maybe you'd stay indefinitely unlike the others.

Cocytus had been there for you when Momonga fought Shalltear, and was there for you after the fight. That he sought you just to let you know that he'd always be your guardian regardless of what might transpire.

Above all else, Cocytus has been your friend.

...And now probably isn't the best time to be day dreaming.

What you can only assume is a battle cry of sorts comes screeching from your left. One of the five is racing towards you at break neck speed, and with another scream with the lust for glory he propels himself off the ground with a hearty splash of mud. The reptiles claws glint as shards of broken glass as he grows closer within seconds, and instinct kicks in.

Demiurge in his arch demon form flashes before your eyes, and in reflex you pull Vigilance up to cover your face. Your accident with Demiurge was the last time you felt in danger, so it was natural to do now as you did then. Just cover your head. If this is anything like Yggdrasil, your neck is your weak point. Even with building yourself short so that you'd have a smaller hit box, you know that he's aimed to collide against you with precision.

You step backwards to brace yourself for impact, and instead of feeling the Lizard's body against Vigilance the air is greeted with guttural gurgling.

You peer over Vigilance to see Cocytus's lower left arm extended in front of you, and within his grasp he holds the tanned lizard man. He turns his head over to face his struggling prize, and it's limbs are in a wild frenzy as it tries to escape. Cocytus lifts the Demi Human into the air as if to show him off as a warning, and with a close of his claw the creature is no more. There's a wet pop as the Lizards head implodes under the 5th floor guardians thumb, and before the blood can hit and mix with the mud below it's frozen solid.

Cocytus's lower left arm bends inward, and with a careless flick of his hand he discards the chieftain like he's a piece of damp garbage. The body impacts the ground a few yards away with a crunch, and shatters into a thousand frozen crystals of gore and parts. He then points at the hundreds of pieces littering the ground with his Halberd, his voice low yet shaking with indignation.


You glance over to Cocytus wide eyed, and your mouth hangs slightly agape. He just referred to you as Nazarick.

A winters worth of icy fog howls free from his mouth, and Cocytus warns the battlefield once more with a loud whine of his passive ability. Tension released hoarfrost screams in an orchestra of rage and power as the floor guardians tail snakes around your surrounding. The head of his tail digs into the mud, and with a heavy lift and grunt he sends a storm of mire towards the fallen reptile in added insult.

He calls out again when they all decide to remain huddled together, refusing to move.


Cocytus makes quick work of the Lizard men, and you occasionally hear him mutter in annoyance or endearment. They never stood a chance, and he cuts down the final one as easily as he did the birch trees earlier. You glare over your shield with resentment at the fallen, watching frost pain land and sink into the mud.

That's the one who killed Iguvua=41.

The one who caused all of this. If he had just died that day..

As frost pain sinks into the deluge of mud and gore the air rings with a howl of pain. The whine of torment is carried over the ambient wind like flower petals, and lasts for a few seconds. You furrow your brows at the sound, and a rush of empathy stings your heart as Cocytus's frost does your lungs. The shrill cry was distinctly feminine, and there was no mistaking that it was the sheer sound of someone losing everything they held dear.

Your eyes scrutinize the battle field as Cocytus walks back over to you, swiping his blade down with a mighty cut. Blood flies free from his creators sword with a tornado like rush of force, spraying the ground with definitive proof of victory. The fallen lay in an odd sense of peace and quiet following the scream, but it's not their deaths that fog your mind.

Your heart flutters as if there are no constraints of gravity that had ever existed. Your body feels
lighter, and your mind feels as if it's lost at sea. You swallow hard as you remember Pandora's Actor pleading with you to send him to fight Shalltear. If he had went and died, would you have screamed like that? The dull and painful rapid beats of your heart think so.

You exchange glances with Cocytus, and the both of you turn heads to look at the opposite side of the battlefield.

"That scream..." You walk over to Cocytus, and rest a hand on one of the blue pearls on his chest. As he speaks you start to pick the mud off of him that's caked around his center.

"I. Agree. That. Was. Unsettling.." His mouth parts flicker curiously as you peel the mud off of him. He grunts and goes to push you away gently, and you give him a disgruntled sound of protest. You smile as you flick off a rather large hunk of dried clay, maybe this is why Demiurge doesn't like for you to get dirty.

"Regardless of what she says, do not provoke her. I've gotten what I wanted from this encounter, and now I just want to know how their leader will react to my prowess." Momonga speaks warmly, gesturing to the door on the left.

Minutes after Cocytus had slain the five Lizard Men a [Gate] appeared, followed by a quick [Message] from Momonga. He had already collected the leader of the Lizard Men, and wished for yourself and Cocytus to return and be present at the Monument of Ruin. Much to Cocytus's disfavor you picked him clean of as much mud as possible, his carapace was too pretty to be cluttered up with muck.

You dirty? That's fine.
Cocytus dirty? No.

You winced and pulled your head back with a soft Yeesh as the majestic red carpet of the entryway to the Monument of ruin had a bunch of Holly shaped brown foot prints. Better your small feet than Cocytus's massive ones.

A slender and albino reptilian women reveals herself from the doorway, her head hung low. Like the others she adorns no clothing, but unlike the others, she's beautifully tattooed in red tribal markings. She's the epitome of blood and snow as she kneels before yourself and Ainz, her crimson eyes locked onto your guild leaders feet.

The guardians surround her with their eyes, daring her to make one false move. The room is uncomfortably quiet while she closes her eyes in waiting.

Momonga shifts his body weight to the left, which you know to take as a sign of irritability.

"Speak."

The frail women's eyes squeeze tighter, and she gasps at the sound of his voice.
"Y-yes! How...How may this humble servant please her master?" Her tone is shaking, and her tail wraps around to her knees in distress.

You want to nudge Momonga with your elbow and give him a dirty look, is this necessary?

"I wish to know your name." He says, leaning down next to the albino.

"M-my name is Crusch Lulu, my lord."

"I see. Thank you. Now, how do you know that I am your Lord? Tell me, I wish to know that as well."

"You have unimaginable power, and proved so today with little effort. I know you as my ruler, and I know Cocytus is as well." Crusch Lulu finally opens her eyes, and they lift to look over you. She looks between yourself and Momonga a few times in affirmation, before once again, bowing her head.

"Cocytus? Eh?" You blurt out, crouching next to Ainz. You look over to Cocytus who sounds off in a few clicks and shrugs. Even though you don't know what he's saying you translate it in your head as "I. Don't. Know. Either."

"Cocytus is one of my loyal subjects. The women you are referring to is my right hand. Her name is Holly Leonhardt, and it would do you well to know her properly." Momonga says as he looks between you and Crusch Lulu.

"I-I see. I apologize for my misinterpretation, My Lord and Holly Leonhardt."

Following her sentence there's a hiss from Demiurge, a scoff from Aura and Shalltear, An angry snort from Albedo, and a crash of Cocytus's mandibles. Momonga raises his hand threateningly, and the room once again falls silent.

"It would also do you well to learn honorifics. You will address myself or Holly with proper titles, Crusch Lulu." Momonga glares down on the women, and the mood of the conversation shifts with his degrading tone.

Your tongue rolls around in your mouth as you sit crouched next to Crusch Lulu. You almost felt yourself say 'Just Holly is alright,' until the Guardians and Momonga made a fuss.

"Please forgive my continued ignorance, my lord and lady." The women prostrates herself, and in response you squirm. Your armor drags on the ground as you adjust in discomfort of the situation, and caked on mud cracks off as you writhe.

"Moving forward, I want to strike a deal with you of sorts. I saw that your betrothed fell today by Cocytus's blade." Momonga says, and one of his fingers extend and lift.

At his gesture she rises back to a sitting position, but her head is kept low. She pouts at his words, and her eyes gleam wetly.

"Yes." Is all she says in response.

Your forearms begin to ache with the urge to reach a hand towards her. You bite at your lip in contemplation, knowing that it's not appropriate to do so right now. Still, your fingers flex in distress as the women before you shivers in fear and remorse.

"I can bring him back for you, if you choose to hearken my order."
"Is such a thing possible?!" Her iris's flare at his words, and the tip of her tail quivers in hope. Momonga chuckles at her response, and he places a finger under her chin.

"Yes, such a thing is possible for someone of my power. Life and death are nothing more than states of being to me."

You pierce your lips as you look over to Momonga, your eyes narrowed. He's... really playing the part. You're reminded that your guild leader is a megalomaniac. It's not without reason, however.

He was strong in Yggdrasil.

In this new world? He really is unto like a god.

"I...I understand. What do you ask of me?" She looks away, and her eyes furrow. "Is it my body that you want?"

Oh shit.

Ding ding ding!

Round one, fight.

Both Shalltear and Albedo let loose a tirade of anger in the form of unintelligible shouting. Their screeches are like shattering china upon a tile floor as they step forward, glowing with magical power.

Where they get ready to attack on sight, you resist the urge to say 'I'll take it!'

Don't make the joke!

Must...resist...

"Enough, both of you!" Momonga shouts ahead at the two floor guardians, and in an instant they both fall upon bent knee. You place a hand over your mouth to choke back a giggle.

Momonga sighs with a groan, and rubs a hand over his skull.

"Forgive their intrusion...and no. Not exactly. I want you to spy on your tribes for me. Watch them under my rule, and I will bring back that which you love."

"I-I...!" One of her small limbs reach up to the smooth scales on her chest, and she breathes hard at his words. She knows that what he asks of her is more than fair, but how can she betray those she cares for?

"Is that a No? Pity, I--"

"Yes! I will be an undercover agent for you, I can--"

"Realize this, Crusch Lulu. I will know if you are lying to me. I have already cast a spell on you that will allow me to understand if and when you are untruthful with me. Which, you are now. And so I offer you a last time. I will bring back the bearer of Frost Pain if you will be my sleuth." Momonga finishes his sentence with a raise of his bones, towering over the leader of the Lizard Men. His robes flutter as he stands, and threads of purple and black taunt the pale women.

Damn he's good. There's no spell for that shit, but she's too primitive to understand he's bluffing.
For some reason, she glances over to you for support. Red eyes bore into your soul as she stares helplessly. You swim in a sea of crimson as she trembles, and within the ocean of her despair you nod slowly.

You inhale deeply and your chest presses tightly against your armor when she turns her head to Momonga. Both of her hands raise as if she's praying to a god, because right now, she is. She answers him truthfully, woefully, that she will do anything he asks of her.

_It was her scream._

_Cocytus killed her lover._

Your hand raises up to cover your mouth, and your face grows tight as you stare at Crusch Lulu. She's easily no bigger than Shalltear, and yet, she has the weight of the world on her shoulders. She's the titan Atlas for her tribes, and her decisions carry the lives of hundreds. Again, the urge to reach a hand forward and let her know that it's going to be okay pulses through your blood. If only she knew that the lot of you weren't going to hurt her, or her people. That as long as they didn't try to stage resistance, they'd be fine...

Or so you hoped.

"How....how do you do it?" You ask quietly, walking away with Momonga.

You glance behind you as Crusch Lulu holds Zaryusu, and you can feel the tears flooding your eyes in empathy and relief. Cocytus kneels down before them with his introduction, and you can just barely make out his husky voice as he speaks with them. He does not apologize, but he lets them know that they are safe under his command. All the while Aura runs around happily, bouncing about and pleading with Cocytus to let her play with the hulking hydra leering over Crusch Lulu and Zaryusu. The rest of the guardians have left for Nazarick, and in Demiurges case, back to the Plantation. You would have liked to have thanked him for his earlier help and gifts, but Momonga wanted you to go with him for this resurrection.

However the demon can pick up on subtlety very easily, and with just a glance you're sure he knows your heart and intentions.

You would...**talk** with him later.

You snicker a little when Aura climbs up Cocytus's back, and he groans with a release of frost. Poor guy, it is Entoma all over again. They disappear from sight as Momonga turns down a worn dirt path, probably made from many lines of travel by the Lizard Men.

He doesn't respond for a time, and you remain silent as you both walk forward.

"It's a lot easier than you think. I just imagine him alive, and it happens." He finally speaks, shrugging as if it's nothing. Because to him, it is.

"You make it look easier than you think." You spit back, shrugging as well. "Momonga...about the other Lizard men..." You begin, and Momonga waves his hand your way.
"Later, we will make them earn it."

"What about Cocytus? It would mean a lot to him to bring them back. He respects them, and since he's now overseeing them--"

"He still lost that encounter. I am not going to reward failure."

"You set him up for failure, Momonga."

He stops walking, and in turn, so do you. There's a pause before he speaks again.

"I tested Cocytus to see how he could learn and adapt. And he did. Which, I am quite pleased with. Do not mistake my intent. However...there is an issue that lies underneath this."

He faces you, and his hand finds home on your shoulder. His fingers grip at your shoulder guard as he speaks.

"They are growing into more than just how they were written. Which...could pose a serious problem. One wrong move and they could turn on us. I swear I choose my actions carefully, and you should do the same Holly."

You didn't mean to scoff at his words, but the sound rolled off your tongue so naturally. You shake your head for added measure, and you recall your interactions with the guardians.

Your wild nights with Demiurge, your time at the plantation, his trembling on the burning shrine.

Cocytus seeking you after the fight that Momonga had with Shalltear, sleeping beside him the night before his assault, him setting you on his shoulders.

How Pandora's Actor held you the night you thought Momonga was going to die, how he begged you to upgrade your sword for added protection, his promise to be with you through anything.

That you believed them and their actions wholeheartedly.

That they were symbols of the others loyalty as well. That without a shadow of a doubt you and Momonga had full and unconditional allegiance from all of the guardians.

...Was he right to be paranoid though?

His words before he fought Shalltear begin to rush through your veins as if they're a virus, seeking to embed themselves into your blood stream and infect your soul.

*Always expect the worst. Prepare for it. Expect it.*

You clear your throat before Momonga can speak, and you can see it in his body language that he's getting ready to chastise you for scoffing. "I don't think we have to worry about that, Momonga. I haven't picked up on any sort of--"

"Neither have I, Holly. However you have to use your head with all of this. You can not just run around on emotion and think that your kindness is going to work in your favor every time. It might in Nazarick, but not out there. You are going to get yourself injured in some way or another if you don't thi--"

"Just because YOU can't feel anything anymore doesn't mean you get to reprimand me for feeling enough for the both of us!"
He recoils back with a lift of his head, and he just stares at you. You snarl angrily, and with a huff you march forward.

So what if you're nice. So what if you care with all that you have.

That doesn't make you a bad person.

...It does make you vulnerable, like he says though. It makes you easy to be taken advantage of.

You know that after this you are going to be heading outside of the tomb. He's only trying to protect you. You don't need protecting, not like that. You are not a child; You are a grown damn woman.

"Get back here." He says with a heavy sigh, and you feel his hand wrap around your tail and give a pull. You fold your arms over each other, and he tugs you back. Your feet don't lift from the ground, and your greaves carve a line in the dirt.

"That was below the belt and you know it. Oddly enough it was refreshing. I am not used to anyone back talking me since we arrived."

"If I remember right, wasn't it you that told me not to be a sycophant?" You spit out, and turn your head away from him. You know you're being a jerk, but you don't want to back down.

Being weak is starting to get tiring.

"Yes, I did say that. However I need you to listen to me. Remember how you asked me if I would go back to the old world if I could?" He lets go of your tail, and his hand replaces itself on your shoulder.

You nod, and your expression behind Law Bringer softens.

"I would not. However...I still have no clue what is going on. More answers lead to more questions, and more questions lead to more worry. What if...Holly what if this was just a transfer of consciousness and our bodies are still back home. If we die there, do we die here?" He grips at your shoulder, and if not for the recent upgrade, he would have indented his fingers into Remembrance of Oak.

"If we die here, are we sent back? Can we die? Can we resurrect one another? Are there others from Yggdrasil? How much of the game is relevant in this new realm? These...these are the questions that are always plaguing my mind. You are correct. You can feel more than I can. However? I do not sleep." He lets go of your shoulder, and he starts walking forward. You walk in his larger foot steps as he monologues, and your mind grows lighter and lighter as he speaks. You truly feel that as he's talking, that if you're not focusing on him, you'll float away.

You haven't thought of any of this.

Not that there could be consequences outside of the obvious.

"I am always thinking. There is no rest for the dead as they say." He chuckles a bit, and when he stops you bump into him.

"Sorry..." You mutter quietly, and your heart pounds in your chest, fueled by shame.

"What...what can I do?" you pull on the back of his robes, and he lets out a sigh.

"I barely know what to do. Remember when I said to take me off of that pedestal? You can start by
doing that. I already have the guardians jumping through mental gymnastics when they are around me, and I--"

"I know, I know. You don't need it from me too." You breathe out, and you let go of his robes.

He moves forward again, and gestures for you to follow.

"...If you want the lizard men back, you bring them back."

"Um say that again?"

"You heard me. You do it."

You run ahead of him, and stop him in his tracks by body blocking him. You lift both hands up and dislodge your head from Law Bringer, and you shake your curls free. A quick flick of your wrist and you stow the helmet away, and you raise your eyebrows at him in alarm.

"Me?! Are you serious?! Dude, we are talking about raising the dead here. That's *your* thing."

"And? You are a healer, you know how to resurrect as well. Soul Mender allows for--"

"I don't know how! Back in Yggdrasil it was a click of a button! Here it's...well I don't know?? Like I said how the hell is this so easy for you? Am I just over thinking? Am I--"

"You are not thinking enough. *That* is the problem. You always sell yourself short and you give up entirely too easy. I find that I really dislike that about you."

*Ouch.*

You toss your hands in the air in frustration, and your hair catches on the raised parts of your shoulder guards. Your wings wobble about in a lack of controlled muscle, and droop.

"Well! I don't like that you always have to be right!" You look away in disgust at your lack of a come back, but you had to say something.

"You do not like that I am right."

"And?"

"*Listen.*" He points to his head, and his voice is firm. He walks over to where you stand, and he keeps his finger on the top of his skull.

You know this tone and it's time to drop the act. Your wings twitch as you fold them against your back once more with a grunt, and your arms hang at your sides. You eye him respectfully, but your body language is still as loud as it was earlier.

"I can feel my power. It is difficult to describe, other than I know what I do and do not have. You know how you can look at a group of something, anything, and inherently understand it's quantity? If I look at four stones I understand that inumeration without thinking. That is the level of awareness I have with my magic and abilities. What I do not know? Is how that awareness transfers to you. We may both be heteromorphic, but I do not know the difference between an elder lich and a draconian paladin."

His finger leaves his head, and he cups his chin. Long boned fingers pull instinctively at hair that is not present, and they stop once he realizes so.
"Can you feel it? You have been able to cast some of your magic. Consider that if you can find where your source lies that you can unlock more of your potential."

"I...Honestly I never thought of it that way."

"I know that you have not."

"Grrr......I get it Momonga. I get it."

"Sorry, reflex." He shrugs.

"No, I...look I'm not trying to kiss your ass, just let me say this. I haven't put a lot of thought into this and wait! I know you know I haven't. I just feel the need to--"

"Holly, enough. Really. I would rather you take that energy you are trying to put into feeling guilty and place it somewhere more useful such as figuring out why you can not use magic like I can."

"...Kay. Can...can I try now?" Fuck it if he wants it you can at least try. Now better time than the present, right? Your tail wraps around your ankle as you close your eyes. Momonga hums in approval, and although you know he's staring at you expectantly it doesn't bother you too much.

He feels his magic in his head. He feels it in his mind because he's logical. Cold, calculating, intelligent.

If he feels his in his mind, where would you feel yours? How do you even go about feeling yours?

How do you run a system diagnostic on your body? How do you scan your soul for magic? Magic was not real until a few weeks ago.

It's not in your mind. Not that your head is empty, but you're a harsh contrast to Ainz. Of all places, it would make sense for your power to dwell in your heart.

"Give...give me a second." You keep your eyes closed, and your wave your hand around in the air clumsily. Your fingers tickle through a swirl of black, and with a snap of your hand you unequip your armor. A pair of faded and familiar jeans replace your armored leggings, and a loose and non descriptive black shirt follows suit to substitute your chest piece.

Now where are those...

Haha, huzzah!

Your greaves are replaced with the worn sneakers from the farm, the grey and beat up ones that Demiurge gave you. He hates them and it kinda makes you love them that much more. You can almost see him wrinkle his nose as they form over your feet.

Teehee.

You shimmy around as your clothing settles, and you blindly reach a hand over your chest to feel your heart beat.

He touched his head when he demonstrated where he feels his power, so it only felt natural to do the same.

Thump.

Thump.
You squeeze your eyes shut, trying to focus. You hold your breathe as you try to be at one with yourself. Just when...

"Do not focus so hard. It should feel natural." You hear Ainz whisper.

You open your eyes, and exhale loudly through your nose with a snort.

"Well I thought--" You chide with a roll of your eyes.

"Keep going." He instructs with his voice, and you follow suit.

Maybe if you....

You clear your throat, and you imagine yourself protected. That your scales, your tail, the small horns peaking through your hair aren't just extensions of yourself, but they're a means of security.

Shelter. Hearth.

Warden.

"[Maximize Magic, Iron Warrior]." You whisper, and your heart pulses under your palm. The ripple of a single heart beat races through your nervous system, sending messages and whispers of dawn.

You tense as your breathing hitches, and for a single moment, for a thread in time...

You see gold.

Every scale over your body hardens as if it were cemented to your skin, and your tail crashes to the ground from the weight of tempered steel. You reach up your other hand to rest on your bosom, and flecks of light dance behind your eye lids.

A river, a swirling stream if you would, encourages your heart beat. High saturation colors revolve in retrograde, twisting just below your aorta. Right now, along with blood, your heart pumps a hollow power through your circulatory system. It twists and turns through your veins like a dangerous car on a free way, coursing wildly without direction. Your nostrils flare as you focus more on breathing than controlling this energy, and the potent colors slow. Primary shades of red, blue, and green spin like a helix into your DNA, coating the strands that make up who you are as if they were a protein themselves.

Thump.

Thump.

Thump.

Both hands lift with the mighty thrum of your heart, and you choke on the rush. Ainz pats your back like he's meaning to burp you as if you were a toddler, and you flinch. You cough as you face him, and he cocks his head to the side. You face is perspiring, and your cheeks are flushed.

It was as if you had been running a marathon over feeling your heart beat.

"I take it you felt something?" He asks rhetorically.

"Yeah. Definitely. That or I have a really, really bad case of indigestion." You place your hands on your forehead, and slick the beads of sweat up and into your hair. You run your hands through your
curls and shake them at the back of your head, sighing when cool air kisses your neck.

"I am so glad I do not have to deal with that anymore..." He muses.

You groan as you step forward, and your shoulder blades ache with an uncomfortable pain. With every turn you can feel your wings pulling down, stretching the skin on your back. They almost feel as if with one good rip they'd peel off like moist scabs.

With another step forward the metal slips off of your body in an avalanche, as if it were boulders rolling down a cliff side.

Chunks of magic steel crash to the ground, dispersing into motes of light on impact.

"Ah. That either." He observes, and points at the metallic scales that are dripping off of your face.

Cocytus scoffs with a crack of his jaw, and he gestures down with his top right arm. "Set. Him. There."

The summoned undead rolls the carcass of the Chieftain Zenburu onto the grass below. The Reptiles tongue lulls out, and the stench of death is intense. You shake your head and upturn your nose, and look at Cocytus with disgust.

"That's just nasty." You point at the corpse with dismay, and your nose is crinkled. Cocytus palms the ground next to you as he kneels, and he leans over the body. He too is then greeted with the overwhelmingly potent smell of rot, and the floor guardian recoils.

"That's. Just. Disgusting." He parrots your tone, and also shakes his head. Petite snow flakes slip through his mouth parts and fall onto the Lizards body, and you playfully push at his thorax.

"Dude! That's going to melt and then he's going to smell wet and dead."


"Ewww!" You chuckle, and you wave your hand over the body to try and spread the perfume of expiration.

The floor guardian looks away for a moment, and points towards the colony of Lizard men just over the landscape.


The skeleton says nothing as it mindlessly walks away under Cocytus's command.

As you weave your fingers together and crack your knuckles, Cocytus shifts his mass down and sits beside you. The guardian's heavy body still vibrates the ground next to you as he takes his seat, and it's like a tree falling to your right.
"So do you think they'll call me Cocytus also?" you wink his way as you take the larger claw of the beast before you into your lap.


"Cocytus." You cut him off, and your once silly face twists a bit. He stops his speech, and you watch as his mouth parts vibrate.

You're pretty sure that means he's confused or worried. You'll get this bug language of sorts down some day.

"I...please don't call me that."


"I know." You say sternly, and you stare at the scars on the bloating corpse before you. He has so many, and you study them as if they're going to whisper to you what to say next.

"Cocytus...I'd rather...I'd rather you see me as your friend than your higher up." You whisper before looking over to him.


You smile softly, catching your reflection in his eyes.

"I would really like that Cocytus."

"I. Would. As. Well. Lady...Err..." He tilts his head, hovering just above you.

"Lady is fine. I think it's cute to be honest with you." You push on one of his mandibles, trying to kindly encourage him to sit next to you rather than over you. It's adorable how completely unaware of his size he is, but he's also massive and hard to work around. He withdraws with a grunt and a few clicks.

You look away from the dead reptile once more as a waft of death sneaks into your nose, and you hear Cocytus try to stifle a chuckle at your facial expression. You laugh a bit as well, and stick your tongue out in an attempt to mimic the corpse below.

Which he finds hilarious.

You sigh with a last chirp of laughter, drifting your attention back to the task at hand. Ainz said that if you could bring these three back, that the Lizard Men fell under your responsibility. That he had enough on his plate, and it would help him a lot if you and Cocytus managed the Lizard Men instead of him. Which you took him up on his offer with no hesitation.

The Lizard Men meant a lot to Cocytus. Therefore, they meant a lot to you.

And with them under your jurisdiction, you could protect them. You could guard that love shared between Zaryusu and Crusch Lulu, and just maybe they could have a chance at something more. You could be that hope that Crusch Lulu looked for earlier, the solace she found in your support.

You could be a guardian. A Warden of Dawn.

Now all you had to do was bring them back from the dead.
And they are very much so dead.

"Do you...do you think I can do it?" You whisper under your breathe, turning over the thick claw in your hand with care.

"Yes. I. Have. No. Doubt." He rumbles quietly, his bronze voice reassuring your nerves.

You nod and say nothing more as you run your palm soothingly over the dead Zenburu's hand. You look up to the sky, and the sun is making it's final approach to end the day. The sky yawns in colors of burnt orange and indigo blue, swirling together to make a unique and once in a lifetime painting.

All Ainz said was he 'imagined' them being alive, and poof. They were back.

So you do the same. You lean over the corpse as you absolutely refuse to breathe through your nose, and labor air in and out of your mouth.

You wince, his decay coats your tongue with rot and old blood. He hadn't died that long ago, yet the wet from the mud and the hot sun had done his body no justice. It's not enough to simply imagine him back to life. His body needs healed from the inside out.

His very soul needs mended and sewn back to his vessel.

You slowly run your hands over his body, up and to his chest. There are so many divets, scars, and bumps that it feels like your climbing a rock wall rather than feeling his cold chest. You palm at his heart, and massage with feather light circles.

How would you revive someone?

Would force ascending Demiurge into his arch demon form count?

You technically rose him from out of the ground.

Almost scared you shit less too.

It totally scared you shit less.

You trail a lone finger along a deep welt, where his scales have peeled back. The flesh is supple, softer than your own. Man this guy has been through a lot. He's tore up worse than any of the others.

Besides the tan one. That guy is looong gone after Cocytus went ape shit on him. There's no bringing him back. He's now fertilizer for the flat lands.

Another pervasive rush of death slaps you across the face, stinging your eyes and nose with a wretch of force. You choke on the stench, and your eyes well with tears.

Tears.

Your nostrils flare in epiphany as you choke back at the rot, and you can hear Cocytus grumble in bug language. You sum it up that he's saying something about how bad it smells too.

Until now, you had only cast this spell passively. Under duress of emotion.

You place both hands over his heart, and you focus on your own.

Thump.
You close your eyes, and think to just relax. You don't have to control this. Ainz said it should feel natural, that the colors now burning through your blood like a sudden crescendo of power...

And at that moment, again, gold flashes over your eyes.

[Tears of Jörmungandr]

As the sun sets and the sky is overcome by darkness, the fields before you and Cocytus light up with the fury of the birth of a star. An arcane symbol of gilded light stretches out and across the lands, and crawls to an end just before the village of Lizard men. Soft waves of yellow and white rise and fall like billows of fog and smoke as tears flow uncontrollably from your eyes. The glow dances up and into the sky in a cosmic nebula of gold, and from that day on the reptilian tribes would know that night forevermore as The Eve of Harmony.

Cocytus had never once questioned it, and it only affirmed what he knew was true when you faced him with eyes and mouth of nothing but white light.

"Oh my god.." you breathe, and your voice comes out layered. You speak as if many of you across timelines are saying the same word, at the same time, in the same spacial rend.

Cocytus simply nods, his eyes squinting as his vision blurs from the brightness. The world almost seems white, and yet still, you stand as a beacon of amber and honey.

Thump.

Thump.

Thump.

Your hands lift as the Lizard man below you gasps, and in return, you gasp. His tongue slips back into his mouth as he faces you with strained eyes, and all he sees before him is a women made of light. You catch your reflection in his now very alive eyes, and your breath hitches in your throat at the sight. The spell calms as you fall back in a crawl from the reptile as he rises.

"Holy shit is this the afterlife?!" The chieftain of Dragon Tusk raises up, rubbing at his head. He glances from side to side confusingly as the lights slowly fade, and he grunts out a groan when he sees you and Cocytus.

"Aww damn it, I don't want to die again! It sucked the first time enough as it is." He seethes through jagged teeth, and glares at you and Cocytus once more.

"Me either Zenburu, are we even..alive?" Another one laughs nervously, sitting up into a lotus position.

You look over to Cocysus as the third one raises with a groan, as if he had been woken up from a coma. Cocytus's upper and lower right arm pull you closer to him protectively, and he lets loose a threatening vibration that shakes the ground. You pat one of his mandibles reassuringly as you look over to the three who are whispering among one another, occasionally looking over to you and Cocytus.

Oh. He's the big mad.

"Cocytus, it's okay." You pat him once again, and he curses in a few cracks of his mandibles, followed by some ticks and whirs.

You're getting pretty good at reading what he's saying. You think.

"Hah! I knew it! The big blue dude is Cocytus!" Zenburu states triumphantly, and his fist raises into the air with emphasis.

"I don't think now is quite the appropriate time for celebration my friend.." Sharusysu whispers, and points at you and Cocytus with a shaking hand.

As Cocytus rumbles again you find it appropriate and necessary to speak before he comes unglued.

"It's okay, really. You guys are safe now." You wave at them with a call of your voice. Their heads turn back and forth between you and each other more times than you'd like.

When you go to wiggle free from Cocytus he holds tighter, and his chest rumbles. You look up at him and shake your finger, and he grunts but doesn't let go.

"Cocytus. I am fine." You whisper, and you try to push yourself free. His passive aura crashes against your face in a cold cleanse of fogged ice as he speaks.


"And I appreciate that. However I highly doubt that they're going to try anything."

"The. One. Did. Try. And--"

"And he's in about a million tiny lizard pieces." You raise an eyebrow, and you feel Cocytus lower his arms slowly away from caging you.

"...True. He. Deserved. That. Though."

You sigh contented as he frees you, and you plop down from where he had slightly raised you. You reflect back on your conversation with Ainz, and you stand sure that at the very least Cocytus would never betray you.

You walk up slowly and cautiously to the three Lizard Men that you just majestically raised from the dead, and in return, they slowly walk up to you.

Tall.

Why is everyone so tall.

You only stand mid chest to the shortest one, however you do have the biggest baddest dude behind you so you don't feel too bad about being small. You swallow your fears and replace them with conviction. It's here and now that you're thankful for your customer service experience. You do know how to deal with people to some extent, and due to seniority at your job you were often times put into managerial positions. Although you didn't want to step up, you were forced to do things you
didn't want to do out of necessity.

Just as you are right now.

"I am Holly Leonhardt of the Great Underground Tomb of Nazarick." You straighten your posture, and press your chest out as if you're a militant.

Fake it till you make it.

You swing a hand back gently to Cocytus as if you're revealing him from behind an imaginary veil.

"You've already met Cocytus. He is my guardian and close friend."

A charming set of clicks and vibrations are produced from the floor guardian in response to your introduction of him. His posture relaxes a bit, and he nods as you finish your sentence.


Before the brute Zenburu can speak, Shasurya steps forward with a jab of his elbow to his fellow chieftain.

"I am Shasurya of the Green claw tribe, this is--"

"Not to be rude, but we know who you all are Shasurya."

He nods in understanding, and you realize that this is who you need to be dealing with. He's in the center of the three, and has more of an air of rationality and calm about him over the other two. One is brash, and you haven't quite heard the other one speak. All he's done is occasionally grunt.

"Was my brother brought back as well?" He asks calmly, but you can recognize someone that's trying to hide their nerves behind a falsehood.

It's what you're doing right now.

"Yes. Zaryusu is back at the Village, along with Crusch Lulu and the other tribes." Your tail points towards the town. You figure you can use your more reptilian appendage over your hands as a means of trying to show that you have something in common with the lizard men.

"...What happens to us now? Are we your slaves?" His question is blunt, but his tone is respectful. You can tell that he only wants to know what's going to happen to him and his people. He watches with confusion as you sigh in relief. You can't tell him how happy you are that you were able to bring them back to life, and that they fall under your and Cocytus's supervision. Although you adore him, you'd hate to think what Demiurge would do with the tribes.

"You along with your people are being succeeded into Nazarick. For the time being you will live with little interference from us."

He eyes you with scrutiny and paranoia, completely unconvinced. He lies through his teeth as he nods.

"I see. Thank you for your kindness."

"It's not what you think, Sharuyusu. I would not have brought you back to simply torment you and your people. That's not how I do things." Your brows furrow at the other two look you up and down just as questioningly as the one before you.
"I would rather help your people to survive than watch you struggle as you have. We've collected information on your tribes and are aware of your struggles for food," You pause as they look at each other, speaking through their eyes alone. "Don't get me wrong. You will have a use in Nazarick. You're of no use if your people are hungry and weak."

"Why not just ask us then instead of killing us so mercilessly? Why go so far out of your way to bring our people harm if you mean to rule over us with little to no obstruction?" Sharyusu steps forward, and his tongue rolls over his lips.

Cocytus also steps forward, and you raise a hand up in response. The guardian hovers over you as a menacing shadow, a reminder that one false move and the three will return to their former states.

"If we had simply asked you to join us, we wouldn't have your unquestioning respect. You'd see us as equals, where we clearly are not. Do not for a second mistake my intent. You are now under my direct control and order. You will do as I say, whenever I say." Even though you stand below the three of them, they quell before your words as if you stood taller than Cocytus.

"It was necessary to show such an overwhelming force of power, so that we would obtain and maintain your allegiance." You place both hands behind your back as you lean forward, and your eyes flash a storm of intent over the three.

"Which I have, right?"

"Yes. Yes you do."

Your first order was for them to celebrate their existence, and to not take their lives for granted. To live the night for what it was, and to wake up the next day thankful. That once the tension settled you made it clear that you only had their best interests at heart. They were still uncomfortable, and you knew their thanks were only spilled from their lips in fear of being put to death.

With time, you hoped, that they would understand that you truly meant them no harm. It would be unreasonable to think they'd hop, skip, and jump in elation in your presence after all that happened.

One thing was sure, however. You brought them back to life, which was nothing short of a miracle to them. To yourself.

Even if time can't heal all wounds, with enough time, you can.

"So how..how do you think that went?" You ask Cocytus, nudging his right bottom claw.


You hum pleasingly as you stroll around with Cocytus, walking slowly towards the village.

"Thank you, I'm not exactly good at this leadership thing. It's gonna take awhile, but I'm glad you think I did a good job."

You rub the back of your neck, and your wings twitch at his words. Despite the bite of the night and his frigid aura, he warms your cheeks.

"So...what do you want to do with the Lizard men? They're ours, not just mine."

He takes a moment to think, and his jaw clacks together a few times softly. He folds his lower arms over one another in contemplation, turning to face you when he makes up his mind.


"I was hoping you'd say that." You sigh in relief, and you stop walking as you stretch your arms up. Once again, you're unsure of what time it is, but you're sure it's late.

"Let's head back to Nazarick. I'm tired and I bet now I could eat more than you could. I'm freakin' starving."

Instead of laughing like you thought he would, he instead looks away and up towards the sky. Your brows knit together as his mouth parts vibrate, and you don't understand what he's saying.

"...What's wrong?"


It's because he does believe he's disrespecting you. He thinks he's being selfish in his request, and that it's inexcusable for him to turn down your offer.

"I think that's a magnificent idea, Cocytus. That's...that's really endearing of you." You reach a hand towards him, and you run a palm up and down his forearm. You fake a smile as he turns his head to face you, and it strikes you that you're going to miss him.

"Thank. You. My. Lady." His posture softens, and you feel his tail brush against yours affectionately.

"Y-You're welcome." You laugh off the situation, trying to shrug it off as no big deal. Your left foot digs needless circles in the ground as you raise a hand up.

[Gate]

The air grows thinner as the rip in reality takes form. The [Gate] ripples in an ethereal display of cosmic waves of deep violet as you step towards it.

You groan audibly as you stand before the [Gate], and you toss your hands down to your side in a fit. You turn back on one heel to face Cocytus, and you pout out your lip.

"Hey don't think I'm weird but...can I have a hug?" You shrug with a wince, and look away as your
face grows flush.

He's before you in two steps, and he kneels softly onto the grass below.

"You. Don't. Have. To. Ask."
Even with an eidetic mind? Time will slowly erode memory. Soon conversations become muddled, voices distort, and all that is heard are unfamiliar whispers. What is familiar though are the day to day sounds engraved like an old battle scar in his mind. Breathing, the clicking of his heels on marble flooring, the gentle scratching of pen and paper. These sounds are an unforgettable solace to him now, however he is sure with enough time they too could be erased.

Where the usage of gold and crystals were once sporadic and changing from day to day, it had now become almost criminally predictable. He is unsure of how much wealth they used to consume biweekly, however it is in one of his many notebooks somewhere. It never seemed that the great tomb ever consumed much due to the expanse of coin they possessed, or maybe it was. He is again, unsure of the finer details.

It has been some time now. Days bleed into weeks, months slip through to years. They left like dreams in the night, and all that remained of them were false hosts. Shells of stone adorned in their respective garbs, encased in poly glass and doing nothing but collecting dust.

If he focuses hard enough, he can somewhat recall his Lord and the last of the creators that disappeared from the Tomb. Was is Lord Tabula Smaragdina, or was it Lord Luci*Fer? Maybe it was Lady Yamaiko...Regardless, all the guardians felt it whenever a supreme being left Nazarick. It was like losing a small piece of themselves, a fragment of their soul getting bottled up and tossed away. Maybe that is where his memory went, where time takes us all. It is easier to think that time
stole the almighty creators away, rather than them leaving on their own accord.

Just as all the guardians could feel when a supreme being left Nazarick, they could sense the power of one joining as well. Somehow the 42nd supreme being was interlaced with the familiarity of the treasuries nuances, and the new godling was a place of fondness for him after their cordial meeting.

He was shocked! So gloriously caught off guard at the sound of their steps carried down from the tenth floor. When was the last time a supreme being came down here, were they truly on their way? His creators foot steps were always the same, heavy and important. The 42nd’s steps were light and airy, almost muted by the presence of the leader of Nazarick. Nevertheless they were there in between his Lords, and his excitement grew with their coming approach. Visitors did not come by the Treasury often.

Was it his birthday? He had heard the supreme beings talk about celebrating one another’s day of creation, was he truly worthy of such attention?

The 42nd supreme being was a woman. Ahhh Sie ist so schon! She was..running over to him?! His creator striding in behind with his familiar sense of self importance that best suited his power and position.

Pandora’s Actor swallowed the cold stone in his throat down hard as his right hand snapped up to his cap, saluting the two supreme beings as he had always done for any of the creators.

It was the very least he could do to show his devotion and respect.

He swam in his head as his heart punched with new found life in his chest. She was touching him. He stood still, breathe hitched as she fiddled with his uniform. She carried a casual conversation with his Lord as she examined him, and her voice was so very whimsical. What all had she said? He does not remember. Strangely he can swear that he still feels the ghosting of her hands across his garb.

What day was that day? He would have to find a way to remember it. Write it down in a notebook and make sure to keep better track of it over the old treasury records. Today was surely his birthday, why else would they be down there like this, why else would this new supreme one be handing him such a priceless gift? It was beautiful and petite like she, and burned in his vest pocket like a wish. His Lord even gave him a tousle of affection.

She and his creator were gone as fast as they had arrived.

“Goodbye Pandora!”

How many times had he ran her voice over in his mind? She combed through his soul like soft hands sifting through beach sand, playfully searching for shells and treasure. Somewhere the tone was lost, and his name spilling from her lips over the years became distorted. Still, she had addressed him, right? Maybe it was all just a figment of his imagination.

As soon as their presence disappeared from the treasury the doppelganger hurriedly accessed Ashurbanipal’s inventory, fumbling through books and scripts. He had read most if not all of them, some twice over. This made it easier to sift through and find what he was really after. The Great Tomb of Nazarick had an endless wealth of knowledge, and included in the library was a collection of glorious information on all of the supreme beings. When his long fingers grazed an unfamiliar novel they gently pinched together, pulling the slender book out of the swirling void with utmost care.
He ran a slender finger over her name on the front cover, the books texture smooth like fresh bound leather. He tilted his head to the side in thought as he ran his hand over the omnibus, he had just read a series on flora. He tapped her name softly a few times, smiling on the inside at the duality of her name. Winterberry. Would she ever let him call her that?

He opened the book carefully, fanning the few pages with his fingers as they tickled his being. The thin composition was so very new, had anyone even opened it yet? Was he truly the first? The sheets of printed paper were still so fresh, yet smelt worn like vanilla and wood. Greedily he placed a long digit down, trailing the words as they entered his mind in groups of four.

Chapter one | Basic information

Holly Leonhardt

One of the almighty 42 Supreme Beings

Alignment - Neutral/Good | Sense of Justice + 100

Race- Heteromorphic

Racial Level

Child of the World Serpent

Warden of Dawn

Job Level

Code of the Commander

Soul Mender

Flamekeeper

Gah. He sighed in irritation, there was so little information about her! Nothing of who she was as an individual or what she liked. All he had was a few pages of data on her Races and Job levels, which he stared at for a long while. At least he had that. He grunted as he closed the book, setting it in his lap as he placed both hands behind his head. He stared up at the managerial office's ceiling, or rather,
lack there of. She was an enigma, there was more than enough information on the others but so very little on her.

By his lords glorious rib cage sh-she was...so very beautiful. He surmised that her exotic human like appearance came from the marvel that her Warden of Dawn ethnicity offered, and that her more draconian features were undoubtedly attributed to being a Child of the World Serpent.

In the coming times the book would fill with more information, but that did not satiate his curiosity. She ran up to him, none of the supreme beings had never looked so genuinely happy to see him. Actually, only one other had ever addressed him besides his creator. He intakes a deep breathe as he folds one leg over the other, and the memory is stifled. He knows it was Lord Tabula Smaragdina and that it was only in passing. It was just too long ago but he remembers it being pleasant.

He places a hand on the slender publication once again, this time in hopes that she may return soon. The chances are low, but when you do not have much you hold onto what you can. Hope is a mighty weapon, one he believes that if it could take physical manifestation it would be one of the strongest world items in existence. One he could guard as he does the Treasury of Nazarick, just as he does the small flame now burning in his heart.

Tiny footsteps like summer rain greet his ears the next day, and his heart leaps to knock around in chest. He actually jumps himself at the delicate melody, his coat and chains flaring up with his startle. His pen drags against his notepad, a dark black line jarring across a days worth of inventory notes.

'There is no way,' he thinks to himself, but the pitter patter of small feet and the soft clanking of silver armor is unquestionably her. He stutters a bit in German as he fumbles with his notepad, placing it in his vest as he darts to his post. A supreme being should never not be greeted upon entering a floor, and the treasury is no exception.

He has come to the conclusion that she is utterly delightful. For reasons unknown, she came down to see him. Just him! She came and went, an echo of the day before. Her fanciful giggles rattle around in his brain as he savors the high, and unfortunately the sound of her laughter is muddled with the slow decay of time. She had come to see him though, and just him. She never went outside the managerial office where he predominately resides, and spent the entirety of her precious time with him.

She poked and prodded, he posed and danced. She clapped and laughed, and he slipped into a few moments of utter bliss. What all did she say again? Something about emotes and...he flexes in the distress of his lack of ability to recall.

"It's a shame no one will ever make it down here. I bet you're a total badass in combat."

"Your uniform is so freakin' cool! Gah, Momonga did a really good job on you Pandora's Actor."

Was that it? It was something like that. Her affectionate tone is garbled with white noise and the static of his brain. It is caught somewhere between inventory notes, novels from Ashurbanipal, and the many years of solitude.

But...she thinks he is cool.

It was after that second visit, that it struck him. He had been doing his daily routines of patrolling the Treasury when he dropped to his knees with the thought. It was almost comedic in the way he tossed off his coat, wiping one of the marbled floors down with his sleeve. They were sleek and ivory, and with enough pressure of his palm in a few more circular motions...
He sighed as he looked at himself, why did he feel guilty? He just...he just wanted to see her again. His form relaxed with a breathy sigh, hair spilling over his shoulders as a small hand reached down to brush the woman's face just below him. The flooring was chilled, but he swore that for a moment he felt warmth. His...rather, her thumb stroked gently over the image, where he wondered what it would actually be like if he was not just acting.

Shakily he reached the hand up, pressing her petite palm against his face. Her face. Small fingers trailed over scale and skin, she was so very supple and warm. It was foolish of him, but when he looked through her eyes at himself, at her, he felt a connection. There never would be a more delicate and beautiful shade of green to him.

Her hair tickled the image below as he leaned in, locks and twirls of curls kissing the treasury flooring. He lost himself in her primary colors, her eyes and hair placing him in a fantasy he did not want to leave. It was with great reluctance that he quickly shifted back to himself, the woman before him pulling away like the fast fading dream that she was.

He would not disrespect her body with his salacious thoughts, even though he could not help himself as he pictured her in ways only he could. She was gorgeous and made his blood whine with desire. Of course he would guiltily indulge himself in thinking of her sensually, but not when he was in her form. He would not dare to do that to her.

Maybe it was silly of him to think that he would ever hope of having something with her. Him, a lowly area guardian. Hah! The thought in and of itself was a joke. Regardless, he would not disrespect her. Pandora's Actor thought of himself as a gentleman, a man of chivalry that would never tarnish her nobility. She was a women of roses and verdant fire. He was nothing more than a man, a guardian, that wished to love her.

And now, he finds himself in a paradox as he sits nonchalantly at the staff canteen on the ninth floor of Nazarick. It is not that he requires food or drink, nein, he has his ring of sustenance for those issues. It is that he wants to find a way to make time pass faster. That somehow years of isolation and longing to see her again felt short in comparison to the eight days, going on nine now, that she had been gone from the Great Tomb.

It had barely been over a week, and yet his heart ached with the dull pain of loneliness. It was so contrary to everything that his lord made him to be, and yet, when he came to this new world? Things started to...change. This was especially evident when she came down to the treasury just a few weeks ago.

By the supreme ones, that beautiful sound. The tiny foot steps sounding like soft rain upon a hillside. That was a sound he swore to himself to never forget. Even if it became garbled in his mind, if he squinted hard enough, he could almost faintly hear the echo down the stairs from the 10th floor to the treasury.

Her. The 42nd.

At that time she had not been down in...some time now. Months? Maybe it had been a year. But still, those tender foot steps padding down the steps were hers.

Why was he nervous? He had always greeted her at his normal post, but as she drew closer his heart pounded faster! Why did he feel the need to hide from her? What was this feeling of panic?!

He is unworthy of her presence. Just a lowly area guardian and...
He stares at her through golden lights and metal filigree, and as she approaches him he can not help but glow brighter. Does she know what she does to him? She is not in her normal suit of armor, and it is here that he drinks in her femininity. He should be at his post, saluting, but instead....

She is curiously reaching to him. Why. Why does she care. She does not. She should not! Why would she?! He is nothing more than the treasuries area guardian.

And still...

He can not help himself as he tilts towards her and he touches her for the first time.

And she smiles. He h-has..never seen her smile.

It was in that curve of her lips that it was easy for him to believe he was falling in love with her. He had pined after her for so many years, it was only natural for him to do so! She had come to see him. Just him. She was so very beautiful and kind, he had read all about her over the years as the anthology on her filled in Ashurbanipal. He would of course lie and say it was his duty to know as a guardian, but it was for his own selfish gratification.

Still, he was not worthy. None of the guardians were. She was a supreme being. Him reaching to her just now as a mistake, was treason. He felt like he was stealing!

And yet she needed him! He could be there for her in her time of need! He had read that she was weak against vermin. And here she was, climbing up the treasury table in desperation, crying out as one of Kyoukyou's intelligence drones came for her.

He knew the lowly offspring of the area guardian from the black capsule was simply drawn to her as they all were, but still...

...If he could get away with it he would. He is drawn to her as Icarus was to the sun.

And....there it was. That connection. Their bond. All of those years of hope.

She was made of nothing but love.

Although the last few years are fuzzy, these passed few weeks? The highest saturation of colors paint his mind in shades of the 42nd supreme being. He smiles on the inside as he folds one leg over the other, the top of his boot smacking against the cafeteria table with a mighty crack. Whoops. He shrugs it off as he can almost hear her foot steps, he plays the sound over in his mind occasionally for comfort.

Both of his hands find the table with a loud slam, and the maids decorating the staff canteen look at him with raised eye brows and rolled eyes. His head snaps to the left as his heart knocks on his chest as if it means to break free and sprint away. Either god is a sick and twisted man playing with his mind, or gravity no longer exists as he feels lighter than a feather. Regardless if it is one or the other, or maybe even both, the foot steps are not just in his head.
Food and sleep are your only priority as the [Gate] closes behind you with a tranquil pop of dispersing air.

*Damn it's good to be back at Nazarick.*

You take in the deepest breathe of air that you can of the great underground tomb, filling your lungs with the pleasant musk of the halls. It's this cold humidity fragrant with the slightest aroma of sweet almonds. You knew Tabula nearly poured his heart and soul into Nazarick, had he actually gone into enough detail to add in ambient scents? Yggdrasil didn't allow for that level of immersion, but since entering the new world that smell has always been at the back of your nose fondly.

You would have loved to have met him. Momonga always said you reminded him of Tabula. You were not into horror like he was, but the both of you had a strong appreciation for digital graphics and customization in Yggdrasil. Out of all of his guild mates, Momonga mused often that you would have gotten along well with Tabula or Peroroncino. Tabula, because of common interest. Peroroncino? You both were perverts and liked to make people close to you feel uncomfortable with inappropriate jokes or comments. Much of that was to Momonga's repulsion since he was more reserved when it came to being sexually outspoken, which you never shied away from exploiting.

Your stomach growls at the prospect of food as you walk towards the staff canteen, and the sweet smell of the halls only encourages the desire for nourishment. Sure, you could ring-a-ding a maid for food to your room, but that's going to take too long. You can just as easily head to the cafeteria and horf down a tray of whatever the fuck you want and then turn in for the night.

Damn some cake and a cheeseburger sounds realllly good right now.

Fuck being healthy. You have a custom made body that seemingly doesn't gain weight. Time to eat like a fat kid with no reservations.

"Oh my god he's so irritating."

"Uwah, I know. Thank the supreme beings we are off shift for the rest of the night!"

The sounds of the maids chattering rings off the walls as you turn right towards the staff canteen. The musty yet sweet smell of the halls is quickly replaced by the intoxicating smell of sizzling meats, and the roof of your mouth is struck with a watery craving.


The two maids gasp happily as you come into their sights, and much to your annoyance they immediately bow with an added curtsy.

It's amazing how quick those gestures can grow from uncomfortable, to somewhat endearing, and finally just plain bothersome. Is it really necessary *every* time?

Also, who's in the cafeteria that's irritating? You're tired and hungry, which means you're not exactly in the mood for being fucked with. Sure, you're a total sweetheart, but god help the poor soul that stands between you and food.

You smile with a lie through your teeth as they pass by, whispering how amazing and beautiful they think you are. And because you're grumpy and hungry, once they turn their heads, you silently mock them.
"Mehmehmeh so pretty...mehmehmehmeh..Lady Holly this, Lady Holly that."

You grunt with a flick of your tail, displacing your annoyance with joy as you reach the mouth of the staff canteen. It's cheeseburger time. As you begin to enter your ears are greeted with a curiously loud slam, who the hell is beating the tables? There's a chorus of feminine groans that follow the clamor, maybe you should have just ordered room service...

"Meine Liebling has returned at long last!" Pandora's Actor's voice carries through the cafeteria and down through the halls, his classic bravado vibrating the very air. As he sings he steps up and onto the table with a loud click of his military heels, his arms spread wide, coat flaring with his jarring movement as he announces your arrival.

Time and time again, there is no room for ill feelings when he is around. With just a silly act of his usual self he is able to wash away any and all negative thoughts. He's like a tree, able to convert carbon dioxide into oxygen. In your case, he's able to replace unfavorable emotion with merriment. Just seeing him sends throws your heart into your throat, and your feet are moving before your mind can tell them to do so.

His fingers splay excitedly as he hops down from the table, his coat flaring behind him like a cape in a loud display of yellow.

He bends slightly at the knees as he lands, his fingers wiggling as he makes a few grabbing motions.

You already know what he's after, because great minds think alike. A song of laughter is carried over the staff canteen as you sprint towards him. You make up the distance quickly as your worn sneakers slap loudly against the flooring, and you tackle the area guardian as he laughs in elation.

He catches you like the prize he believes you to be, his arms wrapping around you as he spins on one heel. The world tilts to spin on it's axis as he in this moment only revolves around you. Once again, you are the princess on his carousel as your hair flutters around him like a veil. As the ride ends he takes a steps forward clumsily with a wet chuckle, placing you gently onto the ground.

You beam up at him, and you're smiling so wide it's quite possible that you're going to split your cheeks open. You giggle with a shake of your head when he salutes down to you with enviable energy. Instead of reaching his hand down to place it over his heart and bow like he would normally, he removes his hat. Your eyes squint shut as you whine bashfully, your cheeks flushing a furious shade of pink as he fits the cap snug onto your head.

"I missed you so very much Winterberry." He says with a heavy release of air, his shoulders relaxing as he places a finger under your chin.

You nod as your eyes shimmer, your bottom lip pouting. "I really missed you too, Pandora."

The finger on your chin slides up to your cheek as he cups your face. His thumb strokes longingly over the softness of your skin and scales as he speaks. "C-can I....Liebling can I kiss you!?"

Your eyes answer him before your lips can move, and his tongue is slipped out and rolling over your mouth with gentle drags.

You both produce soft sounds as you kiss his tongue with tender pecks. His forehead presses into yours as he continues to lap his slippery device over your lips with plush nudges and pushes. He trails the outline of your lips with the tip of his tongue before retreating, and his breathe washes over your face as he sighs contently.

All the while his hand kneads your face with calm fingers, wishing to taste you through his digits
alone. His free hand wiggles into yours, interlacing your fingers through his.

"You were away from Nazarick much longer than I anticipated Liebling.." He says forlornly, and the hand intertwined with yours gives you a needy squeeze.

"I know Pandora, I know. It couldn't be helped. I...I really did miss you. I thought about you a lot, actually..." you trail off, and thankfully you can use the bill of his hat as you look down and away to hide your flustered face.

He whines again and the hand cupping your chin slips away, only to wrap around your back as he pulls you in close. Your cheek presses snug against his chest, and you nuzzle his silk tie.

*Aww yeah it's so soft.*

You inhale to breathe him in, and he's everything he's supposed to be. Sandalwood, clean linen, and...*cheeseburger.*


The staff canteen is perfumed with the scent of food, and not even Pandora's Actor's beautiful smells of comfort can disguise your lust for nourishment.

Before you can say anything your stomach decides to embarrass the hell out of you by rumbling like a volcano. The roar of hunger is finished with a few gurgles, and it is quite possibly the loudest sound of voracity your belly has ever produced.

Thanks stomach.

"Aha! Hallo, you there! Yes you young lady! Prepare our lady a feast! Meine schone blume hath returned to the Great underground Tomb of Nazarick and the very fact that she is not satiated is nothing less than a travesty! This must be rectified!~"

You can feel the hand on your back lift and point enthusiastically, and maybe if you press your head hard enough into his chest you can hide. That maybe no one can see the patches of red forming on your neck as he serenades the air with the fact that you need food *now.*

They can totally see you. It does not help that as he speaks he gestures abruptly, and you can feel his leg move so he can add something more into his already flamboyant posture.

*Ham.*

"Mmm Ja Meine Dame, that does sound like quite the time that you had out on your campaign with Cocytus. However If I had been present? Ha! I can guarantee that you would not have fallen down the steps of the Monument! For you see..." The doppelganger pauses as he swings his foot up onto the table, and his boot stamps the surface with a hearty snap of his heel.

His index fingers jabs into his chest as he tilts his head forward suavely, pointing at himself.
dramatically.
"As I said before, my right boot will beat back all of your fears my mademoiselle!"

You nurse your drink through a straw as you stare at him, and you nod with an affectionate giggle. The carbonation from your soda makes your nose burn as you reach a finger forward, and rub his squeaky boot. It's admirably shiny, does he get bored and shine his shoes? Now that you mention it, his head is pretty shiny too. You're still wearing his cap, and you hold back another light hearted giggle.

He looks like an egg.

A cute egg.

You set the empty coke aside with a last attempt at sucking down that small bit of liquid that you can't possibly slurp up with a grunt. You slap his hand down playfully as he gestures for a maid, he's already up to get you another drink.

"Pandora I'm good!"

His hand retreats with a twirl and flick of his wrist, and his finger plays with the straw upon your empty glass as you speak.

"So, like I was saying, I managed to knock my ass out for a few days, and then redeem myself by actually resurrecting three of the Lizard men! Like poof! They just sprung up like daisies. I couldn't believe I actually did it! I..."

Oh shit.

He doesn't know.

Oh god not this again! It should be easy for a Supreme being to resurrect three Lizard men, why would you be proud of that? Ugh, now you have to find a way to worm your way into telling him you suck.

The finger that had been slowly spinning the straw around cubes of ice halts, and he tilts his head as you stop speaking. He catches the split second of pain in your eyes, and acts on it.

"Liebling that is fantastic! Considering that you have been struggling with your magic since we arrived into this new realm, I would most certainly say that you are a prodigy! Magnifique! I--"

"Wait you know?!"

There's a pause, and during that time his hand reaches across the table and he fingers at your balled fist. His nails tickle between the lines of your knuckles as he speaks.

"I will admit that it was more of a supposition of mine until just moments ago. Fear not though meine dame! Your secrets, if you choose to keep them as that, are always safe with the treasury guardian."

You open your hand and two of his fingers snake in, and in response, you tighten your grip.

"How...what gave you reason to think that..?"

"Winterberry I believe I know you better than anybody in the great tomb. I am Pandora's Actor, it is in my very name to be anybody! To know everyone! Including you, meine shatz. Most importantly, you. I lo..." The doppelganger halts his speech, and his head shifts away from you. You knit your
brows together and squeeze his hand.

*No way.*

His free hand reaches back to rub from the top of his head down to his neck a few times before he says anything.

"I...I just make it my business to know my lady! I *love* to make sure that I am always at the ready to aid you or Lord Ainz in any way, shape, or form!"

You nod slowly, and avert your gaze. Of course he doesn't lo---

You don't...

He's a guardian. He's loyal to you because he's supposed to be. If you weren't a supreme being...

Don't you *dare* think for a moment that..

Don't play it out in your head.

.....*Fuck.*

You hear him clear his throat, and his posture immediately straightens like he is a piece of plywood.

"Winterberry! You did express interest in coming down to the treasury with me before you left for your mission. Ah what a grand idea that was! Would you...care to join me? I am sure you would enjoy seeing the vault! The expanse of gold almost shines as brilliantly as you do meine liebe~."

You stifle the yawn forming at the back of your throat, swallowing your exhaustion. Again, there is really no way of telling time. Just as there is no way of feeling sad as the treasury manager looks at you expectantly, his hollow eyes pleading with you to leave the cafeteria and head down with him to his domain.

Which is exactly what you do.

You rub at your swollen eyes in fatigue and amazement. He does a lot more than you thought he did. He explains to you that he's so much more than just someone who counts the gold and occasionally plays as blacksmith. Where Albedo is over the guardians as overseer, and where Demiurge is in control of the defensive system, Pandora's Actor takes care of all the finances. That the wealth of Nazarick is no longer a renewable resource, so there are daily statistics and algorithms he deals with to assure that Nazarick saves more than it spends.

That he does not necessarily control the administrative, defensive, or offensive systems, but he is
needed for their approval. He describes it in such a way that if he didn't find it cost efficient for Nazarick he would deny orders or commands. That when the other guardians or system prompts placed in their requests it wasn't the administrative systems automation control center giving the final say, it was **him**.

Of course, they didn't, and still don't know it's him. And apparently Ainz would like to keep it that way. He doesn't want any of the floor guardians stomping down to the treasury demanding that their plans be executed. Which, you agree completely. He says that for the most part Albedo and Demiurge are also, very conservative. Most of the time he's busy reworking the actual administrative system, doing what he can to manipulate and change codes and strategies so that Nazarick gets more out of what is spent.

He's really pleased with himself here of late, while you were gone he was able to make back what was spent on reviving Shalltear. That although the gold isn't renewable, that through hard work and diligence he was able to save that money in the long run. That over the next few years they would spend less, and therefore, in a way, he had made the money back.

"That's...that's incredible Pandora. I had no idea that you...that you did so much. I'm sorry that I wasn't aware, I--"

"Nonono, nein Lady Holly, do not apologize! The treasury keeps many secrets, and I for the most part was one of them as well. However...you...y-you do really find it, as you say, 'incredible'?"

The entire time you've wondered why the two of you walked instead of teleported. All the while he's matched your steps in rhythm, the tip of his boot almost tapping the ground in sequence whenever your sneakers slapped the ivory marble below.

You reach for his hand in understanding, and you wrap your fingers around one of his slender long digits. He flexes at the touch, and there's an ever soft slip of air that he intakes when you look over at him. His body shifts closer to yours as the two of you walk, and he encases your hand in his.

He's always alone. He doesn't get this level of attention.

Compliments are rarer than celestial uranium in the treasury, as is anyone spending time down here other than Pandora's Actor.

At least you don't feel like a dork for being around him. You have a tendency to be animated as well, and someone like him can appreciate the added enthusiasm of body language and speak.

Or maybe you're about to put more into it because it's him. Regardless, you appreciate him in more ways than he knows.

"Well yeah! It's more than incredible! You made up five hundred freakin' million gold! Shoot...I don't even think I farmed--errr, made that much gold back in Yggdrasil!" You gesture loudly with your hand towards him, poking at his chest for added merit. All the while your tail waves behind you happily.

"Mmm Winterberry you accumulated approximately eight hundred and forty two million gold. Your contributions are astounding! Why, your bounty alone could run the first floors defensive system almost indefinitely."

You pierce your lips and narrow your eyes his way, and his hand slips from yours to instead wrap around your shoulder. You sigh at the pleasant warmth of his coat as it pools over you, and you scoot closer to him.
"Eight hundred million is nothing compared to the untold billions in the vault..." You mutter.

"The billions in the vault are nothing compared to you, Lady Holly."

Smooth as fuck.

"Um..well, regardless..you made up a-a lot. Yeah. That's awesome." You stutter out, and you hear him hum in approval. You're not sure if it's at the compliment, or him flustering you. It's most likely both.

The glow of the vault is nothing short of spectacular. You've only been down here once, and it was with Ainz back when you first joined the guild. Upon receiving your guild ring and symbol, he took you on the grandest of tours. The entire day was spent with him showing you the ins and outs of Nazarick, and the last place you visited on that day was the vault.

There was so much. Too much, really. It was uncomfortable then, and in a way, it still is now. This is the undeniable proof of how mighty a guild Ainz Ooal Gown was. It was also a show that you...this wasn't you. You came late. It was like inheriting someone else's fortune when you had done so very little. How many hours of bickering over the years had you and Momonga had over you carrying better armor and weapons?

Funny how you caved in and let his NPC be the one to finally upgrade your stuff.

Even funnier how you're falling in--

"Ja Meine blume. I know. It is a lot to take in! There is just so much! Ahaha, this is one of my absolute favorite places you know." The hand on your shoulder slips a finger into your hair, and he wraps curls over and around his digit.

"W-what's the most valuable thing here, do you think?" You ask with a giggle when the tip of his finger tickles at your ear lobe. You think to ask him about the world items, they are kinda his thing. You're more than aware of his love for the stuff here and his obsession with cataloguing. He never really gets to talk about what he enjoys, so maybe you can give him the time now? His joy is infectious, and just seeing him prance about happily makes your face warm.

"Why, meine dame. It should be obvious. The most precious thing in all of Nazarick has just stepped foot into the vault!"

"You're talking about you, right?" You tilt your head down, using the bill of his hat to again cover your shame in your bad attempts at flirting. You think it's adorable when he does it, albeit tacky. However when you do it? Gah...

He produces the heartiest of chuckles, and his free hand places itself on his chest as he tosses his head back. "You are most entertaining Liebling! No no, I am not even close to being the most prized possession in the treasury. Meine geliebte the title of that merit belongs to you and you alone in my eyes."

"W-what about the world items that are left here in the treasury? Which one is your favorite?" you take a step back to hide your growing flush, and he follows you like predator and prey.

"You do propose a good question Winterberry! Out of the two we have left, which would be Longinus and Holy Grail...Mmm aahaha, I would most certainly say Holy Grail." His voice is thick and amorous as he places two fingers under either side of your face. His long and slender digits tap about tenderly against the growing red patches forming down your neck and to your chest.
"W-why is that? Why Holy Grail?" You ask with wide eyes, and when you try to swallow your heart back down his finger runs over your throat.

"Why...Lady Holly. Holy Grail is a chalice." His breathe is hot over your face when you whimper and nod. Your arms and legs feel weighed down by the rush of heat and need crawling over your body in electric thrills and chills.

Curiously he steps away, and his fingers leave you to tap against each other at the middle of his chest. He looks away from you with his head turned down to the side, and he...marches in place. His heels click on the flooring as his posture tightens considerably.

"I-I am...I am exceedingly apologetic my lady! I..It is remarkably difficult for me to control myself in your presence, you are just such a radiant flower I..."

The nervous and carnal energy coursing through your body almost has you march in place as you speak.

"I-I uh..We are alone..right?" You squeak out, and you furiously rub your neck as you look away. You rub hard enough that the mass that is your hair pushes upwards, and knocks his hat off of your head.

Oh no not the hat!

You fumble about with it in the air as you manage to catch it, all the while trying to avoid looking at him. Yes he can still see you, but if you can't see him you can totally pretend he's not watching you be a dork.

At least he can make up with his own awkwardness as his feet crash together with a loud crack of his boots, and his hand throws itself up to his bald head to salute you.

"Why yes meine liebling! I can most certainly say with confidence that we are indeed alone! I guarantee it so!"

Oh thank god that he's such a dork too.

You shuffle forward as he stays put in his militant stance. He lowers himself forward when you reach his cap up though, and you fit it over the smooth top of his head. Your hands slip from his hat to cup his face, and you both stare at each other as you draw closer. You know his hands are on fire to touch you, and yet he stands still as if he's made of stone.

"W-winterberry....Ich l-liebe dich..." he whispers, and you wonder if that means he really wants to fuck you.

That's most likely what that means.

You bite your lip as your cheeks feel like someone turned the oven of your body's temperature onto broil.

How do you say that word again?

"Leeblying, I want you too..."
There's a fear within him at the word love. It's not of the pain of hurting himself, however. It's at the forefront of his mind of causing her discomfort. That he should just be happy that she's here.

She's here...again.

She's back.

She always comes back.

It's the sting of panic that she could fly away like the butterfly that she is. That at any given time, despite the fact that she always returns...that one day she never will. That if he confides in her his truth, she would run.

Even if she convinces him otherwise as her hands run over his face, thumbs running tenderly into his cheeks. Touch is so foreign to him...

Unless it's her. He knows how starved he is of affection, how desperate he craves every single sweet gift of her grace. The words fall from his mouth before he can catch them, it's as if he's possessed by a higher power that forces him to tell her how he feels through his native tongue.

There's a piece of him that exists within her when she doesn't quite understand his intention, but she at the very least wants him. To unite with him.

To make love with him.

He chokes on his pounding heart, which beats in his chest like a war drum. The thought that she might one day return his feelings has his hands at her waist, pulling her up and into his embrace.

"Ja meine dame...p-please..I need you."

Each kiss she places on his face takes away a day of pain. Hours, months, years. She peppers his face sweetly and she's the much needed antidote to his anxieties. Her blouse is soft but it's not enough, and greedily his hands slip under to taste her skin.

She is warm like a hearth, and he can feel her tremble under the pressing of his fingers into her creamy flesh. She pulls away for a moment to stare into the hollow of his eyes, and for a time, he sees himself in her. That reflection from all those years ago looks at him, and this time, it is not just an image. It is her.

One of his hands finds her cheek, and he touches her as he did so long ago. When it was not her but an imitation, him. And now, that it is her?

..His mind soars.

Does she know that she's his favorite color?

"I need you too."

The words spill from the beauty of her lips like a babbling brook. There's vulnerability, eroticism, and desperation. All things he can empathize within this moment as her eyes swallow him whole. He gasps as her hand palms at his manhood, his concentration on his fear of losing those eyes on his being collapsing like the black of night against day break.

One of his hands join hers to run over his length, and he presses into her touching. His mind swims in memory, the clean and crisp reminiscence of when she wanted to learn him. Feel him as he does
himself, to join with him in the art of pleasure.

Images and sounds stamp in his brain of the two of them together. When he released on her and she was so welcoming of his seed, that she wanted him to canvas her in his creation. She is the creator, not him.

And yet? She wants to make with him. Everything. She presses into his body as she fondles at him through his uniform, and he chokes out how he wants more.

"Winterberry..If you...p-please, with me. Again."

Her giggle is soft yet still carries over the expanse of the treasuries vault, and most potently slips into his soul like a waft of roses.

"I'm not going anywhere, Pandora. I-I want you too." she whispers, and she takes his hand to place it on her breasts. His hand covers her petite bosom, and he grabs at her with a sense of care and urgency.

He shouldn't ask her this, but he does. It's far above his head, and it borders on rude, but again, the words fall out of his mouth like too much cargo loaded on a band wagon.

"Promise me meine dame. P-promise me..."

It is possibly unfair. His creator is present, and yet, here he begs for this one to stay. He has what he wants and more, and yet....

It does not seem enough.

She is everything and more.

An emotion he has not experienced breaks him, and remakes him as she wraps her arms around him.

"I promise."

She may have never created anything within the great tomb, but at that moment, within him, she made something. Something that had him lift her legs on either side of him, something that had him kissing her along the sweet lines of her neck in the only way he knew how.

She was made of nothing but love.

Your thighs grope his waist as he laps his tongue over and around your throat. You grind into his stiff member with the slow waving of your hips, and the hands under your thighs move you up and down as well. Your hands roll over his shoulders and you ball his clothing into your fists as you slowly bounce up and down, and he groans through his lavishing of your neck in response.

"P-Pandora..." You whimper hopelessly, and you pull at his garb. This isn't enough. Your stomach tightens as his tongue trails down, rippling just above the fabric of your shirt. You look down and see that his tongue is...much longer.

Can he extend his tongue?

Holy shit that's hot.

"Winterberry....do the trick I taught you. Please." He drags out the last of his words with another
groan, and his hands press into your thighs.

The trick..?

Oh. OH.

You swallow a shuddering moan as you lift a hand from his shoulder, and slip it into a swirling void. You hesitate for a moment, until he purrs adoringly and his tongue flicks over your clothed nipple.

As soon as your clothing disperses and leaves you exposed, the doppelganger's chest rumbles in approval.

"Ja..d-danke, meine liebe...mmmhm...." your hand shoots back down to his shoulder as you grip at him fiercely, his tongue twirling over your chest with wet affection. His hands grip at you tighter, and he slips his fingers closer to your core. He seems to always be making sounds. Whether it be a murmur of endearment, a moan, a hitched groan...

It's empowering and drives your chest and groin into him for more. His heavy petting and foreplay has you ready to accept him, for whenever he wants to take you. You pull at him again with a whine of desire, and in response he tilts his head up to look at you through one of his hollow eyes.

All the while his tongue flicks over the pebbled bud of your breast, and you wonder if he's teasing you. Your lips pull together tightly as you clench your stomach muscles, and you plead with your eyes. His tongue rolls slower as he continues to look up at you, and your face grows flusher and flusher.

Your next sound is a mix of a mew and a giggle, and you pat his cheek firmly as he slows more of his movements.

"Pandoraa..se-sensitive. Please...you. Now."

His tongue retracts into the oval void of his mouth like a tape measure, and the absurd movement pulls another giggle from you. When he slides you down to the bare treasury flooring you wince, and quickly dance up onto his boots. You're naked, and the flooring is ice cold.

Oh god he's so awkward.

"Ja meine dame!" he snaps a hand up to his cap as he salutes down to you, and you close your eyes to make the sight go away.

You said Now, and he took it as an order.

This poor bastard.

He moans delightfully as his posture shifts forward in response to the contact your hands give his cock. Both of your hands tease up and down his length, and it's your turn to make him feel helpless. As you pamper him with light presses of your palms you feel him shimmy around. The soft lining of his coat greets your back, and you look up at him to see him begin to thread a hand through your hair.

"..Holly..." he breathes your name hard as he bends himself over you, pressing his length desperately into your palms. Your eyes widen, and you work your hands frantically to get inside of his uniform.

There was no honorific in his desperate gasp of air.
Right as your hand slips through and into his pants he lifts you up again, and you pout as your finger just barely grazes the tip of his member before being pulled away. You look at him curiously as he walks forward, and you notice that he doesn't look back.

This is a man on a mission. You were curious where you two were going to do the deed, and your eyes had already been scanning for a spot. You weren't fond of the idea of laying down and being rut against the floor, but hey, you had his coat for some form of a barrier right?

Instead, he acts on his wild desire and you gasp as he presses you into one of the many hoards of gilded coins decorating the vault. He climbs on top of you with ease, and digs his boots into the coins carelessly as they clink and roll over the marbled flooring below.

Golden coins and diamonds of many a hue cascade down onto her warm flesh as he presses her down. The spectacle of her in the treasury like this, laying before him on a vast of endless wealth? His sight almost grows hazy from the intoxicating view of her. Her body is a ceaseless land of paradise and riches, so much so that in a way he believes she belongs down here with him. She looks so natural to be here splayed like this before him, her skin prickling from the cold of the coins pooling now onto her stomach.

He looks down to watch the currency taste of her sex before falling between her legs. She whimpers once more at the cold, and his fingers trail her perfectly pleated folds to taste of her as well. Her blue lips part as he spreads them tenderly with two fingers, and he'd swear he was a gardener disturbing a perfectly formed rose.

"Meine blaue schönheit..."

"Pervert."

She snaps back, and his hands relax considerably as his nails disappear from his form. He laughs softly at her scrunched up face as he spreads her, and she looks away with a face almost as flush as her sex. Her folds glisten and shine brighter than the vault, and he again whines with desire. His stomach curls tightly as he presses his fingers around her entrance, the small marquise like hole no wider than the width of his slender thumb.

It's unbelievable to him that she's this aroused. His fingers are now coated in her silky wet threads, and he's yet to even press into her. In all honesty, he's intimidated too. She's so small, does he hurt her? His phantom face casts the world in shadow from his expressions, however, if she could see him...she'd see his face tight with concern. He stares again longingly at her luxury, and her voice comes to him with equal concern.

"Pandora...are you okay..?"

She leans forward, and more of the treasuries splendor falls from above to decorate her as she should be. She should always be displayed as the grandest piece of art in Nazarick. Because she is to him. She's...

"Pandora?"

"Ah....vergib mir meine dame...does...Liebling? Does it hurt when we couple? I will stop this very instant if it does! Winterberry I would never hurt you I.."
"It does at first, you're uh...well. You know..."

She is the color red. Passion, love, desire, affection. Red. She's a flamekeeper, the fire in his heart and loins. Her face is dusted with the most beautiful shade of what he sees her as, and she mimics his size with her hands. She's done this before, and again, it melts his heart.

She's so warm.

His heart feels larger than normal, or maybe it's because of how hard it's punching in his chest at her actions and words. When he pulls his hand away she pulls him back, pulls him up. He lays on her now as she sighs in contentment, and he fits his face into the curve of her neck.


He's been here before.

It's Déjà vu to him as he can feel her heat wrapped around his manhood, the pulse of her deflowering core as she cries out. As she gives him something she can only give a man once in her lifetime. Something irreplaceable and priceless.

She gives him herself.

"I missed you, Pandora's Actor. I missed you so much."

He can hear her voice, and feel it vibrate through her throat as she speaks. It's tender, it's truthful. She nuzzles his head, and he can feel her move to avoid the stiff bill of his cap. He lays almost frozen as she runs her hands over him, intimately loving him as he so desperately seeks her to do.

"I-I missed you too Winterberry. I always miss you."

Does she find it weird that he has no face? That the only way he can kiss her is with the slow strokes of his tongue against her neck, as he does now? Maybe one day he can tell her, show her what he thinks of her. Maybe she would allow him to slip into her form, to kiss her feverishly. To show her through his eyes, as her, all that she is to him.

He chuckles when she bucks her hips at him with a laugh of her own, and coins clink about noisily. They drop to the treasury floor with a loud clamor, sounding off as hail upon a metal roof.

"I can't reach your pants!"

Her hands tickle him as they try to slip between their bodies, and she's right. Her slender limbs fall just shy of trailing against his waist.

"Ja I see Liebling.~ Allow me..."

His hand playfully dances across hers before slipping down further, and with practiced motions he breathes happily as he frees his manhood. His chest rebounds against hers as the heat of her sex washes over the bottom ridge of his member. He stammers unintelligibly in German at the feeling, and before he knows it he's gripping his cock and slicking it up and down her folds.

It irks him that he can't watch her face and himself as he slips the broad head of his member into her. That her mouth opens up the same way her entrance does as she moans beautifully at his penetration, and his greed has him wanting to see both. His fingers dig into the back of his coat as he slips further into her pulsing heat, and if he hadn't had previously unformed his nails they would have pierced the fabric. Her sumptuous cunny is so very tight and inviting, and it's all he can do but not tell her as
much as he sits flush with her puffy lips.

"Meine dame you feel i-incredible..." his voice shakes through a choked moan, and she gives him a chirp of bliss in return. It's a half gasp as his thick length nestles deep into her core, throbbing against her plush walls.

She takes him so well, it's still amazing to him how she receives his manhood. How someone so small can take him, take all of him in a thousand more ways than just this one. He looks down and towards where he's sunk into her, and the view of his groin pressed against hers floods his heart with emotion. She's spread around him, accepting him for who he is. All that he is.

He fits into her as jewel does a ring it was made for, and his hips begin to move on their own at the sight.

He looks to her face through his pleasure, and his soul again, catches fire.

It's that smile.

_It was in that curve of her lips that it was easy for him to believe he was falling in love with her._

That he does love her.

He's vocal and you love it. Demiurge is for the most part quiet, only speaking through grunts or if he can throw in an intelligent whim. Pandora however, never fails to let you know exactly how good you make him feel.

His hips rock into yours with a pleasant rhythm, and you can feel the riches below your intertwined bodies shift about. His right knee digs into his coat as he shuffles clumsily, and the both of you make sounds of laughter and enjoyment. Your hand finds the back of his head as he moves into you wave after wave of his length, and you smile fondly as you can already hear him panting.

You tug gently on the back of his head for him to lower his face, and as soon as you can reach him you both are lost in a wild kiss. Both of your tongues dance in a frantic ballet of passion as he picks up the pace, moaning into your mouth as he does so. His slippery device dominates yours in this game of wet gymnastics, and soon you're panting along with the doppelganger.

He shifts again for leverage, and whether it's intentional or not he's hitting your sweet spot. Your tongue retreats and you wrap your mouth over his tongue, and suck on it as he builds you up.

You buck back on him to increase the pressure, and you can feel it in the way he now grips back at you that he's going to lose it. However as you writhe back his hip bone grinds against your aching nub, and the tightening of your oncoming climax starts to peak.

"Do-don't stop! Don't you _dare_ stop, I'm so close..p-please!"

She says through a muffled voice, releasing his tongue. He snakes himself back as he continues to spend himself into her, fearful that her pleading is going to spill his seed before he's ready.

"Jaja, W-winterberry I...I'm close..._close_ too...."
His right arm slides under her now perspiring body at the friction they make, and he holds her close. His fingers again dig themselves into her supple skin, slicking him in more of the beauty he pulls from her. His pleasure coils and pools at the base of his spine when his left hand grips hers fiercely, fingers interlacing tightly.

"C-cum with me--...!"

Her head crashes against his with a wet press of her forehead, and her hair mats to stick against his sweating face. Somewhere in the cries of her pleasure and brought out orgasm he slips, and his cock shudders deep inside her with release. It's at the apex of their combined climax, even if it was for a split second, they would have sworn they were the same person. Souls collided in a sea of pleasure and love, and for a time, he believed at least, they were one.

You can feel it deep inside of your spasming sex as his manhood gives a final twitch. Pandora above you presses continuously, and with a wiggle of his hips the rest of his cum slides free into your maidenhood. He bottoms out deep inside of you, exactly where you like him to be. He's breathless as he lowers himself onto you, and says nothing. Your eyes stare into his as the both of you pant, and as a way of communicating you both simply squeeze one anothers hand.

He grunts in adjustment, just as your eyes begin to roll back into your head. A yawn presses it's way out of your mouth before you can stop it, and Pandora's head nudges into yours lovingly.

"Mmm that does sound nice." he whispers.

"I-I think there are coins stuck in my butt cheeks..." you giggle quietly, and you can hear the clinking of coins once again, spilling onto the treasury flooring. Pandora's Actor digs his boots out of the gold carelessly, sighing in contentment as he gets comfortable once more.

"That should double their value then, I would say. At the very least!" His voice is loud and you shake your head at the volume. Another yawn pushes forward, and your arms wrap around his neck.

"You're nasty." you whisper again with a laugh, and you kiss between his eyes. He chuckles warmly as he sits up and away, your arms falling back into his coat. His length slips out of your sex, and the familiar deluge of your combined unity pours out. You whimper at the feeling, attempting to press your legs together and instead your groping his thighs as he sits back.

_Noooon it's getting on his coat._

And because he's nasty like you said, his finger trails over the outline of your sex.

Fuck it.

You let him.

You're tired and spent, and if he wants to play slip and slide with his fingers over your sex you really don't care right now.

The only thing that gets you to lift up is a rather loud shuffle of coins sliding about, along with his coat shifting to pull you down as well. You catch the sight in time to see him slipping forward, his boot caught on the arm of his jacket.

_Holy shit he's going to fall! Don't laugh!_
You scramble forward in an attempt to somehow catch him, and now you're very sure that there are coins in your butt crack. His arms flail over him and at the last second he manages to fucking pull off an awesome landing.

*What the fuck is this guy made of.*

He quickly turns on his right heel, and both of his hands find the back of his head as he falls into the hoard of wealth with a splash of coin. You peer over at him as he folds one leg over the other, waving the boot around as if he totally didn't almost just eat the hoard of gold instead.

Even though he can't make faces, you would have sworn his right eye just fucking winked at you.

You leer at him as if to say 'I saw that'. He gives a flirty wave of his hand in response, and soon the treasury erupts with your combined laughter.

"You're...you're gonna stay with me, right?" You ask softly as he pulls his coat over your body. He adjusts how he's carrying you as he walks down the long hallway of the mausoleum, and his fingers curl over you at the sound of your voice. The avatara seem to stare down on the both of you as he moves forward with you in his arms. All you can hear are the soft sounds of his heels stamping the flooring below, all else is quiet.

"I would not dare to dream of not being with you, Winterberry. I shall not leave your side again unless I must." He says affectionately, and you nuzzle into the nape of his neck for warmth.

You smell of his skin, and he smells like you. Of you. The both of you.

"Hey!" you lift up in a disgruntled epiphany, and your hand shoots up to point at him as if you're putting him on trial.

"I haven't seen you naked! What gives?!" Your eyebrows arch up high, and your finger pokes at his cheek a few times.

You haven't seen him naked. He's seen you naked on several occasions. You guys always fuck in his clothes, and although you really like his apparel...what does he actually look like?

*Oh my god! What if he's got a third nipple?!*

"Aahaha why meine dame! Ladies *love* a man in uniform."

--City Of the Dead--
Thank you for your Kudos, Bookmarks, and Comments!

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*First Date (Part one)* NSFW

Chapter Summary

Rated P for Pandora's Actor!

Smut ahead. ❤

Chapter twenty six

First date (part one)

It is never easy leaving Pandora's Actor alone. At least this time however, he is laying comfortably in your room fiddling about with your inventory.

That he doesn't ask to access.

He just does.

A smile spreads across your face as if you had been sucking on a lemon rind while you press open your guild leaders office door. You can already picture the greater doppelganger pulling out everything you own onto your bed, and playing with the lot like he is in his own sandbox.

You have..neglected to tell him that you want him as your escort outside of Nazarick as well. You know he is most likely going to climb through his skin when you ask him, that he is going to turn into a puddle of doppelganger soup.

However....

There is a fear he may not want too. That his duties to Nazarick as the Treasury guardian will take priority over you.
And...maybe they should. Momonga wrote him in such a way that he takes utmost pride and almost
erotic pleasure in being the Treasuries manager and guardian.

You really wish you could have rewritten Pandora's Actor as Momonga did Albedo...

You could have selfishly made him love you as Albedo does Momonga. You could keep him strictly
for yourself and nothing would matter more to you than him.

But...

Is that what you want?

What you have now feels organic. Beautiful. Natural.


It is not real.

He only acts this way. He's an actor. Pandora's Actor.

If you weren't a supreme being...

"Holly? Come in. You're just standing there, is everything alright?"

"Oh! Yeah, yeah, I'm fine. Sorry, my bad. Ehh..." You walk in as Ainz calls out to you, and his desk
is covered in an assortment of paperwork and scrolls. Poor guy is under constant barrage of
Demiurge and Albedo for approval of well...you do not know. You try to avoid the bureaucratic
stuff like the plague.

"I would prefer to hear from you directly rather than the guardians when you head back to Nazarick.
Considering your success with resurrection and diplomacy of the Lizardmen I thought you would
have found it important to come to me." He says as he folds a scroll, tucking it neatly into a large
messenger type bag.

"...Welll I came back to Nazarick after finishing up with Cocytus. I was hungry and tired, so I.."

"Went to the Treasury?"

Fuck.

Time to wiggle worm wiggle your way out of this one!

"I thought it pertinent to debrief Pandora's Actor on my next mission, since it requires his presence."

"Ah. That is a wise decision. Good to see you taking responsibility. That is exactly why I called you
here, actually. I would like for you to start today."

"Today?!"

Dodged one bullet to get hit by the one behind it.

"Today." He does not look up from his work as his heavy hand stamps a sheet of paper with a red
symbol, the guild symbol.

You walk over curiously, but you make sure to not look too anxious to know what he is doing. He
might make you join him, and fuuuck paperwork.
You gulp as you place both hands behind your back, and rock back and forth slowly on your heels.

"Soo...what's it..like? You know. With the people and stuff."

He pushes a stack of papers your way, and points at the stamp and press.

*Aw Man....*

"There are common men and women. Think of them almost as medieval. Curiously enough they have some forms of technology and magic sprinkled in with their more primitive means of survival."

You seem to stamp paperwork in sequence with him, timing your movements so that you pull the red ink away in the same way he does.

"We will need to conceal your heteromorphic traits. Since you do not have the skill perfect warrior like I do, I am going to have you take this."

He pauses for a moment, and reaches a hand into his robes. A sickly black and olive green ring dangles on his pinkie finger, which he swings your way. Upon closer inspection the olive green of the ring fogs just above the obsidian, swirling in slow interlocking circles.

"Ring of sleuth?" You reach forward, and he drops the ring in your palm.

"Yes. I often used it in my earlier days in PVP. Since my strategy predominately rested in subterfuge that ring aided me on more than one occasion."

"I never got one. What all does it do?" You slide the ring into your pants pocket, and then resume your stamping of what looks like way too many pieces of paper.

"Put simply? It will make you human. It will drop the majority of your classes, along with your heteromorphic attributes. I surmise it will still leave you with Warden of Dawn and Code of the Commander, however." He leans back in his chair, and nonchalantly scoots more of the paperwork your way as he monologues.

You groan as you reach for the new set of documents, picking them up to loosely shuffle the papers neatly into a more uniformed stack.

"It is paramount that you and I disguise ourselves when outside of Nazarick and it's steads. We do not know enough of this new realm to comfortably wonder about in our usual skins. If this place is anything like Yggdrasil, we will be hunted here as well. Given enough time something or someone will come for Nazarick."

"I'd like to see them try." You eye him dangerously, and your words come out as toxic pouring from a wound. You might not yet have the power and strength that you had in Yggdrasil as a *player*...

But god help anyone who tried to bring harm to Nazarick. Not again.

Not after Shalltear.

"I do not want to see anyone try anything. Remember, you have to assume the worst Holly. Do not let your good nature get ahead of you while you are collecting information and furthering our goals--"

"What are our goals, exactly?" You ask, stamping what seems like the thousandth piece of paper. Seriously what is all of this for?!
"Right now? Keeping Nazarick safe. Even if the Great Tomb seems secure, I want to take every possible measure to guarantee it so. My top priority for the time being is finding out who used the world item on Shalltear. It's why I want to swap adventuring with you. I need a fresh set of unbiased eyes outside of Nazarick."

The overlord reaches into his robes once more, fumbling around a bit. He mutters to himself until he pulls out a small coin purse, and shakes it. You can hear what sounds like a small amount of coin bouncing about inside, and he tosses it lightly before you. You look away from the pouch with a flush faced, you can almost hear Pandora panting....

"You will need that currency for room and board. Be frugal, or you are going to find yourself sleeping under a tree on the outskirts of the Re-estize capital."

You push the coin purse with one of your fingers, and notice that it's really light. You wince and look up to Ainz, raising an eyebrow.

"Look I was just in the treasury. We have waayyyy more gold than this. What gives?"

"Ah. That is right, I have yet to have this discussion with you. Holly, the coin in the treasury is from Yggdrasil. The surrounding kingdoms use a different type of legal tender, so...."

"We're broke?" You chuckle with a smile.

"Yeah. We're broke." He says with a shrug.

"Hahaha...I was broke back home too, I figured my old life would find a way to catch up on me here!"

"You could have fooled me, you spent more than your fair share of money on Yggdrasil." He says with a chuckle of his own.

"Pffft so did you, you blew your end of the year bonus on--"

He interrupts you with a flash of his hand, displaying his full set of divine class rings.

"Bet you're glad I did."

You wrinkle your nose and uplift your head, stamping another piece of paper. You're still jealous of his Shooting star ring.

*Lucky.*

"That's what I thought. Now then, back to the ring. Be mindful that you won't have access to use [Greater Teleportation], [Message], or [Gate]. Which..." He turns away with a groan, folding his arms over each other.

"Much to my distaste...I will concede and admit that it is an experienced decision to take Pandora's Actor with you. He can use those abilities freely by simply shifting form. Also, Sebas will be in the area. He is still scouting on my behalf. Either of them can explain the rest..."

Ainz brings up a bony finger, tapping just above his right eye. He sighs heavily as he carries on.

"We need to cut this short and get you going. I'm getting bombarded with [Message]'s from the guardians, they're so persistent..."

"Who is it?"
"The better question to ask is who 'isn't' it. Regardless, Holly, Listen to me. Take a world item with you."

You can feel it in your gut as you wretch at his words, and your face tightens. Mid stamping one of the final pieces of paper you press entirely too hard, and the red ink bleeds. You suck at your teeth at the thought, and look away from Ainz.

"Pandora's Actor can access the treasuries inventory. He can carry--"

"You need to equip one. Especially if you're going to be wearing the ring of sleuth. It's going to drop your level as it does mine when I use Perfect Warrior. The only way to combat another world item is--"

"...with another world item." You finish his sentence with a grunt.

"Yes. Holly do not be indignant with me on this, I do not want to have to order you as I do the guardians. I will if I have too, however."

You are unsure if your feelings are stronger because of your racial class, or if it's that you've always felt this way at the core of your being. You find value in valor and earning your keep. Ainz Ooal Gown had it's eleven world items far before you joined the guild. You had no part in the blood, sweat, and tears that went into finding those treasurers. They're damn near priceless. It was almost unheard of to have as many world items as your guild had, even the guilds above you only had two or three.

You weren't a top percentage player. Not even in the middle tier. You checked your stats once and swore to yourself never again to type your username in Yggdrasil's web browser. You felt like a teenager receiving a Mercedes over a beat up common car with too many miles. There was no way you could appreciate the dedication and time that went into acquiring a single world item...

What would the rest of the guild members think, regardless that they had quit, that you were carrying a world item? That you were running around with their hard work, free of charge?

What had you contributed?

You hoped that with knowing it's value alone you wouldn't screw this up.

"...Holy Grail." You whisper with great reluctance.

You exit Ainz's office with a heavy push of his double doors, and they slam behind you. It's purely unintentional, and you'll apologize to him later. He's most likely still caught up in [Message] as you make your way down the hallway, and he's not the only one having a conversation in his head.

One down...one to go.

Your shoulders are already heavy under the pressure of carrying a world item.
The weight of the world shifts to your heart as you think of the guardian in your bedroom.

Now you have to ask Pandora's Actor to leave Nazarick with you.

'A thousand apologies meine dame! For you see I must continue to reside within the great underground tomb, for I am the treasuries manager! What ever would we do without me keeping a constant eye on our stocks?!

'Liebling please do not take offense, but I have to refuse on the betterment of Nazarick.'

'I do not wish to accompany you, Lady Holly.'

'No.'

You can feel it in your calf muscles when they tighten at your thoughts. Your fingers flex as you squeeze your eyes shut, hoping to force the words out as steam through your ears. As you play his voice in your head it only seems to get louder. He beats around in your skull with what you hope he won't say. With what you know he's not going to say. You know he adores you, and you adore him. You lo--

[Message]

Pandora's Actor?

Ja! Miene geliebte! I have yet to tell you what a glorious feeling it is to hear your voice in my head. What may the treasuries area guardian do for you?

I...Pandora, can you meet me at the central mausoleum? I-I need your help with something.

I would be most happy to oblige any request of yours, Winterberry. I will be awaiting you a top the Great Tomb!

[End Message]

As the [Message] fizzes and pops out of your mind you lean forward with a sigh. You think to head to your room and pack, how long are you going to be gone? You'll need a good amount of clothes,
definitely going to want a hair brush...

You walk down the hallway for a time, lost in your mind as you swim in thought. Your nerves eat at your rationality as termites do a house of wood. It's at about half way down the 9th floor you realize that you don't have to pack. You haven't had to pack since the transfer. You have your inventory. Everything is conveniently portable.

At the farm, Demiurge kept you pretty and pink on a pedestal so you didn't have to worry about not being able to access your items/necessities.

At the Monument of ruin, you didn't have to concern yourself with much of anything either. You could access your inventory, and if all else failed you could use [Gate] and get back to Nazarick.

And now, you'd have the damn treasuries guardian. Who could access anything.

Who is waiting up at the top of the great tomb for you. Probably wondering what is taking you so long.

*You are wasting his time.*

Your tail slips around your leg tightly, squeezing your ankle. Your tongue moves around in your mouth helplessly, unable to find a comfortable space to rest.

Why. Why are you feeling like this?

*He only cares because you're a supreme being.*

*They were written this way. It's not real.*

But it feels real.

[Greater Teleportation]

The feeling of vertigo is still taking time to get used too as you are greeted by the warm summer air outside of Nazarick. Your skin prickles with tiny chills at the temperature difference, and it's almost as if you forgot what it's like to be in the sun's light. You walk quietly towards the steps down from the central mausoleum, wincing as you think of your tumble from the Monument of Ruin.

You look behind you with a look of disgust, how close is here to the black capsule on the second floor?

You have no reservations at using Pandora's right boot to beat back the giant cockroach if he comes skittering out.

*Stay back heathen!*

You glance back to the central mausoleums stair well to see Pandora's Actor happily climbing the steps three at a time, hands behind his back. He jumps the final five steps with ease, and his coat flares behind him to cover the sun. He eclipses everything, and you smile at the sound of his happy voice as he lands in front of you with a hard *clack* of his boots.
"Winterberry! You look so pretty when the sunlight frames your hair. Why, I have never seen you outside before and might I say you are, as you say, incredible." He sings happily, and a hand slips from behind his back as he kneels down on one knee. His coat pools in folds of leather and lined silk around him as he reaches for your hand, his palm splayed up.

He's too delightful to deny as your face dusts pink, and you place your hand in his. As you make contact with him his other hand reaches from behind his back, revealing a small collection of creamy yellow daffodils.

"Admittedly it is not much, but what type of man would I be to not bring an offering of flowers to such a divine woman? Ha! The very thought is troubling, but fear not liebling! I, Pando--"

"P-Pandora it's...it's more than enough. They're so pretty and I...I...Thank you." You stutter, your voice mousey. As you kneel down with him, your fingers pet the flower petals gently. The daffodils are soft yet firm, and their small centers look like petite trumpets. They smell like sweet tea and honey, and you could swear that you could use them as cups even...

They're so beautiful.

He's been out here waiting, picking these flowers the entire time you have been pacing the ninth floor halls. You can see it in the tips of his finger nails that he's been prancing about gathering these for you ever since you [Message]'d him. Just this alone should wash away your anxieties but...

"I-I need to ask you something. And it's okay if you say no! I really, I mean..." You blurt out in a rush of words, speaking entirely too fast.

As he speaks he places one of the buttery daffodils at a time in your hair, humming softly.

"Meine Dame I am here to fulfill any request or wish of yours. Did you not want I as your personal escort? Liebling.. please let me know what it is you want to ask of me. I promise to not disappoint you!" He pulls his hand away after gently pressing the last of the daffodils into your hair, and one of his fingers lift up your chin to look at him.

"Winterberry...what is troubling you so?"

You avert your eyes, and he follows. The rest of his hand joins the finger on your chin, and he cups your face to bring you back to look at him. He says nothing except for a soft squeeze of his fingers against your cheeks.

"..I want you to go with me--"

"Anywhere meine liebe. To the very ends of this world and beyond if we must!" He speaks excitedly, leaning into you more.

"P-Pandora listen, I don't think you understand me. I uh...What I mean is, I want you to be my personal escort outside of Nazarick as well. Like how Narberal is for Ainz. I mean, if you don't want too that's okay! I can--"

The hand on your face trembles as he realizes what you mean. His hand falls limp as his head hangs low, the bill of his cap pressing into the small line of your cleavage. All is quiet for a moment, until he takes in a large inhale of air.

You squeeze your eyes tight, waiting for the sting of rejection. At least you know he'll let you off easy.
"I do not understand. I find it difficult to comprehend why meine dame. Why do you spoil me in such ways?! Winterberry I wish for nothing more than to be by your side, and the very fact that you wish to have me with you?" His arms wrap around you, fingers threading themselves through your hair with tender desperation. His head presses harder into your chest, and you can feel him nudge himself so that he can hear your heart beat.

**No. Go away Tears of Jörmungandr.**

The doppelganger looks up when he feels a soft splash of warmth against his neck. He gasps as he sits up, watching as a few tears slide down your cheeks. Your head is titled up with a tightened face as you strain to make the emotional water works stop. His hands quickly leave your back to smudge the tears away, and they begin to shimmer as you chuckle wetly.

"I'm sorry but, you really are okay with leaving the treasury for an extended period of time? I thought--"

"Winterberry...you are the treasury to me."

---

You have happily found yourself sitting between his legs, your back pressing comfortably against his center. Every once in awhile he reaches a hand down to tickle your tail, or run his palm over your forearm. His other hand is up and glowing a light shade of purple, similar to that of the curse of glory core inside of Kingslayer (Adept). His index finger is extended, and the map floating before the two of you is gleaming around it's edges in the same hue of lilac. He points out the Re-Estize capital, and the small town adjacent. He explains that he finds it best that the two of you start in the town over the actual capital, that the townsfolk may have valuable cultural information. That the two of you should start from the ground up, because any piece of detail can be valuable when you don't know much.

He believes it to be a shame, but reluctantly agrees with his creator that you equip the Ring of Sleuth. He finds your heteromorphic traits exotic and beautiful, and whines a bit that you have to lose them for the time being. Nevertheless, unlike the most of Nazarick, he does not dislike the human race, so you becoming human is of no issue to him. He's very close to you in Karma, only sporting a negative fifty alignment. He's neutral as well, however he does make it very clear that he will not hesitate to end anyone's life that even looks at you funny. That above all else he is a guardian, and your safety is his ultimate priority.

You fumble in your pants pocket, and wiggle your rump against his crotch teasingly as you do so. He muffles a groan in response as the map before you disappears, and the low shine of the purple aura fades. His soft sound of you pressing against him causes your heart to flutter, and you wonder if you could get away with a quickie...
His hand folds over yours, and his pinkie hooks the ring of sleuth out of your palm. His other hand comes over to hold your other one daintily as he speaks.

"Meine Liebling may I do the honors?"

"..Honors?" You ask curiously, tilting your head over your shoulder to look up at him. His chin nudges your forehead playfully as he slides the ring onto your left finger, adjacent to your guild ring.

Your ring finger.

*Oh fuck that's adorable.*

What's definitely not adorable is how you writhe about between his legs for a few seconds as it seems like your body is being assaulted by unwanted acupuncture. Your face and crotch vibrate as if there's a colony of bees patrolling your skin, and you can feel it as your scales slip away into nothing. The almost unnoticeable horns upon your head slip forward and clink to the ground, dispersing into dust that then feebly slips away into the air. Both of Pandora's hands steady your body as he firmly holds your upper arms as he whispers.

"It is almost over meine dame, it is quite alright! Transfiguration is not simple for other species, just relax..."

You whimper with a nod as your tail falls dead, and the last thing you feel of it is what's best described as static. It's like when your leg falls asleep, only when you go to get up instead of feeling dead weight you feel nothing at all. Detachment. The limb droops over Pandora's thigh, and disperses in a smokey shimmer of ocean blue. The sickly lime and citrus yellow pull from your cornea as you inhale, and as you exhale the swirls of indigo in your hair fade.

You clutch at your chest, and Pandora's right hand follows as you grip at the fabric with a hard breathe. You lean forward as his hand wraps over yours, and you can feel where your magic rests. You can almost taste the colors unwinding themselves from your chromosomes as the last of the changes takes place, and you bite your lip. All you can feel are the dullest of colors, and even as you try your hardest you can't recollect what the hue of gold looks like.

"I-Is that what it's like for you?" You ask breathlessly, and you toss yourself back into his chest as you pant.

"Not quite meine dame. I find it quite pleasurable to be truthful with you! The way my body fits into anything I wish it to is almost as enjoyable as when we copulate. Ah, however there is nothing that can accurately depict *that* sensation!"

You giggle tiredly through a huff of air, and smile up at him. As he speaks his arms wrap around your stomach, and his fingers interlace. He wiggles from side to side for added measure as he finishes his sentence. You nestle your head into his neck as your cheeks flush. You know you have no game when it comes to flirting, but he's always receptive..

"Y-you could try to show me later?"

His chest rumbles as he purrs, and his hands slip lower to trail just above your jeans zipper.

"Ja...Ja meine füchsin. I most certainly will do so..."

He leans forward, and his tongue unfurls to lap over your lips. You jolt up in his lap at the unexpected action, and you grind your backside accidentally into his now stiff manhood.
Or maybe..*not* so accidentally.

"I could show you here and now."

His voice is quiet, yet roars in your ears like a loud crack of thunder. One of his hands slide down, where he begins to warm your loins through your jeans. Two of his fingers press together as he applies pressure just above your inseam, and he works his digits in circular motions. He starts slowly and cautiously, until he realizes that you're not batting away his hand.

You want him. You want to ride him backwards as his fingers desperately flick over your breasts. You want him to take control with the power of his leg muscles and rut you senseless. You want to feel his cock twitch with his hard release, to feel him at the apex of his climax as he gasps. For his hands to slide down to your waist and use you as leverage to maximize his pleasure...

But if you get caught it's over. If Ainz were to find out that you're on top of the Tomb fucking instead of leaving for Re-Estize he'd lay into you. Even if it feels so good, Pandora's found that right spot where he's working the hard fabric of your jeans against the left side of your blooming bud...

No you both need to stop. You need to get going, the sun is hanging in the sky and it's already mid day. He still needs to open a [Gate] for you two to leave, and he's now rocking his hips into your back as his fingers make your slit slick and your stomach curl with desire.

"P-Pandora...we ne-need to leave..!" you whisper in a hurry, yet you do nothing to stop him from building you up closer and closer. His fingers press harder around the inseam of your pants, working from side to side instead of in feather lighted circles. He groans as his hips increase their pressing, and his voice shakes out.

"Ja...we should g-get going..."

His tongue slides back into his mouth as he works his hand faster, and you start to buck into his touchings. You can feel your climax binding tighter and tighter just beneath the warmth of his pressure, and you pant with the want of release. His free hand reaches back and he slips his member out, to which he sneaks it underneath your blouse. He sighs as his cock runs over your back as he grinds, and his own slippery arousal trails over you.

You tilt your head back with your mouth agape, digging into his neck with the back of your head. Your eyes squeeze shut as your sneakers push against the stone flooring, and as your beginning to peak...

"S-Sing for me liebling~..!"

"O-oh my g-god you..you're such....ah-a perve--!!!"

His fingers pull back tightly and curl over your clothed clit as you cum, and you laugh through your climax as he pleads with you to moan for him. His digits continue to wiggle back and forth as he works you all the way through. All the while his member slicks up and down your back as he bends over you, panting with a desperate chuckle of his own.

"Ja b-but would you truly..have it..any...oth-other way?! *Mhh Winte*--!!"

His banter turns into a gasp of his favorite pet name for you, and his cock spills victoriously over your back. His hips jerk as he spreads his seed over your peachy flesh, and he babbles something in German when you arch your ass for him. His hand cups over your mound as he finishes with a shuddering exhale of air, and his last thick rope of cum splashes on you with warmth.
He rests over you while he pants in afterglow, and your breathing matches his as your eyes flutter. His hands return to cradling your stomach, only now they've found way to your skin rather than just your shirt. You groan however in disgust when he leans and pulls you with him, and your shirt sucks to your back to cling to his release.

Ewwww.

After basking in the glory of a mutual haze you whine for a towel, and he's happy to retrieve one for you. He insists however on being the one to clean you off, Which when you think about it...

He's been able to get you one this whole time and never has?!

You were right. He's nasty!

He wouldn't tell you, but he liked knowing that you were 'pollinated' with his seed.

Pervert.

"Just to make sure, we don't have to worry about you right?" You ask with a raised eyebrow. A skeletal finger twirls your way to stroke your cheek, and you pull back hesitantly.

"Why yes liebling! Most perceptive! The minds of the masses will only see me as they want to see me. Fascinating isn't it? I am everyone and everything, yet nothing at the same time. My creator truly is a man of phantasmal intellect, is he not?!" He runs his opposite hand over his rib cage, fingers dancing over bone as if he was playing a cello.

His hand raises into the air, and he steps forward with a flow of robes. His finger leaves your cheek with a twirl, and he does a spin on one of his boned feet as he opens a rift.

[Gate]

Don't laugh.

Don't you dare fucking laugh.

You choke back a giggle as you place a hand over your mouth, it's really funny to watch him prance about in Ainz's form. It's also equally disturbing when he flirts with you in his creators body. You adore Ainz, just not like that.
A thin smile spreads across your lips in the thoughts of using Pandora's Actor to somehow blackmail Ainz at a later date. Your guild leader would shit and fall back in it if you got Pandora to transform into him and do some grand theatrical performance.

*Teehee.*

You approach the [Gate] as he sighs, and his shoulders roll back as his form relaxes. The air is serenaded with the sounds of his shape shifting, which still reminds you of boiling casserole.

"So where will that take us?" You curiously poke your finger in and out of the [Gate], and wonder if people can see your digit fading in and out of existence. You giggle as you curl your finger, and you imagine a group of people walking by and having to do a double take at a random finger floating in the air.

*Yes, come to me my pretties. Mwahaha!*

"I placed that [Gate] juuust on the curve of an alleyway. It should transmit you and I beside a market place, only a block or so away from one of the Re-Estize adventuring guilds. Are you excited Liebling?! A splendid journey awaits us on the other side, we should make haste!"

Before you can respond his hand is pulling yours, and with a joyful chuckle he's bringing you with him through the [Gate].

"Farm fresh eggs from Carne village everyone! Fresh!" A man cries out, ringing what sounds like a bell.

"Ignore that guy, we've got dried meats ready and wrapped!" A husky sounding woman wales louder, and what follows is utter chaos.

Apparently it's lunch hour at the Re-Estize market sub division, because every damn possible man, woman, and child is running passed the alleyway with loud shouts and clouds of dust. The [Gate] behind you and Pandora's Actor hisses as it disappears, and the surrounding air becomes thin as it tries to make up for the disruption.

"Oooh wow, look at them go!" You whisper through a laugh, pointing at a group who are arguing with fist fulls of what you can assume is a paper type currency. Their hands are raised and shaking towards an older gentleman who is grinning from ear to ear, exchanging their money for tickets.

"Weer' already sold out ere', you're gunna halve ta' check back next week or grab from anotha stall!" A loud twang like voice calls out from the market kiosk next to those with raised fists, and the crowd groans in unison.

"Ja let us venture forth! I wish to know what goods the bipedal sheep are interested in and which ones they are not." He says as he pulls on your hand, urging you to follow him out of the comfort of the alleyway.

"Pandora, just call them people. Bipedal sheep is kinda....well. It's kinda *mean.*" You wince and pull back on his hand.

"Is that not what the 7th floor guardian refers to them as? He is an intelligent man Winterberry. Would he not know how to speak to these congregations of men and women?" His head tilts as he
speaks, and his pull on your hand halts.

"Well, yes. Demiurge is very smart, but...he uh...Well. He calls them that because he doesn't like them. We like them though. I think." You give his palm a gentle press of your thumb, and you massage tenderly.

"Ah, I understand my lady. I see no reason to distrust them or shovel ill will against the humans. I would prefer to remain a neutral party and gather information through friendly means rather than resort upon...other tactics."

It's in the way the last of his sentence comes across to you that has you stop your rubbing of his palm. He notices and steps forward, and his free hand places itself upon your shoulder.

"Worry not meine liebe. I do not foresee that for us in the coming times. Besides my lady, what type of gentleman would I be to cause you distress on our first date?"

"D-Date?!” You choke out. The familiar feeling that seems to always fill your heart while you're around him here of late makes your chest ache with dull thuds.

"It may be impromptu, but does it not fit my most precious kadupul?” You can hear the enjoyment in his voice, and again, he washes all worry away.

"Pandora I've...I've never been on a date before." You sputter out, and your brows knit together tightly. Your face feels almost unbearably hot as the words fall from your mouth before you can stop them.

"Liebling neither have I...I-I wish for you to be many of first things for me.” He steps closer, and his tongue slips out to embrace your nose with a soft flick.

Your right sneaker draws circles through the dust of the alleyway, and you glance away from him bashfully. He follows with a nuzzle, and the hand on your shoulder snakes down to your back. He pulls you into his arms with ease, and his fingers tap on your spine with excitement.

"Ya know, it's considered rude to kiss a girl on the first date. I think.” You giggle, and the guardian chuckles back warmly.

"Mmm. My apologies then mademoiselle! I must express my continued condolences then. For you see..."

He tilts you back suavely, and brings his cap off of his head to rest it over his heart.

"My plans are to continue to be as rude as you will allow me to be.”
You wonder if the townspeople think the two of you look cute together. You lean into him as he continues to look from side to side slowly, scanning the open air market. You bring your legs up to fold them underneath yourself, and you shuffle about carefully so that you don't fall into the water behind you. His fingers flex as he feels you adjust, and the arm around your back also makes sure that you don't clumsily fall into the water fountain.

You look over your shoulder curiously, and the curves of your lips pull up into a smile. You think the two of you look cute together. Your reflections ripple softly in the purling water, and just beneath you can make out a few silver coins. It's nice to see that more of the old world transferred here as well, the people seem to also use coins to make wishes. Or so you think they do, why else would they toss them into the wellspring?

You wonder why Ainz didn't take Pandora's Actor over Narberal. Well, you know why but Pandora's utility is damn near priceless. His face value telepathy allows him to collect basic information without spending hours talking needlessly with the majority of the crowd. He's already whispered to you the predominately religion, the historical figure behind you fountain, where their crops and goods arrive from, among many other nuances.

God he's just so fucking cool. Your fingers tap against each other as you sit next to him quietly, he's already done so much with practically no effort. You're going to look like a total genius when you show back up to Nazarick knowing so much! It's plausible that Ainz already knows quite a bit of this information, but how long did it take him to gather it versus you?

You glance over to Pandora's Actor as he leans forward, and although you can't quite tell where his gaze falls you follow his line of action. You can't hear anything in particular due to the loud nature of so many people chatting, but you can see that he's focused on an elderly couple. Before you can ask he shifts gears, and his head raises to the exit way of the market place.

He says nothing, but you feel his finger tap against your arm in thought.

Well, you think it's the exit way. Two obtuse wooden pillars adorned with notched in torches are erected criss cross from one another where again, you think he's looking. One is considerably longer than the other, and they fit together three quarters of the way up to form a large upside down V. The entire time people have hurried back and forth through the primitive gateway, and as the day has went on the amount of humans walking in and out has dwindled.

You stifle a yawn in boredom, and you playfully nudge him with your shoulder. His head snaps to yours as if you broke his concentration, and you apologize with your eyes. He doesn't say anything for a moment, and your head sinks down in shame. Regardless of what a sweetheart he is, he's still incredibly difficult to read. His face never changes, so when he's silent he's the epitome of the word.

"S-sorry Pandora."

"Nono, Nein Liebe, I am just adrift in contemplation." He reaches a hand up, and presses down one of the daffodils in your hair that have started to try and break free.

"Winterberry, can I see the pouch that Lord Ainz gave you?"

He grunts disapprovingly when the light coin purse clinks in his hand. One of his fingers curl back to push the petite leathery pouch, and you can hear the meager amount of silver shift. He clears his throat as he leans in, slipping the pouch into his breast pocket.

"Unfortunately Lord Ainz under the guise of Momon the adventurer has already succeeded in
completing the noteworthy quests in this town. I failed to realize that he too would have found it more appropriate to start on the suburbs rather than the capital. Remarkable is he not?! However that leaves us my dear in a dilemma..."

You snicker unintentionally at Ainz's choice of name. Momon? Really?

Gets you every time.

And of course he's already been here. Show off.

You grunt in acknowledgement, and the hand on your shoulder lifts a finger to point. You follow and he's showing you the elderly couple you knew he had been glancing at earlier. He hums happily as he whispers.

"I am appreciative that you wanted I as your escort, Lady Holly. I am the treasuries guardian and financial advisor to Nazarick after all! This amount of coin you have been granted by my creator is not much, however! I have already found a way to stretch our resources. Do you see those two there meine liebe?"

You nod, and soon the both of your are cheek to cheek as he speaks. You stifle another giggle, you feel like this is some serious espionage type shit.

"Schatz they are our opportunity to furthering our agenda. The man and woman before us have an issue that needs assistance, however they can not register with the adventurers guild. It is utterly shameful! A travesty! Their offspring is a dastardly individual that insulted one of the young ladies at the guild hall. That alone has me wanting to object offering them our aid! Regardless of my feelings on the matter though, we can acquire currency from them as the townsfolk say...under the table?"

"What do they need help with? How much money can they give?" You ask as you study the couple further. They seem to be arguing with one another.

"Not as much as I think our assistance is worth. However they would pay more than the guild at this time." He chimes in softly.

"Okay but what do they need help with? Marriage counseling? They're starting to really go at it." You nudge your head forward their direction. The wife has just stormed back inside, and the older gentleman is now pacing.

"It does seem that way does it not? Aha no meine liebe, they...they have a minor infestation."

"Pandora so help me god..."

* Bugs. *

Why is it always bugs?!

He chuckles knowingly, and although he can't pull you closer he somehow does.

"I am aware of your discomfort around vermin Winterberry. Fear not meine dame! I am a guardian after all, and I will always protect you."

You shake your head and pull away with a wince. Well, you try to pull away. He keeps you within the nook of his arm and body as you groan.

"What kind of infestation? Pandora if it's roaches I'm taking this ring off and burning down their
"Ja Winterberry I am aware that you would," He says with a laugh before continuing. "No no, again, what type of gentleman would I be to trouble you in such a way? It is only a minor issue with a few arachnids. It will be fun my lady! Trust me~."

"Ugh..I guess spiders aren't so bad. Why can't they take care of it themselves if it's just a few spiders though?"

"Seemingly the issue lies within their basement. According to the woman their cellar is quite prodigious. The poor souls are lost in a sea of eight legged creatures and they can not find the source from which they are arriving from! We my dear, we are the remedy! Haha what do you say liebling, are you up to the challenge?"

"Well...can we use some of the money to get some food later on? I really, really want to try whatever that stall over there is making..." Your eyes hover over a shabby wooden market stand with colorful writing. You know they have sweets, when's the last time you had chocolate?!

"Err..Winterberry it would be wise to steer away from using our revenue on needless expenses. Why not use a ring of sustenance?"

"Okay look the ring of sustenance is terrible. I like to eat, and the ring of sustenance takes away my appetite." You wrinkle your nose at the thought of equipping yet another ring that takes away from you.

"Well yes liebling, that is the point..." he trails off when you pout and look away.

_Don't be a supreme brat._

Don't do it!

"Hmph." You upturn your head away from him, and add a flick of your tail in for good measure....

You turn around with an audible gasp as you wiggle your hips, _your tail is gone._

_Noooooo._

Even though he knows that it is foolish to spend unnecessarily and that it annoys him as a financial guardian...

She is too much for him. Who was he kidding? He was doomed the very second her lip pouted. He squirms himself for a moment as she writhes around in recollection of losing her heteromorphic traits, and his hand slips from her side to where her tail would be.

"Ja I know Liebling." He whispers tenderly in comfort, and his palm rubs into the small of her back. She looks back to him with a flutter of her eyelashes and another pout of her voluptuous lips, and his stomach swoops.

One word flashes in his mind like a blaring alarm.
"Aha, Du hast wirklich keine Ahnung, was du mit mir machst, meine Geliebste." He sighs with a chuckle, and his free hand rubs the back of his neck. He crosses one leg over the other, and the heel of his boot brushes her knee.

"Pffft I don't know what that means silly." She smiles through her scrunched up face. Why does every one of her actions make his blood sing?

He studies her for a moment as the sun frames her heart shaped face. She's outlined in the golden hours of the day, and although the glory of her world serpent traits are hidden away...even as just a human she is breathtaking.

If only fools fall in love, then label him a fool. He shrugs off the thought of being responsible with the coin they have, because if it'll make her smile?

Everything in the world is worth her joy.

His free hand finds his head as he tosses his posture backwards. He tilts his hat her way as he chuckles, and his right leg keeps himself firmly planted to the ground so that he does not whisk away into the fountain behind him. With his elbow bent to the sky and his voice carried in the air like a twenty one gun salute firing off he calls to her.

"Winterberry who am I to withhold the spoils of this world from such an exquisite damsel such as yourself?!" He explains to her in every way he knows how that he adores her. He peaks at the blushing beauty through the gaps in his fingers, and her face is flush with his favorite shade of pink.

Every time he paints her face that color he feels like a winner.

Well, if the crowd didn't think you were cute before, now at the very least they've seen the two of you. Pandora sits back up with a snap of his left boot returning to the ground, and you can tell he's buzzing with energy. You grab both of his hands with a breathy laugh as you whisper to him.

"Shhh people are staring! We can get--"

"They should stare meine liebe!" His hands grab back at yours as he serenades the air, and your eyes grow wide.

Oh no.

"Hallo, you there! Yes you my good sir! Tell me if this is not the most attractive, most radiant young women you have ever seen?! She simply is I say!" His hands encompass yours as he lifts them into the air, shaking them as if he's won the nobel prize.

The young man in question quickly exchanges a glance between you and Pandora. He then shuffles away swiftly with a raised eyebrow.

Where you pull your lips in to hide a giggle at the response, Pandora scoffs.

"Unkultivierte Zweibeiner haben keinen Geschmack.." He mutters under his breathe, tone heavy with disgust.
It's the first time you've heard him sound **angry**. It's sweet but at the same time...

You don't want to see Pandora's Actor mad.

"Hey It's okay, I'm just not his cup of tea." You smile as you move your head in front of his, you're pretty sure he's still glaring at the man that's hurrying away.

"I understand clearly why the 7th floor guardian Demiurge has labeled the humans as bipedal sheep." He growls out, lifting his head to continue his fixed sights.

It's here you remember that the guardians don't exactly take kindly to anyone or anything seemingly insulting you or Ainz. You clench your jaw as you remember the floor guardians snarling at Crusch Lulu, and when Cocytus popped the tan lizard's head off. You're also aware that Ainz on more than one occasion has had to pull the reins in hard on Narberal...

As endearing as it is that you're pretty sure Pandora's Actor is about to blow up on the poor guy, you don't exactly want to blow your cover. You'd be lying if it didn't make your knees weak, however.

You soften everything about yourself, and cup his face. He expresses everything so valiantly through his body language, so you know he can appreciate the subtly of this type of communication.

"Look at me." He does as you say, and you let out a breathy sigh against his face. Before you know it a fierce blush has crept up on your face.

"I-I...Well, um...what kind of woman would I be if I let you be upset on our first d-date?" He relaxes considerably, and he washes your face with his own release of air.

"Winterberry, you have done no wrong to me. Why, I don't think you *can*. The fault lies--"

"Forget about him. We're on an adventure! We're going to face trials great and small. Let's not blow our cover on the first day leebling."

In a way, you want to scold him for being so brash in the first place. He was kinda asking for it, but it's just how he is. You've known all along he's loud, somewhat obnoxious, and a bit socially awkward. His behavior is at times embarrassing..

But you **admire** his honesty with himself. He's so much more than those lines of text that were written for him all those years ago by Momonga. As you stare at him, within the matter of a few blinks, you're consumed with memory.

How you danced down to the treasury when you first transferred here, in search of nothing more than a few data crystals. Instead, you found yourself within him. That at first it was just some cathartic and much needed sexual release...

And then you were gone with Demiurge for a week. Learning how to use your most basic of magical applications, as well as releasing more of that sexual frustration on the demon of Nazarick.

But when you came back to the great tomb? When you saw Pandora again? There was something more than a carnal desire to just ravish him.

Warmth, comfort, solace.

Demiurge might have been the first of the guardians you thought of strategically if Ainz would have died...
But Pandora's Actor is who you [Message]d for in desperation. He's who you felt you needed.

Nothing, not even Ainz dying, scared you more than when he cried out to fight Shalltear over his creator.

“My Lady, no matter what happens, I swear this unto you! I will stand by you through anything.”

“...You promise?”

“I promise Winterberry...Ich liebe dich.”

It was that day the treasuries manager dug a small hole into your soul, and planted the seed of lo--

It's not real.

It's not fair.

"Lady Holly are you alright? Meine Dame it looks as if you are about to weep once more..." Your thumbs stamp into his jaw, and you stare helplessly into his black eyes.

You bite the inside of your cheek, just force the thoughts out. Don't ruin this. It's only natural to be nervous on your first date right?!

Right...

If you weren't a supreme bei--

"Err, I'm okay Pandora. Just thinking. How you were earlier, remember? Just...adrift in contemplation." You pull your hands off of his face, and he's quick to interlace his fingers with yours.

"Winterberry have I...have I done something to upset you? I will make amends immediately if so!" The padding of his digits press firmly into the back of your hands, and he pulls on you ever so softly.

"No. It's not you Pandora. It's me. I...," You pause for a moment, and look towards the elderly couple who are somehow still arguing. The man is now at the window yelling unintelligibly. "I'm just really worried about how many spiders are going to be in their basement! I bet there's a bunch, you promise to keep me safe?"

I'm sorry for lying to you.

"Ja meine liebling but of course! I swear it on my honor as a guardian that I will not permit for a single hair on your pretty little head to be disrupted!" His posture straightens and you sigh in relief at the happy ring in his voice. Mentally you work out your anxieties like a plumber with the wrong set of wrenches, but you still somehow..manage to get the job done.
"Mph, we have got to get this crap back at Nazarick." You chew loudly on your piece of chocolate, working around the wad of caramel at its center. You're not fond of how hard the middle is, but with enough smacking the consistency becomes manageable.

"Liebling you are not a doppelganger, your kind would grow ill if you ate crap." He looks over his shoulder at you as you swallow, and in response to his statement you laugh.

"Pandora it's a metaphor."

"Oooh. But why then my dear, why would you refer to the chocolate as crap if you like it as much as you do?" He says as he passes with you underneath the exit of the marketplace. His hand guides your shoulder so that you step in front of him as a group of scruffy looking children run by.

You fan away the small cloud of dirt from the children's clamor, and smile at both the sounds of their laughter and Pandora's accurate but absurd question.

"You know...I don't know. I guess it's a slang term?"

"So allow me to understand you better meine dame. If you like something you refer to it as crap? So is it a negative form of a colloquial or...?"

"Ehhh?" You step back to his side, and his arm slips to hook around yours. You like his almost near constant demand for PDA. He's always finding a way to be touching you.

"Winterberry you are a rarity indeed! Nevertheless I do not believe that I could ever refer to you as crap. And I like you very much."

"Oh god please don't. Let's just forget I called the candy crap. Which..hey. Come here. I'm going to change your mind on that ring of sustenance." You reach the last piece of the chocolates the two of you bought up to his mouth, and your forehead creases when he stops you with his free hand.

"Lady Holly sincerely, do not waste your treats on me. I have no preference to food or drink, so in all actua--"

You lob the candy into his mouth with a laugh, and you reach up your free hand to shake a finger at him.

"Haha! Your mouth is always open. I win! Preference or not you can't lie and tell me that's not delicious."

"Mmm!" He lies as he swallows, and if his face could have flushed it would have. He really doesn't care, but seeing you laugh with an accompanying smile? He'd admit that he might now have a preference for chocolate.

"Told you so." You lift your head in pride, and he hums a small chuckle in response. You point forward towards a small cottage with a wrap around porch, nestled a small ways away from the town. As the sun begins to set the house glows with warmth, and you can tell that a fireplace is roaring inside.
"So that's where we're staying? It's really cheaper here?"

"Ja, I heard from many of the townsfolk that the individual in charge is in debt to a criminal organization known as eight fingers," You laugh when he wiggles all of his fingers, nudging you playfully. You nod with arched eyebrows, implying that yes, you know he's splaying his 'eight fingers.'

Corny.

"He is rather desperate for tourists to stay at his, as they call it, 'bed and breakfast'. We should make haste to guarantee a reservation my lady! I can not have you without a place to rest for the coming night. That and we still need to approach that couple in need of assistance, I'm not fond of us being low on funds."

"I'm used to being broke, doesn't bother me much to be honest." You say casually.

"Mm used to being..broke? Liebling I always make sure to guarantee that Nazari--"

"Oh, OH! Pandora wait, don't..It's uh...it's like the crap! It's a..metaphor?"

"For..? Meine dame as the financial manager for the great tomb it is very troubling to me to think that you have ever been short on coin. It is truly a horrendous thought! Unless we are adventuring together under the disguise of low level chancers I can not allow you to roam around without proper funding!" He stops suddenly, and his posture becomes incredibly stiff. As his feet clap together you grab his hand mid salute as it roars to his hat.

"Pandora. I'll..I'll explain it to you someday. Just don't worry about it for now, okay? You do an incredible job as the treasury guardian, I swear. There's no one I trust more than you at the tomb besides Momong-- I mean Ainz. And that should say something since he's your creator."

"I...I understand Holly. Ah! Ve-Vergib mir meine dame! L-Lady Holly." He recoils at his own words, and pulls both of his hands to his chest. He then bends deeply into a bow, tossing one of his arms out and to the side. His coat follows with his movements, and billows in the slow breeze carrying a pleasantly crisp wind.

"Hey! Hey! Stop that you goof, you and I are passed that now aren't we?!" You step forward quickly, and both of your hands press up on his shoulders in want of him getting out of his bow. You ball his uniform in your fists and give him a shake, and much to your surprise...

He's not receptive.

"M-Meine dame you are a supreme being. I should not be on that sacred level of communication that you and my lord share. That is reserved for the both of you, and not I. It is of the highest order of disrespect! I should not make a mockery of the last two remaining supreme ones with my foolish slip up of speech!"

The glow of the cottage warms your skin where the cool breeze had just kissed your skin with chills. As you let go of him you climb up onto the first step of the porch and your face twists with concern. Your stomach seems to drop to the floor, and your arms are entirely too heavy to pick it back up.

"H-Hey now...it's alright Pandora, really. I prefer that you and I be on that level of communication. Honestly I thought we were? Pandora, I lo--" It was almost second nature to you to spill out your confession, and your hand shoots up to your mouth in response. Your heart catches into the top part of your throat, and your mind pounds in your skull like thunder.
"I-I feel the same way too!" He stands up straight as he blurts out his sentence, and you both stare at each other helplessly.

"Yo-you do?!!" You choke out, and you take another step backwards. Your eyes are ardent, and your iris's flare when he steps forward.

"Winterberry I..I..." there's a pregnant pause as his posture sinks, and he looks around as if someone is listening to him. A soft sigh escapes through his oval mouth as he whimpers.

"I..I would love to be able to speak with you in that way, although I do not deserve to do so. I am but a lowly area guardian, I should--!"

The door to the cottage pushes open, flooding the porch with the soft glow of a crackling hearth. Pandora's Actor quickly places himself beside you as a tired man reveals himself from behind the door.

"Are you two looking to stay here for the night?" The man holds the door open with his shoulder, and Pandora gives a polite nod.

"Yes my good fellow! Thank you very much."

You seek his hand at the same time he does yours. Your fingers knit together quickly with his, and you both squeeze on one another tightly. It's just enough of a nonverbal way of communicating to let you know that he's thinking the same thing you are.

Thank you for your Kudos, Bookmarks, and Comments!

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Neither of you addressed what maybe definitely did not almost happen on the porch.

Instead you both acted like nothing happened at all, and resumed your mission at hand.

Which at the moment was reserving a room with this tired ass old man. Pandora's Actor was right by with what information he had heard, this man was in deep. He wouldn't tell the both of you how he got involved with the notorious criminal organization, but he did make it very clear that if you and Pandora came across them to just 'Turn the other cheek'.

The man was thirty six going on seventy. Too many forehead wrinkles had him appearing as if you could wash clothes on his face, accompanied by a hooked nose. He had enough luggage under his eyes for a near permanent vacation, and you worried that he might be suffering from jaundice due to how discolored his cornea was. His skin was tan and leathery, and wherever his joints came together his flesh creped and sagged.

Much to your distaste he doesn't actually host a bed and breakfast. He's just a guy needing to rent out a room to travelers, and says most of his food is junk anyways.

Which you are good with junk food.

Junk food rocks.

However upon hearing that the cottage isn't a dual service, Pandora's Actor rather quickly gets to
work. He places a hand on the man's shoulder as if he's the home owner instead, and they exchange a rather one sided conversation. You wonder what the man see's Pandora as, since he doesn't actually see him as you do. You figure he's probably looking at him like he's a mafia boss, because he certainly sounds like one.

Pandora is nothing but nice, but he runs intellectual circles around the man. The entirety of the discussion Pandora drags out his words purposefully, and black mails Henry as you heard him call himself.

That he'd find it very unfortunate if eight fingers found out about his continued incurring debts to the local brothel.

He'd hate if someone somehow slipped the information to the town that his gambling addiction was only furthering the collectives troubles with the criminal organization.

"We do not want that do we my friend! Unwanted attention scattering itself about the streets of E-Rantel is completely unnecessary in my eyes." He says cheerfully, and he removes his hand from the man's shoulder to toss it to his chest as if he's had an epiphany. You watch Pandora as Pandora watches the man.

At a moment's notice, like a shark in the water that's sensed a trickle of blood, he strikes at vulnerability. The man flinches through hooded eyes, and his adams apple bobs up and down as he swallows.

"Why my good sir I just had a most splendid revelation! Here, you take this coin of mine in exchange for a guaranteed stay for my lovely lady and I." Pandora pulls the small coin purse from his vest pocket, and drops it before Henry. Henry catches it without leaving Pandora's unending glare, and nods simply. To you, you only see the sweet expression of his normal circular eyes and oval mouth.

You're unsure of what Henry sees.

Pandora's Actor said nothing of a time frame of how long he wanted the room for, yet the man is quick to say that both of you can stay as long as you'd like. Pandora shakes the man's hand enthusiastically with both of his, and thanks him. As Pandora pulls his hands away he gives the man a pat on the head, and you're not entirely sure why.

If it's either just him being a dork, or if it's him displaying dominance as if to say 'Thank you my pet'. Because that's what the poor man was. His play thing.

You avoid eye contact with the man known as Henry the entirety of the conversation. The air was uncomfortable enough as it was, and you were happily relieved when Pandora swept you off of your feet into his arms. He laughs joyously as he scoops you up, and does a light swing of you in a circle as if you're his blushing bride on the first night of a honeymoon.

"Come meine liebe! If we are lucky we may have time to fulfill our quest for the day!" He sings with delight, dismissing the man behind him who is pushing around the small amount of coins in his hand pathetically. He sighs in defeat, turning to open a cabinet and grab a shot glass.

Pandora pushes the door open with his right foot as the man pours himself a glass of what you think is whiskey. As the caramel liquid fills the man's soul with relief Pandora kicks the door closed with a swing of his left boot. The door slams shut as if it had been hit by the back leg of a horse racing for first place. You're smart enough to realize that his actions were all carefully planned, and not just part of his usual flare.
"That was brutal." You whisper rhetorically as Pandora walks down the steps of the porch. His hands bounce you a bit as he adjusts how he's carrying you, and he hums.

"Why, I do not know what you are talking about Winterberry. We were just exchanging some simple dialogue, just a conversation between two gentlemen."

You fold your arms over one another as you arch an eyebrow. "Mhmm." You grunt out teasingly. You can't be upset with him for only doing what he thought was best. You only felt the way you did because it was him who was being threatening. Anyone else? It would have been fine.

It's in his name to be an actor.

"By the way, I can walk ya know." You chide playfully, and as you move to make to the ground his hands curl. Long fingers wrap around your leg and shoulder tightly as he continues to walk forward.

"Ah yes, yes you can! However for the very sake of romance my dear I must decline!" He sings loudly, and your eyes tighten as you giggle. You let out a soft sigh as you nestle into his chest. He makes it so easy to forget so much, there just isn't room for anything else but him. You unfold your arms to wrap them around his neck, and you can feel as your touch gives him goosebumps.

"Have I ever told you that you smell really nice?" You ask gently as your fingers interlace over the back of his neck. You inhale closer to his chest, and his clothes smell like the fabric softener your mom used to use when you were a child. Your eyes flutter for a moment, and you can almost feel that blanket wrapping around you from that dryer on the back porch.

Warmth.

"U-Um, I do? Aha..ha..d-danke meine dame.." He stutters, and your eyes widen with a matching grin. You can hear him swallow down a gulp as your fingers tap against his neck, and his pace forward quickens.

Holy crap!

Mr. Forward I'm going to be as rude as you'll allow me to be is flustered.

It's here you realize you've never directly complimented him. You've hinted, flirted (terribly), but you've never actually...

Time to remedy this and dish out some pay back!

"You're cute when you're shy. Actually, you're always cute. And handsome~." You whisper into his skin, and peck his neck with a gentle press of your lips. You chew on your bottom lip in wait of a reaction against his throat, purposefully keeping your mouth in contact with the doppelganger.

Your hands unclasp as he stretches, moving you away from the nape of his neck. You pout as he fixes how he's carrying you so that he can look at you. His black eyes arch up, curving in a way that makes him appear as if he's happy. Just under his eyes flush a babyish shade of pink, and he chuckles nervously.

"Y-You really think as much, ja? Aha, schätzchen you are far too kind..!" He stammers out, and you can feel it in his forearms as he lightly trembles. Your lips curve up into a grin in accomplishment, and as you reach a hand up to pet his face you stop dead in your tracks.

Wait a second.
Wait...

Hold up.

Your hand wretches down feverishly to clench his tie into your balled fist. You then use said tie as leverage to shake him back and forth as you nearly shout at him.

"Whoa! Have you been holding out on me?! You can make expressions?!

He stumbles a bit with a light chuckle, and the pink on his cheeks deepens. His eyes arch higher as he speaks in a whinier pitch.

"I-I did not know if you would enjoy it or not Winterberry! Wh-Why I can do many of things as a doppelganger!"

"Enjoy it?! It's cute as hell you asshole!" You scoff as you shake him a bit more for added measure. You let go of his black tie as a rush of wind blows your hair around wildly, and you raise both of your hands up to fight back your mane.

He quickly turns on a heel to take you out of the breeze, and his coat flaps about his sides as you fight with your curls. You look back up to him with a thankful sigh, and you see that his eyes are back to normal, but his face is still tinted ever so softly.

"...What other faces can you make?"

The rest of the walk back to the market is spent with him making every expression he can muster, and the both of you giggling madly in response.

"I can't believe it...!" You laugh hushed as you point, your voice in awe.

"Ja they are quite enthusiastic are they not?" He whispers back, parroting your tone.

You are both comedically huddled in the same alleyway Pandora placed the [Gate] in. His head is on top of yours as you peer around the corner, both of you only sticking out about half of your torsos. Much to the both of your surprise and fortune the old couple with the spider infestation are still arguing.

Kinda reminds you of the many times your mom would fight with her ex’s.

You snicker as the tides have turned, and now it's the woman that's locked out of the house. Her husband (or so you assume) is at the window, holding up what looks like...

Oh. It's his middle finger. Which he's missing.

The old man is grinning and flipping his wife the bird, or rather, the stub of a bird.

Apparently if someone's missing a middle finger in these parts, it means that the localized
government didn't see them fit for anything but farm work. It's a way of guaranteeing separation of those the higher ups see as useful, and those they see as disposable. A harsh reality, and a tid bit of information Pandora whispered to you earlier in the day.

"Pandora these people are nuts. They look like they belong on their own reality t.v. show." You shake your head with another giggle.

"Winterberry you are so silly," he chuckles, and a hand smooths up and down your waist with tapping fingers. "They are not hard shelled seeds meant for consumption and fruition. They are people. And...what is a 'reality t.v. show'? Is it a theatrical performance?! Like Romeo and Juliet?! Ah that is one of my favorite novels from Ashurbanipal!"

You have got to remember he's completely oblivious. Not only has he been stuck in the Treasury alone for god knows how long, he was also written as such.

You whimper as you go to wrap your tail around his thigh, pouting in the realization that again, your tail is gone. Instead you slip your hand through to his, interlacing fingers.

"Yeah, it's kinda like a theatrical performance. Something like that." You smile through your speech, eyes scanning the surrounding. He chirps happily and spits out a few German endearments, and says something about wanting to read Romeo and Juliet to you.

He warms your face at the thought of sitting on the treasuries couch, snuggled up and reading together. You press into him for warmth as the chill of the night greets your face, stinging your cheeks. You wrinkle your nose as you rub at it, sniffling. Instinctively he guides you to the arm he has in his coat, fitting you in between his jacket and uniform.

You sigh pleasingly in thanks, and he hums in approval. His hand once again beseeches yours, needily threading his long fingers through your own.

You resume your scrutiny of the marketplace, and even though the sun has set the place is buzzing. The children have all been but swept away by protective mothers and fathers, but the night is young and the denizens of E-Rantel still want to do their shopping. The fountain you sat on with Pandora earlier is now covered in young women and men, who are either flirting terribly or sorting through purchased goods.

The only thing louder than the chatting of a large congregation of people is the woman who is now shouting at her husband to be let inside. You turn back to watch her fist slam into the weak wooden door of her household, and you furrow your brows as you try to understand what she's saying. Her voice is high pitched and unpleasant. She sounds like a cat wailing in a bucket of cold water.

"Pandora, how do we get their attention? They're really involved in what they're fighting about, whatever that is. It's not like we can walk up to them and say 'Oh hey we heard you have a spider problem'. They don't know who we are..."

You can feel it in his chest as he swells with pride. He puffs his pecs out with an audacious grunt in triumph, and his hand slips away from yours.

"Leave it to me liebling~!" He sweeps away and you follow inquisitively. His heels stamp into the ground loudly as he marches to the middle of the marketplace, leaving his foot prints in the cobblestone.

Your tilted head and innocent curiosity turns to horror as the doppelganger cries out loudly as if he's been struck by shrapnel, and falls to his knees.

Oh no.
You asked him, of all fucking people, how to get someone's attention.

"We are but lowly adventurers with no coin to our name!! Whatever shall we do?!!" He screeches, and throws his hands to the ground with a slap of enthusiasm. Simultaneously the chatter of the town square hushes, and you define the word of embarrassment. Your eyes widen as you whimper, and you feel like he's the main star on broad way. You're his accompanying actress, and you've forgotten every single damn word.

The moon laughs at your situation as it reveals itself from a tuft of cloud, and the market is cast in a pale light. Pandora slams his fist on the ground as he continues on.

"The guild has no jobs left! We are as my wife says, 'broke'! How will we feed our children?!!"

Wife?!

CHILDREN?!

Your jaw drops to hit the floor, and your eyes feel as if they're about to pop out of your skull and run down the unleveled stone streets of E-Rantel. You breathe in and hold the air in your lungs, staring at the doppelganger as he prostrates himself.

"Surely somebody has work for two humble chancers such as us?!" He calls out with a shrill cry, followed by a defeated groan. You release the pent up air with a gasp, and you're now redder than the lining on his uniform. Your blood runs cold as every head of hair is turned your way. You gulp as you look down with a face of 'Why god why' down to Pandora, as he tilts to face you.

And he winks.

This mother fucker. Winks.

As if your neck was weighted down by a cinder block you turn to face the couple that were once fighting. The man has stepped outside in response to Pandora's performance. His wife and himself exchange a few glances, and seem to come to a contemporary truce with a nod.

No fucking way.

"Ay! You thar! Come ere'. We could use sum' halp in and aroun' ours cella'." The man yells out, and his voice sounds garbled as it rattles from his loose throat. The round women next to him nods feverishly, and points inside of her home with a meaty arm.

With a push up jump Pandora is up and to his feet, and he quickly dusts himself off. He waves back at them happily, and pulls you with him in a hurry as he walks forward.

"Ah, Hallo! Thank you my kind sir and madam! My most beautiful bride and I are grateful to you," He reaches forward, and he and the man exchange a handshake. Pandora practically shakes the poor guy up and down as if he's a paddle ball. "Now then, what seems to be the issue at hand? We promise to not disappoint!"
You wince Pandora's way as you look at the lengthy staircase down to the old couple's cellar. The old man closes the door behind the two of you with a laughing "Gud luk'!", and you can hear it as his feet shuffle away hastily. Pandora puts a hand up to his forehead, fingers straight as the bill of his cap as he leans forward. He whistles as he surveys the way down, and his sound carries in an echo.

_How does he whistle he has no lips._

The way down is wide enough for the two of you to walk down side by side with ease, but you choose to linger back and to his left. Although the older couple through not enough teeth and too little education told you that there aren't many...

That means there's a lot.

As you make your way down there's an ever present trickle of water, somewhere. The noise of moisture dripping sounds as if it's encased in the walls, and it's oddly comforting. You listen quietly and take notice that the drip is in between every third step Pandora takes.

The walls hum with a pale shade of grey, and at one time it appears as if there may have been some crown molding. Now all that's left are the concrete walls, and the mold from said crown molding. The lower you go the more present the soft stench of musk and what you think is the smell of atrophied wooden beams becomes.

Pandora says something softly under his breathe, and he reaches a hand back for yours. As his voice fades away the area illuminates, and you wrap a hand around one of his fingers. You peer ahead to see that there's a sharp turn coming up ahead. Your eyes glance down as you catch something growing off of one of the walls down the way, close to one of the steps. Pandora pays it no mind, but something tells you _you've gotta touch it_. You let go of his hand as you squat down, studying the moss with curious eyes and a naïve heart.

Maybe this is where the leak is at? It makes sense that moss would grow closer to water, right?

Bingo! Maybe if you find the leak and stop it along with getting rid of the spiders you can make more money!

You lean forward as you eye it cautiously, finger ready to examine the furrow of soft green. There's not much of it, but there's just enough that it might be covering a hole...

_Poke._

Your finger strokes forward into the oddly warm dense clump of moss. You wiggle your digit against the fibrous foliage, and you shriek as you pull your finger back. You physically recoil backwards in shock as it moves.

In quite the hurry the shrug of moss scrunches up like accordion, moving up the wall with a trail of slime and squelches.

Pandora chuckles as you fall onto your ass with wide eyes, face tightened in confusion. Before the moss can scurry away out of reach Pandora too, gives it a poke.

As what you can only assume is a low level mitotic slime reaches the top of the wall it lets out a wet "Eep", before setting in the nook just before the ceiling. You whimper as Pandora helps you to your feet, and as you make it up you look again towards the slime with determination. Without saying a word you march up to the wall, and try to hop up so you can poke it again.

You grunt as it's out of reach, furrowing your brows as it taunts you with a shimmy. The moss resettles once more, sounding off with another cute "Eep!" as it moves away slightly. Just as you think to climb up the wall Pandora's lengthy fingers pinch the slime, and it sounds off with an alarm of wet cries. With an easy pull back of his hand the slime detaches reluctantly from the wall, and a trail of goop follows.

He shakes it off as it quivers, freeing it of threads of its sticky underbelly. He then sets it in the palm of his other hand, and presents it to you with a smile in his voice.

"Ja Liebling, if you wish it yours then it is so!" You beam at him appreciatively, turning your attention back to the prize in his grasp. You pet it softly, and your hips wiggle as if your tail were still present.

"Thank you Pandora! It's so cute, did you hear the sound it made?!" You poke it a few times to try and encourage it to wail once more, and instead it shrivels.

"Ja, it almost made the same sound you did when you tumbled meine liebe. It was not as adorable as you were though in that moment Winterberry.~"

You sigh a soft laugh as you pluck the slime from Pandora, and as you go to stroke it softly once more something catches your eye. You take a few steps forward, and then immediately regret every decision in your life that has brought you here thus far.

You scream.

The slime screams.

Pandora rushes forward, and with wind up kick he punts the fuck out of a football sized spider.

"Skreeeee!" The spider cries with a flail of it's eight legs, slapping against the wall with a crunch. It takes a moment to register the hit, before scurrying down the cellar steps with a clamor of it's limbs.

"Haha! Take that you filthy heathen! Der Sieg ist mein!"

You clutch your new pet to your heart as your arm flies forward, and your shrill cry carries down with an echo.

"What the fuck was that?!"

"Eep!"

You exchange a glance with the moss that has no eyes, and nod your head.

"I know right?!"

The moss slime seizes up in response.

New slime is best slime.

"That my dear one, that was one of the very arachnids we are here to take care of. Generously sized, might I add! Fear not though meine dame!" He wiggles his right boot, and his eyes arch as he puff out his chest in pride.

You're not used to this new way he expresses his joy, but one thing is sure.

It's really damn adorable.
However not even the endearing expressions he's forcing out can settle the fact that that spider was really fucking big. You pull on the moss attached to your chest and it whimpers, not wanting to let go. You tug a few times more and it detaches with a sloppy schmuck, leaving your chest slick with mucus.

"Ewww!" You shake it off like it's a wet rag, and it makes the oddest bluster of disgruntled noises. You look at it for a second before shrugging, and slipping it away slyly into your inventory.

Mine.

You pick at your chest to remove your new pet's secretions, wiping the residue onto your jeans with a huff. Pandora reaches over and cleans off what remains, fingers lingering entirely too long. A flush pink invades your cheeks as you enjoy his soft touches. You give him a look in knowing, hooing your eyes with a soft flutter of your lashes. He intakes air rather quickly, sliding his hand away slowly with a needy groan.

"Meine errötende Schönheit.." He sighs longingly as he turns to look down the corner of the cellar, leading deeper down into the spiders den.

Your brows furrow in empathy as you look away and towards the descent along with him. You pout with a wince as you glance back to Pandora, and you hook your arm around his.

"D-Do you think there's a lot of them? I'm serious, I'll take this ring off and burn this mother fucker to the ground."

"Lady Holly, I do not anticipate any fornication between this dreary place and motherhood. However, once more Winterberry have no worry! I am your eternal protector and guardian! Even if there lay a thousand arachnids below the surface of E-Rantel I will make sure not one lays a limb upon you." He places a hand on his heart and throws his other into the air, and his voice vibrates against the walls.

You suck at your teeth as you hold back a laugh.

"I'll make you a deal, Pandora," You giggle as you reach for him, placing a hand on his chest. "I'll teach you my uncultured forms of metaphors and speech if you teach me some of your German." His hands quickly wrap over your one on his chest, and he squeezes you in excitement.

"Ja Liebling truly?! You wish to sprich Deutsch mit mir?! Jajaja! Certainly so Winterberry! I will gladly take you up on your most generous offer! I will show you the ways of my dialect, and you can teach me what it means to be a mother fucker!"

You snort on a choke as you laugh, and you shake your head feverishly.

"Pandora. Never say mother fucker again."
away slowly.

"Liebling, do not look at the wall."

"Pandora, now I really want to look at the wall."

"Please do not." He whispers, and his grip on your shoulders keeps you still.

Ice courses through your veins as you think of what could be on the wall. You press your knees together as you grit your teeth. You choose to instead stare at the several wine barrels ahead of you, labeled with an odd glaring symbol. It's a hand with entirely too many fingers, stamped into the cask with a hateful red. From what you can see through the shadows there's at least seven, but you're sure there's more. The darkness is deceptive, and as you squint you think you can make out more than just casks of alcohol in the back.

As you look down towards the bottom lips of the barrels you begin to shriek, and Pandora's hand quickly covers your mouth. You muffle a whimper through his hand as you point with your foot. Three long hairy legs slip from underneath the wooden staves, tasting the air curiously. As Pandora keeps you still more of the creatures limbs reveal themselves, crawling from the inky blackness of the casks.

Many crimson eyes blink lazily as the arachnid raises up, standing mid height with the wine barrels. You stand mid height with the wine barrels.

It's fangs sway gently as it steps forward, it's black like fur dusted in saw dust. The spiders hook like feet stamp the ground below as it lurches forward languidly.

You squeeze your eyes shut to make it go away, whimpering once more.

Why is Pandora just keeping you here still?!

That spider? That's a mother fucker if a mother fucker ever did fuck.

You open your right eye in morbid curiosity, unable to handle not knowing what the creepy crawly is doing. You don't want to look, but you feel heavily inclined to do so. It's like they say, it's a train wreck.

"It's gone?" You whisper through his fingers.

"They wish no ill will upon us Winterberry."

You look behind to face him, and you catch eye of the wall behind him. You then look up to him curiously, your eyebrows high as you tighten your face.

The wall behind Pandora is dusty and dark, with a small white patch that's visible. There's nothing wrong, maybe whatever was there moved? It looks like the paint is peeling and oh no.

Oh.

Oh NO.

Nonononono.

You squirm as if you're covered in ants as you watch a cloud of brown consume the white patch as the wall moves. Your left arm wretches into Pandora as you elbow him hard in the gut, and he gasps
as you free yourself. He coughs and reaches for you in a breathless and wasted attempt.

"Winterberry, wait!"

"I'm sorry!" You cry as you dash away, and your left sneakers soul slaps loudly as it tears open in the rush. A hue of purple lights erupt over your face as you turn to the exit, and you pierce dimensions as you scream.

It's the grand daddy of spiders, just chillin'.

You reach your hands up, palms splayed towards the spider as you shout.

"[Usurpation of f--!"

You stop as you realize two things. You can't cast that right now, you're wearing the ring of sleuth. You're also unsure how to cast that. You've yet to cast any super tier magic, and even back in Yggdrasil you barely used your high tier attack spells. You only have a couple, and didn't need to use them due to Kingslayer and Ainz.

That, and the Spider isn't attacking. It's shriveling into itself with a shrill cry as if it's already been struck. You pull your hands down as you step back, and you watch as the arachnid fears for it's life.

'They wish no ill will upon us Winterberry.'

You wince in realization that you're a total dick. Pandora was most likely using his telepathy to see if they were hostile, and instead of waiting patiently you flipped your lid.

And you gut punched him.

You're not sure what you dislike more. The fact that you can't use Greater Teleportation right now, or that you thought to use it to run away.

"Pandora's Actor, I am so sorrr--"

You stop as he stands next to you, and his head hangs low.

"My Supreme one, please ver-ver gib mir I--"

"Pandora, please..."

You both stop as you turn to face him, and you bring your hands up to your chest as if your praying. You look between him and the spider as it starts to slowly unfurl, and you whimper.

"Bu-bugs..." Your brows furrow as you swallow, looking back to the spider once more.

"I know Schätzchen," He coddles you through his speech, and his hands desperately grab at yours. "Winterberry I promise I would never allow you to be in danger. Trust me my love, I swear that unto you."

You nod as you can feel the sting of tears, and you mentally berate yourself to stop the water works. You squeeze your eyes tight to fight them off, and luckily for you, you're getting a little bit better. Your eyes are wet but no tears fall, and you sigh in a moment of relief.

"Pandora, I'm really really sorry. I'll tell you one day why bugs scare me so badly. It's more than..it's more than just my innate weakness to vermin," You whisper as you again look back at the arachnid, which is caught between yourself, Pandora, and the staircase. It's too large to fit up the steps, and is
currently trapped.

"But...maybe next time tell me what's going on rather than just turning me away?" You grip back at his hands as he nods.

"I did not wish to bring you any ill spirits meine dame. Next time I shall not falter! Rest assured that I will not make the same mistake again!" He frees a hand to snap it to his cap in a salute.

"H-Hey, I..I won't over react next time. Did I..is your stomach okay? I didn't mean to--"

He chuckles a bit as he lowers his hand, and pats his stomach. "No my tulip, it will take much more than a swift jab to my abdominal region to inflict damage upon myself."

You nibble on your bottom lip as you lower your hand to his stomach. You say nothing but a gentle press of your palm as your shoulders slump. You're unsure if his level of affections and pampering of you is necessarily healthy, but nevertheless he brings you into his arms with a content sigh.

It's nice to have someone care so feverishly for you. You rest your head into his silk tie, and guiltily indulge in pressing your cheek against it for comfort. You shake your thoughts of the old world out of your head quickly as you press into him for more.

He's not the only one that felt alone and trapped for many years.

Just as you explained that you'd tell him why you hated bugs, you'd find a way to tell him why you didn't like being alone. That you were thankful to his constant need for attention and PDA. You might not be as forward...

But you felt the same way.

..And apparently the large and hulking Spider feels the same way, as it lets out a huffed whimper in defeat. It lays it's abdomen down onto the cool floor, and the spinneret attached to it's back weeps sticky silk threads.

Pandora places a hand on your back and rubs up and down slowly, and explains that they're stuck here. That he cannot make mental contact with any of the spiders but the one before the two of you. That they're a shared collective, a hive mind of sorts. That she is the pinnacle, and he would have explained to you what was going on but he only found out for himself when she came forth from under the wine casks.

You agree feverishly with him when he decided against shifting into her to speak with her, that he's unable to form the necessary parts to speak her language unless he transfigures himself. That he can somewhat understand her thoughts as they come to him in colors rather than images and words, however. It's how he knew she wasn't hostile, and that she in turn was also afraid.

You apologize for what feels like the hundredth time, and he soothes you each time with a press of his hand or a few kind words. He mentions that the wine barrels are stamped with the eight fingers symbol, and that it's quite possible the spiders were put down here as a deterrent. That on top of not suspecting a farmer and his wife of smuggling bootleg alcohol, the arachnids would act as a distraction/line of defense should E-rantel issue a search warrant of their homestead.

Little did eight fingers know, the spider matriarch is a bit of a coward. She only wants her and her young to be set free. If your interaction with her thus far is any indication, she has no interest of defending the cellar.

She just wants out.
"Can you open a [Gate] and let them out somewhere safe?" You ask, and you pull away from him with weak knees. You glance at the arachnid before you with a heavy heart before you squat down, reaching a shaking hand towards it.

You have no idea what you're saying or if it even works, but you remember that when you flick your tongue over the roof of your mouth it means something. It definitely caught Cocytus's and Entoma's attention back at the monument of ruin.

So clumsily you make a few bug sounds, and much to your surprise the mother of spiders gingerly reaches a limb forward. There's hesitation between the both of you, before she gently nudges your hand.

_She's soft._

"Winterberry, we _could_ take them back to Nazarick. They could seek refuge along the hallways of the second floor beside the Black capsule. The area guardian Kyouhukou could supervise them, and quite possibly train them as valuable assets to the great tomb."

You wince at the cockroaches name, and continue to pet the spider before you with less of a nervous hand. You'd much rather deal with her than the area guardian of the black capsule.

"That's a really good idea Pandora! They'll be safe at Nazarick and if they can benefit us then Ainz won't think I'm hoarding pets..." You smile with a hesitant laugh as you think of the moss slime probably clinging to your great sword Kingslayer (Adept) in your inventory. You've only been out a day and you have a slime and now an army of spiders...

"Oh! Pandora! Can you use [Message] and call Entoma here for us? Open a [Gate] from here to Nazarick, and she can come and retrieve them for us!" You stand up from your squat, and emboldened by the idea that it doesn't want to eat you, you slowly stroke the crown of its head. It vibrates a bit, and the large fangs drooping from its mouth wiggle from the attention.

"Ooh Winterberry that is a magnificent idea! Bravo meine dame! Rather than have I shift into the young Pleiades, we can have her make a mutual bond with this fair eight legged maiden! I do know that Entoma enjoys spinning webs along the third floor, so she can possibly take Nazaricks newest additions under her wing as well!"

You giggle a bit as he spreads his arms out happily, finishing his sentence by turning his back to you and the spider with both hands on his cap. One of his boots is hard pressed forward, and the other is at a perfect 90 degree angle. He lifts a shoulder so that his coat ripples, and he slides a hand down to pinch his cap down in a suave gesture of signalling that he's finished talking.

_He's such a ham._

He settles down as he faces forward once more, and casually lifts a finger to his right eye. He taps his face a few times as he uses [Message], and after a few moments he tosses his hand down with a scoff.

"Pandora?" You raise an eyebrow as he rolls his shoulders back a bit while he huffs.

"Unverschämte Göre..." He mutters with a shake of his head.

Before you can say anything more he sighs loudly, and the hand that he tossed to his side in agitation raises to his face once more. As he waves it over his eyes with splayed fingers his shoulders roll back once more, and his flesh begins to peel away.
The cellar fills with the noise of boiling and popping water, the oddly wet sounds of his transfiguration.

He grunts as his form flexes and expands, and his yellow uniform slowly ripples away to pool and fold into stark black and amethyst robes. Where his skin once was is replaced by stark white bones, and he grows significantly taller as his eyes are replaced with glowing red orbs of light.

He opens a rift with a point of his finger, which he then swings up to his head. His right foot taps the ground expectantly with heavy thuds as he reuses [Message].

"Why...?" You ask softly as you point at him, but he doesn't hear you.

Just as you go to ask him again why he shifted into Ainz, you hear a childlike giggle pop into existence. You turn to the [Gate] as Entoma walks out laughing happily. She curtsies politely with a lowered head before speaking.

"Hello Lord Ainz and Lady Holly! It is an honor to be here!" She chimes with joy. She then turns her head to you and the spider in question, and she clasps her hands together happily.

"Hehe the area guardian of the treasury asked me to come here first but I didn't listen. He's a dork."

Pandora grunts in irritation once more as he folds his arms over each other.

"Entoma, I can understand why you feel the way you do about my creation. Although his behavior is garish he is still an intelligent asset to Nazarick. If he should request your assistance again, I ask that you put aside your disgust with him as I do and attend to his petition."

You eye him as if you've been physically wounded. He's got his creators attitude and form down to a T. You just weren't aware that he knew how Ainz felt about him. You run your tongue over your teeth as your heart drops, and you can feel the sour taste in your mouth at his words.

Entoma nods happily as she approaches the arachnid behind you, and from what you can tell they exchange a pleasant conversation of clicks and whirs. She unveils the violet legs on her back to lift herself up, and she moves forward towards the gate as they stamp against the ground with soft taps. The soon to be freed tarantula follows her rather quickly, and then sounds off with a loud "Skreeeeeee!!"

Not only does the wall behind Pandora start to move, but the ceiling does as well. Spiders begin to reveal themselves from any and every orifice, crack, and dark place in the cellar. They scurry into the [Gate] as roaches do when the lights are turned on. They jump, they 'skree', and they run in a mad dash for freedom as you shrivel like a prune.

"Holy CRAP how are there so many?!!" You yell rhetorically, pointing at the avalanche of dusty brown spiders that are falling over and around the wine barrels in a mad scramble towards the [Gate].
They cascade over one another in a tidal wave in a desperate rush to Nazarick, and the last to join them through is their grand Mother. Entoma waves enthusiastically as she too slips through with a joyful "Goodbye My lord and lady, thank you so much!"

You wave back, happy at the thought that they're now free. Apparently Entoma is happy as well, for she now has some new friends. Your smile quickly fades as you look over towards Pandora, who is still presenting himself as stoic as Ainz does.

The [Gate] closes as he waves his hand over it lazily. It pops from existence as he relaxes with a tired sigh, shifting back to his original form. He shimmies a bit and lets out a soft 'Ahhhh' in pleasure. He then claps his hands together cheerfully, and he leans forward as he speaks with arched eyes.

"Liebling now that has been taken care of, let us be off! The night is still young and I would like to collect our ransom, for I very much--"

You halt his speech as you pull him into your arms, hiding your pained expression behind the conviction of your affection for him.

"Pandora, I need you to listen to what I'm about to say."

"Ja meine dame of course! What can I--"

"Never change."

His posture tightens, but he plays it off as he doesn't know what you're saying.

"Winterberry but I am a doppelganger! It is in my very nature to change!" He sings happily, and his voice cracks a bit as he finishes falsifying his words.

"You know..you know how you say you think you know me better than anyone in the tomb?"

"But of course mein lieb! I believe I do! I--"

"I think I know you too." You cage him tighter in your small arms, interlacing your fingers against his back.

He whines softly as he lowers himself, wrapping his arms around you in return. His slender and long fingers slide into your hair as he lays his head on yours.

"Ja Holly, I..I think you do."

Pandora hums a tune in joy as he fingers at the cottages assortment of bookshelves. He gathers six or so books before prancing down the small hallway after you, pressing open the door before you can do so yourself. You exchange your now watered down drink into your other hand as the door creeks forward, and you fumble your way over the wall in search of a light switch.

You ready your eyes for a blinding light as you find what you're after, flipping it up with a casual
flick of your index finger. Instead the room buzzes in a pale yellow, and the quiet is disturbed as the low start of a ceiling fan kicks to life.
You discard your cup into the wastebasket next to the dresser, snickering at the layer of dust towards the back of the furniture. It's oddly domestic and familiar.

As Pandora rolls his coat off of his shoulders to set it down with a few bags you climb up onto the one bed in the room, and quickly take the only two pillows. You shove one behind your back, the other in your lap.

You fluff up the one in your lap as Pandora rummages, fingerling through bags with one hand and setting down books with the other. He's now found the joy of earning money himself over just financing it. He was quick to budget everything, due to the fact that the ring of sustenance is a 'no no' with you.

With enough energy to rival an electrical storm the guardian vaults onto the bed with a laugh, and in response the wooden frame whines and bends below. He shrugs it off as he puts both hands behind his head, folding one leg over the other as his boot waves up and down.

"Liebling is this not exciting?! Just you and I, under the guise as adventurers! We have completed our first assignment and I truly believe we did a splendid job~."

You nod with a smile as you pat the pillow in your lap, and he is quick to nestle his head into it. You toy with his hat as he adjusts, and he sighs in enjoyment.

"Yeah I think we did great! Other than me uh, you know. Elbowing you in the gut and trying to run for my life." He giggles with you as you lean back, tucking your legs under his body. You pull away to run your hands through your hair as you inhale, closing your eyes as you rest against the cold wood of the headboard.

"Winterberry...I-I know it wasn't traditional per se but...did..did you take pleasure in today?"

Don't say you're not done taking pleasure in today.

Don't say it.

You clear your throat as you scratch at your neck, glancing down as he buries himself further in the pillow. You take a moment to reflect on the day, and despite the spiders...

It was a lot of fun.

You look away as you scratch harder, stubby nails biting into your skin as you flush.

"Y-yeah I had a blast to be frank with you. D-Did you have fun?"

He places both hands on the bed and lifts himself up so that he can look at you as he speaks. He watches you for a second, savoring the color that's creeping over your face.

"Ja meine dame! Immensely so! However I...I do believe there is still a task I must fulfill at hand. My duties for the day have yet to be completed~." His voice is syrupy as he leans in, crawling over you.

"Duty...?" You swallow as he places a firm hand on the head board, his head close to yours as he towers over you.

"Mhmm." He murmurs, and his free hand trails a finger over your jawline. ".Holly," he chokes out nervously, before returning to his amorous tone. "If I recollect correctly, did you not desire for me to
accurately display to you the sensation of our coupling? I am still, very much so inclined to do so.”

You nod in recollection of the day, swallowing under the pressure of his sexuality.

The wanted pressure of his sexuality.

You reach your hands to his face, and press the soft passion of your fingers into his skin. You drag them down gently, imprinting to him how you felt over the day. He’s smooth, and your touchings pull a tender sound from his oval mouth. He’s warm, heat radiating from him like a furnace in his passions and desires.

“I did say that, didn’t I?” You say through a grin, and as the words ring in his ears you lift to kiss his chin.

You nibble and pull although there’s no give, and he whines in want. The hand not bracing himself upon the headboard searches for yours, fingers dancing over the comforter in a desperate hunt.

He finds you, as you find him. Fingers interlace in a mutual promise, something you both swear to each other under the pretense of no words.

Something louder than words.

An invisible bond.

“Holly...Ich liebe dich.” He breathes hard, the warm rush of his words wafting over your face as he grips at your hand.

“What does that mean?” You embrace under his chin, working your lips down to his throat. His Adam’s apple trembles as he struggles to swallow. You look towards him curiously as if his face could reveal anything...

And you giggle kindly.

He’s a soft hue of pink.

“Winterberry I...c-can I show you?”

He chokes. He chokes on his inability to tell what he believes the physical manifestation of the word love to be. How does he tell her, who is made but nothing of the word, what she is?

She’s more than the word.

More than the emotion.

Her eyes sparkle as if they’re made of something rarer than celestial uranium. She looks at him as if she might return his hope, and again, he stares at himself through her.

It has always been her.
The 42nd lays under him, her eyes leaving his to trail the beauty of her lips onto his face once more. He craves her as one does red meat when low on iron.

Deficient.

Devoid of love, care, attention.

Unless it is her.

The hot pangs of desire flow uncomfortably fast to his loins, stretching the material around his groin. He seethes as he forgets his place, and it's as if she’s instead the teacher.

Showing him instead what love is.

Because she defines the word.

He follows her lead carefully as she adjusts, and her head lays in a red storm of her victorious curls. She’s in a crown of her own roses as her eyes again, steal his breath away.

“Tell me!” She giggles, her laughter the chorus of flower petals as she tries to tickle his chest with her petite hands.

Who is he to deny her? His own chuckle comes off of his tongue as he leans into her, rocking a teasing of his hips into hers.

“Haaaa..Ja meine dame..I want too..” He leads with his voice, his vulgar thoughts racing as he imagines what’s to come. That every time feels like the first time.

God does he savor that color on her face. She looks at him with cornea so white it washes out all colors; Her smile crooked with a wrinkled nose. She giggles nervously as her clothes fade in a shimmer of translucent glitter, and her hand returns to again to touch him on more levels than just physical. He adjusts to set comfortably between her legs, raising up to pet the smooth of her supple thighs.

It has to be magic that ignites within him the fire that travels through his veins as he catches her sweet and lightly parting labia in his gaze. He gasps adoringly, and quicker than she likes he’s moving a finger down her slit.

“Liebling! Why, you are pink!”

She looks down to see his finger slipping through her petals, and he watches as her face matches the color of her pretty pussy.

“Is-Is that okay..?”

Her face twists with concern, and her brows furrow. At the same time his heart travels through his blood at a million miles a minute, and he feels high as his finger swims in her paradise. The heat is exhausting, and he stifles his moaning from how fucking nice she feels down there.

He answers her by moving his head down to her breasts, tongue unfurling to flick over her pebbled buds. His chest throbs with the hard pangs of his heart, and she travels down his spine with a moan so soft he believes he’s floating.

He relaxes against her as his finger slides up and down her now slippery folds, and his nails disappear. Her lips kiss at his finger with the cloying scent of her arousal and the silk of her
excitement. All the while she wiggles left and right, gasping and sighing at his gentle ministrations.

Does he really make her feel this good? His manhood aches with a deep seated throb whenever she makes a sound, and he groans in want of having every inch of himself inside of her. Her heart flutters through her breasts as he laps at them, and he trails his tongue between them to feel the pulse. It pounds for him just under her oh so creamy skin, and the pace quickens when he twirls over her.

Where the others would think of her power, he only thinks of her love.

Her hands grip at as his shoulders, and he feels as her fingers dig through the material of his uniform to stamp into his skin. Her eyes are hooded with the same pain in his loins, and in a flash of a moment their faces are pressed against each other, tongues hungry for one another.

She pulls on him as he does her. He moves languidly against her, removing his hand from her sex to press his still clothed member against her mound. He rubs and slicks his pants in her arousal, desperate to feel something of her heat against his needy cock. She whines against his tongue, and the vibration tickles his throat. He nods feverishly as he presses his forehead against hers, sliding his tongue away.

"Ich sehne mich auch nach dir, mein Schatz..." He breathes heavily.

"I don't know what that means," She laughs, and he intakes her air as she releases it from the beauty of her lips. "But I want you just as badly."

His cock throbs seemingly in rhythm of her words, and as he unzips himself his heavy manhood slaps against her sex. His tip is slick and weeping with the sheer want of her, and his arousal dribbles to unite with her own. He sinks in her as the bed of roses she is as he eagerly pokes and prods into her.

As she arches her back he slides more of him inside than intended, and her body curves in tempo with her elated moan. "That feels so nice.." she sighs, and as an added response her legs lock around his back. She crosses her feet together, and presses on him for more.

"Lie-Liebling you are so tight...!" He gasps, slipping into her to sit flush with her plump petals. For a moment he doesn't know what to do with his hands as he soaks in heaven, toes curling in his boots.

"Ahhahaha... Mhh..You're so...!"

Deep. Deep is the connection he feels he has with her as she cries out, his hands remembering they exist as he wraps them around her head. His thumbs run over her eyebrows as he stares down at her, cock luxuriating in her pulsing heat. The soft and bristly hairs tickle his fingers as he pets her lovingly, staring at her so intimately and openly. Her eyes pierce his own with their flickering green arcana, and once again, with just a look, she's running down each and every one of his vertebrae as if he's pavement.

His preferences of taste now include cherries, chocolates, and caramel. The chocolate and caramel he enjoys from her mouth at this moment, as she still tastes of it from earlier in the night. He slips and slides out of her mouth with his tongue at the same pace he rocks his hips, and she draws on him with equal fervor. Everything about her is almost tear jerkingly sentimental and sweet to him.

She sucks on his tongue with reckless abandon, tiny fists gripping his vest as she grinds back on him with the same need for release that he has. He struggles mentally to keep himself grounded as she clenches around him with such a rush of intent that he's fucking down into her with thrusts so deep he feels he could lose himself in her. Is lost in her.
His vision hazes as the pleasure begins to take over his mind, and soon she's choking around his
tongue as she spasms with a cry so beautiful that she blots him out before his climax. Her scent
clouds his senses with everything sweet like that of ambrosia, and every action that comes from her
in this moment implores him desperately for his seed.

His last thoughts before he explodes like a stick of dynamite is how much he loves her. Loves her for
who she is, what she is, how she is. Does she know that when she finds something really funny she
hiccups exactly three obnoxious giggles? That when she's nervous, if she doesn't have her sword to
fiddle with she instead focuses on her hair? That when she cries, her tears aren't the only part of her
that shimmers like the vault?

How does he tell the woman he loves so, that he believes to be the word...

What love means? When she's made of nothing but love?

His hips jerk into hers as he releases deep within her, spilling his essence against the elegant curve of
her cervix. That he cuddles into with a desperate push of his groin, moaning into her mouth in a
babble of mixed words and grunts. As he keeps himself still his cock continues to overflow inside of
her. She rocks her hips against him with a song of her own, sighing as she milks him. All the while
he stares at her, hands still cradling her face as his fingers shake in the throes of bliss. He shudders
when her green eyes fade from his vision, and she's replaced with a halo of stars.

The last burst of his orgasm steals away his sights, and he pants in the afterglow of his powerful
climax. She relaxes as he does, and with clumsy and wobbling thighs her legs part and fall from his
back with an exhausted gasp. He fades in and out of existence for a time, and soon he's slicked in the
beauty of her sweat as he lays in break on her chest. Her heart beat slows to a calm pulse that soothes
his temples, and just as again the world slips to nothing...

She's giggling. Her breasts press against his head as soft clouds, and he lovingly nudges one of them.
She's maternal in the way her hands stroke just under his cap, and it's here he believes he can fool
himself that she might love him too...

"D-does Ishch Leeba deek mean I'm gonna rock your world? Cause you can totally ishch leeba deek
me again tomorrow, and the next day, and the next day..."

Her voice is tired, but airy and like that of an angel granting a wish. He looks up to her face to see
her leaned back, eyes closed, nostrils flaring every few seconds. Her hair is wild and splayed out like
a field of red wheat, and close to her scalp her threads are darkened damp from pleasure and
exhaustion. Once again her hands find his at exactly the same time that he went to search for hers.

"Ja Winterberry....something like that."
Thank you for your Kudos, Bookmarks, and Comments!

Tumblr

Deviantart
You are going to smother him with a pillow if he wakes you up one more time to read you this really interesting part of this one novel that you really do not give a shit about. Where you fell asleep after having sex, he slithered away to grab those books he gathered from earlier. Which he has already read five of the six of them, and is now devouring the next one like a child with a coloring magazine for the first time.

Unfortunately you are now awake however, unable to roll back into slumber because everything is interesting to him. You grunt in affirmation as he talks, and just when you think the sound of his voice might put you back to sleep...

He startles the shit out of you with his bravado for no reason. At all. He just gets excited and starts talking louder. Normally you think it is cute, but right now?

Not so much.

You are grumpy, you want to go back to sleep, and for some reason your stomach hurts.

"Keep it down, you're going to wake Henry up." You say with a yawn, and you do your best to hide your irritation with him. You run a hand through your hair, fingering away dried daffodil petals with a sense of care. They're all but gone and dead, but the petals still feel soft despite their crumpled texture. You groan as the sun starts to rise, casting a glare through the window that almost blinds you on sight. You quickly toss the duvet over your face with squinted eyes.

"Pffft, he is most certainly unconscious from gratuitous alcohol consumption meine dame. Besides! Liebling, did you know that the townspeople have come up with fictitious heroes and villains for
entertainment? It says here that they are quite fond of a group of thirteen that fought against a dragon! A dragon! Haha, the humans are quite the dreamers~" 

You grunt in agreement once more, and position yourself in a way that the sun doesn't steal your sight on contact. As you shift about your stomach gurgles, and what follows the sound is a gasp of pain through your lips. Your hand shoots down to your lower stomach as if someone is twisting a knife around in your intestines, and you breathe out a shallow breathe.

You don't see it, but you hear it as Pandora pinches his book closed with two fingers. The bed shifts slightly as he turns your way, and his hand places itself softly on your shoulder.

"Holly..?" He asks cautiously, quietly. His fingers press down from your shoulder to your forearm in concern. He rubs slowly as his head tilts your way as you wince again, and he gives you a light shake with a push of his palm.

"Winterberry?"

You don't answer him, because you think you're about to die. You're busy choking on your heart, unable to swallow the pulsing organ down as you realize what's going on. You feel as if your brain is floating just outside of your skull as you move like lightning to look to the side and away. For a moment you see double, followed by a gush of unity flooding free from between your legs. You know that when coupling with Pandora he fires off like Mt. St. Helens, but that was hours ago.

This is different, and this is why you want to die. 

You should just die.

Crawl under a rock and live there the rest of your life.

Bye bye Nazarick, hello bottom of the ocean under a boulder.

Your legs squeeze shut as you hold back a whimper, and you realize a few things.

Well, at least you are not pregnant. You had not even thought of that.

Can you get pregnant? You have been gleefully fucking Pandora and Demiurge without thinking of any consequences. You are all of different races, and according to Demiurge's findings it is exceedingly difficult to produce offspring between mixed species. That it is possible through his recent means of experimentation, something you would rather put to the back of your mind.

You do not like remembering that Demiurge is sadistic and loves what he does.

Oh god, now you have to not only find a way to tell Pandora it is that time of the month, but now you are going to need to find a way to talk to Demiurge about contraceptives and if you need them.

Fuck.

How do you tell him you need to create greater tampon?

Can you get STDS?!

Holy shit!

Thankfully you and Pandora were virgins, but what about Demiurge? No, he's way too clean and cautious for anything like that. The man always smells like smoke and cologne, and more often than not his skin has a halo of bar soap still lingering on him.
Fuck he always smells nice.

...What kind of STDS exist?

Pandora says your name a bit louder this time, but you're too busy burning a hole in the Cottage's flooring as you think of what sexually transmitted diseases might exist in this new world.

Octopussy?

Octodick?!?

"Liebli--"

"Hey! Maybe y-you should go check on Henry? You said it was possible that he's passed out, he might need help! Yeah, that's a great idea! You should totally go and check on him!" You blast out in a desperate attempt to manipulate him out of the room.

As if God was laughing at you through the home owners foot steps, Henry walks by your room with a stumbling of his feet. In his drunken stupor he hits the wall like a bag of meat slapping against a cutting board. He curses as he gathers himself up, and continues his gradual descent into madness and makes his way back to his room. Or the bathroom. One of the two.

"Or not." You wrinkle your nose hatefully, because that was your one master plan. Pandora is just as needy as you are, and isn't going to leave you unless it's for a damn good reason. Further proof of this comes to you as he begins to wrap his arms around you, pulling you closer. You ball up the comforter to cover yourself in a desperate attempt to hide as he nuzzles you.

"Do not fret over him my darling.~ He is more worried about finding the washroom than he is himself..." His voice trails off as he presses more of himself into you. With an impressive shift he cuddles into your neck, and his tongue lulls out to slick your pulse with wet affection. Your eyes flutter at the contact, and your center curls with sexual appetite.

Oh no it'd get on his uniform, and he would be so grossed out!

With a mad scramble of your hands you push him away, hiding your reluctance. You try to swallow and only succeed in doing so with an incredibly sour taste in your mouth. With wide eyes you try to find words, but before you can speak his shoulders slump as if he's a puppet been cut of his strings. His hands slip away quickly, and his fingers tap against each other with nervous energy.

"I-I am exceedingly sorry meine dame..! I-I was not thinking clearly I--"

"No! It's okay! I want too, I just, I uh..can't. Not right now." You could have sworn you had just sucked on a balloon full of helium as you squeaked out your words. Your nostrils flare as you breathe, staring at him as if he has the answers. You grip the blanket tighter, and your neck starts to itch as you grow red with embarrassment.

He whimper as one of his hands desperately plead for yours, fingers dragging on the top of your hand. "W-winterberry I did not hurt you did I?! I-I was too rough! You are too delicate and I should, I-I was selfish, I--!"

"Pandora no! Th-That's not it! I really like how you...!", you turn away again, eyes darting back and forth. Why is it equally as difficult to tell him that you like when he goes jackhammer on you? Everything is beginning to tighten as if you're head is between two sheets of metal, slowly crushing your skull. Your teeth feel like loose screws in a wall as you grit down, and you think you're holding your breathe but you're not sure...
"Ahaha..I..um. Ja, Winterberry! That is truly beneficial knowledge to have and I will keep that locket of information in mind!" Thankfully he now sounds like he has been sucking on helium, because his voice comes out strained and high pitched as well. His words fell from his mouth as if he hadn't had the time to jumble dice, and instead rolled them as soon as they hit his hand.

You nod as you finally breathe, and breathing seems to heighten the pressure. You pull your bottom lip into your mouth to chew on, and you look over to him without moving your head. You let go of the blanket with your hand, and your knuckles pop and crack. They ache from gripping the sheets with an iron grip. You fiddle with your hair, pulling strands over your mouth and wrapping them around different fingers.

"...I'm..." you start with a whisper, and he emboldens you by nudging your other hand to let go of the blanket. The blanket falls and reveals your bare chest, flooding down to pool in folds and pleats in your lap.

What is the worst that is going to happen? It is not like he is going to slap you and tell you he hates you.

But what if he does?!

"onmyperiod." Whoever placed your head in the vise has set you free, because as you whisper the words hastily you feel a rush of relief. You look at him through hooded eyes, and he tilts his head as he speaks.

"Period?"

And now your whole body has been thrust between two cinder blocks, and you're being crushed to death. It's truly amazing how intelligent yet naive and dense he is. You stare at him dumbfounded, and your hand goes limp in his as you can feel the color slipping away from your skin. You feel like a ghost about to leave your own body, and fade away...

"Ohh! Liebling are you menstruating?"

Your soul sucks back into your body through the wide oval of your own mouth as you gasp. Air floods your lungs coldly despite the warmth of the room, and your heart beat hastens under the pressure of utter mortification. You toss his hand back at him as you steam like a kettle, furrowing your brows with a complimenting crinkled nose.

"Ew! Don't say it like that!"

"O-Oh, uh, U-understood. Winterberry, it is..a completely natural occurrence for women to...have their period? It is nothing to be ashamed of." He speaks sweetly, his voice reassuring as he seeks you for physical contact again. You turn your nose away as he chuckles, noticing that you're not fighting him off as he slides you over to him.

"Is that why you do not wish to make lo--err, copulate? I have read time and time again that the action actually aids in the stress that a..period..puts on a damsels body."

"Well...yes. It's gross...," You pout as you turn to face him, and you nearly bump his cap. "Where did you read that?"

"Ashurbanipal has many novels on anatomy and erotica." He says with a breathy sigh. One of his long fingers circle around your navel curiously as his other hand slides up and down the curve of your waist.
"You...don't mind?" You look down to watch as he trails the outline of your breasts with a finger. He drags it along your skin sensually as if he was an artist using a paintbrush. You watch with eyes of desire, hoping that he'll run his hands closer to the peaks of your breasts.

"Mmm, nein. Not in the least bit, Holly. You are an exquisite woman and I am not but a simple man caught in your resplendence." Just as his finger goes to rub against your now stiffened nipple he teases away. He cups your soft bosom with his palm under one breast, fingers tickling under the other. Everywhere he touches feels like a small firework going off against your skin, and your left with a series of shivers.

"You're nasty.." you flush as you play off his physical vexing, that he's not getting a rise out of you. Even though he most certainly is, and his amorous chuckling lets you know that he knows he has you.

"You remark on that often Winterberry, I have taken notice! Aha mademoiselle, I am coming to the understanding that you rather enjoy it, do you not?" His index fingers lifts to gently brush against the pebbled bud of your left breast, strumming up and down gently as if he was feeling the strings of a harp.

You press into him and he pulls away, sweeping his hand up to ripple his fingers over your neck. You run your tongue over your lips to stifle your want and disappointment.

"I think it's funny how forward you become when you're horny." You eye him playfully with a raised eyebrow, and you snort a bit in pride.

"Mmm, I could say the same about you meine liebe." Your lips curl back the same way you do as you shrink down to hide your blushing. Your spine tingles with the phantom feeling of a tail desperately trying to wrap around something in search of comfort.

Your eyes brighten as you dart back to him with a winning grin. You point at him accusingly as you shimmy your shoulders. Your hair falls forward as you giggle matter of factually, the threads of amber red and crimson honey covering your chest.

"Hey, I still haven't seen you naked."

As if it were a command Pandora's hand leaves your neck, and with the same flick of the wrist you do when accessing your inventory...

He's naked. Stark naked.

_Holy shit he's so pale!_

He catches your wide eyes staring, and he sings loudly as he falls back into the bed.

"I know Winterberry, I am just too much! It is simply unfair that my creator made myself as handsome as he did!" He tosses a hand to his head, fingers at his forehead as he displays himself as if he were a crown jewel.

You would laugh, especially because as he did so his cock bounced and slapped loudly against his stomach. However you are too intrigued by how weird he looks. Without hesitation you lean forward, drinking in his physique as he purrs lovingly.

You rest a hand on his chest as you approach him, running your other hand over where his nipples would be if he had them. He's smooth, and as you drag your fingers over his skin you take notice
that it doesn't flush when your press.

"Are all doppelgangers like this?" You ask, not expecting an answer. He's a complete blank slate. He has no belly button either, and you think it's cute that he also only has four toes on each of his feet.

"Physically? I believe so. However my love, I am a greater~ doppelganger. I am a man of many faces and many forms!" He chirps happily as you straddle his stomach, and his manhood nudges one of your butt cheeks. His hands guide your curves as you sit on top of him.

"Is that why you have four fingers instead of three?" You lean forward slightly with a kind smile, eyes giving him permission as one of his hands slip away to grab his member.

"Ja Liebling! Among Doppelgangers it is a sign o-of...ahhh .power and..mhhh s-status.." He groans as you sit back slowly onto the tip of his cock, wedging him inside with a wet suck. His hands palm your ass as you slowly rock back and forth, fingers curling down and gripping at your supple skin. You take him in slowly, feeling as he works you open with his own gentle thrusts.

"Oooh..y-you feel like you are on fire, Schätzchen." He sighs with pleasure, pressing deeper inside with a soft press of his thighs. His hands pull at you with a sense of greed when you rest only half way down his length, and you giggle playfully as he lets out a disappointed groan.

"Eager?" You tease, reaching a hand towards his face. You still remember him playing with your breasts earlier, and you eye him as such. You lift with his chest as he intakes a large breathe of air, which he then blows your way as he sits up with an arch of his back. You shake your head as it lightly tousles your hair around.

"You just feel so very good Winterberry, I--Nhugggg W-What is wrong..?" You raise your hips and he slides out with a confused whine. His fingers stamp desperately with a dance into your backside as he whimpered, his manhood hitting his stomach with a wet smack.

You lower to rest your petals on top of him, and he swells impossibly with a hearty throb of his tool as you do so. He doesn't press back into you, but instead gently sways his member through your folds in needy arousal. "Pandora, do you..want to try something different?" You bring the left side of your lip into your mouth, biting down softly as you look at his face.

"I-I want to try everything with you.." He moans from his throat, and his fingers lift to pull on your flesh from your ass to the top of your shoulders. He moves them up and down like small oceanic tremors, waves of his touches kissing each of the vertebrae on your back.

"I want to try everything with you too, Pandora." You parrot his tone softly as you reach further up, palming the smooth of his head. You pet lovingly for a moment, until his body language begins to speak to you that he's aching for more. His thigh muscles tense as he stifles his urges, and when he swallows his Adams apple jerks up and down.

"C-can we...this? But..um...backwards.." He sits up excitedly as he speaks, and you tuck your legs in as he rotates you around.

"Ja Liebling, certainly! I-I would enjoy that very much..!" You laugh at his enthusiasm, shocked at how quickly your legs are hooked over his, how fast he's already slipping his tip back inside of you.

The room wreaks of sex, but you don't care. The scent invades your nose and as you breathe it in you press the back of your head into his chest. It smells like the both of you, and at one point you thought it was gross when he said you smelled lovely...
But now you like the sexual aroma as well.

"C-can I...?" He pleads with another groan. He places one hand on top of your right thigh with a firm press. His other hand grips yours, fingers pushing forcefully to interlace with your own. He's barely slid into you, and with one wrong move he'd pop out and have to realign himself.

You look down with a gulp and a wince, and wonder how all of that actually fits inside of you...

But it feels so fucking good. The way he spreads you on his first initial thrust almost always makes your eyes water. As you nod to say yes, before you can say the word, he feels it in the shake of your head. His hips jolt up in a frenzy, and his thighs begin to slap against yours loudly as he strokes in and out of your sex.

You cry out for him with your own delicious gasp, and your eyes flutter as he pounds into your core. It's almost enough to make you tear up in ecstasy as he hits strongly into your sweet spot. He encourages your moaning with his own, and soon the room is filled with heat, need, and passion.

Your labia is pushed and pulled with every thrust of his manhood, your nether lips following him as he fucks you with a sense of strength and power. Where his chest and stomach are relatively smooth with minimal musculature, his legs look like they're carved from marble slabs. You babble unintelligibly as he slides in and out with growing force, cock slick with your heat and arousal.

"To-too mhh...much?" He grunts out through a pant. His head wetly presses next to yours as he places himself cheek to cheek with you. Your sweat mixes with his as your hair mats to his face. He slows for a moment, until you shake your head.

"N-n-no!" You gasp out as his rhythm picks up, and soon you can't keep up with his pace. The hand on your thigh digs into your skin to keep you in place as you rebound against him. Long fingers press and pull at your creamy flesh, imprinting the padding of his digits into you. You swell wherever he grips, and your body reacts with glistening sweat and pulsing heed.

You refuse to look down as you feel the superfluous amounts of sexual fluids coating your thighs, along with his. That it's more than that, but right now you would rather not think about it as the hand holding yours lifts to rest at your stomach. His lengthy fingers press with your hand into your belly as if he could possibly feel himself coursing through you. He grips at your hand feverishly, and with a hot moan he lets you know that he's growing close.

You squeeze back in acknowledgement, only, you did not quite understand how close he was. He begins to stutter and his tongue unfurls out to desperately flick around your chest. Before you can make a joke that him extending his tongue is equally erotic and creepy, his hips jerk with a sudden jolt into yours. Saliva dribbles off of his tongue as he hangs his head lazily beside yours, and you can feel it as his cock shudders deep inside of you. He releases with familiar heavy spurts of his seed, grinding languidly into you as he sits flush with your sex.

"Ich liebe dich so sehr, mein Liebling.." He sighs in rapture, dragging his tongue flatly back and up into his mouth. His thighs tremble as he relaxes fully, his panting subsiding for more predictable yet still shallow breathing.

"H-How do you say towel in German?" You ask meekly as you look down, and it looks like a crime scene investigation should take place.

"Huh...? O-oh! Jaja, hahaha...." He reaches up the hand on your thigh, fingers slipping into a swirling void. You giggle when you realize he's still in afterglow, and quite lazily he retrieves a dark purple cloth. As he reaches it down gently to your sex you snatch it up from him with a gasp and
"Pandora! This is nice! I said a towel, not something you'd use as a wall tapestry!"

"Winterberry, one does not polish world items with just a towel." He retorts back, which then causes the both of you to tug back and forth on the silk cloth.

"Give me that!"

"Nein."

"Gimme!"

"Nein!"

You win when you bring both hands up, yanking it from between his fingers with a cry of victory. You hold it to your chest as if it's precious and valuable, because it is! It's soft and silky, and should not be used to clean up sex and other things.

"Winterberry! I have been disarmed! This is truly uncanny, how ever will I succeed in this duel?!!" He cries out with a boast of confidence and energy. His right arm tenses around your body as if it were a lock bar on a roller coaster, and his once relaxed thighs tighten as if they were made of adamantite. He brings his other hand up to your face, and slowly waves his fingers back and forth with a happy sigh.

"Good thing my creator made sure that I am always prepared for war."

You cock up an eyebrow and turn to face him, wondering what the hell he's going on about.

"What are you going on abOUT?!" You screech with a flail of your legs, his member plopping out of your sex as you writhe. He keeps you caged to his chest with joyful laughing, his fingers tickling your sides and belly.

You wheeze, cry, beg, and even offer to give him the damn silky towel back.

You are stuck however, because each time he only laughs louder.

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It might be too much of a formality, but sending word to the guardians remaining at Nazarick to meet him for casual council within two hours made him feel at ease. He had always been one for punctuality and courtesy, and at least that had transferred with him to this new world.

Everything had been taken care of for the day thanks to the due diligence of Albedo's continued hard work. He had the exact count of goods and exchanges from the plantation, knew of Cocytus's growing relationship with the Lizard men, hell, she even remade his bed and spritzed it with a floral perfume.

He did not even need to sleep, and yet, it had been done.

His fingers tap in rhythm against his desk while the flavor of guilt coats his non existent tongue. His feelings are in reverse of his old self it seems, and yet, it's all surreal. As if he had always been this way.

Maybe he had been.

It was possible that his anxieties were just that.

And yet...

It would be nice to feel something.
Something he could not afford the luxury of. Not with the introduction of World Items becoming like that of nuclear weapons in this new world.

No, it was not just that.

It was something he did not have. Not anymore.

Maybe..he never did.

If the taste of sour was an emotion, his bones were slicked in it.

There are two parts of him that feel remorse as Shalltear arrives. One part, is that she has not been herself since being possessed by the world item. The other part?

Is that she has not been *herself* since she has been possessed.

It is an odd set of emotions that conflict him as she sighs romantically before bending down on one knee. That at the time he is thankful that she is not throwing herself at him...

He also worries that his lack of foresight has affected her. That it did, affect her.

"Thank you for coming Shalltear. As expected, you are always prompt." Ainz says with a gesture of his hand. Her eyes light up with a fiery passion at his words, eager, hungry for anything from the leader of the supreme beings.

"Of course Lord Ainz! I will always come first, as it is my duty as the first floor guardian after all." She beams, and Ah. There it is. Maybe he was wrong...

"Surely the others will take their sweet time getting here, as usual," She says with a sneer, which is then quickly replaced with a crooked smile. Shalltears cold face flushes as she saunters forward. "My Lord, that will leave me with plenty of time to service you should you wish it so!"

He was wrong.

"Th-That won't be necessary, Shalltear." He says with a shake of his head, looking away from her as she pouts.

True to form as the angel she appears as Albedo walks in with the twins. She's kind in the way that she holds the door open for them, smiling softly as they scurry in. Aura with a laugh so brash and happy he himself can feel a phantom smile pull at his jaw bone. And Mare, ever clutching his staff and walking in on hushed feet as if he was in trouble.

He would never have children of his own.

He didn't want or need them.

Not when he had perfection in the form of the 6th floor guardians.

She is truly a matriarch, he thinks as the door closes behind Albedo with a gentle flow of her raven hair. It suits her well to be the overseer of the guardians. Does she know that she comes by it so naturally? Had Tabula intended on making her so accommodating and...

Her golden eyes glow with the fury of a maelstrom of cosmic fire as she joins his right side. Before he can say anything she is already yelling at the top of her lungs, screeching louder than his [Cry of the banshee] spell that the twins should know their place. Immediately they fall to their knees like a crashing set of dominoes.
"Thank you all for coming," He clears his throat, choosing to ignore Albedo's typical outburst. He's grown accustom to it, much to his distaste. "I wanted to speak with you all about what I have in store involving Sebas."

Eyes once hardened by what she believed to be treason, are now soft as goose down. "Yes My beloved lord Ainz. I have made sure to keep in constant contact with both Sebas and Solution." As Albedo speaks her gloved hand lifts, white silk shimmering as she raises a mirror of remote viewing. With a few delicate waves of her hand the mirror reveals a fish eye view of the Re Estize capital.

Ainz points with a flow of robes towards the bottom corner of the mirror. As if she were stroking the head of an infant, Albedo's hand moves once more. The image shown on the mirror is that of a pale yellow mansion with too many windows and not enough inhabitants.

"Sebas lays under cover in E-Rantel searching for clues or the whereabouts as to who might have used the world item on Shalltear." Shalltear's eye glaze over in recollection, and he makes a mental note to try to find time to spend some time with her. That or he could get Holly to spend some needed time with her. They both should spend more time with her. With all of the guardians.

Well, if he couldn't feel anything, at least his close friend could.

Speaking of which..

"That reminds me. I have Holly and Pandora's Actor stationed in E-Rantel as well. Holly will also be adapting a pseudo name as I have done with Momon the adventurer." For a moment, the room hushes with a subtle 'Uwah' at his creations name. He stifles his embarrassment as Albedo croons her neck in a way that lets him know what she thinks of his NPC.

"The lame guy with the yellow jacket?" Aura snickers, until she's been given a death glare by Albedo.

"Errr, yes. Although distasteful with his garish personality Pandora's Actor makes for an excellent companion to Holly. With her abilities and traits concealed at the moment he can operate as both guardian and intelligence agent." He finishes, leaning back into his chair for some form of comfort. The room feels cold as he swims in his own paranoia.

What could they be thinking of him right now?!

How could they stay loyal when he made that.

He holds back from cradling his head, and instead waves his bony index finger in a swiping motion to the left. The mirror's image ripples as colors blend together, the landscape changing to hover over a small cottage.

"Well I could have easily went with Lady Holly and guarded her! Why does everyone else get to spend time with her and not me?" Shalltear huffs as she places her hands on her petite waist. Her brows furrow as she looks towards Ainz, and then towards the mirror.

"Is that where she's at now? Lord Ainz, may I request that I take the place of Pandora's Actor?" Shalltear leans forward, leaning on the desk with hopeful eyes and fluttering lashes. Too bad that does not work on him. He would admit in a way it was cute, but that was it.

"Did-Didn't Lady Holly...request Pandora's A-Actor?" Mare blinks a few times, thumbs moving up and down his staff Shadow of Yggdrasil. Shalltear's head almost snaps off of her neck as she turns to face him, wearing a scowl that would make the very word scorn blush.
As Aura sticks out her tongue towards Shalltear, before she can retort, Albedo ends the scuffle. "Command yourselves accordingly in the presence of the leader of the supreme beings."

The room hushes, and just for a moment, the voices of his guardians blend with that of his old guild mates.

The heart that does not exist within him pulses, and the laugh that comes from his soul is rich.

"It is fine, honestly," His chuckle fades with his recollection of his old clan, and left with the warmth of nostalgia he sighs. "Now then, yes. That is where they are currently stationed. I have required that Pandora's Actor contact me daily with news of their status."

Albedo's hand reaches towards him, her palm upturned as she beseeches his hand. "Lord Ainz, shall we see how Lady Holly is doing? It would put us at ease to have the knowledge that she is safe outside of Nazarick."

There's a unanimous hum of approval that follows her words, and he too would agree that he was curious to understand how she was doing. Without access to communication with her other than Pandora's Actor, he was unsure of how Holly was doing outside of the great tomb.

Was she happy?

Had she been able to practice any of her magic?

He hated to admit it, but he would only gather what Intel was necessary from his creation before cutting him off. Dealing with Pandora's Actor was more than what he wanted to handle at the moment, and was grateful that Holly had taken him away from the tomb for the time being. He would much rather carry these conversations out with her directly, but given the circumstances he had to work around the delicate situation of his ego.

Momonga nods, placing his heavy hand in Albedo's. Her smile is warm, inviting. He again, wishes that there was someway....

As the Mirrors image purls as a calm pond to reveal the inside of the cottage, he feels as if his jaw is going to snap off and crash to his desk. A darker void than even he, the undead king of Nazarick can muster suddenly threatens to swallow him whole.

The mirror drops to the floor with a crash of shattering glass, dispersing into many shimmering and bouncing motes of light.

Albedo squeezes his hand, and turns to him with a face so pink that he would swear she was the 8th floor guardian.

Mare drops his staff, his hands quick to cover his flustered face. All the while his sister points and laughs, chest heaving.

Shalltear wales something unintelligibly with an outburst of obscene gestures, crying out about fairness in the world.

Seeing his close friend, apprentice, and second in command to the Great Underground Tomb of Nazarick take his NPC's manhood up the ass was the last thing he wanted to see today.

*God damn it Holly.*
You are learning rather quickly that "I" means "We" with Pandora's Actor.

I want that, means we want that.

I need to go pee, means no, you can not sit next to me while I'm on the toilet, go away.

I need a shower, means we need a shower.

Which, is where you are right now. Cramped in this tiny shower, where the knob either turns to make the water scalding hot or colder than Nifelheim in winter.

You had told him once that it was something you were interested in, and he had not forgotten. Somewhere between lifting the leg he's now holding up and his fingers gently curling around the taught ring of muscle he asks if you are still curious.

"Mhhh...Winterberry it is very taboo.." He says with a heeded whisper, fingers tasting with pruned padding and desire.

You simply nod as you look down, relaxing in preparation as he gently rubs in feather light circles. He halts his languid thrusts into your sex, resting in the luxury of your pulsing heat as he massages his index finger against your backside.

Every few seconds the shower head sputters with a rush of water, before slowly returning to releasing a steady stream. The warmth helps you further to soften into his touchings as he uses your dripping arousal to slip the tip of his finger into you.

"..Is this indulgent for you too my love? I do not want to continue if...Oooh...Ngh.." He moans softly through his coaxing as you sway your hips onto him, his finger pressing further. He keeps his hand steady, but slowly pulls his manhood out of your sex with a heavy slop of sticky threads and juices.

"Is it..is it okay if we go slow?" You swallow as he murmurs a quiet "Ja.." before continuing to gently insert more of his lengthy digit into you. He works carefully, his finger sliding in deeper as you relax once more.

Another finger dips playfully into your sex, swimming around in creamy silk and the heated waters of the shower. He works his two middle fingers in tandem with one another, testing a variety of movements as he stares at you so intimately. He adapts quickly to the tempo that you like, only slipping in a second finger when you whisper for more.

It's tight, and the feeling is heavy and full. A pool of warmth drops to your sex as you melt into his stroking. All the while he defines soft. His words, his fingering, his breathing.

Air slips through his fingers as they stretch and pet with an increased pace. His digits are quickly bond together as you squeeze him. Your shoulders tighten, and your small breasts wobble with a shake of water as you seize up.

"I-I'm sorry...!" You whisper through your teeth, eyes squeezed shut as you turn your head away.
The shower head sputters again, spitting a rush of hot water over your face. Pandora's fingers wiggle inside of you playfully as he leans forward, his tongue extended and flicking over your lips.

"Mhmhm...It is quite natural my love! Liebling, it is just me. You do not have to be sheepish or fretful." He chuckles sweetly, trailing and tasting the outline of your lips.

"It is just me.

You can feel as your whole body flushes at his words. You reach down and run your finger over the slit of his manhood, smearing around beads of his arousal. His cock shivers at the touch, weeping with more fluid. He nudges himself into your hand with a push of his hips, the tip of his member smearing against your palm.

"Can we...you know, you?"

His fingers halt at your words, and his chest rumbles with a purr. He tenderly pulls his fingers out of you, and you sigh in disappointment. They felt amazing, and you already miss the sensation. The hand under your thigh pulls you closer as he bends at the knee, pulling you into his body.

"Winterberry, wrap your legs around my waist." His breath tickles your ear as you're hoisted up. He's a bit clumsy as he adjusts, and your grip on his waist with your legs is shotty at best. He chuckles as you laugh, your legs sliding and slipping around as you try to hold onto him.

He presses you against the wall for leverage, and you dig your knees into his sides. The cool of the tile feels nice against your back as you sigh, but your eyes narrow as you slap the top of Pandora's head playfully.

"Hey! Where did you get that?" You tease as you watch him retrieve a small vial from a turbulence of black in the air. One of your essential oils from your bathroom back at Nazarick are currently pinched between his two middle fingers.

Not only does I mean we, but yours means mine now.

He answers with his tongue, massaging it over yours. He nestles his cock between your lips once more, and with a few rolls of his hips he wedges back into your sex. He breathes deeply as he languidly rocks, whispering an uncanny expletive in relief.

You hold the back of his head as you take seat on him, gently swaying up and down. Water runs through your fingers as you pet the smooth of his bald head with affection. You coo gently into his tongue, and you begin to wonder if this is what making love is truly like..

If perfect was a verb, it would be her. If supreme beings made guardians, what could make something as regal as she?

He would like to find a way to thank such a deity.

"Do you still want to try..." She gulps, and again, her face is the color of her pretty pussy.

It is difficult for him not to lose himself in her, not when she is so inviting, so soft. They have done things together he never dreamed possible with her.
And dreaming was all he used to do.

He pulls out of her sex with a groan, his cock sloppy with their combined juices. Her labia is positively soaked and plump, and it is indulgent to him to grip his member and press against her lips. She embraces the top of his head, the tip of his cock, his very soul.

Why does she, the 42nd...

Why does she want him?

Why does she lo--

It pains him, aches him, nearly destroys him to think that she does not love him. He knows she does not love him.

He is a servant to her and nothing more. He is lucky, the damn luckiest denizen in Nazarick to be on this level of status with such a supreme being.

*Alas! She is so much more than that!*

He dashes the thoughts away in favor of his sexuality, because on this level, he knows that she at least enjoys him. Here he can fulfill his fantasy to the fullest that she needs him, aches for him, loves him as he does her.

How he loves her so.

The wooden cork of her oils been popped open, and he's pouring it liberally over himself. The substance splashes messily onto her lips, and they glisten as if they were instead made of plush pink crystals.

She dotes on him with hungry eyes and ragged moans. That he sinks into her gaze before he does her backside. That she's so damn accepting of him, peppering his face with kisses as he works into her.

It's different, and it's tighter. Like a vice of velvet that he has to be entirely too delicate with. That he feels he has to be delicate with. She swallows around him as he delves forward, his hands on her waist guiding her down ever so gently. The intense stimulation rockets through his body, his spine curling with the urge to climax already. She is so warm.

She looks so very beautiful stuffed full of his cock, and the image swims in his mind as he stares openly at her. All of her. From the pert, pebbled and peachy buds of her breasts, down all the way to her creamy tear drop entrance. And then him, just ever so slightly below, stroking into her as sparks crawl over his skin.

She flutters around him, muscles tightening as he starts to push and pull rather than just push. His thumbs rub at the smooth of her belly as she nods, breathing hard, tucking her chin down. He watches as she struggles to take him in, feeling it in her body as she tries to focus.

"*Mhhh*, Liebling we can stop, this is not.." He is reluctant, because nghhh, *Gott*. By the supreme beings does she feel so very good! Warmth falls into his stomach as he rolls his hips, and the cloying scent of her mixed with the oils? Ohhh, it has him close. He is high, soaring on the pleasure, the compassion, the eroticism.

"No. I-I really like it..! It's just so m-much, but I feel like I want more." Her words are almost dark with need as she sinks down on him. Adrenaline encases his mind like her ass does him at this
moment, and he squeezes her curves. It takes so much restraint to not spend himself into her, to cram her full of his well endowed self.

Words he can not remember fall out of his mouth as she runs her hands over the back of his head. Is it German? Is it English? Who is he even right now? All he can feel is her, and all he knows right now is her. He can feel her all around him.

She is everything.

When did she start bucking her hips onto him? Is he truly just standing here as she sets the pace, kissing him between the eyes?

His name rolls off of her tongue as if she owns him, and ohh, she does, she does!. She has all of him, and she is about to get a whole lot more. Restraints begin to snap off of him like taut chords being cut, and each stroke into her now is stronger than the last.

Hers, his, their bottle of lubrication runs dry as he runs slick, the vial carelessly tossed out of the shower. Her finger nails rake into his shoulders as he finally sits flush with her, and the tight coil of his climax is getting ready to spring loose.

"W-Winterberry, I am not going to l-last..!" His words almost set him free as his cock twitches with the intent of spilling. He groans and squeezes her curves, stiffening his resolve with a quick flex of his stomach muscles. His thighs feel as if they are working overtime when she grins from ear to ear.

"I want to know what it feels like. Please." She teases, clicking her teeth together. She has grown bolder and he adores it. That there is a sacred level of comfort between the two of them, and she is unafraid, unashamed to show him her sexuality.

What other secrets lay within the temple that is all of her?

He drinks in her words as he watches himself disappear within her. Tighter and tighter, searing hot with warning, he has to know now. "I-Inside..!?" He gasps hopefully, but the chivalrous part of him knows he has to ask.

"Ah, god..yes!" Her back arches, strung back like a bow. His right hand anchors in her hair, taking in a fistful as he fucks her with wanton thrusts. His heart skips like a stone on a lake as his pleasure pools again in his spine. Tighter and tighter, until somewhere between her begging him to cum and him shaking his head yes, he releases. Everything in him goes limp besides his thrumming cock, which spills his heavy load into her.

His hips jolt as she works him over, prompting some of his seed to leak out of her ass. He drowns in the sight as his vision cuts to white for a moment.

Whenever he finishes inside of her, hell, whenever he finishes it is her that makes him see stars. Universes unknown collide in his mind as the last of his cum slips free into her. Glazed over with bliss and the heat of the shower water he drools a bit, but he does not care. She makes him feel so good, and he loves to let her know so.

Loves her.

"Holly..Ich liebe dich." His voice is clouded and heavy. His hand almost slips out of your hair, but at
the last possible moment he wraps wet strands around his fingers.

You cuddle him into your chest, hugging his sides as you lift up. You grunt, stifling a groan by biting your lip. He gently works himself free of your hold, and you look down with a wince.

*Oh thank god.*

That...that would have really stunk. Literally.

The shower wreaks of cheap floral scents and sex as you inhale, taking in a large breathe of air. You pull Pandora into your neck, giggling as his fingers tickle your lower back. His breathe washes over your collar bone as he looks down, and you can just barely hear him whispering. He says those words again, and his voice breaks at the last one. He grips you tightly, burying his head into you as if you're all that matters.

Something rises within you. It tickles your heart, and if you didn't have the ring of sleuth on you might have cast [Tears of Jörmungandr]. Instead a few tears slide free of flecks of gold and light, and thankfully, he only thinks it's shower water that's caressing his head.

You mouth the words into his pale skin silently, because you too, want to pretend.

The city fare that is happening outside the adventurers guild has stolen most of it's usual's in a promise of fun. Most of the waiting tables are empty, and the desk attendees are either absent, or shuffling paper as they pretend to work. Even though it is relatively quiet inside of the building, you can still hear the sounds of laughter, folk music, and muddled conversations going on outside.

It is possible that it is in the way Pandora's Actor is holding the freshly printed map *upside down* that makes him more endearing. He has been turning it over and over, grunting occasionally as he pokes at different land marks. You notice as he clicks his heels in rhythm with the music outside, and you can't help but grin.

He mutters something in German as he rolls the map, pinching it tight between his two middle fingers. He waves it around a few times as if it's a folding fan, his head sweeping from side to side as he scans the room.

You had both hoped that the guild would offer a job that would grant you something above copper. That apparently there is some guy that wakes up at the crack of dawn, and quickly takes all the goblin quests.

Which, at this time, are the only monster quests available.

Dude has a serious boner against goblins.

You let out an exasperated sigh, leaning onto the table with slumped shoulders.

"You know Liebling..." Pandora says with an air of richness, toying with the map between his fingers. As he speaks his head locks onto the same window you're staring out of.
You glance his way with a nod, before returning to watch the crowd. You are not sure of what the capital of Re-Estize is celebrating, but it is most likely something grand. This is the busiest you have seen E-Rantel as they call it since you first got here a week ago. There are certainly more people, but you are not sure if anything is going to compete with the town's rush hour on what you think was noon on a Friday.

These people are serious about their food.

And so are you.

You run your tongue over your teeth as you watch people hurry by with different goods and foods. Festive balloons of many colors, loaves of bread that are entirely too large, and children with what look like primitive cotton candy hurry by in a blur passed the long sweeping windows. You sigh again in defeat as you look back to Pandora's Actor, who has begun waving the map your way.

"Winterberry! We very well could...enjoy the festival," He looks to you hopefully, his shoulders shimmying. "Besides..~ We need to leave E-Rantel in search for a more lucrative means of ascending our status. Lord Ainz has done a simply marvelous job in assuring that this sub division of the Re-Estize kingdom is in top notch form!"

He tucks the map down into his vest, tapping it down with his finger with a hard flick. He leans towards you, fingers splayed as he hopes for your hands. His boots knock against your feet, which he then starts to nudge playfully.

"What say you mademoiselle?!" He stands up suddenly with a kick of his right foot. The table rattles as he swings his leg up, his boot crashing onto the table with a loud whack of what you can only assume is the steel toe of his shoe against wood. He reaches his hand towards yours, palm upturned.

What's remaining of the staff of the adventurers hall has gotten used to his loud gestures and manner of speech. No one seems to bat an eye or turn your way as he takes off his hat, placing it against his puffed out chest.

He is a dork, but you lov--

You grab at his hand with a laugh, your palm slapping his as you snatch his fingers. He's beaming and so are you, and it is you this time around that is pulling him into the streets of E-Rantel.

You inhale, and it is as if your throat is already slathered in butter and melted sugar. Your mouth waters almost uncontrollably as you sniff about like a hound dog, unsure of what you want first. You have tried asking Pandora several times what he wants, but you keep forgetting that he does not have a preference. He simply shrugs each time and says that he wants what you want.

Which in a way is starting to complicate things, because...

You want to get him something.
You just don't know what! You know you like food, and you would get yourself food.

But..what do you get the treasuries area guardian?

In a way he has everything but nothing.

He can access all inventories, but nothing is his.

All he has is what Ainz put on his back, and that small necklace you gave him all those years ago.

...However he has pretty much adapted the *what is mine is yours* attitude recently, so you do not feel too bad.

It is both weird and oddly affectionate when you have woken up to him happily shining your armor in the middle of the night.

The dude can buff out scuffs and scrapes like there is no tomorrow.

You give him a once over, or, maybe you look at him longer than you think. His left arm is cuddled around your waist, keeping you close to him as people shuffle by. He's currently absent mindlessly perusing through one of the outside shops kiosks. His fingers are dancing and tasting over different hand made watches and other items. Simultaneously he carries on a conversation with the crafter, curious as to why the prices are set the way they are, and what material of what's for sale is made of.

Oh, maybe he'd like a watch?

He scoffs a bit when he hears that the items are hand made, and when he mentions data crystals the seller cocks up an eyebrow.

Apparently data crystals are the way to go with him, and he has no interest other than collecting information when it comes to shopping. He whispers over to you that it's interesting however, and that the gentlemen before the two of you is 'Out of his mind' for charging that in this economy.

Which the man hears him, and sneers.

Looks like the watch is a no go.

You glance him over again, adjusting your position so that the sun doesn't get in your eyes. You know his skin is similar to yours, but still, in the right light he shines as if he's made of porcelain.

You use your forearm to wipe the fine sheen of sweat off of your brow, and you wonder how he's not perspiring. He's covered head to toe, and wearing his overcoat. Does his hat shade him...?

Oh! That's it!

A hat!

You pull him away from harassing the poor merchant, to which he waves enthusiastically too.

"Auf Wiedersehen My good sir! I am being pulled away by my damsel in search of finer merchandise and wares!" He sings brashly, and you wonder if he's just being himself or an asshole.

He's given the middle finger, and oh, hey! That guy has his middle finger.

Pandora looks at his own hand questioningly, and you turn away red with a laugh so hard that your chest aches. You think you're about to wet yourself as Pandora places his two middle fingers together, and signs back.
He has no idea what he's doing.

Before he further makes an ass out of himself, you pull him into one of the actual stores. There's almost a mad scramble of who can open the door first as he realizes he is the one now being escorted. A bell chimes as the door slides inwards, and much to Pandora's antipathy you got the handle before he did.

He seems happy as he retrieves a notebook from his breast pocket. He fans through the many pages of treasury notes and inventory, and sighs contently when he reaches a blank page. As he begins humming and jotting down his surroundings, you just take the time to watch him.

There's a dull pain striking you, and you'd hate to name it pity but that's what it is. That's the anchor right now that's pulling your heart down into your stomach. You flex your fingers as you breathe in, and although it's humid your sweat begins to feel cold.

What..what would have happened to him if you hadn't have stayed logged in with Momonga? Would he be locked away in the Treasury, stuck like a caged song bird?

You hook your arm through his, pressing the side of your face against his upper arm. The sound of his pen and paper is soothing, and it's easy to focus on that rather than what if...

"Hallo Liebling.~" He says softly. His eyes arch as he croons his head down your way, and the gentle sound of his pen against his notepad stops. He finds you more interesting as he puts his pad of paper away, twirling his pen as he taps it into his pocket. He lifts a seldom finger to your nose, flipping away a bead of sweat.

You cuddle closer, tightening your grip on his arm.

He'd have never gotten to leave if you hadn't logged in and stayed.

You would have never met him this way...

He's a man of many faces, forms, and words.

All of them seem to be caught in his throat right now as she buries herself into his arm with a sniffle. Could she be feeling ill? She usually only needs to clear her nose when it is of a colder temperature outside.

He places a hand on the small of her back, and she's utterly drenched. Is she uncomfortable here? Without her Flamekeeper job class to keep her immune to this climate she's prone to perspiring profusely as the humans do. He hates the thought of leaving...

Oh? Maybe not. She shakes her head before he can ask.

The ends of her tresses slap against his uniform wetly, and she runs a hand through her strands of carmine hair. She shines in so many shades of red like roses, and even though her ring of sleuth hides her Fire?

She's still a cardinal of flame.

With enough energy to sweep him off of his feet, she's pulling him further into the store. Small
fingers grip his unnatural ones. The bends and grooves of her digits fit into his as puzzle pieces do, and he thinks to ask his creator if he had the foresight to make him with the 42nd in mind. Lord Ainz was the leader of the supreme beings, after all. A man of infinite intellect! Phenomenal cosmic power!

It may just be a fantasy of his, but it was not entirely out of reach. Just like the thought, that just maybe..

Just maybe, she might lov--

"Give me that." His heart swells entirely too large as she stands on his boots, scooping up his cap. She tucks it under her right arm with care, and without asking she places a dark red wool beanie on his head.

It's scratchy and squeezes his forehead, until her fingers run underneath and adjust it's hold. Before he can say a word she's switching an assortment of hats, scarves, and other decorations upon his head. She goes through a variety of facial expressions, which include a wrinkled nose, a scoff, a crooked grin, and finally, his favorite.

*That smile.*

"Do you like it?" Her eyes shine, and he catches his reflection in them. The hat is nice, but he likes his better. It was made for him by a supreme being after all, his supreme being.

"Ja Winterberry, it is charming." He pulls it off of his head with care, before enjoying the idea of placing it on her head. Which, he does. He fits it tightly over her mass of curls, pulling it down in the back so that it cleans her face of her hair.

It really doesn't do her justice, but she is pretty nevertheless. His hat looks better on her.

"You don't want it? I..Well, I'd like too--" She starts off quietly, her fingers waving around each other.

"Nein Holly," He waves his hand up, deciding to remove the festive cap from her head. The feathers are cute and the loud colors mean she surely has good taste as he does, but again, she always looks so much better in his.

"My hat was made custom for myself by Lord Ainz Liebling. It is far superior to anything that the masses can produce!" He twirls his hat on one of his fingers, spinning it about as the metal guild symbol glints in a whirl of steel. Somehow it fits perfectly on her head as it does his own as he wiggles it over her hair.

"Fine." His posture tightens as she narrows her eyes at him, snatching the man made hat from his other hand. She slaps it back onto the hat rack with a *hmph*, before storming off. As she walks away she kicks a leg back, her butt raising with an enticing jiggle. She's still forgetful that she's wearing a ring of sleuth, and that she's only shaking her ass instead of flicking her tail his way.

He raises a hand up to his oval mouth in thought, head tilted curiously as she makes her way out of the store.

Why is she upset?

Why is she so cute when she's upset?!

Common sense eludes him for a moment as he looks around. He feels like a lost child for a time and a half, until the unlikely possibility of why she might be so feisty hits him like a brick. His head snaps between the hat and her entirely too many times as he runs the probability over in his mind.
Did she...

No. Nein.

Regardless of their...relationship? Dare he call it that?

Under no circumstances would a supreme being want to get something for a guardian.

An area guardian at that.

And yet the thought pulls on his soul, meaning to lift him into the air as if gravity has no meaning. As if it's a figment of his imagination, just like the thought that she...

Stupid hat. Fine!

Finefinefinefine. He doesn't want it.

It was a dumb idea anyway. The bell chimes as you shove your way out of the door, face flush and arm pits sweaty. It's almost hotter than the 7th floor of Nazarick as you again wipe at your brow. The sun is at the top of the sky singing a song in rays of yellow, painting the cobbled streets of E-Rantel gold.

You know what makes you feel better? What makes everyone feel better?

Candy. You're going to go get some fuckin' candy.

With one goal in mind you press through people who walk entirely too slow. Sure, they want to enjoy their leisurely stroll holding each others hands while flirting mindlessly. You'd love to be doing that with Pandora right now, but he's busy being dense inside of the shop that has no god damn air conditioning.

You're not mad at him, you're just a bit embarrassed and flustered. It was a dumb idea. Of course he'd like what Ainz made for him better!

Stupid hat.

You adjust it angrily on your head, gripping the bill fiercely. You wedge it around so that it doesn't stick your dampened hair to your forehead.

The man behind the chocolate stand stares at you through too many forehead wrinkles and not enough sun tan lotion. You're just as sweaty as he is, and with how hot it is most of his goods are probably melting.

You can totally swindle this guy into giving you more bang for your buck.

"Hey, I'll do you a favor," You start off with a kind smile, leaning over the wooden stand. Which, you immediately regret. You revolt physically as you bring your arms up, looking at the small indents into your skin. The table is held together by many nails and screws, all that have been soaking in the suns heat for hours on end. Which have now imprinted into your skin like cigarette burns.

The market man, or as his name tag says, Zack, stares at you expectantly. The right side of his mouth is working what you think might be chewing tobacco, and yep, it's chewing tobacco. He spits a hunk
of thick and dark brown into a tin to the left, which rings about in annoyance.

_Ew._

"I'll buy a pound of your.." You wrinkle your nose as you look between him and the tin before going on. "..Yeah, a pound of your chocolate caramels for four gold."

He points to a sign that clearly says five gold, and clears his throat. The five looks as if it was drawn by a child.

"Yeah but they're melted." You scoff.

"Yeah but they're five gold." He parrots back mockingly, crossing his hairy arms over one another.

_Listen here Willy Wonka..._

"Four. They. Are. Melted." You do your best to impersonate Cocytus, his voice is hard and intimidating. You place your hands on your hips with a scowl, nose upturned.

"Six then." He spits in the tin once more, and his throat rattles as he hocks up more phlegm.

"Dude seriously? They're probably all stuck together--" As you try to argue your losing point, a gloved white hand reaches over you. A generous portion of coins clink inside of the velvet green sack as it's set down on the market stall, and Zack swallows the spit he had been collecting from his gullet. Politely, the hand pushes the satchel forward.

"I'll take the lot, thank you." The voice is warm, calm, and professional.

Rich man just bought _your_ candy.

"Hey what giv--" You turn around, bumping into his chest as you adjust Pandora's hat on your head. It's pressing into your forehead, and beginning to rub your skin raw from the salt of your sweat.

You laugh in delight as the older gentleman smiles, his hand placing itself upon his chest with an air of elegance. You shake your head a bit, trying to hold back your grin.

Holding it back only makes you smile wider, however.

"Sebas!? What are you doing here?"

He retrieves a handkerchief from his breast pocket, shaking it free from wrinkles. You take it from him with a giggle before he starts to blot away your sweat. His face is as stoic as ever, but his eyes always have an air of softness to them.

"I am here to continue my due diligence in research on behalf of the great tomb. However my lady, I am also here to assure your safety. Why are you here alone?"

That's right. Ainz said Sebas would be in the area. He has him and Solution scouting about, collecting any and everything on the possibility of what or who used the world item on Shalltear.

You and Pandora's Actor are here as well for a similar reason, and speaking of which..

Just as you go to turn your head Pandora is behind you, clasping both of his hands on your shoulders. He pulls you into his chest, and as you look up...

He's wearing the _stupid hat._
"She is not alone Sebas! Fear not my good sir! I was simply--" He's interrupted as Sebas steps forward, and his kind eyes turn lethal.

"She should not be unaccompanied, Pandora's Actor."

The hands on your shoulders flex, and Pandora looms over you. He rests his chin in the dip of his hat upon your head as he speaks.

"She is never unaccompanied when I am present, Sebas."

"Don't speak about me like I'm not here." You mutter, snatching the chocolate from the market stall with prejudice.

Fuck that guy.

You're quick to shove five of them in your mouth, eyeing the sign that says five gold a pound. Well, you think it's five pieces, but you can't tell. They're small and congealed together. You chew loudly and unashamedly as Sebas explains where he's staying, and that he'd find it best if you and Pandora came with him.

Pandora is quick to object, until Sebas leans in further. You're now squished between both of their chests, but hey, at least you're sheltered from the sun now.

"Pandora's Actor," Sebas says quietly, before reaching a hand up to his shoulder. He claps it firmly on Pandora's outer jacket, the chain decoration rattling from the heavy hand placed near it. "You are being followed."

"I am fully aware, Sebas."

You wipe the smeared chocolate from the corners of your lips, eyes darting between Sebas and Pandora.

"We're being followed? By who?" You suck your teeth clean as you peer around Sebas. No one blatantly sticks out. The worst you can see is a women who's eaten enough for the crowd and then some.

"If you are fully aware, then why have you not taken Lady Holly back to Nazarick? Her safety must come first, She--"

"She is fine Sebas. She is under my direct and constant care! I can think of not one other place she is safer in rather than my hands. The man behind me and to the left poses no threat. He is undoubtedly only enamored with her as he very well should be!"

At the same time you and Sebas peer around Pandora's left side. Where Sebas is non discreet you swing your head around with raised brow.

You squint as you try to find the man in question. You shrug as no one stands out. Sebas whispers to you as you turn back that it's the man squatted down next to the vacant kiosk, the one wearing the brown farmers uniform.

You look more cautiously this time, interlacing your fingers with Pandora's. Pandora tilts his head down to watch you as you look around his side once more.

"He doesn't look like he's following us. He looks like he's on his lunch break." You've been away from Nazarick for awhile, and you need to remember the guardians are very over protective.
"My supreme one he has been on your tail since you arrived here this morning." Sebas pulls you back between himself and Pandora protectively, his face tight with concern.

"Again Sebas, I do believe you are worrying entirely too much. My friend she is secure within my protection, I can assure that I am quite reliable!"

"You are not worrying enough."

As they banter you eat the majority of the chocolates, because you're more than sure you're not going to make this situation any better. You'd definitely agree with Pandora that Sebas is over reacting, but you don't want to fuel the fire. Luckily this is more of just a gentleman's scuffle than an actual argument.

You glance around Pandora again, and this time, you meet eyes with the suspect in question. He's rather plain, and his only stand out trait is that his eyes are the color of the center of your candies. They're soft like butterscotch as he blinks your way a few times. You smile kindly, and there's an odd sense of whimsy as he smiles back.

"Sebas, I did not wish to bring ill will upon Ho--err, Lady Holly. Not only is her physical care of utmost importance, her mental stability is also under my direct supervision. We can not have her stressed over any and every man, woman, or child that looks at her." Pandora tosses a hand into the air as he finishes speaking, his finger circling around as he gestures at the crowd.

Sebas reluctantly nods, adding in that Pandora should still be more careful. Sebas briefly explains that he has brought a woman under his care at the mansion, and that Solution is currently working on healing her wounds. Apparently the girl in question's name is Tsuare, a kind soul who has just lived an unfortunate life. That she is a young maiden that had been brutally beaten and abused by a sub gang of eight fingers.

That later in the evening he would like for you to meet her, and that he would like to give you an oral report of his findings around the capitol of Re-Estize. Overall he would appreciate the opportunity to discuss more of his situation under better and cozier circumstances.

Pandora pipes up at the name of the mansion, exclaiming excitedly that he's read about it in one of the many news prints he's collected. Which, is bull shit. You and Pandora were broke and had to stay with Henry the alcoholic, and Sebas gets a mansion?

Seemingly Sebas is upset with your lack of accommodations as well, but resists the urge to say anything. He says it all with his eyes and the shift in his professional posture, however.

If you could, you'd use [Message] to blow a few choice words Momonga's way.

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Pandora has noticed rather quickly that you're a bit greedy when it comes to food. Not that he minds, due to his lack of preference or real need to nourishment. He finds it sweet though that you still try to offer him the last piece of candy.
"Take it! Please?" You reach it up to him as it melts between your fingers. You squish it a bit with a few presses, indenting your prints into and through to the caramel.

"Jajaja, Okay liebling.~" He chuckles as he leans down, and with a suck of air the morsel of chocolate is gone. He is quick to wiggle his tongue over your fingers as well, chuckling once again when you tell him that it tickles.

Before you can say anything else his back is turned, and his voice is full of bravado as he carries his tone over and back to the chocolate stand. He's found that he likes buying you things with money he's earned. That there's so much more value in being able to do things for you this way.

And you feel the same way. He looks totally ridiculous in the red party hat with too many feathers, but he likes the loud stuff and who are you to judge? His happiness makes you happy. Which is why he now has a hat, a new note pad, a few new pens, and some books on a group of thirteen fantasy heroes that he finds really interesting.

As you go to step forward a hand on your shoulder stops you. As you turn to face Sebas and ask him if everything is alright, your stomach drops.

It's not Sebas.

"Oh, um..hi?" You whisper with flared eyes. Your stomach falls as you realize it's the man that Sebas thought was following you.

That was following you.

That is following you.

Purple lights shower your face in an array of fear dissuasion. Momonga was right, you still have access to Code of the Commander. The lilac colors flash about in warning as you try to swallow, and instead, you're devoured by the man's golden eyes. For a moment, you see forward with double vision. A kaleidoscope of colors course through your veins, and you wonder if you are unknowingly pulling off your ring of sleuth. The reservoir of your mana pool screams under your heart as you stare at the man before you.

As his lips part to speak the air is cut by what sounds like a wet gunshot. Your hands shoot up to cover your ears instinctively at the violent sound, but you instead cover your mouth.

A cloud of smoke separates you from the honey eyed man, and before you can breathe the air is stolen from your lungs. Like a thief in the night snatching up a diamond you are devoid of oxygen, and you choke on the musk of fog. You try to scream, but instead you feel weightless as the market disappears, and everything is consumed by an echo of darkness.

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HYDRA

~Myth and Roid~
Thank you for your Kudos, Bookmarks, and Comments!

Tumblr

Deviantart
You had never been enthusiastic about hanging upside down on monkey bars as a child. Hooking your feet under hot rods of aluminum so you could view the world in reverse never appealed to you.

You feel the same way now as blood rushes to your head. You try to labor air through your nose, barely able to breathe through the fingers knit tightly over your mouth.

Your chest heaves up and down as your eyes glaze over. Your mind throbs with a dull ache as it swells. You are suffering from a lack of oxygen and proper blood flow. It is still humid outside as sweat drips down from your forehead, but your nose and finger tips feel as if they are made of the same ice as the 5th floor of Nazarick.

Your eyes bolt back and forth as they adjust to the darkness. When you lean your neck back as far as it can go, you can just barely make out a shower of fading light. The sun kisses just the entryway of an alley, but you are too far away and high up to know where you are exactly.

You close your eyes as your vision starts to again grow blurry. It is too much too fast. You swallow as you try to steady yourself, and your stomach flips. Your mouth is greeted with a rush of sour as your body tries to make sense of what is going on.

As if a doctor was asking you to breathe deeply with a stethoscope against your back, you inhale. You take the time to clear your mind and breathe, because if whoever has you wanted to kill you?

It would have happened already.

You have already thought to writhe and fight him off. Even at only level thirty, just physically you should be able to turn anyone in this town into a cloud of red mist. Momonga runs around like a god at this level, and although your magic is still coming to you through trial and error? This should be of no issue.

However.

There is a chance that whoever has you could be part of the group who used the world item on Shalltear.
He could be a valuable resource, and..

He could be much, much stronger than you.

It is better to not make your assailant angry.

So you stay still, stomach lurching as your mouth once again fills with saliva and the sour warning of bile.

You are reminded of how you would always carry your car keys between your index and middle finger when walking towards your car at night from work. That it was a common fear among the staff at the mall you worked at that when scurrying out you would be kidnapped.

That if you did not have some sort of protection you were a fool. You were always cautious, but never dreamed it could actually happen.

And happen here, of all places.

You do not have your car keys, but you have guardians.

You sneer behind the hand on your face, and your expression wrinkles into the clothed palm.

Whoever has you is as good as dead.

When Pandora's Actor or Sebas finds him?

If Demiurge gets a hold of him.

The 7th floor guardian is going to rip this individual's spine through his ass if he gets the chance too.

Your heart pangs painfully in your chest, knocking like a solicitor at the doorstep of your soul. You can feel the beat throughout your body as you muffle out a whisper.

"What do you want."

The hand on your mouth moves, and you can feel as the cool metal armored fingers drag over your lips. They spread ever so slightly, and you take the chance to gasp in air.

"Just wait a little bit longer."

The man's tone is incredibly hushed, raspy. As if he is gargling shards of glass. There is also an air of giddy at the end of his sentence, and you are not entirely sure why.

You nod, and you begin to work your thumb under the ring of sleuth. Your palms are encased in a fine sheen of sweat, and given a few more flicks you should be able to remove...

Purple lights dart over your vision as Code of the commander kicks in. Removing your ring is your trump card. Was your trump card.

This man is going to feel your tail grow, and could snap your neck before you know it. You would hit the floor dead like a sack of flour before Nazarick felt your departure into the after life.

You have to get into contact with one of the guardians now.

Breathe. Just breathe.

No, think. You need to think.
Message!

Why is it not working?!

The lights reign in purple lavender dominance over your eyes, trying to soothe your irrationality. You can not use [Message], not with the ring of sleuth equipped.

And you can not take the ring off.

The familiar tickle above your right eye when using [Message] is absent. All you do is lift your eyebrow and upon doing so your mind is left shallow.

Your knees buckle as you begin to tremble, and sooner than later you are going to throw up. Your stomach begins to twist in further knots as your head grows lighter and lighter. Code of the commander is supposed to suppress fear, not amplify it!

Blackness. You open your eyes and although you have adjusted to the dark, you can barely see. Unknown spots of colors you do not recognize begin to take over. Your ears ring between the silence and the rapid punches of your heart.

It is a cocktail of anxiety that is festering in your throat, rising with a rush of liquid. You swallow impossibly, and it feels as if you have dropped a quart of cement into your belly.

The slow turn of a rotary blade, like that of a helicopter, begins to come undone in your mind. Your forearms fill with nervous energy, and all you can think of is how to get that energy out. That you can not get it out. The only thing that is going to come out of you soon is vomit, followed by this man strangling you to death.

The hand on your face moves to cup your chin, fingers pressing tenderly into your cheeks. The worn cloth of the mans hand is warm in contrast to his ice bitten and armored fingers. He is almost mockingly sensual in the way his index finger and thumb press inwards, massaging your face as tears begin to well in your eyes.

"Shhh darling it is quite alright. I will not permit anyone or anything to bring harm unto you." The man rasps once again, tone scratching out as if it were nails raking against cobblestone rather than a voice.

Darling? This sick fuck does not want to question you.
You press the vulgar thought from your mind. What you need to do is stall. Pandora's Actor and Sebas will find you.

...You hope.

"What do you want from me?" You choke out a strained whisper, struggling to form the words from your bile ridden throat.

The edges of your sight begin to crawl black towards the clear picture of your vision as you struggle to hold on. How long have you been upside down? How long have you been panicking, toiling air in and out of your noise until now?

The hand cradling your cheeks slithers away, and the world begins to spin. Your eyes feel like ice cubes in an empty drink, being shaken entirely too much as you are flipped right side up. Your stomach does a quick somersault, and somehow you gulp down a chunk of inevitable vomit. You are sure that is the last time you will be able to literally swallow your fears.

Your assailant lands on his feet as if he were a butterfly instead of a man. He descends without a sound, holding you intimately to his chest. Your heart begins to heave, threatening to burst out as your feet dust the ground. As soon as his arms open you begin to lurch forward, only stopping when his fingers thread through yours familiarly.

Darling.

You whip around to face him, pupils blown into craters as if they had each simultaneously been struck by meteorites. Your once cold face turns beat red, pounding with a heat burning brighter than the Blazing shrine. You take no chances as you step back cautiously, yet still, your hand is in his.

"....Pandora's Actor, is that you." And now it is your voice that is scratchy, calling out quietly through your dry mouth.

"Jaja Liebling, tis' I! Winterberry your face is nearly as fiery as your hair, are you feeling ill? I will take you back to Nazarick at once meine dame! I knew I had to whisk you away from the festival after--"

As he speaks his voice shifts, words half way through his sentence changing in tune. The once abrasive and itching tone of your kidnapper is replaced by Pandora's happy melodious voice and you are going to fucking kill him.

You close your eyes as your mind begins to become unmade. It is as if you are a tight rope, falling in on itself in frayed threads and chords. This is all again too much too fast. You just need to take a second to process what is happening, and that you are safe. You can hear his voice once again, and it is softer than normal. You do not hear what he says, and although you want to strangle him like you thought he, wait, your 'assailant' was going to strangle you...

It helps to calm you down. The once spinning blades of an engine in your mind slow considerably, humming idly. Your forearms relax as the once coarse energy has now pushed its way through your body, spreading out the tension instead of holding onto it in one area.

Only when the last rung of your anxiety folds in on itself do you dare to open your eyes. As your lashes flutter over your wet and fatigued globes Pandora steps forward as a whisper, only he is not Pandora's Actor.

He emerges from the shadows, darkness licking at a blend of onyx and abyssal blue cloth armor. His arms and legs glint against the dawning shade of the alley, sharp protrusions of steel splintered bone
decorating his form. His borrowed body is covered in meticulously placed knifed plating and long whispers of inky fabric, the cloths trailing like snakes from his sides and head. The same sombre material adorning the majority of his body flows gently over his face, a half mask of a skull sitting atop the crown of his head. He's sleeker, taller, and carries a whisper of stealth as his head croons down towards you.

"....Nishikienrai? Why are you in his form?" Your quiet tone grows louder as you white knuckle his hand, squeezing him angrily. "Better yet, why the hell did you do that to me?! You scared the shit out of me! I-I thought I had been kidnapped you asshole!"

"Shhh Holly. I do not find it is wise--" You cut him off as you release his hand with a shove.

"I don't think it's wise to scare me half to death! What the fuc--" His hand quickly places itself over your mouth, and as he speaks the cloth over his face flutters ever so softly. You glare at him through furrowed brows, muffling that he is again, an asshole.

"Meine dame I know, I know. I promise you it was not my intention to frighten you..." He pauses for a moment, removing his hand from your mouth. He drags a solemn knuckle over your cheek, stroking up and down."Regardless, I found it of utmost necessity to relinquish you from the festival mein liebe! Lord Nishikienrai has numerous stealth masteries that allow for swift subjugation of a single target, so I made myself in his image to transmit you away into the night of this very alley!"

"All because some dude put a hand on my shoulder? How are we going to accomplish anything if whenever someone looks at me funny you pull a stunt like this?" You cross your arms, pulling your cheek away from his hand. To which he just scoots closer, and it's hard to remain angry at him with his stubborn need for physical attention.

The cold bite of his armor feels nice against your hot face.

He is still an asshole.

"The individual in question was peculiar, and I would rather not risk your safety Winterberry. I would not dare dream of it! The very fact that I could not read him was troubling to me...." He pauses as if lost in thought. "Admittedly it was most probable that he was only birthed with a chameleon type skill that hid him from myself, however--"

"It's better to assume the worst.." You sigh, finishing his sentence.

He nods in understanding, the one knuckle that was petting your face now replaced by his whole hand. Which, is odd. His hands are normally so large, and here they are normal...

Well, as normal as normal gets within a world of video game characters magically sprung to life.

You give his hand a quick kiss before pulling away, and he makes the softest of sounds that flicker passed his mask.

"It's hard to be mad at your dumbass." You say with a shake of your head, running a hand through your hair. You work your fingers through the mats of sweat, wincing as you de-tangle your locks and curls.

You crack a smile at him as he glances towards the entrance of the alleyway, the black banner of material on his head waving around in the wind. Even though he's in a different form he's still loud as ever with his body language, forsaking his ability to professionally mock anybody to be comfortable. Both of his hands are behind his head, with his hips pointed...
Do not look at his crotch.

_Oh my god Nishikienrai's hot!_

No.

You can not think like that.

Nishikienrai was one of the _original_ founders of your guild, one of the precursors of Nines own goal. He was one of Momonga's best friends...

You pull the left side of your bottom lip into your mouth, sucking anxiously as you stare at his body. You two could have _a lot_ of fun..

"Sebas is currently scouring for the mans location. It seems as if he vanished as we did..." He stops mid sentence, watching you watch him. He tilts his head for a moment, his bone white mask falling forward and slightly to the left. "Ahaha..._Hallo mein shatz~_.."

He caught you gawking at his junk.

You are quick to upturn your head with a scoff. That is right, hide the fact that you are a filthy pervert. You soften your expression when his hand graces your shoulder, and you relax your posture. As his fingers curl and pull at the fabric of your blouse he brings you into his chest, his other hand working itself into your hair.

"Winterberry..I apologize profusely for alarming you so. I did not aim to be so reckless! I simply...wish for you to know that I will forevermore protect you." You look down and away with a pouted lip, purposefully playing the victim. He is quick to catch on as you flutter your lashes, and his chest rumbles with a soft purr.

"I thought I was gonna barf being held upside down like that, ya know," you start, gently kicking at him with a sloppy whap of your fraying sneaker. "Hey though...I really do appreciate you keeping me safe."

"Ja mein liebe! It is my greatest honor and duty to serve the great underground tomb of Nazarick and its remaining supreme beings! To...to be with you Winterberry, to know that it is I keeping you company and--"

"Thank you. _Really._ T-Thank you." You place a hand on his chest, fingers knitting into the thin cloth of his garb as you look down. You fit almost flawlessly between his greaves, the ivory plated armor gleaming with it's many gilded filigree edges. You trail your eyes up again, and you wouldn't lie when you were curious to know what was underneath...

Do not look at his crotch.

God damn it!

His chest rumbles with a chuckle, his finger gingerly lifting your chin up. He steps closer knowingly, and the bottom cloth of his mask brushes against your forehead as he whispers.

"I will admit that it is one of my...deepest fantasies to show you all that I can be.." The hand upon your face drags away, but not before trailing a lone finger across your bottom lip. Your heart skips a beat, only to start pounding like a drum. You watch with morbid fascination and it is as if you are in a trance as he takes your hand, and guides it slowly down every bump and groove of his chest, and down his stomach..
"I think you will like this one liebling..." You breathe in sharply as he runs your hand over his stiffening length, and he swells under your palm. Your eyes widen as you unwind from his hand, groping at his manhood through his pants with curiosity and lust. He rolls his hips into your hand with a delighted groan as you forsake undoing his armor and slip a hand through and into his pants.

"Oh my god it's ribbed..?!

Jackpot!

You have never heard him growl before, but his chest resounds with one in affirmation to your words. You look to his face, eyes sparkling with an accompanying smile that could clear away storm clouds. Your stomach swoops as you gently grasp his member, smearing beads of his arousal down and over his length. He is quick to close the meager gap between the two of you, kneading his fingers across your spine as you pump your hand over him. He sighs in appreciation, and within just a few strokes of your palm he is rock solid.

You ache in swift rushes of warmth, all falling to nestle hotly in your stomach. His free hand finds itself between your legs, cupping your mound. You press your forehead into his chest, and his heart is racing. His fingers begin to move, matching the pace of your hitched breathing. He watches from behind his veil as you remove your hand, only to slide it back after pooling saliva in your palm. He breathes hotly a stutter of something in German, and you know him well enough now that it means he is high on the sight.

Your mouth hangs open as he works your inseam, knowing how to catch the proper friction. Sparks ignite over your body as your own hand works faster, your fingers rippling over the different ridges and bumps of his cock. His languid rocking is soon replaced with purpose as he strikes into your touching, his manhood throbbing and swollen. Your hand is soaked, and although Pandora is smaller in this form he still produces a luscious amount of pre cum. You bite your lip and nod as he tugs on your hair, balling up a fist full of your curls as he's built up.

You look up, face flushed, eyes lidded. You buck into his hand, grinding feverishly against his fingers as they wiggle back and forth. He moans deliciously as your arousal dampens your jeans, the worn cloth of his gauntlets tasting for himself how good he makes you feel. Your body is on fire, forehead covered in a slick sheen of sweat as you act on impulse. As your trembling hand matches your oncoming silent scream from an approaching climax, you begin to lift the cloth hiding his face.

His head jerks away and to the left suddenly, and his form is promptly replaced with a cloud of wispy smoke. You whine at the break of contact, eyes almost watering at how close you were. You sound off in protest as he slips through your fingers, the fog of his once present self peeling back into the darkness like a phantom. Although he is utterly silent in his departure, you could swear he cursed under his breathe.

Before you can ask 'why?!' you hear someone clear their throat behind you.

Oh. Oh shit.

You pull your lips into your mouth, and the flush of your arousal is replaced with embarrassment. You are sure you are red to your ears as you mash your lips together, squeezing your eyes shut.

Caught red handed. Literally.

"Lady Holly, I am relieved to know that you are safe." Sebas says quietly as you turn on a heel to face him. Your threadbare left sneaker slaps against the unaligned stone pavement of the alleyway as you rub it in circles.
His face is ever so slightly pink as he rests a hand over his heart, bending at his chest.

Cock blocker of steel just clam jammed you.

You try not to laugh as you nod. You giggle sheepishly as you run a hand over your neck, the other hand dragging hard against your jeans as you wipe away what you were just doing.

_Oh god there's so much! Ewww._

Your rub your jeans faster.

"Ehhehe, Me too! D-Did you find the guy?" You swallow your nervous laughter, peering over your shoulder as you hear the wet and squelching sounds of Pandora's shape shifting.

"I am sorry to report that I did not locate the man in question my supreme one. I have requested aid from Nazarick to secure his position. I found it paramount that I return to your side promptly." He lifts himself from his bow, stepping forward to wipe your brow with his thumb. You hold back from saying a snarky _Thanks Dad_.

It is weird as hell that he looks so old, yet is younger than you are. Maybe it was some wish fulfillment on Touch Me's end, to make Sebas look like him yet have the youth he wanted for himself. You frown for a moment, sucking at your teeth.

It is no secret that you admired Touch Me. With the way Momonga talked about him he sounded like one of those old 20th century American comic book heroes. Touch me even had his own tag line.

_'Saving someone who is in trouble is common sense!'_

If only they knew, would they have left? Would they have still deleted their player characters?

"My Lady it is quite alright, you are safe now." Sebas smiles kindly, taking your hand into his. His hands warm your one as he clasps them together, bowing his head and closing his eyes momentarily. "Lady Holly it is getting late, I implore you to please come with--"

"Ah it is truly a pity that you could not locate the scoundrel Sebas! The travesty of it all!" Pandora reveals himself from the dark, back into his doppelganger form. Your face twists with cocked eyebrow, and again you are stifling a laugh. As he walks to your right side small sparks of motes of light spill from his shoulders, fading into nothing as they fall down his sides. He shines bright against the dark of the alleyway as the sun begins to fade.

Why is he sparkling?

"...Why?" You shake your head with a whisper his way, fingering at one of the twinkling stars. Upon being touched the shimmering fleck disperses into a sprinkling of glitter.

"Why not?" He chimes playfully, poking the last mote as it springs free off of his coat. It pops like a soap bubble, spraying a shower of luminescent light before evaporating.

"Servants from Nazarick should have the man by nightfall. My Lady I ask humbly that you stay with myself and Solution." Sebas releases your hand with another bend of his chest, and you almost ask him to stop bowing. You stop the words as they grow hot on your tongue, and you choose to instead smile and nod.

He is going to be the hardest nut of _all_ the guardians to crack.
Sebas leads you and Pandora out of the alleyway, his posture inflexible as every fourth step he scans his surroundings. He is on high alert, but you are entirely too busy to care. You are currently putting your right index finger in and out of the hole you are making with your left hand, gesturing madly at Pandora's Actor.

Who tilts his head for a second, until like a clock striking midnight he understands your lewd motions.

He signs back just as enthusiastically as his vest and shoulder chains rattle, and you are pretty sure that you hear Sebas muffle a sigh.

_Teehee._

Thank you for your Kudos, Bookmarks, and Comments!

[ Tumblr ]

[ Deviantart ]
The steam lifting from the dainty cup of tea set before you rises in slow hypnotic waves. Three lumps
of sugar and an exchange of warmhearted smiles between you and Sebas have you leaning back into
your seat with a sound of contentment.

The brew smells of honey and chamomile as you waft the heavenly scent towards you with a lazy
hand, inhaling with fluttering eyes. Pandora's Actor seems to mirror your relaxation, slyly wrapping
an arm around your waist as he turns the pages of his book with his thumb. He sighs as he finishes
adjusting, fingers tickling down your thigh.

You carefully draw the petite cup into your hands, holding it as if it were a delicate flower. A yawn
escapes your lips as you take a sip of your tea, and for a moment your soul feels replenished. The hot
drops of liquid feel cleansing to your mind after the days events, and as the last of the sun slips under
the streets of E-rantel you are just glad that the day is finally over.

Only it is not over.

"Lord Sebas, why on earth did you summon Lady Holly here? I requested Lord Ainz be made
aware--"

"Her presence here does not concern you, Solution." Sebas does not even turn to face Solution as he
addresses her. His uncaring tone hints at the tension that you did not know existed between them
until now. Instead he focuses his attention on resitting himself across from you, folding his hands in
his lap.

"Will you at least tell me then why he is here of all places?"

You inhale deeply with a roar of an averse fire you did not know existed within you as her cold eyes
lock on Pandora.

What is her issue?

"Hallo my young lady.-- We meet again! Tis a glorious day for a reunion among us denizens of the
great tomb of Nazarick is it not?" Pandora's melodious voice carries not one tune of noticing that
she's utterly repulsed by him. She rolls her eyes before looking over to you.

She breathes in as if she is washing away her irritation, her generous sized breasts wobbling from the dramatic intake of air.

Her face softens as she speaks.

Yours does not.

"My supreme one, please forgive--"

"You two have met before?" You spit out before she can finish her sentence, your nostrils flaring.

_Calm down._

You choose Sebas's approach, refusing to look at her as you take a slow sip of your tea. Your right eye twitches as if you were about to use [Message], but the subtle twinge is not from trying to cast a spell.

"...Unfortunately my lady," She overlooks Pandora's Actor again, huffing out a quiet _Uwah_ before continuing. "Lady Holly again, I ask that you please forgive the inconvenience of being summoned here. The girl truly is not worthy of your time, however I do fear that Sebas--"

"I can make decisions based on what is worth my time, and what is not worth my time." You roll your tongue over your teeth as you finally glance over to her, reaching forward to set down your cup. Your eyebrows pinch together as you stare her down.

You do not know what is going on, but her acting like this?

You knew that when you got Pandora's Actor clearance from the Treasury he would naturally patrol Nazarick, what did he do to piss her off upon meeting her?

Sure Pandora's Actor can be irritating, but is she seriously giving him the stink eye right now?

Oh. Oh _hell_ no.

You will show her a bitch.

A _supreme bitch._

Game on.

"Pandora's Actor is here by my request. Do you have an issue with that?" Your acidic smile is nothing less than challenging as you sit forward, your elbows on your knees. Left hand clenching over your right fist, and you would love to take off your ring so you could flick your tail about. Your lower back tingles with the ghosting action of it lashing about hatefully.

"Lady Holly neither Solution or I take umbrage with any of your decrees. Solution, you were just about to see yourself out, am I correct by assuming this?" Sebas stands as he speaks, making ready to close the window that is bringing in a cold draft of air. The pale lace curtains flow quietly, ceasing their dance as Sebas clicks the window shut with a flip of a latch. He keeps his back turned to Solution, his grey eyes meaning to stay ahead of him until she leaves the room.

The dull yellow light of the room mocks the silence hanging overhead as Solution burns her eyes into Sebas's back. The taut chord of tension strung between them wines as you grab it, making sure to add yourself into the mix. We are not done here, not yet.
"I would like to meet the girl." You roll your tongue over your teeth, staring at Solution as she breaks her lethal gaze from Sebas. You dart your eyes between the two of them, gauging reactions. Sebas tight shoulders falter a hair, and Solutions breathing hitches.

What is so damn special about this girl?

"I will retrieve her at once for you, my lady." Sebas turns quietly, bending at his chest.

"I'll sequester the vile thing Lord Sebas." Solution sighs, and she also bends at her chest. She closes her eyes and with a deep breathe once more she pivots to the left, and is up the staircase and gone without another word or action.

Your head shoots to follow her, and the room is silent until you are sure she is gone.

"Sebas, what is her problem?" You whisper angrily, tossing your hand towards the stairs. You catch Pandora's Actor in your left eye, and at least he can ease the tension in you. He has almost finished the last of the books you bought him. He goes through them like you would movie popcorn back in the old world.

"I believe it is in her nature, my lady. Unfortunately she despises the human race, and is unwilling to see past her disgust for the betterment of others." Sebas holds back a sigh, and you reluctantly nod.

You study his face, and like most of the denizens of Nazarick he is immeasurable. He is utterly expressionless and ever stoic as he lifts a tea kettle, returning to fill your cup.

"Mmm my good sir she is also wary of the woman. With good reason! Solution believes that due to her extensive and repeated abuse she may attract less than suitable company your way." Pandora snaps his hand up to his cap with a salute, index finger tapping his cap as you look at him with a raised eyebrow. He tilts his head down, grasping the bill of his hat as he finishes.

Cute.

That is right, Solution is under level sixty. He can pick up on her surface thoughts..

Damn. He sure can multi task.

Thank god he can not read your thoughts. There is a lot of stuff in there, and a lot about him you would rather not have him know yet..

Wait! You are only level thirty right now!

Holy shit can he read your thoughts?!

"Can you read my thoughts?!" You blurt out suddenly, your pupils blown. Your heart catches in your throat as you grab his hand from his cap, squeezing him in a panic.

"Ahaha nein liebling.~ I can not interpret the elegant intellect that is the mind of a supreme being! The very thought is the height of insolence! However meine dame, I do know you well enough to understand the dialect of your body and tone of speech." He leans in close as he speaks, his voice growing in volume. He folds one leg over the other as you push him away gently with a giggle.

Phew. Dodged a bullet.

"I can personally guarantee that the woman is of no issue to Nazarick. She is naught but a young human girl who has fallen upon the cruelty of this world." Sebas sits once more, clasping his hands together without relaxing his professional posture.
He has gotten up several times.

Although you can not read his face, you like Pandora's Actor can pick up on body language.

Something is off.

"Sebas, I really don't mind that you have her here. Can I ask why though?" You reach for your tea, sipping quietly.

"I presume it is my Lords influence on me. Lord Touch Me was a man of unerring integrity, and it is to my assumption that I have been blessed by his good nature." You place your hand up softly as Sebas means to lump more sugar into your cup as you set it down.

"Ah the illustrious Lord Touch Me! The absolute and unyielding ruler of compliance with law! That is truly one of my ~favorite~ pieces in the treasury..." Pandora ruts on an erotic sigh on the mention of Touch Me's personal armor set. He thrusts his finished novel to his chest as he tosses his head back, and you give him a swift kick to his ankle.

Sebas seemingly pays him no mind as he continues. "She has spirit and the will to live and fight for her right in this world. It may be foolish but I heard my creators voice when she reached for me. It was against everything I believed to not offer her my assistance."

"Saving someone who is in trouble is common sense." You give Sebas a knowing once over before greedily reaching for your cup, and promptly slurping down the rest of your tea. This sipping shit is for the fancy people, and you don't have the patience for that.

You forsake setting the cup back down, because if you do? Sebas is going to refill it, you are going to drink it, and then you are going to be up pissing all night.

"Although you did not meet my lord, you know of his principals. I am honored, those words I feel are engraved into me." Sebas says kindly, and although he remains expressionless his eyes soften considerably.

You would love to tell him that Touch Me designed Sebas to practically be him. That Touch Me as an entity filled in the gaps of text that could never make a soul. That he was so much closer to his lord than he thought, that he had a piece of him wherever he went.

You choose to halt your coming words as you hear foot steps coming down the stair well.

What was her name again? Tsuare?

Many hues of what can only be described as the sun upon her golden hair hang low around her sunken face. Docile eyes, robins egg blue, peer through the gaps in her tresses as she moves forward, barely glancing up from the floor as she treads behind Solution. She flinches as if she is about to be struck when looked upon, eyes darting back towards the ground when Solution halts. She stands with her feet together, one hand holding the others wrist, her shoulders slumped forward.

"If you are going to be allowed in the presence of a supreme being you should at least pretend as if you have some form of reverence, wretch." Solution breathes, her detest for humanity growing more and more evident the longer she stares at Tsuare. You feel the need to quickly look between Solutions hand and Tsuare's neck, the way the girl reacts is as if she is being led on by a leash.

As if being ordered by a god you did not know existed, Tsuare quickly bows, her eyes flickering a sickening and fearful shade of blue. Her pupils shake as she focuses on a point in the ground, swallowing as she closes her eyes. "I-I am honored."
She is quite possibly an inch or two taller than you are, however she is easily the smallest thing in the room. Her voice shakes as she speaks, and it is soft, pleasant, and utterly terrified. That she truly might believe she has been summoned in here to be beaten for just being alive.

She is naught but a young human girl who has fallen upon the cruelty of this world.

What could have happened to her to make her this fearful?

"Lady Holly this is Tsuareninya, the young woman I spoke to you about earlier in the day. With your permission, I would like to keep her under my steadfast care and protection." Sebas stands swiftly, making way to Tsuare's side. He reaches a hand towards her, and she only places her hand in his after he whispers something.

"My supreme one it is nothing more than a lowly human! It is a mistake that it is even here. It will surely draw unwarranted attention towards our mission, which is what Lord Ainz is wanting to avoid," Solution steps forward with a toss of her hand, her face tight with concern. "It is to my truest belief My Lady that Lord Sebas is betraying Nazarick by having this dross here!"

"Are you mad? Betraying? Are you serious right now?" You scoff as you sit up straight. Seriously what the fuck is Solution's problem? You can understand her not liking humans, that is fine and dandy. But Sebas betraying Nazarick?

What did Sebas do to make her so angry?

Shit in her corn flakes?

"That is enough Solution. The day has been tiring on Lady Holly, she has--"

"Then why are you bothering her with this nuisance?!" Solution spits vehemently, pointing at Tsuare with more disgust for her than you have of cockroaches. Which is pretty damn disgusting.

"Winterberry was it not at your request that the young lady be brought before you? I would personally consider it betrayal in and of itself to dispute your instructions. Fear not meine dame!" Pandora's Actor quickly pauses, stamping his feet onto the ground. He quickly brings his boots together with a loud crack, tossing one hand into the air and one to his heart.

"I rest positively assured that none of us wish to combat your will. Is that not right my dear colleagues?" He presses his chest out proudly, glancing between Solution and Sebas a few times before looking over you.

You hope that neither Solution, Tsuare, or Sebas see you mouth a quick Thank you towards Pandora's Actor. He is not the least bit subtle as he tips his hat your way, pulling a sheepish smile from your grimacing face.

"I-I..I am very sorry that I am causing such a disturbance.." Tsuare uses Sebas's muscular frame to hide herself, shielding her from your eyes behind his back.

"Then keep your mouth shut." Solution looks down her nose at Tsuare, whispering hatefully.

Nope.

Even if Solution is only doing what she believes is right, this has gone on far enough.

"Tsuare, you look hungry." You melt into your seat, wearing a sinister grin. Your eyes flash violently Solutions way as you speak with a tone sweeter than the three lumps of sugar dissolving in
"Personally Sebas I have no issue with you keeping Tsuare under your care," You start, pulling your legs up into a lotus type sitting position. You extend your right leg and force a joint to pop before tucking yourself in, nudging comfortably into Pandora's Actor. He mirrors your actions, sitting himself back while folding one leg over the other once more.

"However I would appreciate spending some time with her. I have always enjoyed partaking in snacks while having company, and I would hate to be rude and not offer anything..." You lick your lips as talk, raising a hand to your chest as you have an epiphany.

Show time.

"Solution!" You gasp happily, eyes dancing with an ardent dare. "Would you be so kind to fetch something for Tsuare? I don't like being rude to guests." You brush your hair back with both hands, clearing your face of any obstruction. She is going to know you mean business with a look that not only carries the weight of your guild, but your absolution.

You do not like pulling the supreme being card, but in this situation?

If she is going to use you as ammunition against Sebas, she might as well get ready for the recoil.

"No, please. I-I...I mean it's okay, I am not hungry." Tsuare peeps up from behind Sebas, using him as a shield as only half of her body sticks out. Her hair clings to the static of his suit, and she grips his forearm for support. She looks at you with a half witted smile, doing her best to convince you to abandon your plan that she feels is wasted upon herself.

You know that smile, you actually know faces pretty well. Working in a photography studio for years on end, editing thousands of pictures a year gave you a nack for knowing what is real and what is fake in people. At least on the outside.

"Nonsense. Come sit with us. I don't think you need to be hungry to eat." You chuckle as you wave towards the exit, signalling with a hand for Solution to leave. It is quite possible Tsuare will open up and calm down with Solution gone.

Be gone thot!

"It is alright Tsuare. Lady Holly would not extend her hand so charitably if she meant you ill will. My supreme one is a being of compassion and understanding." You peer over the couch as Sebas comforts Tsuare, holding a hand over her head as he pulls her into his chest. She squeezes her eyes shut as she holds back falling apart, a single tear slipping free despite her feeble conviction.

Does Sebas really think of you that way?

You reach for Pandora's hand as Sebas comforts Tsuare. Your fingers knit into his, fitting together as if you were sand and he was your hourglass.

Sebas and Solution share a glance upon each other that could usurp the highest levels of super tier magic. It is as if he means to cut her down with the steel of his eyes, and that she in return means to drown him in the enraged blue storm of hers. It is a second that lasts a lifetime as they fight a battle through force of will alone.
The look on Solutions face when you switch the plate of food she brought for you with the meager one she brought for Tsuare was worth being a supreme bitch.

..What was not worth being a supreme bitch was learning why Tsuare was so fearful.

"It contracted multiple venereal diseases, anal fissures, had enough lacerations for the fatality of two humans, and was addicted to not one, but three common street drugs! It is disgusting and if Lord Sebas wishes to use it as a ---"

"Leave." It is the quiet before the storm that rumbles up from your chest, and out of your mouth as you spit that Solution needs to high tail it the fuck out.

Solution is desperate to get you to understand her side of the situation, but to pull a stunt like that? To air out Tsuare's dirty laundry as if she is nothing but a television rerun to discuss over Sunday brunch?

*That's why she's so terrified.*

Neither Sebas nor Pandora's Actor pay her mind either, seemingly unruffled by Solutions vulgar sharing of Tsuare's trauma. You close your eyes as you realize that despite their neutral and lawful alignments? She is more of a pet than a human to them. You thumb at your ring, is this bothering you so bad because you are absent your World Serpent race? Is everything feeling magnified by Warden of Dawn?

It did not bug you as bad at Demiurge's sick plantation. You felt the urge to speak up then, but did you? The humans there were tools and supplies for Nazarick. You could get behind the cruelty, even if it made your stomach lurch it ultimately was for the great tomb's betterment. At that time you had both of your races active, the draconic serpent forever coiling the knight within you in a war of unending attrition.

Magnified by your Paladin class or not, when you open your eyes and see the young woman before you bow her head as soon as you look at her?

You understand why Sebas saved her.

You curse under your breathe, muttering as Solution vacates the room. How many times do you have to say 'She was just written that way, calm down, she's only doing what she thinks is right' in your head before you believe it? Nevertheless, you feel as if your blood has been replaced with hot geysers of molten rock as you watch her slip away back and up the stairs.

"Are you absolutely sure you didn't do anything to piss her off outside of bringing Tsuare here?" You ask Sebas, leaning forward as you blink a few times, trying to clear the anger from your tone and face.

"It is to my knowledge that she is only acting out in such a way due to her distaste of humanity. I apologize on her behalf for not having the same level of courtesy that you do around humans, my lady." Sebas sits up straight as he speaks, unfolding his handkerchief and handing it to Tsuare. When she does not take it from him, he simply lays it in her lap. It's a gesture that says so much with so little, a simple *'Take your time'.*

"It's common decency." You scoff, picking up one of the finger sandwiches. Damn rich people and their small appetizers. You could easily punch down twelve of these.
"It is unfortunately not so common." Sebas softens, watching as Tsuare finally musters the courage to reach for something to eat. As her fingers graze their prize color seems to flood back into her pale skin, and her ill face is painted anew.

Which you can really appreciate, you feel the same way when you get to have some good food. You push your petite sandwich into your mouth as you watch her, working around the textures of bread and what you think is cucumber.

You were lucky. Damn lucky.

Momonga was raised in Japan. Overcrowding and a shortage of food was just one of the many reasons why he buried himself deep in Yggdrasil. Sure the issues of a lack of good nutrition were world wide, but you were fortunate enough to have won the birth lottery. You lived in America's wealthiest agricultural region. Sure you were still broke as hell, but you never had to do the supplemental pills and liquid meal bull shit that Momonga did.

How long has it been since Tsuare's actually eaten?

"Thank you. I-I..I don't know what to say." Tsuare nods as she eats, consuming her food as if someone is going to take it from her. She barely even takes the time to chew, swallowing some things nearly whole.

"Hey it's okay, really. Y-you can have as much as you want." You stutter as you stare at her with furrowed brows. If life hadn't beaten itself into her so liberally, so very cruelly, who would she be? Would she still be this fearful mouse of a woman, ready to bow her head and accept whatever comes her way at the drop of a hat?

"Young Tsuare, Lady Holly does not wish to make you into one of her liaisons for sexual gratification. She truly means what she says! Meine dame does not shelter duality in her spoken words." Pandora waves his hand towards Tsuare, long fingers reaching across the table with a twirl as he upturns his palm.

"Get out of her head, Pandora," You look towards him, shaking your head. You hope he can understand your expression alone. You can't slyly use [Message] to convey to him that reading her thoughts and expressing them out loud is kinda rude.

"He is right, however. I'm, rather, we aren't going to hurt you." The room falls silent as she nods her head, wiping crumbs from her face. She dusts them off of the maid uniform given to her by Sebas before turning to him for approval.

"I am thankful. So thankful. I have had to learn..many..lessons." Tsuare closes her eyes, long lashes curling over her lids to protect herself. Almost every action from her is one of withering or closing off the world.

You want to help her, but you do not know how. Is it really enough to just give her some food and say you are not going to smack her around like she fears?

Can you do more?

What all can you do as a supreme being?

"I never thought it would stop until Sebas found me." Tsuare whispers gently, her head still kept low.

"It was due to your will to live that I offered you my assistance. It is because of that strength in you
that you are here today." Sebas's brows furrow, pinching his skin tight. The silver on his face only adds to make him appear all the wiser, all the gentler as he clasps a hand on Tsuare's shoulder.

"It's going to be alright." Sebas softens, and smiles kindly. He reaches up his gloved hand to brush away the hairs on her face.

Maybe...maybe he doesn't see her as a pet. Maybe he does see her for who she is.

"Why are you all being nice to me?!" Her hands shoot to her face as she covers herself, shrinking back as Seba's hand slips off of her shoulder. He looks confused for just a moment, the curves of his lips sinking down a hair.

"Why are we not being nice to you?" You offer with a small chuckle, reaching a hand towards her.

"I-I...lessons. I swear I've learned." She gasps on a choke, a hand falling down to hold her stomach. She's eaten too much too fast, and with the sudden rush of emotion she is most likely feeling queasy.

"What do you mean by that? It's okay Tsuare, I--" She interrupts you with a weak shake of her head, tears running through her fingers like rivers of liquid crystal.

"I am sorry. My most recent master would beat me mercilessly." She pauses as her nose clogs, smearing her grief on her forearm. "..and after every lesson he'd...he wanted to know what I learned."

She has the courage to go on, and to speak her atrocities as if they are just that. Even if it is only through fear she is still here.

You are not sure if you could have made it through all she has been through, and you only know so little.

You fear knowing more.

There is no way you can feel as she does, but for a moment, you would have sworn she slipped inside your body and gripped your heart with her feeble hands. That even through weakness she had a power in her stronger than Nazarick itself.

It is within the moment that she looks at you through the gaps in her fingers that you believe your ring of sleuth is being slipped off without you knowing. That when her eyes with an ocean of grief, yet with the certitude of a land sweeping tsunami that she will not stop trying. That her tears and weakness may fill a thousand worlds, but her soul will quell the heavens.

Through her, you see gold.

What all can you do as a supreme being?

"You won't have to deal with that anymore, not under my protection." You sit up straight, letting go of Pandora's hand. Both he and Sebas turn to face you as you sit forward. You remove your legs from underneath you as you adjust, stamping your atrophied sneakers into the floor below. You really need some new shoes. You probably do not look as knightly as you would like in jeans, a sweaty t shirt, and these old servants foot wear.

For the first time since you have seen her, Tsuare smiles truthfully. You are sure that if she had been in front of your camera back in the old world? She would have been your best piece.
Thank you for your Kudos, Bookmarks, and Comments!

Tumblr
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Chapter End Notes

Every action has a consequence.
“Holy crap it’s so pretty..!” You gasp adoringly, sliding a finger over the flushed head of Pandora's cock. Rather than his normal broad and blushing pink tip, the one you are playing is more triangular and flared. Spirals of cryptic black and indigo swirl under your touch as you examine him, thrilling him with dancing fingers encased in arousal. You run your hand gently over the underside of his manhood, palming the many ridges, bumps, and grooves. He swells heavy under your grasp, throbbing and dribbling a clear hue of lilac. His fluid excitement coats to your fingers as you smear trails back around his tip playfully.

After all the days troubles? You and Pandora's Actor found it equally favorable to run upstairs and finish what you had both started earlier.

Pandora's Actor above grips the sheets with an audible gulp, armored fingers balling up the comforter. His hips buck up slightly with an added groan as you taste of him, dipping your tongue curiously into his diamond shaped slit. Your tongue almost fits naturally into the curiously shaped rift, and as you twirl yourself around he rises his hips into you once more.

“Jaja my darling, I-I thought you would enjoy it..! Ahh..Oooh das ist gut..” He moans delightfully from his throat, thighs flexing beneath the thin sheets of Nishikenreis cloth armor. His hand finds your cheek, stroking gently as you suck on juust the tip of his cock, right above his slit.

Hot saliva rolls down and coats his member as you lick and kiss teasingly, eyeing him as he fists the bed. He whines again as you pepper sweet nothings all around, taking the time to drag your bottom lip from the base of his girth and up. You have some revenge to dish out, and what better way than
to play with him like this? If he can make you breathless as he did earlier, you can do the same to him.

You taunt him with your touches as his fingers gently pull at your jaw to bring more of him in. They drag against your flesh with a sense of want yet hesitation, and you would think he was only petting if not for his increased panting. You shake your head no with a giggle, sliding your tongue around as if you were instead making love to a slow melting ice cream cone rather than his hard pressed cock.

It is just too much fun to play with him, you get the most rise from Pandora whenever you lap your tongue over his slit. Every time his manhood pounds, almost in rhythm with the way his breathe hitches. You gaze up again, breathing a rush of humid air over him as he leaks more of his tangy pre cum.

He whimpers with another desperate raise of his hips, his hand sliding down to your neck to encourage you to at least take the tip of his cock into your mouth. His member weeps with more shades of lilac the longer you tease, and sooner than later you have his head tossed back as he writhes about. The veil over his face flutters with his hard breathes, and although the hand on your face is loving with its hopeful touches? The one on the bed is almost tearing through and to the mattress.

"L-Liebling p-please..!"

He can not hold back pleading with her, not when her hot breathe slides down his spine like music, almost in the same way it does the head of his engorged cock. All he can think about is how beautiful she is going to look with her face stuffed full of another supreme beings length.

The supreme ones are undeniably each a work of art, and watching her work her succulent lips over this borrowed body of his? It is like watching gods dance amongst the cosmic array of the heavens, spinning and twirling like her silky tongue.

Bubbly giggles fall from her so naturally. She gingerly embraces his tip again, the slick and promised heat of her mouth teasing. Oh how she draws an ache from deep within him, how she drives him absolutely wild. Her tongue slips through his slit once more, and all the while her emerald eyes devour his every jerk and wishful movement. His stomach tightens with the herculean effort of not grabbing her by her curls, and fucking that pretty mouth of hers.

"I'm going to mess with you like you did me earlier~." Her lips gently brush over his tip once more, his lavender drippings coating her lips. She smiles dangerously, her eyes proud, wearing his exotic shades as if he was a cosmetic rouge.

He is so damn hopeful, heart pounding when she opens wide to draw him in. The dull ache in his core is almost painful the longer she toys with him. She plays him like a fiddle.

He keens when she instead pulls away, sticky threads following her bottom lip as she flicks her tongue out to break the ropes. Mmh, she is so fucking exotic. His fingers dig into her jaw as he whines a helpless chuckle.

"Mmmhmhm! I-I did apologize W-Winterberry! Nghh..."

"You did?" Her head tilts with a voice sadistically innocent. Her supple cheek brushes sumptuously over the ridges of his cock.

Ye gods, her sexuality truly has no mercy.
"Jajaja! I-I swear it! Holly I- Ah! Ahhaha...Oooh Liebling y-you feel b-beautiful~.." She finally envelopes him, her cherub like and soft laughter replaced with his manhood. His heart leaps at the sight, his member pulsing like a heart beat in relief. Her petite hand grasps him at his base, her thumb feeling the unusual textures of his cock as if she was reading braille.

Why does she do these beautiful things with him, for him?

She is beauty, she feels beautiful. He tells her so again as the slick of her mouth greets him half way down his length. His stomach tightens possibly harder than his rigid cock when her hand starts to move in sync with her head. Her other hand presses softly into his thigh, fingers kneading into him.

Every touch, every time...

Holly.

She is all he sees, all he can register. She sparkles through his blood like wild magic. The 42nd floods him, consumes him with the meaning of love, the divinity of roses, and a mighty crackling of verdant flames.

He feels reduced to a puddle in his euphoria as she bobs her head up and down, laboring air through her nose as she pleasures him. Her hair almost covers the sight, to which he brushes her storm of fire away all too eagerly. He does not want to miss a second of her luxurious pampering.

It is nothing short of a holy symphony to his ears as the slurping sounds of her liberally working him over greet his ears. She brings him in faster now, swallowing around the head of his throbbing cock. Her cheeks hollow as his hand slides to the back of her head, fingers knitting into her hair. His arms flex as he feels higher and higher, swimming in the ecstasy of her mouth, gripping her threads by the fist full. Again he resists the overwhelming urge of rutting her until she is slack jawed, lazy eyed and perfectly satiated.

Her lips are stretched wide around his girth, and her tongue tows flatly against the underside of his many obsidian striations. He ripples quickly over her, and every few strokes her tongue swirls to flick his puffy tip.

She hums a moan so sweet he wonders if she is made of the sugar she loves. The vibration of her sensual melody tickles his swollen head as she brings him closer, and again he strains his muscles to stifle his approach.

"L-Liebling..you can not, you a-absolutely..must n-not--!" He pants out a feeble warning, his thighs trembling, fingers reluctantly pulling on her glorious hair to remove her from himself. How he wants to keep her going though, how he wants to dip into her smouldering throat, how the bulge in her neck would be him in this form..

The thought of finishing in her mouth is utter treason to his mind. Regardless of how wonderful the warmth of her presents, spilling his release into her this way is discourteous, improper! It is rude to a woman of such grace, and yet the thought is pooling at his spine, scorching his stomach with a searing yearn. White and hot, heady and dangerously close, she has to remove herself!

"W-winter b-erryyyy...!" Shaking tone, body helplessly trembling, he has to stop her... and she giggles.

Ach du lieber Gott.

The bubbles of her mirth massage him so damn enticingly, and when his cock slides down her throat for the first time? Every restraint, every thought of stopping is made undone. Broken. She pushes
him down with a choke, her eyes hooded and watering as she does for him something so dark and wrong that it drives the urgency of his climax to a roaring finish.

Wave after wave of the fire she is to him courses through his cock as he gasps, his tip twitching as he drops himself deeper into her slippery throat. He loses himself in the act with a breathy moan, adrenaline and pleasure in the form of his lilac passion burning down her velvet swallow. He moves without thinking, spending himself into her depths as she gags on the pressure, filling her belly with his seed. He sinks into her lovely suctions all while the hand in her hair tugs her along as she milks him of all he is worth.

His vision blurs to a nebula of stars, shimmering bright and serene as his thoughts are now emptied into her sacred stomach. His other hand is clasped hard on her shoulder, keeping himself buried to the hilt in her with fingers digging into her skin, flexing in response to his powerful climax. The world stands still for a time as his mind reboots, and he feels as if he's coming to life again, being made by his creator for a second time.

It takes only a second to register what he has done. His very soul that was once bathing in an orchestra of starry bliss is now burning in torment. The luxurious haze of his afterglow is sucked away in panic, and butterflies fill his chest cavity in the very worst of ways. The word selfish scorches itself like a brand mark into his soul, what was he thinking?!

W-what will she think?! He lost himself, it just felt so good!

He is just an area guardian, this is wrong. Wrong wrong wrong!

He has sullied a supreme being in his idiocy, his fiendish need took over rationality, and now she will never love him the way he so desperately, fretfully, painfully wishes for her too.

What have I done?!

"Ver-Ver gib mir! Please mein liebe I-I...!" He shakes out a wet and hopeless choke of his own, trembling, halting his speech when her eyes lift delicately to meet him. She brings him in flush as he means to pull out, and her flickering jade eyes smile before the reddened corners of her mouth can turn up to match.

She is hot with knowing, acceptance. Although she burns with the knowledge of the deed, her eyes are nothing short of kindness, understanding, and love. If he did not know better, in that moment, he would have thought she had created him and not Lord Ainz.

Pandora’s Actor is an utter mess at the moment. How do you tell him ‘Hey, it's okay, it was just a blow job?’

As soon as he slid out of your mouth his next actions were to shift back into his form, fall to his knees, and grab you like a life raft. That he truly believed he was drowning, and you were the only thing that could save him.
Which is where you are at right now. Entangled in his arms as he babbles unintelligibly in a mixture of German and English, his voice completely shattered. You rub both hands over his back as tidal waves of apologies pour out of him as if he were a busted faucet instead of a doppelganger.

You want to laugh at the absurdity, because really, it was not a big deal to you. You just wanted to have some fun in his new form, tease him a little bit, and then finish him off.

He however?

He thinks he has soiled Nazarick, defiled holy fucking ground.

He is not going to let you go any time soon, so you take the chance to wipe off the mess on your face onto his uniform.

Noooo. Not the uniform.

Better than it drying to your face.

He can at least register that the floor is not comfortable, forsaking kneeling with you to bringing you up and onto the bed.

Thank god, your knees were beginning to burn. Jeans pressing hard against the coarse of the carpet, mixed with being between his legs for a prolonged period of time? Your mouth is not the only part of you that feels sore and raw.

Ah, soft bed is soft.

Wide and all too familiar hands palm the back of your head, pulling you into his trembling self. Fearful, as if his fingers were instead people running from danger he seeks shelter in your mass of hair. He threads his legs anxiously through yours, hooking his boots with a desperate pull around your calves. You adjust with him, and before he starts on his panic of apologies you press your lips above his mouth.

"M-Meine dame I-I am, I..Please, p-please I did not, I could not, I will never once a-again unto you I swear by my life! I was careless with my reckless abandon, I-I--" He is barely understandable, and his breathe is hoarse as it washes over you.

"Pandora, enough. It's okay Leeblying, calm down." There, that should maybe fix things? He really likes when you call him that, when you try to imitate his German. You run slow circles into his cheeks with your thumbs, and you would not lie when you were a bit confused. He pushes you down into the nape of his neck with a whimper, fingers dragging through your hair as if he were a comb.

"I-I, My lady I am forevermore s-sorry, so sorry for everything I have put upon your very shoulders this day! I have defiled sacred Nazarick ! Winterberry...!" He gasps through a pathetic mewl, and you hear something begin to crack. The sound is hushed, as if you were peeling paint off of dry wood. Small flakes of what look like alabaster porcelain begin to fall like snow onto your cheeks.

You pull away to wipe off the odd debris, what is he doing?

You nearly shriek when you look up to his face. Tears expel from your eyes as you shake your head, whimpering as you finger over the distress. The air that enters your lungs is not enough as you feel constricted, gasping as he begins to spiral down.

"P-Please do not leave me."
He begs of you, his phantom face on the left caving in on itself. His skin is flaking off in delicate flecks of ivory, revealing an inky void underneath. It is the same swirling blackness that makes up his eyes and mouth, only here it waves about as if he were exposing his soul to you. He comes undone like a shattered china doll, one that has been carelessly tossed about in a mindless hurry. He crumbles endlessly before you like a castle of glass, struck too many times by his own tirade of horrors.

You palm the back of his head with both of your hands, knocking off his cap as you feverishly drag him into your chest. He whimpers with a soft shake of his head, pieces of his hallowed face attaching to your bosom. You close your teary eyes tight, because watching him break? It is venom in your veins, freezing your blood in the knowledge that he is hurting.

You gasp on a sob, pressing him into you as you both dig at each other with a flail of limbs. You do not know who is what or where, because all that matters is holding onto each other. Your heart means to thrust itself out of your chest and embrace him as you pet the side of his head that is not withering away.

"Shhhh, Pandora listen to me, listen to me," You whisper, pressing your lips into his skin. He trembles as if you are about to order him to go back to Nazarick. That you are going to leave him.

"I'll make you a deal." Your tears would have been shimmering flecks of gold if not for your ring of sleuth. The smooth of his head is decorated in the clear droplets of your feelings for him. He says nothing as he nods his head. He says everything as he holds you tighter.

"I won't leave you, if you won't leave me. C-can you promise me th--"

"I-I pledge everything, anything, every very fiber of my existence! I swear unto..unto," He pauses as he chokes on his own sob, his voice lost in the dark of his slow leaking face. "Winterberry Iche liebe dich, Iche liebe dich so sehr Winterberry, I would never..."

He is quite easy to calm as you coax him with whispers of sweet nothings, the loving strokes of your palms, and the soft kisses upon his head. He hiccups weakly through your coddling, and it's all you can do but to not tell him how much you..

"Shhh. I'm here."

"L-Liebling ver gib--"

"It's okay. I have you."

There is so much you have in common with him in this moment. Hell, you have so much in common with him.

Your heart hurts, and pangs in your chest as it feels entirely too large, swollen. It hurts because you want to tell him. Tell him everything.

How long has he been alone..

It may have been your own fault, but how long have you been alone? Just pretending the world does not exist, burying yourself obsessively in the next game to be released. Ignoring all aspects of life except what you need to do to live, all so you can spend thousands of hours somewhere else.

The last four years were so that you could escape here.

And now you are here.
Has anyone ever seemingly cared for you like this?

Have you ever cared for anyone like this?

...Why would anyone care for you like this.

If you weren't a supreme being...

You grit your teeth through tears of a different emotion. You squeeze your eyes shut, and maybe If you kiss his head enough times, it'll be possible to make the thoughts go away.

"I won't leave you, Pandora. I promise."

"Du bist so schon Holly, I-I could stay here!..I-I p-please liebling, without you-

"I-I don't know what I'd do without you -sniffle- either. Promise me, promise me..."

"I swear everything Winterberry, I-I...," Pandora hiccups, "Holly I..I am..I do not know, but I plead of you, with me? I.."

"Pandora..?"

"W-Winterberry?"

"Stay with me. With," You choke, ",..me. I don't want to be without you either, ya know."

"Liebling I will always b-be with you, my very life," He pauses to breathe before rasping, "unto y-you, mein Ein und Alles."

"Shhh. I have you, I will always have you."

He babbles softly, something tender like a coo as his fingers tunnel through your hair. He is calm after a time of silence, his breathing easy after settling into the softness of your bosom. You open your eyes to look down at him after a time, and your swollen heart relaxes. He is staring back, and his face is back together without a single crack.

"Hey there." Your hand strokes tenderly from the crown of his head, down to the smooth of his neck. He intakes a heavy breathe of air before speaking.

"..Hallo Schätzchen."

You smile softly, ghosting your fingers over his neck and smooth head. His head tilts slightly when your smile falters up and down.

Don't do it.

"H-hey um..." You start with a light laugh, wrinkling your nose. "Was...was it that good?"

He works a hand out of your hair, running it over his head. When he bumps your hand he works his fingers through yours with a wet chuckle of his own.

"Ahaa...um. Jaja!..Liebling you are...Haha Ja mein liebe, you are rather talented, artistic even! Winterberry I.."

"Ya know, I..I wouldn't mind being artistic again."
She lays in the mess that is his unbuttoned uniform, crimson undershirt, and her conquest of unruly curls. Pandora's Actor times his breathing with hers, and ever so often her nostrils flare with a tiny snore.

Honestly? When Holly first fell asleep he watched her intensely, she was so still he thought she might have died. He disturbed her with a fearful poke of her plump cheek. Her nose twitched as if she might sneeze.

*So niedlich.*

And he poked her again.

Her eyes flickered open, and even though she was half asleep she playfully nipped at his finger.

Nope. Not dead.

He sighs in relief.

One hand gingerly rubs at her back, his middle fingers running over the bumps on her spine through her illustrious threads of red wheat. The other he quietly slips into one of Lord Tabula Smaragdina's six tentacles, lazily fumbling about on the floor. He searches carelessly with a yawn, wrapping some of Holly's curls around his fingers when he finds the book he was after. Books are always better the second time around.

He relaxes his arm, shifting back into his form with a shiver of goose bumps. He sighs contently, and before delving into his novel he looks down to watch her for juuust a little bit longer.

*Of what do angels dream?*

The curves of her lips are still puffy and red as they turn up into a smile, and she sleepily nudges against his tie. She rather likes the texture, he has noticed. He makes a mental note of designing her something of that material, she would look beautiful in a ball gown made of silk.

Pandora's Actor leans his head over hers carefully, unfurling his tongue to kiss her forehead. As he embraces her his mind vibrates. Above his right eye tickles as if his brain is being swabbed with cotton.

Why is the seventh floor guardian trying to get into contact with him?

---

Greetings Pandora's Actor. This is Demiurge of the seventh floor. I am in need of your specific
Ah, yes. Hallo my good sir! We have yet to have had the pleasure of truly speaking face to face. Such a travesty! How may the treasuries area guardian assist you?

Am I correct in the knowledge that you are located in E-rantel?

Ja, that is certainly so! Is my presence being called upon so that I may be a body double for Lord Ainz?

...Intelligent observation. Yes, that is exactly why I require your assistance.

Understood! When and where my fellow comrade? I shall not disappoint might I add, my portrayal of Lord Ainz is dare I say almost as perfect as my illustrious creator himself.~

I see. Make yourself ready promptly; You will sense when Cocytus and I arrive.

I will make haste of your request, do not fret! However I must ask--

I will explain my--

Is it the young lady with Sebas? Demiurge, might I add that--

I will inform you of the situation that faces Nazarick in person.

[End Message]

Regardless of what he thinks, what matters is his infallible allegiance to Nazarick. Should his presence be required of him, for any means necessary, he will always answer the call.

As would any of the guardians.
He sets his book on the bed side table, turning his attention to the beauty resting on his chest.

*His chest.*

Pandora's Actor holds in his pouting, not wanting to disturb her. Holly looks so comfortable upon him, and she is so very warm. It is with great reluctance that he carefully persuades her into a nest of pillows that he has quickly set up for her with his free hand. She rather likes lots of cushions. She slides off of him loosely as if she had just been de boned, nestling into the soft retreat. Pandora's Actor almost melts when she brings one of the cushions into herself, arms wrapping around it as she softly says his name.

*Ich liebe dich.*

With practiced motions one hand fixes his garb, lengthy fingers briskly refastening buttons and untangling chains. The other? Pandora's Actor can not help himself as he strokes the back of her thigh, his palm running smooth over her jeans.

He will be right back, he knows it. Whatever Demiurge has planned will not keep him from returning to her side. He pulls the comforter over her, careful as he tucks it under her small frame. She looks so peaceful, it makes his stomach swoop.

He drinks her in before tossing his hand into the air, his over coat rising with his sudden jar of movement. The seventh and fifth floor guardian have arrived, he can feel their contrast of fire and ice on the back of his mind. His other hand snaps up to his cap as he salutes down to his beloved, and with a snap of his fingers [Greater Teleportation] takes him to his desired destination.

---

It is no where near the colossal size of Nazarick's ninth floor, but the corridors of the mansion are still undesirably lengthy and confusing. The pale yellow of the walls floods your mind with the memory of your old job, and it is bitterly nostalgic.

It is only for a moment, but you can nearly catch the scent of an overheating desktop left running for entirely too long accompanied by stale coffee.

You are reminded of when you first arrived to the new world and could not find your bedroom on the ninth floor. Only this time around, you do not have Pandora's Actor to aid you in finding your resting quarters. The urge to go pee hit harder than falling down the stairs at the monument of ruin, so when you woke up and he was not there? You did not take the time to find him. You drank way too much tea.

Pandora's Actor is most likely grabbing something else to read after hurrying through the books you bought him at the festival.

...Or he is bugging Sebas, Tsuare, or Solution.

Poor souls, you lo-- *No brain, shut up.*

You adore him, but he is not exactly everyone's idea of good or wanted company.

Why couldn't your room have had an attached bathroom?

You whimper groggily as you walk down the hallway, are you going to have to play door roulette to
find your room? You feel like a saint having been able to locate the bathroom before wetting yourself.

That would have suuucked.

Between the dim lights hanging on burnished silver lanterns, the seemingly identical sets of doors, and the floor runner oriental rug stretching from the front of the hall to the back you feel small. One would even say lost.

Yeah, you are definitely lost.

You open a few doors peering in slyly, hoping to see Pandora's Actor or at the very least your shoes. Not only are the doors identical, but so are the damn rooms. Whoever designed this place was obviously more of a cookie cutter architect rather than someone with any creative taste.

Door number four! Nope, no shoes.

Let's try door number seven! Nope! No Pandora's Actor.

Grrrr.

You are beginning to wonder if this is some cruel sick joke, and the new world has put you on one of those old television game shows. The ones where you have to pick behind a door for a prize?

Where door number one had a car, you picked door number fucking god damn it where is your room?!

The wide set of regal double doors coming up and to your left certainly are not the doors to your room, and look like they might be the entryway to a grand office or a petite library. They stretch from top to bottom, adorned with gilded brass handles and a cherry oak finish. As you grow closer the air gets colder, your skin prickling. You breathe in and the sting of frost ignites a deep and gripping chill in your lungs, almost constricting your air flow.

The sound of a steel valve bursting strikes your ears, releasing a tonnage of pressurized steam that roars from underneath the doors in a cloud of diamond dust.

"Cocytus...?" You whisper to yourself, face tight. You breathe out with a shiver, fingers flexing. You send out a small fog from the heat of your breathe in contrast to the sudden plummet in temperature, and as if to mimic the dropping climate your nose starts to run.

Why would Cocytus be here of all places?

Wasn't he still with the Lizard men tribes?

Your bare feet seize up, toes painfully bitten by the cold as you grip the door handle. As you begin to lean in you hear a somber, yet strict voice.

"I am a butler to Nazarick, and nothing more." You can just make out that it is Sebas speaking as you thrust the door forward, stepping inside swiftly.

What on earth..?

Before you can ask what is going on, for a split second, because that is all the time you have....

...You realize that you really, really should have knocked.
~Psychobabble ~

Frou Frou

~Of what does the devil dream? ~

Kensalyn

Thank you for your Kudos, Bookmarks, and Comments!

Tumblr

Deviantart
The funny thing about time is you never know when it is going to move entirely too fast, or entirely
too slow. Too fast, as how twenty six years seem to have flown by to bring you where you are
today. Too slow, like the night before earning enough money to purchase your headset for
Yggdrasil.

What is equally an oddity and a spectacle to behold are those rare moments when time stands
perfectly still while racing ahead.

A paradox. Life's mechanical escalator cackles ceaselessly as it propels you forward although you do
not move. You stand, no, you curl like a pill bug at the shock of being knocked to the ground
effortlessly. The laughter of this days puzzle pounds in your head like a roman battering ram of
incoherent shouting and panic.

You try to groan, but the gurgling catches in your throat like a butterfly in a shadow box. The sound
flutters through your cracked wind pipe pathetically, trying anything to escape before drowning in
inevitable blood.

A single scream calls to you. It is like that of a choir of a thousand compounded voices shrieking in
agony and it forces your right eye to blink open. You try to open your other eye, and the searing pain
that strikes every vein in your body unlocks your mouth in a desperate gasp for air.

You choke as a thick stream of drool purls onto the ground before you, mixing with a puddle of oily
crimson. Small hunks of teeth swim in an ocean of developing gore. Each broken tooth appears as a
white lily floating serenely avast your tide of blood as your vision doubles.

You lift your head up, and the room spins in a kaleidoscope of glossy colors. You feel dizzy as you
attempt to stand, but your body defies you. You make it to your knees as a blur of purple falls to the
ground next to you, disturbing the red pond encircling your body with an elegant flow of robes.

"Your ring Holly! Take off your ring!" It is the same scream from just moments ago, only now it is
infinitely louder and resounding with tumultuous terror. The tone of who is actually speaking is muddled as it comes to you through a busted ear drum, but the words are clear.

As your vision clears from seeing double the figure before you is revealed to be Momonga, grabbing at your hand feverishly. You shake your head a bit for clarity, and whoa, bad idea.

Your stomach churns and your mouth waters from the nausea. You breathe in sharply through your nose and your lungs tighten as if instead they had been sucked dry. They shrivel in your chest like ashen leaves from the cold encapsulating the room as you let out a dry rasp.

"Your ring Liebling! Please!" Momonga's pinkie disappears as he hopelessly pulls at your ring of sleuth, trying to remove it from your finger. His skeletal hand bubbles as pale flesh grows over bone. The room fills with a parade of squelches and the abrupt yet violent burst of Pandora's Actors immediate rearrangement of his Creators form into his own.

An inexorable tide of hoarfrost ignites the room blue in a cloud of Cocytus's raging blizzard. The familiar sound of tension released steam is replaced with a guttural roar as Cocytus steps forward with a heavy foot. The blood on the carpet below quivers in a ripple under his weight.

You look up to see Cocytus towering over you making ready to swing Decapitation fang forward with a warriors purpose. He now carries within him the sole intent of protecting one of the remaining two supreme beings of Nazarick. You realize why as you gaze up into his chest, staring horrified into the sleek azure orb at his dead center.

You do not touch, but you shakily ghost a hand over your face. Your left eye is sunken, hidden by swollen and puffy skin. A hideous purple protrudes forward and sloughs down to your cheekbone, that is crushed and caved in. You weep a populous fluid through the only crack in your tear duct, and fear pangs your heart as the color is grotesquely dark. Blood covers the rest as it slowly streams down your face, trickling and catching in the obtuse curve bending your face inward.

It is not just the horrendous sight of your disfigured face that you catch in Cocytus's reflective sphere. Black fire has consumed the majority of the room, distorting the air with the refraction of exhausting heat. Arcane runes similar to the ones that parade his obsidian skin in his Arch Demon form encircle Demiurges right hand. In his left arm, cuddled into the crook of his forearm glows the eighth floor guardian.

The buds upon the branches on Victims head begin to bloom as the sacrificial fetus begins its ceremony. Petite cherry blossoms unfurl like a ballet dress as Victims striations of veins change to a shimmering white.

Among the chaos getting ready to unfold there is only one figure standing still. As if he were the lone mountain that would not bend against the erosion of howling wind and rain Sebas appears frozen in time. His stoic face is twisted, the winkles upon his brow carved in shock and horror. His pupils are nearly invisible as he stares at you. His gloved white hand is pressed taught to his chest, gore encasing his knuckles and smearing onto his attire.

As Pandora's Actor continues to wail at you unintelligibly about your ring of sleuth you raise your other hand. Palm splayed Sebas's way you reach towards him, the right side of your face mirroring his expression. You do not know how, what, when, or why as to what has happened or what is happening.

All you can think of are Momonga's words before he fought Shalltear.

They're my family now. Our family now. They are my friends legacy, I love them too much to allow
them to tear each other apart.’

Through his own shaking determination Pandora's Actor uses your blood as lubrication to remove your ring of sleuth. As the ring slides off your finger you lurch forward, your heteromorphic traits reattaching themselves in an instant. The sudden resurgence of power within you propels you to the ground, but you keep your focus.

Your right eye trails an emerald fire as your levels and World serpent race flood magic back into you. The reservoir below your heart refuels with a burst of color, your neurons coating themselves in shades of molten gold. Through sheer force of will with your palm directed at Sebas the words you speak break through your crumpled throat.

[Wall of Denial]

With a force meant to split atoms Cocytus brings down Decapitation fang. Bale fire rips from the symbol on Demiurges hand at the same moment, the demons empowered mantra carrying the flames towards Sebas with pin point accuracy.

Like a sheet of glass falling from the heavens an immaterial wall of azure glyphs descends from the ceiling, nearly cutting the butler of steel by his nose. Cocytus's halberd crashes into the [Wall of Denial] with a mighty crack of booming thunder. Decapitation Fang vibrates in Cocytus's hand from the force of impact, causing the fifth floor guardian to take a step back and add an additional hand to his weapon.

The hellfire of Demiurge's spell also deflects, sparks scattering across the floor and burning cigarette size holes into the carpet. The demon of Nazarick steadies a hand on Victim as the 8th floor guardian begins to hum, now a fully realized angel incarnate and glowing at the ready for sacrifice.

You are unsure if Sebas is standing still with your reflected panic due to empathy, his fear of his actions, or shock.

He was going to take the hit.

He was going to let them kill him.

Your head throbs with too much pressure as you struggle to stand. Fuck it hurts, but adrenaline pumps through you and keeps you steady.

The same hand that cast [Wall of Denial] closes in the air a few times as you summon Kingslayer (Adept) from your inventory. As soon as the familiar leather of your swords hilt fits into your palm you use the blade to stand, digging the tip into the flooring.

Before you speak your other hand slips inside your inventory as well, your wrist flicking wildly as you try to equip your armor. A sudden rush of cool wind envelopes your body as your clothes are replaced with Remembrance of Oak.

Remembrance of Oak will kick start your self healing, which you desperately need. Your vision is
fading in and out of your right eye, and you dare not to try and open your left. An insidious fog is beginning to creep through your sights, consuming you in black as your consciousness falters.

No. Not now.

You grimace as you step forward, Kingslayer (Adept) shaking in your cold and sweaty grasp.

Shouting from the guardians consumes the room, but the pounding in your head is louder. The pulse of agony beats in your mind like a mighty war drum, and you feel as if your mind is in a magical vice.

It does not matter, however.

You have to take control of this situation as the supreme being they believe you to be. They are going to rip each other apart otherwise.

"Enough! Please!" You rasp through a blood choke, your mouth welling with bitter taste of copper and the sour of whatever is weeping from your left eye. You spit the disgusting substance out, losing flecks of more of your teeth in the process.

"Pandora's Actor apply Holy Grail on her now!" Demiurge's voice still carries the power of his mantra. His voice seems to shake the walls as he releases Victim, rushing forward and towards you.

Pandora's Actor says nothing in response, his right hand already grasping the world item from your inventory as it chimes to life with activation. Without thinking your tail slaps the chalice from his hand, the aureate goblet falling to the floor and spinning in place. Each encrusted jewel upon the world item loses its shimmer as it falls over, rolling lifelessly into the gore soaked carpet.

"Don't you dare waste that on me." You are eaten up with vertigo as you turn to face Pandora, your right eye holding nothing but outrage. You already hate that you are carrying the world item, and the thought of having it used on you is a fate worse than death. You can not see it in his face, but his posture shrivels as you deny him.

I'm so sorry.

Your stomach churns with bile as Pandora appears to have three of himself reaching towards you. It feels like a hallucination as you try to shake your head free of the confusion, only making it worse. His hands grab at your shoulder guards as he shrieks.

"Winterberry you simply do not understand! You are--!"

Stop.

"I do not care what she mandates at this moment, employ that unto her immediately!" Again Demiurge quells the room as he commands dominion, the windows shattering from the impact of his voice.

Stop.


Stop!

"I said enough! Do I not have any of your allegiance?!" You scream as loud as your lungs will permit, and never before had you so desperately wanted the guardians to kneel before you.
You had never wanted them too.

What gives you the right....

No matter. You have to do this.

Guilt is a lot harder to swallow than the demanding pain consuming the left side of your shattered face. You would almost prefer to take another direct hit from Sebas than watch the guardians take a knee by your order.

However, that is what you get. All the guardians simultaneously take a knee, dropping to the floor in devotion and silence. You sway from side to side as you lose your balance, clasping both hands on Kingslayer (Adept) for emotional and physical support.

Mother fucker.

One side of your face shows the dismay of your hideous figure. The truth that you are not self healing. That Sebas always aims to kill, proving his utmost loyalty to Nazarick as his punishing melee was infused with his inner chi mastery of locking away regeneration.

The other side of your face scans the space around you, right eye still flickering with a jade flame. Everyone is just a blur of their primary colors, and you can just barely make out that Tsuare is in the room as well. She appears as a shadow on the wall, doing whatever she can to make herself disappear.

Flickering like a dying candle Tsuare peers at you through her trembling hands. She fades in and out of your vision like a ghost of fog as you white knuckle Kingslayer (Adept). She is almost hypnotic, and just watching her in this moment you feel your limbs start to grow numb and heavy.

You bite down on your lip, using the sting of pain to reawaken your senses. Your gut wretches, stomach fluid in a storm as it tries to climb acid up and to your throat.

Do not let go. Please, not yet.

You can do this.

Your vision blinks between Tsuare and Sebas, and although you can not figure out why at this moment it is apparent that you took a hit that was meant for her. Neither of them look at each other, they do not have too. Even as just shadows as your sights fade in and out you still have your wits about you.

However...

What the fuck is going on?!

Demiurge's claws dig into your shoulder guards as he refuses to watch you struggle with maintaining balance. Up close you can make out the details of his face, and he carries the panic he had when Momonga fought Shalltear alone. Only this time, it is for you. Demiurge's voice rings louder in one ear than the other as you spit up onto the demon's chest, coating his suit and tie as the volume of his words beat your brain to a pulp.

"Take her to--"

"Nazarick! The room of truth! Ja, certainly, if she--!"
"The only thing that matters right now is," You pause as your forehead collides into the mess on Demiurge's chest. You shriek wildly at the sudden pain as your left eye pushes weakly into his clothing. The burst of distress is like that of another shot of adrenaline, gifting you with more time.

"Tell me what is going on, now." You try to command once more, dropping KingSlayer (Adept) in favor of using Demiurge as a crutch. Your sword falls down, caught by Cocytus before it can slap into the ground with a scream of steel. The green fire of your eyes dies off, sucking back into your cornea.


"Nothing else matters right now other than again, telling me what is going on. Now. That is a direct order." You breathe anxiously through a whisper, putrid with the stench of drying blood. It is all you can taste, and all you can smell. Your vision grows blurry again, and you ignore it.

You hate this. You hate pulling the direct order card.

You never wanted to.

"We. Should. Bring. Lord. Ainz--"

"No! No, I can handle this!" God, please no. Not Momonga. You can handle this, you do not need him to come and save your ass...

Everything is starting to fade.

"Liebling please!"

Pandora's voice feels distant, but you can feel his warm breathe on your skin as he lifts you into his arms.

"Take her NOW!"

Even Demiurge sounds miles away, as if he is instead whispering to you through a violent wind storm.

*God damn it.*

You do not have any time left.

You try to mouth the words towards Sebas, unsure of where you are looking as you try to speak.

You are not angry.

You are just sorry.

"This is not your fault." You try. You try and instead the words are caught in your throat. Like that dream you always have, where you try and try to scream but instead you call out in the vacuum of space silently.
The low hum of a ceiling light that is too bright buzzes uncomfortably against your busted ear drum. It is not that it is loud, no. It is that the room is so cold and quiet that the sound is exhausting.

The continued use of carbolic acid has the room smelling like an old hospital. That the walls seem to breathe the scent of disinfectant. Your mouth begins to water with the intent of vomiting as the odor mixes with the sullen taste on your tongue.

You roll your head to the right to observe your surroundings. It is all you can do but drool with a pathetic mewl as your brain cries out, yelping at every one of your nerves to shock you with the vendetta of pain. Moving your head is apparently not a good idea at this time.

Once your vision settles from vibrating you slowly scan the room. Everything looks as if it has been swabbed clean by servants scared that if they did not get every inch of dust off the floor they would be tortured.

Because they would have been.

The walls are cobblestone, arranged neatly with a brick like texture. Dark, faded, and yet still shimmering like power washed pewter. Shining as a focal point above you the white overhead beacon makes it apparent that nothing other than the you and the stone walls occupy the room.

You know where you are.

You are back at Nazarick.

The awful noise that is the overhead light is abruptly challenged as you hear a door swing open. Slapping skin and giggling serenade the room as a growing shadow is cast over you and the walls. Whoever is laughing is trying to hush themselves, but instead they only come across as giddy and unsettling.

"Oh this is so very exciting! A supreme being on MY operating table?! I can not thank you enough--"

They are not alone. Another figure is practically on top of them, stalking whoever is chortling. Their shadow consumes the rest of the room as they stomp menacingly, their boots chomping at the giggling one's ankles.

"If you bring her even an ounce of unnecessary pain I will teach you the very meaning of the word, Neuronist. Nothing you have stowed away in this very room can compare to what I will do to you if--"

Dark and sinister, you do not know who is speaking. Their voice comes out as a quiet hiss, yet the intimidation of their tone swallows the atmosphere like a gravity well.

"Well fortunately for myself and our lady that won't be necessary~." You wretch at the sight of the one now hovering above you, their eyes bulging and quivering lustfully.

_Holy shit this bitch is ugly._

Rows and rows of teeth like that of a saw blade reveal themselves before you in a mouth that spirals inwards like a whirlpool of red death. Instead of the stench of rotting meat as you expected when
they opened their mouth, you are instead greeted with a powerful waft of sweet antiseptic. You thought to prepare yourself for the potent stench of decaying flesh due to the color of the figures skin. Dull and a grayish olive like that of a skinned and long dead animal coats the brain eater before you.

Morbidly obese and wiggling about like unset gelatin they roll their tongue excitedly over the left side of your face, tasting your injuries. Their tongue looks like an elongated proboscis, candy pink with a small swivel at its tip that is curiously sucking at the dried and flaking blood near your nose.

Neuronist Painkill.

Intelligence gatherer, torturer, and medicinal professional next to Pulcinella.

Area guardian of the room of truth inside the frozen prison, located on the fifth floor of the Great Underground Tomb of Nazarick.

You should have let Pandora's Actor use Holy Grail on you.

Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck!

Even though Neuronist's eyes seem to devour you whole within their enthusiasm, you are sure that your right eye is doing the same to her.

Or is it a him?

You are not excited, however.

Your heart beat accelerates as if you are stepping on your bodies gas pedal, flooring it.

Fear. The pulse of your heart tickles your dry throat, engorged with panic.

You want out of here now.

Purple lights flash and twinkle over your face as Code of the Commanders passive ability calms your nerves. The lavender hues cover you as an ethereal blanket, washing warmth over your body in a room so cold.

"Oh ho ho, My Most Illustrious supreme one! Do not fear.~ Ah, the only woman in the great tomb that could ever rival my beauty...!" Neuronist sighs romantically, raising a meaty hand to stroke the right side of your face. Neuronist's finger nails rake against your skin, hideous and garishly pink.

Who made Neuronist again? You can not remember, but their choice to give Neuronist chunky and glittering nails with too many child like stickers reminds you of a tacky sweet sixteen party. Oddly enough? It makes the area guardian of the room of truth appear all the more appalling over nonsensical to you.

You yelp out frantically, arching your back against the metal table below. Thankfully there is a barrier of clothing between you and the operating bench. Your bare feet slide against the familiar lined silk, your toes curling around the material desperately. Your tail lashes wildly between your legs as you cry out, your small fists clenching at the fabric underneath you.

Neuronist's other hand has pressed inside the left side of your face. There is a moment of glaring pain, like a searing hot whip that beats at your bruised skin. You do not want too, but you push away and press the right side of your face into Neuronists other hand. The area guardian pets you lovingly, whispering through an abyss of teeth and rows of darkened gums that it is almost over.
That this will only take a second.

A second that lasts a lifetime it seems.

Neuronist works quickly, the brain eaters hand repairing nerve damage and dead tissue. Neuronist’s fingers splay into tendrils that fight off the magic blocking your self regeneration, acting as an arcane antibody. Her? You think Neuronist is a girl. Her digits slip and slide through flesh and bone, reaching somewhere deeper. As if she were simply unlocking a door with a key she sighs contently, breathe coating your face with kiss she wishes she could have for herself.

Neuronist pulls her hand away and out of your face happily. Her cheeks are flushing a putrid green as an erotic shudder escapes her eldritch mouth. Her body claps wetly against itself as her folds of skin strike one another as she bounces about.

"Such a beautiful spirit to truly behold, that of a supreme--" Neuronist gasps, removing her hand from pressing into the right side of your face curiously. Her eyes bulge for a different reason this time around. Her pupils flare and shrivel as she tries to glance up, only to find herself locked in place.

The veins on Neuronist’s face pop up and pulse as a hand palms the back of her head. Four fingers wrap over the brain eaters head, nails digging into her thick skin. They puncture her like daggers sinking into taut leather, forcing Neuronist to emit a shrill yelp in panic.

Your vision fades once more, favoring falling asleep over remaining awake. Your limbs feel made of slabs of concrete, and numb like television static.

You are tired, utterly spent.

Although you are now healing on your own, you need to rest. Your body is low on energy, using what is left of your consciousness to ignite your regeneration. Although you are in the dreamy place between being asleep and remaining awake you can hear the clicking of heels as the room of truths door is thrown open once more.

Neuronist is pulled away from you swiftly as she squeals like a skinned pig, dragged out of the room by her head. Another authoritative hiss screams across the room, although the voice is nothing more than an intense whisper.

"I do not make empty threats where she is concerned, and you would do well to remember that."
Tumblr

Deviantart
You open your eyes.

You blink a few times to adjust your vision to the darkness. You can make out shadows of ornate furniture, and to your right there is a low effulgence of a warm red glow. The canopy bed you are laying on is not your own, but the scent of jasmine spritzed into the sheets is oddly familiar. Kinda reminds you of those old floral shops your grandma loved so much, the ones with too many geraniums and not enough roses...

Wait a second.

The smell punches you to life in an uproarious panic of nostalgia, are you back home?! Is that red light your alarm clock?! Please no!

With a flail of limbs you scramble to your right, tail slapping loudly against the person next to you. The source of the rose tinted glow emits from Momonga's chest, and your breathing hitches upon seeing him. Oh thank god. His world item glitters in the night of the room, casting a crimson aura that reflects dimly off of his robes and onto the dark silk below.

However you know it is not Momonga.

Cheeky.

You reach your hand over Pandora's, not caring that he has taken his creators form. It is just nice to have him there after everything that just transpired. As you wrap your hand around his pinkie finger he speaks.

"You have finally awoken. How are you feeling?"

"I actually feel pretty okay all things considered," you wiggle his pinkie finger with an affectionate giggle. "I'm not used to you having one of these.~"

"Eh? Oh. Oh," He slides his hand away, repulsively flicking in the air towards you. "Holly, it is me."

"Huh? Well duh, it's you," You smirk, reaching back for his hand. And then it hits you that maybe
this is actually Momonga and not Pandora’s Actor.

Sooner than not Momonga's world item is not the only thing gleaming a beat red in the room.

"Oh! It's uh..you 'you'! Ahhh ehehe....sorry." You pull your hands to your chest, looking away as you fiddle with your hair. Your tail quickly snakes between your legs as you adjust to laying on your back.

*Whoops.*

"...Where is Pandora?" You ask quietly, keeping your eyes locked to the ceiling. As Momonga speaks you run a hand over the left side of your face gingerly, fingers barely tickling your skin.

The injuries are gone, did anything even happen?

"I have sent Pandora's Actor back to the treasury for the time being. You should know that I have him testing a few things for me where his doppelganger abilities are concerned. He will be absent as your guard until I am satisfied with his results."

You pout for a moment, your bottom lip protruding. "What are you having him do, exactly?"

"I am curious to know how valuable of an asset his shape shifting can be to Nazarick. If he can effectively utilize Nearata's merchant skills to my liking than the results could prove quite lucrative." Momonga chuckles a bit to himself before continuing.

"He wanted to take you with him down to the treasury. He actually tried to *argue* with me when I told him no," Momonga turns to face you, the hood of his robes hanging just above his eyes. "I was honestly baffled. None of the guardians ever challenge my words. They accept what I say as absolute. It was oddly...refreshing."

"Huh...you're right...Ya know now that you mention it he's rallied with me a few times," You snicker as the tip of your tail wags. "He wasn't fond of me not wearing my ring of sustenance, and when I told him no to upgrading Kingslayer he debated with me until he got his way."

You do not feel the need to tell Momonga that Pandora's Actor struck an emotional nerve with you and in a momentary lapse of weakness you let him upgrade your sword.

The same sword Momonga has been trying to get you to upgrade for years.

Never mind your armor as well...

"I had my presumptions but I had suspected that Pandora's Actor was the one that upgraded Kingslayer and not you." You glare at him.

Don't do it.

"...Why is that?" You challenge. Your tail lifts and falls like an unsettled cobra between your legs.

"Hah! You and I both know that you can not craft anything (Adept). Just look at what you did to anath--"'

"You're such a jerk! Ugh, don't bring up that sword with me! You know how I feel about that thing." You cross your arms over your chest, wrinkling your nose as you upturn it.

What a dick! He knows how you feel about *that* sword.
No one likes having their failures rubbed in their face.

Momonga lifts a hand into the air, his red aura sparkling against his many rings. He motions towards you with his index finger while pointing at himself. "Let me have it then." He suggests with a shrug, playing off his chiding.

"No," You scoff. "And you wonder why I never upgraded until now."

Pffft.

"Ah. I almost forgot what it was like to talk with someone that did not worship the ground I walk upon. I did not mean to upset you." He lays his hand back down, fingers scratching against the fabric of his bed. You can almost hear the sheets trying to cling to his bones from their residual static.

You grunt playfully as you roll onto your side to face him. You pull a pillow to your chest, nudging your chin into the cushion with a shimmy.

You know what is coming.

Momonga sighs in knowing as well, pressing his head back into his own pillow. You lay with him in silence for a time, and the only sound that is made is your breathing.

The quiet before the storm.

"I'm sorry," you mutter as you close your eyes. "I didn--"

"Why are you sorry?"

"I dunno.."

"Then do not say you are."

"But I am."

"...I know," He breathes out softly. "I am too."

"Why are you sorry?"

"Admittedly I could have...should have handled things differently. I did not find it important to--"

"Because I'm not important.." You whisper, gripping your pillow tighter.

"Do not start that with me," He spits out quickly, balling up the comforter within one of his fists. "You know what you mean to me. What was I supposed to do if you had actually died?"

"...Celebrate?" You try to play it off, because you do not know what to say. You smile sheepishly, and when you swallow you expect to taste blood.

"Seriously? That is what you are choosing to say right now?!" He raises his voice, filling the air around the both of you with his tone.

"I don't know what to say," your tail curls around your ankle as you grit your teeth. "All I did was walk into the room and I got fucking clocked. I can remember bits and pieces but...I just woke up. I am still processing what happened and...I don't know what to say. I don't. I'm sorry."

"I did not know...the magnitude of fear that I could feel in this world until the guardians began
bombarding me with [Message]'s about what happened," There is a pregnant pause as Momonga sets both of his hands on his chest, clasping them together. You stare at him through the silence with hooded eyes and a heart that is sinking like a lone soul in an endless ocean. "I feared I might lose you."

"...Well," you nudge his pinkie finger again, pulling at his hand. This time he does not bat you away when you beseech him for a physical connection. "Now you know how I felt when you fought Shalltear."

He snorts at your answer, and you wonder how he makes some of the sounds he does.

"Ah. Well, consider us even then?" It is nice to hear him chuckle this way. It is sincere, and you match the smile you know he has inside.

"Yeah, we're even." You sigh back quietly, a soft laugh of your own slipping into your tone.

You wince instinctively as you gently paw at the left side of your face, fingers ghosting over your cheekbone. "Momonga...I-I tried, I just didn't know..."

You are right. You did not know. How were you supposed to know that Solution would contact Demiurge of all people when Sebas wanted to protect Tsuare? Sure Momonga did not want any unnecessary attention drawn to Sebas and Solution while they were out scouting, but to go as far as to call treason upon Sebas for protecting one human girl?

The same human girl you gave your word too?

As Momonga explains the ins and outs of what happened you can feel a hateful fire beginning to grow in your belly. Your tongue moves irritably in your mouth, unable to find a comfortable place to rest.

Now it is your turn to ball up the comforter in agitation.

Did Demiurge really think that you were also betraying Nazarick? What did he think when Solution contacted him?

Why did he not contact you? Why did he go to Momonga?

This all could have been smoothed over with a simple [Message] between yourself and Demiurge, but no.

*He went over your head.*

He either completely over thought the situation, which would be typical of him.

...Or he believed that you and Sebas had some secret plot in protecting Tsuare and that would somehow backfire against Nazarick.
Regardless, it hurts. It hurts as your tear ducts sting at the thought, and you wipe at your face. You rub your eyes clean of any tears.

He is not worth crying over right now.

Even if you want too.

*It is the guild ring all over again.*

You thought the two of you were close!

You bite your quivering lip as a tear slides free from your left eye. The lone tear splashes silently into the bed sheets below.

"Why did you tell Cocytus no when he wanted to summon me?"

Fuck.

You pull your knees up to your chest as you tuck your pillow deeper into your core for comfort. You close your eyes again, blinking away your tears.

Stop crying. Deflect.

"...Why did you let Demiurge talk you into doing things this way?"

"I trust him. I agree that his methods were excessive. However if on the slim chance that Sebas was going to betray Nazarick I allowed Demiurge control over the situation."

"Why did NO one find it necessary to get into contact with me?!"

"I have been conducting routine [Message]'s with Pandora's Actor. I am aware of what happened that day to you in E-Rantel, and he convinced me to keep you uninvolved."

"Ugh! Seriously?!" You flop onto your back, palms pressing into your forehead. You groan as you shake your head.

Calm down. You know that he was only trying to be a sweetheart, but what is up with all of this miscommunication?! What would have been so bad as to have woken you up to say...

You sigh loudly in defeat as you arch your back in realization.

Pandora would not have woken you up. Not after the both of you lost it emotionally after the days events. You would not have woken him up either if you had been in his shoes, err, boots.

You would have let him rest, you lov--*Not now.*

"You understand my ploy now?" Momonga whispers.

"Yeah. Yeah I do." You whisper back.

"I understand why you are upset as well, Holly. Consider where Demiurge was coming from, it may help--"

"I will handle Demiurge myself, Momonga." You answer firmly, clasping your hands over your stomach. You interlace your fingers together, knuckles popping as you squeeze them together.
When you get your hands on that slippery bastard...

It is amazing to you how the 7th floor guardian can invoke so much passion, anger, and sadness from you in such a limited time.

"...Fair enough. I will leave that to you, then," He pokes at your side, ruffling up your blouse. "You are not getting out of my question so easily. Why did you not want me there?"

Double fuck.

"I wanted to handle it on my own. You know I look up to you and...I didn't wanna fail okay? That's why. I thought I could do it, I didn't--"

"Holly this is not Yggdrasil anymore, this is real--"

"I know that!"

"Do you?"

Ouch.

"...I get it." You whisper once more.

"Holly...Be mindful of your relations with the guardians. They are not like you and I." Momonga sits up, the glow of his center disappearing as his robes fold over his world item. The room is engulfed in a darkness that best befits the great tomb.

It is calm, quiet, and it makes you feel impossibly small. You pull more hair in front of your face and nod, unsure if he can see you agreeing with him.

He can.

"I know that what just happened was troublesome and will have a lasting effect on you. I am sorry that I could not foresee and protect you from what took place," Other than the bed shifting from his weight, the only signal you have that he is now looking at you are his glowing eyes. They hang in the air as droplets of liquid fire.

"All I can say is that if that had happened to me, I would have had supremacy over the guardians without question."

"I'm not you.."

"I know. I do not want you to be me, I want you to be more careful. And take me off of that pedestal while you are at it, I am begging you. Sincerely just as much as I could criticize you for your empathy where this new life is concerned I could criticize myself for my lack of it."

You do not know what to say, so you again nod.

You are unsure of how much time you sit in silence, but it is long enough for you to have shifted three, now going on four times. You are now laying with your back turned to Momonga, still curled around one of his pillows. Your tail is fit neatly in the crease of your legs, keeping the backs of your thighs warm.

"...I'm really tired. Can I go back to sleep for a little bit?" You ask softly, picking at a loose string on the cushion.
Momonga hums in approval, and both of you know that you are just laying there thinking. That you just need time to digest more of the situation.

Somewhere between putting more of the pieces of the circumstance together and wanting to scream at Demiurge you do indeed, fall asleep.

Promising Momonga that you are not going to offer protection to every troubled human you run across is proving to be irritating.

It was endearing to you that he stayed while you napped. The room had the same darkness when you awoke, so at first you were not sure he was there.

You knew he was there however when you bumped into him searching for more pillows.

"I can not have you swearing sanctuary within Nazarick to humans you find worthy of your pity, Holly." He goes on once more, placing both hands behind his head as he lays back.

"She was the only one!"

"What about the family of arachnids that are currently taking refuge on the third floor?"

"Gah! Hey those are useful."

"True. What about the mitotic slime in your inventory?" Holy crap what all does Pandora’s Actor tell him?

"Hey! Don’t bring my slime into this!"

He points at you accusingly, muffling a laugh.

"My point exactly."

"Hey you said it yourself that YOU were going to protect her as well. Are you going to offer protection to every human you find worthy of your righteousness Lord Ainz?"

"I do not know Lady Holly, you tell me." You shoot him your best dirty look before shoving a pillow at him.

"Take this and read it in your free time," Momonga reaches into his inventory, the swirling portal bathing the bed in hues of mystic purple and indigo. He pulls back a thin brown piece of parchment, something that looks like an old and beat up diary.

"You will understand my reasoning then."

He tosses the petite booklet your way. It lands on the sheets before you can catch it, partially opening. The cover is bent, and looks as if a child tried to engrave a small flower into the leather.
The poor thing is worn and the top right of the pages have some minor water damage. Everything still seems legible despite the wear and tear.

"Whose is this?" You thumb through the pages carefully, noticing that the writing stops half way. Some pages have more entries than others, and one or two even have some whimsical pencil sketches.

"Do you remember when I told you of that group I adventured with alongside Narberal? That diary belonged to the youngest member," He reaches over, index finger scraping carefully against the booklet. "She was Tsuare's sister."

You clutch the book to your chest, pulling it away from his touch. You gulp as you understand, petting the binding with your thumb.

"I'm really sorry that happened to you."

"As I said before, do not be. However I feel there is a debt to be re-paided in exchange for the knowledge that notebook gifted me."

"Soo...you're offering Tsuare a home in Nazarick as a way of paying a debt you think you owe?"

"Something like that."

"Not because you care or because of the horrible shit she has been through?"

Momonga sighs with an air of contempt as he runs a finger over the gold lining on his robes. "I am aware of her history. I will repay kindness with kindness and nothing more. I do not posses the feelings that you do on such subjects, not anymore."

"...Not even a little?" You ask weakly.

"I will ask that you care for me."

"I already do," You pet the book a bit longer before carefully placing it into your inventory. Your face dusts pink as you look back over to him, tugging on your ear lobe. You speak entirely too fast as you change the subject. "Momonga? I-I miss you. I'm used to seeing you everyday and I feel like I don't see you at all. I just wanted you to know that, don't think I'm weird."

You are used to seeing him everyday. The last four years have been spent farming the nine worlds of Yggdrasil together like the game was never going to end. That although he missed his friends? He never compared you to them. You always felt welcome and wanted. That he was genuinely excited to have someone to play with again.

Just as you were happy to have him. You would not be here without him.

"I...uh..yeah," He stutters. "Yes. I-I suppose I miss you too? Okay, yeah. That is corre--"

"Ew you're making it weird." You giggle.

"You make everything weird." He groans.

"You know you love me." You sing happily in victory, it is always a win when you can embarrass him.

"Begrudgingly so." He laughs, and the pillow you shoved at him is now being pressed tight into your face.
"You're the brother I always wanted, ya know." Your words are muffled through the cushion, but he can still hear you giggling.

"Ugh, I suppose you are the sister I never wanted then."

"Awww!" you whine, and he just laughs again.

"Haha, You know I really do miss you. Talking through Pandora's Actor to get to know how you are doing is less than amiable to me. I would rather talk to you face to face."

"You mean skull to face?"

He shakes his head and grunts disapprovingly.

"I am going to arrange a time once a week for you and I to hold counsel. At night, if you are positively sure you are safe, take off your ring of sleuth while you are out. We will avoid situations such as what just happened, as well as we will be able to communicate directly rather than through Pandora's Actor."

"Yeahhh...we really need to be on the same page. I didn't think..." You trail off, and he nods.

"Neither did I, Holly. I need to ask you something, and I need you to answer me to the best of your ability."

"Um I'll try? Shit the pressure is on big guy, let's rock?" You scratch your arm nervously, tail twitching.

"Are you going to be okay? I am worried about you following the events of yesterday."

You fold one leg over the other, digging your head back into the bed. You lift both hands up and into your hair, raking your nails back and forth as you speak.

"I think so. I just feel like I have a lot that I need to do..." You pause, taking in a deep breathe. "Like I need to do some damage control. Is Sebas even okay? Shit I'm not really worried about me as much as I'm worried about him."

Seeing Sebas dumbstruck before you, his hand soaked in your blood is making your stomach turn. You feel like the image of his horror is permanently imprinted into your mind. That the face he made as you cast [Wall of Denial] is now a part of who you are.

You should have knocked.

Demiurge should have just [Message]'d you.

You want someone to blame.

You want to blame Demiurge.

You want to blame Solution.

"...I figured you would say something along those lines. I have already taken the liberty of summoning Sebas. He is actually guarding my chamber doors as we speak."

"What?! Why are you having him guard--"

"It was at his request."
He is such a gentlemen, true to heart as the butler of steel he was made to be.

"Is...is he okay?" You ask, eyes darting between Momonga and the outline of his double doors. You can just barely make them out through the sheer curtain that surrounds his bed.

"That I am unsure of. I will leave the guardians emotional well being upon your shoulders if that is suitable to you. It is not something I believe I can handle adequately."

"Yeah, that's fine with me. You deal with so much, it's the least I can do...that and this I think is better handled between he and I anyways. I just...I just hope he will hear me out, ya know?"

"I am sure he will hear you. If he will listen is of a different matter entirely. He is like Touch Me in that regard, I have found."

"How so?"

"He will do what he believes is right above all else. Look at his actions recently."

He is right. You study the door again as you roll your tongue over teeth in thought.

He saved Tsuare, he said so himself that it was because he believed it was how Touch would have acted.

When he was ordered to kill Tsuare, he believed he was right in doing so because it was for Nazarick.

...When Demiurge and Cocytus were going to kill him, he was going to allow it. That he believed it was the right thing to happen.

You slip off of the bed with a soft oof, smoothing out the wrinkles in the sheets with your tail. You take a long intake of air before making your way to the door.

"Holly, if you are not ready--"

"Since when have I ever been ready?" You laugh as you grip the door handle. Every muscle in your body flexes in distress as you stare at your reflection in the iron bars of Momonga's door.

For a second a flash of your gashed face strikes your sights. You can still smell the lingering stench of blood and Neuronists cloying antiseptics. You push the door open to make the mirror of yesterday go away, and step forward in a rush. You knock full frontal into Sebas as he opens the door with you, meaning to open the door for you.

Within a single look he is already twisted into your soul, digging deep into a place of you you did not know you had until now.
Thank you for your Kudos, Bookmarks, and Comments!

Tumblr

Deviantart
Despite the air around Sebas being thick with apprehension and guilt, he still carries a sense of calm. That his footsteps make him feel like a walking mountain, but that he sounds like nothing more than an ordinary man.

He strides cautiously behind you and to your right. At first he was to your left, but after noticing the involuntary twitching of your tail in discomfort he shifted position. You want to apologize. The words crumple like a discarded office paper in your throat.

Nazarick's ninth floor walls shimmer brilliantly in their notorious majesty as you walk towards nowhere in mind. They seem to breathe on their own, decorative paintings leaning in and wanting to whisper to you where to go. You would listen if you could, but instead you are just focusing on not panicking.

Every clap of your worn sneaker rebounds against your heel. Your heart beat is painful, and the sound is nauseating as it throbs in your ears. Your palms are slick with sweat. Where your tail joins to your lower back feels sore from the weight of not dragging your leathery appendage upon the ground.

The nostalgia of the previous day has your body toiling in goosebumps. Everything smells disgustingly sweet. The halls, your hair, you. The aroma of the room of truth has stubbornly imprinted itself into your nose. The unpleasant smell of an old hospital is something that you will never likely forget.

Sebas clears his throat and it startles the hell out of you. Your tail strikes the ground and you turn to face him on a heel. You spin unnaturally fast, and he is close enough to you that your hair brushes his chest like a paint brush.

You both stare at each other like wounded animals, doe and stag caught in the same pair of oncoming headlights. His fingers flex as they loop through and pull at the knot on his tie.

"..May I recommend the butler's quarters, My lady." His voice is hushed, yet pounds out of his throat with a hoarse staccato. "It is just around the corner, and I have already prepared accommodations for you."

God damn he is a braver soul than you are to talk right now. You would answer him verbally, but instead you simply nod your head up and down quickly.
He is true to his name as the butler of steel to you. Sebas's iron eyes feel like they are cutting into you. That each word he breathes, even though he does not speak much, lacerates into you from his gaze and not his lips.

You do not know why, but Sebas carries the pretense of a father like figure. To you, at least. That somehow through all of this you have disappointed him.

Maybe it is in the way he carries himself.

Maybe it is that you never had a father. Momma sure was a rollin' stone!

Maybe it is that you too, like Momonga, idolized his creator.

It could easily as well be his persona of nobility and confidence that only comes across as nurturing. That somewhere beyond the walls of text that Touch Me wrote Sebas to be, that if Sebas existed outside of the confinements of his Lords creativity, he would still be the same man he is now.

He has not an inch about him that portrays malice or contempt, but still, he intimidates you.

It is not that he hurt you.

It is that you feel you hurt him.

You step to the side as Sebas opens the door. Your tail slips between your legs, the tip curling around your ankle. Sebas closes his eyes in a moment of acknowledgement and self punishment. You wince, for this is the second time you have seen him make such a face.

Sebas is not the only one hauling sandbags of guilt upon his shoulders as if he were the mythological titan Atlas. That you too, with metaphorical arms lifted and elbows cracking, hold the weight of what happened in equal turmoil.

Decanters of varying shapes and glittering crystal twinkle at you from across the room. You take your seat on a chase lounge that compliments the guilds colors. Plush and plum velvet are a needed comfort as you trail a finger in circles around the fabric.

Just as Nazarick has an inherit cold to its atmosphere, there is also an ever present darkness. The butlers quarters are no exception, yet even through the dim lighting of a centered chandelier everything seems to sparkle.

Brass filigree rather than wood make up the furniture's supports. Every other swivel upon the crown molding of the chase's decorum there is a complimenting crimson amethyst. The hum of royal colors seem to wink at you as you shift your seating.

Momonga did always say that Tabula was a fanatic for details.

Tabula did not skip a beat, the chase lounge even has hooked draconian like feet rather than traditional rounded stands. If you did not know better you would think that the chair would get up and walk out on its own with you still on it.

You smile honestly when Sebas sets down a tray of assorted treats and candies on the table before you. He follows up with a small kettle of piping hot tea and two ceramic cups. Either the guardians have been sharing information of your love of sweets, or it is in his kind hearted nature to offer his supreme being confectioneries.

It is most likely a combination of the two.
You tuck your legs in a lotus type position and lay your tail in your lap. Sebas takes his seat across from you on a sofa similar in color and design to your seat. He folds one hand over the other upon his right thigh, and although he is looking at you?

You feel as if he is looking through you.

It is not that he is an intense man. It is that he is in an intense situation.

You would not know from his face that he was empathetic to you. His eyes and facial muscles are trained to be ever stoic and unwavering. The gray of his well groomed beard also acts as a distraction. It is a cosmetic way of falsifying his anxiety in favor of displaying conviction and cultured wisdom.

You are sure despite all of this though that he feels you are looking through him as well. That as his chest rises and falls in an unbalanced dance of his breathing he feels just as trapped as you do.

It pains you to know that Momonga [Message]'d for Sebas while you talked what happened over with him. That Sebas stood guard outside of Momonga's bed chambers for countless hours just sweating out his circumstance. Maybe it was a way for him to try to cleanse himself of his self appointed shame, a means of carrying out his own atonement.

How many thousands of scenario's did he weave in his mind during those hours he stood watch?

What punishments did he believe he would receive?

What punishments did he want to receive.

You hate that he has been suffering in silence.

You hate that you feel that you did this to him.

It was all just an accident...

Regardless, the both of you will get nothing done pretending to not stare at each other.

"Sebas," You say his name forlornly. Apologetically. You sit up properly, and you stifle the urge to cry. Fuck you want to though, especially how within a single blink he is crawling along your spine. "Sebas I am so sorry. This never should have happened this way, I should have knocked, I should have just--" You blurt out all to quickly, and in similar fashion Sebas follows suit.

"Lady Holly I should have been able to stop, this is within my fault. It is by my hand alone that I critically wounded a supreme being, that I injured you," His fingers flex, and a tight line is drawn between his brows as he demurs. "Please My Lady, you need not apologize. I am the one that is terribly sorry."

Well shit. You know where this is going to lead. The both of you are just going to walk on this tight rope of apologizing to one another. This will get nothing positive accomplished. The only thing that is going to walk out of this room changed are your hearts further bruised.

You need to call upon that strength you had when you wanted to save him from the others.

You have to be his supreme being.

"Let's call a truce maybe? We're...we're just gonna run around each other on this, Sebas." You pull your hair forward and over one shoulder. The mess of your curls spill everywhere, but it is a physical
solace to you. You run a hand rhythmically through the indigo spirals, and you can almost feel Pandora wrapping locks around his fingers.

You miss him.

..But you have to put him away for now. You twirl a few threads of hair around your fingers in longing as you continue. "..I can't have you taking responsibility on this. It..it was an accident. It's just a shitty situation, sometimes things like this happen. It's...it's not our fault."

You want to tell him it is no ones fault, but you would be lying to him.

When you get your hands on the demon..

Sebas's shoulders tense as he intakes an unnaturally long breathe of air. He looks at you as if you hold all the answers.

All you have for him is compassion, and you hope you convey so as you soften your expression.

"...It was a most unfortunate situation, my lady," Sebas leans forward, and he breaks eye contact. Either the ground is very interesting to him, or you know what is coming next. "My life is yours should you wish it so my supreme one. I will take myself from your sight here and now without regret or resentment."

The ground is suddenly interesting to you as well as you look away from him in pain. Each word he speaks drives through your heart like a wooden stake.

Does he know that even with his words he aims to kill?

"N-No Sebas. I don't want that, that's the furthest thing I could ever want. No..what I want is for you to listen to me." Sebas simply nods.

"Look at me," You ask, and he obeys. You smile kindly, and you can not help yourself as you laugh hopelessly. "H-Hey. Listen, okay? I..I'm not gonna say this more than once, because I know it makes you uncomfortable."

"My comfort should not be a prio--"

"Well it is," You lean forward, eyes narrowing. "Sebas I am sorry."

Sebas's eyes widen as he looks heaven bound. His lips part but you beat him to the punch by again, speaking over him.

"Let me explain. I...It was an accident, Sebas. I'm sorry for the situation that this has put the lot of us in. I mean, damn, I just had to use the bathroom and..."

"Lady Holly you have nothing to apologize for. The fault is my own." You grunt and cock an eyebrow up. Sebas sighs and brings a gloved hand to his heart, bowing his head.

'I am sure he will hear you. If he will listen is of a different matter entirely. He is like Touch Me in that regard, I have found.'

He is only going to bring the blame upon himself.

You stretch out a leg from underneath you, adjusting. It dangles just over the edge of the chase lounge. Your dusty and tattered sneaker barely grazes the floor.
This is going to take awhile.

"If accidents were on purpose they wouldn't be called accidents. They'd be called on purposes's." You shrug with a shitty grin. Your shoulders fall in the realization that your words are nothing more than wind chipping away at a cliff side of bedrock.

"...Why do you think this is your fault?" You turn your head to the side questioningly. If your words can not bring it out of him, maybe his own will.

It was possible to Sebas that explaining his failures to you was a punishment worse than the death he was requesting just moments earlier.

He strengthens his resolve by reaching forward to pour tea into your cup, and then his. You thank him quietly as he hands you a cup and saucer, but not before he lumps in three cubes of sugar.

_Damn, he is good._

You smile as your lips buzz at the warmth of the brew. Earl grey with rose water. It is a delicate flavor with a lasting impression. The taste settles luxuriously on your tongue as you sit back into your seat, cupping your drink with care.

Sebas allows himself a sip from his own cup before answering your question.

"When I saw Tsuare discarded in a burlap sack as if she were trash all I could think about was offering her my assistance. I did not hesitate to lend her a hand. Saving someone who is--"

"Saving someone who is in trouble is common sense." You finish his sentence as he sets his cup down. He nods in understanding, and for a second your heart leaps at the thought that he might just crack a smile.

"Lady Holly, as I told you before I feel those very words are at the root of who I am as a servant to Nazarick. That my Lord Touch Me crafted me as a means of extending his kind nature and strength to anyone should they need it...even if they exist outside of the great tomb."

"Ya know I just don't see anything wrong with you helping her. I don't. It's why I..." You ball up some of your curls, sneering as you look away. "Sorry. I just don't see anything wrong with what you did."

"I apologize that my actions have caused you so much discourse my lady."

"No, no. Please stop apologizing. What you did, like Touch said, was...fuck it was common sense. I would have done the same thing."

Sebas relaxes his posture with a heavy sigh. He leans forward once more, placing both elbows onto his knees while clasping his hands together. His right hand pulls at his left glove, adjusting it with a few tugs.

"...My Lady? As head butler to Nazarick I am..._aware_ of many things across the great tomb. It is grievous that you never had the opportunity to meet my Lord Touch Me. I-I do not mean to question your--"

"Sebas I'm not going to bite you." You smirk with a small chuckle. Sebas nods with a deep inhale of air through his nose.

"How do you know those words?"
"Ahaha...wellll," You rub the back of your head as you look away from Sebas. Your face flushes, and you are sure that your neck is splotching red. "Uh, It's what Ainz said to me when I first met him."

Sebas says nothing, so you look back to him.

If you weren't the shade of a dozen roses before, you are now.

Holy crap he's good looking when he smiles.

You take a quick mental note to remember that the guardians really like when you talk about their respective creators.

Watching Sebas genuinely smile as he reaches for his tea once more makes your blood sing with joy.

You may have never made an NPC within Nazarick, but that does not mean you can not love them. That does not mean that they do not love you.

You may never be like their creators.

But you can be their Supreme Being; Their Warden of Dawn.

"Can I get you anything Lady Holly? Please, anything you wish for." You look back to see Sebas gesturing with his cup your way. You mirror his expression.

He really does have a smile that could challenge the sun.

You point at him with a giggle, the tip of your tail wagging. "You should smile more. It's a good look for you."

"I will keep that in mind, my lady." He chuckles warmly.

"Soo...do you...Ya know. Do you have any more of those peach drinks? Like the one you gave me when I first...errr, when I was super tired?"

Without a word as if you were instead commanding him, Sebas plucks an orange vial from his breast pocket.

You never had a need for such potions in Yggdrasil due to your class and set bonus from Remembrance of Oak. Upon leaving Yggdrasil and entering this new world however?

Not even Oak or your job class can spare you from a fatigue de-buff.

Damn your low resistance...

And right now? It is not that you are tired. Not in the least bit.

You are more than rested.

..It is that those peachy delights Sebas carries taste fucking incredible.

They are also probably the closest thing you are ever going to get to an energy drink in this new world.
Sebas plops the petite flagon into your palm, and with great haste you greedily consume the elixir. You lick your lips as the fruity concoction ignites like electricity through your veins. Your tail slaps loudly in your lap as you hum with gratitude and new energy.

You need to remember to ask Pandora’s Actor about those next time the two of you are out adventuring.

Every hair on your body stands at attention. It is not from the boon of vitality that Sebas gave you, however. No, your face is landscaped in guilt as you sit back into your seat once more.

Sebas takes notice of your furrowing brows. His face swaps back to his default stoic expression like castle gates crashing down on an unsuspecting enemy.

"My Lady Holly, you seem unsettled. Are you alright? Was the potion displeasing?"

*Are you alright?*

God the words you are about to ask hurt. Just the thought of letting them slip through your lips feels damming. That you are instead getting ready to lay down a curse instead of asking a simple question.

"...You were going to kill her, weren't you." More of a statement than a question. The assertion feels like a papercut dredging itself up from your stomach and slicing it's way up.

"Yes." Sebas says definitively, without hesitation.

"That's so fucked up..." You shake your head remorsefully. Your heart feels like a cement block that has been tossed into a lake to drown. "Y-You like her though. Don’t you? I-I can tell."

Sebas eyes you cautiously. That he studies you like an ornate tapestry, careful to take note of the techniques used to craft your face. You are an iron butterfly with unpinned wings to be examined with circumspection because in one false move.

It is not that he would break you.

It is that you would break him.

You are not the only one with split lips from words you felt were treason.

"My lady she is just an unfortunate soul, and due to my ignorance I put you and her in danger," He pauses, looking down to his hands that are digging into the meat of his thighs. "Lady Holly I am a servant to Nazarick and nothing more, my feelings do not--"

"They matter to me." You would think he was instead a wax doll instead of himself by how still he just became. His feelings do matter to you.

Although he is sitting perfectly still? You know that he feels trapped. If you could point at yourself and tell him you are the door out you would.

He just does not understand.

You hope with time you can build that bridge for the two of you and walk it with him some day.

"...I am sorry that you were put in that situation, Sebas. To have to hurt someone you care about."

You close your eyes. Holy Grail falls to the ground with a spin and a clink. The music of its activation screams to a halt in favor of dying in a pool of blood.
The room is spinning. Every color is a hue brighter.

You are dizzy. You put one hand over your mouth, and another grips the arm of the chase lounge.

You squeeze your eyes shut tighter.

"Winterberry you simply do not understand! You are--!"

Pandora's hands have a death grip on your shoulders.

His voice is louder in one ear than the other.

Pressure.

All you feel is pressure.

You grind your teeth, your jaw pops.

The pangs of your heart hurt with a dull ache as if you have a bad chest cold.

"Liebling please!"

You breathe through your nose, the air is filled with slivers of ice. They nip at your lungs like frost bite does your finger tips.

Another hand joins yours upon your face.

You open your eyes.

"I-I know how you feel." You say through a rasp as Sebas pulls your hand off of your mouth. His eyelids droop as he places a hand on your forehead, wiping away the chilling sweat.

"For that, My Lady," Sebas bows his head mournfully, taking your freehand in his."For that I am truly sorry."

He's so warm.

"Me too." You whisper.

Your tail flicks about like a restless serpent as you place your chin in the palm of your hand. You do not want to admit it out loud per se, but the thoughts bombarding your mind are that Demiurge is an asshole.

You are not wrong in thinking that way, not to Sebas at least.

You flick your tongue against the back of your teeth a few times before speaking. "...It was a bit much. I never once questioned your resolve or your loyalty to Nazarick. The thought never even crossed my mind. I-I don't understand why the hell..." You are too irritated to finish speaking.

Instead you wrinkle your nose with a sneer and Sebas nods in agreement.
"It was under Demiurge's impression of my actions that resulted in this state of affairs." Sebas spits the demons name out as one does something disgusting. His lips even pierce after he finishes his sentence, and his shoulders tense as he tightens his posture.

You roll your thumb over your chin as you nod in thought.

Sebas and Demiurge are about as black and white as it gets in Nazarick.

Polar opposites.

You faintly remember Demiurges expression when you first met him for real when Sebas interrupted him. Demiurge in that moment was nothing but black fire and hate.

They don't like each other.

Your eyes burn with a fire that would have impressed Ulbert at the thought that Demiurge did this as a means of getting a jab at Sebas. Anger is an insult to the chasm of fury clawing inside of you at the seventh floor guardian.

Just one [Message]..

A vein seems to burst in Sebas's neck as he finally speaks to you without restraint."Lady Holly, pardon my words but I as well feel that it was a bit much as you say. I would not dare to betray Nazarick, I do believe I have never shown signs of such behavior. I simply left out information to keep young Tsuare safe, she is just an insignificant human woman. I did not think she would cause so much harm."

"..Sometimes the smallest of us can have the largest of impacts, ya know." Sebas's eyes look you up and down, and his face dawns with recognition. He sighs as he places his hand upon his breast with a sense of grace that could rival born royalty.

"Yes...Yes you are right Lady Holly." He does not smile, but you can hear the sparkle in his voice.

Sebas refills both cups of tea upon the table in a moment of silent reverie.

You sharply inhale, leaning your head back into your lounge. No, the ceiling can not tell you what to say next but it is at least comforting.

You want to know why.

Why did Demiurge take such extreme measures?

Is it really because he does not like Sebas?

Asshole.

Could it be their Karma levels? They have a staggering difference of eight hundred, but you and Demiurge get along fine with your disparity in karma..

Well, did get along.

You watch as Sebas takes his cup and saucer in hand, studying him for a moment.

Made in his Lords image.

..No fucking way.
You suck at your teeth, remembering all the stories Momonga told you of his old guild mates.

The titans of Ainz Ooal Gown. The individuals Momonga holds in such a high esteem you would swear that Momonga was instead a guardian and they were something higher than supreme beings.

Do Sebas and Demiuruge not like each other because of Ulbert and Touch Me? Undoubtedly the NPC's take after their creators. As much as Momonga would loathe to admit it you can see Pandora's Actor in him and vice versa.

You hold in a giggle remembering Momonga and the guardians strutting up a staircase of skeletons.

He even summoned Gargantua because why not? He did not want to get his feet dirty.

*He's such a ham.*

Momonga did not talk much about the happenings of Ainz Ooal Gown, but it did not take a genius to know that Ulbert and Touch Me did not exactly see eye to eye.

That the transfer of the guild and name went to Momonga after Touch did something to make one of the original guild members quit up and quit.

Too bad for Touch that person also happened to be one of Ulbert's best friends.

Momonga never said what happened, just that it was bad. He has never been one to trash his friends and you could respect him for that. However, it drove you nuts because you have always wanted to know.

Apparently Ulbert thought it was more than bad though. He never skipped a beat to let Touch Me know it either.

Guild drama travels exceedingly fast along website forums. The details were always minimal, but everyone knew when a top guild was boiling with drama.

No one knows why they up and deleted their character, but it was the headline everyone knew for a time. No one knew why though.

And they never will.

After that the guild was never really the same. Sure the numbers grew, but so did the resentment.

Momonga can say that everyone left due to the game slowly dying and real life taking priority.

To you, though, it all started to fall apart when Touch began throwing rocks in a castle of glass.

..And when Ulbert started burning the shards.

Momonga may have never told you what happened, and probably never will. However, he did tell you all about his old clan and who they were. He notably idolized Touch Me and Ulbert was one of his closest friends.

On days that Nazarick was up to date on expenses you could pry out of him the hay days of Ainz Ooal Gown.

You always did love the story of the Celestial uranium mine.

There was once though that he told you about Ulbert and *the accident.*
That like Momonga, Ulbert too lost his parents at a young age. That Ulbert in a way resented Touch Me because to him, Touch had everything and he...he had nothing.

That Touch Me forcing his friend out of the guild was a critical breaking point for Ulbert.

You do not know the measure of a man until you have nothing to measure him by.

"Lady Holly?" Sebas asks, and you hum with a slow nod in affirmation.

You want to strangle Demiurge, but that will have to come later. You need to try to find a way to possibly fix their relationship if you can.

Even if it is just finding a way to let Sebas know why he does not care for Demiurge.

How do you even go about this? How do you tell Sebas anything without completely shattering his world view?

...All you can do is try, because if you do not?

Something much worse than a swift punch to the jaw could happen next time something like this happens.

"Sebas?" You parrot his questioning tone as you lean forward. Now it is you that is sitting forward with your elbows on your knees, fingers interwoven.

Deep breathe.

"...I want to tell you something. But it has to stay between you and I." You eye him warily. Your mouth feels dry as you reach for your cup of tea.

"Of course my lady. Anything you wish to discuss with me shall remain in the utmost of confidence."

"You said as head butler you knew things. I...I want to ask you about that, actually. Kind of, I mean. Um," You take a quick sip of your tea, and something about the rosewater emboldens your next words. "...Well, for starters what do you know about your creator?"

"Confessedly my lady I do not know much. I know that he was a remarkable lord with unquestionable resolve. I consider him to be like that of a father figure to me." You fiddle with your hair as it falls over your shoulder. You set your cup down for a last time, pushing it away.

This is going to take your undivided attention.

Is...is this too much?

"Sebas..." Pause, clear your throat. "Do you know where the other supreme beings went? When they left Nazarick?"

"No my lady. That...that I do not know." Sebas looks down and away with a look of dead wives and sunken ships.

"They...they went home." It is hard to not sound cold when speaking the bitter truth.

"..Home?" Sebas asks rhetorically, shaking his head from side to side hypnotically. "I...is it something that we did, my lady? I personally will make sure to correct any abhorrent behavior--"
"No Sebas. It is not something that you, the guardians, or Nazarick did. The decision they made it's...it's above my head," You wave your hand a bit as you scoff. Your inability to explain things in a comprehensive matter is frustrating to you. "I am sorry Sebas. I don't know how to put this in a way you'll...understand. And I don't mean that as an insult! Just uh...hear me out."

You should not be telling him this.

"My Lady I do not take any of your wisdom as an insult. I only hope to, understand why you want to share this information with me. Knowledge of the supreme beings and where they left to is...rather coveted information amongst the servants of Nazarick."

"I want to help you." You say simply.

"Lady Holly, I am Nazarick's head butler. I should be assisting you, not the other way around."

You take in a deep breathe for what feels like the millionth time. You blink softly as you walk around land mines.

"What do you remember of Ulbert?"

"He is Demiurge's creator. I know not much of him my lady." His professional tone never falters, but the 7th floor guardians name still runs off of his tongue like putrefied milk.

"Do you know of Touch Me and Ulberts relationship?"

"...Yes. Yes I do Lady Holly." You know he had to know something. If the guardians remembered your escapades around Nazarick? Then they would most certainly know other things. Especially Sebas. He has been stationed on the ninth floor since his birth.

How much does he really know?

"Back...home...Touch was very fortunate. Ulbert was jealous of that, because Ulbert was not..fortunate."

You are going too far.

"It wasn't Touch Me's fault that Ulbert envied him. They both just lived very different lives. Touch me was born lucky. Ulbert, in a sense, back home was...lucky to be born." You cross one leg over the other as you sit up straight. You can feel your heart rattle around in your rib cage as Sebas stares. His focus is painted intricately upon his face, most notably in the crease on his forehead.

"Because of this, they had many differing ways of viewing things. Goals, life, habits, you name em'. They...didn't get along. I think that's why you and Demiurge might not see eye to eye, ya know?"

"Lady Holly, forgive my transgressions. I do not see eye to eye with Demiurge, because I think he is immoral, sadistic, and unforgivably callous to those around him."

"But why do you think that?"

"I am made my in lords image, I..." He stops with a panic of realization, pupils nearly blown.

You have to stop. This is not fair to him.

"Sebas, I do not by any means agree with Demiurge's decisions regarding your 'test of loyalty'. I actually hate it. Regardless however...h-he was thinking of what was best for Nazarick, even if it was
in his own fucked up way." You hate that you're defending Demiurge, but deep down you know that he was doing what he believed was necessary.

You want to think that, at least. You are unsure if here you are trying to convince Sebas or yourself.

"I hope this helps you to understand where that hatred comes from. That the bridge between you two wasn't burned by yourselves, but by your creators," You pause, hoping your next words hit home with Sebas. "...Even if they disliked each other, they still had each others backs. I-I don't think they ever meant for you two to hate each other." You laugh a bit, hesitation ringing in the room by the sound of your voice. "I don't know if I just helped or if I made things worse. I just...I wanted--"

"Thank you my lady," Sebas bows his head and it is as if he is being brought down by invisible chains. "I selfishly wish to ask something of you. Forgive my insolence Lady Holly, however..D-Do you wish to go back home?"

Again, with words this time instead of a look, he has taken residence in a place of you you weren't sure you had.

You lift up the tea kettle as you refill his cup and yours. He looks injured by your soft smile until you tell him your answer.

"Nazarick is my home."

---

Black Sky Legion

~Lurkingevil~

Recommended fan fiction

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You thumb at your middle finger and for a split second you experience full body sensory deprivation.

No sound, no sense of smell, *nothing*.

Only you.

You float in a moment of calm darkness that best befits the great tomb of Nazarick. You would think you were dead or at the very least in a peaceful sleep; *if* you had not done this several times before.

Your next step takes you to your bedroom with the activation of your guild rings [Greater Teleportation] spell. Your left sneaker lands first and claps quietly with its torn sole against the flooring.

At least you no longer feel light headed when casting instant transition magic. Instead you are left with an odd tingling in your joints, like television static. You are sure with time that will also pass.

You shake your hands to subside the fuzzy feeling trapped in your fingers before accessing your inventory. A twirl and flick of your wrist later you stroke against something cold and slimy.

*Ew...*

Wet squelches and a few squeaky *'eeps'* later you realize what is feverishly attempting to attach itself to your hand.

*Oh!*

It is your Slime!
You pull the little guy out as it quivers. Your mitotic slime's translucent underbelly drools with a sticky substance that pools onto the marble flooring below. Repulsed you slap your slime against your bedroom wall with a moist splorch. It hurriedly climbs the wall, scrunched up like an accordion as it makes its way up and into a corner. It vibrates and spreads out comfortably as it makes itself at home.

You point at it with a grunt, eyes narrowed.

*Stay there you little shit.*

Your slime shivers with another 'eep' in response.

Good slime.

You use your clean hand to retrieve the notebook Momonga gave you to read. The other you fist against your jeans to remove your pets messy secretions.

Nasty creature.

You make your way to your bed.

You just want to be alone for a time and maybe gain some insight from Momonga's perspective on what happened. That maybe skimming through this diary will help you understand something.

Somehow.

You fan the pages, catching wind of their age. They smell faintly of mildew. You wrinkle your nose at the unpleasant scent. Ninya's diary has to be at least a few years old. That or she did not get it hot off the press.

There is no way of knowing.

You gather up the corner of your beds canopy veil before pulling it back. The fabric is sheer enough that you can see someone's silhouette in the middle of your sheets. You pull the black curtain back cautiously as you place a knee on your bed to hoist yourself up.

Your heart swells as your chest cavity fills with phantom butterflies. You stifle a giggle at seeing Pandora's Actor face down in your favorite pillow. He is out cold. His breathing is soft and predictable as you scoot yourself next to him.

Why is he here?

Anyone else you would have demanded that they leave. Well, you would like to think that. You most likely would have just let them be and ran off somewhere else to read.

Your tail coils itself around one of his legs carefully. You wanted to be alone, but...

It is nice having him here. Even if you know what is going to come sooner than later.

*He looks so peaceful.*

You are unsure which is worse as you watch him sleep.

Talking to him about what happened, or nailing Demiurge to the cross.

Guilt and anger both taste like the blood from yesterday.
There is more than enough of his overcoat to cover the both of you so you pull some of the folds over your legs. Pandora makes a tender sound at the movement, and whether it is intentional or not one of his inhuman hands find rest on your thigh.

You rub over his back gingerly, fingers ghosting over his spine. A ring of sustenance can only last so long, three to four days at tops. You do not remember the last time you actually saw Pandora sleep. Most of the time when you were resting he was reading, shining armor, or taking remote inventory of Nazarick's data crystal consumption.

Time must have caught up with him. Again you are glad he is here over crashing on the treasuries plum couch. As you stroke over his shoulders you make a mental note to tell him to come to your room to sleep like this rather than the treasury. If he is going to adapt the mentality of what's mine is yours he might as well take it to the fullest extent.

Your eyes soften as you stare at him though, lingering entirely to long. He has more or less already taken this to the fullest extent. Like how he has taken your hear--

No. Brain, shut the hell up. Not right now.

You give him a few loving yet nervous pats before opening Ninya's diary. Time to see what this girls notebook is all about. You hold the petite booklet in one hand, index finger trailing over the lines of text as you read.

---

*Lower wind month*

*Day 14*

*First entry*

*Am I doing this right? I'm not sure. Well, for starters I suppose I should introduce myself?*

*This is just a diary after all, but...*

*My name is Ninya. My sister gave me you so that I could write out my thoughts. Which I have a lot of them. So get ready. I have this lucky ability of mastering magic faster than others, and I guess that somehow has made it into what's on my mind as well. Lucky me right?*

*That's about the only luck I have. Well, that and my older sister. I'd like to thank her for giving you to me, but it's her turn with the nobles. I'll find a way to do something for her. Especially since they've been nabbing her up more often than not now. I feel like I hardly ever see her.*

*It'll be her birthday soon. Maybe I'll get her a diary.*
You turn the page. There are four to five doodles across the next coming entries. All of them are different rough sketches of flora you do not recognize. The sixth page contains the next written entry.

Lower wind month

Day 29

Second Entry

I got Tsuare a diary like you but I don't think she uses it. That or she's too tired to care. Food is getting low around the farm and we're all tired. I know I'm tired. It was my turn with the master last night. I'm torn, sore, and I just want to sleep. I feel like when I sleep it goes away, because when I am awake? Lucky me with my lucky abilities.

I want to try learning some offensive magic, but I think that'd make everyone paranoid. It sure would be fun to learn [Magic Arrow] and shoot one at our master. He's kinda fat, I bet it would just absorb into him. For right now I just practice some reinforcement spells when I'm not wanting to fall over. If I use enough blankets I can hide the glow when I practice at night.

The master's son is a jerk, he once caught me and ratted me out. I hate him. I did get to see him get a whoopin' the other day though. I hadn't smiled that hard since I can't remember when.

You snicker.

'He's kinda fat, I bet it would just absorb into him.'

Sounds like something you would have written.

It is hard to believe you are sitting here cuddled up next to Pandora's Actor reading this dead girl's diary.

She feels so alive. You quietly sigh as you turn to the next page. You are unsure what months are what, but due to how the pages stick together it seems as if she has not written in awhile. Fair enough, you can not remember how many times you tried to pick up writing in a diary only to abandon it after a few scribbles and notes.
I haven’t written for some time, sorry. I thought I lost you when I moved. I don’t know how to say this but I lost Tsuare. The old master sold me and I couldn’t take Tsuare with me. I’m apparently valuable due to my magical aptitude to this guy that bought me. He’s nice, he wanted to buy Tsuare too but the old fat master wants her for himself. He’s a sicko. I’m worried that without me there she’s going to take the brunt of his anger and other stuff.

I’ll be of age soon, I think. I can remember Tsuare’s birthday but never my own. I know that once I’m old enough I can try to make coin and buy her myself. I just hope I can find her when it’s time.

My new owner is an older skinny guy. Nice house, and I don’t have to sleep in a shed like I did back at the farm. I get my own room. There are books here on the thirteen heroes. I’m really excited about that! I’ve already opened and looked at a few.

They’re really well written. I can’t understand all the words but I get what’s happening.

Sometimes I like to pretend I’m one of the heroes. Like I’m the fourteenth hero. I have this cool idea for my powers and outfit. I’d definitely be a cool magic caster with a big cape.

The next pages have been torn. Near the binding of the diary is frayed from where pieces of paper have been ripped out.

Either she was not pleased with her sketches or there was some stuff in here she did not dare have anyone read. Just below a sketch of a woman with a flowing and scratchy purple cape is the next entry.
Fifth entry? She must have torn out the fourth...

They're all the same. I don't know how or why I trust anyone anymore. I hate nobles. I hate them. They think their money and status means they own everything. That they own me, they own my sister.

I shouldn't have tried practicing my magic here. He doesn't want that from me. He wants what they all want from me. It hurts. It hurts when I go to the bathroom, it hurts when I sleep, It just hurts.

Water damage has smeared the next few paragraphs. The words have all bled together. Guilt coats your tongue.

I miss my mother. The downstairs folding room smells like her so I sometimes go there. I think it smells like her because they leave the window open and the garden is just outside that room. I wish I could go there now. I wish she was there. I wish I wasn't here. I just wish I wasn't even a thing anymore.

Pandora nudges himself into you for warmth as you go for the next entry. You think you hear him whisper something in German in his sleep. Your tail squeezes his leg as your head swims from reading this child's story.

Dead child.

I'm so sorry..
Upper earth month

Day 2

Sixth Entry

There's a celebration tomorrow in the main town for the autumn equinox. I hope I get to go.

"[Lights of Aegis]," A petite bead of a star hovers above Ninya's diary before shooting up and into the canopy of your bed. Quickly the spell multiplies as it creates copies of flecks of light that shine as a nebula of brilliant white. You look up in awe as the sparks of ivory twinkle. Every other mote seems to fade in and out of existence before reappearing brighter than the last.

You look back down as Pandora lowers his index finger. His hand is shimmering with the same aura as the stars above. The light from the spell around his digit fades as he locks his arms around your waist. You adjust as he buries his head in your lap, his face hard pressed into your stomach.

His shoulders raise with a heavy breathe that pushes through the material of your shirt. You loop a finger through the back of his cap to remove it so you can set it to the side. The bill is stiff and always seems to find a way to dig into your skin when he cuddles into you. He tangles his fingers through the blue of your hair with a contented sigh. You smile warmly.

You palm the back of his head as your fingers massage into his smooth scalp. You close the diary with your thumb still inside to hold your spot. Your eyes flicker up once more to watch the [Lights of Aegis] float like incandescent soap bubbles. They are almost hypnotic in the way they glitter as they rise and fall.

"T-That will enhance your ability to see what you are reading liebling! It is a spell I often utilize when in the deepest trenches of the Treasury." Your shoulders slump. Behind his charming and happy voice you can hear how broken he sounds.

"T-Thank you. Um...W-Why are you here? Not that I mind! I mean, I'm just curious, because..ya know." Fuck. You do not have it in you yet to talk to him about Holy Grail and getting destroyed by Sebas.

"I...Ja Winterberry! Y-You see," He jolts up suddenly, knocking his forehead against yours. His hands hold your arms, fingers interlacing across your back and through your hair. He stamps one boot on either side of your legs as he squeezes himself as close as he can get to you. "I just want to make sure you know that beyond the shadow of a doubt meine lieb! I am forevermore at the ready to be your escort, your devotee!"

"Not because you missed me?" You tease, the right curve of your lip smirking into a knowing smile. Not because you lov--
"I always miss you Winterberry," Pandora says truthfully, his voice warm and doting. His face lights up a pale pink as he stutters his next words."I-I mean, Liebling, y-you, after what happened I was so very worried! After being ordered to leave you with Lord Ainz from your treatment with Neuronist I--"

"W-wait a second!" Your eyes sparkle with realization as you choke out,"T-That was you?!!"

'I do not make empty threats where she is concerned, and you would do well to remember that.'

Holy shit.

"Certainly so! Holly I will become whatever I need to be to protect you," Pandora reaches up, plucking one of the motes of light from the ceiling with his unnaturally long fingers. He places it in your palm with a twirl before covering the star between your hand and his. "Ich liebe dich sehr, Winterbeere~. Du bist mein ewiger Stern."

The piece of [Lights of Aegis] glows between Pandora's palm and yours, caught within the intimate warmth. Light filters out between the cracks in your fingers and paints the both of you in flecks of white. You let go of his hand to release the fragment of starlight to interlace your fingers with his. It sways back up like a sky lantern, wisping away serenely to return back up to its brothers and sisters.

"...I am sorry," You whisper as you curl into his chest. "I am sorry that you had to be like that because of me."

"Winterberry I truly have no qualms with being your guardian! I-I consider it the highest of honors in fact!" You rise and fall with his chest as he breathes, his voice hinting at a lingering hesitance you would not have caught if not for how well you know him by now. You close your weary eyes, resting your face beside his vest, smelling the pleasantries of his sarsenet material.

"...Holy Grail Pandora." Your voice catches in your throat with a hoarse whisper. Pandora works his free hand up and through to your scalp, pressing you deeper into his embrace.

"Why liebling..?" He whimpers.

"Holy Grail is a world item Pandora, I can't let you waste it--"

"I am aware of Holy Grail's value. Truly it is a magnificent artifact, and a lovely one at that," Pandora unweaves his hand from yours, pressing his index finger underneath your chin. With a swift press he lifts you to his unending stare.

"However, it pales in absolute comparison to your divinity. Liebling...do you not see? You meine liebe, you are priceless, timeless, so much more than just a relic for consumption! You are an unquantifiable amount of world items wrapped up succinctly, all interwoven to build up what and who you are. You are one of two of Nazaricks last supreme beings."

"I know...I'm...I'm starting to get that now. It's just a lot, it's all been...a lot to deal with. I never dreamed I'd be this god you all think I am. I never thought that I'd, actually...be here. That I'd be idolized, worshiped, or...--"

"What do you mean Winterberry?" Pandora chuckles, stroking his finger back and forth. His nail drags carefully over the thin skin of your throat as he tilts his head to the side questioningly. "You have been intrinsic to Nazarick since you stepped foot inside of the great tomb. Without you and my illustrious creator Lord Ainz we guardians would not have the life so graciously bestowed upon us."

Oops.
"Err, don't worry about it. Really! J-Just take my apology--"

You squint your eyes as he interrupts you again. He pays no mind to it.

"Ah but Holly it is my duty to worry! My solemn oath unto you meine liebe is that I will never permit such an occasion as to where you become critically wounded to happen again! I swear by it, on my lords holy name liebling."

"Not if I get in your way," You grin sarcastically, giggling, "Don't promise me what you can't do if I'm the one that--"

"Are you and I not built on promises kept Winterberry?"

You feel like your chest is going to collapse in on itself. If not for the twinkling stars above you would feel starved of light within the night of his eyes. That even if you are lost in the dark? You are found in his arms.

You nod as he lifts the rest of his hand to your face. His fingers gently press against your cheek, wandering around the shimmering blue sapphires that decorate your face.

Your fear inhibitor kicks in. The room is painted in a momentary alarm of purple flashes as your eyes widen.

The very earth seems to slip off of its axis as you recoil at his contact. Your heart beat accelerates painfully fast as your eyes dart around the room in a needless panic. Your head is swimming as Pandora brackets the back of your scalp with a firm palm. You gasp, tears in your eyes, hand moving to cover your mouth.

You search his empty face as the nightmarish fever subsides in favor of code of the commanders calming passive. Your chest still thuds with dull aches in the aftermath. You frown in understanding the tole that this has taken on you.

That will continue to stain you.

Pandora's hand hovers cautiously over the left side of your face where he had been touching. His posture softens forward, shoulders slumping, head crooning closer. "Ohhh Liebling...I am so very sorry."

You shake your head with a heavy heart. "I-It's not your fault."

Pandora challenges you by inching closer. He presses his forehead into yours once more, his breath warm and scentless as it washes over you. Pandora's hand brushes against you again as tears stream hotly down your face. His fingers are trembling as he keeps them together, only gently, ever so gently ghosting against your cheek.

You squeeze your eyes shut, bravely nuzzling into his palm. You know he is not going to hurt you. That the fear is irrational, but nevertheless, it exists.

"I promise Winterberry," He affirms softly before his voice rises with a thundering crescendo that has you arching an eyebrow.

"I am your chosen guardian, Holly! What man would I be to not swear by every fiber of his being to pronounce such devotion! Such grandiose chivalry! Haha meine dame as treasury manager and Nazarick's last bastion you are always safe in my hands."
Without thinking your hand is on his left cheek, fingers tapping playfully. "I-I'd do the same for you, will do the same for you."

"Winterberry that is entirely unnecessary, you are--"

"I promise." You palm over his oval mouth, muffling his voice.

You would go on. You would tell him you loved him, because fuck, you do. You know you do and you have for awhile now. You love him so much and everything is clawing at you to shout it at him as he shouts his loyalty to you.

You would tell him...

If not for the horrible squelching cries and sloshing water roaring from your bathroom.

"..What the hell is that?" You go to climb over Pandora's Actor, meaning to head towards your restroom and find the culprit of the obnoxious *sploshes* and shuddering *shucks*.

"Mmm Nein Liebling," Pandora places a firm palm on your back, his other hands index finger wiggling from side to side. "Stay here. I will find out the source of the issue permeating from your en suite!"

Pandora is up with a quick jump, his coat flapping behind in a flare of heroic proportions that has you grinning from ear to ear. He lands with a mighty crash of his boots and is off with an enviable jolt of agility. You scoot into the warmth he left behind, tail wrapping around your ankle as he dashes away and into your washroom.

Just as you grab a pillow you can hear Pandora's Actor laughing, followed shortly by him calling out to you with his familiar bravado.

"Ach du lieber Gott! Haha Liebling! Did you by chance retrieve your mitotic slime from your inventory and set it loose?"

"Um....yeah?" You call back, tip toeing off of your bed. "I did before I started reading, why?"

"EEP."

Oh shit!

*What have you done slime*?!

You hurry towards your bathroom, pushing passed the strands of silvery twine and dangling crystals.

...And there it is. Quivering like unsettled gelatin and having soaked up your bathwater like a sponge your mitotic slime has grown. It is apparently stuck, fit tightly into the corners of your tub and looking like an over inflated muffin made of jelly.

Your slime continues to wiggle and squirm to no avail, flinging sticky threads of clear ooze all over the damn place. You step to the right to avoid the oncoming assault of mucus like sludge.

Gross.

It continues to struggle, sounding off like wet grass giving way to bare feet.

"EEP!"
"Yeah! Eep! Look at what you've done!" You scold.

"EEP!" Indignant.

"Liebling would you like me to ring it out for you?"

"EEP?!" Ah, that 'Eep' sounded terrified.

"No no, can you just....well. What can we even do? It's...it's uh, stuck." Pandora steps forward, laying a hand on the trembling slime. He gives it a few moist pats as he hums to himself.

"Well Winterberry we have many options! However after careful thought might I suggest the fourth floor?"

"...Won't it just try to soak up the lake? Look at it. It's a greedy bastard." You point at your slime as it tries to make itself disappear behind Pandora's Actor. Which it can't.

Pandora's Actor chuckles, shaking his head from side to side.

"Ahahaha, Nein liebling~. Although you are correct in its desire for obtaining a greater mass, this slime in particular is nearing it's level cap."

"Soo it'll be safe? Won't grow as big as Gargantua?" You ask, walking closer. You place your hand next to Pandora's, fingers poking your slime before you gently stroke its mossy skin. It has grown curiously soft to the touch, small whispers of fibrous like hair tickling your palm.

"Ja Winterberry! Indubitably! Would you like for me to usher it to the fourth floor for you? I will assure the mitotic slime's prompt arrival and security."

"Yeahhh that's probably the best thing. As much as I'd like to keep him in my room he'd probably just scootch himself back into my bathtub."

"You are correct Holly, it most certainly would find its way back into your spa," With ease, as if he were lifting a feather between his thumb and middle finger, Pandora lifts the slime from the bath tub. It sounds like a drain plug being unclogged stubbornly as he sets it free from it's previous prison. "Off we go my friend!"

You stare wide eyed as Pandora simply tosses your slime into his inventory. Your slime shrieks out with a deep masculine 'EEEEP?!' before becoming swallowed whole by the swirling void and stored away.

Well. Okay then.

Pandora claps his hands together with a few swiping motions before throwing a hand up to his bare head in a familiar salute.

"I will be back in a flash Winterberry!" He sings, eyes arching up high in an attempt to display his fervor.

"Pandora," You start with hesitance, reaching for his forearm. "Wait a second. I..I need to do something."

"Ja meine blume, anything! I am always at the ready for whatever affairs we may be needed in!" Your fingers flex over his uniform as you avert your eyes with a whisper.
"Um...alone Pandora. This is something I need to do alone."

Pandora's eyes swirl back to their usual shape. He leans forward, the empty space upon his face where a nose would be bumping into yours. "...But why?" He asks through a breathy whine.

"I need to talk with--"

"The seventh floor guardian." Pandora finishes your sentence, and you woefully nod your head.

"I will accompany you Liebling! There is no need for you to ever be solitary when I can--"

"Pandora I need to--"

"I know Holly. Jaja, I-I..," He pauses, fingers raising in a tremble to find home in your mass of curls. "You frightened me my love. I-If I am with you nothing again will harm you Winterberry! I promise I--"

"I promise I'll be fine. Look after this unless I have to be alone you'll be with me, okay? I-I..," You choke as your words catch in your throat, eyes locking in on his breast pocket. You slip your fingers through and inside of his vests pouch, grazing against something delicate and cold. "I like you too Pandora. A lot."

*I'm such a coward.*

You loop the precious platinum chain out of Pandora's uniforms pocket. His hand is quick to meet yours as the petite violet marquise jewel bounces free. The gem of Helheim scatters a myriad of incandescence across the room, glittering as if the sun were shining through multi colored stained glass.

"Here...," You unclasp the lock of the necklace as you re-home it around Pandora's neck. "K-keep this for me, okay? Only..like this. This way I-I'm always with you." You flip the bail into position as you adjust the chain. You rest the pendent in the curve of his plush tie, and his finger joins yours as you press it into place.

"W-Winterberry," He drags sentimentally on your name, arms wrapping around you as he draws you into his body. "Those are the very first words I remember you so gracefully speaking unto me."

"Huh..I suppose I did say something like that when I first met you, back when you were...," You close your eyes as you listen to his heart beat. "Never mind."

"Holly allow me to craft something for you as well! Truly I sincerely wish for you to carry something of me too ja?! I-I am an aficionado of sorts thanks to my lord, surely I can equip you with something worthy of your opulent measure!"

"I already have you with me." Your heart skips like a stone across a vast ocean as you grab for his hand. It is amazing to you how naturally your fingers fit through his. He lets out a tiny gasp as you press his hand over your chest.

You look up to his face and he is a violent shade of fire engine red. You are unsure if this is him trying to mimic emotion physically or if he is actually beat red.

And now you are landscaped the same color. Your neck is itchy with scarlet splotches as you gulp, forming words unintelligibly.

"Wait! Wait I-I! Ya know Kingslayer (Adept)! A-And my Armor!" You stutter out vehemently,
shaking your head side to side as he feverishly nods. "You upgraded them! So I have that! Yeah! I already have really cool awesome stuff! With me! From you!"

"Jaja Holly y-you take delight in your refined armor?!

"Yes! I-I do, thank you! When I sparred with Cocytus I didn't feel a thing, he even trashed me through a tree and I was fine. You did a great job!" Pandora pinches at his coat, tossing it up with a dramatic flare and flick of his wrist. His jacket claps in the air like wedding doves being set free before settling.

"Do you appreciate the design of Remembrance of Oaks new back ensemble? It truly befits the illustrious lady of Nazarick to flaunt her femininity in such a regal way."

"Yeah, I like the cape you dork," You reach back to toss up his over coat in a similar fashion, and he chuckles. "It's pretty cool."

Pandora's hips wiggle at the word cool and you hold back your giggling.

Pandora takes a long step back before saluting once more. He grumbles a bit as he adjusts to the left, stepping out of a pool of your slime's sticky traps. He swings his boot, shaking away the clear clinging liquid with a grunt. You think you hear him mutter to himself about messaging for a maid as he kicks the secretions off.

"Ahaha such a slovenly creature," He notes with a sigh before bending at his chest, bowing deeply. "Until we--"

"Hold that thought," You place a hand up and Pandora's head snaps up to face you. "Can you tell me where Demiurge is at?"

Pandora draws a small diamond in the air with one of his lengthy fingers. He pokes through the middle of his air sketch with a roll of his digit and an ethereal smokey red screen display prompts up. Golden names twinkle in and out of reality as he swipes his finger from side to side before banishing the guild roster with the back of his hand.

"Ohh the seventh floor guardian is currently in Ashurbanipal my dear. Presumably he is gathering research material for Project Gehenna." You nod in appreciation as Pandora's eyes arch up happily once again.

Damn he's cute.

You hate to watch him go, seeing him kneel with a hand upon his breast makes your stomach twist with uncomfortable knots. You exhale loudly, placing your hand in his upturned palm.

"G-Bye Leeblying." You fake a grin, your face sprinkling with his favorite shade of pink.

"Auf Wiedersehen Liebling~," He chuckles warmly. "Until we meet again, my love."

Pandora vanishes in a puff of glittering gold. Flecks of motes of light scatter to fill the desperately thin air where he just was. They fall to the ground and spring about victoriously before popping into more shimmering spectacles that continue the process.

You bust out laughing as they begin to fade.

Is that the cosmetic that Peroroncino bought that broke the No cash item alliance between himself, Momonga, and Ulbert?!
Of course Pandora would love it.

It is kinda _cool_ after all.

Your bath may be inaccessible thanks to your pesty slime, but your shower is still a luxury you can appreciate.

You rest your head against the pale tiles as scalding hot water turns your body flush. You outline the embedded iridescent jewels at each square crossing with a finger and a tired sigh.

Before jumping in the shower you took the time to read the rest of Ninya's Diary. That she was sold at the fare she was hoping to go too. Reading that part seemed to take away a part of you, until the next entry gave it back. She may have never met Tsuare again, but thanks to her new and final master?

Well, he was not her master. He actually did not want her to call him that.

Somehow, somewhere there is still good in the world.

That this unknown man you will never meet gave a girl you will only know through her diary a place to call home for the first time in a long time.

That she got to join the adventurers guild when she became of age and started to explore the world.

...Until she was murdered.

*I'm so sorry Ninya.*

Maybe it is your Warden of Dawn racial, or maybe it is just you.

Still...

You wish you could have saved her. Maybe Momonga is right..

You need to distance yourself or you are going to try to save every desperate soul that bleeds into you.

Tsuare, Crusch Lulu and Zaryusu, Ninya...

You press your side against the cooling mosaic paved stone. Steaming water runs over your body in an innumerable amount of trickling streams. You stare blankly, for a time, before turning the faucet to the left with a soft metallic whine.

Again, you stay for a time.

You steady your breathing to placate the silence.

It might be odd but...

It is in respect for the lost in the kingdom of the dead.

Seemingly three hours later after Create Greater Hair dryer the absurd amount of hair that adorns your head like a piece of cotton that has been pulled apart is _mostly_ dry.
You run a brush through your tangle of curls more than a few times to try and tame down the beast. Why did you give your avatar so much of this red and blue stuff again?

Oh yeah, wish fulfillment..

*Be careful what you wish for.*

No matter how many times you try to comb it down? It springs back up like a group of daisies.

Stubborn shit.

You pull your clothes on the old fashioned way before taking steps back to your bedroom. You vault onto your bed as pillows scatter, flopping onto your side. Your tail lops lazily against a firmer pillow than you would like, so you reach back to toss the stiff cushion off and to the side.

Instead when your fingers graze the familiarity of Pandora's Actor's hat you bring it up to your chest like it is the most damn precious thing in existence. You greedily inhale his scent like a drug fiend, tail twitching ardently. He always smells like freshly folded laundry, like warmth, like love.

Maybe he left it on purpose so he would have a reason to come back here?

You hope that is why at least.

You indulge yourself in a few more creepy whiffs before rolling onto your back and resting his cap on your stomach. You access your inventory to reacquire Ninya's diary, holding it high above your head, arms outstretched. You flip through the pages a countless number of times, reading selective parts once more.

You have to psyche yourself up if you are going to go after Demiurge the way you want to.

He is quick, but you will have to be quicker.

Reading this diary and knowing everything you know now?

It is *more* than enough fuel to feed the abhorrent fire that is searing hot in your belly.

You carefully set Pandora's Actor's hat onto your favorite pillow, the frilly square one with the cluster of purple amethysts gathered in the middle. Apparently it is Pandora's favorite too.

Your double doors slam shut behind you as you storm ahead, fists balled at your sides.

You choose to walk to Ashurbanipal over using [Greater Teleportation].

You will use the time now to handle your inner demons before dealing with the biggest and baddest one of them all.
Thank you for your Kudos, Bookmarks, and Comments!

Tumblr

Deviantart
A gloved black claw rocks to and fro on the binding of a singular book. The scratching of the novel scraping between others is the only sound that permeates Nazarick’s research repository outside of his own breathing.

The demon’s eyes sparkle across the vast wealth of knowledge that Ashurbanipal holds. The library contains more than its fair share of encyclopedias, anthologies, and historical wars in an odd yet familiar dystopian fiction.

Demiurge runs his tongue over his teeth before his lips pull back into an insidious grin. He presses the book back from toying with it rhythmically with a tap of his claw.

He smiles, but it is not from acquiring the theoretical and practical information necessary for executing his plans for project Gehenna.

No, it is not that.

His heart leaps as he can feel a familiar arcane fire traveling down his spine and Nazarick’s tenth floor. The searing heat is familiar in the sense that it reminds him of his lord.

Almost.

Demiurge turns to face the polished double doors of Ashurbanipal on a heel. He adjusts his tie by pulling at the knot with his thumb while running a hand over the top of his head.

He truly was under the opinion that he had everything planned accordingly. The demon was designed to be meticulous, persistent, perceptive, malicious. This is what he aims to be; This is what
he is fundamentally.

The scent of a scorned rose charred black tickles his nose. Insufferable in predatory rage and hunger for retribution the godlings flame grows on approach.

Demiurge has calculated the odds of what occurred over his mind a countless number of times. This should *not* have happened.

The smile he wears is of equal amusement, feigned confidence, and prepared masochism.

How did he not take into careful consideration that the 42nd supreme being would always be a wild card? Had he let his emotion take control over logic?

In a moment of respite and much needed physical exertion of his frustrations the demons tail strikes at the marble flooring.

He should have made her aware of the situation at hand. He should have waved off the treasury guardians musings and stuck to his instinct. There is his own fire that grows dark with distrust at Pandora's Actor, however he twists it back on himself.

How can he blame another when he did the exact damn thing? 'Her rest should come first', he told himself. That his selfish anxieties and desires for a thorough test of loyalty were only needed to be addressed through Lord Ainz.

Fool is never a word he would have stapled on himself. That derogatory term he reserves for those worthy of such cynical criticism.

..And yet as she scorches down the tenth floor sure to melt the oil from the paintings adorning the halls only to ignite them in a waltz of colors?

Fool is what he spells out in his mind over and over.

Lord Ulberts knowing and mocking laughter, he is sure, is what is ringing in his ears as she thrusts open the doors to Ashurbanipal.

Lady Holly is absolutely rife with hostility as she glares at him through eyes that mock the fire she has yet to gift this unworthy new world with. She is the coming of the second sun as she rises towards him.

Demiurge bends deeply at his chest, right eye involuntarily twitching as he gazes at her shoes. It is entirely inappropriate considering the situation he is in with her, however the thought of *why does she not decorate herself as the most valuable woman on this plane of existence?* does cross his mind.

He should never question his goddess, yet..

Does she not know what she means to Nazarick?

*To him?*

Has he failed her in more ways than he is aware of?

"We need to talk." Well damn it all. It does not come across as empowered as you had hoped, but the words are spoken strong enough that you still get your point across.
"Of course my supreme one. What do you wish to discuss?" Demiurge is quiet, head still facing the ground.

Ugh.

Of course he would be expecting you. You did not think the demon would already be facing the doors with a hand on his heart ready to bow and discuss this with you.

You swallow hard. You fight off your tail from wrapping around your ankle needily. You just want to smile coyly and tell him, 'Hey, it's okay. We can talk through this right?'.

You have not spent any time with him here of late, and seeing him? Especially now?

You turn your head away, squeezing your eyes shut. You shock yourself at how you snarl your words at him over your usually sweet and silly demeanor.

"You know why I am here."

Let's just forget about it and get something to eat, yeah?

If only it were that easy. If only you could brush off him being responsible for your near death experience, if only you could forget him choosing not to [Message] you.

If only.

Demiurge takes in a sharp breathe before rising to his full height. He clasps his hands behind his back resting them where his tail joins his lower back. The demons shadow devours the book cases behind him as he tilts his head to the right, jeweled eyes hovering over a seating area.

"My Lady, perhaps you would--"

"Why did you go over my head?" You deadpan.

I mean, I just want to understand what happened.

"I did not find it necessary to involve you in such trivial affairs between us lowly guardians, My lady." He faces you once more, voice rich and smooth, and you feel unpleasantly small by comparison.

..But that does not mean you are going to buckle.

"Then why did you involve Ainz?" Your tail slaps against the ground as you again resist the phantom urge to coil it tightly around your leg.

"I informed Lord Ainz out of respect and courtesy, My Lady. As leader of the supreme beings he should--"

You recoil as if being shot in the chest before pulling out your own gun to fire back.

"Well I'm apparently not worthy of that same respect or courtesy, right?"

Demiurges lips peel back into a wince, his ears lowering as his own way of recovering from being shot at. "My supreme one, my sole focus was on protecting Nazarick. Should Sebas have--"

"Did you do it because you have a grudge against Sebas?" Seriously? Protecting Nazarick? Your fingers flex as they dig into your palms from how tightly knit your fists are.
"I petitioned Lord Ainz to take extreme measures because I found the state of affairs approximating the circumstance to be extreme, My Lady."

"Sebas never would have betrayed Nazarick," You spit coldly. You raise a crooked finger towards him, brows furrowed as you sneer. "You took extreme measures because you're an extreme asshole."

"..Be that as it may, I vow unto you lady Holly that I was functioning exclusively for the benefit of Nazarick--"

"Why didn't you just come to me?!” You growl, no, you belt that out. Your eyes widen at the sound of your voice, and so do Demiurge's. The demon squares his chest in preparation, his Adams apple giving a slight bob as he stares at you without an inch of an expression to let you know what's on his mind.

You recall when Momonga told you that he felt he always had to be on top of his game with Demiurge.

Now you understand why.

This is worse than the guild ring. At least with the guild ring you found out why and that it was all just a misunderstanding.

"I was made aware of your schedule and dealings across E-rantel. I did not find it suitable to disturb you during your time of quiescence."

"I wasn't asleep the whole day! What would have been wrong with a quick 'Hey Lady Holly, what's going on with Sebas and the girl?' I could have told you and we could have avoided all of this!” You bring your hands up to your chest as you point at yourself emphatically. "What is it about me that makes you think you can't talk to me?!

Before Demiurge can open his mouth with a reply you put a hand up in his face.

"You know what?” You shake your head as you look away and towards Ashurbanipal's exit. "Don't answer that. I don't want to know."

You do not want to know. He seems to have an answer for everything and finding out why he doesn't want to talk to you? You would rather remain blissfully ignorant rather than continue to get hurt.

If he wants to go through Ainz for everything let him.

You flag your tail before shooting him a dirty look and high tailing it out of the library. As soon as you are facing away from the demon your eyes water with such a rush of intent to spill [Tears of Jörmungandr] that you can not think straight.

You would teleport away over walking through the exit, but you can not think straight. Knowing your luck you would transmit yourself into the river of fire on the seventh floor or to another dimension.

Heh, maybe that is not such a bad idea right now...

You hesitate on Ashurbanipal's cold iron door handle. At the same time you hoped the demon had not followed you?

You desperately wished he had.
You shake your head free of the thought as you pull on the heavy door in an attempt to escape this nightmare.

“The course of my over zealous suspicion and desire for persecution could have cost me everything.” Demiurge places a firm hand on your shoulder before you can pull the library doors open to escape. How did you not hear him?

He was on you like a shadow the minute you turned away.

He...he followed you.

No.

He is only following you because he is supposed to. Because you are a supreme being.

You grit your teeth as you wrinkle your nose, refusing to look back. "That's something you should have thought of before trying to get a jab at Sebas." Fuck. His fingers flex over your shoulder, claws nearly piercing the fabric of your shirt before he drags them away slowly like tendrils retreating back to their dark master.

"Sincerely My Lady I beseech you for whatever punishment you deem worthy to cast upon me, I--" You interrupt the somber of his voice with the tolerance in yours.

"I'm not going down that road with you again, Demiurge," You take a second to mentally chastise yourself for turning around. The curves of your lips feel weighted down at seeing his drooping ears and half lidded eyes that he tries to hide with a press of his glasses back up the bridge of his nose. "Do you want to know why I'm so upset with you?"

The demons shoulders rise and fall with a heavy breathe. "Yes." He says quietly, his chest rumbling with a husky staccato.

"..I-I thought we were close." Your eyes sting but you blink the tears away.

Simultaneously you both glance at the ring on his right middle finger.

You are like any fire with a sudden surge of unpredictable force of power. You fade quickly and quietly with little crackling from your hearth.

You had this all planned out. You were going to reprimand him, scream a little, get your digs in, maybe slap him across the face for good measure, and then teleport out.

But now?

Just look at you now. As Demiurge kneels you follow him with a squat. Lights flicker behind his crystal eyes towards the left as he pushes his glasses up once more. He might not have pupils but you take this as a sign that he is looking away from you.

"..It is because of that idealism that I placed you in this inauspicious predicament."

"So you're saying you didn't come to me because we're close? That...that makes no sense to me." You groan as you descend down to a knee before ultimately just plopping down onto your ass.

"Your mental fortitude takes priority to me above all else. I did not wish to pressure unnecessary anxieties upon your shoulders my lady. I allowed my illogical sentiments to rule over my judgements and I severely miscalculated what could have...rather, what did occur."
"Oops," You tease with a disappointed chuckle before laying flat on your back. "I'm stronger than you or I think. I think."

"Undoubtedly so."

"You could have..should have come to me." You close your eyes as you place your hands behind your head. You take in a deep breathe and the library is aromatic with the copious scent of cedar and simmering cinders.

No, it is not Ashurbanipal. It is the demon taking his seat next to you as his tail cautiously slides down yours.

"I guess I'm having a hard time with this because I kinda...I understand where everyone is coming from. You're not the first person I've talked with today ya know," You laugh through your nose, pausing for a moment. ".I still think you're wrong to have taken the steps that you took but I get it."

You lazily lull your head to the side to face him, and he is already studying your face. You pout your lips with a sigh. "It still hurts though."

Demiurge places a hand over his mouth, speaking through his fingers quietly."I only desire to give you the pleasure and riches that you rightfully deserve, never pain. I failed you and have done irreparable damage--"

"Ehh, I'll bounce back. As long as I don't have to see Neuronist hovering over me again I'm good. That was some irreparable damage." You giggle through a breathy sigh.

Demiurge removes his hand from his mouth, tongue poking out of his teeth as he chuckles. "I see. Despite Neuronists functions as Nazaricks head intelligence gatherer it is quite...atrocious to the eyes."

"Did you just call Neurnoist an it?"

"Neuronist is androgynous My Lady."

"No shit?" You raise a brow in amusement, pulling your lips back into your mouth as you stifle a laugh.

Demiurge grins, his chest rumbling with his own entertainment as he parrots back. "No shit."

"Ughhh," You drag on a sound of disgust and hilarity as you sit up, arching your back in a stretch. You soften your expression as you glance back to Demiurge. "I don't like being mad at you."

"I do not favor being the cause of your distress either Lady Holly," He breathes gravely, his posture curving forward. "Words do not, can not adequately detail the remorse I carry knowing that I have troubled you so many times."

"I-It was an accident. You didn't do it on purpose did you?"

"I would rather be unmade than deliberately inflict harm upon you."

You nudge his tail with the tip of yours. "I think we can work anything out if we just talk."

The dazzling flecks of light in his eyes dart back and forth like a shooting star over the horizon as he peers at you from over his shoulder. "...I concur."

An awkward silence follows his affirmation that hangs around the both of you like an un-welcomed
guest. You do not know what to say or do as you stare at him while fiddling with strands of your hair.

There are so many thoughts that are racing through your mind.

You want tell him that you are sorry as he sits before you. That he is frozen like a statue in his own head and you wonder if he is okay. How has he been? Has he been abusing his ring of sustenance similar to how Pandora's Actor does his?

You never got to thank him for...

"..Demi?" The soft smile he offers in exchange for you using the abbreviation of his name makes your stomach swoop. He does not turn to face you however. You only catch the expression from the corner of his lips.

You reach for his wrist and give his sleeve a small tug. "I..I never got to say thanks for your help at the Monument of ruin."

*Supreme slinky.*

The head of his tail flares, the six precious metal spikes extending before sulking back to their usual size. You scoot closer to him and he lifts his silvery appendage like a rope to make room for you. You look down with your own soft smile as the warm steel curls around your back.

"It was my honor to accompany you in such a time." One of his claws scratch at the glossy flooring. You give his hand a soft tap with your tail to discourage the shrill sound.

Well, that got his attention. Demiurge turns to face you with an uncharacteristically sheepish smile. You tilt your head to the side questioningly, eyes asking him 'what's wrong?' before you can form the words.

"..I must implore you to be more careful my lady. Forgive my self centered concern in this regard, however I do wish to be present as your guide the next time you choose to take flight."

You snort through a small huff, pouting your lips as you face the ground. "I'll uh..try to be more careful. *Trust* me. I'm not exactly happy with being accident prone here of late either," You trail a hand up his arm and across his shoulder blade gingerly. "I'd..I'd like that, ya know. If you'd help me fly, or rather...teach me how."

"My schedule will always be open should you require anything of me Lady Holly," Demiurge pulls you close with a press of his tail. His ears flush as he clears his throat. "I too would relish the opportunity to indoctrinate you on the usage of your wings. I question that you will need much of an instructor, however. You will most certainly take to aviation quite naturally."

Your fingers twirl around each other in your lap as you bravely rest your head against his bicep. "Uh...thanks. Sheesh, now I hope I don't disappoint you." Your chuckle is apprehensive at best as you hook your arm in his.

"You never have or will." Damn, he is good.

You kick playfully at his sleek black shoes with one of your scruffy sneakers. "You um...soooo. That report on the farm? You..you still owe me that yeah?"

"The plantation is functioning at optimal capacity My Lady, I--" Demiurge inhales sharply as if struck by a bolt of lightning as he halts his debriefing. His eyes shimmer over you as you try to make
yourself as small as possible by pulling your knees up to your chest.

Yeah, he is really good. As expected Demiurge is going to pick up on your terrible subtle attempts at flirting.

"...You should not sully yourself upon my unworthy character." He whispers through his teeth.

Ouch. Does he actually think that?

"You know how I said that we could talk through anything?" You whisper back. Demiurge nods slowly and you can feel it against your side as his tails segments tighten in on themselves.

"...And you agreed with me." You slip a hand down over the top of one of the chunks of his tail. You finger at where the slices of steel join as the demon lets out a defeated sigh.

"You are correct. However I must insist that--"

"Insist that we discuss this in a different manner?" Ugh, cheesy. That was dumb, you know it is dumb, he thinks it is dumb!

"...I am unworthy of your affections." He states simply. It is the conviction and power of his voice, although quiet, that stings. That he does actually believe that.

"I don't think that. I don't like that you think that." You don't like when he says that because it's not true. Sure you were mad but...

You still care deeply for him. It is that same care that made you so angry with him in the first place.

You tug on his sleeve once more and as his torso pivots to turn your way you place your hand on his cheek. He exhales as if he has been holding his breathe this entire time. Your cheeks flame as you draw closer and gently mumble his moniker once more.

Anyone else that dared to shorten his name so gloriously bestowed upon him by his lord he would reprimand. That to his cherished creator he was worthy of such a title that meant artificer of worlds. To abbreviate his gift would be to insult his master.

However when the woman before him runs a thumb along his jaw and whispers his curtailed name with nothing but starlight and kindness? It is endearing over contemptuous and It makes his head feel delightfully fuzzy.

He returns the favor by brushing a finger over her lips. They are deliciously voluptuous with a shade of wine he is sure a refined woman such as herself would enjoy. Her smile is sinfully sweet as he rubs over the curve of her mouth. Within just a look his blood is searing hot with the yearning of all that she is.

He has to stop. Taking advantage of her benevolence like this is treacherous to his mind and yet...

It is still baffling to him that her eyes light up and sparkle the way his do when they touch so simply like this. That when they come together to unite physically they understand each other on a deeper level.

Interpreting hidden desires with a glance, knowing when to give and take from the slightest of movement or moan.
Just how she knows now that he wants to tell her no. He has to stop this; It is not right. That despite his fevered attraction and adoration for her he is not worthy of her regard. Not after harming her the way he has.

The words flutter in his throat and before he can speak his truth she steals his sentence away with a soft press of her lips onto his. Fuck, he can not tell her no. Especially not when she is crawling into his lap with hands that roam over his shoulders with equal parts trust and urgency.

Her desires are his desires.

Is it wrong to covet her the way he does? To lose himself in this embrace because at the same that he has lost himself in her he knows he has been found? She is the most accommodating woman he is sure to have ever met, but then again, she is not just a woman.

She is a supreme being, an almighty, his goddess.

..And she stayed.

There was only ever one other woman that he felt so close too, and he keeps her memory in his breast pocket. The pain that lacerates his heart at losing both Lord Ulbert and Lady Zoba is only ever placated by the 42nd supreme being as she removes his glasses and whispers to him through a smile.

"Your eyes are really pretty."

"Only when they are reflecting your image Lady Holly." Because it is true. She is a fallen star from heaven that walks among mortals.

Pink crops up on her face at that and now he is the one wearing a grin that threatens to split his cheeks open. Seeing his supreme being happy? That is ultimately what he aims for in this life gifted to him by the two remaining Almighty ones.

She puts on his glasses and giggles before returning to kiss him and it is here that he realizes how much he has missed her. Warm and wet, her kisses fold over his lips like honey. His claws gently rake over her back as the material around his groin tightens at how lovely she fits into the curve of his body.

What he would not give to spend another week with her back at the plantation. That he savors the memory of her wearing his scent proudly, strutting about the cabin in nothing but his undershirt and a song.

Demiurge threads his fingers through his lady's illustrious curls as he deepens the kiss. His eye lids flutter at feeling the dampness of her scalp, knowing the halo of scents that are bound to parade her hair from an earlier shower.

She smells how angels are supposed to smell and it steals his breath away as they break apart. Hedonistic need flows through his veins, simmering hot with wild fire as he bunches up her blouse near her lower back. With a swift sweep he brings her shirt up to free her breasts as they bounce before his hungry eyes.

His tongue flicks over his lips with a chuckle as she places her arms over her chest. Her eyes are wide with equal amusement and horror as she turns her head between himself and to the right.

He corkscrews his tail around hers with a reassuring squeeze. The demons voice is rich like molten silver as he grins, canines poking out and glistening, "Let him see how beautiful I can make you feel."
Her emerald eyes flash with danger, two flawless globes of evergreen vitality flaring as she sets her breasts free with a timid grin. "C-Can you be discrete?"

"I can." He won't. The librarian of Ashurbanipal should know, everyone should know that he has this level of a sacred bond with her. They should all see how he makes her feel, how he makes her sing under his loving ministrations.

He drags his tongue flatly over the pebbled bud at the peak of her right breast and it makes his cock twitch. It is exhilarating to partake of her like this, to just be with her as she wiggles in his lap. Every other jolt of her body she grinds up against his stiff loins and the rapture of this gentle foreplay makes the demon's world hazy. The scent of her lingering shower and her growing arousal makes his core ache in wanting of having every inch of him inside of her.

Keeping quiet is nigh impossible as Demiurge pulls more of your breast into his mouth with a wet suck. Your fingers roam through his feathered black hair as his tongue flicks and plays over your over stimulated nipple. You pull on him with a soft whine, but he is stubborn.

He grunts and objects, tail kneading yours tightly. His right hand plucks at your left breast as your breathe catches in your throat with a soundless protest. You grind against his length as you cage his midsection with your thighs.

Hot breath washes over your supple bosom as he releases your breast, panting, saliva trickling down his chin. The demons shoulders tense and untense as you gaze at him with the same lust gleaming across his crystals.

As with everything with Demiurge, the both of you know that you can solve things physically. That if words fail? Your bodies won't.

You let out a small mewl as with impressively swift motions the demon stands up with your legs hooked around his waist, one arm under your backside for support, his tongue outlining the scales on your throat with delicate precision.

An oak desk fit tightly between two of Ashurbanipal's grand bookshelves gives a subtle grate as Demiurge sits you on top of it. His free hand sweeps away loose papers, pens, books, everything that stands between his way and you. They fall to the floor like a game of jacks, scattering about messily. Seemingly unruffled Demiurge sighs at the pleasant warmth of your body as he rubs his thumbs in feather-light strokes along your curves.

Pools of warmth drop to your core like fireworks shot at the ground as the demon squats, his lips unfastening your jeans with a crooked smile. His teeth clasp around your zipper and with a teasing press of his thumbs into your sides he slowly reveals your flushed sex. Claws hook through your belt loops as he tugs your pants down before taking the liberty of rolling his tongue along your puffy slit.

You toss your head back as he slips through your lips with a groan. He laps over the silk of your nectar before poking at the shy sapphire hooded at the top of your sex. Slow twirls of his tongue tease out your pleasure. Your abdomen tightens as your spine tickles in the delight of his acrobatic appendage.

Your fingernails stamp through his blazer before you ball up the fabric in euphoria. He is especially receptive to how your tail flicks about wildly, knowing to forsake his tongue play in favor of gentle sucking to push you over the edge.

Again your mouth opens in a silent scream, or, well..
It would have been silent if not for the demon working over time and humming in addition to his sucking. His fingers flex into your skin, stamping your flesh pink as you cry out and release over his wanting tongue. You ride out the high as your eyes roll back, breath stolen, body trembling.

You look down through hooded eyes to watch the demon raise an arrogant smile, tongue tracing the outline of your slippery folds.

_Holy shit this man is going to be the death of me._

You look him up and down with a meek smile as he rises up, thumb skillfully undoing the singular button that holds his flannel suit in place. The jacket falls off of his shoulders and pools to the floor below with a heavy clap of landing beneath his feet.

Still recovering, chest heaving like a pair of bellows, you gasp roughly, "Your pants."

His lips crash over hers at her command for she _has_ to know that she tastes like a bouquet of paradise. Her delicate hands join his claws as he undoes his belt, suit pants falling in a circle around his ankles. His tail loops around the soft curve in her back, dragging her closer to him, heated metal scraping against the desk as his body temperature rises in excitement at the prospect of her.

He is so hard it _hurts_ his core. He inhales sharply, heart pounding like a percussion set at how his tip melts at the kiss of her perfectly parted labia. His blood whines with desire as the cloying scent of her body, slick in a sheen of glistening sweat, tickles his nostrils.

Shivers run under the bottom ridge of his tool as he prods into her luxury with languid thrusts. At just the tip of himself inside of her pulsing heat his head is already swimming. A low groan slips from his throat as she lifts a dainty ankle up to his shoulder, resting her leg against him to allow him to enjoy her further.

His gut twists in knots at the hesitation of plunging further to soak in her blue rhapsody. He does not have it in him to deny the pleasuranties of her temple however. Not when a galaxy of stars is wrapped up before him in the form of his goddess, splayed out beneath him with christening eyes and legs that part wide for him on a yawn.

He dares to not be a fool twice, and a fool he would be to step away from heavens gates.

She hooks her other leg around his side and it forces him to work her open faster. Fuck, it makes his eyes water at how tight she is. He slides in flush and the moan she serenades his ears with has them twitching in delight.

Molten hot pleasure dances at the base of his spine as his hips slick against hers. She moves with him and each roll of her curves is an image he is sure to stow away in his mind as eidetic treasurers.

He breathes hotly over the ankle on his shoulder as he picks up his pace. The demon grazes his teeth over the thin skin of her ankle, just enough to ignite gooseflesh over the region.

While one hand strokes up her supple thigh, the other he drags over her sternum to feel the wanton pulse of her heart. Up and up he pulls his hand to cup her heart shaped face.

As soon as his fingers ghost over the shards of tanzanite on her cheek she wretches her head away from him. He draws his hand back quickly, fingers flexing into his palm, eyes wide with alert.
He ceases his thrusting as she pulls her arms to her chest to cover herself. Her hair falls in her face in a cascade of the most beautiful god damn shades of red and blue known to grace this world.

In a flash he understands what is happening. He feels his world come undone and wonders if a black hole is going to open beneath him and swallow him whole.

Never in a thousand lifetimes, not even in his immortal life, could he ever apologize enough to make up what happened to her by his actions.

...But it will not stop him from trying.

Sure, he can heal her physically. The potions Pulcinella manufacturers at the farmstead can grow tissue and bone back to their favored state. Case in proof by the dregs they harvest over and over.

But her mind, *their bond*, that is of a delicate and infinitely more elegant issue entirely.

Cautiously, knowing that her gleaming eyes are hovering over his every move, he presses a worshipful kiss to her ankle. He removes her leg from his shoulder, encouraging her to croon it around his waist. Both of her legs lock around his mid section and he pulls her closer with both arms.

Words would disrespect her. It is within all of his hopes at this moment as he wraps her up in his arms that she can somehow *feel* his sorrow. His regret.

His unyielding devotion to her.

Soft as she her hands caress his back with slow methodical touches, as if she were strumming a harp. He fits his head over hers, chin between her ashen horns, heart pounding as she rests her forehead into his chest.

"..It's okay."

It will never be okay, but when the words spill from the beauty of her lips this way? He *almost* believes her.

"..I am sorry." Shattered like glass in his throat the words he whispers are an affront to her. Nevertheless they bubble up to spew from his being as a meager means of applying one of many bandages upon their connection.

"I know. I am too." Outrageous. It angers him, but not at her. At himself.

Before he can demur her legs pull him closer as he remembers where he is right now. She rocks and moves into him like dancing lace, fingers combing over his vertebrae. Her plush walls tug at his manhood in want of his participation in the art of pleasure.

He cages her as close as he can to his body before resuming. Her tail coils over his and faster than lightning at the touch they intertwine.

She lifts her head and he adjusts to gaze at her as they unite. Again he can not understand the look in her transcendent eyes as his glasses slide down the bridge of her nose. Is it pain?

Does she not know that she always has a home in him?

No, it is not that.

It is something inviting, understanding...
That as her mouth opens with a few soft winded 'Ah..Ah's..' his heart trembles with an emotion that is foreign to him.

He brushes it off as she goes slack jawed and his own mouth hangs open at the power of her coming undone like silk ribbons around him. She grips him like a vice of velvet and he is sure that within this hold she can feel the intimate veins and grooves of his throbbing member as he is built higher and higher. The power of his thrusts grow in strength and pace as his approach comes to a close, because wherever she goes he is sure to follow.

Crescent moons detail his back as she meets him stroke for stroke, and soon he is seething as his fangs gleam through his lips in a rapturous smile. It is all coming undone quickly for him as well and before he can grunt though his release in elation she swallows the sound with a sloppy kiss.

He is back on cloud nine as his climax floods out of him and into her in what seems like an endless and white hot rush. He purrs at the crest of his end, buried to the hilt, cockhead spilling his essence into the warmth of his supreme being. His vision dispels to bursts of incandescent light behind his eyelids as he pants, head falling into the soft pocket between Lady Holly's neck and shoulder.

Your legs fall helplessly off of his perspiring back. You would fall backwards as well and bash the base of your skull on the desk if not for his arms keeping you upright. Your panting slows to a steady and predictable rate as you hold the demon close. He smells of smouldering smoke, like wet coals after a good hard rain. You nudge his head with your own to get him to lift up, but curiously he stays tightly knit into the curve of your shoulder.

Something small and rigid, like a coarse pebble, rolls down your back. A soft clink, like that of a pen dropping upon the cool marble flooring of Ashurbanipal sounds off against the oak table.

Demiurge's claws flex over your back as you look over your shoulder in an attempt to cradle you tighter. A jewel twinkles at you from just under the desk lamp and your heart pangs with a dull ache in knowing.

"..Oh Demi.." You sigh in somber as you pet his sun kissed skin. He says nothing in return, but says everything he needs to by holding you closer.

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Real life on the seventh floor

~Kensalyn~

Recommended fan fiction

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You have never been the catch of the day when it came to obtaining let alone maintaining healthy relations. You have always seen those around you as being made of a thousand needles. That if you got to close, that if you took that risk of friendship that so many do? They would hurt you. They would dig deep into your skin to puncture down to your very soul and infect you with their venom, thus giving you your own hide of spikes.

So you did what made sense to you. You stayed away. You enthralled yourself in work and your hobbies as you believed all responsible adults do.

Sure, you let Momonga get close. But what could he do? He lived a million miles away and at any time? He was a nothing more than a click of a button to silence. You could always hit the eject button at any time.

You had control.

You have learned that an exterior of blades is not something that you can be gifted through a means of transfer via emotional sabotage. No. It is something that you are born with, that is just as intrinsic to you as your mind, circulatory system, and lungs.

You are no exception to that rule.

So you have skimped around life as a porcupine with no one to chip away at the quills that have only grown more resilient with time upon your back. You have done yourself no justice in your self indulgent isolation. You are what you fear.

That as you lay on Demiurge's chest, as he breathes and quietly expounds on his success's with
Project Gehenna and his upcoming plans for Nazarick? It is hard to focus. Everything is fuzzy save for the nail imprints embedded into his shoulders. That the small crescent moons of passion look like needles, your marks of scoring him with years of brazen terror and paranoia.

You both hurt each other. That as far as you have skewered him into your tangled web of shards of glass and wooden stakes at the ready?

You are just as crucified. That the demon is a field of iron grass slicked with your blood.

You cuddle into his neck with a silent whimper that he feels in his veins like dry ice. You inhale, and his charming scent of smouldering ash and cedar implants an image in your mind. That you have danced around Nazarick as a ballerina of swords, cutting and slicing without thinking, dread forgotten in the face of a new world. A new you.

You are still you.

That freedom from the old world was your cathartic exultation of growing close to the guardians in the new world. You forgot you were made of needles. You are what you fear and you fear...that you have hurt them.

"Lady Holly." Rich and decadent as always as he breathes your name. And yet...the hushed way in which he addresses you feels like he is driving a dagger into your breast. You blink. Your lashes tickle the taut skin of his neck and he would tell you they felt like butterflies from heaven gracing his being.

That they are not crafted of the suffering you believe they are forged of at this time.

"I'm here," as if you could be anywhere else. "I'm just kinda tired. I hear you though."

The demon's tail drags over your back. The blunt head moves like a snake through water over the bumps of your spine. "Your rest should take precedence over this debriefing. Truly you have tolerated my propinquity for long enough and you have my gratitude. I would be --"

"No, No." You interrupt and hang on a pregnant pause. You slump further against him, your body practically rag dolling save for the arms you stream like ribbons around his neck. "This is fine, really. Please, keep going."

Demiurge clears his throat after disguising a sigh of relief. "I appreciate your hospitality Lady Holly, It is immeasur-"

"I'm gonna punch you." The demons chest rumbles with a chuckle as his tail slithers like drippings of honey around your thigh.

While one claw smooths down your side, nails intimately biting, the other is busy lost in your curls.

Demiurge flicks his tongue over the roof of his mouth. His breath is hot as it fogs over your ear, igniting sparks across your flesh as every hair on your body stands on edge. "Now now, do be cautious my lady. I may just enjoy such an occasion."

There is a quiet hiss of delight that escapes his lips as you nip at his neck. You can just catch the release of air from Demiurge over the nature of the silence of Ashurbanipal. The demons hips buck in a gentle roll as both of his hands give you an earnest squeeze.

Your eyes light up at feeling him hard pressed between the small gap of your thighs, fit tightly, and already drooling.
"W-wow you're really--"

"I believe to always be in a high state of arousal in your divine presence."

Gravity does the work for you as the both of you adjust. An intoxicating grunt from him, a few soft sounds from you, and a mutual sigh later you are languidly rocking with him.

Demiurges claws sink into the cushion of your waist as he guides you over him. That instead of his routine of roughly asserting his sexuality and prowess he comes across as uncannily tender. Every delve of his hips brushing into yours is met with a different kiss as he showers you in affection from your collarbone to your forehead.

"...My *lady.*" A quiet purr, low and dulcet, before he fuses his lips to yours. You can feel him like liquid lightning traveling through your veins as his tongue slides over your bottom lip. Something warm unfurls within you when he does not pick up the pace despite the fervor of your movements.

Reluctantly you pull away from the kiss, and he follows, nuzzling the slick pale flesh of your neck as you adjust to lift up.

Something is off.

"Are..are you okay?" You ask as you look into those pretty crystals of his. You watch as many versions of yourself in this moment blink back across the table of his diamonds, and without words, through you, in his eyes? He is already asking you the same question.

Blood rushes to his ears as you search him with a pained smile. He clears his throat as he sinks lower into the reading chair the both of you decided upon for this *verbal debriefing.* "...I wish to understand you adequately so that I may be more effective as an asset to you."

"...Oh." You whisper, tail and shoulders drooping. Shadows dart in his eyes as he focuses down and to the left.

"I deduced a more sensual method would better suit you and I," He fights a crooked grin as continues to glance away. "If this displeases you I can make amends accordingly."

"T-That's not it. You know what I'm asking."

"I would not dare to assume--"

"Don't be a shit."

Demiurge inhales sharply as his hands find rest in the small of your back. He clasps them over where your tail joins to your spine and gives a gentle press. "You have been engaged in your operations outside of Nazarick for a prolonged period of time. I simply wished to....extend the duration of our encounter."

He throbs inside of you with a sigh he hides as a deep breath. The fog behind his eyes return to hover over you within a blink. It is an intense look of both vulnerability and longing that swirls towards you, and it has your heart wrapped up in a ball and chain.

"I..I think you understand me a lot better than you think you do."

"My assumptions are ambivalent at best My lady."

It is hard to remain calm as your world becomes enveloped in the smoke and ash that is the seventh
floor guardian.

So you stare at him, stupefied, chewing on your cheek.

What can you say?

Demiurge encases his fingers in the fine sheen of sweat glistening on your back. He works his claws over your flesh in a slow methodical manner as he begins to slowly, oh so slowly grind against your core. His brows knit in needy relief as he mouths, "Allow me to demonstrate what I have learned."

Demiurge's smirk is nothing less than smug as you eye him with a raised brow and smile that is best described as all consuming. Your lips ghost over his, you peck him once, whispering through a breathy titter.

"Show me."

Before Demiurge can respond with words unworthy she is already swallowing the sound with the sweet taste of her mouth. His tongue ardently works over the seam of her lips, his heart fluttering, and he closes his eyes, just so he can feel her that much more.

His tail meets hers as she seeks him, because damn, he yearns, aches to find her as well. Like long lost friends rolling down a grassy hill they intertwine, every limb perfectly placed, laughing in all the right places.

She moans his name through their embrace and she might as well be singing it. His ears twitch, his back arches, and everything pulled from him at the sound of his title from her delight is his greatest pleasure. Under the wanton beat of her heart pulsing through her chest, all because of this fervent passion between them, he thinks he is finally growing to comprehend why she is the way she is. At least he hopes.

From her chin, to the thin skin of her throat, tongue along her sternum, down to her breasts he peppers worshipful kisses. She is rife with the scent of her tantalizing sweat and the halo of pleasant soaps and it makes his abdomen tighten impossibly. He swells within her and every thrust is like climbing a stairway to holy rapture. Pleasure is soon to outweigh the pressure building in him as he rides the high, seething through clenched teeth.

Lady Holly brackets his head, fingers curling through his hair, mashing his face between her breasts and he allows himself a grin as he feels her coming undone. His hips move on their own to dip in and out of the rush of her climax. The soaking ecstasy that coats their groins positively thrills him. That he can do this with her, to her. Incredible.

His chest is tight, his toes are curling, and his tail constricts hers as if he means to bleed her dry as his approach sears hot at the base of his spine. He croons up to see her watching him, and she licks the corners of her lips in the want of his need, and he can not help himself but wonder what she would look like swallowing around his length.

She swivels her hips in a circular rhythm and he gasps, nearly spilling, and she...bubbles with a giggle. For a moment the pang in his heart is painful, he feels destroyed, until.. he realizes through understanding her? That it is because of how they enjoy each other that she is giggling like a cherub angel. She truly is fascinating. He palms the perfect globes of her rear, fingers digging at her supple
skin, and pulls as his climax hits him like a truck.

It is all slick sweat and molten bliss that he canvases her with, and as she consumes him with another mirthful kiss at the apex, he chuckles a bit himself. He bows his head down as he breaks the embrace to pant. He’s glossed over in the best of ways, and the scales down her neck he cuddles into look like flecks of blue stardust. His ears ring at her splendorous yet hushed voice as she whispers, "Hah..Mmmm I-I really needed that with you."

He nods his head, smiling in a daze, because he did too.

You do not mind entirely too much that he wants you to fall on the sword for one of his plans. You had already half suspected either Demiurge or Momonga to have some hidden agenda where your adventuring status was considered.

That once you hit adamantite he needs for you to mock fight some guy he has made up named Yaldaboof? Ugh, you are still in after sex recovery mode. You will ask him more about that later when you are actually needed to fight this guy and apparently lose.

Which makes sense. Apparently Yaldaboof can help further Momonga's adventuring guise as Momon, which still at the mention of 'Momon' you can not stop yourself from giggling. Yaldaboof will win against you, then lose to Momon, and Momon will look like a total badass.

Really? It just feels nice to be useful.

You hope he does not know that you are only half paying attention to him. He just smells right, feels nice, and the way he rubs knuckles over your back as he whispers makes your eyelids feel heavy. Demiurge's black flames rise over your skin like a blanket and you wonder if he is using his command mantra as he speaks, because his voice sounds richer than usual.

His chest rises and falls with a discontented sigh as he softens and slips out of you. God, you do not want to get up and wash off but the both of you are a mess. You know he is most likely itching for a shower, Demiurge is always impeccably well groomed. You grunt as you sit up, face flushed as you look down at his groin.

Proof that you two have been working some things out saturate his mid section. You look between his face and his abs a few times and his nostrils flare. His chest swells and you realize that it is pride that colors his face in the form of a poorly hidden grin.

Well, if he does not care you do not care. Oh well. As you lay back down unity slowly trickles from between your thighs onto his.

You shrug it off in favor of oh dear god you just remembered you need to talk to him about birth control. Your whole body seizes, and you think you are glowing red hot, like a bomb ready to detonate in 3, 2, 1...!
"Lady Holly what is troubling you?" Oh no! Demiurge do not ask that right now! Holy shit how do you ask him?!

Your heart has a chainsaw at the ready to make a door out of your chest, fit for it, so it can run away. Your stomach flips as his tail squeezes yours in question. You quickly push his glasses up the bridge of your nose to hide your eyes as he tilts his head questioningly.

You shake your head from side to side and your hair mats to your still sweaty body. It is like a veil of sticky red and blue cobwebs that you can not escape. You are sure you look like a crazed and colorful Sasquatch as you try to think of how to bring this up to him.

Fuck fuck fuck.

"....Lady Holly?"

Fuck fuck fuck!

"Do I need birth control?!" The words come out entirely too fast. You dart your wide eyes away. Your knuckles are almost glowing white from how tight your fist are balled.

"My Lady," Demiurge pauses as he sits up to better address your question that he definitely heard. "May I inquire as to why you would ever want to take contraceptives?"

You gasp as you raise a hand to your chest like a southern bell. You grab at strands of hair to cover yourself as you recoil.

"Demiurge I don't want a baby right now!"

"Oh?" He pouts, tail unwrapping around yours to wave up and down in the air. "What reason is there not too?"

"B-Because I said so?!"

"Oh, truly that is most unfortunate," Is he pouting? Why does he sound so disappointed?! "My lady it would benefit Nazarick substantially to welcome in an heir."

"If you want a baby get Ainz a dick!" You scoff as you cross your arms over your chest. "Duly noted," Oh, that smirk is entirely to self assured. "However Lady Holly you and I potentially--"

"Nu-uh! Not right now you weirdo! I've never even changed a diaper before!"

"Mmm very well then," Demiurge sighs, however you can not help but notice that there is a song in his voice. You shake your head no again and in response? His tail continues to twitch around ardently. "Nevertheless reports from the breeding experiments being conducted at the farmstead continue to provide results that dictate cross species reproduction is still...questionably ambiguous."

"Soo...we're good?" You ask hopefully.

"For the time being. I am positively confident however with sufficient due diligence that Nazarick will obtain the knowledge on the matter of amassing a diverse genus of offspring."

You glare at him and his smug expression.

The demons silver tail all the while vibrates about like an exuberant rattlesnake.
"I will always provide that of with which my supreme one desires." Oh back to back sex has him cocky. It is nice to see him relaxed like this. You will take his arrogance over submission any day.

"Well I'd be really damn impressed if you could provide a cheeseburger." You tease, your tail slapping against the strength of his calf muscle.

Fooooood.

"Surely a being of your sophisticated tastes would be better suited dining on Foie gras."

"What is fora graw?"

You move accordingly as Demiurge makes to stand. He stretches as he lifts onto the balls of his feet and you wonder if he is putting on a show because wow, thank you. You devour every movement and twitch of his muscles as he gets dressed, staring dumbfounded, and he is completely aware.

Is he trying to kill you? Oof.

"Um..." You start as you stand, fumbling a bit as you fit your foot through a pant leg. Damn he is fine. "W-What are we doing?"

"I would request that you indulge me, My lady." He states simply, adjusting the loop on his tie with a swift tug.

"Okay?" You wiggle your head through your shirt, reaching up to free your tangled mess of hair. "On what? I'm game."

"Someone such as yourself should only partake in the finest that life has to offer."

The states never had it as bad as Japan. That when the social collapse fell upon the old world back home? It was like the 1940's great depression for Japan but infinitely worse. For years it was normal for people to be jumping out of buildings, seeking refuge in sanctuary cities across the globe, etc. You were young, but you remember the television news stations covering the state of the world and somehow, always, Japan was at the focal point. Frankly put? It was pandemonium incarnate.

It is why you never talked about food with Momonga. You teetered away from it with his diet of well, paste. Growing up on the corners of America's bread basket and main agricultural productions led you fortune in the form of...not paste.

Life before now was not always easy, but it was never difficult. The states still had a moderately functioning middle class that you were just below. Your mother and yourself had enough, sometimes
more, but never less.

But this Fora graws stuff that Demiurge insisted you have?

This is something that you are sure that only the upper echelon of the one percent ever had the luxury of partaking in.

And so as any reasonable individual that has never had fancy food would do you scarf that shit down like someone is gonna steal it from you. It is like if steak had sex with butter, had a child, then that child fermented in herbs and spices for thirty years, to then be prepared as a smooth mousse that glides down like silk.

Demiurge smiles at you through the sip he takes from his Boulevardier. He swirls the drink in thought, and it is in the way the dark red liquid purls that he appears entirely too self indulgent.

Which you like.

"What's on your mind?" You ask, smudging your finger against your plate in hopes of sampling the leftover juices from your meal.

"I have received confirmation that Eight Fingers and their subsequent proprietary Six arms are now under direct control of Nazarick." Demiurge taps his temple.

"Oh," You lick your finger hatefully. "Good. Thank you." You hope Demiurge takes the lot of them to the farmstead for his pleasure. Maybe he can do to the lot of them what they did to Tsuare. Only a hell of a lot worse.

"But of course." Demiurge bows his head before he takes another sip of his Boulevardier. You jump in your seat in a startle as something cool nudes your tail. You quickly lift the black velvet table runner to peer under and see what the fuck, and whatever poked you is gone.

You look back to Demiurge who simply nurses his cocktail.

_Huh_.

"Soo... did you... get your hands on three legs?" God you are terrible.

Demiurge tilts his head in thought for a moment. Once you give in and smile like you had snuck a lemon in your mouth the demon chuckles. "I will keep my minions on their pursuit my lady."

You look under the table again at feeling the nudge once more.

Nothing.

You glance up through an accusing sneer at Demiurge who is cutting into his lamb like he should be showcasing on television how to perform cosmetic surgery. He cuts with the grain as blood pours from the warm pink center of his entree.

_Hmm_.

"So other than the farm and eight fingers what have you been up to? Do you get to do anything you enjoy?" You bring your legs up into your seat, folding them in comfortably.

"I enjoy this Lady Holly." Demiurge says before taking his first bite, chewing quietly.
"I-I mean...I do too! I just, ya know, I worry," You shrug as you try to play off your care nonchalantly. "You do a lot, like, a lot lot so I think you should do the things you like...."

Your eyes bulge and you can not mask the dawning on your face as you remember just what he enjoys doing.

"Truly I take the utmost of pleasure in serving Nazarick my supreme one. Appeasing yourself and Lord Ainz is to my recreation."

Nudge.

You dart your head under the table as if you were a ground hog sucking into its hole.

"What the fuck?!"

You slowly peer back up over the table to watch as Demiurge takes another slow and methodical nibble of his lamb. You grumble a bit as you sit back upright, forsaking comfort for planting your feet to the ground. Either there is a damn goblin under the table or he is totally fucking with you.

"Yeah but...what about you? Other than your duties to Nazarick? What do you want to do?" Your soda makes a grating, sucking sound as you try to sip at what is no longer there. Demiurge reaches over a caramel decanter and refills your drink. You smile with your lips locked on your straw, jolting up once again as something nudges your tail.

"Is that you?!?" Your nostrils burn as you pull away from your drink, your eyes wild.

"I apologize my lady, I am unsure as to what you are referring too," Demiurge sets down the carafe. "However once more Lady Holly I must reiterate that being of benefit to Nazarick is what brings me joy."

"Fine..." You sigh in defeat, unashamed that you are eyeing the last piece of his lamb. He reaches over his plate and scoots the piece of meat to you, stifling a chuckle as you wiggle in joy and hum in thanks.

Demiurge wipes away the slow trickle of blood that has started to seep from the corner of his lips. "....There is something."

Nudge.

You ball up your fists as you swallow, head swinging under the table.

Nothing. Again.

You grunt as you look back to Demiurge. "Well what is it? I wanna know."

"Although Eight fingers has been subjugated a shipyard with their cargo and henchmen remains on the outskirts of the Baharuth Empire," Demiurge leans forward as he takes a long sip from his cocktail, the tips of his fangs tinted red, "It was to my selfish aspiration to seek dominion personally over the site."

"Why haven't you then?" You ask.

Demiurge finishes his drink on another long sip. "Lord Ainz is not in favor of my...iniquitous methods."

"Have you asked him yet? I'm sure he wouldn't mind?"
"I do not wish to disturb Lord Ainz with such a trifling matter," Demiurge raises a gloved black hand, waving away the situation as one would a cloud of smoke. "Pay this no mind my lady, sincerely."

"Okay? Well, it's settled then." You smirk. Your tail twitches in wait of another nudge, ready to strike at any moment at whatever keeps prodding at you under the table.

Demiurge's forehead creases considerably as he leans further in. "My Lady I do not follow."

"I'm going with you." You beam with a smile that he reflects. His eyes light up before he drags on a sigh in the short lived moment.

"Lady Holly as you are aware my technique in tyranny is unfavorable to mos--"

"Demiurge," You pause to clean the Au jus from the rare of his lamb from your plate with a lone finger. "I know. Do you..Do you remember back the farmstead? How I said my...well, I'm not a saint. My personal methods aren't always altruistic."

You want your own revenge. The fire in your belly is dark at the thought of vengeance. You can nearly smell the mildew from Ninya's diary. You blink and Tsuare hugging into herself invades your brain.

Everyone likes a cause to rally behind.

Eight fingers has acted as agents of the dark in the shadows across this new world.

You stare at the one thing that can eclipse darkness itself.

The seventh floor guardian.

"I retain all information that either you or Lord Ainz so graciously bestow upon myself My Lady."

Nudge.

"I KNOW that's you!" You throw your hand towards him, finger straight, nostrils flaring as you shout from the unexpected touch. "Ugh, well, do we have a deal or not?!"

Demiurge's eyes smile before his mouth can curve up to match, and it is within his excitement that maybe, just maybe? The both of you can work on chipping away at those needles you both wound each other on.

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Somewhere above the might of the Baharuth empire a lone raven calls the moon from behind storm clouds. Thunder purrs in the distance. The night sky sighs as lazy streaks of lightning branch out like tree roots at their tips, flaring white from their crackling heat.

Mist rolls through the barren streets unchallenged for no one cares to walk Baharuth at this hour.

The air is too cold, but what happens beneath the city is far more unappealing to the citizens of Baharuth.

Located like a horns nest below an innocent child's playhouse rests the empire's catacombs. These underground tunnels stretch the circumference of the city and could climb down to hell itself with their many interwoven tunnels and secret passageways.

Known as 'The gauntlet of acrimony' the catacombs are one of many hideouts for the dregs of Eight Fingers as Demiurge calls them. That the hidden metro is where the fun of cleansing their last remnants begins in his opinion.

Only, you are not in Baharuth right now.

You are five hundred feet above the Central Mausoleum of Nazarick clinging to Demiurge like a wet koala in a category five hurricane.
Forming your wings a few weeks ago, that was fine!

Actually flying?!

The only time you found that appropriate is when you were fleeing for your life from Kyouhukou back at the Monument of Ruin. Which was a completely reasonable fight or flight response. He is terrifying.

"Lady Holly," Demiurge starts and you viciously shake your head. "Surely you would enjoy a leisurely flight to Baharuth? The night is calm and makes for exquisite flying conditions." Demiurge says.

"Nope." You snap back.

"This could make for an excellent opportunity for you to understand how to properly utilize your wings. Should a time come when you necessitate them it would be best if you had previous experience employing them." Demiurge ghosts the tip of one of his claws over the fresh wound from where your wings sprouted only a few hours ago.

_Under better circumstances what screams could you produce for him?_

"Nope." You suck your teeth as you look down. You hold onto Demiurge tighter as your heart falls into the pit of your stomach.

Sure him carrying you to the farm, that was fine! It was beautiful! But the thought of flying on your own?!

_This man is going to be the death of me._

"Very well then," Demiurge sighs, reaching up to slide his glasses back up the bridge of his nose.

"May I ask you a question My Lady?"

"....Yeahhh?" You ask cautiously.

You are not budging. Sure the both of you are stubborn but you are pretty sure you are worse than he is. Once he gives up you can guess where to place a [Gate] and walk, or he can carry you as you pout.

Brat.

"Of what do you know about the mock world items that Nazarick has produced?" Demiurge asks as he works a hand into his suit.

"I uh..not much. I know that at our height back in the day that---!!!" You stop as Demiurge reveals a golden statue with three arms, each grasping a different colored orb that radiates a strange pulse of energy. An unworldly and enigmatic power emulates from it. Your eyes bug out.

"Homygod can I hold it?!" You gasp, letting go of him as you reach up your pleading hands.

"Of course Lady Holly." Demiurge smirks as he sets the glittering effigy in your palms.

"This is Armageddon Evil yeah?! The prototype that Ulbert made?! Ahh this is so cooooool!" You cradle it in your hands like you are holding a small universe. You run your fingers gingerly over the smooth marbles gripped in each of the prototypes three fists. Your tail wags.
"You are correct My Lady," Demiurge grins as his tail twitches behind him ardently. "To my knowledge Armageddon Evil is the only imitation world item that Nazarick possesses. It was a work of art crafted and then gifted to me by my lord."

"We could ask Pandora, he would know if....!" Wait a second. You gulp as your fingers begin to tremble.

You look at Demiurge and his grin spreads so wide that his canines gleam in the moonlight.

"As you were saying my lady?" Demiurge purrs.

Do not look down.

".....Uhhh...!" Your blood runs cold as you peer over Armageddon evil and see the cobblestone speck below you that is the entryway to Nazarick. Your wings flutter as phantom butterflies fill your chest cavity with such a rush that you think you are choking.

You have forgotten how to breathe.

You smile sheepishly before plummeting to the ground in a mad scramble of limbs. You drop back to Nazarick like an anchor suddenly detaching from a cruise liner as you scream a slew of obscenities. Code of the commander kicks in and soon all you can see is your mass of tangled hair and purple lights that try to calm you.

You hate the color purple.

Demiurge catches you in his arms with a dive bomb swoop as he cuts the sky with his speed. You land against his chest as his wings give a heavy clap in the air before he rockets off like a shooting star towards Baharuth. You take the time to catch your breath as you push your hair out of your face and retract your wings.

"That was so cheap!" You shout at him over the sound of his wings beating against the coming wind.

"I never once doubted you." Demiurge chuckles back.

The smell that wafts through the creaking wooden cellar door that Demiurge lifts open reminds you of the mildew that encases Ninya's diary. You wrinkle your nose as you peer down the slimy stone stairwell.

"Why aren't we just heading to the shipyard directly again?"

"I found it appropriate to take us on an excursion My Lady," Demiurge says as he takes his first step down into the catacombs. He offers you his hand as he swings his other arm behind him in a bow.

"You did wish to know what I take enjoyment in and I would be a fool to not take this most fortunate opportunity to demonstrate with you what my hobbies include."
His diamond eyes sparkle with a smile to match. You nod slowly as you place your hesitant hand in his. Your heart races. You both know what he enjoys. The demon is simply being formal in his devotion to you as he guides you down the dark flights of stairs.

You wanted to come with him. As soon as he said it was something he desired you wanted to not only give it to him but be part of it with him.

*You want your own vengeance.*

But now as you walk down the steps, you wonder, how far down are you willing to waltz into Hell with the seventh floor guardian?

"D-do I need to equip Kingslayer?" You ask as you mind your footing.

"I believe Anathema would be better suited for this outing of ours." Demiurge suggests.

"Wait a second, how do you know about Anathema?" You hop down the last two steps as Demiurge raises your hand in regard.

"I make it my personal business to know as much about yourself and Lord Ainz as I possibly can. This way I can be qualified to effectively execute any of your commands without hesitation."

Demiurge pronounces as he clasps his hands behind his back, resting them over his tail.

“Ohh, um...thank you?” Demiurge blinks with another bow in acknowledgement as you twiddle your fingers together. “I don’t have Anathema on me. I stored it in the Treasury awhile back.”

“I would be happy to request through message that Pandora’s Actor furnish you with Anathema.” Demiurge proposes, lifting a hand to his chest.

“Oh no, I’ll message him, that’s okay. It’s...it’s not that actually,” You rub the back of your neck as you kick at the loose flooring of the murky catacombs. “I haven’t ever actually used Anathema. I’ve never...equipped it.”

“I see,” Demiurge takes a step forward as his tail raises the head of yours from laying on the cold ground. “I understand then that this expedition we are on would be the ideal circumstance to operate the blade and charge its core.”

You laugh nervously as you point at him. “I can see you knowing about Anathema but how do you know about its charge?”

“I consider erudition to be ones greatest fortitude in serving the last remaining supreme beings of Nazarick.”

“Uhhh erudition?” You ask through a wince. You can use context clues as to what that means but you just do not know with Demiurge. Everything has a chance of a hidden meaning with him.

That and you don’t know what that word means.

Damn him and his fancy talk.

“Yes My Lady. I consider it a strength of mine to retain a plentiful sum of knowledge pertaining to yourself and Lord Ainz.” That is what you thought it meant. Hopefully he does not think you are an idiot for clarification.

“I gotcha. I appreciate you uh, knowing as much as you do,” You want to tell him it is creepy
because *it is*, but hey, you do admire his work ethic regardless. “Give me a sec to message Pandora okay?”

*Just how much does Demiurge know?!!*

Demiurge smiles with an air of confidence that best suits his intellect as you bring a finger up to your forehead. You tap your temple in thought a few times as your stomach swoops. You feel warm as you softly smile.

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[Message]

_Pandora? Hey I need a favor._

_Meine geliebte! Certainly you are getting into contact with me because you are ready to resume our thrilling status as counterfeit adventurers? Aha Winterberry, Jaja let us be-

_No, not yet. Soon though, I promise! Right now though I need you to transfer Anathema from the Treasury to my Inventory._

_....Why do you want me to equip you with Anathema?_

_I uh, I have an opportunity to charge its core._

_Holly suffusing Anathema means that you are entering into active combat. As your personal escort I must profusely beseech you that I be present! It is entirely too soon for you to be stepping into any type of hostile environment! Especially not one that has you arming yourself with a weapon such as Anathema! You are on the outskirts of Baharuth Ja? I will be--_

_Pandora, wait. I am fine, sincerely! I asked for this. That and I have Demiurge with me so I doubt I’m gonna be doing much sword swinging. This is just a chance for me to charge Anathema’s core like I said._

_Winterberry I do not feel comfortable having you so far from Nazarick and my person let alone the fact that you are going to be wielding a blade you have yet to equip until now. Furthermore I have yet to upgrade Anathema as well due to its complexities, so simply put it is not ready for conflict and neither are you! Liebling it has only been two days-
Do you trust me?

Indubitably! Without question Holly, my faith in you is uncompromising! However my dear I must insist that you alter your choice of activities and come back to Nazarick. I promised you I would keep you safe and I am a man of my words! I can not guarantee your protection if you do not permit me to behave accordingly! Please Winterberry--

Pandora, stop for a second, holy cow. If you trusted me you wouldn’t be arguing with me on this.

Holly I do trust you, I swear it so! It is that I question your rationality on the subject at hand at this time.

I can't fault you for that, I'm kinda questioning myself If I were to be honest. Regardless I need you to trust me though. Please?

I-I...I trust you.

Thank you. Look I'll make it up to you, maybe you can show me how you upgrade stuff? Ya know, since Anathema is kinda a cluster fuck.

Ohhh Winterberry are you attempting to bribe Nazaricks resident financial guardian?!

I might be.

Mmm then I accept meine dame! Truly you drive an offer that one would be an imbecile to decline.

We’ll figure out at time when I get back, kay? I should be gone a few more hours at tops.

The Treasury's area guardian awaits your return as always. Winterberry...Ich liebe dich, and do exercise caution on this personal voyage of yours! Should you require my presence I am but a tap of your mind away.
You are beginning to think that maybe ‘Ishch Leeba deek’ is just another German term of endearment over meaning that he wants to have sex with you. You will remember to ask Pandora when you see him next.

“Liebling means Darling, for you are meine liebling!”

“Lady Holly,” Demiurge rests a hand on your shoulder. “Is everything in order?

“Oh yeah, yeah. Everything is good. Pandora is just moving--” You inhale sharply as you turn your head over your shoulder. A shadow darts in the corner of your left eye. Your spine tingles and you feel like the walls are breathing, that someone, or something is watching.

That something tickles the back of your mind, like a thought you are desperately trying to remember. It is on the tip of your tongue. You try to act on it, but the memory darts away in a streak of lime light. You blink. Then, like a cedar block being thrown into a pond, you feel the impact shake at your core. A cold web grips your skull and climbs over your brain like an overgrown garden.

Pandora’s Actor has fulfilled your request.

You take a step back from Demiurge. You reach out a hand as far forward as you can muster. No, you reach out both arms because you are going to require two hands to hold this thing let alone wield it. Your tail writhes about behind you in anticipation.

You have never equipped Anathema until now.

The colossal great sword forms in your hands in a scream of green hellfire that illuminates the catacombs. Two handles, shoulder length apart, seem to meld to your grips with their woven spirals of untouched black leather. The ebony blade itself obscures the gloom of the catacombs as if it is trying to feed on the atrocities that have happened down here. That somehow it knows of the horrors and growls in its sleek shine.

The sword is hungry. From the tip to the hilt the serrated edges of the widened blade stretch before you like a dark horizon. Anathema’s core runs just inches away from your finger tips in a gnarled empty cavity that fits perpendicular to the swords elongated handle. You think you can hear whispering echoing from the trenches of its scar but you would rather believe that you are instead hallucinating. You shake your head free of the thought as you dig the curved tip into the concrete below to examine it further.

You bend down on a knee as you trail a lone finger down the middle of your great sword. “Wow, hot damn. It’s actually you.” You laugh nervously, and for a moment, you think that the sword laughs back.

You made Anathema years ago when you first joined Ainz Ooal Gown. You wanted to try to live up to the standards that you put on yourself when you first joined the guild. A player lucky to scrape the
top eighty percent of players in a top ten guild? Yeah, okay.

So when you were dungeon crawling with Momonga in Muspelheim and a certain sword named Curse dropped from the raid boss? You got to work and ground out the materials to transform Curse into Anathema. Farming all of the necessary Nova crystal was a real pain in the ass.

However after a decent amount of good ol’ fashioned force spawning you got enough to modify Curse into Anathema. You also got to make some player adjustments to its base stats and rules in doing so.

Anathema, once you were done with it, was meant to feed off of negative karma actions such as killing demi-human and human players. That with an appropriate charge Anathema could be used as a long range weapon in conjunction with being a clunky yet powerful great sword. The blade once fully loaded had the capability to channel that negative karma into raw energy, and thus that newly converted resource was to be utilized as a projectile. Like an elemental gun sword. Fuck yeah!

It was a nice way to get around Code the Commander as a job class not permitting you to equip anything but swords. That yes, you were still wielding a sword, but you could shock the shit out of someone by firing off Anathema’s core like a rail gun. It was awesome, fantastic!

Until you turned it into an absolute mess. You learned quickly by not having any skill points invested in a craftsmanship type job class that you were only making things complicated. The blade made no sense and had a skill ceiling you could never hope to reach. It was difficult to wield and the command prompts did not make sense to you. So you stowed it away in the Treasury in the end to pretend like it did not exist.

It was a failure of yours, ultimately. Anathema to you was like skating up to a firing range with an expensive gun that made no sense to have outside of its holster. Then arrogantly pulling out said gun and cleaning the barrel wrong as everyone sneers at you like you are a fool.

So? You put Anathema away. You did not risk looking like an idiot.

Eh, at least Momonga thought it was cool.

But now as you stare at Anathema on bended knee and its core glares back with its nestled eldritch eye? It is real and born once again, as you were, in this new world. It is your bastard child; And it is hungry.

Drops of water echo off in the distance as they splash against the many pathways of the catacombs. Curious rats poke their snouts out of homes dug into the debilitated bricks that line the underground sewer system. Rot unbound by the river of waste seeps through the cracks in the cement flooring and makes for an unpleasant squelching sound beneath your feet. Every now and then Demiurge lifts a hand up lazily and flicks his index finger to bring life in the form of his hellfire among the decrepit wall lanterns. No matter how many he ignites the pale yellow walls still carry an aura of vexing gloom.
You shiver as you reach to your shoulder to adjust the strap that keeps Anathema comfortably holstered to your back. You can hear a hushed chant in a language unknown to you tickling in your ear drum. You ignore it in favor of believing that it is an underground cult gathering rather than your sword scratching at the fabric of your soul.

Shadows flicker and dance below the black fire lanterns hanging on the wall to your left. You turn to face Demiurge to see his fangs poking out as he wears a sinister grin. His tail whips behind him as his head gestures towards a coming corner.

Your arms feel heavy and cold as the shadows pull back and disappear from sight. Seemingly bored Demiurge raises a hand up as a low hum vibrates the air. You watch as the whistling of a feathered crossbow bolt gets pinched between two of his fingers, his claw tips peeling back the wood from catching the projectile at such a high velocity.

Okay, that was totally badass.

Demiurge discards the arrow into the sewer water like he is abandoning a used up cigarette. “There is no use in cowering behind that intersection,” Demiurge sighs. “I am aware of your presence.”

A trio of crossbow bolts are fired in a horizontal line at the end of Demiurge’s sentence as a man dressed in shabby armor reveals himself from behind the junction. Demiurge waves his hand in front of him as he steps forward and the arrows all fall to sprinkles of ash. “Admittedly I do appreciate a good struggle. An enjoyable game of cat and mouse, if you will,” Demiurge continues forward, his chest rumbling with the power of his command mantra. “However that is not something you can offer us at this time.”

Us?! Oh yeah. You wanted to be here. You follow in the demon’s footsteps as he stalks his prey with your tail between your legs.

Demiurge’s passive flames jump in a blaze of fury, eating away at the arrows now being clumsily aimed and misfired. The roar of the demons hellfire is only outmatched by his empowered speech as he corners the now terrified and trembling man.

“W-what are you?!” You feel caught in a trance when you see the red eight fingers symbol etched into the man’s iron breastplate. Your eyes dart between the man and Demiurge. At the same time you want to tell Demiurge to stop, this is not right? You see the smile spreading on his face like butter and you know you do not have it in you to utter a word in protest.

So you watch as the demon does what he enjoys. You justify it by thinking that this man before you might be that hated son from Ninya’s diary.

“Know your place in the presence of a supreme being. Kneel.” The man does just that, quivering like a leaf as his cheek grates against the damp flooring. He whimpers.

“Lady Holly,” Demiurge turns on an heel to face you, his crystalline eyes almost violently blue with life. “Would you care to do the honors?” The demons gloved hand sweeps before him as if he were revealing from behind a velvet curtain a treasure trove of wonders.

“Um...” You raise an eyebrow as you step forward. Anathema scrapes against the adjacent wall and you stop mid step from the surprise of the sound and in realizing what Demiurge is referring too. “Oh! Oh um, nonono, all for you, really! I’ll uh...take the next one?”

Demiurge simply bows in acknowledgement before fixating his attention back to the man twitching on the floor. “That is most generous of you my lady. Not to worry, there are still a number of dregs
Demiurge binds a claw over the top of the man’s head as if he has done this very action many times before. Like a gardener extracting a stubborn weed he yanks the man from the ground, and he yelps, and Demiurge licks his lips at the sound.

Your ears ring. The dark chanting from earlier grows closer.

Blood weeps from needle sized puncture wounds that Demiurge carves into his victims scalp with a surgeon’s precision. That every tip of his claw that he presses into the man he knows as intimately as he does you.

The man struggles to no avail, the points of his feet barely scraping the floor as Demiurge raises him up higher. The demons tents his fingers and leans his head back slightly as a cry in the form of an incoherent plea shakes from his toy’s throat. Demiurge inhales through his nose, and exhales through the Cheshire grin he can not hide in this moment.

“Aspect of the devil [Razor Sharp Claws]” The growth of the demons nails slice open his games cheeks and the flesh unfurls like a butterfly wing. Another scream. A wider smile. An ebony talon cleaves from the man’s sternum down to his waist as Demiurge portions off and away the once protective armor and cotton white gambeson.

A disappointed ‘Tsk Tsk’ comes from Demiurge as he flicks his tongue across the roof of his mouth. The demons eyes raze over a web of scar tissue that stretches from the man’s navel to the pocket of fat stored just above his groin. Demiurge gives the man a last pitying shake of his head before slamming his face into the wall with such robust force that his eye socket shatters and his nose erupts with a spray of blood.

The chanting blooms in volume and it is enough to have you peel your eyes away from being transfixed. You look over your shoulder and your color drained face stares back at you through Anathema’s mirrored surface. Your stomach ties itself in knots as you hear the desperate gurgling of a dying man in tandem with your eyes being met by Anathema’s one unblinking blaze. The trilobite like grooves that run along the inside of Anathema’s core begin to glow a sickly green as the beast feasts.

As Anathema drinks the unpleasant stench of burnt hair fills your nostrils. The crackling of fire mutes the chanting and then there is silence. You do not want to turn back and see just what Demiurge has done, but when you do, you feel an odd sense of relief. There is nothing more than a charred black outline of where the demons prey once was.

Demiurge sighs in satisfaction as he lifts a bloodied claw to his face and retracts his knife like talons. Blood runs down his knuckles and joints in streams, and seemingly unruffled he flings the mess from his hand. The thick mire of gore smacks against the wall to join the small hunks of clinging flesh from the earlier fun.

“Shall we proceed?” Demiurge hums out as he makes forward, his tail snaking over yours as he rounds the corner. And then he stops, his ears twitching. You take the time to gather yourself up as you adjust Anathema, fingers digging into the harness that stretches across your chest. Demiurge grins at you from over his shoulder. “We have company.”

Your heart sinks as a woman, no older than you, bumps into Demiurge with a surprised howl. Eyes wider than the moon she shrieks when she sees the steaming pile of cinders behind you. You close your eyes as mid scream of her asking What happen--!! is cut off by Demiurge grasping her by the throat.
You just keep telling yourself you wanted this.

You keep hoping adrenaline is going to push you through.

You wanted something, someone to blame for what happened, and you can align it like tracing the stars in the night sky that it can all tie back to eight fingers.

But this feels wrong.

“Lady Holly,” Like a feline proudly presenting a caught rodent to his master Demiurge purrs “It would be inexcusably uncouth of me to hoard all the sport.” The woman pathetically scratches at Demiurge’s wrists to no avail as she chokes. Upon the applied pressure of Demiurge’s careful grip you can hear her windpipe begin to crumple. It is either the pressure building in her skull from his vice like hold or her fear that has hot tears streaming down her face.

“It’s uh, not selfish at all! All yours again, really Demi, I-” You stutter as you place up a shaking hand as a stop sign that seemingly does not register to him.

“Oh?” Demiurge broods through pursed lips. He cocks his head to the side as a kind smile dawns over his jaw. “Why my lady, I must insist.” Demiurge drops the woman like a sack of tallow. She falls to her knees with a wet rasp. Her hands find the newly formed welts in her neck as she--

“Prostrate yourself.” She does as commanded with a splintered snivel. Strawberry blonde hair gives way to Demiurge’s oxford shoe as he sinks his heel into the back of her nape, the point of his footwear at the apex of her skull. Demiurge reaches a hand towards you. Anathema growls once more in a hypnotic masculine chant. The demon's claw unfolds like a lotus blossom as he smiles, offering you his arm, that he is instead providing you his assistance to board a Venetian gondola rather than his foot upon this woman’s head.

It is a deal that you have made with the devil as you place your uneasy hand in his. Demiurge’s beaming face curves sinister as his tail corkscrews around yours. He draws you intimately closer as your feet trudge, and it is another force you are sure of, because it can not be you that places your foot on his.

“Everything is beneath you,” Demiurge’s warm breath haunts over the shell of your ear. “It is within your proper as a goddess to command sovereignty over these dregs. To display unto them who their true monarch is.” Your mind races. It is the second time in the day that you beg yourself to not look down, but you do. You do and the woman stares back at you through the greasy strands of her hair now slicked in sludge.

Your pupils flare and hers shrink. Your foot twitches and Demiurge drives in on the woman’s cranium like he is flooring a gas pedal. Her face scrunches beneath the weight like a soda can before chunks of tissue and gore burst forward through her facial orifices. You gasp as a hand flies up to your mouth, and Anathema cackles through its primordial chanting as it once again feeds.

This is so much more different than Yggdrasil. In Yggdrasil sure, there was blood. But not like this.

Not like this.

Your posture wilts like a flower trying to brave the cold. Your heart is throbbing and the pangs are painful as you try to swallow down a shaking breath. Scattered like rain the woman paints the floor before you in her end.

Demiurge’s claw tips graze just over the delicate skin of your hip bone. Another talon prickles over the hollow of your throat. “Tell me…” The demon whispers hotly. ”Have you ever engaged in the
artistry of pleasure in the blood of your adversaries?"

Thank you for your Kudos, Bookmarks, and Comments!

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Chapter End Notes

Nova Crystal is a nod to my husbands Overlord fan fiction Black Sky Legion!
Chapter Summary

⚠ Warning! ⚠

Dark themes ahead/Violence. ✗

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

© ö

Chapter Forty

Greek Fire
The sweet smell of gore feels caught in your throat. It is as if you have drank a cup of blood and it has dried and caked to the roof of your mouth. The once empty cracks of the cement floor below are now rivers of red iron that travel like splintered streams into the sewer water. The trickling of thick globs of liquid copper that resound through the catacombs in a gentle echo is nettlesome.

In what seems like miles behind you are two sets of footprints in equal stride, both leaving a breadcrumb trail of devastation in their wake. Darkened clots and ripped strands of slippery organs litter the underground, clinging to wall lanterns and hanging like party favors from the ceiling. The reflective entrails, slick with fresh abdominal fluids, splatter the flickering light of black fire in fragments across the halls.

You avert your eyes in favor of staring at the demon a step ahead of you. That even through all the dissolution and torment Demiurge stands without a drop to disgrace his self righteous presence that you know he loves about himself. That you also adore about him, even if seeing him in his element this way makes your stomach sour.

Anathema’s chanting has now quieted in favor of a few eager whispers. The blade would bloat itself on death if allowed, however, for now, it is sated. You glance over your shoulder and Anathema’s sullen eye gives a slow, content blink.

Every cut off scream, gurgling cry, and fatal sob aid in numbing the situation. You are on autopilot, no, more of a passenger and Demiurge is the driver. You keep repeating that this is For The Greater Good. That this is all horrible in the worst of ways but so are the actions that this criminal organization have dedicated themselves to.

Tsuare wept and told you that she had to learn lessons. The poor girl has been nothing more than a dumpster for humanity longer than you would like to imagine.

...and who better to teach those who taught her a lesson than the seventh floor guardian?

Something that they learn with their life, that Ninya paid with hers, that you…

There is always an exchange that must be made in the pursuit of vengeance. You just keep telling yourself that your perseverance will carry you through. That this is okay.

It will all be okay.

Demiurge kneels down next to a gnarled yet still identifiable feminine corpse. Her entire head is sunken in and looks like an overly ripe piece of fruit that has succumb to the weight of its own spoil. The demons tail waves behind him like a palm tree as he examines the physique and hide of the carcass splayed before him in a twist of limbs and meaningfully placed incisions.

You unsummon Anathema and the earlier toil of emerald fire emerges once more as the blade is
stowed into your inventory. The catacombs flash green with an ancient howl as Anathema is excommunicated until you choose to equip it again. You tap your chest where your great swords robust strap once was with a deep sigh. Banishing it back to your item box feels like lifting a weight off of your shoulders. At least the core is charged for the first time, and although this has all been overwhelmingly demented you still have a sense of accomplishment.

*It will all be okay.*

As Demiurge lifts up the scorched armor and blouse to expose the expired woman’s untouched belly you bring out Ninya’s diary. You fan the pages back and forth with your thumb, not reading anything in particular. The journal still has the ever present aroma of mildew and it is a welcome stench amidst the perfume of stomach contents and ammonia.

“Lady Holly.” You snap out of it at the hard punch of your name. That Demiurge has only ever spoken your name with his rich and velvety tone but the way he says it now has your head feeling made of cotton. You stow away Ninya’s diary and take a hesitant step forward.

Virgin and supple toffee skin lay exposed before the demons talon, “Intriguing really,” Demiurge purrs, “To find such a specimen that has maintained a healthy standard of nutrition is quite infrequent among the populace.” Demiurge hooks a claw in her navel and draws the already taut skin tighter. “Salubrious, dense, yet still pliant. This would craft something considerably finer than a magical scroll don’t you think?”

You curl into yourself as you bring your arms up to your chest in a hug. “I uh..I trust your judgement Demiurge, really.” *It will all be okay.*

Demiurge gazes at you from over his shoulder before supplying a pleasing smile, “I will be sure to put this to proper use for Nazarick then My lady.”

“How...how far are we from the shipyard?” You just want to get out of here. Leave this all behind and underground where it belongs. They have been judged and executed, there is no need--

“There is an outlet ahead that will lead us into a lighthouse that shall yield a proper view of the wharf.” Demiurge resumes his position to your right, his tail curling around the tip of yours. “Come now My Lady,” The demons affluent voice tickles your spine as he offers you his arm with a look you do not have the heart to deny. “This peregrination of ours still has a grand finale.”

Your stomach drops. You never planned on a road to perdition. You never planned. You just keep relying on adrenaline to feed your mind the excuses it needs to validate that *this will all be okay.*

---

You lean over the multi tones of burgundy rust that decorate the astragal bars in the lighthouse’s lantern room. White foam crashes in hisses against the docks. Every thirty or so seconds a rhythmic flash of sultry light spreads out like a cone over the ebony waters that purl below. The smell of the ocean hangs over the wharf rife with the stench of crude oil and decomposing wildlife.
There are two corroded tankers that lay in wait against the quayside area. They rock and whine as the ocean beats against them, carrying presents of barnacles and salt to further deteriorate their surfaces. The third and last carrier, capable of hauling several hundred tons of liquid product, is caught halfway out to sea with its rear still in the docks.

None of the ships will be departing any time soon.

Demiurge stands with his hands held behind his back as he explains that he preemptively arranged for footman from the seventh, and with permission from Cocytus, the fifth floor to be present. That everything useful to Nazarick has been searched, seized, and is now being transported back to the tomb and its subsidiaries.

As Demiurge goes on about the intricacies of how he is scheming to use Eight fingers to sell their goods at an inflated rate to better profit Nazarick you watch as the different floor servants work together. NPC’s were never meant to leave their guild halls or floors, so seeing frost virgins and Demiurge’s minions aid one another so flawlessly is like witnessing the inner workings of a grandfather clock.

From all the way up here they are only silhouettes, but you can still see them busy as bees. They work like an assembly line as they pump out different hydrocarbon products and carry away crates of drugs among other insidious paraphernalia.

Demiurge clears his throat with a grin that accentuates the size of his fangs. “Lady Holly, may I selfishly request your assistance in a matter that needs dealt with sooner than later?”

“Yeah, of course, what’s on your mi--” You stop with a ragged swallow as Demiurge moves in and begins to outline your collarbone with one of his knuckles.

“You once gifted me with the knowledge that as a supreme being you possessed the power to fabricate yourself,” The demons index finger trails over the sapphire scales leading up to your neck in slow methodical strokes. “You have yet to grace this world with your true presence.”

“True...presence?” You ask weakly through a whisper that is silenced as Demiurge scores his thumb from your throat, to the tip of your chin, to fit comfortably over your mouth. He presses inward and your heart flutters as he parts your lips.

“There is an inferno within you. I can sense it, have sensed it since you first graced Nazarick with your divinity..” Demiurge places his palm under your breasts as he extends a finger to sink against your sternum. His other hand he keeps cupped to your jaw, thumb still dipping into your lips. “That fire that emanates from the edges of your holy existence is what I speak of. It is invisible; Yet I feel it.”

Just as he delves his thumb in further he leaves, and you miss the warmth of him atop your lips. The demon steals your breath away as he holds you like maestro would a cello, fitting himself behind you. His hands run down your forearms, to your curves, to pull you impossibly closer as his fingers cling to the static of your blouse as he takes rest above your navel. “Everything is yours. The very world exists to adorn you in its riches.”

You shake your head but before you can make a sound in protest Demiurge is whispering into your skin. “I understand what of which you shaped for yourself,” He pauses, the warm air from his nose igniting your neck in chills. “I believe Lord Ulbert crafted my soul from a similar pyre.”

Your lower back twitches and your stomach burns white with need as Demiurge cups the base of your tail in the curve of his hand. He gives a reassuring squeeze as he licks over your pulse point,
grinning into your skin once more as your heart rate jumps.

“I don’t see where you’re going with this?” Your whisper while Demiurge rests his chin in the pocket of your shoulder. He is so close that when you breathe he is everywhere, smoke, cedar, and the scent makes your head feel light.

“All...that I am?” You turn into him, your chin brushing against his cheek.

“All that you are.” He affirms.

Your skin prickles from the coming warmth as Demiurge’s hellfire passive climbs through the top of the lighthouse. Black flames engulf and distort your surroundings from their exhausting heat as they break apart atoms. A darker blaze captures you as the demon casts his mantle, and soon the lighthouse is a dancing dark amber spectacle of his conflagration.

Demiurge’s tail lifts yours as a gentleman would lift his ladies hand in greeting before a formal ball. His guild ring sighs against yours as he threads his fingers with your own. “Release your authority over those deserving of your righteous persecution my supreme one.” Demiurge tilts your hand down in a sweep over the tankers, black fire reaching out in hungry hands of its own.

Your heart rate accelerates as you begin to understand what is he asking of you. You chew on your cheek with wide eyes. Vertigo settles over your mind and your knees feel like unset gelatin, so you grip the guard rail once more. “You...Demi I don’t know how, I’ve never even used, I mean, are there people inside?!”

“No, Lady Holly. Only rats that require execution inhabit the vessel’s below,” Demiurge pauses in thought before smirking, “Even if there happened to be a few remaining scoundrels on the freighter is it not to your want to pass judgement on them?”

God damn it all. You are eating your ‘I’m not always altruistic’ catch phrase right now. It tastes like a recurring nightmare on your tongue. You want to tell him no, but at the same time, in the corner of your mind where you lock away all those dark thoughts, the ones you fear others hearing…

You keep going. Because this? This isn’t upfront and personal. This isn’t Demiurge’s tail swiping someone’s face off like a windshield wiper cleaning away debris while Anathema chants and drinks. That was for him. After walking through the final circle of hell with Demiurge you do not think there is such a thing as what you would not do for him.

This however, is for you.

It will all be okay.

You roll your shoulders back as your place your wrist against Demiurge’s, palm splayed straight towards the docks. The demon’s hellfire roars in delight, black sparks rising like fireworks in celebration. Demiurge positions his hand similarly, only where your hand points up, his points down.

“I-I can try, I just don’t know what to cast or uh...how? I mean I kinda get it but...Well, would [Eruption] be okay?” [Eruption] shouldn’t be to bad. It’s only a tier four spell. You have been able to
conjure up your magic when you absolutely felt you needed it, and then a few times when you didn’t. You’re a mess, operating like a sprinkler system with a kink in its hose. Every now and then you get a good stream, but most of the time you sputter or don’t work at all.

You can hear Demiurge smiling as his breath coats your ear, “Usurpatio—”

“You are nuts. I’ve only ever used that a few times!” You smack the blunt head of his tail with your own and the demon gives a soft but confident chuckle.

“Fire such as yours should not be restrained,” Demiurge responds smoothly. “It should be free to reign.”

“And if I burn you in the process?”

“Then I shall burn in a blaze of glory.”

“...I can give it a shot.” The demons chest rumbles as you send a smirk his way. Like a gardener extracting his prized rose Demiurge lifts your other arm to join in. You peer through your fingers like a god would clouds to view the docks below. All you can do is your best, right?

*It will all be okay.*

“You have cast your magic in what you deemed to be necessary situations, circumstances in which where you presumed you could not function absent of your arcana,” You nod as the tips of Demiurge’s claws begin to crackle and glow a hellish red. “Focus on the flames above my hands My Lady, Yess, that’s it. Now, seclude the forefront of your mind to a time where your desperation met inclination.”

You fix your eyes on his tented fingers as the fires wink and saunter. You can focus on his hands that look like lit opera candles in the night sky, but finding a place in time where your need met your will is...a lot easier than you think. It is funny, really. The first thing you thought of was how bad you wanted to buy Yggdrasil and how you spent years saving up the money.

...But nothing is coming.

The old world is that, it is old. Those memories are still you, but how could they help you? You can not conjure up super tier magic by doting on a time when magic was nothing more than a click of a button and a midnight dream. You do not know what to do, You do not want to--

"You are not thinking enough, that is the problem. You always sell yourself short and you give up entirely to easy. I find that I quite dislike that about you."

Ugh. Momonga is still a dick for that but...he is right. You are tenacious but if you think something is lost you will give up. Who chases infinity when you only live for so long?

...Better to chase something than nothing. Who ever got anywhere standing in one place?

The fire on Demiurge’s hands start to peel back across his palms like an ocean wave returning to the sea. The tidal wave of dark flame rises as it scours up your hand to swirl in wait. Demiurge says something but the furnace in your mind is to loud to hear anything over the roar of heat.

You feel light headed as that inferno that Demiurge spoke of that lives inside of you is trying to break free. You squash the thought of *How am I doing* this in favor of embracing your inner Flamekeeper.

Your eyes water and you realize you have not blinked this whole time. Have you even been
breathing? Your arms feel made of hardened concrete as the fire before you grows. However, it is not your fire. Demiurge is simply trying to make you feel better about yourself by summoning his mantle to your hands.

....Or so you think.

Your heart beats in your ears like a war drum. Your shoulders tighten and Demiurge says something about relaxing but you can not. There is to much pressure. You gnash your teeth together and the floor of the room starts to crackle and pop with a smokey green discharge.

You open your mouth to speak and your jaw pops. Demiurge’s hands clamp down on your shoulders and his tail curls around your thigh. The lighthouse whines as rust ignites green along the edges of the cylindrical building. Molten steel weeps and struggles as it bends and begins to slowly drip from the thermic intensity.

Like a dying star struggling as it takes its last breath the top of the light house consumes the gravity around it. A swirling cataclysm in the form of an emerald tornado overtakes the watchtower in an end scream before collapsing into nothing.

Some suns are like that, not all of them go out in a bang. Some just die off and...

You are not one of those Stars. Demiurge pulls your hair back and before either of you can exchange words? You release that inferno that Demiurge says has been building inside of you.

You go supernova.

[Usurpation Of Fire]

Flamekeeper was your second job class. It was something you picked up on around level fifty seven between your first and second run in the raid Heart of Muspelheim. Momonga wanted to sherpa you through it. It was one of the older dungeons from when Yggdrasil first released. Year three or somethin’.

Typically the raid Heart of Muspelheim was ran with four or more players. It favored smaller guilds like that. Therefore Momonga found it as quick option for power leveling your dead weight ass at the time. Your words, not his.

And really? The raid was not bad. He was right; It was fairly easy!

..Until you reached Surtr.

A top his throne laying in thought Surtr waited. He was one of those end bosses that won’t aggro unless you attack. So like Momonga had said he had done many times before back with his old guild mates he powered up [Fallen Down] and hit Surtr with a landslide of seemingly unending blue.
And then Surtr promptly started to kick both of your asses because Momonga is weak to fire and you were level forty at the time. The longer the fight drove on the more fire Surtr summoned, and with every swipe of his flamberge the arena crumbled away. The Heart of Muspelheim, the god of the flame himself, showed no mercy in his volcanic temple.

You guys won by the skin of your teeth, or, rather, Momonga busting out cash shop items and spamming tier nine and ten magic until Surtr bowed.

In memory of that dungeon you chose Flamekeeper as a way of balancing the dynamic between yourself and Momonga. If he was weak to fire? You would control it.

You two returned to the Heart of Muspelheim raid after some grinding. You wanted revenge and Momonga was always generally down to crawl in a dungeon. He liked loot and had heard rumor of a drop called Surtr’s heart. Sadly he never got it though. So seventeen levels later with your first and only super tier offensive spell meant that Surtr was about to have a bad time.

On the third and final stage of Surtr’s battle, when the floors shrieked with geysers and the field ignited in the gods heat, you conjured up [Usurpation of Fire]. You crushed the small hourglass cash item to avoid the summon time because ain’t nobody got time for that bullshit in a raid.

As Surtr’s blade fell before you the super tier spell stole its life. You robbed the sun god of his fire and tossed it back at him like a game of hot potato where you were the inevitable winner.

Surtr burned to ash, because that is what [Usurpation of Fire] does. It commands dominion over all fire to be released in an area of attack blast that either incinerates your foes or sticks to them like napalm in a slow status effect burn.

Which is what [Usurpation Of Fire] does now as the spell thunders through your body to rip from your palms in a turning spiral of all consuming green fire. Galloping like horses that rampage over the night sky the cyclone devours Demiurge’s mantle and passive as fuel. Growing in size the gale storm of flaming comets swell to engulf the first tanker as it makes its explosive landfall.

The ocean simmers as the spell travels through every bay port in the Tanker. In sync from back to front the windows that rest just above the oceans now boiling waters detonate in shards of glass and escaping green. Like a scorned banshee of emerald hate Usurpation leaps to the next Tanker. She leaves naught but ruin in her wake as the freighter melts from its seams.

Audible whining as metal burns so hot it glows white scrapes in the air. Bolts and screws pop loose as the ship is made undone. Vats emptied but still slick with crude oil bubble and churn. The tankers smoke stacks fulminate in violent plumes of black that are quickly drank by Usurpation before the entirety of the ship explodes in a flurry of debris.

Sheets of steel fly through the air. As they land in the ocean below they hiss and sizzle before sinking. Usurpation eviscerates the next two tankers in quick succession and soon the shipyard is a glowing sea. Green fire spreads across the water in mockery of what once was, still laughing in occasional explosions that rocket to the sky every few seconds.

You spin on a heel to face Demiurge as you wave your hand emphatically towards the tankers. Your tail wags and knocks against the soft metal of the simmering lantern room. Your fire is green?! Oh yeah! It was a cosmetic you gambled for during a limited time event!

That’s so dope!

“Holy crap!!! Do you see that?!” You don’t mean to shout at him, but you are, and he is nothing but
a mile wide of teeth as he smiles.

The demons hands are now the ones to be gripping the guard rail as he cages you between himself and the bay. The fire that reflects off of the ocean to adorn the night sky mirrors in Demiurge’s eyes. They look like sparkling emeralds as the fires dance over his jewels.

Fuck, he is so pretty.

He shakes his head almost as if he is in disbelief. “You are undeniably the definition of beauty,” The demons lips fuse over yours in an instant as he dives into you, and you get the sense that he just can not help himself. Your stomach swoops at the touch as Demiurge’s embrace lights yet another fire in you. You breathe in through your nose, and damn, he always smells so nice, feels nice. You want him just as bad as you grip at his shoulders.

He pulls away for a moment to breathe as he pants out, “However now, My Goddess, you can see that as well.”

You ball up his pronounced white collar and pull him back to meld your lips to his once more. Your tail corkscrews around his tail as you ardently make out with the demon, and you wonder, is there anything you would not do for him?

You were never a popular kid in school. You carried your textbooks against your chest and scampered from classroom to classroom so you wouldn’t be late and get detention. You had a small group of friends that were fantastic at the time, because school was like that. You made friends for different reasons and they changed through different seasons. No one worthy of really remembering, but the times were still fun.

Work was the same way. Coworkers came and went. The only ever present force was your boss, and even then, that was your boss.

So now as you walk next to Demiurge on the settling docks and the denizens of Nazarick are cheering like you are some kind of a hero? Guess that saying is true, everyone some time gets their moment.

You are pink to your ear tips as your tail slaps the ground behind you every few steps. Demiurge’s tail swishes behind him languidly as he keeps his arms behind his back, walking with you in stride, occasionally peering over at you. You know Demiurge is behind this because his smirk is way to smug.

Demiurge turns to you as he bends at his chest, “A moment if you would, My Lady.”

“No,” You laugh and Demiurge tilts his head. “I’ll go with you wherever you’re heading off to. If you leave me here they’re gonna crowd surf me and as cool as that sounds I think I’m already at my limit. Anymore and I’m gonna pop.”
His smirk falters for a moment. “Very well then,” Demiurge turns his head to the right as he overlooks one of his summons as it stacks crates meant to be taken back to Nazarick. “There are other matters that must be tended to.”

“Such as?” You ask.

The demons shoulders tighten as he steps forward. His tail twitches before he glances over his shoulder at you. “Nothing to worry about My Lady. I am handling it accordingly.”

“Bull,” You reach over and tug on his sleeve. “What’s nothing to worry about?”

Demiurge adjusts his glasses with a push of his middle finger. “Not everything sequestered from Eight Fingers has its use at Nazarick. There are objects that need to be redistributed throughout the surrounding city states. The task is going to require more attention than I would like to provide, however the alternative is out of the question.”

“Is is the drugs and stuff? Ya know E-Rantel is kinda full of Eight Fingers and their influence. Pandora and I stayed at a cabin and the owner was in debt to them really badly. There’s also some old couple who has barrels of alcohol in their cellar with the Eight Fingers logo.” You shrug your shoulders as you point to Baharuth across the sea. “If we found two places back to back with their control then it’s most likely they really are engrossed in E-Rantel. So maybe it’d help to stay away from there and try out Baharuth?”

Demiurge smiles softly as he brings his thumb to his chin, “You are correct Lady Holly. Eight Fingers has deep ties in E-Rantel. Unfortunately this predicament does not necessarily directly involve Eight Fingers.”

“Okay...well, what is it then? Can I help?”

Demiurge glances back to the now nearly finished stackings of Cargo. You look over as well and notice a sizeable crowd of people. They are all huddled together in shackles and rags.

They were being blocked by the mass of crates...

“Eight Fingers dealt in a myriad of black market activities. Slave trade was one of their more lucrative means of obtaining and maintaining an income,” Demiurge’s tail strikes the ground as it breaks apart chunks of concrete, yet neither his expression or tone falters. “I now have the responsibility of not only liberating the serfs, I must relocate them safely.”

“What was your alternative?”

Demiurge rolls his tongue over his teeth as he looks between you and the group once more. “The farmstead.”

“...Oh. Ohhh!” Your eyes dart between Demiurge and the group. Your blood runs cold in realization.

It will all be okay.

“I am not particularly fond of wasting materials that could benefit Nazarick. However I understand that Lord Ainz is not partial to my methods. It is to his standard that cruelty only fall upon those who deserve such a fate. Innocents should be spared, and spare them I shall.” Demiurge growls his last sentence.

Is there anything you would not do for him?
You kick at one of the chunks of cement that Demiurge freed with his tail. “...How is Nazarick’s scroll production.”

You know the answer.

“...Scroll production is optimal. However it could always be improved.”

You gulp as you dig your hands into your pants pockets. You look away. “Resources shouldn’t be thrown out,” You close your eyes. “Take them to the plantation.”

Demiurge sucks his teeth for a moment before sighing. “I greatly appreciate your concern Lady Holly. However Lord Ainz--”

“Ainz isn’t here right now.” Your muscles tighten as you deadpan.

“...That is correct.”
The fourth floor of the great underground tomb of Nazarick has always felt out of place to you. Like playing a game of poker with dice, swallowing candle wax, or seeing the life drain from someone’s pleading eyes. You could never quite place why. Then again, what makes something bizarre is the inability to subjectively understand it.

The fourth floor is a quiet stretch of everglades without a whisper of wind or trees. Hints of morning glories with golden centers dot the landscape. Fog rolls around lazily in dreary clouds, hanging only inches above the ground.

Unlike the ever changing atmosphere of the sixth floor the fourth is always caught between that twilight hour, somewhere amidst dusk and dawn. The floor reminds you of one of those ‘visit this hidden wonder’ type of magazines, something you might see in the centerfold.

Just before the entrance to the fifth floor rests a lake that stretches wide across the landscape. The lagoon lays still like a reflective ebony quilt that mirrors the freckles of fading stars above. The occasional overgrown reed peeks through the lakes pebbled bottom. Other than that?

There is nothing. Silence. Maybe that is why the fourth floor feels alien to you. It feels like somewhere after Purgatory yet before Heaven or Hell. That it is its own realm separate from law and existence.

There is naught but solitude.

You take your time walking around the floor. You stow away those worn sneakers in favor of feeling the moist blue grass below. Every so often you sink into a particularly wet patch and your toes squelch against the soft soil. You gather as many smooth stones as you can across the vacant meadow before taking rest at the fourth floors main attraction. You roll up your jeans to your knees before curiously dipping your foot into the lake.

A quiet ripple disturbs the mirrored surface that travels the circumference of the lagoon. Not as cold as you had imagined but the temperature still sends a shiver down your spine. No matter. You take your seat. You dig your toes into the many dark pebbles that adorn the lakes flooring to wash yourself free of the mud caked to your toe nails.
You remembered hearing that if you palmed a flat rock and tossed it somewhere between how you would throw a bowling ball and a frisbee you should be able to skip it. No matter how many times you have tried you can not seem to get it right.

Now you only have three stones left. You have been rolling them around in your hand for longer than you would care to admit, occasionally bouncing one over the other. You bring the largest of the trio into your free hand and toss it up and down a few times. It has warmed from your prolonged hold.

It feels nice as it jumps against your palm. It feels even nicer as you chuck it so hard across the fourth floors lake that your shoulder pops. The stone drops into the darkened pool with an unsatisfying plunk. You sigh. A splash of water shimmers from the recoil. A rainstorm of droplets paint the lakes glossy surface before settling.

Again, there is nothing.

Damn, you wish you could just feel nothing. You pull your knees into your chest as you wrap your arms around your legs. You let the last two stones slip through your fingers to plunk into the lake as your tail joins in curling around your ankles.

A sheet of fog slips around you in a cold mist. You shiver and pull into yourself tighter. You look down and to your left to stare into the rich center of a Morning glory blooming like an orchestral trumpet. You nudge the violet edges that purl like a ballet dress with the tip of your tail. If velvet was printed thin like paper it would be this flower.

You came here to be alone. To think. To try and process all that has happened in such a short amount of time. Has it really only been just over a month since the transfer? It is a paradox. It all feels so real yet so not. It is as if this has all been happening to someone else.

Someone else transferred.

Someone else got hit that day in the mansion.

Someone else told Demiurge to take those slaves.

Someone else fell in love.
...You.

You did this, you did all of this. Why. Why?! Your mind races faster than your thoughts and you feel like you are pulling at a thousand balloons that have been cut loose. Which ones do you grab and which ones do you let fly away?

You wince and pull away from your own hand as you go to stroke the left side of your face. Your stomach grows sour at the thought that you just might feel what you saw in Cocytus’s orb back at the mansion. You can taste the cloying anesthetics from the room of truth as they flood your nose in a headache of nostalgia. You shake your head and a veil of color warms your arms as your hair spills over your shoulders.

You do not want to process through that right now. You know the memory will haunt you later when you least expect it. That like Anathema it will whisper and laugh on the edge of your mind.

Your fingers dig into your jeans and a few of your knuckles pop. You trade one memory for another as blood pours down the concrete steps of the catacombs. Fuck, go away. You do not want to think about that either. Yet whether you want to or not, the recollection is one of the many strings of balloons you have pulled back.

In Yggdrasil there was a box you could check that would allow for moderate amounts of gore. There was a small disclaimer that would pop up before checking said box, something about how this function could only be enabled by users eighteen or older.

It amused you as you selected the option. You had played plenty of games much worse than Yggdrasil where gore was almost comically gratuitous. Funny enough there really was never a lot of blood anyways in Yggdrasil. You had a hard time accepting the fact that they even tried to censor it.

You would take down a monster and at most there was a pool of red below them before they dispelled into motes of light. However the devs of Yggdrasil saved the best for PVP executions. Most notably you remember Momonga’s [Grasp Heart] animation that let him crush a heart like a tomato exploding in a microwave. Even then, it was fake. It was a game.

This is not a game.

Those people underneath Baharuth were more than ones and zeroes. They did not just disperse into a
kaleidoscope of incandescent colors in a satisfying death blow. No, they begged, they bled, they died. But they deserved to die! Sure it was gruesome. Sure watching Demiurge enjoy himself as he wallowed around in the macabre was gut wrenching but those were bad people!

...The slaves were not. They were innocent. You sentenced them to something infinitely worse than the fates shared of those in the catacombs. It was wrong, so fucking wrong. Why, Why?!

For Demiurge?

For Nazarick?

Is it because you like seeing the demon happy no matter the cost? Even if it costs you yourself?

Why do you care?

Why doesn’t Momonga care? Why can’t you be like that? He did not even skip a beat to let you know that losing his adventuring group did not bother him. It irritated him.

You wonder if it is you or the battle within you. Momonga does not care because he changed; He is an undead now. His racials and karma rating have undoubtedly gifted him apathy.

...But what about you?

What excuse can you come up with to make this all okay?

This is not okay.

You do not have a mystically cool reason for choosing Warden of Dawn or Child of the World Serpent when you first started up Yggdrasil. They looked appealing and were around the set up that you wanted.

Warden of Dawn was a positive karma tank like Paladin racial that gave you access to job classes such as Code of the Commander. Which you thought was rad! You loved the payoff of sacking all weapons and a lot of offensive magic spells for the ability to equip any sword no matter the skill level. Just look at Anathema and Kingslayer (Adept)! Sure Anathema is an evil bastard but you can not deny its potential. And Kingslayer (Adept)?! That sword is your baby.

Speaking of which..

You hold your hand just above the water's edge. You open and close your hand and with a flick of your wrist the comforting weight of Kingslayer (Adept) forms in your palm. Like a silver sun the blade twinkles as you turn it over the fourth floors black mirror. The many amethysts down the sword wink at you every three quarters of a rotation. You dip the tip of the blade into the lake and it cuts through the water without any disturbance.

You sit back from hugging yourself and lay Kingslayer (Adept) in your lap. You kick at the water in thought as the splashes echo over the floor.

On the flip side of Warden of Dawn, Child of the World Serpent was meant to balance that positive karma with its negative. Child of the World Serpent could give you the power and sorcery you lacked as a Warden of Dawn. Ultimately? You wanted stability and a cool looking player avatar.

You were never a minmaxer in video games. You wanted a variety of choices. By choosing so much you abandoned power for utility. Little bit of this, little bit of that attitude.
You never imagined choosing two racials on either ends of the karma spectrum would drop you on the fourth floor recoiling at your actions. That a diverse skill set would leave you with such conflicting emotions.

...Or you are just trying to make excuses for what you have done.

This is not okay.

You cherished the idea of going with Demiurge after Eight fingers in pursuit of some ‘Vengeance’ you thought you needed. After reading Ninya’s Diary and taking a blow meant for Tsuare you wanted to blame someone, something. Demiurge gave you the means. You wanted to point and scream until your lungs gave out.

Which is what you did in a sense. You aimed at Eight Fingers and fired.

...And yet here you are. Who do you blame now? Those slaves you gave to Demiurge were innocent. God damn you. In your quest for blood, oh, you got blood. Just more than you bargained for.

How many Ninya’s and Tsuare's were in that group and are now at the farmstead?

You do not want to know.

You wonder if the rocks you tried to skip earlier in the day hit Gargantua on the head.

You faintly smile as you remember sitting like this on a city lakes edge when you were younger. Maybe you were three, maybe you were five. You just know that the sun was warm, the park was full of laughter, and your mom stole you away from the playground quicker than you would have liked. She dusted you off as she scooped you up under your arms and carried you back to the picnic area. Ten minutes of fuss, some baby wipes, and pulling twigs out of your hair later you were ready for lunch.

But you did not want lunch. You could care less about barbecue chicken slathered with sticky sauce and iced tea. You wanted to take your loaf of bread your Mom had the foresight to pack in knowing you would want to feed the ducks. As long as you stayed in her sight she was fine. So while she lit up a cigarette you ran your chubby young legs to the waters fringe.

And as usual you chased the ducks and the ducks noped the fuck out. You tossed some bread and waited entirely to close and they waddled near before deciding you were not worth trusting. You weren’t worth trusting. The ducks would scatter across the lake in groups of two and four as you pouted every time without fail.

It was your last ditch effort to wade into the pond as your mother squealed no at you. But you were not gonna listen! No Ma’m! You wanted to play with the ducks. So as the dreamer you were you pet
the water with a breathy whistle you could not form. You hoped the ducks would come.

The ducks never came.

So now as you slap at the lagoon before you in a similar fashion you can not help but let out a content chuckle. You call out a whistle that tickles your lips and the high pitched call breaks the silence. A nice touch to give some justice to the memory. And still, even now as you make to stand with a sigh, the child within you wonders if the ducks will ever come to play.

You use Kingslayer (Adept) as support as you pull yourself up. You know you have been sitting here to long avoiding the world. It is time to go. You arch your back in a stretch and then nearly topple over as the ground begins to tremble. Kingslayer (Adept) slips against your hand and lands to the ground with a loud clang. The blade gyrates furiously against the soil as the fourth floor groans.

The lagoons once still surface is now dusted in hundreds of purling wrinkles that fight one another for space. Even under the dense weight of water the marbled pebbles below leap as they shift from the coming tremors. You fall down as well. The ground gives way to your knees as you sink into the squishy soil with a splash of mud. Your eyes dart to the middle of the lake where a red pulse begins to glow beneath the once tranquil waters.

Holy shit.

All the guardians savor the chance to answer the call of their supreme being.

Gargantua is no exception.

The floor guardian activates and rises from the dark lagoon as one would think a whale would the ocean if it could walk on two legs. Slow and powerful, yet serene. With each sluggish step Gargantua reveals more of itself and casts you in a shadow that climbs back to the third floor. The lake recedes and stretches back as Gargantua continues to emerge. You are unsure if it is due to the floor guardians sheer size or its struggle with the mass of water that has it languidly slouching forward as it plods your way.

Gargantua halts at three quarters of the way out, its knees just above the surface. The floor guardian stands still as streams flow in what seem like endless waterfalls from its shoulders. Where water does not return to cascade below it catches, forming brooks that lazily pool in Gargantuas many fissures and nooks. Elephant trump vines cling to the cracks of the guardians bouldered limbs as they twist and snap from the movement. Moss decorates its thighs and below in abstract forms and sections. Gargantua’s chest throbs a red that bathes the face of the lake like a romantic full moon.

And then, all is once again calm. Drizzles of fog collect around Gargantua’s legs as you gawk in awe. Your mouth hangs open and when you breathe out a small huff of mist billows forth. You never once thought patting the water and calling out a lonely whistle would work. You may have never gotten the ducks, but you have the fourth floor guardians undivided attention.

“Um…,” You lift up a hand and offer a quick wave. “Heyyy big guy.”

Just as the gas giant planet Jupiter rotates to face its many moons Gargantua croons towards its hand. The guardian tilts its head to the side as if caught in thought. Its finger flex and through the open spaces once puddled water bursts free to flow back to the pond in steady currents.

Gargantuas arm scrapes against itself as it raises its hand. Avalanches of broken shards of its exterior crash into the lake in falls of thunder. Gargantua turns its palm to face you, chunky fingers splayed as its hand sways side to side.
Is...is Gargantua waving back?!

Holy shit Gargantua waved back?!

That is so freakin’ cool! You sit back on your legs in wonder as your tail beats the ground behind you in elation. What else can he do?

Can you make him give the middle finger?

You breathe out a dumbfounded laugh and another cloud of mist slips through your lips. Frost nips at your bare toes. Icy blue fog collects in the spaces between the pebbles of the lake's barren floor. Several feet in front of you the lagoon starts to clink and chime as it freezes in fractures. You look over your shoulder to where the Morning Glory was and you watch as a blizzard of crystals consume it from stem to petal.

The fourth floors silence is once again cut as what sounds like a train valve opening up to release a few tons of pressurized steam rings across the valley. The flurry of flakes of snow increase as they consume the better half of the lake and convert it into a skating rink. You shiver as you tuck your legs under your body and lay your now drooping tail across your lap.


"I'm so sorry Cocytus,” Fuck. You suck. You totally suck. “I should have come to you and let you know I was okay. I just got caught up in...some things." Your chest aches more from the way you tell him you have been doing things over his frigid passive.

What would he think of you if he knew about the Catacombs? The slaves?


You gently tease your fingers over the frozen blades of grass to your left. You flick away beads of ice as you pat the ground. Cocytus bends down upon one knee next to your hand. “How did you know I was here?”


“....Oh.”


"H-How do you know something is troubling me?”


Well fuck. Caught like a damn rat in a trap.

Your eyelids grow heavy and your bottom lip trembles. Your tear ducts blur your vision as they threaten to overflow with grief. “Have...Have you ever done something you didn’t wanna do but you did it anyways?”

Have you ever sentenced a group of innocents to their death to make someone smile?


“Your feelings matter to me. I don’t wanna ever ask you to do something you wouldn’t want to do.” You blink and before your tears can slide off your face they freeze to your cheeks.


“A friend,” You seethe as you clench your teeth. You sniffle as you shake your head. “I-I just need you to please always be my friend.”

Cocytus reaches over you and to your left. “I. Will. Always. Be. Your. Guardian,” Diamond dust falls in snowflakes over your head as Cocytus’s mandibles click together. His lower left arm swings in front of you and pinched between his fingers he is holding the frozen Morning Glory.


A tidal wave of rushing water freezes mid crash as Gargantua languidly rotates to return back to the depths of the fourth floor. Layers of ice inches thick crunch below the guardians feet as it makes its way to its resting spot. Discarded moss and vines alike coat the frozen lake in a line that trails in Gargantua’s lengthy steps. Once submerged the colossal constructs chest gives a final pulse of red that shoots across the lagoon like a solar flare before deactivating.

You spin the frozen Morning Glory by its stem between your fingers as if it were a dolls umbrella. Purple and gold bleed together in a slurry as the flower twirls. You wonder if you can keep it preserved in ice and display it on one of your bookshelves in your room.

It would look really pretty next to--

“Lady. Holly. May. I. Ask. You. A. Question?” You are happy Cocytus is still here with you. He has been with you this whole time and has yet to ask you if you want to leave.

You do not. Not yet.

“Mmm?” You hum with a nod, still content in just twirling the flower.

“Why. Did. You. Never. Create. A. Guardian?” You stop spinning the flower. You search your brain for an answer, crap, what do you tell him? How do you explain to him that you totally would have made a guardian but Nazarick was at its level cap?

“Well...Honestly?” You reach back and scratch the back of your neck with a weak smile. “Nazarick already had you guys. There wasn’t a need for me to make a guardian.”
Cocytus sounds off with a barrage of bug noises as he folds his many arms over his rounded thorax. “I. Am. Actually. Glad. To. Hear. That.”

“Why’s that?” You ask. It is because he thinks you suck.


“Oh Cocytus,” You laugh through a sigh as you run a hand from the crown of your head down and through your hair. “I never could have made someone as amazing as you.”

Thank you for your Kudos, Bookmarks, and Comments!

Tumblr
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Chapter Summary

Rated P for Pandora's Actor!

Smut chapter.

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Chapter Forty Two

Black and Gold

[Greater Teleportation]

Momonga’s footsteps sound like the slow and steady beat of a foreboding drum. Your next step takes you to the tenth floor, by his side, after a quick [Message] from him about wanting to discuss things over with you.

Things.

“I received Demiurge’s report on the shipyard in Baharuth.” Momonga states. Oh boy here we go. That is exactly what you were afraid of.

“Yeahh?” You gulp. You are so busted. He is going to scold you to hell and back about those slaves. Regardless of his apathy he still has morals and you? You do not want to think about that right now.

Go away dark thoughts.
You prepare yourself for the inevitable harsh whisper of his voice. You flinch like an animal ready to be struck, tail between your legs, and…

A thundering laughter booms through the halls. Momonga slams a fist into his open palm as he faces you with blazing eyes. “Fantastic! I am quite pleased with the outcome of what the two of you accomplished. Thank you for taking initiative on this matter. Demiurge disclosed how you ensured that the supplies gathered would be distributed in such a way that Nazarick reaps the maximum benefit of your endeavor.”

“It wasn’t my--” You give yourself a second to let your mind catch up to where you are currently. His reaction has you caught completely off guard and you nearly tripped over yourself while he was talking.

You hair stands on edge. Those were Demiurge’s ideas; Not yours. All you hinted at was possibly spreading the cartel in Baharuth over E-Rantel. “…It wasn’t my intention for things to work out that way, but I’m uh, happy they did! I just suggested what I thought was best and Demiurge took it from there?” There. You are not exactly lying. You are just blending the facts.

“…Did he say anything else?”

*Here it comes.*

“Yes. The highlight of our discussion was his announcement of your cast of [Usurpation of Fire]. I can not express to you how satisfied I am with the progress you have made. Tell me, how was it actually conjuring your first super tier spell?”

“Uhhhh it was exhilarating, that’s for sure! I kinda felt like a bomb if that makes sense?” Holy shit did Demiurge conveniently leave out the catacombs and the slaves from his report? Or does Momonga not care?

“Um, was that all then?” Fingers crossed.

“…Other than some minor details that I will spare you of, yes. Am I missing something?”


Momonga chuckles as he clasps a hand on your shoulder. “He did mention that. You also fell.”

You close your eyes for a second in relief. You think to [Message] Demiurge and thank him, but a part of you is sure that he is already aware. You two made a deal after all.

Your sneakers slap against the tenth floors glossy marbled surface. Momonga muses that you should fix them and you shrug him off. He is right though, you feel like every step you take you might walk right out of them.

Momonga’s voice carries the air of confidence and authority that you hope you can achieve with time. Somewhere between his thoughts on Demiurge’s suggestions moving Nazarick forward, his missions as Momon, and your own experiences lately the conversation takes the both of you by the treasury’s entrance.

Your brows knit together as you walk a bit slower, eyes gazing down the dark stairwell. Your chest feels hollow. You hook your thumb through your belt loops and sigh.

You *miss* him. Your heart hurts, but not in the typical knowing pangs of loneliness. It is almost
comforting, like a quilt, and for a second?

It is all consuming.

“...and that is why I want the both of you to travel to Carne village.” You exchange glances with Momonga and he scoffs. Oops.

“...Sorry..” You mumble.

Momonga grunts as he walks ahead and you follow. “As I was indicating it is to my desire to have you stand in my stead at Carne Village. I believe it would be benefi--”

The last of Momonga’s sentence is drowned out by what sounds like a cannonball being shot in a victorious roar of black powder. The robust clap of thunder undulates through your ears, causing them to ring. Your cheeks rise in a smile and your stomach fills with butterflies. You know that sound as you spin on a heel to see Pandora’s Actor stomping his boots together, his arm mid toss up to his cap in a salute.

Pandora throws a hand high into the air and grips the bill of his cap with the other. His coat flares from the jarring motion as his orotund voice calls forward, “Aha! Truly it would be a shame, a pity I say! An opportunity I would not dare to dream to waste to not greet both of Nazarick’s most treasured remaining supreme beings as they pass by my domain!”

Your tail strikes the ground behind you as you happily wave Pandora’s way. Momonga groans when he realizes that Pandora has taken this action as the go ahead to sprint as fast as he can towards the both of you.

You and Momonga take a step back and to the left.

Holy shit Pandora can cover some distance!

Pandora leaps in the air with a shove of his right boot, coat clapping as he lands on his knees in a grand slide.

...Only unbeknownst to Pandora’s Actor the maids had just finished waxing the tenth floor halls before you and Momonga met for casual council. Which was only twenty or so minutes ago.

Pandora hits the floor and flies by like a hockey puck. Neither of you can discern what Pandora says as he slides down the hall in a blur of yellow and a slurry of what you think is German.

You look at Momonga at the same time he turns to face you.

“Ah. Well, just in time. I am overdue in err, E-Rantel! Yes. I have an appointment in E-Rantel as Momon with the adventurers guild.”

“You’re a terrible liar.”

“I do not know what you are talking about.” You narrow your eyes as [Greater Teleportation] takes Momonga away in streams of light. The air around you is thin for a moment as it struggles to fill the space that the leader of Nazarick was just in.

Some damn tough shoes to fill.

You rush over to Pandora who has somehow managed to change the trajectory of his body. He twirls mid coast to slam his back into the wall, arms crossed behind his head, right leg swinging over
his left. He extends a hand forward, lengthy fingers splayed in a flirtatious wave as he strikes his pose.

What the fuck is this guy made of.

Mid dash you realize the inner child that exists within you. You grin from ear to ear. Are you really going to jump in the air and knee slide on the freshly waxed surface of the tenth floor like Pandora?

Damn straight you are.

You launch forward like a ball being struck by a tennis racquet. Your knees slip against the glossy marble flooring and Oh! Oh you are going much faster than you anticipated! Your hair blows behind you like a banner and you laugh, you laugh a shrill high pitched squeal as Pandora makes room for you to crash into him. He stamps his boots as he spreads his legs, arms open, hands making a few grabbing motions as he lights up the halls with his own happiness.

You knock the wind out of the poor bastard as you collide into him. He produces a breathless choke mid chuckle as his limbs close in on you like a venus fly trap. You lock your arms around his neck as you catch your breath, still giggling, wiping your face into his neck.

“How did you know where we were?” You ask as you fiddle with the back of his cap in an attempt to fix it. He might have stuck the landing but he totally roughed himself up in the process.

“Ohh liebling!~ I heard you and Lord Ainz passing the Treasury! I would recognize the sound of your footsteps anywhere. I simply had to come! You did state that as soon as you returned to Nazarick that I was to be by your side and I am here to forevermore perform your every requisition!”

“I did say that, you’re right.” You curl into his body and shut your eyes. He hums a singsong thrum as he works his fingers through your hair in agreement. Every breath you take is filled with the scent of fabric softener and the crisp fragrance of sandalwood. You hold him tighter.

It will all be okay.

Pandora’s Actor pulls Holly closer to his chest as if he could cut himself open and nestle her next to his heart. Her hair covers him in a veil of all the finest hues of red and blue. Her many curls flow like a waterfall into and over the crisp edges of his uniform. She is everywhere, everything.

He believed that he understood her on a level that no one else could. It is in the way he was made to be, after all. To pick up on those subtleties and nuances of others so that he may perform the perfect act. In comprehending her existence, the way she moves, the way she breathes, he knows of her power. That her soul emulates the core of the universe.

However it is within that power that he learned something from her. Of her. That the manifestation of her supremacy is more than what she is as a supreme being. That power is more than super tier magic, authority, and godhood.

The beat of her heart. The taste of her skin. Her love.

He thought he knew her. He has been her, has taken on her form to learn and dance and sing so that a part of her would always be intrinsic to him. However, it was not enough.
Not even their unity. Their bond. The way they make love together. It was not enough and he was a fool for ever thinking it was.

It was only until the fear of losing her did he comprehend all that she is.

That as she lay strewn in a pool of her own blood, rasping, struggling between who she is as a supreme being and who she is as an individual did he realize her. All that she is.

All that she is to him.

It is why now as her breathing hitches he knows that something is raking at the fabric of her soul. His wide palms roll over her back as he comforts the pain she is burying. He can feel it in her as he does her presence. He wonders what, what could trouble the child of a god?

That. That is beyond his understanding.

Conviction grips him in his resolution to be a guardian and have her understand his devotion and love to her. That he will always be her chosen so long as she wishes him so. It is in his hopes, that he always will be hers. One hand sweeps away the brilliance of her hair while the other cradles her face up and to his own. She is so very warm.

He melts in her eyes as she slowly blinks. His heart beats faster, his blood rushes, and--

“Let’s just go. Let’s just go!” Your eyes sparkle as you shake away the last few days from your mind. It is over. You are here, not there.

Pandora sucks in air through a soft sound just before feverishly nodding his head. “B-but of course! Jaja! Let us be off then! Only...where do you wish to travel, Holly?”

‘Anywhere meine liebe. To the very ends of this world and beyond if we must!’

“Adventuring, like we were. Furthering our uh, guise as counterfeit adventurers as you’ve said! You pick where. I don’t care.”

“Mmm let us see then, Ah, Winterberry! I did pick up on that Lord Ainz wished for the two of us to make an appearance at a location known as Carne village. Perhaps you would enjoy skirting along the countryside of E-Rantel? It is to my knowledge that Carne Village is a distant suburb that sits between E-Rantel and the Katze plains.”


“Jaja my dear, I did!”

“Sweeet,” Oh thank god, rather, Pandora. You spaced out on Momonga and lost what he said. “Okay, that all sounds awesome. Seriously I am ready if you are.” You just want to move forward. Resume back to where you were post the catacombs, before the mansion, the room of truth, the blood! The chanting! The slaves! The diary! The--!

“Winterberry.” Pandora breathes, “Meine schone blume, are you quite alright?” You inhale sharply. Shit. Of course he is going to know an actor when he sees one.

Pandora’s eyes arch up as you place a hand over his mouth and cup his face with the other. You nod your head with a pained smile. “Yeah, don’t worry about it. I’m good! Let’s go.”
Pandora’s Actor estimates that the both of you should reach silver, possibly even gold rank with the adventurers guild at the end of this next quest. You both just reached iron and at this rate getting to Adamantite feels like jumping the sea. Momonga has been hauling ass and spreading his name as Momon and now through his popularity everyone wants to be like him. So the jobs available are pitiful at best, but you and Pandora grabbed what you could.

Beggars can’t be choosers, after all.

The last few days have been filled with what you think are some of the pettiest jobs available in E-Rantel. All copper missions that have included deliver this letter from this house to that one, help find some woman’s cat who was in her kitchen the whole damn time, and the worst?

Another extermination. A small medieval mom and pop like bakery that was infested, freakin’ just loaded with yep, you guessed it! Cockroaches.

*Bugs?! Why is it always bugs?!!*

Which is why now you are fashioned with a scowl as Pandora rubs the back of his neck with a nervous chuckle. You tap your foot with a disapproving shake of your head as Pandora explains what the both of you will be undertaking today.

E-Rantel is apparently under siege of it’s sugar cane cargo from the Katz Plains due to a colony of giant wasps that have taken residence in the nearby forest. The slightest hint of a breeze lifts the scent of the sugar cane’s nectar from a caravan and once that hits the wasps nests it is game over. No one has died yet but rumor has it that the mayor would rather deal with a few obituaries over losing one of the cities most lucrative means of turning over a profit.

That is why this quest could boost you a rank or two. It is important to the city over just one individual or a small business. Pandora managed to nab it by being a smooth talker along with having no issues with marching himself to the front of the line at the guild at the ass crack of dawn and demanding the quest.

He picked up on it while the both of you were walking back to Henry the alcoholics not a bed and breakfast after a long day of tedious missions. Pandora is always scanning people’s minds for useful information and got lucky when a noble from the Re-Estize kingdom was paying the local brothel in E-Rantel a sneaky late night visit. He is an investor in E-Rantel’s sugar trade and although the desires of women were at the forefront of his mind? Pandora still caught the worry of Nobleman Richards hopes that an adventurer would take care of the issue with the sugar cane sooner than later.

Not even sex can drown out anxiety. You know that all too well.

You dart into an alleyway with Pandora’s Actor. Pandora whistles a non incriminating tune and you still wonder how he even whistles. Once the coast is clear and the both of you are sure you will not be seen you remove your ring of sleuth.

Your vision sharpens as your blood simmers from reattaching your heteromorphic traits. Colors seem brighter. You stretch your facial muscles as your scales pop up from under your skin. That is your least favorite part of the transformation, it feels like a bunch of zits burrowing forth until they
settle. Your tail flicks with life as you get used to the sensation of having it once more.

Pandora points his lengthy index finger against the brick wall of a four story warehouse. He shimmies his shoulders as he casts [Gate] and a rip in reality forms against and through the wall. Black starlight shimmers and purls as an entryway to your next destination.

You pinch your brows together. Pandora knows [Gate]? He usually transforms into…Oh. Oh! Oh damn that’s cute. You smirk, and then your smile grows into the shape of a banana.

He likes transforming himself. He likes transforming into *Momonga*. You twiddle your thumbs as you look into the [Gate] and wonder if he ever likes transforming into you.

Pandora steps through the [Gate], half of his body in one instance and his other half still with you. His palm upturns in search of your hand. You are grateful to him, without asking he understands that you do not like going through doors, [Gate]’, really anything anymore first. Not after..

You shake your head and slap your hand into his. He nods as he pulls you through and your ears ring with the sounds of a morning forest as the scenery changes. Pandora waves his other hand to dismiss the [Gate] and it shrivels with a pop as it fizzes away.

Autumn trees in many shades of red, yellow, and orange dot the forest. Dead leaves scatter the gravel path below your feet. A gentle and pleasingly cool breeze picks them up in a spiral as they dance along the road.

Pandora’s boots crunch loudly as he purposefully steps in piles of the largest gatherings of foliage with his hands behind his head. A flock of birds cry out as they vacate the forest in a hurry. The trees grow tighter and soon only small flecks of the white sun paint the way forward.

A low buzz vibrates the air. Pandora stops mid step, boot hovering just inches away from a pile of leaves. “Do you hear that liebling?” He whispers.


“Let us make haste then, Winterberry!” Pandora excitedly shouts. You wince as he smacks his hands together and strikes his boot through the leaves. The clap of his hands echoes through the forest and for a moment all is silent.

*Oh no.*

Just as the leaves fall to the gravel road the buzzing from earlier roars through the forest. The furious hum shakes the air and pebbles from the road jump up and down. You have enough time to glare at Pandora accusingly before a herd of watermelon sized wasps bust through the canopy.

Pandora throws his hands up and shouts something in German, you do not know what, you are too busy scrambling with Kingslayer (Adept) in your scabbard. Sweaty fingers slip over your blades hilt as you retrieve your sword like you are in a bad western standoff. Pandora jumps to the side as you swing Kingslayer (Adept) like you are making ready to beat the candy out of a pinata.

Every jewel on Kingslayer (Adept) glitters. The curse of glory core ignites the blade in a shimmer of silver as the blade shines. A flash of blinding light. Kingslayer (Adept)’s lilac fuller pulses. From the tip of the sword down to its cross guard sings in steel revelry as it is swung. The sword sends forth a tidal shock wave of particle energy in a horizontal sweep.

With needle nose stingers pointed forward the wasps collide with the monumental force in a high pitched scream. Struck like a gong by Thor’s hammer every other wasp bursts in juicy bug fluid and
limbs on contact. The rest nosedive to the ground as smoking carcasses as the shock wave leaves naught but death in its wake.

You gasp as you look at Pandora, your pupils blown. You point Kingslayer (Adept)’s tip towards the wasps as you start to jump up and down, “Oh my god! Didja see that?!” Your heart races a million miles a minute as Pandora jumps up and down with you, never failing to match your energy as you shout at him. “Holy shit I’m a badass!”

“Jaja liebling! Jaja that you are, you most certainly are the most bad of asses! They never stood an iota of a chance against the might of a supreme bein--!”

“Skreeeeeee!!!” In a war cry in loss of her children the queen wasp emerges from her slumber, bursting through the trees and knocking them down like a two ton rhinoceros gone berserk. Compound eyes reflecting the sun through the now freed spaces in the forest lock on her targets. Wings in hues of multi colored stained glass beat the air faster than a hummingbird as she gains traction.

“HomygodthatisBIGassbug!” You scream as you shake up and down from the queens torrid buzzing. Bugs! Why?! Why is it always bugs?!

“Your time has come!” Pandora’s melodious voice thunders through as a red arcane symbol encircles his hand.

Trees crash to the ground and woodland creatures big and small sprint away. The wasp queen shrieks once more as she spins her abdomen to point herself in the right direction. Five claymore sized stingers, dripping with potent purple venom, quiver as she swoops down like a hawk.

[Cerebral detonation]

[Eruption]

In perfect sync, purely by accident, you and Pandora’s Actor shout your incantations. Your voices layer as the queen begins to glow and bloat. Another scream rips through the air, only it is not the cry from the wasp. It is the toiling sound of her brain boiling as Pandora’s spell goes off like an atomic bomb at the apex of her head.

From the first segment of her thorax and up she explodes in chunks like a firework made of bug gore and carapace. Next is your spell that grows in her belly like a magical child of ever expanding heat. Just as her heavy body slams against the forest floor in death she erupts like a rotten squash smashing against the ground.

You flail your arms up to shield yourself from the onslaught of slop and parts coming your way. Too late. You whine as her jelly like innards, still simmering hot, coat the entire right side of your body in a moist splorch.

“Aww, ewww!” You try to shake off Kingslayer (Adept) to no avail. This crap is sticky like tar and oh god, it is in your hair! You look over to Pandora and wheeze with a shrill laugh that rocks your
belly.

His arms are up in the air, standing in disbelief, and he is utterly soaked from head to toe. He glances over to you as thick goops of purple drip from his hat.

You pull your lips together to muffle your giggling until his chest starts to rise and fall. You can hear it in his throat as he tries to stifle his own laughter. You eye him with a dare, eyes watering. Who is going to break first, you wonder?

Oh yeah. It’s you. His eyes arch up and when he salutes you with a fling of goop laughter springs forth from your mouth like a broken dam. He is soon to follow with his own roaring laugh as he prances over to you so that the both of you can help clean each other off.

A tree branch gives way to the gentle landing of a crested copper canary. Long honey hued tail feathers fall from the birds rear end. A wreath of amber quills with tawny oval patterns adorn its head. They spread in display like a chinese rigid fan as the bird settles with a shimmy.

Its needle nose beak parts to give way to a song that reverberates through the autumn forest. The melody dials through soft and high pitched chirps as the birds chest swells with each throw of its tune.

Sunshine drips through the tight canopy of the woodlands. Small spectrals of crisp light flicker across thousands of harvest leaves. The call of the wild grows louder in volume, and when you look up to spot the bird on a lone tree limb?

Its head cranes to peer at you through an unblinking golden eye.

The canary expands in size as its many plumes of feathers ruffle in a blonde show of its majesty. You assume that it is a male trying to perform some type of mating ritual. The bird glitters like a polished medallion as it leaps into the air. Its wings spread as it dives, wind whistling softly around and through its quills.

Its chirping grows louder for a moment as it swoops above you and Pandora’s actor. Many hues of gold wink at you in a blur as it blocks out the sun for a millisecond. It is almost close enough to touch, and just as you reach a hand up to tickle a tail feather...

The canary departs the forest with swift haste, taking its whimsical tune elsewhere.

A displeased sound breaks out of your mouth. You wrinkle your nose. Damn. Why do you want the bird?

No, you can not have the bird. Stop that. You already have a giant slime, spiders, and Pandora. The last thing you need is a bird.

You loop a finger through one of Pandora’s lengthy ones. “Hey, you’re awfully quiet. What gives?” Other than the occasional loud crunch of leaves below his boots he has been muted.

Huh. Odd.
Pandora croons his head down to the side to face you and you see that his other hand is up to his temple. You lick your thumb and wipe away a glop of purple that you missed earlier from just under the bill of his cap.

“Are you talking with Momonga?” Pandora nods. Ohhhh that’s why. No shit. You wrap your hand around his finger and give a gentle reassuring squeeze. Wait, you don’t have your ring of sleuth on..

“Hey, ask him to [Message] me.” You give him a tug. If you aren’t wearing your ring you can skip over Pandora and talk with Momonga directly. That is what Momonga prefers afterall.

Pandora’s hand leaves his temple as he jolts it up to his cap in a salute. Your chest rises in a giggle as your tongue pokes out between your lips.

*Cute.*

[Message]

*Are you aware of how difficult it is to get him to give me a brief summary?*

*Oh come on, he’s not so bad! He’s just excited cause we just kicked some wasp a-s-s.*

*I can appreciate his enthusiasm in your accomplishments at the very least. Matter of fact that is why I am wanting to come into contact with the two of you. It seems my timing is impeccable. Nevertheless I would like for the both of you to make ready to head to Carne village as we previously discussed.*

*Sure, no problem. Once we turn in our quest we can catch a caravan there. Just to make sure you want us to introduce ourselves and check on the Nfirea kid right?*

*That is correct. Have Pandora’s Actor evaluate Nfirea’s progress on his potion manufacturing. Along with that I need you to observe the overall status of the settlement and develop relations with the citizens.*

*Kay, we can do that. How many of them know about Nazarick? Do I need to keep on my ring?*

*None of them have actually been informed of Nazarick’s existence. I have been debating on how to*
address that situation to be honest with you. I am hesitant to reveal Nazarick to the human race at this given time.

...I could do it. If you want me to develop a relationship with Carne village I could start it off with honesty. You said the boy knows you're not human so it's not a stretch for him to think you'd have some non human friends.

Ah. That is a respectable opinion and concept. Are you comfortable with me delegating that task to you then?

Yeah, yeah I am. Do you trust me?

Do you really have to ask? I believe me relinquishing that responsibility unto you speaks for itself.

It does, it does. I'll let you know how it goes.

You have my gratitude.

I'm glad I coul-!?!?

Hol-!?

[End Message]

Your mental connection snaps like a tree branch, just like the tree that is crashing before you as the gravel below your feet shifts. What the hell?! The forest groans as tectonic plates grind against each other like titans in uneasy slumber. Your stomach drops as you lose your footing. You flail your arms back and forth as you slip and slide.

You shout Pandora’s name but your voice is drowned by the grinding earth. What is going on?! The ground moves in rolls like a tidal wave, giving way to scar like fractures that crack and fork the forest into sections.
You try to keep yourself steady but you eventually fail. The forest rises and falls like a music
visualizer calibrating dubstep. Your heart skips a beat as you fall in a rush of splashing gravel and
dust clouds.

This is going to hurt.

...And by all rights it should. It should feel like getting rear ended by a truck and then thrown into a
concrete median. It should if not for the wide palm scooping behind your neck and the arm tucking
itself underneath your thighs.

Your eyes dart to Pandora as he brings you into his chest as he kicks off into the air with a crouch
and shove. Lengthy fingers curl over your throat and thighs as he hovers. Dangling from the hand
upon your legs, hooked on his index finger, teeters a small necklace with a pastel blue cross.

Your heart pounds painfully in your chest. You take a second to register what the fuck before
rasping out, “Tha-Thank you.”

Pandora holds you tighter as he leans his head forward to gaze down below him. “Jaja, Winterberry!
Think nothing of it! I relish in the conviction that it is my honorable duty to assure your salubrity.” He
pauses, his voice turning rich and soft. “Do not fret Holly, tis nothing more than a minority of seismic
tremors.”

The smile you give him is fatigued at best. You take more than your fair share of deep breaths
before you sigh. “It felt like the gods were bowling there for a hot second.”

“Bowling? Is that an activity that you and Lord Ainz engage in?”

“No,” You laugh. “No, it’s just another one of my metaphors. Why do you ask?”

“Why schätzchen! My grand creator and your illustrious self included are the monarchs of this
world, and I am sure, of many others. If it is as you say that the gods are bowling, then it must be that
you and Lord Ainz are perhaps the inducers of this event below?”

“Pandora,” you shake your head as you pat his shoulder. “No. I don’t know what caused that down
there. Probably what you said, just some uh, seismic tremors.”

“Mmmm understood, my dear! Err, may we engage in you possibly expounding on your usage of as
you once said ‘uncultured forms of metaphors’? In a more appropriate setting, of course. It is that I
aspire to comprehend all that I can of you because I-I,” There is a hesitant pause, and your stomach
swoops. “.I long to be of--”

“I know Pandora, I know,” You bite your lip as your heart knocks around in your chest for an
entirely different reason. A warmth spreads through you as your cheeks flush. “Maybe….Maybe we
should turn in our quest back in E-Rantel and head to Carne Village. That’s what Momonga and I
were just discussing before that happened,” You point to the ground with a scowl before softening
your voice.” Maybe we can...ya know. Talk. Yeahh, talk, llllike you said, in a more uh, appropriate
setting.”

Pandora’s grip on you tightens. “Ja Winterberry, may we make celerity to our next place of
assignment.”

Your right eye twitches uncontrollably as you agree with Pandora. You are currently being furiously
prodded at by Momonga, you are sure, for a [Message] conversation that is going to be riddled with
questions.
Sure, the two of you could have dropped a [Gate] in Carne Village and strut on in like celebrities hot off the press. However you have never been on a caravan before. That and it most likely would have scared the crap out of the lot of them to see a rip in dimensions pop up and spit out two total strangers.

Funny to think about, though.

The soft *clop clop clop* of a clydesdale hauling the caravan you and Pandora’s Actor currently occupy permeates the air. The lazy crack of a whip strikes your ears, followed by a rather disgruntled horses whinny.

You bounce in your seat as the caravan picks up speed, its wooden wheels jouncing over an uneven dirt road. Teal sheets of fabric stretched thin across the inner wiring of the wagon purl in from the outside wind. Red tassels wave about from neatly synched buttons that keep the Caravan closed for privacy.

The material encompassing the wagon is sheer enough to allow for sprinkles of sunshine and clouds alike to filter through. You do your best to settle against your side of the primitive vehicle as Pandora sits with one leg over the other, arms crossed, head tilted down, shoulders slumped because he is pouting.

You might not see it on his blank face, but you know it from his posture. That and you are not going to wear those damn bright red sparkling shoes he pulled out a data crystal to make for you. You do not care that your sneaker caught on the Caravan’s step and ripped from toe to heel.

You are not Dorothy from that one old movie. This might not be Kansas anymore but you are not wearing those! They’re *ridiculous*.

“Buuuuut liebling,” Pandora starts again and you narrow your eyes. “Red is such a magnificent color for you! The passion, the pizzaz! Ah, they would look rather dashing adorning you I say.”

“No,” You try not to giggle as you shake your head. You muster your best disapproving tone in hopes that he doesn’t hear the song behind your voice, “No. I am not wearing them they’re silly.”

Pandora slumps as he looks down and away, “Ich denke immer noch, dass sie gut an dir aussehen würden…” Oh - no - he - didn’t.

“Hey! Did you just..?!?” You lean forward as you squawk, bare foot tapping against the rough wooden floorboards of the wagon. “Did you just mutter in German at me?!” You pause to stop the laugh bubbling up in your chest. “What did you just say?!?”

Pandora peers at you from under the bill of his cap and you can juuust barely make out the bottoms of his oval eyes, “I was simply stating the undeniable truth!”

“Which is?”

You jolt back as Pandora suddenly snaps up with a hand on his chest and another, you guessed it, launched high in the air as he sings. “Winterberry, it is still to my tastes as a rather stylish gentleman
to desire for his distinguished young lady! Elegant! Ravishing fair maiden to embellish herself in the finest of wares.~"

You furrow your brows as you look up and away. “Give me the damn shoes.” You grunt. Ugh. Fine. Fiine. He did wear that stupid hat you bought him after all back at the fair. Suppose this is just karma paying you a snarky visit in the form of some crazy shoes.

“Jaja?!” He reaches them forward with all the hope in the world as they sit gaudy in all their sparkling glory on his palms. Holy shit you can not believe you are going to put these dumb things on.

You snatch them up and give them more than a few once overs. You would have murdered someone for these when you were a kid but now…not so much. Sigh, oh well. They are just shoes. “Yeah, yeah you win.”

You slip on the ridiculous red slippers as the caravan comes to a slow stop. Huh. They are actually pretty comfy. At least they are not all bad. Pandora thanks the coachman and wishes him good tidings as you skip the steps and leap out of the caravan. You stumble forward and try to brace yourself with your tail and oh.

Oh yeah. You do not have your tail right now. God you hate this ring of sleuth bull shit. You catch your clumsy self from eating the dirt with a pivot of your body and a few choice words.

Alrighty then. Hopefully no one saw that.

You put your hand up to your forehead to shield your eyes. You lean back, craning your head up high as you gaze at the perimeter of gargantuan walls that encircle Carne village. Pandora wraps an arm around your shoulder as he mirrors your posture, also tilting himself back to gaze at the ramparts.

“Whoa.”

“Mmm indeed! Strategically crafted might I add. I can see why Lord Ainz finds this settlement favorable. The denizens portray an innate knack for defensive fortifications.”

“Yeah? Well if they’re this good at building I bet that Nfirea kid is gonna be great with potion making don’t ya think?”

“Agreed Winterberry! I have no doubt of my creators wisdom when it comes to plucking the very finest of resources for Nazarick. It was under my lieges influence that did he most thankfully obtain the great tombs paragon of pulchritude after all.” He sighs at the end of his sentence, flipping up some of your hair through his fingers.

You assemble all of your amateurish flirting glory as you lean into him. “Yeahhh uh, Momonga does a lot of things right,” Okay, go! Fire away! ”Likecreatingyou.” You squeak out entirely to fast as you do everything you can to avoid eye contact. Yep. Just stare at that big ol’ wall.

You are as red as your shoes as Pandora leans his head over yours. “....Sssincerely so, Holly?”

You nod your head as the words deflate like a balloon in your throat. Why is this so hard? It isn’t like you guys don’t--

“Ich liebe dich, Winterberry.”

“What does that--”
“Hey! Yeah, you two down there! What business do you have with Carne Village?” You and Pandora both look up to see an older gentlemen leaning casually between the ramparts crenelations.

Pandora waves his hand up from your shoulder and into the sky in an enthusiastic greeting. “Hallo, comrade! We are here in the place of a valued colleague to Carne village!”

You clear your throat as you place a hand to the side of your mouth to throw your voice up to the man. “Yeah we are here to see some people named Enri and Nfirea? Are they by chance around?”

After some back and forth Carne villages vast slabs of reinforced limber groan as they part forward. Pandora marches next to you as you make your way inside.

Hints of dandelions and other weeds grow from cracks in the many dirt paths of Carne Village. Plots of land sectioned off by fences containing building materials make up for the most of the settlement. Whatever is not under construction is either consumed by lines of crops, humble wooden homes, or the rare house outfitted with brick and mortar.

People move to and fro through their day to day lives like they are living in a picture show. Women hush crying infants, young siblings laugh and play, old men banter, and young boys toil in the sun. It is the sounds of life that fill the air, a civilization doing the best it can with what it has.

A young woman with a rusted shovel heaves dirt over her shoulder. Sweat drips from her forehead as she wipes it away with her hand, smudging soil across her brow. She brushes the clumps of crumbling dirt and grass off on her woolen skirt before resuming her task. All the while her blonde hair, tied back in a braid, bounces freely against her left shoulder.

“Hallo young lady,” Pandora beats you to the punch in greeting as he twirls his hat off of his head and rests it over his chest. “Might you be the miss Enri Emmot of Carne village?”

Enri smiles as she sits down on her knees, setting aside her shovel. “Yes, yes I am,” She nods as she sprinkles a plentiful helping of seeds into her dug out hole. She covers the soon to grow vegetation with a scoop of earth in her hand, patting it down to form a small mound. “Are you the two that are here to see Nfirea and I?”

Your face goes crooked as she looks you up and down, focusing for a second longer than you would like on the down part of her observation.

Stupid red shoes.

You clear your throat as you step forward with an outreached hand. “Yeah, yeah we are. I’m Holly and this is Pandora,” You glance back to Pandora as he swings an arm behind his back in a bow. “We are here in place of Ainz, ya know, the big guy with the robes. We’re here to see how you all are doing.”

You mirror her casual approach, which really? Thank god. You really were hoping you wouldn’t have to customer service representative/ manager in training your way through this like you did with
the Lizardmen.

You relax as you pinch the bottom of your shirt, waving it around to fan air over yourself. Without your flamekeeper job class available you sweat more than a whore in church. Thank you again, Ring of sleuth. Ugh. At least Pandora is seemingly unruffled by the heat despite his layers of thick clothing.

“Nfirea!” Enri hollers, her kind voice carrying through in no general direction, “Visitors!”

You look to the house closest to you as the sound of several crashing bottles rings in your ears. A few moments later the door swings open to reveal a frazzled young man. Layers of shabby work clothes hang off of his slender frame as he quickly dusts himself off. A collared white shirt, wrinkled and tucked into a tattered apron upon his waist, are both splashed with a violent hue of pink.

An absurd amount of wheat colored hair, styled in a bowl cut, hides his eyes. His jaw slackens open as he fumbles about. “E-Enri,” He chokes out. You can almost hear him gulp as he cautiously steps down from the porch. “Who are those there with you?!”

Damn are your shoes that bad?

“They’re here in place of Ainz, Nfirea.” Enri says Momonga’s pseudonym richly, followed up by giggling out Nfirea’s name. Wow, Momonga really has been busy. You look over to Pandora for some reassurance because hey, you feel a little insecure. It is within your hopes that you can fill the shoes you need to here today as a supreme being, whatever that means, for Nazarick. The first step of many and…

Pandora crosses his arms over his chest as he straightens his posture. He almost seems unnaturally taller as his shadow stretches towards Nfirea as the sun greets the center of the sky. He leans his head forward and appears as if he is utterly fixed on Nfirea. You figure that he is already assessing the kids potion making skills based off of the splash of pink coating the young alchemists clothes.

You brush it off, you’ve got this. He is here to evaluate the potion stuff and you are here to make some good relations.

You walk over to Enri and offer her your hand as she starts to stand. She accepts with a pure smile as she clasps her dirty palm over your clean one. She uses your weight to hoist herself up proudly, and it is in the way that she gives no care for cleaning herself any further that you can tell you are going to like this girl.

“It is nice to meet you, Holly.” Enri says.

“Likewise,” You shake her hand firmly and she grips you back like a vice. “Like I said before we’re just here to see how you guys are doing. A little more than that actually. Ainz asked that Pandora check on some potions that Nfirea is supposed to be improving on? I’m here to uh, I think make friends with you.”

“I would like that. I can use as many friends as I can get to be honest with you,” Enri releases your hand to once again wipe the sweat from her face. She breathes out a hard ragged breathe before continuing. “And yes! Nfirea has been working really hard on his potion making. He’s in there all the time it seems…”

“Hey, I hear ya on the friends thing, trust me,” You survey the area for emphasis before returning your eyes to Enri. “So it looks like you guys have been busy?”

“Enri, I-I need to go back inside and check on a few things,” Nfirea pipes up, still standing on the
“Um, okay?” Enri looks over her shoulder as her brows pinch together. “Are you alright Nfirea?”

Nfirea feverishly nods his head and his bangs part to reveal his pretty blue eyes, and that he appears terrified. The poor kid’s pupils are utterly blown, and you glance between him and Pandora a few times before elbowing Pandora. He is just staring at Nfirea and it is probably what is creeping the poor kid out.

Before Nfirea can make it up a step Pandora lurches forward. Within just a few long strides Pandora stands as a mountain imposing over him. With one well placed boot blocking Nfirea’s path and the other pressing against the young man’s shoes Pandora leans into him.

Pandora sweeps Nfirea’s mop of hair out of the way to look into his panicking eyes. Nfirea shrivels like a prune and your blood runs cold. Holy crap what is he doing?! Enri shoots you a look of fear and you try to shrug it off as no big deal with your best cringey convincing grin.

“You can see me, can’t you child?” Pandora breathes out as he fixes Nfirea’s collar with his inhuman hands. He sets the young man straight as he pinches the creases together, smoothing the fabric out.

Nfirea stutters unintelligibly before bobbing his head up and down like an apple in a bucket of water. “You-You’re a doppelganger! I-I’ve, I’ve read about you before, I just didn’t--!”

Pandora tauntingly waves his hand over Nfirea’s face as he splays out his lengthy four fingers. “Greater doppelganger.”

You inhale sharply before blowing the stress out of your mouth like a hot air balloon. “He’s uh, he’s like that. Don’t pay him much mind, he’s actually a sweetheart. Just kinda...well, you see.”

You rub the back of your neck as Enri presses her lips into a concerned frown. “What is a doppelganger?”

Oh boy. This is going to be a long conversation.

For the most part it is muffled, however every few minutes you can hear Pandora’s happy voice followed by a flash of colors and smoke from Nfirea’s alchemist shop.

Enri sits with her legs together, hands in her lap, and back straight against the log you are both pressed up against. She looks like the pinnacle of etiquette despite her peasants clothing and dirtied appearance.

You sit with your knees bent and your posture slumped forward. “I’m really sorry to hear that.”

Enri looks down and to the left as her expression softens. “It wasn’t easy, that’s for sure. I miss them everyday. I just can’t afford to let it get to me though, not with everyone relying on me now.”

“You’ve done an incredible job with what you’ve told me. They’d be proud of you, I think. Hell I
just met you what, three or so hours ago? Yeah, something like that and I’m already blown away. I don’t know how you do it.”

“I think...I think that when we’re put up against it,” Enri reaches back and slaps her hand against the log. “That we’re capable of a lot more than we think. I never would have thought I’d be leading an entire village a month or so ago. If you had told me that back then I probably would have laughed.”

“Hey I can empathize with you on that.” You crack a pained smile.

“How so?” Enri tilts her head to the side and her braid bounces on her shoulder.

“It’s….it’s complicated.”

Enri giggles. “Doppelganger complicated?”

“You,” You pause and your lips curve up in amusement. “You have no idea.”

“Yeah, you’re probably right.” Enri looks up and away towards the sun. Her tanned skin glistens in the light and her hair glows like yellow fire. You sit up straight with the realization that she probably has a better understanding of your situation than you do.

She took the doppelganger thing well after all. You just don’t know how to tell her that Pandora barely skims the surface of how strange your world has become.

And how strange hers is about to get.

“Well, actually,” You clear your throat. “We have a lot more in common than you think. I don’t uh, necessarily lead a village buuut I am, mind you barely, second in command to a city of sorts. I know I don’t look like it but--”

“Neither do I.” Enri turns to face you with a shrug of a shoulder and a kind smile. Damn, she’s good.

You have so much in common with her and it makes your stomach flutter in an uncomfortable way. Here you have this girl thrust into a leadership role with no experience and she just does the best she can. And she does a damn good job at that.

You bite your lip. What would you do without Momonga? You think back to his fight with Shalltear and….If you had lost him could have you done as Enri has done with Carne village? What she is doing with Carne village?

You don’t know.

All you know is that you have to move forward. That if Enri can do all of this?

You can too. You hope you can.

The worst thing you can do is not try.

“Heyyy do you think if everyone could see Pandora like Nfirea they’d be freaked out” You ask.

Enri hums to herself as she places a finger to her pressed out lips. “Hmmm. I don’t think so? Everyone is pretty accepting of Jugem and the others so I think they’d be okay.”

“Jugem?”
“Oh! I didn’t mention him did I?” Enri laughs to herself before looking over to Carne village’s gates parting. “What good timing!”

Enri stands and places her thumb and index finger just below her bottom lip. She leans forward as her shrill whistle echoes across the settlement. She tosses a hand up in the air and waves while jumping up and down for emphasis. “Nugem! Nugem, over here we have company!”

Masculine cheering fills the air. A group of green looking midgets carrying a long pole with more than a few hogtied elk bounces up and down in celebration. Soon Carne village is nothing but applause and as the hunters grow closer your eyes bulge.

Holy shit! Are those goblins?!

Everyone that sits at the dugout fire pit at Carne Village is bathed in the indolent flames of a crackling campfire. Skin color, gender, age, and even who is human and who is not does not matter. Everyone glows orange with warmth, kinship, and laughter.

A little while earlier the air around Pandora shimmered as he melted his glamour away in favor of allowing Carne Village to see what he really is. Other than a few gasps and some ooh’s and ah’s? They are more impressed with the shadow puppets he can make with his hands.

Their favorite is when he hooks his thumbs together and spreads his fingers out. They argue that it either looks like a butterfly or a dove. You think that against the fire when he moves his fingers back and forth that it looks like a phoenix.

Jugem and the goblins strike iron cups filled with frothy mead against one another before greedily chugging them down. Enri’s sister, Nemu, sleeps in her lap undisturbed by the noise. Nfira balances an open book in his lap between his half eaten bowl of stew as he thumbs through pages of text. The rest of the villagers are either enthralled with Pandora’s entertainment or are in a slow drunken stupor of slurried songs and conversation.

You take the time to soak it all in. You raise your bowl to your lips as you slurp up the last of your stew. You chew through sweet pieces of corn, tender bites of elk, and the hearty stock of broth boiled from bones. You sneakily finger out the few bits of carrots in hopes that no one sees you being a picky little shit.

They totally saw you.

Two different warmths settle over your skin. One is the pleasantry of the popping flames from the dugout against the chill of the night. The other is watching Pandora prance about merrily as most of the attention is still centered on him. He is totally lost in the act and it makes your heart soar to see him enjoying himself.

You wish you had came to Carne village sooner.

“You know it’s not much,” You look over to Enri as she sighs, reaching her free hand down to grab
a thick twig to stoke the flames. “But we’re slowly making it into a home.”

“It already kinda feels that way and I’ve only been here for half a day.” You set your bowl down as you lean back and look up at the night sky. From the looks of it you think it might rain tomorrow. You can barely catch the hint of a crescent moon through a sea of slow rolling storm clouds.

You mull over how you want things to go. You have mentally prepared a speech for this whole introduce Nazarick to Carne village a few times. Each time you play it out in your head you can hear the mocking of chirping crickets. You have had more than a few good opportunities to bring it up but you squander them in favor of people watching.

You think your best chance was when Pandora revealed himself. You should have followed after him, but once he started to put on a show and people started applauding…

No, do not use him as an excuse. You were just being a chicken shit and you know it.

You breathe in the smoke from the campfire as a breeze carries a waft your way. You sit yourself up proper as you swing your body Enri’s way.

Here we go. Deep breath. Another deep breath.

And maybe one more.

Enri’s face twists with concern as you just stare at her with flaring nostrils. Oops. Err, Chin up, you have this. “Do you know how I said I was kinda second in command to a city of sorts?”

Your leg bounces up and down as Enri nods her head. “Yes, I remember.”

“I, well, I need to talk to you about that.” You thumb at your ring of sleuth, spinning it around your finger in quick contemplation. Pandora just popped his glamour off with no questions asked and they like him, could you do the same with your ring? Would that be okay?

What if they freak out?

Enri blinks slowly as her lips take on the form of a reassuring smile. “Call it silly but I had a feeling.”

“Wow,” You rub the back of your neck. “Am I that obvious?”

“No, no, it’s not that,” Enri strokes her sisters head, fingerling through thick locks of chestnut hair. “Just a feeling. I have to be good with people in order to make sure everyone here gets along.”

You pause as you look back up to the sky. “Ya know how I asked if everyone would be weirded out if they could see Pandora like Nfirea? Well, I’m uh, yeahh,” You gesture with your index finger a few times between where Pandora is standing and yourself. “Same thing here.”

“A-Are you like Ainz?” Nfirea speaks up as he closes his book. He swings his head into view and you wonder how the hell he sees through those bangs of his.

You gulp as you nod your head. “Yeah. Yeah I am.”

“What do you mean like Ainz?” Enri asks. Oh boy. Looks like Nfirea is the only one that knows that Ainz isn’t human. Well, they took Pandora well. Gah why is this so hard? The lizardmen felt like a cakewalk! Well, there were only three of them and this is a crowd..

“It’s….It’s doppelganger complicated?” You smile cheesily. “Here, I can actually show you. Just
don’t freak out okay?” Please don’t freak out, please don’t freak out.

You stand up and your knees wobble as you pick at your ring. You look over to Pandora at the same time he looks at you. Whether he knows what you are up to at this moment or not his hand rocketing up to his cap in a salute feels like a shot of the adrenaline you desperately needed.

You slide off your ring of sleuth and your blood tingles through your body. Your skin tickles with sparks of new energy. Blue splashes the tips of your curls once more. Your forehead pulls tight as your horns form and peek out of your plethora of hair. Your lower back tickles as your tail grows from the base of your spine to the ground in one fell swoop of bone, muscle, and scale.

You wrinkle your nose as your scales bubble up from underneath your cheeks and neck. Still feels like a bunch of zits. You work your jaw around to adjust, fluttering your eyes open and close as you get used to how wet your tear ducts feel once again.

Other than the snapping of the campfire all falls silent as you glance around the dugout. Ooohhh maybe this wasn’t the best idea. Oh no. Oh no oh no oh no. Your mind races as everyone stares at you. You probably should have just pulled Enri to the side and…

You tighten your fists and bite down your anxieties. “Hi.” You choke out. Ye gods this is just like public speaking in front of the classroom back in highschool. “Um, I’m--”

“IIIIIntroducing!” Pandora steps through the campfire unphased by the flames. His boots crunch over hot coals and blackened wood as he saunters your way, arms spread wide, and holy shit you love him so much right now for saving your awkward ass. “The disciple of the ancient dragon of midgard herself! The illustrious and highly revered Lady Holly of the great underground tomb of Nazarick!”

Oh shit he lays that on thicker than oatmeal.

Pandora descends down to one knee before you with an arm swung behind his back, a palm on his heart, and his head lowered in homage.

Your cheeks brighten fiercely and you would swear you had just been the one to walk through fire. “Pandora.” You reach for his hand as he peeks up to you. You forget there is a crowd of people staring and wondering in wait.

Your chest swells with realization as his hand swallows yours. It has always been him. Everytime you looked for him he has been there. Whenever you felt lost and were looking for someone, anyone, if he was there?

He was there for you.

"Pandora,” You say proudly. Calmly. The fear in you dies as conviction wielding a sword in the form of the man before you strikes it down by just being there. “This is Pandora’s Actor. Pandora is Nazarick’s honored treasury guardian and financial manager.”

At the sound of his name Pandora is up with a kick of his right boot. He twirls in place on one leg like a ballerina, the other thrust behind him to aid in his pirouette, before leaping to your side and saluting.

You crack a smile as a few of the drunken members of Carne village whoop and holler for Pandora. You take a small step forward, because hey, it’s showtime and he can’t be the only one that gets to look cool right now right?
You puff your chest out as the muscles in your shoulder blades start to stretch and thin themselves.

Your wings burst free in birth, and oh fuck ouch that hurts that probably wasn’t the smartest thing to do but you thought it’d be cool. Your eyes sting with tears that you quickly blink away.

Ow. Oww. You are pretty sure you have pulled every muscle in your neck. The pain is searing like a hot iron, stubborn, and burning for longer than you would like. You fan your wings out through the distressed tissue and luckily the hurt dulls. Not your best idea, but hey, Carne village is roaring with applause and gasps.

They think they are getting dinner and a show, and well, they aren’t wrong.

You spread out your wings wide on a yaw. Shadows dance across your newly formed appendages as the campfire continues to snap and crack with life. “I am Holly Leonhardt, second in command to Nazarick as previously stated.” You look up to the left in thought. Is formality necessary? Gah, stop thinking, keep going before you get nervous. You are doing great. “We are an up and coming force that has been hushed for some time now by our own choices. Nevertheless I stand here as proof that we exist. It is to our leaders desires, and my own, that our first relations be struck with Carne village.”

Momonga only said reveal Nazarick but…

You want to do more. You can do more.

You clear your throat. “I would like to draw up an alliance between Nazarick and Carne village,” You turn to Enri as she shuffles her sister over to Nfirea. Damn that kid can probably snore through the apocalypse. “Nazarick will aid Carne village in construction and adequate defenses. You all have done well but with this proposed friendship you can and will do better. All that we ask in exchange for in this deal of sorts is that you all provide us with information when asked, for Nfirea to continue his research in potion crafting, and that you all spread the name Ainz Ooal Gown for everyone to hear.”

You are totally talking out your ass right now. What are you doing?! Your wings flutter and your tail swishes from side to side as jittery energy boils in your veins. Too late to stop now!

You stretch your hand towards Enri as she stands. She dusts off her skirt in a hurry before slapping her palm into yours. You smile when she shakes your hand with the same vice like grip from earlier.

“I think I speak for us all when I say that we would be honored to accept,” Enri overlooks the citizens of Carne village before continuing. Several shout her name in support while others press their fingers to their lips in cheering shrill whistles. “Ainz has done so much for Carne Village,” Enri pauses as she collects herself with a leaders smile and an even firmer grasp on your hand. “We gladly accept!”

Carne village roars with merriment in the form of an all consuming applause and shouts as you ardently shake hands with Enri. You grin from ear to ear as the both of you refuse to let go of one another, hands locked in something more than an alliance between Nazarick and Carne Village.

As the night dies down and the townsfolk of Carne village head to their huts and homes you and
Enri have come to the conclusion that...neither of you really know much about this political mumbo jumbo.

Luckily you have someone with you that does.

“Ahhh ladies, lovely ladies, Meine Liebling and Miss Enri Emmot, allow me to lend my prodigious intellect on the subject at hand.” Pandora says as he tucks Enri under one arm and you in the other.

Enri nods at Nfirea to take Nemu away, giving a reassuring laugh that says something more than ‘I’m fine, I’m fine.’

Huh.

…They like each other. Teehee.

Nfirea shuffles away with Nemu while folding his book into his waist apron. He smiles weakly before departing, offering an awkward gentlemens nod to Pandora. Poor kid is a mess. You still think he desperately needs a haircut.

Pandora chuckles as he pulls you and Enri in tighter. He places his hands before the both of your eyes, palms flat, hoisting his fingers up as one would a puppet to make way for a floating piece of curved parchment paper. “Now then! If you would feast your delicate eyes upon this treaty that I have summoned from the depths of my genius! Aha I do say that it does eloquently depict the adequate liaison desired between sacred Nazarick and Carne village.”

“Is all of this necessary?” You mutter as you read, finger hovering over the old english lines of text. Damn there’s so much nonsensical jargon what the hell does half of this even mean...

“I think we need to sign it.” Enri whispers back as she points at the bottom of the contract.

“Jaja words truly are a nicety! However in favor of formality and keeping the maximum interests of both Nazarick and Carne Village in check I must request a more conventional means of harmony,” Pandora sways back and forth as he hums, rocking you and Enri playfully. “Mmm ladies do review scrupulously and if you do so desire to add and or abolish anything! Anything at all! Please do not hesitate to inquire so that I may appease any woe’s.”

Pandora makes a soft sound when you reach the second to last paragraph and say, “Ehhh yeah yeah, you know I trust you.”

“I think it all looks fine,” Enri reaches the bottom of the page around the same time you do. She rubs a foot against her ankle as she leans forward. “.Does it all say what you said, Holly? I uh, well..”

You pinch your brows together for a second in confusion before realizing what’s going on. Or, what you think is going on at least. You relax your expression as you smile. “Yes, we’re good to go. Pandora do you have---”

Before you can say more two frilly white feathers pop into existence, quills dripping thick with ink, and glowing a warm gold with magic that keeps them aloft.

You like that Enri signs her name in a similar fashion that you do. She draws out two large E’s, one for Enri and one for Emmot. The rest that follows are small waves of conjoined letters in something between cursive and print. You follow suit with a large H and swirling L that matches the old english text of the contract in scratchy way.

“Wunderbar!” Pandora shouts as the feather pens and contract vanish in a sprinkle of motes of
lights. Dork. “Magnificently, no, an artful accomplishment meine dames! You have my most sincere gratitude in indulging my solicitations,” Pandora steps backwards as he releases you and Enri from his arms, throwing both of them behind his person in a deep bow. “To the many beneficial times ahead!”

Enri looks up and away as she scratches at her upper arm, playing with where her skin meets her shirt. Her face grows warm as she looks between you and the small home, well, more of a hut, that she has led you to. “Do you...um,” She blinks between you and Pandora and you inhale sharply. Shit. “Do you two need, you know, uh...separate--”

“That will not be necessary,” Pandora places a hand on the door and pushes it forward. “I am my queens guard young lady and I shall maintain myself to her side at all awarded periods of time.”

Enri presses her lips together curiously as she looks once again between you and Pandora before nodding.

Yep. She totally knows you guys bang.

She knows you guys are going to bang.

Awwwwkward. Time to wrap this up and pretend she doesn’t know a thing. “Hey, thank you for everything, seriously. I’ll uh...see you in the morning-ish?”

“Sounds good,” Enri fiddles with her hair braid as her eyes take her over to Nfirea’s alchemist shop. A bright puff of smoke illuminates the house in a furious shade of sickly green followed by a window shattering. “I-I need to go and check on him...!”

“Be careful!”

“I will!” Enri picks up her skirt and darts off, kicking up dust all the way to Nfirea.

Pandora motions with the back of his hand and the door closes behind you with a creak. You run a hand over the top of your head and sigh as you look around the shabby hut. “We’ve uh...definitely stayed in better.”

This place makes Henry the binge drinkers cabin look like a five star resort. A lone square windowpane allows for moonlight to bathe the dreary surroundings. A simple twin sized cot rests to the right, followed by a shovel with a bucket in the left hand corner. Ew. Lastly lies a singular table and chair, most likely a desk for study, pressed adjacent to the door. You and Pandora stand in the only available free space.

“Errr, Winterberry...” Pandora warns. “I do not--”

“Pandora, it’s fine. It’s uh..rustic,” You take your seat on the edge of the bed, testing the firmness with a few bounces. Not bad, just small. “Hey, do you think we did okay out there?”

Pandora brings his boots together with a loud clap that makes the hut shake on it’s loosely placed
foundation. Small pieces of thatch roof wither down like falling ash from the ceiling. “Jaja! Holly you were quite the virtuous sight to behold! It quells my very soul to be in the presence of such raw beauty and cosmic intellect that is truly yours my dear.”

You lay your tail in your lap with a feeble smile, eyes darting away. “T-Thank you. Like, thank you thank you. I could not have done that without you.”

The bed squeaks as Pandora takes his place next to you. You crane your head up to his unyielding gaze as he fingers away stray hairs from your face. “Liebling, there are an innumerable amount of conditions that beg to show that I would not be capable of performing without you, either.”

You smooth out a few of the wrinkles gathering in his pants before resting a hand on his thigh. Your pulse quickens. “S-sounds like we are just...better together,” You pause. “...Ya know?”

Pandora leans his head back against the wall as he wraps an arm around your shoulders, lengthy fingers climbing down to your mid bicep. You scootch yourself closer as you pull some of his coat over your arm, tossing your legs over one of his. “Winterberry,” he whispers, “There is nothing that I coincide with so passionately more than that very sentiment.”

There is a four letter word that burns in your throat. Your lip quivers as you tent your fingers on his thigh, nails biting into his uniform. “Pandora I-I…--!” Your forehead stings as the bill of Pandora’s cap strikes into you, leaving an indent mark. Your eyes water as his hollow black gaze sends several rushes of chills over your body.

I love you.

You knock Pandora’s hat off somewhere into the room to get closer to his face as his tongue fills your mouth. Your heart pounds in your ears as you adjust to straddle him, his hands guiding the way as he grips at your curves. Saliva drips from the corners of your lips as your tongue corkscrews and twirls with his.

It is wet and warm. Familiar.

Yet still new.

You bracket his face with your hands, thumbs rubbing tiny swirls into his cheeks. You roll your hips into him as he jolts up to kiss his growing length into your core. He whines into your mouth as his fingers find your wings, mapping out their frame with gentle ministrations. They twitch in the delight of the new and foreign touch.

Fireworks ignite across your skin. Pools of warmth fall into your stomach as you rock against him, with him, and fuck everything is him in this moment. Every shallow breath you somehow manage to steal through your nose is filled with his scent and never have you thought you could associate a smell with love. You did not know what love was until him.

That love is him.

You arch your back as you angle yourself higher. You tilt your head to the side as you press your tongue past his and into the void that serves as his mouth. You flick your tongue over the edges of the black oval and he whimpers, followed by desperately thrusting himself up into you. He likes that.

Your spine tickles in a flurry of sparks that run up to your brain and make your vision hazy.

He retracts his tongue as his hands fly to your arms for support. He grasps at you fiercely, fingers flexing, breathe hitching around a moan, and it drives you wild. Your blood feels replaced with liquid fire. You lick, suck, and kiss as you press more onto the outline of his orifice.
“Nnhhggg, Holllly,” Pandora’s groan is caught between his chest and throat, rumbling through a hoarse staccato. “T-that, ohhhhhh, das ist gut, that is v-very s-stimulating..!”

You bite your lip against the curve of his mouth and let a shaky moan crawl up from the back of your throat. Mph. His elated sounds makes you feel like you are nothing more than a beating heart driven by the flames of the passion between the two of you. The desire. The comfort. The love.

Curiously, but with a sense of care, you dip a finger into his eye. Soon every German term of endearment you have ever heard him say, and more, is sputtered hotly out of him and all thoughts vacate your brain and leave you drunk and stupid on his fever. There is an obscene amount of heat pouring through your stomach and drenching you with an all consuming warmth that settles between your thighs.

You hook your thumbs in his eyes and massage the outlines. You pull back taut on the skin and his body trembles as he shudders. They secrete a fine sheen of silk like fluid that feels like velvet oil between your fingers. You smear the clear substance along the creases of his holes and he shakes like a leaf as he bounces you in his lap. You think you adore the feeling of him writhing below you more than anything in the world.

You moan with him, and a part of your wonders where your shame has gone as he catches the inseam of your jeans on a haughty jerk of his hips. Every press of his groin to yours reminds you of how ready you are to take him. How badly you want to fall back into the bed and wrap your legs around him.

“Pandora..” his name coats your tongue like simmering apple cider. Your eyes are lidded as you pull away to look at the disheveled mess you have turned him into with your new discovery. He breathes hard, chest heaving, fingers quaking against your arms. It makes your chest cavity fill with something lighter than air, but stronger than celestial uranium.

Something you have known for quite some time now.

“H-Holly..” He can barely choke out her name as he is already filled to the brim with all that she is. He overflows with thoughts of her, dreams of her, of loving her. He loves her. She screams through his veins as she dives back into him, arms locking around his neck, lips peppering kisses down his jaw. It makes him feel high, like he is about to float away with her..

She eases to the left, and with a tug of her dainty hands upon his shoulders he allows himself the luxury of falling with her onto the bed. Every limb feels perfectly placed as they fit together like puzzle pieces. He lifts himself up and away to gaze at her as she catches her breath.

W-wunderschönen. He has to catch his breath too. She steals it away with how her glossy eyes dote on him, how her wings splay below her, how her hair spills around her body and drips off the bed like melting candy ribbons. He chuckles to himself and she smiles that smile. It should be criminal for someone to be so very beautiful.

“Du bist so schön..” He shakes his head because everytime they make love he can not believe it is her that is with him. That somehow she moves how he always thought she would, that when she touches his chest as she does now? It is how he dreamed she would. If not for how good he feels right now combined with the buttons on his vest coming undone he would swear that she was not real.

A part of him still thinks she isn’t.
Holly’s face darkens pink, ahh, he loves that color, as she runs a hand over her blouse. She thumbs at the bottom of her shirt coyly before a smirk paints her face. Her wrist flicks and Pandora’s blood rushes as her clothes shimmer away. Ohhh liebling.

Creamy buttermilk skin lays spread before him. His brain glosses over as he watches her breathe. How her stomach moves and how the moonlight curves and contours the jut near her hip bone. He brushes his thumb over her navel, dipping inside to feel her core flutter. He presses his palm against her belly, and she is so warm, so soft. He moves lower and..

His cock twitches in delight as he peers down to see her blue slit lightly parted and slick. Pride and love battle in his heart at the sight. Pandora’s back arches as Holly lifts forward to paw at his length, rubbing up and down in teasing circles. His pants are damp there as his tip weeps in the sheer want of her, the want of burying himself so deep in her that he loses himself and becomes one with her.

His hands join her one and his stomach pools with a nestle of warmth. She wiggles a hand through his pants, forsaking his belt, and he keens when she wraps around the solid shaft of his erection. Slowly, as he showed her what feels like so long ago yet just yesterday, she pumps her hand up and down, thumb rubbing swirls into his ventral vein. Hot white and molten pleasure seethes through his core as his toes curl in his boots.

His pants come down and his belt makes a clunking sound as it smacks against one of the iron rods of the side of the bed. He sighs in relief as his member springs free, his chest tightening as Holly smears sticky beads of precum all over his length. She flicks her tongue over her upper lip as her gaze raises between him and his manhood. Ye gods, the expression on her face should be painted and hung up in the throne room at Nazarick.

His hand joins hers on his member as she works him over. He has to toss his head back and look away or face painting her in something more than just the moonlight. He squeezes her hand in warning, he is so excited, and quickly begins to mull over Nazarick’s financial situation to stop himself from finishing.

Nghh, she would look so beautiful varnished with his seed, how it would lay in hot threads across the landscape of her belly and chest...

He peeks back as the tight spring in his spine loosens its hot grasp on his growing approach. Bright eyes sparkle over him, the fan of thick lashes blinking in worry as her petal pink lips press in confusion. She thinks she has done something wrong.

The only time he would ever tell her so is that she was incorrect in her notion. It is not her fault that she feels like something a step above paradise.

“N-nein liebling, ahhh you are just...” Her arms open and she reaches for him. He rests his head in the pocket of her shoulder as he lays himself on her, careful to shift his weight to his forearms rather than her. He loses the rest of what he was going to say as her wings lay themselves like sheets of satin on his back.

He slides his hands under her head and she lifts up like a mermaid seeing the ocean for the first time. Slow, whimsical, and her hair falls in streams through his fingers and over his forearms. Schön.

Slick warmth and pulsing walls clench tight around him as Holly aids him in slipping inside of her. Pandora’s breath grows huskier. Holly parts her lips and something between a pleased sigh and a gasp hits him so hard in the chest that it zings straight to his cock and makes him impossibly harder.
Her plush body sticks to his and the only thing that keeps them from being any closer is the thick sheen of sweat between them. Pandora delves his tongue in mimic of his gliding member as he laps at her pulse point, his heart stuttering to a stop every time it jumps. Can guardians have heart attacks?

Just when he did not think he could feel more of her, her tail curls around one of his boots. Holly rolls her head to face the crown of his where she gently presses her lips, and she holds there as he languidly rocks into her. Her feet lock around the small of his back, one ankle crossed over the other. There is no safer place than her love.

There is no greater love.

“Pandora,” The bathematic soapiness of her throaty groan of his name makes his heart swell with overwhelming fondness. He braces himself for what he knows she is about to ask and it thrills his cock in pressure that begs to be released. “H-Harder, please..”

Ohhhh the tone of her voice is not fair.

She meets him stroke for stroke, beat for delicious beat. Shrewd sounds of their skin slapping fills the room. The wet sucks and squelches of him spending himself into her rings like a church bell in his mind. He picks up the pace as he thrusts from tip to hilt. He wishes he could bury himself in her for eternity, to stay with her like this, to be united in the love that she so freely and consistently chooses to envelope him in.

Holly makes a strangled sound, and somewhere through a few expletives and her body arching up off the bed, strung like a bow, she cries out his name. _Ach du lieber Gott._

She is made of nothing but love. She is the word.

Her limbs spasm and her head writhes in his palms. He entangles his fingers in her illustrious hair. He lifts his head to watch her made undone by his still plunging cock and something unfurls in him at seeing her eyes fall shut, her teeth clench, and her brows dance.

A familiar and righteous wave of heat engulfs his length. Her walls clench and pulse around him, ye gods, she is sublime. She is amazing! He loves her so much and it is within the way he fucks his claim into her now with reckless abandon that he hopes she knows that.

That he has something more with her than just his devotion as a guardian to her. Their bond. Their invisible ties that keep them together, as she says, how they are better together. He belongs with her, to her. That as his manhood twitches with every intent of flooding himself into her, as she holds him close, he wonders where she ends and where he begins.

His core rages with a maelstrom of how incredible she makes him feel. Pandora lurches through a guttural moan, sounding like a man that has taken a punch to the gut as his climax hits its peak. “....love you winterberry, _Ohhh, I-Ich liebe dich, I love you, I-I…!”_ He spits out unintelligibly in German, or so he thinks, and the words come spilling out of his mouth as he desperately grinds his hips against hers, cock twitching with every hot spurt of his release.

How he loves her so.

Holly’s wings open like a butterfly taking flight for the first time as they peel off of his back and fall to her sides. Pandora’s head hangs as he pants, his body limp, his cock comfortable in the bath of her now relaxing folds.

Without looking he knows the contours of her face and smooths his thumbs over her eyebrows. He shifts his weight and the feeling of the stretch of her entrance around him leak his essence to coat
their thighs makes the pit of his stomach hot all over again.

He eases his forehead with a wet press against her shoulder as drips of golden starlight dot his afterglow. Even in his daze he still wants to kiss her. He lazily lulls his tongue out to drag over her collarbone, the hollow of her throat, and up to trace the lines of her lips.

His world falls at his feet as he realizes why his afterglow was gold, and how Holly is coming undone for an entirely different reason in his hands. Drops of liquid sun stream in rivers of molten gold down her cheeks as she bites her quivering lip. Her breasts tremble against the press of his chest from the wanton flutter of her heart.

“You, Y-You promise?” She chokes out through a sob as her hands find his face, cupping his jaw.

They are made on promises kept. He would swear to her anything.

“W-winterberry,” He wipes her tears, smearing them away before wiping her nose with his other thumb. “I-I promise, I just do not comprehend why you are weeping, I-”

*I love you.*

He takes a near death blow to his heart.

He is not a fearful man. He was made by a supreme being, and having been made by a perfect being he arrogantly understands that in that regard he too, is perfect. Fear is never something he would have pictured himself capable of feeling until understanding the woman below him.

That she terrifies him. He does not want to lose her.

His blood runs cold as her eyes search him, still flowing with waterfalls of gold, and he thinks his heart is made of concrete. Every breath feels like a struggle, every beat of his heart is delayed, and he is utterly frozen.

She is a supreme being. He never should have thought she could love him, and never should have spoken--

“I-I love you, t-too.” She mouths the words. *Love.*

*She loves him?!!*

Gravity has no constraints on him as his chest fills with air that threatens to whisk him away. This is her power as the heart of Nazarick, as his heart. She melts the terror in him with a single word. How this spirited woman, this goddess, this embodiment of the word she just spoke can make him feel so much at once will always remain an enigma to him.

A beautiful mystery.

He remembers when he first saw her, and how desperately he wished she might come to see him just one more time. That hope filled his heart like an overflowing chalice, and if hope could take form it would be the strongest world item in existence.

Thick churns of black liquid flood his sights before steaming out of his eyes. He realizes he was wrong, so very joyously wrong. Hope is strong, no doubt, but a wish coming true in the form of the 42nd supreme being saying that she loves him?

There is nothing stronger than love to him now. Nothing stronger than her, *them.* Fear melts out of
him in favor of pressing his forehead against hers and sobbing in the safety of her loving arms.

“I-I love you, Winterberry,” You can barely see through your tears. You choke out on his words just as he does saying them. “I-I believe I have since, since I first laid my eyes on you.”

You hold him tighter, your tail gripping his thigh as if you might be strong enough to pop it off. “Pandora I...,” You pause to snuffle. “I-I have loved you for awhile too.” You squeak out. You have. For longer than you think you would care to admit. You were just scared, you were just...

Warm drops of something thicker than petroleum speckle your cheeks. A throaty rumble followed by a wet sob escapes from Pandora’s mouth. He does not say anything else as he cuddles his forehead against yours. He does not have too. You do not think you can talk either.

How life has brought you here you do not know. You wonder if you were granted some boon by a god in some life you do not remember living.

His tears fall into your eyes and soon you weep for the both of you in understanding just how much you love and need each other. You both adjust and your hands find his at the same time his find yours, just as they always do. You interlace fingers. Your vision blots out to a galaxy of black and gold as the rest of the night is filled with the gentle whispers of how silly it has been that you both have waited this long to say anything.

"I love you."

"I love you, too."

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The Tower

NieR Automata OST

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Thank you for your Kudos, Bookmarks, and Comments!

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Tumblr

Deviantart
The throaty rasp of a rooster crowing in the sunrise through rain clouds stretches across Carne village. Shadows of grey lined in silver roll across the ground in splotches. Tired faces and early risers alike gather around the dugout for a warm meal to start their day. The casual chatter of nothing in particular fills the air as the settlers fall into their comfortable routines.

Thunder rumbles in the distance.

You peel your face up off of your pillow. You do not remember falling asleep with a blanket, but are thankful for the one covering your naked body. You use it to quickly shield your eyes from the blinding sun peeking through the dusty windowpane and coming storm.

The familiar warmth of Pandora’s body is lost to you as you search the bed for him with a few pats of your tail. You pout your bottom lip as you make ready to flop onto your other side. Where did he go? You grunt as you lazily roll over and…Holy shit.

Your heart flutters like a jackhammer as your nostrils fill with a potent floral fragrance, along with your world being enveloped in red velvet. You clutch your blanket tighter, fists balling up over a familiar pronounced collar. Your sappy sweet smile waves up and down as you hold Pandora’s coat to your chest. You stroke your thumbs thoughtfully over the crisp edges of his jacket as you digest the sight before your eyes.

Your first thought is how. Your second is why. The next…

Satin roses sit pressed into every nook and cranny of the hut you occupy. Seemingly hand placed they lay packed together in tight columns of living wall paper from floor to ceiling. Blushing petals unfurl into each other as the crowded roses fight one another for space.

Small droplets of dew fall from the swirls of buds coating the thatch ceiling. The sprinkles of humidity across the many flowers sparkle like diamonds. You inhale and their heavenly scent smacks you with the nostalgia of your grandmother’s favorite floral shop. The one off of that one street you can not remember, but if given a car and a set of keys you are sure you could find it your first try.

That place never had enough roses. You once overheard your grandmother and the shopkeeper say
something about them being difficult to grow within a challenging climate. You do not remember the
details. All you can remember is the fuzz of conversation, that it was hot, and that the back corner of
the glasshouse had a small blackboard and chalk sign that said ‘Perpetual roses for perpetual love’.

There were only roses there once or twice.

Maybe that is why they have always been your favorite flower. Might even be why you would allow
yourself a few dollars out of your Yggdrasil funds all those years ago for some cheap rose perfume
or some rose bath soaps. They were rare, and reminded you of something even rarer that you hoped
you would have some day.

Love.

You reach over to the closest rose and carefully collect it into your hand. You hold it in your palms,
openly staring at shades of red you did not think were possible to form on a flower. Crimson that
bleeds into blushing hues of burgundy at its pleated center. Striations of ruby that twirl their way to
scarlet, only to find themselves in a deep maroon down to the stem. And yet here it is, this matured
rose that you hold as one would a soap bubble, afraid it could disappear any second.

That it might not be real.

You fall back into the bed as you pinch the stem between your fingers. You hoist the rose up to gaze
at it, and you feel like you are holding your own personal star. You slowly spin it from side to side as
you enjoy how full and lush the petals are. There is no way you ever could have had something like
this back home. The closest you came to a rose were some dandelion weeds you liked to play

love me not with as a child…

You bring the flower to your nose and inhale before plucking off a single petal. You rub it between
your fingers and it feels like something between smooth wax and silk. You smile softly as you pick
off another, and then another, and another..

Each rose petal that floats down to the floor is a different memory. Memories that are just as fragrant
to you as the roses that fill your room, memories that taste how you think the airy feeling in your
chest would lay on your tongue if it could.

“….I missed you Winterberry.” A petal lays curled on the ground.

"Aahaha why meine dame! Ladies love a man in uniform." You giggle as you toss one over the side
of the bed to join the rest.

"Winterberry…you are the treasury to me." You kiss that petal.

"Winterberry you are a rarity indeed! Nevertheless I do not believe that I could ever refer to you as
crap. And I like you very much." You swallow your laughter. Dumbass.

"Are you and I not built on promises kept Winterberry?" You savor the feeling of that petal between
your finger tips before letting it float away.

He would not love you if you were not a supreme being.

You stop as a dark chill runs down your spine. You close your eyes. No, do not ruin this for
yourself. Do not think about that.

He was programmed this way.
You know it is the truth. You know he only loves you because he is supposed to love you. He is a video game character sprung to life and you do not know where his coding begins and where his true intentions end.

He does not love you for you. He would not love you for you. What if he knew who you really were? That you were not this god, this supreme being, but instead a stubby human girl with little in the hopes of a future?

You should have pretended that you did not hear him whisper that he loves you last night. He does not love you. He loves what he thinks you are. You should not have said you loved him back. What the hell is wrong with you? You should have just kept up this facade of a tight rope the two of you have been walking on.

That it was okay until love was put on the table for consumption. That now as you both lay open your chests and expose yourselves you know that all he sees is the fool's gold of your heart rather than the lie that lives in your soul.

Your tail wraps around your ankle as your rose falls down to the floor with a weeping plummet. You swallow dryly as your tear ducts fill with smoldering flecks of amber that you try to blink away.

This is wrong. You just want to go back to Nazarick and hide. You quick snap your wrist into your inventory and your clothes find themselves on your body with a rush of wind. You can not have him around anymore. You can not do this. You can not--

“Winterberrrrrr!” Pandora’s happy singsong voice hits your heart like a truck. Fuck. The flimsy thatch door comes crashing down as Pandora kicks it open before leaping inside with a hot plate of food and a laugh in realization that he just knocked the door off of it’s hinges.

He shrugs as he lifts it back into place with a flick of one of his lengthy index fingers and some casual magic. Within two steps he is at the foot of the bed spinning the plate on a finger before placing it in your lap. Eggs and bacon. In a smile. Fuck that is cute.

Every word he speaks feels like a gunshot going off in your chest. Like bullets that ricochet in your rib cage and slice at your heart like paper cuts. “For you liebling.-- Aha if I do say so myself the citizens of carne village are quite resourceful! All of their nourishment is grown and farmed domesticaly rather than exported in. Truly it is astounding! Why I have never plucked an egg fresh from a hen before but that is a regular occurrence here!”

You pop your yolk open with a piece of bacon. You swim the strip of meat inside of the gooey yellow center before taking a weak nibble and nodding your head. “T-that is really cool. Um..thank you for breakfast,” You pause as you keep your head down, just staring at your plate of food to avoid looking at him. “When did you wake up?”

“I never slept! Now I did withdraw for a few moments to retrieve your savory victuals and to discuss the up and comings of our covenant with Miss Enri, however I did not find it pertinent to wake you, I-I hope you do not mind I,” Pandora brings his hands to his chest, his fingers pressed together as he looks around the room hopefully. “..Do you enjoy the corsage arrangement?”

Your arms feel numb. You slump as you set your plate to the side and nod your head once more. He is sickeningly sweet. You love him so much. He loves you so much. He...he loves that you are a supreme being. Your eyes sting with salty tears in knowing that.

Pandora throws one leg over the other as he stretches his arms out wide in claim of the free air around him. “Holly is this not what a gentleman transacts when the divine woman he loves so returns
his cherished feelings?"

“They’re beautiful.” You bite the inside of your lip as your eyes bore holes into the petals and the half pursed rose at your feet. “I don’t know what to say.”

“I love you Winterberry.~”

You shake your head and the tears you have been retaining fall like lead rain. “You think you do.”

You can hear Pandora’s upper body deflate as he leans your way, his many chains and silvery decorations clinking together. “...Holly? Geliebte what is troubling you so?”

You tuck your chin down and place your fist against your forehead. “You wouldn’t understand. You can’t understand.” It is not fair to him. He does not know. You do not want to hurt him but the thought that he only loves you because of what you are and not who you are is making your stomach sick.

Like hell he would love who you actually are anyways. Even then, would he still love you if he knew about the Catacombs? The Slaves? The morally grey decision that you think you will always loathe yourself for? How can he love you when you can not find it in you to love yourself?

Storm clouds devour the sun and the room grows darker despite the time of day. The splashes of soft and gentle rain fill the space between your ears. Thunder claps in a pur and streaks of white lightning flare across the sky.

“Holly I...Please enable me with an explanation? I swear unto you, my love, I can rectify any situation! I trust that I am capable of perceiving many complexities.”

You squeeze your eyes shut. “I-I don’t want to hurt you.”

Pandora’s slender fingers loop through the fist at your forehead as he brings your hand into his. You croon your head to the side to face him, and when you see his head tilted in question and his other hand at his chest, balling up his uniform?

Your world shatters like a vase crashing at your feet.

“I’m sorry. I’m so sorry,” Pandora shakes his head slowly in confusion as you pull away. “Y-You, you, I can’t do this to you. With you. Pandora I--”

“Holly I do not understand--”

“Would...w-would you love me if I weren’t a supreme being?”

Pandora rubs the back of his neck with a nervous chuckle. “I-I, well, darling that is a rather bizarre inquiry. You are intrinsically a monarch as the laws of physics are to existence, I do not see you in any other light, therefore--”

“You wouldn’t.”

“Liebling I did not utter such words! I love you, I..”

“You didn’t have to,” You scootch away as you bring your knees up to your chest and choke down a sob. “If I weren’t a supreme being you wouldn’t love me.”

“I...I can not correctly answer that dissertation without f-further analysis or, or more information, statistics, e-evidence, I- I never thought, I…”
Hot tears scald down your cheeks. You wish you had not have said anything. Just to keep your goddamn mouth shut and pretend. Just shove this to the back of your mind like you do the rest of your problems instead of puking this out and ruining everything.

Mucus slimes your forearm as you rub at your nose. The words you are about to say sting like the whiplash from a belt on an open wound. “I don’t, I can’t do this anymore. I just can’t. It’s not r-real. I-It’s an act right? Pandora’s Actor?”

“W-Wait Winterberry! Nein, nein that just is not simply true! Sincerely liebling I-I just need time to process, to think, to consider your interrogation!” Pandora pleads as he slaps his hand against his chest repeatedly. You look down and see that his right leg is bouncing up and down and the sight nearly takes the wind right out of you.

The room shakes with a roar of thunder and more than a few roses fall from the ceiling. You draw into yourself like a clam. “I don’t know how to work through this.”

“We are better together Holly! Y-You said so yourself jaja?! I-I believe it to be an undeniable certitude, I do! Please liebling, I beseech that you provide me with the chance necessary to at the very least genuinely manufacture a proper response! This is just so sudden, I-I, IIIII do not know..”

You rub your temples as you envelope yourself in your wings to mask yourself. You mash your lips together to suffocate the guttural groan of sorrow clawing up from your throat. You answer him with your silence and trembling. The room falls in an uncomfortable and all consuming hush save for the torrential downpour outside.

The bed shifts as Pandora leans back after what feels like an eternity and his head smacks against the wall. He exhales loudly before burying his face in his wide palms. “Holly,” He whispers. “I-I, It is necessary that I ask you a paltry of wonders. The first of which is unequivocally parsimonious but...will my response alter your love for m-me?”

You poke your head up to look at him through puffy red eyes and a collapsing heart. Black smudges coat his uniform and have stained his cheeks and neck. You bravely unfurl your wings and wipe his face with your hand. “N-No,” He nudges into your palm with a bitten back snivel as you pet his face. “I d-don’t think love is something you can take back.”

Pandora feverishly nods his head before shrouding his arms around you, pulling you in tight with a sob that he buries into the back of your head. You crush your face into the damp spot on his chest. You pull some of his uniform into your mouth and clamp down as streams of gold sear themselves into your face and light up the room brighter than the lightning outside ever could.

Again, time goes by. Your breathing eases, his breathing eases. There are no words.

Just love, fear, and the howl of thunder to fill the vacant spaces.

You tilt your head to listen, to feel to the steady beat of his heart. Maybe you can pretend. Maybe love is enough, maybe it is okay that he only loves you because you are--

“Geliebte,” You nod as you rise and fall against his chest with his steadied breathing. “The other supreme beings. Lord Tabula, Lord Ulbert, Lady Yamaiko... Do you perhaps posses the philosophy behind where they departed?”

You shrug one of your shoulders. “...Kinda. It is...really hard to explain,” Pandora presses a firm hand against the small of your back and you belt out a sigh. “...They went home. I don’t know how else to put it. There’s...there’s another place. Another life that they had, in a way. They went back
there instead of Nazarick.”

“Do supreme beings experience a surplus of lives?”

“I...Yeah. I guess we kinda do. Just not in the way you think.”

“Mmm. Do you...would you find it trivial to grant a thought to the notion that a guardian may be capable of exceeding more than one life?”

“Huh. Well...Nah, no. I don’t think that’s silly. Hell, if someone like me can live more than one life I don’t see why you couldn’t.”

Pandora lifts up one leg and in a blink he is standing on the bed with you in his arms. The top of his head smacks into the ceiling and a flurry of rose petals and dabbles of pollen fall in a lazy drift.

A tired laugh escapes through your lips as you dust off his shoulder. “W-what are you doing?”

“Liebling, Holly my love, hear my very heart when I speak this truth to you!” Pandora’s fingers dig into the inside of your elbow and thigh. Stubborn as always in his need for relentless contact he strikes his forehead into yours and you gaze with a slow nod into the hollow void of his eyes. “If you consider it reasonable for an entity such as myself to eclipse more than one life then...Within this hypothetical discourse it is safe to assume that I would, without the shadow of an ounce of doubt! That I would love you, I do love you regardless of if you are a supreme being or not.”

You take in a sharp breath and the cold fist that has been closed around your heart this entire time releases some of its grip. “H-how can you be so sure?!”

“A man of many forms can understand a woman of many worlds Winterberry. If it is indeed as true as you say that the other supreme beings went to a place known as home were they supreme beings at home as they were here?”

“N-No, no we, we weren’t gods back home,” You look away as your lips form a dry smirk. “Not even close.”

“Don’t you see Winterberry!? If I love you here, I would love you there! Anywhere, truly Schätzchen! My love for you is not bound by your godhood but by who you are.”

Your blood rushes. Struggling rays of the sun peek through storm clouds and filter streaks of silver light through the windowpane. Rain falls in a misted slant and pitter patters against puddles of water collected in foot prints and potholes. You ball up Pandora’s uniform between your fingers and squeeze. “Y-you’re just saying that. You don’t mean that, you don’t understand--!”

“Now that,” Pandora chuckles around a sigh as he confidently nuzzles his forehead against yours. “That is a silly notion.”

You fall apart like the many rose petals scattered around the room with a choke wrapped around a wet sob. You latch your arms around Pandora’s neck as the anxious and icy fist around your heart melts away. Pandora plops down back onto the bed with a bounce, his arms around you, and you curl every limb around him, swearing to yourself to never let go.

“I love you,” You rub your tail up and down his spine as you sink impossibly closer to him, wiping your face against the dried black splotches on his uniform. “I love you and there’s...there are things you need to know. Things you can’t tell anyone, kay? Things...things I’m not even sure how to go about telling you.”
Pandora hums as he weaves his fingers through your curls. “Holly I am the treasuries area guardian! Anything, anything at all that you should so choose to relinquish to myself will always be safely stowed away.”

“...I want to tell you about home. Everything. But I need to know if you can take it. Like I said it’s...it’s a lot. A lot a lot. Like more than the gold in the vault in the treasury a lot Pandora.”

Pandora’s hands clasp gently on your shoulder. With a soft and reassuring hug of his palms he presses you back and away from his chest. You sniffle as he tucks entirely to much hair behind your ears to clear your face.

“Winterberry.” he places his hand gingerly against the left side of your face and your stomach drops. You pull away with a wince, but he is obstinate and replaces his palm.

You wrinkle your nose as you run your tongue over your teeth.“...You are the only one I will ever let do that, just so ya know.”

Pandora nods his head before leaning closer. “I am capable of shouldering any weight for you.”

“I-If you’re sure,” You chew on the inside of your cheek. “I don’t even know where to start if I’m being honest with you. Um..well, for starters? Heh, check this out. Ya know how you said you can understand a woman of many worlds? You...you’re right. Home is another world.”

“Is home your paradigm realm?” Yeesh he makes it sound like you are an alien.

“Yeahhhh let’s just call home Earth, kay? And uh, Yeah. I’ve only ever lived on Earth and..well, here. Just two places.”

“Earth,” Pandora says the word as if he might break it. His shoulders scrunch forward as his head tilts down and to the side, his gaze clearly locked on the floor. “Did you ever harbor love for another on Earth?”

You pull at your lip as you shake your head. You slip a hand over and under Pandora’s red collared shirt to retrieve the necklace you know he is wearing underneath. The petite marquise amethyst lops out as you pull on its silver chain. You roll the Gem of Helheim over your palm as it winks in its glossy shine. It is warm from the press of his skin.

“Y-You are the first,” You push the pendant with your thumb. Pandora lifts his head up just in time to see a smile spread across your face. “You are the only one I have ever loved. Across both worlds, Earth and here. So..keep me. Keep that love safe as the Treasury guardian and I’ll do the same for you. I am sorry about earlier, I was just scared, I did not know--”

Pandora taps a finger over your lips. “Winterberry I do not mean to interrupt nor pry away onto a seperate tangent however there is a matter to that of which I must solicit from you at this very moment!”

“Um okayyy, sure? What is it? Are you uh...okay?” You breathe out around his finger as you tighten your brows. What the hell?

“Just say yes,” Pandora relaxes his posture considerably as he swirls his finger to the underside of your chin. “Please.”

“I kinda wanna say no cause you’re freakin’ me out but...yeah, sure. Yes.”

“I love you, Holly.” Pandora’s voice blends as he speaks, to somewhere between his own melodious
tone and another, one that is rich like butterscotch but still whimsically bubbly.

“I love you too, what are you--?! Oh. Oh my god..”

You tug your bottom lip into your mouth as the finger on your chin shrinks. Pandora’s form rearranges with a few wet pops and soon instead of sitting in his lap your thighs are pressed around his. You brush the hair that is growing in bunches of thick curls from the crown of his head out of his face.

He shakes his head and makes an odd *pffft* sound with his lips. You giggle as you sweep the hair off of his shoulders. “You’re telling me, I know.”

Pandora makes a few odd facial expressions as he adjusts to his new form. He blinks and his thick lashes flutter as he gets used to having eyes that aren’t hollow. His brows dance and he stretches his mouth wide, wiggling his jaw around before a smile a mile wide takes over his face.

Your breathing hitches as the apples of his cheeks blossom a deep pink from the grin on his face. You lean forward and smooth a thumb over one of his glossy facial scales as you realize that you have *never seen him smile before*.

Pandora fits his dainty hands over the small portion of love handles pinching out of your jeans. He looks at you bright eyed and muffles his giggling in between your voice and his. “H-How do I kiss you?”

You lean in as you work your fingers through his hair, resting your palms on either side of his face. “You are one corny bastard.” Pandora’s smile grows wider, only stopping when you fuse your lips to his.

Thank you for your Kudos, Bookmarks, and Comments!

**Tumblr**

**Deviantart**

Chapter End Notes
“A man of many forms can understand a woman of many worlds.” - I have had that line saved for MONTHS. This chapter has so many little scenes I have been wanting to write out so. damn. bad. but I wanted to build Holly/Pandora to this point so that it felt real.

When you realize you've never seen PA smile and that's also his first real kiss. *faints*

I cried a little writing this chapter.
“You are one corny bastard,” Holly giggles, and oh, herrlich. She laughs like a seraphim. Her lashes are dusted in flecks of gold as she leans over him and his smile threatens to split his face wide open. Just before her petal lips greet his own, his heart jerks in his chest. H-He, he has not kissed her this way before!

What was he thinking!? He has no clue as to what he is about to do, he is going to dissatisfy her, he is---!

There is no safer place than her love.

Holly gently melds her lips to Pandora’s and all concepts of trepidation surrender as he melts into her. She feels so ingrained to him; An intrinsic part of him. She loves him! She loves him and he can tell by the way her bottom and oh so supple lip draws over his.

He unravels like a ribbon as she deepens the kiss, letting her take the lead as she folds herself over him, around him, through him just how he always dreamed she would like this.

Holly tastes like a fallen star dipped in sugar. She lays herself on top of him, and ah, five fingers are nicer than four as he tunnels his hands through her glorious hair. She is so soft, he is so soft, they are so very soft.

Warmth spreads through and around his thighs as Holly’s bubblegum tongue pokes between his lips. She giggles when his tongue flicks curiously over hers and it makes his blood sing with joy.

It is more than their mouths that fuse together in a ballet of emotion. Their bodies intertwine as they move as one, tails curling, arms cuddling, legs caressing, souls parallel in a forever cemented double
helix of passion, solace, and love.

Holly breaks free to breathe with an airy gasp, but not before wetting her lips and pressing a gentle kiss to his nose. *Niedlich.* He nuzzles between the warmth of her blushing lips with a wiggle of his nose.

Sentiment floods his veins as a crooked smile breaks out across her face. Holly trails the outline of Pandora’s lips with her tongue as he has done hers so many times before. It tickles as she lines his cupids bow. He loves it, he loves *her*, and he hopefully wonders as she dives in to kiss him once more if she would make love to him like this.

Thunder breaks their kiss as it quakes the foundation of the straw hut. Lightning flashes the room white. Roses and petals alike recede from the walls and ceiling in an indolent drift. Holly’s body startles as she inhales sharply and her emerald eyes dart to the windowpane. Pandora takes the chance to plant a kiss on her chin before returning to breathe her in once more.

“*Hab keine Angst, liebes Herz,*” He murmurs over her lips, brushing them with his own by a whisker, “*Ich bin hier. Immer.*”

Holly relaxes and cuddles into him once more like velour wax. Another strike of branched lightning bleaches the room. Pandora gazes in wonder as the streaks flare over Holly’s eyes. The base of his tail clenches and his own pupils dilate.

It is within her iris’s speckled ivory by the storm that for a second he witnesses the cosmic irony of him seeing not only her, but himself in the mirror of her. That he peers inside of her and he sees himself.

What he is echoes throughout him as a fundamental law furnished unto him by his Lord. Doppelganger. *Greater* Doppelganger. That he is everyone, can be anyone, is their flawless identical at his own leisure.

*An ever changing phantom without a face.*

And yet no one can be his; Or so he thought. That as the glint of lightning in Holly’s eyes vanish his heart convulses in his chest with an epiphany. An unimaginable epiphany that bravely has his lips upon hers in a desperate rush of understanding that he does have someone.

That he is not alone. That she is his doppelganger, his love, the physical manifestation of the other half of what he has believed he was always missing.

Children’s footsteps slap through puddles of mud and rain water as they dash by. The hint of laughter follows. The fragrance of the roses and the bouquet of Holly’s intoxicating pheromones swell in his nose and nestle hotly in his stomach. Pandora’s eyes roll back as Holly nibbles on his bottom lip.

Pandora threads his fingers through more and more of Holly’s curls. She does the same to him, bunching up his locks as her palms knead his temples. *Liebling.* Chills consume his body as he whines into her mouth, his tongue stroking over the grooves of her gums. Beads of sweat dot his forehead. Is this truly what she feels like when she is aroused? That she is made of nothing but the very flames of passion?

*She is made of nothing but love.*

Holly beams as she lifts up suddenly, pulling his lip with her on a mischievous giggle. “I-I...Do you...,” Her face dusts to a similar color of the roses in the room. Her eyes dance about to avoid his.
“..Ya know..”

Ohhhh the hope that floods his veins is red hot and only outmatched by the soft press of Holly dipping her sex against his. Pandora sinks his teeth into his bottom lip and fervently nods, “Jaja Winterberry,” He pauses to struggle down a swallow before shakily exhaling,” I-I desire you as well..!”

Holly peppers kisses down the hollow of Pandora’s throat. He slips into a moment of bliss just before his blood runs cold. Nein! She should not be the one to please him! Regardless of their love he is still her guardian and she should not sully herself on him!

“Liebling I can not permit--!”

“What?” She snaps, süß, and he stops his hands from keeping her from diving lower, “It’s my body.”

Well then. Mmm..she...she does make for a good counter! It is her body, he is hers.

And yet he still can no--!

“Take this off,” She whispers against his skin as she balls up his shirt, slinking one of the sleeves off of his shoulder. *Ach du lieber Gott.* As if he could ever deny her what she wanted.

God you hope you do not suck at this. Haha...suck.

*Teehee.*

You lick and suck your way down to his bosom. His breasts are the perfect fit for your smaller palms as you grope with one hand and press wet kisses on the other. He is just like you in the fact that one of his nipples are slower to excite than the other.

*Cute.*

Pandora arches greedily into every touch and suckle and you wonder if this is what you are like with him. That as the now stiffened peachy bud of his breast drags against your tongue you can not help but ask yourself while drunk on the eroticism which one of the both of you is actually you.

Pandora’s breathing hitches around a gasp as your groping hand and nursing mouth trade places. You caress and flick your tongue in tandem with sloppy yet sweet attention. You draw feather light circles around his dusty pink and petite areola with a finger. The shrill sounds in the way he takes his pleasure makes makes your belly flip.

Pandora’s hands knead your scalp as he whispers a flurry of German in an amalgamation of his voice and yours. You do not know what the hell he is saying but you want him to say more. You love it.

You kiss down and around his breasts, hands mapping out the curves and dips of his form. He bubbles with a giggle when you grab at his love handles so you pinch them with a smile for added measure. God, he is so receptive to every touch. Warmth drops in a pool between your thighs as you clench them together. Small reddened marks dot his stomach as you bring patches of supple skin into your mouth and suckle.

You swirl your tongue over and into his navel with a wet dip. You glance up to see his head tilted back and his lips mashed together. His chest hums with a bitten back moan. *Fuck.* You nudge your nose into his soft and creamy belly just to feel that much more of him. He smells like you, he is you,
and he is so damn warm...but he is about to get a whole lot warmer.

Pandora’s legs quiver as you set yourself between them. You chew on your cheek as you rub a hand up the smooth of his left thigh, eyes glancing down to his slick slit. W-wow, he’s so wet.

Specks of ocean blue scales freckle his plump outer labia. Everything is so pretty and glistening. Drippings of clear silk pool over and around his lips as you tenderly squeeze his mound. Sweet and calm shades of blue deepen to royal hues as you part him. Carefully, as if you were petting the delicates of a midnight orchid, you glide your thumb along his folds.

You swim a finger up and down his sex, enjoying the feeling of how puffy and full his lips are. Pandora raises his hips with a whine every time you stroke just before the crown of his pleasure. You glance up to meet his gaze as he gifts you with quite the needy stare.

You blink between his hooded green eyes and his slit, and god, you hope you do not suck at this. Well, screw it. You swallow the lump in your throat as you lower your watering mouth over his sex. You want this just as bad as he does. You inhale and the cloying scent of his arousal makes your head swim.

You lick up the tender line of his slit before burying yourself in him. Mostly sweet, peculiarly tangy and you can’t quite place the taste but...it’s you. The both of you, it is it’s own indescribable, unique flavor. It’s beautiful.

Pandora groans, fingers tangling in your hair as you flick your tongue over his shy hooded sapphire. You moan against him in knowing, gently nodding your head. The wet swipes of your tongue lapping in a slow circle makes your own sex twitch and shiver.

He bucks reflexively into you as you nudge your tongue under the left side of his nub and push. Sparks tickle down your spine as he writhes about, loud exhales turning into unashamed pants of pleasure. You grind yourself against the bed in the need to feel something against the heady throb rocking your center.

You press a kiss against his clit before giving it a soft suckle. His hips jerk and ohh, he likes that. Your lashes flutter as you work your lips in gentle presses. He cries out, tugging your hair, legs closing in around you. You hold your mouth against him as you twirl your tongue and nurse like you are working the pit of a cherry around your lips.

You try out a variety of flicks and laps of your tongue. He likes everything. You spell your name over him in cursive and by the sixth time your jaw is sore, but you don’t care, because he is practically arching off the bed. His tail wrestles yours. His legs criss cross over your back as he pulls you in deeper, rocking desperately against your oral ministrations as he sputters incoherently.

Pandora’s ragged breathes turn pitchy. He loudly keens in a mix of German and you think you hear your name somewhere in that mess but you can’t be sure. You aren’t sure of anything other than wanting to force him to say more, feel more. That as you wildly suckle and flutter licks against him you just want to hear more of those orgasm inducing gasps.

His body goes rigid before stilling, his mouth hanging open in an almost soundless scream that then sings out in a ballet of his voice wrapped around yours. Holy shit. Your world stutters on its axis as he comes undone. As he begins to melt into your mouth, your eyelids droop. W-wow, he tastes so
sweet, and you can't stop the moan slipping from your throat as Pandora falls apart.

The balls of his feet dig into your shoulder blades as he rides your tongue, his lips slicking in a wet kiss against your chin. A wave of heat washes over your mouth, coating your face in the richness of his climax. You kiss his bundle of nerves just before pulling away, panting while flexing your sore jaw as he convulses in the aftershocks.

You admire your work as his chalice overflows. You catch your breath as you press a thumb against one of his flush lips and draw it to the side. He blossoms for you, looking every bit like a pressed rose after a good hard rain. He is easily the most beautiful one in the room.

“How much,” You pause as you dip your thumb between his gleaming folds. He is on fire. “Are you actually like me?”

“A-All of you..love you.” The way his voice carries into your ear in all of its tuckered out milk and honey infatuation makes your blood rush. You breathe out a wash of hot air over his still pronounced and stiffened nub. It sits up and pretty like a set blue diamond, glistening in a shine of his own juices and your saliva.

His hand lazily finds your cheek. He strokes slowly, lovingly, body relaxing like a kitten full on a saucer of warm milk. He has no idea that you are about to try to rock his world once more.

You pepper a few gentle pecking kisses against his bud. He jolts from the sudden sensation and a grin over takes you. “L-Lielbling, w-wait,” He pleads, fingers gently pulling at your face to encourage you up and away. You only smile wider as you flick your tongue over his clit and he jerks his hips into your mouth. “--I-I, darling, s-sensit--Ohhhh mein Gggott...!”

You hum as you dart your tongue from side to side, melding your lips around his slick sapphire once more. Pandora’s hand flies to the nape of your neck where he balls up a fist fist full of your hair in a frenzy. His soft petals crush your face as he saws his hand through your hair, lost in the sensation of rutting himself against your face. You love it, you do not care that your jaw might fall off, you just keep going.

It is nearing impossible to think between the all consuming pleasure beating at his core, but in between his uneven gasps he wonders if this is what he makes her feel like. He hopes this is what he does for her, he wants to do for her, wants to cocoon her in his love and sheath her in an ocean of this eye watering delight.

It’s so good. He fists the bed with one hand while white knuckling Holly’s glorious locks. He just wants for, needs for something to hold onto as he squirms in the ecstasy that is her acrobatic tongue. Ahh her mouth, it’s, i-it’s paradise.

His eyes water from the over stimulation. Moans catch in his throat and are swallowed back down as he strains to breathe. Holly’s quick licks grow sloppy and his growing climax sears in a white hot struggle at the base of his spine. Sparks fizzle and pop through his veins as he grits his teeth. He is so close and thinks he is going to release his soul through to her when he cums.

His mouth hangs open as he focuses everything he has on finishing. He squeezes his eyes shut and hot tears stream down his face. It is stupendously overwhelming. His forearms feel like they are made of lead. He jerks once more and without warning her tongue flicks in between the hood of his clt and his puffed nub and his orgasm swallows him whole.
The pooled fire in his lower abdomen ignites and zings through his body from his head to his toes. He chokes on the pressure and a small string of saliva connects his teeth as he again screams in a symphony of their voices. His body bridges and his head digs into the bed. Warmth unfurls from his sex in a time slowing tidal wave as he springs free his gushing and endless rush.

He collapses as his vision fades to black. His body falls limp and his hand slips from Holly’s hair, fingers trembling as they hit the sheets. He slumps, tail flopping over the edge of the bed, his form sinking and melting its shape into the mattress. Exhaustion glosses his mind. He’s light headed, and as Holly cuddles into his body, her hair tickling his breasts as she nestles close to his heart, everything cuts to white.

Thunder purrs in the distance.

All he does is breathe and feel her as he smolders in afterglow.

You hook a finger through a generous portion of Pandora’s hair. You section off strands with one hand as you work with the other, interweaving roses through the pockets of the different braids you have created. You flip some of the curls in your opposite hand to the side as you tuck snipped flowers, stems no longer than your thumb, into the pulled tight tresses at the apex of his forehead. You chew on the handle of the comb in your mouth as you continue to fit the curve of his head with a wreath of roses.

“It’s something I used to like to do at my old job,” You tie off a braid with a thin strip of shaved rose stem before moving to the next, “Sometimes we’d be really short on staff and I’d help with clients hair styles.”

Pandora’s eyes sparkle as he looks at you with all the wonder in the world. “Would you disclose to me additional particulars about Yggdrasil?”

“Sorry,” You lean back as you admire your work, adjusting one of the roses closest to his left ear. “I get off subject easy. It’s uh...like I said though. It was a... game, we were just avatars, we were..”

The word game tastes sour and sits heavy on your heart as you pause. Your brows furrow as your stomach twists in a knot. “You’re...you’re taking this pretty well.”

Pandora blinks a few times before strumming a finger over his lips. “I will admit that it is as you say, a lot. However I am more so consumed with ambrosial fascination than a disarray of confusion! As Nazarick’s financial advisor and treasury guardian it is within my dexterity to comprehend a nearing unquantifiable amount of formula’s so concluding the probability of the complexity of Earth and Yggdrasil is not as far fetched as it may seem.”

You exhale like you have been holding in a tornado. “If you say so. Um..Well. Yggdrasil, well, sometimes we just called it Ygg. Ygg, like I said earlier was a game. A video game. Actually one of the first of its kind! The first video games? Sheesh...They were just a controller and a screen. But Ygg was the real deal. Ygg you weren’t just playing the game, you were in it. It was the first full
dive game. Full dive as, you were like, in the game. Do you uh...I’m bad at this but do you follow?”

“Mmmm so it was similar to the theory of astral projection?”

“Kinda, that’s a good way to think about it. We had this headset we wore with a plug in port and that’s what linked us in. It was more cerebral than spiritual but damn if it didn’t feel spiritual at times. I had wanted to play Ygg for years but couldn’t afford it. Back on Earth I was kinda broke. Ygg didn’t cost money but the stuff required to play it cost a ton. So when I finally got in, yeah, it did kinda feel like astral projection. Your senses were numbed and you couldn’t feel a whole lot. Like, hey, can you access Nazarick’s guild roster while in my form?”

Pandora looks up in thought before nodding his head. “Jaja I should be able to, let us see-~” Pandora lifts a hand in the air, drawing out a small diamond with his index finger. Upon connecting the pictorial a puff of red smoke appears and breathes life into a floating tablet illustrated with golden names.

“Yeah! Do you see that?! That’s kinda what it looked like in Ygg when we used magic. We didn’t just, well, point a finger and whatever spell we wanted happened. There was a prompt list, kinda like the guild roster, and we selected what we wanted to use and the game did the rest.”

Pandora takes the tablet into his hands. He scrolls through the different names before finding his own as he whispers a happy Aha! He flips it around to your direction and taps his finger eagerly over the screen. “Theoretically if you were to substitute my identification with [Approach of the second sun]-~”

“Exactly! That’s exactly it!” You point towards his name with your comb before setting it to the side.

Pandora nods his head as he swipes over the tablet with his hand and banishes it with another puff of red smoke. His tail curls over yours as he reaches for your hands. “Winterberry..if Yggdrasil was indeed a game,” You adjust from straddling his stomach to plopping over to your side as he threads his fingers through yours hastily. “Games do typically possess a conclusion. Do you…”

“No. I’m not going anywhere. I don’t want to and hell, I don’t even think I could if I wanted to, and I don’t. Seriously fuck Earth. It was a dying world and humanity was the cause.”

Pandora blinks a few times as he props himself up on an elbow. He tilts his head to the side and a few roses shift from the weight of his hair. “Liebling, was Earth’s dominate sentient population human?”

“Yeah, yeah we were--.....” You go to pull your hands away and his grip keeps you. A pit draws itself deep in your chest as you slowly nod your head. “Yeah. I was um….” You fight his needy tail off of yours for a second to point the tip to the window. “Like them.”

You can see it in his eyes as they flicker that he is thinking a million miles a minute. “It’s exactly what you’re thinking.”

Pandora’s expression fades to grave as he glances over his shoulder towards the window. “…Among other matters I am sure, however I do now possess an enhanced appreciation as to why you do not wish for others to acquire perception of what you and I are parlaying dialogue over. However! Fear not my dear! You and your confidences, as I have said many a time before, will always remain secure by myself.”

You do not think the guardians would flip if they found out you were once human, but the idea still terrifies you. Some things are better left unsaid, or only said to those you believe you can trust with
your whole heart. You curl your tail back over his, secure in the knowledge of the safety and love he so unconditionally envelopes around you.

“Winterberry? What...what changed that day? Do you know that of which brought yourself and Lord Ainz to Nazarick as fully realized supreme beings and not just...as you said earlier, avatars?”

“No I...no I don’t know. Honestly I...” Your upper body posture sinks as you shrug a shoulder, shaking your head as your eyes drift towards the floor. “That day in particular Ygg was ending. At midnight they were gonna cut the servers off and that was supposed to be it. We stayed logged in till the end cause...well, I know for me it was some form of a tribute I guess. Ygg was what I lived and breathed and the thought of losing it all--”

You stop. Pandora blinks a few times and croons his head in question.

If you had not stayed logged in you would not be here.

What would have happened if you and Momonga logged out? Would Nazarick have transferred? Would any of them be alive? What would have happened to Pandora?

No one knew about him down in the Treasury...

What if Nazarick didn’t transfer? Would...would Yggdrasils end mean they...ended?

What if...

You yank Pandora’s hands up to your chest, clutching them in yours. You anxiously interlace your fingers through his as you blurt out, “I don’t ever wanna lose you,” He grips you back just as hard as you grasp him. Before he can say anything you have to know more than what the love between you is. “W-what are we?”

“Based on anecdotal evidence and careful observation I am an amorphous consolidation...correction! A handsome amorphous consolidation of biological matter capable of not only perfectly imitating--” You snort over a laugh as you release one of his hands to cover his mouth. You’d think you would be used to this by now, but the fine line between his genius and obliviousness never ceases to amaze you.

“No, no no, silly. I know what..I know what we are. Like I get the flesh and bone stuff. What I mean by that is...us,” You run your thumb over his palm. “I want to know that we’re together.”

“I am always with you, Winterberry.”

Butterflies rush to fill the empty spaces in your chest cavity. You hook your pinkie through his and squeeze, “You usually don’t have one of these so...here. This is a promise, an Earth promise. I-I promise I’m with you too and...,” You lift your head as you straighten your posture, “...But I want something more. More than what we are, more than you as my guardian and me as your supreme being.”

“...What more can one wish to be than your chosen guardian?” Shit he is going to make you walk him through this.

You look down at his hand in yours. “A relationship. I-I’ve never had one before. I know, I’m in my mid to late twenties and that’s kinda weird but..”

“You...You mean a romantic consummation, a-an actual verified,” Pandora swallows audibly as he scratches at the familiar red splotches of yours upon his neck. “Romeo and J-Juliet?!”
“Wow you really are corny. But yeah, I...I want that. Minus the death,” you chide with an attempt at a nonchalant shrug. “Is...is that alright?”

Pandora’s eyes sparkle like an emerald sea as he nods his head, “I-I, truly liebling I apprehend there is no superior honor to be bestowed upon such as one as myself!” Pandora pinches his pinkie finger against yours tightly, shaking your hand back and forth. “Ich liebe dich liebling!”

You smile softly before your face twists into something fierce. Wait a fucking minute. Your pupils go blown as you squawk, “Does, d-does, Oh my god!? Does that mean I love you in German?!”

Pandora inhales through his nose with enough force to suck up Carne Village. His entire face flushes in a matter of seconds as he goes red up to his ears. He smiles sheepishly as he looks up in away as if in thought, twirling a piece of hair around a lone finger. “...Jaja..”

Your brain scrambles as you try to remember how many times he has said those words to you. Your mind races so much faster than your thoughts, you have heard those words so many times in so many places and...

Pandora clears his throat and you narrow your eyes at him. His smile is a mile wide of sunshine and an obvious attempt at changing the subject. He knows you know, and you know that he knows that. You playfully throw his hand back at him as you cross your arms over your chest.

“Mmm twenty centuries..?”

“Huh?”

“I must admit! I am morbidly, no, extraordinarily fascinated! Aaand equally curious as to the epoch of phantasmal generations of that of which you lived on Earth. Would you properly uncover to me that treat of statistics?”

“Uhhh....My...age? Twenty six..well, probably twenty seven cause my birthday was right around the corner before...never mind. Why do you ask?”

Pandora blinks a few times, his face almost as blank as his normal one. “Twenty seven.”

“Yes...is that okayy?”

You think his eyes are going to pop out of his skull and smack you in the face. “Winterberry you are but a wee babe!” Pandora’s hand rockets to his forehead as he anxiously chuckles while shaking his head. “I-I am unscrupulous in my salaciously lewd actions appertaining to you, I am pilfering the bassinet as they so criticize!”

What the fuck.

“Do you mean you’re robbing the cradle? Err...wait, how old are you??”

“Time does not quite hold merit to myself anymore due to the charm of immortality, however if my calculations are in order, and I am positively sure they are, I believe I am to be of the strapping pubescent age of eight hundred and sixty two.”

What the fuck to the eight hundred and sixty second power!
“Holy mother of god,” You can not help but laugh at the absurdity of the situation. You never read anything in his character lore about him having an age?! You wipe off your face, hand covering your eyes as you peek at him through your fingers. “You’re serious aren’t you?” Pandora nods his head and you shake yours in disbelief.

“Hey,” You nudge his tail with yours. “You said immortal. Are doppelgangers immortal?”

“Ah jaja, that we are! In all actuality the majority of the Grrrreat! Marvelous~ Underground tomb of Nazarick, your illustrious self included, are immortal as well. It is the noble benefit of being heteromorphic my dear, were you unaware?”

If Pandora was the one to suck in all of Carne village’s air supply you just gave it back to them. You exhale like a fast deflating balloon. “That’s...No. I didn’t even think about it. I...Ya know, I told Demiurge something similar a little while back. When...Well, Momonga and I made ourselves this way. Our avatars were creations we made for ourselves and then spiritually took over, that’s what I told Demiurge. That’s...that’s half true. Like I said Ygg was a game we played and...this body?”

You place a hand on your heart as you clench and unclench your shirt. “I made this. I chose to be heteromorphic and..I never thought it’d make me immortal. I’m not complaining! Hell, it’s not like I want to die any time soon, I think it’s badass that I can’t but...it’s a lot. A lot..a lot.”

Pandora hums in acknowledgement as he sits himself up in flurry without warning. The roses on his head shift and you quickly reach forward to fix them as you adjust to wiggle a leg through his. “I may not fully comprehend the emotional tariff it claims on one such as yourself to go from one life such as a humans to the next as the divine young godling you are now. However! Through my experiences as a doppelganger I can empathize through you by being you. Why, just in your very form I perceive you better than anyone! Liebling...I will share any pain with you, I am as I proclaimed before, capable of shoulderung any weight for you.”

You reset the roses in their places before drawing a braid into your hand. You run your thumb over the thousands of interweaving strands of red and blue. “Hey now, don’t worry about it too much. It’s more cool than anything.” You sigh in defeat as you pet his hair. God you do not want to talk about this but you know you have too. Something else is eating at you. Immortality aside cause that is kinda cool, actually it's badass as hell, but...

If you are going to be in a relationship...

Pandora sees the pain flicker across your eyes as you wince and he reaches his hand over to smooth it along your forearm. “I uh...Yeah. Ya know I just brought up Demiurge and...we need to talk about that.”

“What about the seventh floor guardian, Holly?”

You know he didn’t care in the past but that was before your relationship goading. Which you want with Pandora, desperately. You have it! But does he care now, and even if he doesn’t...it feels wrong.

It was different before love was on the table. It was just sex but then sex turned into so much more and..

“He and I...ya know .” Don’t do the finger in hole thing. Don’t do the finger in hole thing. You insert your finger in a circle made with your thumb and index finger.

“Mhmmhmhm,” Pandora curiously chuckles before drawing his finger through the hole you made.
“Would you like for us to engage in coital endeavors with the floor guardian?”

You tighten your eyes shut to make the vulgar expression on his face, which is your face, go away. You cusp your hand over your mouth as your cheeks furiously darken.

This kinky bastard.

“No..I was gonna say I don’t feel comfortable having uh...sex with him if you and I are together?” You spit out as fast as you can. You open an eye and then quickly shut it as Pandora purrs a laugh.

“Why not?”

“Because it’s wrong? It’s uh..cheating?”

Pandora shrugs. “My dear the guardians are ultimately servants to yourself and Lord Ainz. If it is to your desires to engross yourself in the art of pleasure with others then that is my very desire as well.”

You shake your head. “No, no. You can’t always just want what I want. What do you want?”

“I simply crave that which you do, truly!”

“I want you to want more than what I want.”

Pandora runs a hand over his head and you wince as he knocks out a rose. Petals drift and powdery yellow pollen dusts his forehead. He scratches behind his left ear before laying back onto the bed, pulling you with him. “It..It never intersected my thought process to ponder any selfish aspirations such as what I might fancy! I have only ever aspired to be of better utilization to yourself and Lord Ainz…”

“You’re lying.”

“...As expected you are most certainly perceptive.”

“Tell me.”

Pandora fixes an intense gaze on you. You soften your expression as you meld yourself into him. You both fit together as perfect twins, limbs placed in such a way that there are no empty spaces. “Your love,” He breathes quietly, almost unheard over the gentle pitter patter of rain against the straw hut. “I..I crave your love for myself alone. As Treasury guardian it is in my constitution to protect that of which is most precious. And you, meine wunderschöne blume, you and your love are the singular most valuable fortunes to me.”

Your lips curve up in a smile as you press a kiss to his lips. “That’s a start at least,” You kiss him again. “Look I don’t think there’s room for anyone else but you in my heart,” You giggle as you nudge your nose against his. “You have my love. All of it.”

Pandora fuses his lips to yours at the end of your sentence. His hands find yours and his pinkie fingers prod their way into looping around yours. He breaks the kiss only to smack his lips against yours what feels like a thousand doting times.

He squeezes your pinkie fingers and your heart pumps what has to be molten sugar through your veins as you know what he is going to ask.

“Do you promise, Winterberry?” Bingo. Cupid’s arrow just knocked you on your ass.

You mimic his smile from earlier in the day. “I promise.”
Cicada’s hiss their symphony across Carne Village. Crickets string their legs together like violins to compete with their own music.

Pandora’s facial scales shimmer in the pale moonlight. Shadows dance across the walls as townsfolk make their way to their homes after a long day’s work. A flash of green light bathes the atmosphere. It is most likely Nfirea still trying to figure out whatever Pandora either taught him or helped him achieve.

“So you wanna know something absolutely wild?”

Pandora wiggles his hips and nods. He tangles his hands in your hair as you both shift to get more comfortable. You prop yourself up on an elbow as you stick a finger in your mouth and make a bleh sound.

“When I was but a wee babe, like, six I think? I once lived in a place like the black capsule. Seriously there were roaches everywhere. They popped out of the floorboards and crawled up through the bath drain sometimes.”

Pandora makes a sour face and shakes his head.

“I know right?”

~Blumenkranz~

Kill la Kill (OST)

Thank you for your Kudos, Bookmarks, and Comments!

Tumblr

Deviantart
Hey Download077, isn't that song you linked Ragyo's theme song from Kill la Kill?

Fuck yeah it is and I wrote my smut scene to that song on repeat.

Blumenkranz - Flower Wreath.

That he is not alone. That she is his doppelganger, his love, the physical manifestation of the other half of what he has believed he was always missing. UGH. *Arrow to the heart*

Ohhhh that smut. That smut wasn't supposed to happen until next chapter but oops. I've been freakin’ dying to write Holly/Pandolly (Pandolly lolol).

Big thank you to an anon ask on Tumblr for wanting to read about PA's perspective on his first real kiss! I loved writing that and it's what got them to have sex a chapter early. 😈

PA climaxing in a mix of Holly's voice and his is my shit. I love it.
The line between your old life and this new one is blurring. This feels less like a vacation with every passing day, and grows to be more like home.

Earth now orbits a distant star, or maybe it was Earth that was never real and this always was.

A banner of crimson red and indigo hair flows behind Pandora’s Actor as he dashes forward, cutting a path forward through stalks of waist high wheat.

Dandelion fluff blows wistfully across the field. The sun shines across a cloudless sky, painting the farmlands of barley in a golden hue.

Spackles of chills dot your skin as you fill your lungs. You feel comfortable in the warmth of the middle earth month as Carne village calls this time of year.

You are pretty sure you should be sweating, but due to your FlameKeeper job class you are instead comfortable. Which is totally awesome because sweating sucks.

Unless it is under the right circumstances.

Pandora’s hands find the ground and with a shove and a huff his legs are high in the air, toes pointed, stupid red shoes reflecting glints of sequins. A cartwheel and a back flip later he lands, arms spread as his body makes a perfect Y, his stare expectant as his brows arch up and down.

His toothy smile could wage war against the sun and win.

You chuckle as you step forward, lips pressed, a hand on your hip while the other one points his way as your finger wiggles, “If I tried that,” you shake your head as laughter strangles your words. “I would fall flat on my ass.”

Within two steps Pandora’s hands are tunneling through your hair, thumbs fitting over the shell of your ear as his happy voice sings, “Do not say such a thing Winterberry! It is to my belief that you can accomplish even the most zealously arduous of undertakings.”

You smack your lips against his in appreciation as he nuzzles into you. You pull away and look past him, staring deep into the braids of a thick piece of caramel wheat that sways just a little bit more than the others. “...I.I asked you to bring us somewhere like here so you could teach me Approach.”
Pandora’s right hand moves to fit your face as he cups your jaw. “You do not require an instructor, my love.”

“You know that I—”

“Am not a mage like Lord Ainz? Ja, I am fully aware,” Pandora slips his hand from your hair as he rests it over his heart. “After roaming around in your form, learning of Yggdrasil, and through careful consideration I have come to the magnificent conclusion that your magic is inept to you, or you have believed it to be inept to you, due to your limited repertoire of spells and internal conflict.”

You open your mouth to speak, but nothing comes out. You swallow dryly before exhaling, reforming your sentence in a bad game of scrabble as Pandora’s eyes dance in yours as he awaits a reply. You slump a shoulder as you glance back to your piece of wheat, choking down your words instead of giving them meaning.

“Liebling,” Pandora whines as the hand on his heart launches to grip your shoulder. “If things truly are as you spoke, then it is natural for your struggles with the arcana to have afflicted you in my eyes.” Pandora releases you from his hold, stepping back as he snaps his wrist and summons Kingslayer (Adept) into his hands. He shudders as he runs a palm over the lilac fuller, his tail wagging behind him. “Realize that you are a swordsman, not a caster, but that does not necessarily hinder your ability to conjure your incantations. Just as my creator is inhibited by his inability to properly dance with blades you are foiled in the regard that you are impeded with magic...or so you think.”

So Momonga sucks with those swords of his he uses as Momon? The ones on the posters plastered all over E-Rantel? Well, you hate to admit it but...that is a little comforting.

You motion for your sword, and from Pandora’s hand to yours Kingslayer (Adept) sinks into your grasp. You roll your thumb over the crisp leather of its handle, fitting your nail in between the tight seams and picking at the fringe. “It’s more than what I think, Pandora,” You sigh. “That all makes sense but it’s, it’s...I just don’t know, okay? I mean, what If I fail?”

“What if you fail?” Pandora’s shoulders raise as he shakes his head. “I do not foresee your forfeit of triumph rather that I witness your intimate turmoil and wish for you to know that it is truly nothing more than that, and as I stated I believe, I know! I comprehend that beyond a shadow of a vanishing doubt that you are capable of overcoming any trial or tribulation!...Even the ones you set on yourself.”

He knows you better than you thought.

“I’m, I’m,” You stutter, gripping your sword clumsily as you try to hook it through the scabbard on your belt loop that isn’t there as you try to avoid Pandora’s stubborn eye contact. “I’m afraid of messing it up.”

“Why?”

“.I dunno.”

“You have been laboriously tested liebling, and gold, pure gold must be tempered through fire before it may be crafted into what it is meant to be, and fire you have been put through, forged in, time and time again.” The ashen horns upon Pandora’s head elongate and curve away from one another and left, only to spiral back in a foot above his head. Resting in the center, floating like a golden teardrop, an orb forms and pulses an unearthly energy that distorts the air with each throb.
Glowing amber arcane circles fit inside the now pronounced rungs of his horns. His hands glitter gold as he summons your scabbard, placing it upon your hip, and aiding you in rehom Kingslayer (Adept) upon your belt loop. “You have crossed worlds Holly! You have transcended the very intervals of time and space to be standing where you are,” Pandora threads his fingers through yours as drippings of aureate light continue to overtake his arms. “You are a catalyst ready to be awakened and the very key you search for is you. Do not fear to embrace that you are so much more than what you imagine!”

“I know I’m my own worst enemy,” You wiggle your fingers free from Pandora’s to bury your face in your hands. “This is all still so new, I don’t know what it even means to be a supreme being, I just feel overwhelmed with it all, ya know? And it’s scary, and I’ve…,” You look down to the ground, and away from Pandora’s eyes that have shifted as his spells casting time subsides and stands at the ready. Once lime green sclera and black pupils have shifted ivory, leaving only an iris ring of emerald to remain. “…I’ve already done things, I’ve already fucked up, I’ve--”

“Winterberry,” Pandora whispers cautiously, and your heart collapses like a star, forming a black hole in your gut that makes your limbs feel numb.

“Please don’t ask, please don’t ask…”

“What engagement did you undertake in Baharuth with the seventh floor guardian that is troubling you so?”

God damn it.

You dig your hands into your pants pockets and stare down at Pandora’s glittering shoes. “I don’t…want to talk about it.”

Pandora makes a tender sound as he paws at one of your hands through your jeans. No, no you don’t want to talk about this. You just want to forget, pretend, act that it never happened, you don’t want to think about the blood, gurgling, the crying, the catacombs, the women’s crushed head! Anathema! Hellfire! The slaves!

An almost lost feeling, a wave of calm soothes your mind as Code of the Commander’s passive envelopes your mind and replaces your fear with tranquility.

But it can never erase the guilt.

Your breathing stills, and instead of Pandora’s ruby red shoes reminding you of fresh wounds from the underground tunnels of Baharuth, all you can think about is how you took the opportunity of freedom from those slaves and how they will never again experience the niceties you get to have.

They probably never did.

What makes you any better? What gave you the right?

You can not tell him. Yo-You can not tell him! Who would love someone who sentenced innocents to a life of torment and death in the heat of the moment from a rush of adrenaline and in the thoughts of just making someone else momentarily happy?!

Only to then turn around, wallow in self pity, and then…do nothing to change their fates. You could stop Demiurge; It is within your power to shut down the farmstead, to release everyone, to let them go but…You are not going too. You have trapped them, you have trapped yourself, you..

..What have I done..

“Winterberry, do reconsider, as I swear unto you I--” I am capable of shouldering any weight for you.
You suck at your teeth before the rasp of your hushed voice dredges up from your throat, giving life to words you would rather keep dead, “You have to promise you won’t think less of me,” You shake your head, locks of hair spilling over your shoulders.”You have to promise me.”

“Liebling, you could ignite the very world, no, the cosmos! You could fell the heavens from the seams of their foundation in a verdant blaze and I would follow closely behind to assure not a singe of ash scathed your being,” Pandora steps forward, gliding his hands above your forearms and up to find rest on your shoulders. “I do not comprehend where you received the false notion that I may ever dare to consider less of you, Holly. Du bist mein ewiger Stern, Ich liebe dich.”

Your heart is heavy, so damn heavy and made of cold stone with every beat pulsing in your chest like an engorged leech ready to burst. It is not until you lift your head up to gaze into his eyes, green iris’s floating like a forest wreath in a milk bath, that you feel his words.

So you give him everything. Your trust, your love, your shame.

Please keep me safe.

“I-I did some really, really bad things. Do..Do you know how back in E-Rantel, the wine barrels with the eight fingers logo? Or Henry’s place, how he’s in deep with them? O-or uh..this.” Your tongue is coated sour as you retrieve Ninya’s diary from your inventory. The thin leather binding is still perfumed with mildew and although it weighs no more than a few ounces? It is easily the most cumbersome thing you have ever held.

You glance between the journal and Pandora, gulping as the brutal irony of Pandora standing before you in your form is not lost on you. You think this might be one of the single most defining moments you can have, and your fingertips feel encased in frost in knowing that you are about to confront what possibly scares you the most.

Yourself.

You stand a little straighter as you fumble the diary his way. You don’t want to hold it, you don’t deserve to hold it, and as Pandora shoulders that weight he promises to carry for you by storing it deep within the Treasury you continue. “I wanted...I just wanted to do something! So I did. I did more than something. I...,” You pause to run your hands over your face, digging your palms into your eyes and finishing by wiping your tear ducts clean. “I went with Demiurge down into the Catacombs in Baharuth and I, well, he made a mess of them. It was worse than I thought, there was a lot of blood but...they were bad, yeah? It’s okay to get rid of bad people right?”

“If it is to your will to eradicate the scourge of Eight Fingers from existence than allow me to be the instrument of your swift hand! I will make steadfast sure tha--”

“No, No,” He pulls a smile and a lethargic chuckle from you. He halts mid sentence and smiles kindly back as the tip of his tail curls over yours. “Nazarick pretty much owns Eight Fingers now and they’re an asset. And it’s not really them, just what they did and...what I did. I’m just as bad, I am just as bad, ya see there were these slaves off of these ships and instead of letting them go free I..Yeah. I just, I um, I gave them to Demiurge to take to the farm. I keep saying it’s okay to myself. I did it for Nazarick, I did it to make Demi happy, I did it because I fucking did it and I can’t take it back.”

You grit your teeth. “It’s horrible what happens at the farm. The whole reason why I wanted to go after Eight fingers was for some...self righteous reason of justice. I don’t know. I wanted to do something after reading Ninya’s diary and after what happened at the mansion, I mean without Eight Fingers Tsuare wouldn’t be a mess, and without Tsuare being a mess Sebas’s loyalty wouldn’t have
“You tenderly place a hand over the left side of your face, caressing your cheek. “Ya k-know wouldn’t have happened. That and...I just wanted someone to blame. So I blamed and now I blame myself and--”

“Holly,” The mock sun between Pandora’s horns shines brighter than the one hanging in the sky. It is almost blinding, but it is so very warm in its amber glow. “Please pay heed to my rhetoric and know that truly, my everlasting love and devotion to you is earnestly unconditional. Intrinsic to my being! I repute not a single prudence to the welfare of those you deem a fate unto, whether it be cruel or just, for your decision will always have my insurmountable endorsement. However:"

Pandora smooths a hand over your forehead, wiping stray hairs out of your face that have tousled forward. He moves his palm down the right side of your face, along your neck, down to rest between your breasts where he presses firmly into your heart beat. “You are not circumscribed alone by a singular action that you denote so cynically detrimental! Winterberry you are a coalescence of your resolutions and not just one.”

Again, the words are sucked from your chest. In your case, at this moment, your actions will speak louder than words ever could. So you lock your arms around his neck, hands tangled in his hair, forehead knocked against his as you keep your eyes closed to live in the refuge of your guardians loving arms.

You mouth a thank you as your lips ghost over his. You dare not to actually say anything, you know you will cry if you do, and fortunately you know him well enough that he already knows too.

Your heart pulses in tandem with the energy throbbing between Pandora’s horns. You breathe in, nostrils flaring as the power that you cage through fear of failure recedes like an ocean in the coming preparation of a tsunami.

For the birth of another star.

You brush your nose against Pandora’s and he babbles with a winded coo. He has been there at every turn for you in this new world, and you wonder how you have made it through life without him until now.

He is the final push, and as your ashen horns ache as they flourish in a curve with their own imitation sun you feel him as the beat in your heart, or possibly somewhere deeper. Because it has to be magic, nothing else could explain it.

You know that’s it; Maybe you always have.

You are not defined by a single action. Despite doing that of which you believe irredeemable, you are still worthy of love.

You do not need Code of the Commanders calming passive to keep your nerves in check.

You just need to believe in yourself.

[Approach of the Second Sun]

Yggdrasil’s in depth customization and graphics were its main pull to you; Outside of it being full dive, of course. You can still recall where you were when you first heard about the game, in fact.
You were huddled up on your bed, phone above your head at night, face bathed in a blue glow, thumbs tapping against the screen in search of anything entertaining.

It was an advertisement before a streaming video for the prequel to CoverFire. One of those skippable ads after a minute of viewing type of things. You chuckled to yourself when you saw that the video was over thirty minutes long, really? Is anyone actually going to watch this, or like most viewers, yourself included, are just gonna sit with a scowl on their face and hit the *skip this ad* button as soon as it crops up.

The commercial started on an ivory scene with thick roots crawling up the video to form a gargantuan tree. *Yggdrasil*. Your phone vibrated as the roots spread, crackling as they rubbed against one another while they fought for space. Barren branches gave way to clusters of evergreen leaves, and soon, the only white left to show of the background was filtered in through the clumps of leafy foliage.

You still fondly remember the ambient music of wind chimes and the emphasized scraping of wood in *Yggdrasil*’s launch trailer.

Carved into the bark like glowing chakra orbs the nine worlds of *Yggdrasil* formed themselves one by one. Niflheim, Muspelheim, Asgard, Midgard, Jotunheim, Vanaheim, Alflheim, Svartalfheim, and lastly, Helheim.

As each world shaped itself into the ancient tree the viewer was gifted with a glimpse of it’s ornate scenery and rich norse lore.

Niflheim, rolling clouds of white mist across a mountainous range of icy peaks, sculpted with veins of life water. It is said that one of three of *Yggdrasil*’s roots drank from one of these streams known as Hvergelmir when it first began to bloom. This world would have an ever present status effect on players outside of their Guild base or the resident social space known as Elivagar. Elivagar would be a debuff that gradually ate away at the users visibility unless they had on the proper armor or robes to stave off the fog.

Muspelheim, the infernal home of the fire giants, a world scorched with sulfuric skies and riddled with oceans of boiling and popping magma. This is the southern most world located on *Yggdrasil*’s bark, a boiling red hot globe that mocks the heart of Surtr himself. Muspelheim was warned as a world not for beginners, and if you wished to farm in this world for the ever rare material known as Nova crystal it would be mandatory to have heat resistance incorporated into your build.

Asgard, a rich world of golden fluted architecture and a bridge made of stripes from a rainbow named Bifrost that houses godkin. Nestled inside of Asgard’s alabaster gates rests Valhalla, described as an in game location that only the top ten percent of players will ever see, and where world guardians are given their titles.

Midgard, ohhh how you remember that thirty second introduction. It was four minutes into the video when you ignored the *skip this ad* prompt to continue watching, because good god damn everything looked so beautiful.

Midgard was not only canonically known as home to what would be the majority of human players, but it also contained what would be *Yggdrasil*’s first social space Ash and Elm. A regal cylindrical castle perched on a cliff side overlooking a vast ocean with many flags bearing Midgards world serpent raid boss.

From its antiquated oak tree at the center of Ash and Elm, to the many roses along its roots, all the way to the market stalls adorned with lifelike NPC’s Midgard was the one world of the nine that
captured your heart.

Midgard was the depiction of medieval fantasy, and maybe that is why you remember it’s short reveal time in the trailer for Yggdrasil as vividly as you do. Perhaps it is even why during slow times in Yggdrasil, along those four years of gameplay, you would hang out at Midgard’s social space late at night and sit in its oak tree and scroll through weapon lore. It was always more fun to read in Yggdrasil than outside of the game and on your phone.

Next was Jotunheim. Jotunheim was a world of redwoods that tickled the clouds and was crafted of a wilderness loaded with hungry predators that stretched as far as the eye could see. It was hinted in the trailer that Jotunheim would house miniature world enemies that roamed the lands to mock the giants that traditionally took steady in Jotunheim in norse mythology. Due to that Jotunheim would be the only world one could not have a guild base in.

Vanaheim was special. Vanaheim was introduced as nothing more than colorful smoke and lines of text that if you remember right, read something along the lines of that the place was always shifting. That Vanaheim was a world procedurally generated, ever changing, and would never have the same landscape. The devs estimated that you could refresh your transfer to Vanaheim over a hundred times and still never see the same layout. It would also be the only world to house all the monster and resource spawns from each of the nine worlds.

It was ambitious, but not as ambitious as what was to come later on in the video.

Alfheim, whimsical land of the fairies and where most positive karma players would begin their adventure. This world consisted of trees so blue they appeared turquoise at night, pink rivers, opal sand beaches, and juicy green fireflies with a foot wide aura of glittering light.

Taking their residence in Alfheim were the world enemies, or rather, raid bosses slash NPC quest givers Titania and Oberon. They would be the only world enemies one could interact with, and according to Yggdrasil’s trailer, their raid was inaccessible until you completed their specific quest line.

Svartalfheim, a cavernous world absent a sky, located purely underground in respect to the demi human dwarf NPC’s. It contained nearing endless exploration for those who favored farming material and discovering Yggdrasil’s many secrets through excavation. This world was a safe haven for PVE players and would be the only world where PVP was disabled.

Glistening stalactites clung to vaulted spikey ceilings, dripping beads of multi colored moisture. Stalagmites taller than the gates to Svartalheim’s social space glittered like polished crystals, reflecting their glossy sheen across the dull brick and dusty chambers of the eighth world. The rest was left dark and to be discovered upon the games launch.

Last came Helheim. A dark orb clawed into Yggdrasils center with a smoky white core that emulated the domicile of the cursed undead, devils, and beginning world for negative karma players; If they were strong enough to brave its dismal environment and debuffs.

This world was hinted as home to the third race offered by Yggdrasil, heteromorphic. A shelter for monstrous players and their even more monstrous builds, where they could hide in tombs and graveyards or walk as eldritch abominations and reap the benefits of their complex min maxing efforts…

Or die in player versus player to the buff humans and demi humans received when combating heteromorphs to even out the odds.
Yeah, you were hooked. You could not wait for summer vacation so you could explore each and every world with a bag of popcorn, an energy drink, and your door locked so your Mom would leave you alone. You wanted to binge play Yggdrasil til kingdom come.

You were fifteen when you watched that trailer, and it was amazing to you how in twenty minutes this advertisement made you think you were six years old on the night before Christmas.

It was going to be a full dive game; The first of its kind! Were they for real?! Full dive was something only toyed with in television shows! And it was never executed properly, or rather, never had even been attempted!

Until then.

The last ten minutes of the trailer was a man on stage dressed in a crisp business suit. Fashioned with a smile and a laser pointer he explained that Yggdrasil would take another two years to develop due to legal issues and balancing what they could and could not have their players experience.

You would have to wait, and you remember pouting, but..

The finality of his proposition is what sealed the deal for you like a pact bond. There would be no limit on customization. If you could think it, you could have it, as long as it was within the games pending rating parameters. DLC would continue to launch, for free, nearing monthly once the game launched to continue this promise of *playing the game you want to play*, as they said.

Yggdrasil would be the ultimate sandbox title.

It was after this trailer that the seed of desire had rooted itself into your brain. You wanted it. You *had* to have it! That trailer alone late at night is what started an eight year crusade after graduating high school to save all your nickels and paychecks so you could afford what was necessary to play Yggdrasil.

Free to play did *not* mean free to play, after all.

So it was with that certainty of customization that after all those grueling years of penny pinching that at level ninety five you picked up your rarest job class.

Soul Mender.

By no rights should Warden of Dawn and Child of the World Serpent have had their own sets of complimenting job classes and opportunities to bridge their conflicting builds and stats.

But Yggdrasil wanted it’s users to play the game they wanted to play, so they did. If you wanted to be an Angel with negative five hundred karma and live in Alfheim and never kill another player? You could.

If you wanted to be a demon with plus three hundred karma and do nothing but hang out in the social spaces and spam dialogue out of the NPC quest givers? You could.

Anything was possible

At level ninety five the skill tree for Warden of Dawn and Child of the World serpent that you had been weaving together came to become known as the unlocked quest Boiled light. Boiled light was a PVE solo excursion that sent you across Midgard and Alfheim in hunt of rare materials, slaying specific enemies, and collecting nefarious information for a lowly townsman that at the end of the quest was revealed to be an avatar of the world enemy Jormungandr himself.
This mission split into three job class options upon completion. The job classes available at the end of Boiled light were Custodian Ascendant, Harbinger of ubiquity, and Soul mender.

The other two were super cool with their potential DPS output and mass of spells, but Soul mender was your choice when you first saw what the job class was capable of. It was unique in that it gave way to something different from typical support builds.

Yes, you could cast spells like [Greater healing] and [Restore]. It was a common arsenal upon a support’s belt, almost like a prerequisite of sorts.

…But Soul Mender gave you something extraordinary at the penalty of its limited spell count and lack of DPS.

Soul Mender gave you the ability to replenish MP.

It helped you to further supplement Momonga’s overlord build. Due to undead becoming injured by traditional means of healing you would instead back up his highest stat to overwhelm foes. One could not simply pop a potion to restore their mp, no. That cash shop item did not even exist.

So you became that item.

He was your companion, after all. As a support hybrid in Yggdrasil your main function was to, well, support! And Soul Mender gave you the chance to be the perfect support to Momonga.

Momonga gave you a home; Nazarick.

So you wanted a way to pay that back, even if it was just by being his literary foil in game.

Soul Mender allowed for three spells. [Chain of Souls], [For The Greater Good], and [Approach of the Second Sun]. Two of which were class spells and filled the only two slots you had available for magic of that tier.

You still wish you could have kept [Fire Walker] from your job class Flamekeeper as a class spell, but deleting it for [Approach of the Second Sun] was worth it.

[Approach of the Second Sun] was the penultimate class spell to [For The Greater Good].

[Approach of the Second Sun] cost not only a hefty sixty percent of your MP but it was also one of those types of spells where you had to stand still while casting. It was approximately a forty five second cast time with a burdensome cool down of forty eight hours, but the pay off for those minor inconveniences was told through the spells capabilities.

Through summoning a second sun Approach was an area of effect spell that wherever the second sun shone, for a full two minutes, users allied to you in it’s light were gifted with unlimited MP.

It was your favorite spell.

…And it still is.

And so it is at high rise of the day the belly of the sky is slit clean by an invisible knife. The steady thrum of an exhausting heat tearing apart particles and ionizing their atoms fills the air a searing white with noise.

The vault of heaven trembles as it reveals its delicate womb.

Split down the middle the stratosphere distends like a water balloon, the thin line of the atmosphere
peeling back its fine layer to reveal a brilliance of stars laid out on the backdrop of a distant spiral galaxy.

From the pleats of another reality drippings of molten gold overcome the cracked sky. Dropping fresh and torpid like an egg yolk in slow motion a second sun consumes the expanse above as it dawns with purpose. The radiating cosmic rays of light re stitch the fabric of dimensions as if the world had always had a duplicate sun.

A broad appendage, twisting like a segmented worm of yellow metal scales, encircles a third of [Approach of the second sun]. The tail coils around the mock star, seemingly cradling it in place as it rotates over the circumference in an endless leaden loop.

Hints of wellsprings of light, lifting like misty beacons, dot the landscape of the wheat field. Dredging up from the dirt and shifting stalks of barley an arcane symbol of runes rises to tattoo the land in a brilliant glow for miles. The wheat stems shine along their sharp braided edges and sprout inches taller. They sway like petite palm trees as the second suns scorching pressure forces their growth and influences a dry breeze.

“[Approach of the Second Sun],” Pandora’s happy voice calls another sun from the heavens. The next star drips in from a place passed Elysium once more. As it enters this world everything for a moment is flashed in a bath of yellow fire. Pandora’s sun is slightly smaller and lacking the coiling tail of yours, but the moment his spell finishes casting you feel that loss of sixty percent of your MP flood back into you like a hit off of a potent street drug.

Everything feels all tingly and you have the dire need to bounce on your heels. So you do. Your tail twitches nervously as your body grows accustomed to the new influx of charged energy.

You excitedly finger away hair out of Pandora’s face as his head turns up to gaze at the twin suns. “Actually,” you giggle like electricity has replaced your blood as you tuck curls behind his ear, “More like a third but, ya know!”

Pandora’s iris’s shimmer with flecks of gold as his cheeks brighten. “I would offer to beg to differ with you Holly! It is to my understanding that indeed mine was the fourth to blossom.”

“Fourth? There’s uh, only three?” Wow, looks like you are not the only one with too much energy. The sudden influx of MP must have his brain all over the place. Well, more than it usually is.

Wait a second, his smile is getting all toothy and wide...“Oh? Oh! Homygod you are so corny!” Your cheeks match his as you squeal. You take a moment to collect yourself as you look up and away in thought with a hint of a smile. “...Thank you,” You whisper. “I love you. I really needed this.”

“Ahhh ich habe dich sehr lieb mein Schatz!” Pandora sings before staring deep into your eyes, unblinking, focused, intense. This is more than his stubborn demand for eye contact, that he is trying to tell you something his words can not. It is a little weird, but, so are you, so is he, and...

“You never required an instructor,” Pandora reaffirms before biting his lip. His face goes crooked as he gives his shoulders a shimmy, “However! If you do so desire for me to passionately demonstrate unto you the absolute glory of [Níðhöggr]--!”

“Ugh, how about nooo?” You crinkle your nose and slap your tail across his. “The ring of sleuth is bad enough and forming wings for the first time was hella painful,” You rub the back of your neck and shake your head in disgust. “I can only imagine what full body morphing is like.”
“I find it quite sensual my love.”

A hummed giggle slips into your words. “I know you do,” You relax as the petite sun between Pandora’s horns begins to set. His spell is almost up, which means that yours should be vanishing any time as well. “Hey, why are your horns smalle--”

Your right eye buzzes. You rub at it with an open palm before [Message] comes in.

Uh oh.

[Message]

Conisdering that you as well as Pandora's Actor are the only ones capable of summoning [Approach of the Second Sun] might I assume that those are indeed your incantations and not the end of the world as the citizens in E-Rantel are claiming?

Heyyy buddy! Uh...Yeah. Those are ours. Haha do they really think that?

Holly these are medieval peasants that have prophecies for their prophecies. Of course they think the apocalypse has arrived. There are three suns in the sky.

Oh. Uh...oops? M-My bad, really, I wasn’t thinki-

You rarely do.

Ouchies.

Ah, I am merely poking fun at you. Nevertheless I must ask that you exercise on the err of caution when casting your higher class spells out in the open. I already have had to make an excuse for myself with [Fallen Down] and the havoc it wreaked on the land. Perhaps you could rehearse on the sixth floor and avoid my shortcomings next time come round?

I understand. Hey you did a really good job with your explanation for [Fallen Down]. The crystal thing was mad smart. Maybe we can just uh...let the people make what they want of the three suns? Hey who says it has to be a bad thing, right? Maybe it can mean an awesome harvest year.
Hm. That is a positive outlook. I will see what I can do while in E-Rantel to stifle the masses nerves.

Sorry to uh, cause you the trouble. Really.

Ehh do not burden yourself with the notion. Honestly I am more impressed than anything. That spell is still just as beautiful as I remember it.

Awww. Um..thank you. I think so too!

You are welcome. I will ask that Albedo schedule you and I an appropriate time to discuss your dealings in Carne Village face to face. For the time bein-

I can literally hear you pointing at the sky.

Ha, indeed I am.

Pfft.

Uwah, meeting adjourned.

Yeah, yeah I love you too.~

Mmm.

[End Message]

“Sooo,” You start with a muffled chuckle as you scratch the top of your head. “The people in E-
Rantel and possibly further might think we’ve summoned the end of the world.”

The buzz of construction fills your ears. Workers for hire labor to repair the adventurers conference hall in the Re-Estize capital from the earthquake a few days ago.

Chunks of debris litter the edge of the right side of the building. Primitive caution tape weaves through the fenced off area. A bell rings and a cheer of masculine sighs and chatter announces that it’s time for a lunch break.

From the topmost banister lined with royal flags carrying the kings mark, at a table for two, you sit with Pandora’s Actor with your legs crossed in your seat. Condensation clings to the glass mug before you. Frothy white foam floats atop a purling caramel colored liquid. Two vanilla bean sticks rest inside as carbonation bubbles around them.

Pandora rests with one leg folded over the other, his inhuman hand cradling his chin. Every few moments his face twitches as he snaps his gaze from one person to the next, following their mental and verbal conversations. Without adjusting his gaze Pandora’s other hand scribbles fiercely in the thin journal you picked up for him back at the city faire.

You draw your frosty flagon with both of your hands to your lips. You slurp down a generous portion of your Honeycomb tonic that tastes like fizzy butterscotch. It’s so sweet that it makes your jaw ache.

Good shit.

You lick your lips as you set down your drink. You motion for Pandora to lean towards you as you pinch your brows together. He croons his head to the side curiously before his eyes arch up high and he obliges.

“Jaja, liebling?”

“There,” you grin as you adjust his gold adventures plate that he fashions between the crimson collar of his uniform. “I like that you put it there, it looks good on you.”

“Ohhh danke dir Holly, I like yours as well--, err, hehehe Winterberry it seems that...Mmm,” Pandora chuckles as he reaches to smooth his index finger over the tip of your nose, flicking away a glob of cream. “Liebling, du bist so niedlich~”

“Thank you,” You rub at your nose as you wiggle your lips from side to side with a song in your voice. “Darling, you are so...what does needlish mean?”

“Adorab--”

The wide mahogany double doors of the guild hall swing open. The sun outlines a young nobleman who rushes forward, tripping while waving a scroll. The paper claps about as he breathlessly shouts,
“I b-bring word from, from King Ramposa the third!”

Both you and Pandora’s Actor lean over the wooden railing as if you two are going to vault off of it at any moment.

“What word do you bring of our high lord young man?!” The hall fills with shouts and demands of knowledge until the adventurers guilds manager slams his fist against a table with a roar. “Silence you fools, let the boy speak!”

“H-H-He, He,” The stuttering young noble clears his throat as he holds the parchment up high, “King, King Ramposa the third requests aid of all available adventurers! His majesty p-p-petitions that any able bodied adventurer make haste towards the Katze plains! Our stocks for the coming winter are under siege!”

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Thank you for your Kudos, Bookmarks, and Comments!

Tumblr

Deviantart
It is in times of panic and chaos that people will listen to just that. Panic and chaos. Disorder has broken out among the mob of adventurers. Gathered in a tight crowd on the outskirts of the Katze plains they push, shove, and holler in the confusion. Plates of prestige in rank with the guild do not matter; There is no leadership. Torch fire glints off of raised swords.

“We need to go this way!” One man booms over the rest. His chain mail rattles as he thrusts his axe towards a far off stockyard. Black smoke edged with a red glow hovers over his chosen direction. “We can’t afford to lose the cattle!”

“Never mind the cattle!” A younger man cries. “We have to save the grain! Without it we’ll all starve you fool!”

The moon reflects off of shards of glass from shattered pickling jars. The pungent scent of vinegar carries across the howling wind. Caught in the air cinders of the burning feed yard dot the night sky. You wave your hand in front of your face as drifting smoke burns your eyes and throat.

You cough as you make your way through the crowd. Before you can shoulder your way through two arguing adventurers Pandora fits his hands between their breastplates and parts them.

“Excuuuse us, good fellows!”

As soon as the both of you pass they are back at it, chest to chest, shouting at each other incoherently.

Pandora’s boots splash through puddles of wine. Hundreds of gallons of still fermenting booze collect in pools of the unleveled vineyard. Splintered planks of wood drift over the liquid rushing from gashed casks. Hints of shredded and strange looking foliage dot the fluid.

Florets with cyst like growths. Leaves with scarlet veins. Thorns upon serrated thorns that drip black.

It unsettles your posture as you take a step back into Pandora. You gaze over to the settlements
repository and a dark chill slides down your spine.

The vineyard’s warehouse groans. Consumed with twists of vines from an alchemist's nightmare the walls seem to breathe as they bend inwards and outwards. Boards pop out of place and are swiftly tugged in by climbing tendrils. At the apex of the building, above the kings coat of arms, a bulbous floweret pulses.

From the top of a quickly thrown up stage and podium, your destination, the thump of a great bow being drawn quells the air.

“Get down!” A burly knight fashioned in metallic chestnut armor thunders from atop the stadium. With two fingers raised he throws his hand and the shriek of an arrow follows.

You duck as you toss your arms above your head. Pandora draws you into the crook of his arm as he flares his coat over your back. A hiss sizzles over the panic and chaos. The crowd falls quiet except for the gentle scrapes of armor and the sheathing of weaponry.


You poke your head back up to sneak a peek. What you see instead makes you stand a little straighter. You crane your neck up to Pandora as you look to him before turning back to the warehouse once more. “Damn..is that?” You gulp. “Ya know?”

“Jaja, Winterberry,” Pandora leans in close as he firmly grasps your shoulder. “That is but an infinitesimal subdivision our bounty!”

Puncturing the mauve swell like a dart upon a board the arrow from moments ago rests dead in its center. Bullseye. From its screwed blossom the wilting bulb oozes a puss so dark of red it glints like obsidian. Vines snap as they shrivel and break off the building. The withering flower slouches forward and crashes to the ground below in a wet squelch. The kings coat of arms follows, splashing face down in a mixture of wine and black blood.

It is in times of panic and confusion that people will listen to just that. That is until they are given an alternative; A path to follow. Where there are natural born followers, there are those born to lead.

You take a step forward as does the man on the stage.

“Now that I have your attention,” There is an edge to his proud tone as his fist roars against his chest plate. “I am Gazef Stronoff, warrior captain of the Re-Estize Kingdom and chosen guard to King Romposa the third. Hear my words! We must make haste for the grain silos. Stand with me men!”

Gazef takes another step forward. He nearly overshadows the moon with his bear like fist launched in the air as he bellows, “In the name of the King!”

Something in you stirs as the crowd shouts back. You ball up your fists as Gazef marches away. His sunbathed mantle claps in the wind as he disappears, and the last you see of him are embers fading to ash as they die on his armor.

Adamantite is your next conquest. Carne Village was a success and you even did more than expected, and without prompt. You did more because you wanted to do more. Because you can do more! You bring up your hands and watch as you flex your fingers. You have your magic.

Even with your Ring of Sleuth on? If you think of one of your conjurable spells you can feel your blood simmer at the ready. You can command what was once impossible in another world. Something only in stories; Only in video games.
There is no such thing as a small accomplishment. The only difference between extraordinary and ordinary is just that little extra. You summoned a second sun. A second sun! A real one! Not something made of data and particles, but an actual star brought forth by you.

It is through pride of accomplishment that you have made the decision that after obtaining Adamantite you are going to pay a visit to the Lizard Men to refresh relations. Somewhere in there you hope to have a meeting with Momonga so the two of you can keep on equal footing. That way you can begin to plot goals together instead of apart.

“You have crossed worlds Holly! You have transcended the very intervals of time and space to be standing where you are!”

You take a deep breathe.

...Maybe you are meant to be a supreme being.

“Come on!” You tug on Pandora’s sleeve as you begin to head with the crowd. Although you are following a path now, when the time comes, you will lead. Your hips wiggle to compensate for the lack of a tail wanting to wag. “Let’s go or they’ll get ahead!”

“Allow the masses their false trajectory,” Pandora chuckles. He wraps an arm around your shoulder as he pivots the other direction, swinging you with him. “While I can appreciate the Warrior Captains zeal his incomprehension of the matter at hand will only drive these adventurers in a worthless cycle.”

You furrow your brows as you scan the distant corn field. “...So don’t go with them?”

“Nein. Let us allow them the distraction we require so that you and I can feast on the more tangible prize ahead!”

“Okayy,” You scratch at your neck. “What prize do you mean? Isn’t our goal here to stop whatever the hell that mean ass plant thing is from wrecking shop?”

“Ja, you are correct in that assertion! However there reposes an additional possibility, a most scrupulous tidbit of knowledge unbeknownst to the masses that operates in our favor. For example!” Pandora tosses a hand to his heart as he brings you in tighter, leaning his head against yours. “Iffff I happened to be a hyperactive breed of Elowan Inkvine I certainly would not reveal myself in such an obvious manner! Ha! I would simply...stow my veritable person in a discrete yet near on proximity position and have my subsidiaries discharge the labor at my leisure.”

You tilt your head over your shoulder. You tuck your chin into Pandora’s forearm as you gaze towards the stockyards. All that remains of the once blundering adventurers are dust clouds and footprints. “So that’s just a distraction....” Your words trail off as you put the pieces together. You feel like your mind is working overtime until you gasp with a snap forward, hand clutching Pandora’s, pulling him towards the corn fields. “It’s like a lich phylactery! You know that it’s over there don’t you?!”

The corn husks rustle as you dash through them. “You clever bastard!”

Pandora’s gregarious laughter at your conclusion lights up the night sky brighter than any fire or moon could. Your laughter soon matches as your body is suddenly yanked to the left and you nearly smack into an ear of corn. “This way liebling!”

Pandora crunches down the stalks as he takes the lead. You skip over the thick stems and take the liberty of kicking more than a few ears of corn as you run hand in hand. It is not long before the the
leafy color of the husks drain. The sounds below Pandora’s feet fade to whispers as the field withers. Once golden corn with threads like fireworks are now shriveled hulls. The last one you kicked crumbled.

A white picket fence riddled with peeled paint borders a single barn. Dried patches of grass speckle the yard. Rolling shadows pass over the ground as clouds travel the night sky. Abandoned silos consumed with rust and unfurling sheets of metal flank the barn. Primitive farm equipment speckles the rest of the clearing.

A raspy groan grates your ears. You lean forward with a hand curved over your earlobe to aid in amplifying the sound. “Is that...moaning?”

“Mmm I would not be surprised,” Pandora adjusts his cap before bounding over the fence. “Following the spoilage upon the land provoked by the annual clashing of provinces the surrounding territory has become a breeding ground for undead. Ah! Look, there is the culprit now.”

Pandora flicks his wrist and extends a lengthy finger towards a wheeled plow. Just to the side of the equipment, with a leg caught on the coulter, shambles a solitary figure.

“Oh eww, is that a zombie? Like a real zombie?”

With a casual lift of his finger the zombie raises with Pandora’s motion. A halo of red licks around the animated corpse. A confused moan gurgles from the zombies throat just before Pandora tosses his hand to the side, finger pointed, and sends the poor thing flying like a home run.

Weeeeeee!

Pandora swings his hand before you in offering as you hop over the fence. “The detestable sight has been vanquished from your alluring eyes my love!”

As you take his hand you think you might need to lay some ground rules down with Pandora. That or you need to be really careful with what you think is ugly around him. You have been lucky so far. The last thing you need is for him to start launching people in the different kingdoms across the sky.

You snort out a thanks as you make your way towards the barn. The closer you draw the warmer the ground gets. You stop to test the soil with a few prods of your right foot and everything is oddly soft.

Your next step makes the barn shiver. You place a hand on your scabbard, your other raised defensively in a stopping gesture. A violet effulgence flashes like a branch of lightning from the cracked windows. Echoes of deep bawling quiver loosen boards from the structure.

You wrap your hand around your swords hilt as thick stalks of vines burst from the windows. They curve back around the building protectively, hugging it’s sides and multiplying in bunches until the barn is concealed. Glints of violet shine through the tight gaps of the coiling vines.

“So,” Your laugh is uncomfortable at best as you begin to reveal Kingslayer (Adept). “How uh, strong is it?”

At least it’s not a bug this time.

“Infantile; Yet moderately formidable. However it is no match for the might of a supreme being!”

“Uhh give me a number from one to ten? Like, one being a goblin and ten being--”
“Winterberry I believe you or I could gift it with a swift kick and it would cease to exist.”

“Oh.” You glance down towards your hand. “Even with my ring on?”

Pandora brings his boots together with a stomp. “Kingslayer (Adept) possesses a monumental damage output! Even in becoming hampered by your Ring of Sleuth this trivial beast lacks the fortitude to dare to hold a candle to you.”

You nod as you draw out your blade. Kingslayer (Adept)’s lilac fuller glints in the moonlight. “Okay. Okay,” You take a deep enough breath and the air that fills your lungs inflates your posture. You push your chest out as you tilt your sword towards the barn. “I wanna be the one to take it out.”

That’s right; You’ve got this. Just amp yourself up! This is like jumping into a freezing cold pool instead of checking the temperature with a dip of your toe. Easy peasy. This totally isn’t you, with a sword, waltzing up to a barn with a big ol’ plant monster wiggling inside.

Right?

Right…

Hey. At least it’s not a bug!

You inch forward. Tiny steps turn into longer, more confident strides the closer you draw on approach. The vines constrict tighter as they scrape against each other. From between thorns florets begin to pop up from the flesh of the vines. The air grows humid and catches in your throat like a cloud of mud. You crane your neck up high as another flash of violet erupts from the barn.

If life has taught you anything it’s to always knock on doors from here on out. Just as you prod your swords tip through a gap in the barn the doors thrust open. Vines spray forward like a thousand grabbing hands. A blast of heat that damn near peels the skin from your face sends you stumbling backwards.

Your eyes burn from the impact, tears evaporating before they can slide from your tear ducts. Kingslayer (Adept) keeps you balanced as you drive it like a stake into the ground. You shade your forehead with your arm as you peer inside.

Here we go.

Continuously growing vines creep from a lotus better suited as a giants brooch than holding here in this barn. Its many petals stretch to tickle the ceiling. Leaflets unfurl to grind against support beams. The crown of the lotus twists as it blossoms. The base of the bulbous bloom pulses. A violet flash. And then it shrieks.

Globs of black acid spew from the flower and slap against the ground before you. A squealed *yeesh* escapes from your lips as you hop to the right to avoid the hissing substance. The ground sloughs as the caustic solution dissolves the soil. You hopscotch your way around the puddles, and as you crouch behind a support beam you think you hear Pandora shouting?

Yep, he is shouting. It is incoherent but you pick up on some of his German. His voice always deepens a little when he switches to his native tongue. You lean out from behind your cover to see him with a fist in the air and his happy ass bouncing up and down, chains rattling, coat clapping in the wind behind him like a cape.

Sludge smacks the ground before you and splashes above your head. The screws in the column
whine as they glow red before melting. The wood catches fire. You launch towards a bale of hay, skidding to a stop as it ignites from the roiling heat and dry air. You move to dart behind another beam and it too is already consumed with climbing fire.

A violet flash. The air distorts. Crackling flames eats away at the building as the flower wobbles with another ear splitting shriek. Acid flies from its tip. You dodge what you can until you understand what is happening. Ding!

*It's trying to take the building down!* 

Sweat makes Kingslayer (Adept)'s hilt slip in your grasp. Fist to fist you fit both hands over your swords handle. You toss your body through the maze of wreckage. Wet hair smacks against your forehead and makes it difficult to see. Your lips pull back and your heart stutters as you fumble, stumbling over you do not know what.

You take the fall into a roll. Your shoulder bangs the ground. *Ouch.* A sharp pain zings through to your neck. You seethe as you scramble to a knee, finding yourself back before the lotus and flanked by encroaching pools of acid.

Kingslayer (Adept) gyrates in your grasp as it hums. You smirk as you steal a glance at your sword. It has to be electricity that replaces your blood as you pounce forward, swinging your sword for all your worth.

The lotus shrieks.

And you scream back.

A shock wave rips from Kingslayer (Adept). Another violet flash bathes the room only to be out shined by the silver cyclone unleashed from your blade. On contact the slice of energy cuts through the flower like tissue paper. For a moment you think nothing has happened…

Until from the thinnest line a different yet familiar ooze, crimson, seeps from a wound that stretches the circumference of the lotus. Vines shoot back into the flower and try to stitch themselves to save their host. The barn groans; Creeks. Shifting to the left and slicking across itself the Elowan Inkvine crashes through the side of the barn, leaving a smoldering stump.

You hopscotch around the drying puddles of acid back to Pandora as you wave Kingslayer (Adept) high in the air. “I did it! I did it!”

“Ah my most precious kadupul wunderbar!” Pandora rushes towards you with his arms wide open in victory. Your hair wetly slaps against him as you collide in a series of happy laughter. “Simply marvelous mademoiselle!”

The corn fields rustle. A thick masculine voice like that of cough syrup and cement calls out over the stalks. “Hey, not bad kid! That's some fancy footwork you’ve got there.”

You step back from Pandora as you sheath your sword. You instinctively duck as you whisper, “I didn’t know I had an audience why didn’t you say something?!”

“Once I sensed her I found it paramount to allow her the privilege of witnessing such a sight! Someone other than your glorious self and I must be able to tell the tale of she who slayed the nefarious Bloodroot of the Katze Plains.—”

You swing your head to the side as you stare passed Pandora. Strutting like a peacock a mountain of a man in burgundy armor makes his way towards you. He runs a hand over his head, clearing his
face of his dusty hair, before barking out a brash laugh.

“I gotta hand it to ya! I was about to jump in before you pulverized that thing.” The man slams his fist into an open palm. Wait…

You use Pandora to hide to quick ask him a question. “..She?”

“Mm quite the...ambiguous fellow?”

“Come on out little cutey don’t be shy. If you can take on that bulk I promise I ain’t much.”

Okay how in the hell are you supposed to respond to that? This man bear woman thing looks like she could grind your hip bones to dust. You ease your way from the shelter Pandora provides as you give a polite wave.

Yeah, better to just not address that. “Hey over there! Uh, thanks!”

“Yeah, no problem.” The woman struts forward until she demands her way between you and Pandora’s Actor. Her armor clanks as she lifts her arms in a flex. She smacks a kiss against her right bicep before arching her brows. “The names Gargaran fancy feet. Adamantite champion and the resident badass of the Blue Roses.”

Fancy feet?

“So that’s the one responsible for this?” Presumably a young woman, no taller than two gnomes in a trench coat and fashioned in the red robes to match, lands silently beside you. “Impressive.”

“Evileye.” She offers with an extended hand, and it doesn’t take a fool to pick up on the distrust in her tone. Of course. The little one is the spicy one.

You tuck your shoulders back as you grasp her hand. Everyone respects a firm handshake. “Nice to meet you. Are there uh, anymore of you?”

“No,” Evileye responds just as firm as her grip on your hand. Once finished she crosses her arms over her chest. “Not here at least. Our team split off into sections to better aid the situation. However it seems that wasn’t necessary..”

“Indeed!” Pandora proclaims as he grips your shoulder, walking you towards him with a pull of his arm. You turn as he twists his hand, signalling for you to put your back into him. He draws you closer as he leans forward. “Ladies it is simply nothing short of a pleasure to meet your acquaintances! Perhaps we could continue this consultation of ours back at the adventurers guild? We would be most appreciative if you could lend us your kind words of affirmation of this accomplishment back in the Kingdom!”

“Sure.” Evileye responds.

Gargaran tosses her hip to the side before smacking a hand across Evileye’s back, earning her a very disgruntled hey! “Come on now shorty don’t be so uptight!” Gargaran redirects her attention to Pandora before she belts out a throaty hum. “Yeah, that sounds about right. Fair enough you guys did a great job. By the way,” She leans in with a smirk. “Who are you young man?”

“Who am I you ask?!” Pandora’s chest rumbles with his bravado. His hand lifts from your shoulder with a flick of his wrist. His coat tents your arms as his posture rises like a dawning sun.

Oh no.
Thankfully Pandora’s Actor had the foresight you lack to collect undeniable proof of the Elowan Inkvine’s downfall. A core like heart that resembles a petite purple cabbage. Which now rests in a glass dome, on a mantle above the Adventuring guilds fireplace. Even with the notoriously known Blue Roses seal of approval in the form of Hey, yeah that’s the one who took it down? The guild still wanted evidence.

You even had to show them Kingslayer (Adept) so they could match up the swords edge with the gash in the damn thing back at the barn.

Eh. You can’t really blame them. Apparently it is not often for two adventurers to shoot up from Gold to Adamantite in one quest.

You take a moment to rest, shouldering your weight against your elbow. You scratch a hand against the worn grain of the guild halls registration table. The man behind the counter shuffles the paperwork you have already filled out.

You tap your quill against what feels like the millionth form as you glance over your shoulder. Pride climbs across your face and through to your lips in a smile. You did that. The fireplace has quite the collection of spectators and adventurers alike, all gawking and pointing at the Elowan Inkvine’s heart, or, better known as Pandora’s Actor has spread, Bloodroot.

He really wanted Blutwurzel but you opted for Bloodroot.

Easier to say.

You dip the tip of your pen in some ink and continue filling out your paperwork. An initial here, a criss cross there, a few boxes checked, the works. Pandora joins your side with a mug of the honeycomb stuff you adore. Set neatly and already on a chain between his collar rests his Adamantite tag. He can zip through paperwork faster than anyone has a right too.

“Ohh man I love that stuff. Thank you so much!” You scribble away as you grip the flagon’s handle with your other hand. Ice cold and the warmth from your palm breaks the fog clouding the glass. Hell yes. You swig down two hearty mouthfuls before setting it down and licking your lips.

Liquid butterscotch and you don’t think you can ever get sick of this stuff. Even if it kinda hurts your back teeth from how sweet it is.

“Ohh my dear you are most certainly welcome!” Pandora hums as he stacks the papers you have finished and placed face down. He slides them across the table and gestures for more. The next batch hits the desk with a loud whap.

“Excuse me, miss?” The man behind the counter asks as he reaches a scroll your way.

“Yeah?” You take the scroll, flicking it so that it rolls open. The king’s crest lays at the top in a glob of thick red wax. “What’s this?”

“That piece of parchment has his lord’s holy signature at the bottom. His actual signature! It’s the most important document here. By signing your name there you reaffirm who you are with the
kingdom as an adamantite adventurer.”

“Oh, nice. So just sign below his name, yeah?”

The man leans over the counter and whispers. “Go with something different now. Trust me it’ll help. People get a little fanatical over popular adventurers. You know Momon right? You think that’s his real name? Imagine if people knew who he really was,” The manpausestopcoverhismouthashe

laughs. “He’d never be safe!”

Oh this dude doesn’t even know.

You can’t wait to give Momonga shit for this.

“Say,” You swing your head from side to side before leaning over the counter. “I heard that Momon also likes to go by the name of King Shadow Lord.”

“Does he now?!”

“Yeahhh, it’s like his favorite. Totally.”

Teehee.

Just as you begin to write a large cursive A the man behind the counter clears his throat. You lift up your eyes to see him twiddling his thumbs with a nervous smile. “Soo...what’s your name?”

“I’m—”

“Hey now don’t you know? This here is Kadupul!” Gargaran proudly announces as she grabs your shoulder and rocks you back and forth. Ugh, you thought she was still at the bar…

Of course she heard him. Of freakin’ course.

Pandora makes a tender sound. His shoulders raise as he clasps his hands together as if he is almost begging you to take the name.

…Damn. You glance between him and the A on the document. Sigh. Artorian will have to stay as an old gamer tag. You belt out a groan as you sweep your pen to the left, drawing out a capital K, and promptly filling out the rest.

“The difference between ordinary and extraordinary is that little extra.”

— Jimmy Johnson

Thank you for your Kudos, Bookmarks, and Comments!
Hallo Hallo my beloveds! Next chapter is in the works and is currently sitting at 4kish. I've been working on a few one shots for my Jörmungandr's chosen collection and my side story Tales of Artorian a bit more than I have COJ. So, if you enjoy my writing and would like to read some more Overlord stuff please check out those stories! ❤ Links below.

⚔ Tales of Artorian ⚔

Jörmungandr's Chosen

As always thank you all so much for your support and I look forward to updating soon.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!