[On Hold] An Overlord Can Be "Lazy" To You Know?(18+) [Overlord]

by ThatLazyImmortal

Summary

-This is a [[Overlord x Male Reader]] story. *Albedo ~ <3!*

-I recommend that you read the "Tags" just so you know what you're getting into and what to expect.

-Also, you do NOT have to watch or read the "Overlord" 'Anime'/Manga'/Light novel' to read this story but it wouldn't hurt if you did as it's a great series and I personally enjoyed it.

-I also use Images in this story so if you don't see them please let me know so I can fix them. Anyways, hope you enjoy the story! :)}
-You can also find this story on "Wattpad" but I'm also publishing this here as well since Wattpad is unreliable and I'm really liking the freedom I have in "AO3" (archiveofourown.org). So yeah, enjoy!

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[This story will be following(although not exactly) the Light Novel: "Overlord".]
I'm just writing for fun but "Helpful" criticism is welcome.

[Updates will be random so please don't ask when I'll update.]

[This story will be "Mature". Meaning - Sex, Cursing, Violence, and possible face slapping, Etc...]
I don't own "Overlord" or any of the Images I use but I do own this story. All credits go to their rightfully awesome creators. ;)]

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[References]

-(Y/n) = Your Name.

- "____" = Dialogue. {Example - "I used to be an Overlord like you, till I took an arrow to the nut sack."}

- '____' = Whispering. {Example - 'Blalal blalal blala.'}

- (____) = Thoughts. {Example - (My god look at that...Blueberry Muffin.)}

- *____* = Effects/Actions. {Example - *Booooom* or *Ahem* or *Groans* or *Moans* or *Slap*}

-(A/N) = (Authors note).
Chapter Notes

(A/n: Sorry if this chapter seems like an info dump. Also, some of you will probably(totally) recognize the beginning.)

See the end of the chapter for more notes
ThatLazyImmortal: Are you ready?!

Readers: My body... Is ready. 😇.
In the year 2138, there exists something called a “DMMO-RPG.”

This stands for “Dive Massively Multiplayer Online Role-Playing Game.” While connected via an intracranial nanocomputer network called a “neuro-nano interface,” which combines the best of cyber- and nanotechnology, players experience physical sensations as if they were really inhabiting an imaginary world.

In other words, you play as if you’re actually in the world of the game.
And among all the various DMMO-RPGs that had been developed, one stood above the rest.

"Yggdrasil."

It had been released twelve years earlier, in 2126, by a Japanese developer who had been waiting for just the right moment.
Compared to other DMMO-RPGs at the time, Yggdrasil gave players an incredible amount of freedom.

For example, consider the class system, a fundamental element of character customization. Counting the advanced classes as well as the base ones, there were well over two thousand. Since each class had only 15 levels, players could have seven or more classes by the time they hit the overall level cap of 100. As long as they met the basic requirements, they could dabble as they pleased. Though it would be inefficient, a player could acquire one hundred classes at level 1 if they wanted to. In other words, the system was such that, unless they were deliberately created that way, no two characters would ever be the same. Then, by using the creator’s tool kit—sold separately—players could edit the appearance of their weapons and armor, as well as the advanced settings of their in-game residences.

The environment awaiting players who ventured into this world was enormous. In fact, there were nine worlds: Asgard, Alfheim, Vanaheim, Nidavellir, Midgard, Jotunheim, Niflheim, Helheim, and Muspelheim.

A vast world, a staggering number of classes, and graphics that could be tweaked to one’s heart’s content—it was precisely the amount of customization that poured nitroglycerin onto the Japanese creative spirit and led to the game’s explosive popularity. It got to the point wherein Japan the word DMMO-RPG was practically synonymous with Yggdrasil.

But that was all in the past now…
I yawned while leaning on my chair and staring at the 39 empty but still magnificent looking seats surrounding a gigantic circular table shone with an obsidian gleam.

"Hey, Momonga I don't think anyone else is coming since the game servers are about to shut down." I say to my best friend in-game and in real life that's sitting right next to me.

Momonga who has the appearance of an undead skeleton wearing an extravagant raven-black academic robe with purple and gold trim as his in-game character sighed. "...I guess you're right. No point in waiting here then, why don't we head to the Throne Room?" He asks staring at my Amethyst-colored eyes that have vertical slit pupils.
I ran my hand through my long Jet-black hair that's so dark it seems to absorb all light as I thought about it for a moment then nodded. "Sure let's go, plus I want to check out Albedo that hot piece off ass one last time, hehe~."

Momonga sighed and sent me what felt like a 'what am I going to do with you' look even tho his skeletal face didn't move one bit since the game Yggdrasil doesn't support facial expressions but we can use emoticons although I barely use It. "Who would have thought that the founder of our guild 'Ainz Ooal Gown' and the strongest player in Yggdrasil's history would be a massive pervert."

I flip him off while standing up from my chair and heading for the door.

He chuckled and stood up as well. "Anyways, let me get the staff on the wall and we'll head out. We might as well go out in style." He heads to the wall and grabs a very fancy looking staff that looks like it's made out of pure gold with several gems on top.

(It might as well be the infinity gauntlet just in the form of a staff.) I thought to myself as we head out of the room called the Round Table and to the Throne Room.

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Momonga and I silently walked through the halls of the palace.

I look around feeling nostalgic. It really does feel like a majestic, ornate world reminiscent of Neuschwanstein Castle. Chandeliers hung at regular intervals, shining warm light from the high ceilings. The polished floor of the wide hallway reflected the light as marble would, gleaming as if it were full of stars. Upon opening any of the doors to the right or left, the grandeur of the furnishings inside would take one’s breath away. If any nonmember came here, they’d be amazed —amazed that such luxury could exist in this legendary place, the notorious Great Tomb of Nazarick, where the largest army in the game’s history (an alliance of eight guilds, plus other affiliated guilds, mercenary players, mercenary non-player characters (NPCs), and so on, for a total of 1,500 men) had once arrived on a punitive expedition only to be completely wiped out.

The Great Tomb of Nazarick was originally constructed with six levels, but after Ainz Ooal Gown conquered it, it was dramatically transformed. At present, there were ten underground levels, each with its own distinct features. For travel between floors, there are specific points on each floor, where gates open to allow magical transit.
Floor 1~3 —— Catacombs
Floor 4 —— Underground Lake
Floor 5 —— Glacier
Floor 6 —— Jungle
Floor 7 —— Underground Volcano
Floor 8 —— Wilderness
Floor 9 —— Royal Suite
Floor 10 —— Throne Room

The last two floors were the base of Ainz Ooal Gown, one of the top 10 guilds in the entirety of Yggdrasil. We could have been number one but we didn't very much care for things like that since most of us only played for fun.

As we continued walking through the halls while heading to the Throne Room I chatted with Momonga.

"So Momonga, how's the married life treating ya?" I asked remembering that he just got married recently.

Even though his face didn't move an inch I could tell he was smiling widely from the vibe he gave. "It's great. As a matter of fact, after the Yggdrasil servers shut down me and the wife decided to go on our honeymoon~."

I smiled inside and pat him on the shoulder. "I wish you the best, my friend." I say teasingly since I know his wife is a beast in bed from what he's told me when he was drunk that one time and started blabbering random stuff.

He chuckled and as we continued walking through the halls I noticed the badass looking butler of Nazarik known as "Sebas Tian" a '5-foot 10-inch' tall old but fit man superbly dressed in a traditional butler uniform. His short hair was completely white, as was his immaculate beard, his back was as straight as the blade of a steel sword. The Conspicuous wrinkles on his chiseled Caucasian features gave him an air of kindness, but his penetrating eyes were like those of a hawk targeting its prey.
Behind him, trailing him like his shadows, were six combat maids also known as the "Pleiades". They all wore armor based on manga-style maid uniforms featuring metal vambraces and greaves of silver, gold, black, and other colors, with white lace headpieces instead of helmets. They also each carried a different weapon. Basically, they were maid warriors. Their hairstyles were varied as well: a chignon, a ponytail, a straight cut, braids, rolled curls, a French twist. The only thing they had in common was how beautiful they were, but even their beauty came in various types: bewitching, wholesome, Japanese…
They might seem like real people but they are in fact NPC's (Non-Player Characters) that only follow set commands programmed into them and have no true intelligence of their own.

Momonga lightly bopped me on the head with the staff seeing that I'm drolling over the Pleiades again and sighed. "Every time you see them you do the same thing, thank goodness the game doesn't allow anything sexual that's 18+ or I'm afraid you'd force yourself on them."

"...T-there's no way I'd do something so tasteless as that..." I sound rather unconvincing even to myself.

"Of course you wouldn't..." He says totally not believing me then turns to Sebas and Pleiades. "Follow us."

Sebas and the Pleiades bow respectfully to us and follow us from behind as we enter the Throne Room.

As soon as we head inside the mood changed. The previous room had already been as tranquil and solemn as a shrine, but the scene here surpassed even that. The new atmosphere exerted a physical pressure; the exquisite workmanship could be felt weighing on one's entire body.

The room was huge—a hundred people could come in and there would still be space leftover—and the ceilings so high.

The walls were primarily white with ornamentation done mainly in gold. The magnificent chandeliers that hung from the ceiling were made of jewels in a rainbow of colors and cast a dreamy sparkling light. On the walls, hanging from the ceiling to the floor, were large flags, each with a different crest—forty-one in all.

On the far side of this lavish gold-and-silver room was a short flight of ten stairs. At the top was a throne carved out of a giant crystal, it's back practically tall enough to reach the heavens. Behind it was a large scarlet tapestry bearing the guild's crest.

This was the most important location in the entire Great Tomb of Nazarick, the Throne Room.
As we were heading deeper inside Momonga suddenly sounded panicked. "Are you kidding me?!"

"Hm? What happened all of a sudden?" I ask as a question mark emoji appears above my head.

He groaned and rubbed his skeletal forehead seeming very annoyed. "I just got a message from the airport that our flight schedule changed and is about to leave. I have to go now or the wife and I won't make it in time."

"Seriously...?"

He sighed deeply. "...Seriously."

I scratched my head and patted him on the shoulder not knowing this would be the last time we'd ever see each other again. "Well damn, when you gotta go you gotta go."

"Sorry about this my friend. I really wanted to go out in a blaze of glory with you." He gave me a manly hug which I returned.
I chuckled as we separated. "Don't worry about it. Hope you enjoy your honeymoon."

He gave me a thumbs up and logged off while leaving the staff behind which I put into my inventory. I sighed and headed for the throne at the end of the room while the maids and butler continue following me.

As soon as I get close to the throne I instantly look next to it and see "Albedo" the Overseer of the Guardians of the Great Tomb of Nazarik. She is in charge of the general management and supervises the activities of the seven Floor Guardians, meaning that she ranks above all the other NPC's in Nazarick. and as usual, She is gorgeous, wearing a pure white dress on her '5-foot 6-inch' tall, hourglass-shaped and fair-skinned body. Her faint smile was like that of a goddess. She had long and lustrous black hair. Her golden irises and vertical slit pupils are amazing to look at and don't detract one bit from her peerless feminine beauty. She also has thick horns that curled forward out of her temples, like a ram's. But that wasn't all. Black angel wings sprouted out of her back near her hips. She also wore a glittering golden necklace like a spiderweb covering her shoulders and chest. Her delicate hands also had silk-like gloves on them.

I turned to the Pleiades and sebas. "Stand by." I say and they go to the side.

Before sitting on the Throne I decided to call forth my weapon. "Rise forth from the ashes 'Laevateinn'." My voice turns deep and powerful witch causes the air around me to tremble as Purple-Black flames appear in mid-air right in front of me and take the shape of my weapon. "Laevateinn" a Jet-black Greatsword with demonic purple-red veins carved onto it.
With my weapon in hand, I climb the steps to the Throne and sit down. (It's comfier than I thought.) I glanced at the awesome looking watch on my wrist. "Hm... I have about 15 minutes until Yggdrasil's servers shut down." As soon as the words leave my mouth I feel a huge grin form on my face. "Time to mess around since I've nothing better to do!"

I look at Albedo and open her status. Looking through it I found out that she was a succubus which I had forgotten about. As I was reading her description at inhuman speeds the last sentence caught my attention. "What? She's a bitch? Fuck that shit, I'll use my administrator rights and change it to... let me see..." I thought about it for a moment and shamelessly grinned. "Hehe~ I'll change it so that she's deeply and madly in love with (Y/n) which is my in-game name as well as my real-life one."

Not satisfied which changing only Albedo's settings, I open the guild menu and select the Pleiades's settings and change somethings around. I especially changed Entoma who was, in fact, an insect disguised as a little girl into a demon which will probably make her into a real fuckable girl. That and because insects creep me the fuck out.

(Hm... Who or what else can I change since everything is going to end anyways might as well have some more fun messing around. Oh! That's right Shalltear and Aura.) I go back into the guild menu, open their settings and change some more thing around.

~★~
While (Y/n) was having fun messing around in the game Yggdrasil. A meeting of multiple and very nervous looking Gods was happening in Heaven.

"H-hey are you sure this will work?! I-if it doesn't we're totally dead if he finds out you know that right?!!" One of the gods says while sweating buckets and no one can blame him since (Y/n) is a very terrifying individual.

"D-Don't worry I'm sure it'll work now that he's distracted and has finally lowered his guard after all these years..." The leader of the gods says but deep inside he's still nervous since (Y/n) is a fucking anomaly that shouldn't even exist so he's not sure what'll happen.

The gods all nervously look at each other and grit their teeth while activating the spell which will hopefully kick (Y/n) from this dimension with no way of coming back.

~★~

Finally satisfied with messing around I glance at my watch and see I have ten seconds left so I decided to follow along and count down. "10, 09, 08, 07, 06, 05, 04, 03, 02, 01, 0-" I stop counting when I suddenly felt the laws of the real-world shift. I didn't think much of it and looked at my watch only to see that time is still going and that Yggdrasil hasn't shut down. My eyes widened when I understood what happened. "Those Fuckers actually had the balls to do it!" I shout in anger and stand up from the throne.

"Lord (Y/n) is everything alright?!!" A beautiful feminine voice asks me sounding very worried.

I quickly turned my head to the side and saw that Albedo was looking at me worried. (Wait a moment, she looks worried? That... shouldn't be possible since Yggdrasil doesn't support facial animations.) I stand and stare at her stunned not knowing what's happening.
Seeing me not answer must have worried Albedo even more quickly she quickly came up close to me. "Lord (Y/n) are you hurt?!"

My eyes widened even further when a sweet scent from her reached my nose and I saw her small cherry-pink lips move as she spoke, "Haaa..." I sigh and sat on the Throne. "...It's nothing Albedo I was just surprised by something, apologies if I worried you." I try talking causally while calming myself down and tightly gripping the handle of my Greatsword that now feels extremely comfortable in my hands.

She gets an overwhelmed look and quickly kneeled down (causing her large wonderful breasts to slightly jiggle) while putting a hand over her heart and getting on one knee. "Such words are wasted on me!"

The Pleiades and Sebas copy Albedo and kneel down as well.

I sighed more or less figuring out what happened since, to begin with, I'm not even a normal human in the real world. (But still magic sure is amazing to think it could do something like giving life/souls to what was just pieces of data in a game...) I thought while staring at the now truly living and breathing people currently kneeling in front of me.

I'll try to gather some information from where those fuckers sent me to since I felt the laws of space and time, as well as several others, activate simultaneously. I also decided to see how far the changes have gone from when this was a game and so I called out in a deep authoritative voice. "Sebas!"

Sebas looks up and stares at me with what feels like extreme respect while waiting for my order.

I close my eyes and use my senses to scan outside of Nazarick for any souls in a 1-mile radius. A minute later I spot what appears to be a decent quality soul in the shape of a humanoid. I open my eyes. "Sebas step forward!"

"Yes Lord (Y/n)!" He steps forward and I place a finger on his forehead sending him the location of the soul.

"Go to the location I imprinted into your mind and take the individual in question by force but do it stealthily. If that's not possible fall back, send me a message and I'll head out myself." I say while being relieved that I can still use my original powers.

"As you command my Lord!" Sebas respectful bows to me and heads out.

I turned and looked at the kneeling Pleiades. "Pleiades, leave Nazarick and scan the surrounding area in a 2-mile radius then report back via "Message"." 

The lead maid at the front of the others answered. "Yes my Lord!" They all get up, bow respectfully and head out.

As the doors close I glance at Albedo who's still kneeling but looking at me with a gentle smile. "How may I be of service to you my Lord?" She asks me with that beautiful voice of hers when she notices that I'm looking at her.
(Now then what should I do...) I wonder while staring at Albedo.
Evil Overlord Rules #052

I will hire a team of board-certified architects and surveyors to examine my castle and inform me of any secret passages and abandoned tunnels that I might not know about.

Chapter End Notes

(A/n: I'm sorry for cutting it off here but I felt like it was getting too long but don't worry as I will release the next chapter very soon. I hope you enjoyed the chapter nonetheless and I know my beginning was a bit well not good(at least I think so but I'm not really good at judging my self.) Anyways, I'll be back very soon so please stay tuned!(I wonder if I used that phrase right?.decorators.)}
Chapter Notes

(A/n: Greetings dear Readers, I hope you're having a great Day/Night. Yeah, I know it's not much to say so...Enjoy! ;)

[Your - P.o.v]

(Now then, what should I do...) I wondered while tapping my finger on the armrest of the throne and staring at Albedo who's kneeling to the side with a smile as she watches me while awaiting my order. I was quite curious to see if Albedo's settings that I'd changed when Yggdrasil was still a
game had any effect, so I slowly and lustfully looked her body over as if I'm licking every inch of it.

Albedo's cheeks instantly flushed a light pink and trembled while having what seemed to be a proud smile for some reason. "Nhn~." She then tries stifling a moan when I looked at her with even more intensity.

I smiled in amusement and beckoned her over with a deep voice that only seemed to arouse her more. "**Albedo, come here.**"

"Y-yes my Lord." She responds as a hot sigh escapes her cherry-pink lips and I noticed a slight tremble in her knees as she got up.

As soon as she walked in front of me the same sweet scent from before albeit a bit stronger tickled my nose. Then without warning, I stretched my hand towards her face and gently ran my thumb across her perfectly shaped lips. (Hm... It's warm and very soft just like most women's but better. Seems like those dumb fucks who call themselves "gods" did something right for once. Although, I can definitely bet this isn't what they exactly intended to do and they were probably just scared and mad that I fucked their wives(among other things) so they tried getting rid of me since they couldn't kill me.) Is what I thought while staring at Albedo who's trying really hard not to smile probably afraid that I'd stop what I was doing as she quite literally stared at me with heart-shaped pupils.
As I continued to rub her lips with my thumb I softly pushed it between them and into her mouth. And as one would expect from of a succubus she unconsciously sucked on it without hesitation.

"Kukuku, your making quite the cute face their Albedo." I chuckle while staring at Albedo who has an enamored look on her face while sucking on my thumb like it's the most delicious thing in the world.

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After messing around with the panting Albedo's tongue for some time I took my thumb out of her mouth. "Ah..." She gets a sad and very unwilling look on her flushed face.

I let out a small chuckle and lick my thumb clean of her very sweet tasting saliva causing her face to turn a bright red. Just as I was about to mess around with Albedo some more, I got a "Message" (imagine a telepathic phone call) from Yuri Alpha the vice-captain of the Pleiades.

-(A/n: Just a heads up this symbol («   ») is for when "Message" is being used.)

(«My Lord we've finished scouting the perimeter around Nazarik and are currently on standby outside. Requesting permission to report our findings.»)

(«Granted.»)

I signal to Albedo to wait for a moment as Yuri explained the situation. Apparently, The Great Tomb of Nazarick that used to be located in poisonous bogs was now transported into a Grassy plain that stretches as far as their eyes can see. (Hm... While I wait for Sebas to return I'll see how the rest of the Floor Guardians besides Albedo react to my presence. Seeing as they're the only ones who have a chance of harming me even if it is slightly.) With that decided, I turn to look at Albedo who went back to kneeling with a serious look on her face albeit a bit flushed.

"Albedo, Contact the floor guardians and tell them to gather at the Amphitheater in the sixth level one hour from now. I will let Aura and Mare know myself, so there is no need to contact them."

"Understood. To repeat, you would like me to contact all the floor guardians besides those of the sixth level and tell them to meet in the sixth level’s Amphitheater one hour from now."

"Yes...but before you go step forward." I say with a suggestive smile on my face.

"Yes, my Lord." Albedo happily steps forward again and as soon as she gets close enough I pull her into a hug and kiss her on the lips. Her eyes briefly widened but soon after melted as she wrapped her arms around my neck and happily let me have my way with her. I slip my hands through the openings on the bottom side of her dress and grip her perfectly shaped ass causing her to moan which gave me a chance to shove my tongue inside her sweet tasting mouth and hungrily lick every inch of it all while fondling her soft shapely ass.

After some time passes I separate leaving a shining string of saliva between us as I stare at Albedos glistening eyes that look like she wants more. 'Kuku, don't look at me so reluctantly I'll be sure to "love" you lots later tonight so prepare yourself.' I whisper into her ear causing her to tremble and hug me tighter. "Now go and do what I told you earlier." I separate from her but not before
playfully smacking her on the ass.

*Pa~!*

"Ahn~! R-right away my Lord!" She sweetly moaned and quickly walks away with a spring in her steps while I stare at her butt that slightly bounces with every step she takes.

As the doors to the Throne room close, I sighed. (So I'm not in Yggdrasil but a new world huh. Well, that would explain why I feel a bit weird must have something to do with my race changing from a human into a unique type of "Shinso Vampire" which even till this day is the only one of its kind as far as I can remember.) I thought and glance at my left hand or more specifically at the Ring of Ainz Ooal Gown that's on my ring finger. It's a silver wrought ring with an amethyst embedded in the center of it. The guild's symbol is also imprinted on the amethyst in black.

The Ring of Ainz Ooal Gown is a magic item that lets me teleport freely to almost any named room within the Great Tomb of Nazarick. It was even possible to teleport in from outside. The Tomb blocked teleportation magic except for in designated areas, so there was no more useful way to get around. There weren’t very many places, save the Throne Room and the members’ individual rooms, that couldn’t be teleported to. Without this ring, however, there was no way to get to the treasury.

"Well, it's not like I need it since I can use a unique styled "Gate" but I might as well try it out." I mutter in my normal voice and use the ring to teleport to the Amphitheatre.

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I glance around the Amphitheatre which is essentially a Colosseum in where the intruders would be the stars of the show. The ones who will be watching their battles from the VIP box consist of Golems and members of Ainz Ooal Gown. The main event, of course, would be a brutal melee. Apart from the 1500-man invasion of Players and NPCs, every single invader met their end here.

The Colosseum was oval in shape, 180 meters on its long axis and 150 meters on the short axis. It was 40 meters tall and modeled after the arenas of the Roman Empire.

As I was looking around for the twins I heard a girly shout. "Yaaa!" At the same time the shout sounded, a figure hopped down from the VIP seating.
That height was the equivalent of six stories up, but the figure flipped in midair and made a featherlight landing. It wasn’t due to magic, but simply great physical technique. Having absorbed the full shock of the landing by just bending its legs, the figure flashed a proud grin and made peace signs with both hands. "Victory!"
It was "Aura Bella Fiora" a dark elf and one of the twin Floor Guardians on the 6th Floor in the Great Tomb of Nazarik. She is the twin sister of "Mare Bello Fiore" and was created by "Bukubukuchagama". As a beast tamer and ranger, she is capable of controlling magic beasts and is a master of guerrilla warfare.

"Aura's" appearance is that of a cute '3-foot 4.9-inch' tall tomboyish looking child with tan-colored skin and pointed ears, a signature trait of the dark elves. She has short golden hair and heterochromia eyes, the left eye is ocean blue and the right eye is forest green. She wears reddish-black dragon scale leather covered by a white and gold vest embroidered with the sigil of Ainz Ooal Gown. Below it, she has a matching set of white trousers and gold plated shoes, and around her neck is an acorn necklace emitting golden light. She is equipped with a whip around her waist and a giant, decorated bow on her back.

She excitedly ran towards me with eyes shining like a puppy seeing its master and stopped right in
front of me while sporting a bright and sunny-like smile as she said. "Welcome to the floor I guard, My Lord!"

My eyes softened. "It's good to see you Aura." I say while ruffling her soft hair causing her cheeks to flush red as she happily closes her eyes seemingly enjoying what I'm doing. "By the way, I see that your here but where's your brother Mare?" I ask while looking around but not seeing him even though I can feel his presence.

"Nnn~...Ah!" As she was enjoying my petting it took her a moment to understand what I had asked but when I removed my hand from the top of her head she quickly remembered and turned her head around with glare aimed towards the VIP seats and shouted. "Our Lord is here! Don't be so rude, and hurry up!"

Up in the darkness of the VIP seats, I saw something bouncing up and down in a fidgety way. "Oh, so that's where Mare is, huh?"

“Yes, My Lord, he is. He’s such a wimp… Get down here!" Aura sighed and then yells at Mare.

A weak little voice replied and if I was a normal person I wouldn't have even been able to hear it. "I-I… Sis, there’s n-no way…"

Aura sighed, exasperated and quickly looked at me worriedly. "Oh, uh, My Lord, he’s just a bit of a coward. He’s not trying to be rude on purpose."

I gently smiled and patted her on the head to alleviate her worries. "I know so don't worry about it."

Aura sighed while giving me a small smile and looked relieved, but a moment later she turned towards the figure up in the VIP seats and shouted at Mare. "Our wonderful Lord has graced us with his presence, and one of the floor guardians can’t even come out to meet him?! That’s the worst and you know it! If you don’t have the courage to move your own butt, we’re gonna try it with my foot next!"

"Nnn… I’ll… I’ll take the stairs…” Mare timidly replies.

Aura's eyes widened in anger. "You mean you're going to keep our Lord waiting even longer?! Get over here already!"

"Ahh, f-fiiiiine… H-here goes!" It was a pretty pathetic little shout for someone trying to psych himself up, but he did hop down.

Another dark elf. The difference between him and Aura was like night and day, but although he stumbled upon landing, it didn’t seem like he’d taken any damage from the fall. He must have neutralized it with pure physical ability. Then, he came running at a speed that matched the sound of his light footfalls. He was giving his all, naturally, but was still hopelessly slow compared to Aura.
Aura must have been thinking the same thing because her eyebrow began to twitch. "Hurry up!"

"I-I-I am!" Mare who had finally arrived looked just like Aura. Same hair color and length, same eye colors, same facial features—they couldn’t be anything but twins, but if Aura was the sun, then Mare was the moon. He trembled as if expecting to be chewed out at any moment.

I'll admit that although I didn't show it earlier I'm a bit surprised by both of them. The Mare I knew wasn’t like this at all. Well, NPCs generally just stood there rigidly with their fixed expressions; it didn’t matter how long of a bio they were given, it was never reflected in their personalities. Yet here they were before me, two dark elves, with rapid-fire emotions. "So this is how Teapot meant for them to be..." I mutter while thinking of BubblingTeapot who was the guild member that had set up Aura and Mare.

"S-sorry to keep you waiting, my Lord." Mare looked up at me nervously.

"Mare Bello Fiore" is a dark elf and one of the twin Floor Guardians on the sixth floor of the Great Tomb of Nazarick. He is the twin brother of Aura Bella Fiora and was created by Bukubuku Chagama.

"Mare's" appearance is that of a cute ‘3-foot 4.9-inch' tall girly looking child with tan-colored skin and pointed ears, a signature trait of the dark elves. He has short golden hair and heterochromia, his left eye is forest green and his right eye is ocean blue. The scales of his upper body dragon armor were more indigo than blue. He also wore a short mantle of dark green that almost exactly matched the leaves of the forest. Most of his clothes were white like Aura’s, but he was wearing a skirt so short it left a little skin showing—only “a little” because of his white stockings. His acorn necklace looked just like Aura’s, but silver. He wasn’t as heavily armed as his sister; in his hands, which wore slender white gloves with a silky sheen, he clutched a gnarled staff of black wood, and that was it. Mare Bello Fiore. He was the other guardian of the sixth level.
I look at the two who are standing in front of me and smiled.
"It's good to see that you're both doing alright." I say while patting them both on the head which causes Aura to smile brightly while Mare blushed and shyly looked down with a small smile.

"Yeah, we’re great! Just lately it’s been so boring. It’d be nice if some raiders would come for a change!" Aura says excitedly while looking ready to fight but.

"I-I don’t want any raiders to come… Th-they’re scary…” Mare’s cowardly words wiped the excitement off Aura’s face, and she sighed. "Sorry, my Lord. Please excuse us. Mare, come with me a minute."

I gave a slight nod, and Aura moved away a bit, dragging Mare by his pointy ears. "O-oww! S-sister, that hurrts!" Then, she started hissing at him. Even at a distance, I could tell she was giving him a scolding.

(Raiders, huh? I'm actually ready to kick some ass myself since it's been a while…) I thought as I watched the twins. And before I knew it, Mare was sitting erect with his legs tucked under him and
Aura stood before him lecturing. The situation was reminiscent of the power struggle between the two of my former guildmates who were sisters. The thought of them brought a small smile to my face since it was funny how they fought in the weirdest of ways.

After some time passes Aura was still berating Mare and I couldn’t help but feel a bit bad for him so I decided to intervene. "How about we leave it at that?"

"My Lord! But Mare’s not fulfilling his duties as a gua—"

I cut Aura off. "I have no issue with his behavior. Aura, I understand very well how you feel, including your thinking that as a floor guardian Mare shouldn’t be so timid, especially around me. But should the Great Tomb of Nazarick be raided, I believe that both you and Mare will fight fearlessly in the face of death to protect it. If he’ll do what needs to be done when the time comes, you don’t need to scold him so much." I walked closer to them, grabbed Mare’s arm and stood him up. "And Mare, you should thank your big sister for being so kind. Even if I were upset, after seeing her chew you out like that, there’d be nothing I could do but forgive you."

Mare’s eyes widened and he looked at his sister in surprise. Aura chimed in hastily, "Huh? N-no, that’s not why I did it! I didn’t think anything like that about you!"

I smiled. "It doesn’t matter, Aura. No matter what your intent was, your kindness came through. I just want you to know that I have no misgivings about Mare being a floor guardian."

"Huh? Oh, uh, okay! Thank you, my Lord!"

"Th-thank you!"

I accepted their bows and chuckled from the way their eyes lit up when they looked at me. "Anyways, did I disturb the two of you?"

"Impossible! My lord is the owner of Nazarick, the supreme ruler! No matter when you visit, it can not be called a disturbance!" Aura says with a serious look and even the timid Mare seriously nods completely agreeing with his sister.

I smiled and ruffled their hair much to their joy it seems. "I see. Anyways I came to tell the two of you that the other floor guardians will be showing up here as well."

"Eh... Does that mean Shalltear is coming as well...?" Aura asks with an unwilling look on her face while Mare doesn't seem to mind at all.

I wryly smiled and before I could answer a voice was heard.

"Oh? Am I the first?" It sounded younger than one might expect from the tone. At the same time, a shadow spread across the ground, rose up out of it, and took on the shape of a door. Then, someone walked slowly through.

Turning my head to look I recognized the individual as "Shalltear Bloodfallen" a true vampire and the Floor Guardian of the first to third floors in the Great Tomb of Nazarick. She was created by Peroroncino.

"Shalltear's" whole '4-foot 7-inch' tall body was wrapped in a soft-looking raven-black ball gown with a full, wide skirt. She covered up on top with a bolero cardigan featuring frills and ribbons. Add to all that her fingerless lace gloves and almost all her skin was hidden from view. Only her shapely face—unparalleled was the right word to describe it—was visible, its almost waxy white skin exposed. Her long silver hair was gathered to one side and up so not a strand of it fell in her
face. Her crimson eyes had a weirdly jubilant look in them. She looked fourteen or possibly younger. There was still some child in her, and her beauty was borne of that mix of cuteness and adult attractiveness. One thing that was out of balance, however, was how big her chest was for her seemingly young age.

"Teleportation is restricted in Nazarick for a reason! Don’t just go using a gate! You entered the arena the normal way, so couldn’t you have just kept walking, Shalltear?" Aura's unexpectedly exasperated voice sounded right next to me. The icy tone had nothing of the puppyishness of just a moment ago. On the contrary, it was full to overflowing with hostility.

Next to Aura, Mare began trembling again. It was probably wise of him to be inching away from his sister. Even I was a bit surprised by the sudden change in her.

The girl, Shalltear, who had arrived using the highest level of teleportation magic, cast not so much as a glance at Aura, but stood squirming a bit before me. She smelled pleasantly like perfume.

"You reek." Aura muttered softly, adding that maybe Shalltear's undead body rotting was to blame.

Perhaps because she had caught me instinctively lifting my arm to check if I smelled, a dark blue vein stood up on Shalltear’s forehead. "Oh, come now, you can’t say that—Our Lord is also a type of undead, too…"

Aura panicked and quickly spoke. "Huh?! What are you talking about? Our Lord is not some regular undead. Pretty sure he’s like ‘super undead’ or ‘godly undead’ or something." She then sighs hearing Shalltear and Mare express their satisfaction with such an explanation like ("Oh…", "Right…").

"S-still, what you said was kinda bad." Shalltear added.

"Y-you think so? Okay, then, take two. Ahem… ‘Maybe it's 'cause of your rotting dead flesh.'"
Aura cleared her throat and tries again.

"I… Yes, I suppose that will do." Accepting Aura’s second take, Shalltear smiled with flushed cheeks and slipped her arms around my neck to embrace me. "Ahh, my lovely master, the sole being I cannot conquer and the love of my life." Her wet tongue showed itself between her parted light pink lips. It moved over them as if it were its own separate animal and from her open mouth came sweet-smelling breath.

I smiled and wrapped my arm around her soft thin waist. "It's good to see you as well shalltear." I say and give her a quick kiss on the lips which she looks like she wasn't expecting since her eyes widened but then quickly brightened and hesitantly asked me. "M-my Lord C-can I have another?"

I could tell she has a masochistic side to her as I felt a teasing smile form on my lips. "Hm? What's that? Can you have another what?" I ask while pretending to not understand what she meant and lean close enough to feel each other's breath.

She flushed bright red and started breathing heavier as her arms tightened their grip around my neck. "A-a kiss my Lord I-i'd like another kiss..."

I smiled softly which caused her to tremble even harder and just as I was about to give her what she wanted...

"I think that’s enough…” Aura's low, hard, and I think slightly jealous voice was aimed at Shalltear.

Shalltear's eyes flashed with extreme annoyance at being interrupted while very reluctantly getting off me and turned to look at Aura with a sneer. "Oh, hello, squirt. I didn’t see you there."

I smiled wryly and didn’t feel like bothering to point out that they’d just been talking a moment ago.

Ignoring Aura and her twitching, irritated expression, Shalltear addressed Mare. "It must be hard for you to have such an odd elder sister. You should get some distance from her as soon as possible. If you don’t, you might end up the same way!"

Mare’s face went sickly pale—since it seemed he knew she was using him to pick a fight with his sister.

But instead of getting angry, Aura smiled and dropped a bomb. "Shut up, Miss Fake Boobs."

"How’d you know?!!" Shalltear's face stiffens.

"Ooh, she broke character." I mutter to myself.

"One glance is enough to tell! Look how bizarrely poofy they are. How many layers of padding did you use?" Aura smirks.

"Wahhh! Wahhh!" Shalltear flailed her hands as if to erase the words out of the air. Now she looked her age. Meanwhile, Aura's smirk had turned into an evil grin. "If you use that much padding…I bet they must shift around when you run, huh?!!"

"Yeek!" Shalltear emitted a strange scream now that she was caught.

"Bull’s-eye! Neh-heh-heh! Your boobs slip, so that’s why you used a gate—so you could get here in a hurry without having to run!"
"Shut it, pip-squeak! You don’t have any! I at least have a litt— I mean, I’m pretty big!" Shalltear frantically fired back, but Aura only grinned even more evilly which caused Shalltear took a step back as if she’d been shoved and the fact that she was trying to inconspicuously shield her chest was kind of sad.

"I’m still only seventy-six! I’ve got plenty of time ahead of me! It must be tough being undead with no future. You don’t grow!"

"Ugh." Shalltear groaned and retreated farther. She had no comeback for that, and it showed plainly on her face. Aura noted this and stretched her slit-like grin even farther. "You should be satisfied with what you got—pft!"

"Now that you said it you can’t take it back!" Shalltear’s gloved hands began to exude a shimmering black haze. Aura had her whips ready to intercept. Before the two of them stood a flustered Mare.

I felt like I was watching a scene from the past and couldn’t decide whether to stop them or not. Peroroncino, who had created Shalltear, and BubblingTeapot, who had created Aura and Mare, were brother and sister. They used to have good-natured squabbles sometimes, like this. I almost felt I could see the shadows of my former guildmates fighting behind the two NPCs.

“WHAT A RACKET.” As I was basking in reminiscences of my old guildmates a hard, twisted voice of something not human speaking human words stopped Aura and Shalltear’s quarrel short.

Standing in the direction from which the voice came (who knew how long he’d been there) was a grotesque throwing a chill into the air. He looked like an eight-foot-tall bipedal insect. If there were such a thing as a combination of an utterly demonic mantis and an ant, it’d probably look like this. From his sturdy tail that was double his height and the rest of his body sprouted countless icicle-like spikes. His horizontally closing lower jaws were surely powerful enough to sever a human arm with no trouble. Two of his arms carried a silver halberd and the other two held a horrifying yet excellently made mace giving off a sinister black aura and a broadsword so warped it seemed impossible for it to ever be sheathed. He was wrapped in a chill that sparkled like diamond dust and his light blue exoskeleton was like armor. His back and shoulders bulged like icebergs. This was the guardian of the fifth level, “Sovereign of the Frozen River,” Cocytus.
Cocytus struck the ground with the blade of his halberd and the earth around it slowly froze. "YOU AMUSE YOURSELVES TOO MUCH BEFORE A SUPREME BEING."

“She’s being disrespectful to—"

“I’m just telling the truth—"

"Arrrrgh..." Mare panicked as Shalltear and Aura glared at each other again, eyes fearsomely flashing.

I was over it all by now and warned them both in a deep voice. "Shalltear, Aura, that’s enough playing around for now."

Both of them jumped and then hung their heads in unison. "I’m sorry!"

I generously nodded to accept their apology and then turned to the newly arrived figure. "Thanks for coming, Cocytus."

"I COME IMMEDIATELY WHEN YOU CALL, SUPREME ONE." White breath escaped from between Cocytus’s mandibles and in response came a cracking noise as if the moisture in the air were freezing solid. It was a cold on par with the heat of a primal fire elemental that I’ve fought before. Just being near him was enough to cause all sorts of low-temperature status effects and physical damage, but I didn’t feel a thing. Though really, there was no one in the room who didn’t have some way to resist fire, chill, and acid attacks.

"Have you been bored with no raiders these days?" I ask while looking Cocytus over.

"THERE CERTAINLY HASN’T BEEN MUCH GOING ON..." His mandibles clicked. It sounded like the threatening clicks of an angry hornet, but I chose to think he must be laughing. "BUT THAT SAID, I HAVE THINGS TO DO, SO I CAN’T SAY I’VE BEEN BORED."
"Oh! 'Things to do'? Do you mind telling me what?" I ask genuinely curious.

"TRAINING SO THAT I MAY BE OF USE TO YOU AT ANY TIME." Cocytus, not that it was apparent from the way he looked, was a warrior, both personality-wise and by design. Of those in the Great Tomb of Nazarick who used weapons, he had the highest attack power.

My eyes narrowed slightly as I smiled. "To be of use to me? Thanks."

"HEARING THAT SINGLE WORD MAKES IT ALL WORTH IT. OH, IT SEEMS DEMIURGE AND ALBEDO HAVE ARRIVED." Following Cocytus’s line of sight, I saw two shadows near the entrance of the arena. Albedo was in front. A man followed behind her as if in attendance. When they’d gotten closer, Albedo smiled and bowed deeply to me.

The man also gave an elegant bow before speaking. "Sorry to have kept you all waiting." He was about six feet tall with skin the shade of a suntan. He had Asian features and his jet-black hair was slicked back. The eyes behind his round glasses were not so much slivers as closed. He wore a three-piece suit with a necktie and had the air of a shrewd businessman or lawyer. Even though he presented himself as a gentleman, he couldn’t hide his evil nature. Behind him stretched a silver-plated tail with six spines on the tip. This man, scattering dark flickering flames, was “Creator of the Inferno”—Demiurge. He was the demon who commanded NPC defense operations and the guardian of the seventh level.

"This is everyone, then." I say while lightly looking them all over.

"My Lord, it seems we’re still missing two." It was a voice that wormed its way into hearts and drew one in with its richness. All of Demiurge’s words came with a passive skill called Incantation of Influence. It was a power that caused the weakhearted who heard him to instantly become his puppets. That said, no one in the room was affected. It only worked on targets of level 40 and below, so all those present merely heard it as a particularly luscious voice and nothing more.
"Their presence isn’t necessary. They’ve both been assigned to prioritize other tasks. We don’t need to interrupt them for this."

"If that’s all right, then…"

"IT SEEMS MY COMRADE IS NOT HERE, EITHER…"

Aura and Shalltear stopped short. Even Albedo’s smile froze.

"He’s…only a guard for one part of one of my floors…"

"Y-yeah…"

Shalltear forced a smile and Aura chimed in while Albedo nodded.

"Ahh, the Prince of Fear? Well, we should probably notify the domain guardians as well. Please pass the information along to Crimson, Grant, and the others. I’ll leave it up to each floor guardian." I say while remembering that there were two types of guardians in the Great Tomb of Nazarick. One was the type that all those before me now were, floor guardians who were each in charge of one or more levels. The other was domain guardians who guarded part of a level. Put simply, domain guardians worked under the floor guardians to protect one section of a level. Since there were so many of them, they were somewhat underappreciated, and in Nazarick the word guardian generally indicated a floor guardian.

Once everyone had indicated their understanding of my order, Albedo spoke. "Now, then, let us perform the ritual of allegiance."

The guardians all nodded, and before I could get a word in, they’d arranged themselves with Albedo in front and the other guardians lined up behind her. Their expressions were all stiffly ceremonious. Any hint of a jokey atmosphere had vanished.

Shalltear, at the end of the line, took a step forward. "Guardian of the First, Second, and Third Levels, Shalltear Bloodfallen. I bow before you, O Supreme One." She dropped to one knee and put a hand over her chest, bowing her head low.

After Shalltear, Cocytus stepped forward.
"GUARDIAN OF THE FIFTH LEVEL, COCYTUS. I BOW BEFORE YOU, O SUPREME ONE." He took the same humble posture as Shalltear and bowed to me.

Next, the two dark elves stepped forward.
"Guardian of the Sixth Level, Aura Bella Fiora. I bow before you, O Supreme One."
"G-Guardian of the same, Mare Bello Fiore. I b-bow before you, O Supreme One." As expected, they also got down on one knee and bowed their heads low. Shalltear, Cocytus, Aura, Mare. They were built differently, so there should have been some discrepancy in the size of their steps, but their kneeling positions formed a straight line.

Then Demiurge took a graceful step forward. "Guardian of the Seventh Level, Demiurge. I bow before you, O Supreme One." Though his tone was cool, he made an extremely heartfelt bow without breaking his elegant demeanor.

Finally, Albedo stepped forward. "Captain of the floor guardians, Albedo. I bow before you, O Supreme One." Smiling faintly at me, she kneeled in the manner of the other guardians. But for Albedo, that wasn’t the end. With her head bowed, she made her voice carry and gave her last report. "Excepting Guardian of the Fourth Level, Gargantua, and Guardian of the Eighth Level, Victim, the floor guardians have gathered to prostrate ourselves before you… Your orders, O
Supreme One! We offer our complete devotion to you."

Being faced with their six bowed heads you confidently smiled and stabbed Laevateinn into the ground in front of you while resting your hands on top of the pommel and activated some skills. You then emitted an overwhelming aura throughout the area causing a beautifully ethereal-like halo to appear behind you and then said in a deepened voice. "Raise your heads."

All of their heads rose together in so crisp a motion that you practically expected to hear a whoosh. It was so simultaneous that you wondered if they’d been practicing. "Well, then… For starters, I appreciate you all gathering here."

"Please save your appreciation. We offer you not only our devotion, but our very selves. It is most natural that we should heed your call." None of the other guardians tried to cut in. As captain, Albedo was truly their unified voice.

Seeing all their earnest expressions turned your way you wondered about some stuff but it seems Albedo took your silence differently. "My Lord, you seem irresolute. That is only natural. You must wonder whether it is even worth accepting our help." Her smile had vanished and a determined look tensed her features. "However, if you honor us with your orders, we the floor guardians will suffer any trials to carry them out with all our bodies and souls. We vow to serve in such a way as will bring no shame upon our Creators, the Forty-One Supreme Beings of Ainz Ooal Gown."

"We vow it!" The other floor guardians echoed Albedo in chorus. Their voices were filled with an unstoppable power—their loyalty was like a priceless diamond.

Your smiled widened while not bothering to correct her. "Wonderful, guardians. It is my firm belief as of this moment that you can understand my aims and are capable of accomplishing them without error." You scanned their faces once more. "Now, then, there may be some points that are unclear, but I want you to listen carefully. It appears the Great Tomb of Nazarick has unexpectedly become involved in some sort of situation, and it’s unclear how exactly it happened."

The floor guardians’ serious expressions didn’t flinch as I continued. "The cause is unclear, but we know for sure that the Tomb has been teleported out of the swamps/bogs and into a grassy plain. Is there anyone who saw any signs this might happen?"

Albedo gazed over her shoulder at the faces of each floor guardian. After reading their expressions, she said, "No, my apologies, but no one had any idea this would happen."

It looks like no one but you felt the laws shift. "Then I’d next like to hear from each floor guardian. Did anything strange happen on your levels recently?"

Now they spoke up individually for the first time. "Nothing strange happened in the seventh level."

"Nor in the sixth."

"L-like my sister said."

"THE SAME GOES FOR FIVE."
"Nothing strange happened in the first, second, or third levels."

"My Lord, I would like to investigate the fourth and eighth levels immediately."

"Very well, I’ll leave that up to you, Albedo, but take care in the eighth level. If something happened there, it’s possible you may not be able to deal with it."

After Albedo deeply bowed in acknowledgment, Shalltear spoke. "Then I’ll investigate the surface."

"Oh, I already sent Sebas and the Pleiades out to explore the surface as well as do something else on the way."

Albedo had been there when you gave the order, so she wasn’t surprised, but the others couldn’t hold their shock back from appearing on their faces.

The Great Tomb of Nazarick had four NPCs with superior melee combat skills. Coeytus had the highest attack power when armed. Clad in heavy armor, Albedo had no equal when it came to guarding. Sebas was the best in a pure fight, and when he showed his true form, his total combat ability probably outstripped the previous two. Then, there was one who outstripped all three of them.

The guardians’ shock must have been at the fact that you would send Sebas, who boasted no weaknesses and all manner of strengths in a head-on fight, out to do a task so simple as reconnaissance and retrieval.

They took this as a sign of how wary you were about the unusual situation they were in and the reality of the crisis began to sink in for them, too.

"Well, it’s about time to wrap up, but—" You caught sight of Sebas jogging toward you.

When he arrived, he slowly lowered himself to one knee like the others. "My Lord, I apologize for my lateness."

"No matter. More importantly, what’s it like out there from your perspective and did you successfully retrieve the "package"?"

Sebas looked up and cast a momentary glance at the guardians.

"This is an emergency. It’s only natural that we should inform the floor guardians."

“Yes, my Lord. For a 1-mile radius, it’s all grassy plain. I could not confirm any man-made structures. I saw a number of small animals as one might expect to be living in such a place, but there were no humanoids or large life-forms."

"Are the small animal's monsters?"

"No, the creatures did not appear to have any combat ability to speak of."

"Aha... And this grass, is it the sharp, stiff type that stabs you as you walk through it?" You ask Sebas remembering that one time you stepped on something similar.

"No, just plain meadow grass. There is nothing special about it."

"You didn’t see any floating castles or anything?"
"No, none. There was no sign of any man-made light in the sky or on the ground."

"I see. A starry sky, then… Nice work, Sebas." You expressed your appreciation but felt a bit discouraged about how little information he and the Pleiades had been able to get. Still, now you more or less knew that you are definitely not in the world of Yggdrasil, although there remained the question of how you could use your in-game equipment and if you could cast magic spells like usual.

You decided to raise Nazarick’s alert level since you might be in someone else’s territory and suddenly taking up residence in someone else’s territory without permission would surely invite anger and you're way too lazy to go looking for a fight right now.

"Guardians. First, raise the alert level by one on each floor. There are too many unknowns right now, so don’t let your guard down. Take any raiders alive. Capturing them without injury would be ideal. It goes without saying, but we don’t want to complicate things while we’re in this uncertain situation."

Everyone bowed together in understanding.

"Next, I’d like to hear about how things operate here. Albedo, how do you share security information among floors?" In Yggdrasil, they’d just been NPCs operating according to their programs. There shouldn’t have been any movement of information or mobs among floors.

"The security of each level is left up to the individual guardians, but we do have a system for sharing information, which Demiurge oversees."

You nodded your head in satisfaction.

"Splendid. Defense Operations Coordinator Demiurge and Floor Guardian Captain Albedo, I trust you to work toward a more perfect system."

"Yes, my lord. To clarify, we can except levels eight, nine, and ten from the system?"

"Victim has eight covered, so that one is fine. Actually, I'm making eight off-limits. I take back the order I gave you earlier, Albedo. As a general rule, only those with my express permission will be allowed to enter the eighth level. Undo the seal that prohibits direct travel between the seventh and ninth levels, and let's have the security system cover the ninth and tenth levels as well."

"I-is that all right with you?" Albedo’s astonishment was plain on her face. Behind her, Demiurge’s eyes opened wide, and he said what they were actually thinking. "You will permit lowly minions to enter the domain of the Supreme Ones? Is the situation so serious as that?"

Minions were the monsters that members of Ainz Ooal Gown did not create, the mobs that spawned automatically. Come to think of it, with very few exceptions, there were no minions in the ninth or tenth levels. You weren't sure what to say. Albedo seemed to think those areas were some kind of holy ground, but the truth couldn’t have been further from that. The reason there were no mobs assigned to the ninth level was simply that by the time a group of raiders broke through the eighth level where all the strongest monsters were, you figured they didn’t have much chance of winning, so you and your guildmates decided you would all would just lurk in the Throne Room like proper villains. "I have no problem with it. This is an emergency, so let's up our guard."

"Understood. I’ll choose the very best, most noble minions for the job."
You nodded and turned to look at the twins. "Is it possible to hide the Great Tomb of Nazarick somehow? I’m not sure if illusions alone will cut it and thinking about the energy required to maintain something like that gives me a headache."

Aura and Mare put their heads together. After a moment, it was Mare who spoke. "I-it would be difficult to use magic if we need to hide all the parts that are aboveground… But maybe if we covered the walls with dirt and grew plants out of it…?"

"You intend to soil the walls of glorious Nazarick?" Albedo addressed Mare over her back. Her tone was sweet and gentle, but the emotions contained were confrontational.

Mare’s shoulders jerked. None of the other guardians spoke, but they all seemed to be in agreement with Albedo. To you, however, her comments were unnecessary heckling. They weren’t in a position to be concerned with such things. "Albedo, don’t interrupt. I’m talking with Mare."

"Ah, my apologies, my Lord!" She bowed low, her face frozen in fear. Sebas and the guardians’ expressions instantly stiffened as well. Although the reprimand was directed at Albedo, they must have taken it personally.

You ignored the change in the surrounding mood and continued your discussion with Mare. "Is it possible to cover the walls with dirt and hide us?"

"Y-yes. That is, if you’ll forgive me doing such a thing…"

"But if we were spotted from a distance, wouldn’t a huge mound of dirt seem out of place…? Sebas, are there any hills in the area?"

"No, unfortunately, it seems to be flat; however, I can’t say for sure that I didn’t overlook something due to its being nighttime."

"I see… But if we want to conceal our walls, Mare’s plan is a brilliant one. What if we mounded up dirt in the area to create dummy hills?"

"In that case, we would stand out a little less."

"Okay. Mare and Aura, work together on that. Go ahead and take anything you need from the levels. We’ll conceal the tall parts you can’t cover later with illusions that work on anyone not from Nazarick."

"Y-yes, sir. Understood."

That was all you could come up with for the moment. You felt like you were probably missing a lot of things, but you could always discuss them later. It had only been a few hours since the "crisis" began. "Okay, that’s it for today. Everyone take a break and then begin your tasks. It’s hard to tell when we’ll be able to take it easy for a bit, so don’t work too hard." The guardians bowed their heads in understanding. "Finally, there is something I would like to ask each of you. First, Shalltear: What kind of person do you see me as?"

"A concentration of beauty. You are truly the most beautiful person in this world. Jewels don’t hold a candle to your magnificently chiseled body," Shalltear replied promptly. It was obvious
from the unhesitating speed at which she responded that what she said was what she really thought.

"Cocytus?"

"YOU ARE STRONGER THAN ALL THE GUARDIANS AND TRULY FIT TO BE ABSOLUTE RULER OF THE GREAT TOMB OF NAZARICK."

"Aura?"

"You’re merciful and exceedingly considerate."

"Mare?"

"I think you’re s-super nice."

"Demiurge?"

"You are wise in judgment and always make use of your energy to get things done. And I think the word inscrutable describes you well."

"Sebas?"

"You were the leader of the Supreme Beings. And you are the merciful one who did not forsake us, but stayed."

"Last but not least, Albedo."

"You are he who holds the highest position among the Supreme Beings and our exalted master, as well as the man I love."

"I see. I think I have a sufficient understanding of everyone’s thoughts now. I’m entrusting a part of the work my friends used to do to you. Strive to be ever loyal!" You teleported away as the guardians humbly bowed before you again.

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[Nazarik(Night) - Your Bedroom]

The scenery changed at once from the arena to your personal bedroom from when Yggdrasil was a game.

You look into the mirror and see the same appearance you had in real life since that’s how you made your character a ‘6-foot 2-inch’ tall man that can only be described as “Godly” from his face to his perfectly chiseled body.

You then smirked as you thought about Albedo, Shalltear, Aura, and the Pleiades. "Kukuku...I'm going to call all of them to my room later and officially make them mine." Your amethyst-colored eyes flashed a beautifully demonic dark purple as you ran your hand through your long Jet-Black hair that seems to absorb all light.

~★~
As soon as you teleported to your room the pressure all but forcing the floor guardians foreheads into the dirt vanished.

They were all aware their creator and master, worthy of their worship, had departed, yet no one stood up. Some time passed before someone let out a sigh of relief. The tense mood relaxed.

The first one to stand was Albedo. The places where her knees had pressed her white dress into the ground had gotten slightly dirty, but she didn’t seem to care one bit. She fluttered her wings to shake the dust off her feathers. As if given momentum by Albedo’s example, the others stood. Then scattered thoughts began to be voiced.

"T-that was really scary, huh, sis?"

"Seriously. I thought I was going to be crushed."

"I’d expect nothing less from our Lord, but to think that his power would affect even us guardians…"

"I KNEW THAT AS ONE OF THE SUPREME BEINGS HE WAS STRONGER THAN US, BUT I DIDN’T REALIZE BY HOW MUCH."

They all shared their impressions of you. The pressure that had shoved them all toward the ground was the aura you had been emitting. "Aura of The End Times". It caused the fear status effect along with ability penalties. Normally it shouldn’t have worked on NPCs the same level as you, but your greatsword Laevateiin had boosted its effects.

"Our Lord has shown us his caliber as a ruler."

"Right? He had that authority all along, but he didn’t exercise it until we gave our titles. The moment we presented ourselves as guardians, he unleashed some of his great power."

"YOU MEAN HE SHOWED US HIS RULER SIDE IN RESPONSE TO OUR OATH OF LOYALTY?"

"That must be it."

"Yeah, he wasn’t giving off an aura at all when he was with us. He was super nice. He even patted our heads!"

The other guardians bristled. They were envious to the point where it showed. Albedo’s reaction was especially big. Her hands shook, and it seemed like her fingernails were about to rip through her gloves.

Mare’s shoulders jerked and he spoke up in a loudish voice. "S-so that was our Lord being all serious as the ruler of the Great Tomb of Nazarick, huh? Amazing!"

The mood changed instantaneously.

"You’re exactly right. He responded to our feelings by behaving in the manner of an absolute ruler—I’d expect nothing less of our Creator, the pinnacle of the Forty-One Supreme Beings and our merciful master who remained with us to the end." Everyone seemed enchanted, listening to Albedo’s words, but only Mare’s expression contained relief.

The Forty-One Supreme Beings were their Creators. Naturally, everyone was enveloped in incomparable happiness at having witnessed the true nature of one who deserved absolute devotion.
The greatest joy of not just the guardians, but anyone created by the Forty-One Supreme Beings, was to be of use. After that came being paid attention. This was only logical, of course. For someone created to be useful to the Forty-One Supreme Beings, what greater joy could there possibly be?

Sebas spoke to disperse the lax atmosphere. "Well, I’m going to head back. I don’t know where our Lord went, but I should probably be serving at his side."

Albedo looked awkward for a moment, but recovered. "Got it, Sebas. Attend him respectfully, and if anything comes up, let me know immediately. If he calls for me, I’ll go running at once, no matter what I have to cast aside."

Demiurge, listening to this, had a faint look on his face that showed what a piece of work he felt she was.

"Oh, but if he calls me to his bedchamber, tell him I’ll need a little time. I should bathe first. Of course, if he says to come as I am, I don’t mind at all. I’m keeping myself as clean as possible and paying meticulous attention to what I wear so he can summon me at any time. In other words, though it’s only natural, our Lord’s wishes take priority—"

"I understand, Albedo. If I waste too much time here, I won’t have as much to serve our Lord. That would be terribly rude to him, so apologies, but I take my leave. Excuse me, everyone." After saying his parting words to all the dumbfounded guardians, he jogged off.

Demiurge spoke as if to dismiss Albedo’s look that said she hadn’t finished. "Well, it sure is quiet. What’s wrong, Shalltear?"

Everyone turned to look at her. She was still kneeling.

"WHAT IS IT, SHALLTEAR?"

She lifted her head only after being addressed a second time. Her unfocused eyes glistened.

"IS SOMETHING WRONG?"

"Th-that awesome presence was so thrilling that my underwear are in quite a state."

Silence.

No one knew what to say, so they just looked at one another. Shalltear had the most twisted fetishes of all the guardians, and all they could do was facepalm when they remembered. Mare was the only one who didn’t get it and stood there looking perplexed. But there was one present who wouldn’t let that be the end of it—Albedo.

Something like jealousy caused her mouth to open. "You bitch!"

The insult caused Shalltear’s lips to curl into an alluring smile. "Huh? Our Lord is the strongest of the Forty-One Supreme Beings, as well as extremely beautiful. It’s a reward to be hit with such a wave of power. You’re crazy if you didn’t get wet! Maybe you weren’t made pure at all—maybe you’re just frigid! Hm? You big-mouthed gorilla!"

"You lamprey!"

They glared at each other. The other guardians didn’t think it would devolve into a deathmatch, but they still looked on with anxiety.
'I was created the way I am by the Supreme Beings, and I have no complaints. Do you?'

"You know, I’m pretty sure the same goes for me!"

Shalltear slowly stood up, closing the distance between them slightly. Their eyes remained locked. They moved closer and closer together until finally, they were bumping up against each other.

"You must think you’ve won because you’re convinced you get to be close to our Lord just because you’re captain of the floor guardians, but isn’t that a bit far-fetched?"

"Ha! Well, I do intend to achieve absolute victory while you’re busy guarding the most remote areas of the Tomb."

"Pray tell what you mean by ‘absolute victory,’ Captain."

"A bitch like you ought to understand! Yes, I mean that."

During the exchange, their gazes didn’t budge. They continued staring expressionlessly deep into each other’s eyes.

With a ruffling noise, Albedo’s wings stretched out imposingly. In response, a black haze began to come off Shalltear.

"Uh, Aura, I’ll leave the girls up to the girls. If something happens, I’ll jump in to stop them, so just let me know."

"Wha—? Demiurge! You’re gonna shove this off on me?"

Demiurge backed away from the standoff, waving his hands in surrender. Cocytus and Mare followed. They didn’t want to get involved.

"GOOD GRIEF. IS THIS REALLY WORTH FIGHTING OVER?"

"Personally, I’m quite curious about what the outcome will be."

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN, DEMIURGE?"

"Could be in terms of beefing up our war potential or the future of the Great Tomb of Nazarick."

"What does that mean, Demiurge?"

"Mm…” Demiurge wondered how to answer Mare’s question. For a moment the sadistic desire to spoil that innocent mind by filling it with adult knowledge reared its head, but he dismissed it without hesitation.

Just like a demon should be, Demiurge was cruel and cold-blooded, but that was to outsiders of Nazarick. He saw others created by the Forty-One Supreme Beings as precious comrades in his loyalty.

"A great ruler should have a successor, right? Our Lord stayed with us until the end, but he could still lose interest in us and go where the others went. It’d be nice if he’d leave us someone for us to give our loyalty to if he leaves…”

"Uh, so you mean you wonder who will be the heir’s mo—"

"THAT SEEMS A BIT DISRESPECTFUL. IT IS OUR DUTY AS GUARDIANS AND CREATIONS TO AVOID THAT FATE BY REMAINING LOYAL TO OUR LORD AND
Demiuurge turned to face him. "Of course, I understand that, Cocytus, but wouldn’t you like to be loyal to our Lord’s son as well?"

"AH. THAT DOES SOUND PRETTY GOOD…” Cocytus imagined giving (Y/n)’s child piggyback rides. But he didn’t stop there. He imagined giving him fencing lessons, drawing a sword to protect him from the oncoming enemy, and taking orders from him once he’d grown up. "OH, HOW WONDERFUL… I CAN SEE IT NOW, JUST WONDERFUL…. HE CAN CALL ME UNCLE."

Demiuurge averted his eyes from Cocytus and his uncle fantasies, wincing a bit. "I’m also very interested to see to what extent children could be of use in a plan to strengthen the Great Tomb of Nazarick. I wonder. Mare, want to try making some babies?"

"Huh? What?!"

"That said, I suppose there’s no one for you to do it with… If there are any humans, dark elves, elves, or closely related species out there, I’ll capture one for you, so how about it?"

"Huh? What?!" Mare thought for a moment and then nodded. “If it would be useful to our Lord, then…sure. But how do you make a baby?"

"Right, I’ll tell you when the time comes. But hm, if we go off performing breeding experiments on our own, our Lord might scold us. Nazarick’s upkeep costs must be pretty precariously balanced."

"Y-yeah. Once I heard that a single Supreme Being was spawning minions here on a very strict budget. If we make the population jump weirdly, we’re sure to get scolded. I-I would hate for our Lord…to scold me…”

"Well, same here. No interest in getting scolded by a Supreme Being… If we could build a ranch somewhere outside of Nazarick, that might work, though…” Leaving off there for that idea, Demiuurge tossed a question at Mare about something that no one had mentioned yet. "By the way, Mare, why are you dressed like a girl?"

He tugged at the edges of his skirt as if to hide his legs even a little more. "Th-this is what BubblingTeapot chose. She said I was a boy, so I don’t think there’s any mistake about my gender…"

"Hm, she must have put some thought into it. Then, that must be the proper attire for you, but…I wonder if all little boys should be dressed the same way?"

"I-I’m not sure about that."

Although they had mostly disappeared, once one of the Forty-One Supreme Beings’ sacred names came into things, all one could do was accept the judgment. That meant that the way Mare was dressed was the most correct way within the Great Tomb of Nazarick. If anyone was going to tell him to stop dressing that way, it would have to be another Supreme Being.

"I guess we need to consult our Lord. It may very well be the case that all boys should dress that way… Cocytus, are you quite ready to come back to us?"

At the sound of his colleague’s voice, Cocytus emitted a sigh of contentment from the bottom of his heart and then shook his head several times. "WHAT A LOVELY NOTION. IT CERTAINLY
"Oh yeah? Good for you… Albedo, Shalltear, are you still fighting?"

The pair still staring each other down looked up when he called to them. But the one who answered Demiurge’s question was standing off to the side looking exhausted—Aura. "The fight… is over. Now they’re just—"

"The issue is simply who will be his first wife."

"We concluded that it would be bizarre for the absolute ruler of the Great Tomb of Nazarick to have only one queen. But now we have to decide who his primary will—"

"That’s very interesting, but tell me more later. More importantly, Albedo, could you give us some orders maybe? We’ve got a lot of things that need to get moving."

"Yes. Yes, you’re right. I need to give orders. Shalltear, let’s discuss this further at a future date. I’m sure it will take more time than we have now, anyway."

“I have no objections, Albedo. There’s nothing that will take us so long to discuss as this."

"Okay. Very well, I’ll come up with our plan going forward." Albedo had put on her captain of the floor guardians face, and all the guardians responded by bowing their heads in respect.

They bowed, but they didn’t kneel. She was worthy of respect as their captain, but she was not absolute. There wasn’t that much of a gap in status between those created by the Forty-One Supreme Beings. That said, it was the Forty-One Supreme Beings who had bestowed upon her the rank of captain, so she was given the respect appropriate for her position—and no more. Their behavior was a manifestation of that belief. And it didn’t bother Albedo, because she knew it was a most correct way to think.

"First…"
Evil Overlord Rules #053

If the beautiful princess that I capture says "I'll never marry you! Never, do you hear me. NEVER!!!", I will say "Oh well" and kill her.
(A/n: Hey guys, as usual, I hope you're having a great Day/Night and onto the story!)

[Nazarick(Day) - Your Room]

'Narberal Gamma' is a combat maid (1 out of 7) from the Great Tomb of Nazarik. Her "human" form can be described in two words.

"Yamato Nadeshiko"

Her very beautiful face is adorned with a pair of sharp black eyes, Her semi-long hair that's as black as the night sky itself is tied into a high ponytail with a white ribbon. A slender '164cm (5ft 4.5inch)' tall body with flawless skin as white as snow that's covered by a high-quality maid outfit.
Narberal who’s standing respectfully to the side blushes a bright pink as her Lord a.k.a you strip to your underwear and start checking out your newly acquired body in greater detail.

You admit that you spent an ungodly amount of time making it when you first started playing 'Yggdrasil Online'. (Damn even tho it's been a few days I still can't believe how handsome the body I've taken over is.)

You're new body basically screams absolute beauty and power. It's a bit too eye-catching for the real you but you decide to run with it since it'll definitely make lots of things easier.

As you continue to check out your perfectly chiseled physique you notice Narberal looking down with a flushed face causing you to mischievously smile while thinking how cute she looks since these past few days you've seen her with a strict expression(unless you deliberately tease her) most of the time.

Getting an idea you use your inventory and summon a long-sleeved buttoned shirt, a pair of pants,
and a pair of combat boots.

"Narberal, can you help me dress?"

She trembles in surprise at suddenly being called but quickly replies. "Y-Yes my Lord!"

You hand her the clothes with a slight smile and watch her take them with slightly shaking hands. "T-Then my Lord, p-please raise your arms..." Her voice trembles while she feels like her face is about to catch on fire.

You do as your told and raise them giving her a better view. "E-Excuse me..." She goes behind you and stares blankly for a moment seeing your broad bareback so close to her but quickly snaps out of it and carefully puts on your shirt.

"Don't forget the buttons~." You continue to tease her and she can feel that you are but that only makes her feel shyer and a bit weak in the knees as she heads in front of you.

"P-Please excuse me a-again my Lord..." She says while not being able to look you straight in the eyes since she feels like her knees will give out if she dares to do so.

Slowly and shakily she starts buttoning your shirt from top to bottom. Halfway through buttoning you her breath and heartbeat quicken when she feels you blatantly sniff her hair.

"You smell good Narberal. So good in fact it makes me want just "eat" you up~." Grabbing her chin with your index finger and thumb you slightly tilt her head up to get a better view of her beautifully flawless face.
"M-My Lord w-we shouldn't..." Her cherry-pink lips tremble as she says those words but its very unconvincing seeing as she doesn't even try to move and only stares at you with eyes that are quickly starting to mist over.

You smile and softly rub your thumb over her soft lips eliciting a small whimper from her. "Oh~? And why not~?"

Her knees then give out when she feels you strongly but gently wrap your free arm around her waist. Still, she manages to reply albeit shakily. "M-My Lord has Mistress Albedo s-so instead of someone like myself she'd- Mmm?!!"

Narberal's eyes widen as you suddenly take her lips along with her first kiss. She then feels her whole body go weak as your tongue knocks against her front teeth demanding entrance to which she unconsciously abides.

Instantly her mind blanked as you possessively explore every inch of her sweet mouth and soon after you and Narberal are both twining each other's tongues.

...
After making out for quite a while you separate leaving a small strand of shining saliva between you and her. You then lick your lips clean of the remaining saliva while staring at the enchanted Narberal.

Seeing that look on her face causes you to make a decision. "Narberal Gamma from this day forth you're to be my personal maid, you'll still be part of the Pleiades but your main duty will be that of my personal maid. Respond if you understand."

She instinctively replies with. "Y-Yes my Lord!" But then fully realizes what you said. "...Eh? ...Eh?!" Her eyes widen as her face starts to quite literally steam causing you to chuckle and kiss her again.

[Timeskip with Narberal absentmindedly walking down the halls of Nazarik whilst smiling as she thought of you her Lord and how you took her first kiss as well as made her your personal maid(which seems to be of the highest honor among the Pleiades).]
You stare at the corpse of a blond-haired girl whose blood you just recently drained.

By draining her blood or anyone, in general, you can take their memories along with any abilities they may have.

Having done so to the girl you learned a bit about this world.

It seems like those cucks(Gods) sent you into a world that's medieval-like in nature. There's also fantasy-like monsters such as Orc’s, goblins, dragons, and many more that exist all around the world. Mages also seem to be a thing but they seem to be far and few in between still you came to the conclusion that there is magic in this world.

Now onto what matters most to you.

"Adventurers"
That's right this world seems to have adventurers that hunt monster and do other miscellaneous tasks for a living.

The blond-haired girl's corpse that you're staring at was one of them but it seems like she was a solo adventurer that got a bit ahead of herself. You also learned that there's a place called [Carne Village] that's a bit far from Nazarik.

Having learned sufficient information you decide to resurrect the blond-haired girl as your familiar... because she's your type.

"Sebas." You call out to Sebas who's respectfully standing behind you.

"Yes my Lord?"

"Order a coffin to be made, place the girl within it and take her to my room. Oh and have someone cast a barrier around it."

"It's shall be done, my Lord." He goes over to the girl, carefully picks her up and heads out but not before respectfully bowing to you.

"Hm... Guess I'll go and see how Mare is doing with camouflaging Nazarik..." You mutter and use the guild ring.

~ ★ ~

[Nazarick(Night) - Central Mausoleum]

You teleported to a large room that has long, narrow stone platforms for laying out corpses (not that there were any now) on either side. The floor was made out of some kind of polished white stone. Behind you was a staircase that descended until it reached a large double door: the entrance to the Great Tomb of Nazarick's first level.

The torches in the sconces built into the walls were unlit; the only light was the pale glow of the moon coming in through the main entrance. This was the part of the Tomb closest to the surface, the Central Mausoleum.

As you head near the entrance you hear Demiurge's slightly frantic voice from behind. "My Lord a moment please."

Turning your head back you see him quickly walk over then respectfully get on one knee when he's close enough. Looking around Demiurge sees that you're not accompanied by any guards. "My Lord, if you don't mind me asking, what in the world are you doing here without any of your guards?"

You sigh expecting this question since the Pleiades have been following you around nonstop so that in case anything happens they can as they said: "die as your shields".

"Ah, I was just going to check out the outside since I'm a bit curious then I was going to check up on how Mare's doing with camouflaging Nazarik. So there's really no need for any guards."

"I see, however, it would not do for me to overlook you being out without an escort. I deeply understand what a bother this must be, but I beg that you will pity me with your mercy."

"Haaah... You guys are such worrywarts... Very well, I will allow one guard to accompany me."
An elegant smile spreads across Demiurge's face. "I appreciate you granting my selfish request, My Lord."

"Yeah, yeah. Now let's go." You wave him off and start walking with Demiurge who respectfully follows behind you with a smile.

Meanwhile, back inside the Mausoleum, three, level 80-90 demons who are Demiurges guards were talking to each other about how awesome your presence felt to them and as expected of their Lord.

As they continue to voice their opinion of you the double door leading to Nazarick's first level opened, and someone walked up the stairs.

The signal that seemed to emanate to them was that of a floor guardian.

Reaching the top of the stairs, captain of the floor guardians, the beautiful Albedo, came into view. Registering the arrival of the person their direct master(Demiurge) had been waiting for, the demons got down on one knee.

Albedo took their obedience in stride. She looked around the room without even stopping to notice them.

She turned to the demons only after not managing to find whom she was looking for. Then she walked in front of them and asked no one in particular, "I don't seem to see Demiurge around. Do you know where he is?"

"Master Demiurge noticed our Lord was here and left to accompany him."

"Our Lord was here?!!" Her voice was a bit frantic.

One of the demons replied calmly. "Well, yes, but..."

"What about his guard? Did they know he was coming here? If Demiurge agreed to meet me here, he must have known our Lord was coming! Ah, but more importantly, I need clothes! Draw me a bath!" She fingered her dress. Since she had been working in various places without rest, her clothes were dirty and the ends of her hair were tangled. Even her wings were a bit of a mess. But for such a peerless beauty as Albedo, that amount of grit was hardly a minus at all; in the same way that one subtracted from a hundred million meant practically nothing, her beauty was hardly detracted from. But from Albedo's point of view, she was not fit to present herself to you who she loved above all others.

"The nearest bath is in...Shalltear's room? She'll be suspicious, but I have no other choice. You guys bring me some clothes from my room! On the double!" Albedo was about to race off, but one of the demons called out to her. "Mistress Albedo, if you'll excuse me, would it not perhaps be better to go as you are?"

"...What are you talking about?" She stopped, and the reason she bristled was that she felt she was being asked to show herself to you while being filthy.

"Ah, I meant that the fact that such a beautiful woman as yourself has been working so hard for him might make a good impression and be advantageous for you in the end."

"Not only that." Another demon continued, "if you take a whole bath and make all the preparations to go before our Lord that would take quite some time. If you missed him...it would be such a
waste."

Albedo moaned. It annoyed her, but they were right. "That makes sense... It seems it's been so long since I've seen our Lord that I'm not thinking quite straight. It's been... eighteen hours. Don't you think eighteen hours is just too long?"

"I do. It's too long."

"I need to get the groundwork of our operations laid so I can guard him personally! Now, then, grumbles aside, first I must see our Lord. Where did he go?"

"He went outside just a moment ago."

"I see." Her reply was curt, but she was smiling in anticipation of seeing you and her wings were even fluttering adorably.

Her footsteps were quick as she bustled by the demons. Then she stopped and addressed them once more. "I just want to ask one more thing: Do you really think our Lord will take it as a plus if I show up all dirty?"

~★~

The scenery stretching out before you after having left the mausoleum is breathtaking.

The part of the Great Tomb of Nazarick that was aboveground took up more than two thousand square feet. It was protected by a thick wall twenty feet high, which had two entrances: the main and rear gates.

The graveyard's undergrowth was trimmed short, creating a refreshing atmosphere. On the other hand, however, a large tree cast gloomy shadows here and there with its drooping branches. Countless white gravestones formed disorderly rows.

The neatly trimmed undergrowth and disorderly gravestones combined to create severe discord. Statues of angels and goddesses made with notable artistic merit were scattered about, warping the chaotic design to brow-furrowing levels.

There were fairly large mausoleums in each of the cardinal directions and then a huge one in the center of the graveyard. The Central Mausoleum was surrounded by armed warrior statues about twenty feet tall.

This Central Mausoleum was the entrance to the Great Tomb of Nazarick and the place from which you just came.

Standing at the top of the broad white staircase, you silently look out at the world. Helheim, the world the Great Tomb of Nazarick was from, was eternally dark and cold. Perpetual night made for dismal scenery, and the heavens were covered by thick, dark clouds. But here was different. Here there was a stunning night sky. Gazing up at the stars, you sigh in amazement. "Wow, even for a fantasy world, this is... This beautiful sky is proof that the air isn't polluted here."

It's been many many years since you've seen such a clear night sky.

After admiring the scenery from the ground you decide to fly into the sky using a spell called "Fly".
You rush into the sky with blinding speed while Demiurge rushes to follow, you don’t pay him any mind and just kept flying straight up.

Mere seconds after having left the ground you stop just as your about to leave the world's atmosphere.

(How far up am I?) You sway to a halt and look at the world below.

The night sky banished the earth's darkness with its pale light. Each time the wind made the grass sway, it was like the world was sparkling. The stars and a great celestial body reminiscent of the moon shone in the heavens.

A sigh escapes your lips. "It's just stun- No, a clichéd word like stunning doesn't even begin to capture it. I wonder what Blue Planet would say if he could see this..."

If he could see this world that doesn't seem to have any air, water, or soil pollution...

You remember your old friend, the one who had smiled self-consciously when he got called a romanticist at an off-line gathering of guildmates, who was so kind-a man who loved the night sky. No, what he loved was nature, with its vistas that were mostly lost now due to pollution. He’d started playing Yggdrasil to experience scenery that was impossible to see in the real world. And the thing he’d worked hardest on was the sixth level. The night sky there, in particular, was a realization of his ideal world.

He'd always get so excited when he was talking about nature-really, a bit too excited.

How nuts would he have gone seeing this world? How passionately would he have gushed to you, that low voice of his getting higher and higher? Craving a dose of Blue Planet's wisdom for the first time in a while, you look to your side.

But of course, no one was there. There was no way anyone would be there.

"......"

You’re brought out of your thoughts by the sound of flapping wings-Demiurge had transformed.

Black wings made of some kind of moist-looking membrane had sprouted from his back, and his face had turned from a human one into something vaguely frog-like. This was his half-demon form.

Some grotesques had multiple forms. In Nazarick, for example, Sebas and Albedo had other forms, too. Those types of grotesques took some trouble to make, but they were consistently popular because people enjoyed having multiple forms like a final boss. Many of them were set up so they took penalties in human or half form but received bonuses in their full grotesque form.

Looking away from Demiurge, who now had an appearance quite befitting a demon, you once again turn to the twinkling stars, sigh in wonder and utter some words as if speaking to your friend who wasn't there. "Being able to see just by the light of the moon and the stars-as expected this definitely isn't the real world, huh, Blue Planet? Everything sparkles like a box of jewels."

"Perhaps it is a box of jewels. This world must be beautiful because it contains jewels you are meant to adorn yourself with, my Lord." Demiurge answers with what seems like flattery.

You chuckle a little. "World domination huh... (I've never really tried it in any of the dimensions I'm currently at. Hm... Guess it'll be fun to try. That and I’m curious as to how many good women this world has.)"
Loud rumbling brings you out of your thoughts. Looking down at Nazarick-a huge spectacle was just beginning.

A span of dirt more than one hundred yards wide began to undulate like the sea. The little swells rising one after the other out of the plain slowly moved in one direction; swallowing each other up, they gradually began to form one mass, and eventually, it grew to the size of a hill and swept toward Nazarick. The attacking dirt broke on the solid walls and scattered. It was just like the spray of a tsunami.

"Earth Surge... Not only did he use a skill to expand its area of effect, but he's also using a class skill as well?" You whisper, a little impressed since There was only one person in Nazarick who could use magic like that. "I'd expect nothing less of Mare. It seems like leaving the camouflage work up to him was the right choice."

"Indeed. Besides Mare's efforts, we are utilizing undead, golems, and other minions who do not experience fatigue to do some of the work, but unfortunately they are making little progress. When they move some earth, the land is left bald-we'll need to grow some plants in order to conceal it, which only makes more work for Mare..."

"The walls of our castle are so vast-it makes sense it would take some time to cover them. The problem will be if we are discovered partway through. What precautions have we taken?"

"An early warning network is already in place. We can now detect any sentient being that comes within about three miles instantly without their knowledge."

"Splendid. But are there minions in that network?" Hearing Demiurge's affirmative, you thought they should create another warning network without minions, just in case. "I have an idea for that warning network-please use it."

"Understood. I'll include it after consulting with Albedo. By the way, my Lord, may I inquire what your plans are?"

"As I said earlier, I'm going to go check up on Mare, and since he's carrying out my order so perfectly, I'd like to give him a reward, but I wonder what would be appropriate..."

A smile plays across Demiurge's face, a kindhearted one unbecoming to a demon. "I think your talking to him will be plenty reward enough... Ah, my apologies. Something has come up. I won't be able to-"

"You're forgiven. Go, Demiurge."

"Thank you, My Lord!"

At the same time Demiurge flaps his wings, you begin your descent.

Mare senses something and looks up from the ground only to see you coming from the sky.

(An: Warning: Because Mr.Author is bored and is a pervert beyond redemption 'Mare Bello Fiore(♂)' will most likely(depends on if I regret this later after my head is clear) be added to the harem so be prepared for some scenes involving that lovable "Trap"... You have been warned. 😐)
As you land onto the ground Mare scampers towards you causing his skirt to flutter with the wind which shows of dem thicc thighs.
"M-My Lord, w-welcome! I m-most humbly th-thank you for coming!"
"Mmm... Mare, you don't have to be so scared and don't feel like you have to rush around. If it's hard for you, I don't even mind if you drop the formalities... when it's just the two of us, at least."

"I-I can't do that, not toward a Supreme Being. Sis ought to do better, too. W-we can't be so impolite."

You shrug your shoulders. "Is that so? If that's what you've decided, then I have nothing further to say. Just know that I don't mean to force you, Mare."

"Y-yes, sir! B-by the way, what brings you here, m-my Lord? D-did I do something wrong?"

"No, Mare, I came to praise you."

Mare since earlier had been looking a little twitchy because he thought you were going to scold him, but his expression flips to surprise hearing what you said.

"The work you're doing is extremely important. We may have a warning network, but it's entirely possible that regular people in this world are over level 100. If that's the case, the most important thing we can do is prevent them from discovering us."

Mare nods.

"So I want you to know how satisfied I am with your flawless work and how much peace of mind I get by entrusting this to you." You believe that good work should be appropriately rewarded. It doesn't matter that all the guardians of Nazarik unconditionally revere you, you still believe that if they do something good which you like that you should reward them appropriately.

"Do you understand, Mare?"

"Yes, My Lord!" He may dress like a girl, but the firm resolve on his face clearly marks him as a boy.

You smile and ruffle his soft golden-colored hair then mess with the tip of his long pointed ear. The reason being that you've been curious as to how they feel ever since seeing them for the first time.

Mare instantly turns bright red and shyly looks down while trying really hard to not smile.
"(Oh... That's quite the reaction he's having.) Mare, how are you feeling right now? Are you uncomfortable or does it feel good?" You ask while probing around his ear which is surprisingly fun to do especially with his reactions which only serves to further amuse you.

"M-My Lord I-I feel all tingly." He rubs his thighs together while leaking hot sighs.

"Heee~ Guess I'll stop then~." You let go of his ear and hear a small sigh of sadness from Mare causing you to chuckle a little. "Anyways, Mare is there anything that you want as a reward for your hard work?

"A-A reward?! B-but! It's only natural that I should work hard at whatever my Lord tells me to do!"

"That's great to hear, but you sure? It can be anything as long as it's within my power to do so?"

He looks like there is something he wants but is too shy to ask.
You don’t rush it and instead, calmly watch him waiting for him to speak up for what he wants and after a few seconds of working up his courage he shyly looks up at you with a blush. "T-Then my Lord c-can you do what you were doing e-earlier..."

"Sure." You reach out your hand towards Mare who's looking at you expectantly and softly grip his ear.

"Hauuu~." Any tension Mare had completely disappeared as you caress his long pointed ear and after doing that for a while you slowly move your hand towards his face to which Mare unconsciously grips with his own and rubs his soft/smooth cheek against your palm.

A couple of minutes later you softly pinch his cheek.

Mare, who was on cloud nine snaps out of it and starts steaming at remembering his boldness. "I-I'm sorry my Lord f-for getting carried away, p-please forgive me!" He looks at you with tears threatening to spill from his eyes.

You gently smile to calm him down which seems to work quite well seeing as he looks at you memorized. "Don't worry about it and just count it as part of your reward. Anyways, Mare Bello
Fiore, I hope you will continue working hard in my name."

"Yes My Lord!" He replies with a strong will in his eyes.

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[Mini-Timeskip with the rest of the Pleiades forcing Narberal to spill the beans about why she's so happy and spill them she did...] 

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[Nazarick(Day) - Your Office]

Sitting in a chair, you gaze at the mirror directly in front of you. The image reflected in the mirror, about three feet in diameter, was not yours. Instead, it reflected a grassy plain from somewhere else, as if it were a television. The grass calmly swayed in the breeze as if to prove that it wasn't a still image.

Showing the flow of time, the sun that has just started to rise gradually banishes the darkness over the plain. The pastoral scene coming into view was a far cry from the hopeless landscape of the Great Tomb of Nazarick's onetime world, Helheim.

You lift a hand and slowly move it to the right. The view reflected in the mirror slides to the right as well.

It was a Mirror of Remote Viewing. Since it would display a specified location, it was an item that PK (player killers) or PKK (PK killers) would find handy, but because players could conceal themselves easily enough with anti-intelligence magic and it was vulnerable to counterattacks from reactive barriers, it was also an item of questionable utility.

But as an item that could display what was happening outside, there were plenty of reasons for you to use it in your current situation. As you watch the grassy plain go by from overhead, you thought it looks like a location from some movie.

You continue to use the mirror while using your free hand to mess around with Albedo's lustrous black hair.

Meanwhile, Albedo who's under your desk is sucking on your cock with a fully enamored look in her eyes that are quite literally heart-shaped.
It's been a week since you took her, Shalltear's, and Aura's virginity, all at the same time. Since then Albedo takes any chance she can to "services" you in hopes of being your favorite. The other two aren't twiddling their thumbs either but they're busy with work you've given them and so the current situation

"Kuh!" You groan, grab the back of Albedo's head and repeatedly ram your cock deep into her throat, so deep, in fact, her throat slightly bulges from the sheer size of your cock. As you continue to roughly face fuck an ecstatic Albedo who's twirling her tongue around your shaft like crazy she feels you about to cum and so she starts to suck on you even harder than before.

You groan deeply and shove your cock down Albedo's warm/tight throat. Not even a second later you blow large amounts of your cum down her throat and directly into her stomach.

At the same time you were cumming, Albedo herself came from the sheer pleasure of gulping down your hot thick cum and at thought of your seed filling every inch of her stomach.
Just as you finish cumming you notice something happening on the other side of the mirror.
"Looks like things are getting interesting." You mutter while staring at Albedo who's sucking out any remaining cum from your cock as well as cleaning it in the process all with an intoxicated look on her face.

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