

[Overlord vo1] Chapter 1 | The end and the beginning - Part 1

This series will not be an official project until it has a new, steady translator. Do not ask 'when?' for updates because this is your answer.

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Please enjoy.

1

It was the year 2138 A.D., and the term DMMO-RPG was not only in existence, but also becoming more common.

Being the acronym for <Dive Massively Multiplayer Online Role Playing Game>, it described an interactive game where one was able to play in a virtual world like it was real life, by connecting a dedicated console to the neuron nanointerface— an intracerebral nanocomputer network composed from the quintessence of cyber- and nanotechnology. It was as though you entered the game for real.

Amidst a myriad of DMMO-RPGs that were developed, there was one title that shined brilliantly.

Yggdrasil.

It was a game that a highly-regarded Japanese developer released twelve years ago in the year 2126.

No matter which DMMO-RPG it was compared to, Yggdrasil was a game that offered an immensely high level of freedom to the players. The number of classes that formed the basis of the game easily topped 2000 when you added up the normal and high-rank classes.

All classes had a maximum level of 15, meaning a player had to have at least 7 classes or more to reach the overall level cap of 100.

Furthermore, you were able to just have a taste of various classes as long as you satisfied this overall condition. Although it was inefficient, it was possible to have 100 level one professions if you wanted.

In other words, it was a system where it was impossible to have completely identical characters unless you intentionally made them so.

This level of freedom also applied to the visuals. If you used creator tools that were sold separately, you were able to alter appearances of weapons and armor, interior data, character visuals, and detailed settings of a player's home.

What awaited the players who set off for adventures in such a world was a colossal map. Nine homeworlds consisting of Asgard, Alfheim, Vanaheim, Nidavellir, Midgard, Jotunheim, Niflheim, Helheim, and Muspelheim.

A vast world, innumerable classes, and fully customizable visuals.

It had ignited the artisan spirits of the Japanese players and caused a phenomenon that would later be called ‘visual popularity’.

With such explosive popularity behind it, it had reached a level of acclaim where Yggdrasil and DMMO-RPG were considered as one and the same in Japan.

—Alas, that was a story of a generation past.

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A grand round table of obsidian lustre was in the center of the guildhall, surrounded by 41 luxurious seats.

But most of them were vacant.

Only two silhouettes were visible now where all the members once used to sit.

One wore an elaborate, jet-black academic gown adorned with gold and violet edges. The decoration around its neck seemed somewhat excessive, but strangely, it was rather fitting.

However, the head that should have been sitting above the lavish collar was nothing more than a skull, devoid of skin and flesh. There was a dark red glow inside the empty eye sockets, and a dark halo-like object glimmered behind its head.

The other individual sitting in another seat was not a human, either. It was a lump of black goo. Its surface, reminiscent of coal tar, quivered and never maintained a consistent shape even for a second.

The former was an Overlord that ranked top even among the Elder Liches — Magic Casters who had turned into the undead in the pursuit of ultimate magic. The latter was an Elder Black Ooze, a race with powerful acidic abilities that was close to the strongest among the slime types.

Yet, they were not monsters.

They were player characters.

The selectable races in Yggdrasil were divided into three diverse categories: classic, humanoid races such as humans, dwarves and elves; demi-human races with hideous appearances such as goblins, orcs, and ogres, favoured for their physical prowess; and the heteromorphic races who possessed monster abilities and higher stats than any other races, but were given restrictions in various aspects. If you include the high-tier races for these three, the number of all the races reached a total of 700.

Of course, Overlord and Elder Black Ooze were one of the high-tier heteromorphic races that players were able to pick.

Between those two people, the Overlord talked without its mouth moving. Despite being the previous generation's top DMMO-RPG, it was technologically impossible to change expressions to go with the conversation.

"Wow, it's been a really long time, 'Meromero'-sama. Even though it's the last day for Yggdrasil, I honestly didn't expect anyone to actually show up."

"I agree. It's been so long, 'Momonga'-sama."

The Elder Black Ooze replied with a voice of an adult male, but in comparison to the Overlord, there was no trace of what could be called vigor or liveliness.

"This is the first time since you changed your job in real life, so how long has it been? ... Hasn't it been like two years?"

"Ah — that seems about right. Wow~ It's been that long already... Oh boy, my sense of time is out of whack because I've been doing nightly overtime shifts everyday lately."

"Isn't that a really dangerous sign? Are you okay?"

"Physically? I'm in complete rags. It's not so much as to visit a doctor, but I'm almost on the verge of it. I seriously want to run away. Still, I have to earn money to make ends meet, so I'm working for my dear life while being whipped like a slave."

"Wow..."

The Overlord—Momonga tilted his head back and made an irritated gesture.

"Really, it's unbearable."

Meromero's gloomy voice, laden with an incredible sense of reality, flew towards Momonga as if to inflict a follow-up strike.

His complaint in regards to work in the real world accelerated further.

Stories about impudent subordinates, plans that were completely altered overnight, criticism from his superior for failing to meet his quota, days pulling all-nighters due to shitloads of work, abnormal weight increase from his ruined biorhythm, the growing number of drugs with each passing day.

Eventually, the conversation turned one-sided as Meromero's gripe burst out like a broken dam.

There are a lot of people who avoid talking about reality in the virtual world. The feeling of not wanting to drag the real world into the virtual world was understandable.

However, the two people here did not think that way.

The guild — a team formed, organized and operated by an assembly of players — that they belonged to, Ainz Ooal Gown, had two rules for joining.

First, you have to be a member of society. Secondly, you had to be of a heteromorphic race.

Due to the nature of the guild, there were many cases where complaints about work in real life became the topic, and this was accepted by the guild members. It could be said the conversation these two were having was an everyday scene in Ainz Ooal Gown.

After a good amount of time had passed, the words of grievance from Meromero's mouth came to a halt.

"... I'm sorry for my endless complaining. I don't get much chance to vent on the other side."

Meromero wiggled what appeared to be its head as if to bow. In response to this, Momonga quickly replied.

"It's okay, Meromero-sama. I was the one who asked you to come, even though you were exhausted."

Compared to earlier, a faint laughter with a bit more vigor was heard from Meromero.

"Thank you very much, Momonga-sama. I'm glad that I logged in and got to meet up."

"I'm glad to hear you say that."

"... But I'm afraid it's about time for me to ..."

Meromero's tentacle moved in the air as if it was touching something. He was operating his console.

"Ah, you're right. It's gotten very late."

"I'm sorry, Momonga-sama."

Momonga sighed softly to conceal the emotions that had risen inside him.

"I see. That's a shame. ... Honestly, fun times fly by so fast."

"I really want to be with you until the end, but I'm exhausted."

"You must be worn out. Please, do log out and get some rest."

"I'm really sorry. ... Momon- no, Guildmaster, what will you do?"

"I'm planning to stay online until I'm disconnected when the service ends. There's still time... who knows, another person might show up."

"Is that so. ... Frankly, I didn't expect this place to still exist."

At this sort of moment, it was truly a good thing that there was no ability to show facial expressions. Because if there was, one would have seen his grimace in a single glance. Momonga closed his mouth shut to suppress the sudden surge of emotions, since they would be revealed in his voice.

He had desperately maintained the guild because they had created it together, so it was only natural for him to be overwhelmed with indescribable sentiments when such words were spoken by one of his comrades. But those sentiments were dispelled by what Meromero said next.

“As the guildmaster, you have kept this place going so that we could return any time. Thank you.”

“...We all created this place together. It’s the duty of the guildmaster to maintain and supervise it so that anyone can come back whenever!”

“It was thanks to your presence that we were able to enjoy this game to the fullest. ... Next time we meet, it would sure be nice if it was in Yggdrasil II.”

“I’ve yet to hear a rumour about a sequel... but I really hope that happens.”

“Let’s meet again when that time comes! Well then, I’m feeling really really sleepy now, so I’ll log out ... I’m glad I got to meet you before the end. Have a good game.”

“...”

For a moment, Momonga was left speechless; however, he gave his final words right away.

“I also had a good time thanks to you. Have a good game.”

A smiling emoticon appeared above Meromero’s head with a glint. Since there was no ability to change facial expression in Yggdrasil, players utilized emoticons to express their emotions. Momonga operated his console and selected the same emoticon.

Then, Meromero’s final words were heard.

“Let’s meet again in a different place.”

— The last one of the three guild members who showed up today vanished.

Erasing all trace of the visitor, the silence returned to the guildhall. A silence devoid of memories and emotions.

Looking at the chair that Meromero was sitting in just a few seconds ago, Momonga spat out the words he was going to say at the end.

“While I understand that you’re tired, since today’s the last day for the game and you’re already here, can’t you stay until the very end—?”

Of course, there was no reply. Meromero had already logged out to the real world.

“Haah...”

Momonga let out a sigh deep down from of his heart.

He could not bring himself to say those words.

The fact that Meromero was always tired was sufficiently evident by the mood from their brief conversation. But Meromero saw the mail that he sent and showed up today, for the final day in Yggdrasil. He should be thankful for that alone. Wanting more than this would go beyond being shameless to being a nuisance.

Momonga stared at the seat where Meromero was until a while ago, and then he looked around. What he saw were the 39 chairs where his old comrades used to sit. After the quick look around, his eyes returned to Meromero's seat once again.

"Let's meet again in a different place..."

Let's meet again someday.

See you again.

He had heard such phrases time after time. But the instance of them actually keeping their words almost never happened.

Nobody had returned to Yggdrasil.

"Just where and when are we meeting again..."

Momonga's shoulders shook greatly. Then his true feelings that he had bottled up for a long time burst forth.

"— Don't joke with me!"

With a furious shout, he slammed his hands on the table. Having judged the action as an attack, the system calculated countless variables such as Momonga's barehanded damage and the table's structural defense, and displayed its result where Momonga hit with the number "0".

"This place is the Grand Underground Grave of Nazarick that we all built together! How can everyone give it up that easily?!"

What followed after his fierce fury was desolation.

"... No, that's not it. They didn't give it up. They simply faced head-on the choice between "reality" and "fantasy". Ah, it couldn't be helped, and there were no betrayals. It must've been a difficult choice for them..."

Momonga muttered as though persuading himself and stood up from his seat. He walked towards the wall with a single staff hanging on it.

Having the Greek god Herme's caduceus as its motif, the staff was entwined by seven serpents. Each of the squirming serpents' mouths held a jewel of a different colour. Its grip had a transparent quality like crystal, and was emitting a bluish white light.

The staff of supreme quality was a 'guild weapon' that each guild can possess only one of, and it was an item that could be said to be the symbol of Ainz Ooal Gown.

Originally, guildmasters were supposed to carry it with them, so why was it hanging on the wall in the room as a decoration?

That was because it was an existence that symbolized the guild.

The destruction of a guild weapon signified the dissolution of the guild. That was why guild weapons were stored in the most secure location in many cases, with their powerful abilities never seeing the light of day. Even a prominent guild like Ainz Ooal Gown was no exception. For such a reason, the staff was never handed to Momonga despite it being custom-made for him, and instead was adorned on the wall.

Momonga reached out his hand for the staff, but he stopped halfway. At this very moment — even though Yggdrasil's service shutdown was near, he felt hesitation towards the act of debasing the glorious memories that they had made together.

The days they spent together adventuring repeatedly in order to create the guild weapon.

Those good old times of dividing up into teams and gathering materials as though it were a contest, arguing over what its appearance should be like, and combining everyone's suggested idea and making it little by little.

They were the heydays of Ainz Ooal Gown — the times where they were most glorious.

There was a person who went as far as to strain his overworked body to show up. There was even a person who showed up after having a big fight with his wife due to him neglecting time with his family. There was also a person who laughed saying he took paid leave.

There were times where they spent the whole day chattering, getting worked up over idle stories. There were days where they planned their adventures and swept up the treasures. There were times where they went on raids and captured hostile guilds' castles. There were days when they destroyed every hidden boss monster that they could find. They had found countless undiscovered resources. They had placed various monsters in their base and cleared out invading players.

But now there was no one.

37 out of 41 people have quit, and though the remaining three remained as guild members in name, Momonga could not recall the last time that they'd shown up with the exception of today.

Momonga opened the console and accessed the official data, where he searched for the guild's ranking. At one point they had stood at Rank 9 out of a little over 800 guilds, but now they had dropped to 29th. Still, this wasn't so bad in comparison to Rank 48 when they were at their lowest.

The reason why the guild was able to maintain its rank was not due to Momonga's exploits, but thanks to the items left behind by his old comrades — the relics of the past.

Although it was very much a guild in ruins now, there was a time where it shined.

— The fruit of those times.

Their guild weapon: the Staff of Ainz Ooal Gown.

Momonga did not wish to drag the weapon filled with their glorious memories into this time of ruins; however, a contrary feeling was ablaze inside of him.

All this time, Momonga had placed importance on majority vote.

Although he was in the position of a guildmaster, what he actually did was miscellaneous work like contacting people.

That was why, in this moment with nobody around, the thought of wanting to use his authority as the guildmaster crossed his mind for the first time.

“This outfit doesn’t have enough swag.”

Muttering to himself, Momonga started operating his console to equip his avatar with armaments befitting his position as a prominent guildmaster.

Armaments in Yggdrasil were classified according to their data size. The greater the data, the higher the grade of the weapon. Starting from the bottom, the classes were: Lesser, Minor, Medium, Major, Greater, Legacy, Relic, and Legendary. But right now, Momonga was armed to the teeth in the highest class of them all— Divine.

On his fleshless fingers were nine rings, each imbued with different powers. Furthermore, his necklace, gauntlet, boots, cloak, and circlet were all Divine class. Just their prices alone, every one of them were masterpieces of tremendous worth.

A brilliant gown hung from the shoulderpieces, and a rippling dark red aura rose from his feet. Although the aura was turbulent and sinister, it was not Momonga’s skill. He had simply embedded a ‘chaotic aura’ effect into the robe since there was some space left over in its visual data capacity. Touching it was perfectly harmless.

Numerous icons popped up in the corner of Momonga’s field of vision, indicating that his abilities have increased.

Having changed his gear and armed himself from top to toe, Momonga nodded in satisfaction with his current equipment befitting of a guildmaster. Then he reached out his hand and grabbed the Staff of Ainz Ooal Gown.

The moment he held the staff in his hand, it spewed out a vortex of dark red aura. Sometimes it formed the face of a human in agony and crumbled away. It was so vivid that it felt as though you could hear their voices of pain.

“...Sick details.”

The supreme staff that he had never held even once after its completion finally fell into the hands of its original owner with the end of Yggdrasil’s online service ahead of him.

Verifying the icons indicating dramatic increases in his stat again, he also felt a slight loneliness. “Should we get going, symbol of our guild? No, that’s not it — Let us go, symbol of our guild.”

[Overlord vo1] Chapter 1 | The end and the beginning - Part 2

Joint release with the guys from AnimeSuki forum. You'll see some changes here and there.

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Please enjoy.

2

Momonga left the room named the Round Table.

Any guild member wearing the guild ring would automatically log into this room unless there were special circumstances. If there were any other members coming back, they would definitely appear here. However, Momonga knew well that the other members would no longer return here. During the last moments of the Great Underground Tomb of Nazarick, only Momonga was left.

Repressing his turbulent emotions, Momonga silently entered a vast foyer. A world of grandeur and brilliance, reminiscent of a giant castle clad in marble.

Suspended from the high ceiling, evenly placed chandeliers could be seen emitting a soft, warm glow. The smooth floor of the wide corridor reflected the lights from the chandeliers above, shining luminously like a mosaic of bright stars. If the doors along the corridor were opened, the luxurious furniture inside the rooms would attract the eyes of many.

If players who have heard the name Nazarick came here, they would have been stunned for sure by the fact that such beautiful sights existed in a place known for its infamy.

After all, the Great Underground Tomb of Nazarick overcame the largest player organized military offensive in the server's history. An alliance of eight guilds, guild affiliates, mercenary players and NPC mercenaries, numbering a total of fifteen hundred people, tried to raid this place and were annihilated. That event turned this location into a legend.

The Great Underground Tomb of Nazarick used to have only 6 floors, but it underwent a major reconstruction after being occupied by Ainz Ooal Gown. Now it stretched over 10 floors, each with its own characteristics.

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 Yggdrasil.

Momonga's footsteps echoed in the Royal Suite's passage, followed by the tapping of his staff. After a few turns around the corners of the wide hallway, Momonga saw a woman in the distance moving towards him.

She had a luscious blonde hair down to her shoulders and well-defined features.

She was wearing a maid outfit, including a large apron and a long skirt. At a height of about 170 centimetres, she had a slender body with a full chest threatening to spill out of her clothes. Overall, she gave a virtuous and elegant impression.

As the two of them approached each other, the maid stepped aside and bowed deeply to Momonga. In response, he slightly raised his hand.

The maid's expression did not change; her face was showing the exact same unsmiling face as before. Facial expressions did not change in Yggdrasil. However, there was a difference between the unchanging expressions of players and this maid. The maid was a Non-Player Character (NPC). Within the game, these artificial intelligences only move according to their program. In other words, they were the same as moving mannequins, and even its bow to Momonga was just a pre-programmed action.

His greeting earlier could be seen as a waste of time, but Momonga had a reason why he didn't treat them with disrespect.

All 41 maid NPCs working in the Great Underground Tomb of Nazarick were based on different illustrations by a guild member, who had lived off his artwork and was now a manga artist serialized in a monthly manga magazine.

Momonga gazed not just at the maid's appearance, but also at her astonishingly elaborate uniform. Especially, the exquisite embroidery on the apron was the subject of admiration.

Since it was illustrated by a person who boasted that "a maid's best weapon is her uniform", the level of detail on the outfit was far beyond normal. Momonga couldn't help feeling nostalgic when he recalled how the guild member who was responsible for her visual rendering would start to scream at the task.

"Ah... Right. Since then, he was always saying things like "Maid uniforms are justice!"... Speaking of which, the heroine of the manga that he's drawing now is also a maid. Are you still making your assistants cry with your excessive attention to detail, Whitebrim-san?"

As for its behavioural program, it was created by Meromero-san and five other programmers. In other words, this maid was created from the hard work and joint efforts of the past guild members, so ignoring her was a little out of the question since, like the Staff of Ainz Ooal Gown, she was also a part of his precious memories.

As Momonga was thinking about these things, the maid tilted her head as if to ask what's the matter. As long as someone was close to her for a certain period of time, the maid automatically adopted this

position. Recollecting his memories, Momonga was amazed by Meromero's meticulous attention to detail. There should be a few other hidden positions programmed in as well. Although he wanted to see all her postures, there wasn't much time left.

Momonga's eyes turned to the semi-spherical holographic clock displayed on his left wrist and confirmed the current time.

Indeed, there was no time to idle around.

"Thank you for your hard work."

Momonga said this phrase of farewell filled with many sentiments and walked past the maid. Of course, the other side did not respond. Nevertheless, Momonga believed that a farewell was in order since it was the last day.

Leaving the maid behind, Momonga moved on.

Before long, a giant staircase with a luxurious red carpet covering the middle appeared before him. Momonga slowly walked down the flight of stairs and reached the tenth floor — the lowermost floor in the Great Underground Tomb of Nazarick.

The place he arrived at was a wide, open lobby with a few servants waiting for him.

The first servant to catch his attention was an elderly butler dressed gracefully in his traditional uniform.

His hair was entirely white, just like his immaculate beard. But the old man's back was straight as an arrow and strong as a steel sword. He had visible wrinkles on his hollow face, which made him seem gentle in appearance, but his eyes were as sharp as an eagle after its prey.

Following behind the butler like shadows were six maids. However, their equipment was completely different than what the earlier maid had.

Their hands and feet were covered in gauntlets and greaves decorated with gold, silver and black metals. Donned in armours with a maid uniform motif, they wore white headdresses instead of helmets. Each maid was holding a different type of weapon, establishing the image of a maid warrior.

Their hairstyles were also quite different from each other: buns, ponytail, straight hair, braids, curls, French twist, etc. But something they all had in common was their transcendent beauty. Additionally, the maids were divided into types such as flirty, sporty, traditional and other personalities.

Although they were NPCs and their designer had made them all playful and unique, their main purpose was to fight intruders.

In Yggdrasil, guilds in possession of a base equivalent to a castle or greater were given several special benefits.

One of these benefits were NPCs that guarded the base.

The undead monsters in the Great Underground Tomb of Nazarick fell under this category. These so called 'spawn NPCs' had a level cap of 30 and respawned automatically at no cost after a fixed period of

time, but since it wasn't possible to change their appearances and AI programming, they did not pose much of a threat against other intruding players.

On the other hand, another special benefit was the power to create an original NPC. When a guild takes over a base with a castle-level rank, they could create NPCs with a collective maximum level of 700. Since the highest level was 100, you could create a maximum of five Lvl. 100 and four Lvl. 50 NPCs as an example.

When creating an original NPC, in addition to their appearance and AI, it was even possible to change their armours and weapons. This allowed a guild to create far stronger NPCs and assign them to guard key locations.

There was no need to create these NPCs with combat in mind. Another guild who occupied a castle, the Great Cat Kingdom, turned all their NPCs into cats or other feline creatures. It could be said a guild was given the exclusive right to create the image and atmosphere of their castle.

"Hmm."

Looking at the butler and the maids bowed down before him, he brought his hand to his chin while. Since he had always used teleport to move from room to room, Momonga didn't come here very often, which caused him to look at them somewhat nostalgically.

Momonga's hand operated the console, opened a page that was only accessible to guild members and activated one of the options. As he did, the names of the servants appeared above their heads.

"Ah, so that's his name."

Momonga had forgotten this name. He made a bitter yet nostalgic smile as he recalled the disputes he had with his companions over deciding the name for this NPC.

Sebastian, the butler, also served as the house steward.

The six maids next to Sebastian were under his direct command; the combat maid unit called the 'Pleiades'. In addition to them, Sebastian had several manservants and assistant butlers under his supervision.

The text log had a more detailed setting, but Momonga wasn't in the mood to take a closer look. There was little time left until the server's shutdown, and he wanted to sit down somewhere else.

All NPCs (including the maids) contained intricate details since there had been plenty of guild members who were fond of elaborate settings. Thanks to the fact that there were many illustrators, graphic designers and programmers in Ainz Ooal Gown, they were able to obsess over the visuals and go all out.

Originally, Sebastian and the maids were the last line of defense against intruders. However, because they were unlikely able to stand against enemy players who managed to come this far, their only real purpose was to buy some time. But since no invaders were ever able to reach this point, they had never received orders and had been just waiting endlessly in this place.

Gripping his staff, Momonga felt pity towards these NPCs, even though that kind of thought was foolish. NPCs were simply data and the only reason to believe they had emotions was due to their excellently designed AI.

However—

"As the guild master, it's about time I started ordering NPCs around."

While ridiculing himself for his arrogant comment, Momonga issued an order:

"Follow me."

Sebastian and the maids respectfully bowed, showing they have accepted the command.

The act of moving them from this location meant disregarding what the guild members had in mind at the start. Ainz Ooal Gown was a guild that emphasized on majority vote. It was forbidden for one person to mess around with what everyone had created together out of stubbornness.

But today was the day everything would end. Momonga believed that everyone would forgive him if it was on such a day.

Pondering these kinds of things, Momonga led the sound of several footsteps following him.

Eventually they arrived at a massive, dome-shaped hall. A large four-colored crystal embedded in the ceiling was emitting rays of white light. There were seventy-two alcoves in the wall, most of them filled with statues.

Every statue imitated the appearance of a devil, and there were sixty-seven of them.

This room was called the 'Lesser Key of Solomon', also known as the Lemegeton. It was taken from the title of a famous grimoire.

The statues, modeled after the Seventy-Two Demons of Solomon, were actually golems made from rare magical metals. The reason why there were only sixty-seven golems instead of the original seventy-two was because the creator got sick and tired of the project partway.

The four coloured crystal set into the ceiling was in fact a monster. If an enemy invaded this place, it would summon high-tier elementals of earth, water, fire and wind, and launch a bombardment of offensive wide-area magics.

Combining everything, it had the firepower to easily eliminate two full parties, which was 12 people, of Lvl. 100 players.

Indeed, this room was the last line of defense that protected the heart of Nazarick.

Momonga walked across the Lemegeton with the servants and arrived in front of a great gate on the other side.

Towering over five meters, this majestic double door was meticulously engraved with a goddess on the left panel and a devil on the right panel. The engraving was so vivid that it felt they would jump out of the door and start attacking.

Although it seemed like they could move, Momonga knew they weren't actually able to.

———*If they make it to this point, let's give the heroes a grand welcome. There's a lot of players saying we're evil and whatnot, so why not wait for them majestically inside like final bosses?*

It was because this proposal had been approved with a majority vote. And the proposer was...

"Urbet-san....."

Among all the guild members, Urbet Alain Odle was a person who fixated on the word "evil" the most.

"Well, he suffered from Chuunibyou, after all....."

Taking a look around the hall, that was quite evident to Momonga.

".....These statues won't attack me, right?"

His words were full of anxiety and he was right to be so.

Even Momonga didn't completely grasp all the inner workings of this maze. It wouldn't be a surprise if some members left behind something strange as a retirement gift. The person who designed this door was that kind of person.

There was this one time where they activated a powerful golem made by that person, and it turned out that its combat AI was bugged, causing it to suddenly attack everything around it. However, Momonga remained skeptical and believed the 'error' had been intentional.

"Luci★Fer-san, if something like that happens today, of all days, I'll get really angry...."

Momonga carefully touched the door— but his worries had been groundless. Befitting of its grandeur, the door opened slowly as though it was automatic.

The atmosphere suddenly changed.

The ambiance until now had resembled a shrine with its tranquility and solemnity, but the sight in front of him surpassed even that. It felt like as if the change in ambiance was overwhelming him.

Its interior was enormous: a space wide enough to fit hundreds of people with room to spare, and ceiling so high that you had to look all the way up. The walls were white, adorned with a variety of golden embellishments. Hanging from the ceiling, rows of opulent chandeliers crafted from rainbow-colored gems gave off a fantastical brilliance. From the ceiling to the floor, a total of forty-one giant banners with different patterns decorated the walls.

There was a low stairway that had about ten steps at the innermost area of the room, lavished with gold and silver, and at the top stood a majestic throne that seemed as though it was cut from a gigantic crystal. On the wall behind it was a huge dark red banner embroidered with the guild's coat of arms.

This was the Great Underground Tomb of Nazarick's deepest and most important place —— the Throne Room.

"Ooh....."

Even Momonga was in awe with the magnitude of the room. He was convinced that its scale was probably ranked first or second in Yggdrasil.

This room was the perfect place to face the final moments.

Momonga stepped into the hall; it was so vast that it felt it would swallow every sound of his footstep, and then he turned his eyes to the female NPC standing next to the throne.

Clothed in a pure white dress, she was a beautiful woman with the face of a goddess. In contrast to her dress, she had a lustrous jet-black hair flowing down to her waist.

Although her golden irises and vertically split pupils were peculiar, she was an impeccable beauty. However, on her left and right temples were two thick horns protruding crookedly, and on her waist were black angel wings. Perhaps due to the shadow cast by the horns, her goddess-like smile seemed like a mask concealing her true self.

She wore a golden spiderweb necklace that covered her shoulders and chest. Donned in a silky glove, her slender hand was holding a strange object that appeared to be a wand. It was about 45 cm long and, extending from its tip, a black sphere was floating in the air.



Her name, Momonga had not forgotten.

Her name was Albedo, the Overseer of the Floor Guardians of the Great Underground Tomb of Nazarick. She was a NPC that supervised the seven Floor Guardians, and that meant she ranked above all the other NPCs in the Great Underground Tomb of Nazarick. It was for this reason that she was allowed to stand by in the Throne Room.

Momonga looked at Albedo with his sharp eyes and wondered:

"I knew she had a World class item before, but how come she has two now?"

In all of Yggdrasil, there were only 200 World class items.

Each of them had their own unique ability, and some were powerful enough to destroy the game balance. Of course, not all of the World class items had such game-breaking abilities.

Even so, if a player managed to get hold of a World class item, that player's reputation in Yggdrasil would jump to the highest level.

Ainz Ooal Gown had eleven of these items, and it was also the guild with the most legendary items in their possession. Compared to other guilds there was quite a gap, since the guild after them only had three.

With the approval from his guild members, Momonga possessed one of these ultimate items. The rest were scattered inside Nazarick, the majority of them lying asleep deep inside the treasury under the protection of avatars.

There was only one explanation as to how Albedo had gotten hold of such secret treasure without Momonga knowing. It had been given to her by the guild member who created her.

Ainz Ooal Gown was a guild that emphasized on majority vote. It was forbidden for one person to move the treasures that everyone had gathered together as one pleased.

Along with a slight displeasure, Momonga thought about taking it back.

But today was the last day, and after taking into account how much Albedo was treasured by his companion, he decided to ignore the issue.

"Stop there."

Having arrived at the stairs leading to the throne, Momonga solemnly ordered Sebastian and the Pleiades to stop following him.

As soon as he started to climb a few steps, he noticed the footsteps still following behind him. Momonga couldn't help but to smile bitterly— of course, the expression on his skull did not change at all.

NPCs didn't understand any commands outside of their original programming. You had to use a specific words in order for them to accept the command. Having forgotten about it, Momonga realized that he haven't ordered NPCs around in a long time.

After his guild members left, Momonga hunted alone and gathered funds to maintain Nazarick. He didn't build any friendships with other players, even going as far as to avoid them. He also avoided the dangerous areas his guild members used to frequent.

Day after day, he was constantly earning money and putting it into the treasury until he logged out. There was almost no contact with the NPCs.

"—— Standby."

The footsteps stopped.

After Momonga gave the correct command, he climbed the final steps in front of him to the throne.

Momonga gazed unreservedly at Albedo who standing next to him. He rarely visited this room in the past, so he never paid any special attention to her before.

"I wonder what kind of setting she has."

The only thing Momonga remembered about Albedo was her role as the Overseer of the Floor Guardians and that she was the highest ranking NPC in the Great Underground Tomb of Nazarick.

Struck by curiosity, Momonga operated his console and perused Albedo's detailed setting.

A dense array of text flooded his vision. Its length was equivalent of an epic poem. It seemed like reading it all slowly would take him past the server shutdown.

With the feeling of having stepped on a landmine, Momonga's unmoving face started to tremble. Deep in his heart he wanted to scold himself for forgetting that the member who designed Albedo was an extremely meticulous person.

But since he already started reading, he decided to see it through to the end. Paying no attention to the actual content, he skimmed the walls of text in a flash.

After skipping past all the lengthy texts, Momonga finally reached the last part of her setting. But after reading what was written down, his train of thought came to a sudden stop.

[She is also a nympho.]

He was at a loss for words.

"... Huh? What the hell is this?!"

Momonga could not help but to shout. Holding on to his doubts, he read it several times but it was still the same sentence. Even after several moments of pondering the matter, he couldn't think of any other interpretation.

"A nympho... Meaning she has excessive sexual desire?"

Each of the forty-one guild members had been in charge of the settings for at least one NPC. Was it possible that one of them had decided on such a setting for their own character? Momonga was bewildered. Perhaps he would be able to find a different meaning behind it after carefully reading the entire text.

But among his guild members, there were indeed people who would come up with such a distinctive and strange setting. One of those people was 'Tabula Smaragdina', the creator of Albedo.

"Ah, he was crazy about character dissonance, wasn't he? But even so....."

—*But even so, isn't this going overboard?*

Every NPC made by a member was part of the guild's legacy. Momonga felt disheartened about Albedo, who was ranked first among the NPCs, having such a setting.

"Hmm..."

Was it okay for him to modify a NPC that a guild member had created dearly? After giving it some thought, Momonga came to a conclusion.

"Let's change it."

Now that he had the guild weapon in his possession, he was truly the guild master. It should be okay for him to exercise his prerogative. Momonga's hesitation vanished with his unreasonable logic that he should fix the errors of his guild members.

Momonga stretched out the hand he was holding the staff with. Normally he would have to use the editing tool to change a setting, but because right now he was using his guild master privileges, he was able to access it directly. Operating his console, he erased the sentence immediately.

"That's good for now."

While looking at the empty space in Albedo's setting, Momonga thought for a moment.

— *Maybe I should put something in...*

"No, that's just silly."

Laughing at the idea that popped up in his mind, he typed on the console's keypad. It was a single sentence:

[She is also in love with Momonga.]

"Wow, that's cringeworthy."

Hiding his face behind his hands, Momonga felt extremely embarrassed about his action. It was like programming his ideal girlfriend complete with a love plot. Although he wanted to rewrite it at first, he decided to go with it. Today the game will end and the feeling of embarrassment will soon fade away. In the end, the part he deleted and added were about the same length. If there were some blank parts left over, Momonga would've felt bad about it.

Sitting on the throne, embarrassed and somewhat satisfied, Momonga looked around the room and noticed that Sebastian and the maids were standing motionless. Even though they were together in the same place, it still felt a little desolate.

— *I think there was a command like this.*

Momonga remembered a command he never used in the past. He held out his hand and slowly moved it down.

"Kneel."

Albedo, Sebastian and the Pleiades genuflected simultaneously.

Everything is set.

Momonga raised his left hand to look at the holographic clock.

23:55:48

Just in time for the last moments.

Probably a GM had already begun broadcasting and shooting fireworks outside. But sitting inside here reminiscing, completely isolated from the outside world, Momonga had no way of knowing.

Momonga leaned back on the throne and slowly looked up at the ceiling.

Considering how this was the legendary base that had destroyed the great expedition force in the past, Momonga thought that maybe there were some players who might try to invade Nazarick on the final day.

He was waiting. To accept the last challenge as the guild master.

Although he had sent emails to his old companions, almost none of them showed up.

He was waiting. To welcome his companions one last time as the guild master.

Now we are a relic of the past...

Momonga thought inside his heart.

The guild was now an empty shell, but he still had a great time in the long run.

His eyes looked at the huge banners hanging from the ceiling. Their total was forty-one. One banner for every guild member, each with its own design. Momonga lifted his fleshless finger and pointed at one of the banners.

"Me."

Then he moved his finger towards the banner next to it. That one belonged to one of Ainz Ooal Gown's—no, to one of Yggdrasil's strongest players. The guild's founder and the one who once brought together the "First Nine".

"Touch Me."

Next he pointed at the banner of the person who was an university professor in the real world, and also the oldest person in Ainz Ooal Gown.

"Shi-juuten Suzaku."

His finger moved faster and faster, pointing out the banner that belonged to one of Ainz Ooal Gown's three female members.

"Azuki Mochi."

Momonga smoothly recited the names of the banners' owners.

"Meromero, Perorontino, Simmering Teapot, Tabula Smaragdina, Takemikazuchi, Variable Talisman, Genjiro——"

Remembering the names of his 40 companions wasn't very difficult for Momonga.

The names of his friends were still deeply imprinted into his mind.

Momonga tiredly leaned at back on the throne.

"Yeah, it was really fun..."

On top of the monthly fees, Momonga spent almost one-third of his monthly salary on cash purchases. It wasn't like his income was especially high, it was just that he didn't have any other interests, so he spent most of his money on Yggdrasil.

The game had a system where players could pay a fee in order to participate in a lottery to win a rare item, and Momonga had spent most of his money on this. After many expenses, he managed to get many different rares. But after hearing that one of his guild members managed to win the lottery using only his lunch money, Momonga was green with envy.

Since every member of Ainz Ooal Gown was a working member of society, everyone had spent money on cash purchases, but Momonga was in a league of his own.

He was addicted to it that much. Going on adventures were interesting, but freely roaming about with his friends was the most fun out of all.

For Momonga who had no friends or remaining family in the real world, his memories of the time he spent with his friends in Ainz Ooal Gown were all he had.

Today, that guild would disappear.

With a heart full of dismay and regret, he clenched the hand holding the staff. Momonga was just a normal person, he didn't have any financial power or connections that could change this fact. He could only wait silently as time ran out for all the players on the server.

The holographic clock read 23:57. The server was ending at 0:00.

Time is running out. This virtual world will end and I will return to my everyday life.

This is obvious. People cannot live in a virtual world, so everyone will have to leave sooner or later.

Tomorrow I'll have to get up at 4am. I need to go to sleep immediately after the server shutdown, so that it won't affect my work tomorrow.

23:59:35,
36,
37...

Momonga slowly counted the seconds.

23:59:48,
49,
50...

Momonga shut his eyes.

23:59:58,
59—

With the clock counting the remaining seconds, he waited for the end of this fantasy world—

And the eventual forced logout—

0:00:00...

1,
2,
3...

"...Huh?"

Momonga opened his eyes.

He was not back in his familiar room. He was still sitting in the Throne Room within Yggdrasil.

"What's going on?"

The time was correct. Right now he should be forcefully logged out from the server shutdown.

0:00:38

It was already past the announced time and unless there was a system error, it was impossible to get it wrong.

Momonga looked around confusedly, searching for an explanation.

"Did they delay the shutdown? Or did they decide to postpone the end the end because they were unable to shut the server down?"

Various explanations came to his mind, but none of them seemed to be the correct answer. The most probable explanation appeared to be a delayed server shutdown due to an error in the system.

If that were the the case, a GM should've made a statement by now. Momonga hurriedly tried to find any news on the shutdown in the chat channel—— but stopped abruptly.

There was no control interface.

"What the...?"

Although Momonga felt anxious and confused, he was also a little surprised by his own calmness. He tried all the functions used in the game: Forced System Access, Chat, Call GM, Log Out and so on——

Nothing was working, it felt as if he was completely removed from the system.

"...What the hell is happening here?!"

His angry shout echoed in the Throne Chamber and then faded away.

For such a thing to happen on the last day, when everything was supposed to end... Were the developers actually tricking everyone?

Momonga's voice was furious and he felt frustrated from being unable to meet a glorious end. Usually, there should have been no response to his furious exclamation.

However...

"Is everything all right, Momonga-sama?"

It was the first time Momonga ever heard this sweet female voice.

Although shocked, Momonga started looking for the source the voice. When he found out who it was, he was left speechless.

The response came from a NPC— It was Albedo.

Overlord Volume 1 Chapter 1 part 3

Chapter 1 part 3



OVERLORD 1 The undead king

1章 終わりと始まり

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Situated on the border between the Baharuth Empire and the Kingdom of Re-Estize, to the south of the Azellerisia mountains, was a vast forest called 'The Great Forest of Tove'. On the outskirts of this forest, lay the village of Carne.

It had a population of about 120 people, which were divided into 25 families. For a border village of the kingdom of Re-Estize, this number wasn't unusual.

The main livelihood of the villagers came from the forest and their crops, since there were almost no visitors except for some doctors looking for herbs and the tax collector who came once a year. It was a village frozen in time.

The villagers were busy the moment they woke up at sunrise. As a village without a magical light, the 「Perpetual Light」, they worked from sunrise until sundown, it was that kind of life.

Enri Emmott's first task every day would be to go to the nearby well and draw water. Drawing the water was a girl's job and once the water tank inside her family home was full, her first task of the day would be completed. Around this time, her mother would prepare breakfast, and the family of four would enjoy breakfast together.

Breakfast consisted of boiled wheat barley or wheat porridge, as well as some stir-fried vegetables. Sometimes they would also eat fruits. After dining with her parents, her 10 year old sister would leave for the forest to pick up fresh firewood, or help out with the fieldwork. In the village centre——once the bell rings for noon, everyone will rest in the nearby square to eat lunch together.

Lunch consisted of black bread a few days old, along with some minced meat soup. After that they would continue working in the fields and once the sun set everyone returned to their homes to eat dinner.

Like lunch, dinner also consisted of black bread, along with bean soup. If the village hunters managed to catch some animals, there would be some meat as well. After dinner, everyone would use the lights from the kitchen and chat happily, while mending torn clothes.

They would go to sleep around 8 o' clock.

Enri Emmott was born 16 years ago, and up to this day she had never left the village. She was wondering, would her days always stay the same?

Just like any other day, Enri got out of bed and went to the well to draw water.

It usually took her about 3 trips to the well in order to fill up the huge water tank.

“Yosh”

Enri rolled up her sleeves and showed off some eye catching white skin that had not been exposed to much sun. Working in the fields had made her arms slim, but brawny.

Even though the filled water jug was heavy, Enri easily picked it up.

If the jug was filled to the brim, she would have to make fewer trips, which would make her job a lot faster, right?

But it shouldn't be too heavy for her to pick up. While thinking this way, Enri started to make her way home. On her way back she heard a sound and after turning towards it her heart tensed up with a feeling of dread.

The sound she heard was the noise of wood being smashed. Followed by——

“A scream——?”

It sounded like the cry of a strangled bird, but it was definitely not a bird who produced these cries. Enri could not help but shudder. She didn't want to believe it. It must have been her imagination, that definitely was not the scream of a human. Many horrified thoughts flashed through her mind.

She had to hurry, because the screaming appeared to have come from the direction of her family's home. She threw the water jug aside, since it was impossible for her to run while carrying such a heavy thing.

Although she almost tripped over her dress, she quickly regained her balance.
The sound came again.
Enri's heart pounded.
That was definitely a human screaming, there was no mistake about it.
She continued to run, and run and run.
Never in her life did she run so fast, she ran until she tripped over her own legs.

The sound of a horse, people screaming and shouting.
Everything became clearer and clearer.
In front of Enri's eyes, from far away, she could see a stranger in a full suit of armor pointing a drawn sword at the villagers.
On the ground was a villager with a fatal stab wound.
"Mr. Morjina..."

In such a small village nobody was treated like a stranger, everyone was part of the family. So Enri recognised the slain villager in front of her.

Although he was sometimes noisy, he was a good person and didn't deserve to die this way. Thinking about stopping—She bit her lips and continued forward.

The short distance for transporting the water now felt like an eternity. The wind brought the sounds of shouting and curses to her ear. Finally the view of her home entered her eyes.

"Father! Mother! Nimu!"
While shouting for her family, Enri opened the door and saw her motionless family with faces full of fear..
However, once Enri entered through the door their expressions instantly relaxed, showing their relief.
"Enri! You're alright!"
Her father, with strong hands from working in the field, clutched onto Enri.
"Ahh, Enri..."
Her mother warmly hugged her.
"Good, Enri has also come back, now let's escape quickly!"
Right now, the situation of the Emmott family is critical. They were worried when Enri did not return home, causing them to miss their chance to escape. They were in imminent danger.

But all too soon their fear became bitter reality.
The moment they wanted to run away—the silhouette of a person entered the doorway. Standing in the sunlight was a person armored in a full suit of armor bearing the crest of the Baharuth Empire. In his hand he was holding the scabbard of a sword.
The Baharuth Empire is constantly at war with its neighbour, the Kingdom of Re-Estize. But invasions would only happen near Fortress city of Eae Rantel, they never reached this village before.

The quiet life of this village was abruptly stopped.

From the slits in the helmet, was the feeling of cold eyes counting the numbers of Enri's family. Enri felt terrified, looking into his eyes.

The knight gripped onto his sword, creaking sounds could be heard from the way he gripped his sword.

The moment he was about to enter the house——

“Huargh!”

“Ergh!”

——Her father rushed at the knight, pushing both of them out the door.

“Flee!”

“You!”

There was blood flowing down from her father's face, an injury caused by his impact.

Both her father and the knight were fighting each other on the ground. The knight was holding down her father's blade, at the same time her father was stopping the knight's sword.

Seeing her father bleeding, Enri's mind went blank: she did not know whether to help her father or to quickly flee the area:

“Enri! Nimu!”

Her mother's shout brought her back to reality, Enri saw her mother shaking her head with with a pained expression.

Enri took her sister's hand and ran. Although stricken with guilt and hesitation, she decided to run quickly into the forest.

The sound of horses, shouts, clashing metal and the smell of burning.

From every corner of the village, these situations entered Enri's ears, eyes and nose. Exactly where were they coming from? Enri desperately struggled to find out while she ran. To run until the limits of her body, or to hide in the corner of a house. Fear was threatening to take over her body and the strong beatings of her heart was not only caused by her running. As it was, the feeling of a small hand grasping her own gave her the motivation to run.

——Her sister's life.

Her mother, who was running in front of them, suddenly stopped next to a corner and turned around. She ran back, signalling Enri to run in the other direction.

Thinking about why her mother would do such a thing, Enri quickly pursed her lips and stifled the cry she was about to let out. She took her sister's hand and ran, not wanting to stay in this place a moment longer than necessary. Afraid of what she might see in that scene.

“Momonga-sama, is there a problem?”

Albedo repeated her question. Momonga didn't know how to answer. Because of so many incomprehensible things happened at once, his mind blanked out.

“I’m sorry.”

Momonga could only stand up and stupidly face Albedo

“Is there anything wrong?”

Albedo’s beautiful face was slowly inspecting Momonga. A fragrant smell entered his nose. That fragrance brought Momonga’s thinking back on track, as he slowly returned to reality.

“No... There’s.... No, nothing”

Momonga wasn’t the kind of person to use honorifics when talking to dolls. But... After hearing Albedo’s question, he unintentionally responded using honorifics. Because of her actions and speech, there was no way to ignore her human-like behavior.

Although Momonga could clearly see how abnormal Albedo behaved, he was still unable to understand what was happening. In a situation like this, all he could do was to try suppressing his overflowing feelings of fear and surprise, but since Momonga was just an ordinary person, he did not manage to do so.

Just as Momonga wanted to start screaming, a certain guild member’s memory came to his mind.

——Turmoil is the failure of a country, you must always maintain a level-headed and logical way of thinking. Keep calm, plan ahead, and don’t waste your time thinking about insignificant things, Momonga-san.

Thinking about this, Momonga calmed own.

To the Zhuge Liang of Ainz Ooal Gown - Moe Dress Girl, Momonga expressed his thanks.

“... Did something happen to you?”

Albedo’s lovely face asked as she stood close, causing Momonga to almost feel the fragrance that she was emitting. Even though he finally managed to calm down, he almost lost it again in that instant.

“.... The function to call the GM seems to have failed.”

Towards the puppy eyed Albedo, Momonga could not help but answer the NPC.

Never throughout his whole life did Momonga ever have this kind of experience with a member of the opposite sex, especially not one with this kind of atmosphere. Although he knew that she was just an NPC, considering her human-like expressions and actions, Momonga couldn’t help but feel his heart skip a beat.

But the constant beatings of his heart were suppressed in order to return to a calm state. Although Momonga was disturbed his sudden palpitations, he remembers these wise words imparted to him by one of his guild members.

But is that really the case?

Momonga shook his head, now is not the time to think about such matters.

“... Please forgive me for being unable to answer Momonga-sama’s question about the GM. Forgive me for being unable to meet your expectations, if there is a situation where I am able to make up for my mistake, I will be happy to oblige. Please give me your next order.”

.... These two were talking with each other, there was no mistake about it.

Noticing this Momonga was too surprised to speak.

Impossible. This was definitely impossible.

This NPC was able to speak. No, it is possible to use self automated speech to allow NPCs to speak, because there were many shouts and cheers for players to download. However, to properly converse with a NPC was something impossible. Even just now, Sebastian was only able to understand simple commands.

Then, what could have happened to make this possible? Was it only Albedo who changed?

With a wave of his hand, Momonga gave Albedo the order to stand down, which she did with a face full of regret. Momonga then turned his eyes to the heads of the butler and the six maids.

“Sebastian! Maids!”

“Yes!”

Saying with perfect synchronization, they all raised their heads

“Come to the front of the throne.”

“Yes, milord”

Again, with perfect synchronization, they stood up and walked towards the throne. Once there they knelt down.

At that moment, two things became apparent.

First, even without saying specific commands, NPCs are able to understand simple orders.

Second, Albedo was not the only one able to speak.

At the very least all the NPCs in the throne room were abnormal.

As Momonga thought about this, he couldn't shake the feeling there was something strange about Albedo, who was still standing next to him. Wanting to clarify this, Momonga looked at Albedo with a sharp gaze.

“——Did something happen? Have I done something wrong...?”

“.....!”

Finally realising what was wrong, he was unable to make any sound and could only gasp in surprise..

A strange feeling comes from changing expressions. Mouths moving, even letting out sound——

“.... Could... it be!”

Momonga hurriedly put his hand on his mouth and tried making a sound.

——His mouth was moving.

It was common sense in DMMORPG that it was impossible for the mouth to move and speak at the same time.

The appearance of facial expressions was basically rooted, and if this was true, then there should still be no facial expressions on this design.

Also, Momonga's face was just a skull, with neither a tongue nor a throat. Looking down at his hands, all he saw was a skeletal hand with no skin whatsoever. He didn't even have internal organs or lungs, so how was he able to speak?

“Impossible....”

Momonga suddenly felt all his accumulated common sense disintegrating, at the same time he felt uneasy. Repressing the urge to yell out, his heart suddenly went back to being calm. Momonga forcefully hit one of the armrests on the throne, but as he had expected, there was no indication of damage.

“... What should I do.... Is there any good idea....?”

With completely no understanding of the current situation, he also started to get angry that there was no one around that could help him.

Then the most important thing to do now is —— to look for clues.

“——Sebastian.”

Raising his head, Sebastian had a sincere expression, feeling like a real life person.

Giving him orders should be no problem right? Although I don't know what will happen, are all the NPCs in this grave loyal to me? These are definitely no longer the NPCs that everyone created together.

Feeling uneasy with his mind swimming in questions, Momonga suppressed these emotions. In any case, the most suitable candidate for searching was Sebastian. Despite having Albedo next to him, Momonga made up his mind and choose Sebastian.

While thinking about looking like a high ranking boss ordering his employee, Momonga showed off a superior attitude and commanded:

“Leave the Great Tomb and search the surrounding area. If there are any intelligent or friendly beings, invite them back here. Negotiations should go so far as to please the other. The search radius is one kilometer and try to avoid fighting.”

“Yes, Momonga-sama. I will do as you command”

In YGGDRASIL, it was impossible for NPCs who were created to protect a specific area to leave it. However, right now that has been subverted.

No, this matter could only be determined once Sebastian actually left the Great Tomb of Nazarick.

“... Take a member of Pleiades with you. If there comes a situation where you have to retreat, bring the information gathered back here.”

With that, the first step has been taken.

Momonga let go of the Staff of Ainz Ooal Gown.

The staff did not fall to the ground but started to float, as if there was someone holding it up in the air. Although totally inconsistent with the laws of physics, this is what usually happens in the game. Situations where items floated in the air when let go were not rare in Yggdrasil.

The spirits appearing from the staff showed a pained expression and entangled his hand, to which Momonga paid no mind. This kind of occurrence wasn't very uncommon... however, this kind of effect was not surprising, so Momonga twirled his finger and dissipated the spirits.

Momonga folded his arms in contemplation.

The next step would be——

“...contacting the game's company.”

Considering Momonga's abnormal situation, the one would know the most about it should be the game company.

The problem was contacting them. Normally one would use the [Shout] or [Call GM] functions to establish immediate contact, but that method seemed to have failed at the moment...

“Message?”

That was the game’s in-game messaging magic.

Normally, it was only usable in certain places or situations

Normally you could use this only in certain places or situations, but right now it could be put to good use. While this magic could be used to communicate with other players, it was unknown if it could be used to call a GM.

And in this abnormal situation, there was no guaranty that magic still worked

“... But...”

It was still worth investigating.

Momonga was a pure magician. If he was unable to use magic, not to mention fighting, even his mobility and information gathering capabilities would be significantly reduced. In a situation like this, where everything was unknown, it was important to confirm if magic was able to be used. And it must be found out quickly.

So was there any place where he could use magic——Momonga looked around the throne room and shook his head. Although this was an emergency situation, he didn’t want to subject the Throne Chamber to his magical experiments. While thinking about a suitable location, a certain place floated into his mind.

Beside his own abilities, there was another thing he wanted to confirm.

And that was his authority. He needed to find out if his authority as leader of Ainz Ooal Gown still existed.

Although the NPCs in front of him all appeared to be loyal, there were many NPCs in the Great Tomb of Nazarick who were equally matched with Momonga. He needed to confirm if they were still loyal to him.

However——

Momonga looked at the kneeling maids and Sebastian, then looked at Albedo at his side.

Albedo had a faint smile on her face. While it could be described as very beautiful, it also seemed to be a troubled smile that appeared to be hiding something, which gave Momonga a bad feeling.

Was the loyalty of the NPC still unchanged? If this was reality, after ,after meeting an inept superior, the employees would lose faith in him, so the NPC’s reactions should be the same, right?Or will they never betray someone as long as they were programmed to be loyal?

If their loyalty could be shaken, then what could be done in order to keep it?

Giving them rewards? There were huge amounts of valuables in the guild’s treasury. Even if using these treasures would make his past companions sad, since this was an emergency situation regarding the continued survival of Ainz Ooal Gown, they would understand. It was just uncertain how many incentives should be given.

In addition to this, should a higher position be considered as being superior? But right now what power is considered to be superior, this is still unclear to him. It feels like if he went continued further down this maze, he would slowly understand these things.

Or

“—Power?”

Momonga opened his left hand, and the Staff of Ainz Ooal Gown automatically flew into his hand.

“The Power to stand above all?”

The seven gems embedded in the staff shined brightly, as if asking its master to use its great power.

“... Forget it, let’s think about this another time.”

Momonga let go of the staff and it fell to the floor as if it was angrily throwing a tantrum.

To recap, as long as you acted like a leader it was unlikely that others would act hostile towards you. Regardless of whether it’s a human or an animal, as long as you didn’t show any weakness, the enemy wouldn’t bare his fangs and attack.

With an imposing manner, Momonga loudly shouted:

“Pleiades, listen up. Other than the maid following Sebastian, the rest of you will go to the 9th floor and protect it against any invasion from the 8th floor.”

“Yes, Momonga-sama”

The maids beside Sebastian respectfully responded, showing their understanding of their orders.

“Do so immediately”

“Understood, my lord!”

After giving their response Sebastian and the maids bowed towards Momonga, stood up at the same time and left.

Once again the huge doors closed.

Sebastian and the maids disappears on the other side.

The fact that they didn’t refuse that order was a good sign.

Momonga felt as if a huge load fell off his shoulders and looked at the one person who was left with him. That person would be Albedo, who was giving him a smile while asking: “What would you want me to do next, Momonga-sama?”

“Ah, ehmm... Got it.” Momonga rose from his throne, and holding onto his staff with one hand he said:

“Come to me.”

“As you wish.”

Replying with a smile, Albedo came forward. Although Momonga was still wary of the wand with the black floating ball that Albedo was carrying, he momentarily forgot that it was still there. Before he realised this, Albedo was already close enough to hug him.

What a nice smell—what the hell am I thinking?!

That thought was instantly dismissed the moment Momonga thought about it, this wasn’t the time for fantasies after all.

Momonga reached out to touch Albedo’s hand.

"..."

“Ah?”

Albedo expression flinched with pain. Momonga felt shocked and quickly pulled his hand back.

What happened? It cannot be that I made her feel uncomfortable?

Several unhappy memories floated into his mind—as if the heavens dropped down—but Momonga quickly found the answer.

“... Ah——”

One class requirement for becoming an Undead Overlord* was the Skeleton Mage, which had a skill that dealt damage or gave negative effects when the user touches another person. Could this be the reason for her reaction?

Even if that was the case, there is still some doubt.

In YGGDRASIL, the monsters and NPCs that spawned in the Great Tomb of Nazarick were all registered under the guild Ainz Ooal Gown. As long as they were from the same guild, even if they were to attack each other, nothing should happen.

Could it be she is no longer belongs to the guild? Or is it now possible to harm other guild members?

——The possibility of it being the latter is high.

Realising this Momonga apologised to Albedo:

“I’m sorry. I forgot to lift the negative effect of this skill.”

“Please do not mind me, Momonga-sama. This degree of hurt is not painful at all. Also, if it is Momonga-sama, no matter what kind of pain... Ahn!”

“Oh... ehh.... Is that so... No, I am still very sorry.”

Momonga had no idea how to react after seeing Albedo shyly covering her face with her hand after letting out a cute, and started to stutter.

It really was because of the negative effects on contact.

Momonga quickly looked away, and tried to find out how to stop the skill’s effects——and was suddenly able to understand the method.

Using the skills of the Undead Overlord, to Momonga it was as natural and simple as breathing.

Being faced with such an abnormal circumstance, Momonga couldn’t help laughing. After so many strange situations, being flustered over something like that was silly. Habits could be really terrifying.

“I’m going to touch you.”

“Ah.”

After deactivating the skill, he reached out to touch Albedo’s hand. Although some words floated into his mind,

——Ah how thin ——Ah how white—— and some other ideas popped into his head, all manly desires were completely ignored since he just wanted to feel her pulse.

——It was beating.

The beating of a heart. If this was a biological being, this was a given.

Of course, if this was a biological being.

After letting go, Momonga looked at his own wrist and saw only skinless white bones. Since there were no blood vessels, there was obviously no heartbeat. Of course, being an Undead Overlord meant he was immortal, beyond the reach of death, of course there would no heartbeat.

Moving away, Momonga looked at Albedo.

Momonga sees Albedo with moist eyes emerging from his shadow. With a flushed face, probably because of the sudden rise in body temperature. Seen Albedo's appearance, causes Momonga to be stunned.

“... How did this happen?”

Wasn't she an NPC? Just some electromagnetic information? How was she able to be like a living person, what kind of AI was capable of doing that? More importantly, the world of YGGDRASIL appeared to have become the real world.....

Impossible

Momonga shook his head in denial. Such a fantastical situation could never happen. But once an idea was deeply entrenched, it couldn't be easily removed. Feeling a little uncomfortable towards Albedo's changes, Momonga was at a loss on what to do next.

Next... Would be the final step. As long as he was able to confirm this, all his premonitions would become fact. To confirm his own suspicion of this being reality or non-reality?

Therefore, this was an absolutely necessary action. Even if she decided to use the weapon she holds in her hand...

“Albedo... Can, can I touch your breasts?”

Editor: A real Overlord would never ask, he would just grope!

“Huh?”

The atmosphere instantly froze.

Albedo widened her eyes in surprise.

Even Momonga felt embarrassed. Although there was no way to avoid this, he also didn't understand why he was saying this. Really, asking something like that with such a high voice was too vulgar. No, using his authority as her superior to commit sexual harassment, that was the lowest of the low.

But being at the end of his wits, he had to do this.

Momonga forcefully convinced himself, he mentally stabilized himself and with the dignity of a ruler he said:

“It shouldn't matter right?”

Not feeling the least bit dignified.

Listening to Momonga's trembling request, Albedo looked like she was about to burst with joy.

“Of course, Momonga-sama. Please fondle them at your leisure”

Albedo struck out her chest, her well developed twin peaks, in front of Momonga. If he were able to swallow his saliva, he would have done so many times already.

Reaching out with his hand he touchrd the breasts covered by the ceremonial robe.

There was an abnormal amount of tension and excitement and in the corners of his mind he was calmly observing himself. Thinking that he was extremely stupid, why would he even think of such a method and put it into action.

He sneakily glanced at Albedo and realised her eyes were shining, her chest also had a “Come on!” type of appearance.

Unsure whether it was because of his excitement or embarrassment, Momonga’s hands were trembling under the pressure, but he resolved himself and extended his hands.

Momonga first felt the slightly stiff surface of the dress and then felt a very soft sensation underneath.
“Unn.. Anh...”

The moment Albedo let out sweet moans, Momonga stopped his experiment.
After taking into account everything he knew, Momonga came up with two possible explanations for his situation.
First, this could be a new DMMORPG. Meaning that with the end of YGGDRASIL, a new YGGDRASIL II had been launched.

But after this experiment, the chances of this being a newly released game became nonexistent..
Because a game would prohibit actions rated 18 and above, or even actions rated 15 and above. As soon as there was a violation a severe punishment would be distributed: the names of the offenders would be announced on the official website and the accounts in question would also be deleted.

The reasoning behind these actions was that if the records of these 18 and above actions were made public, it might violate the Social Order Maintenance Act. In general, the fact that this kind of behavior was considered illegal wasn’t very surprising.

If this was inside a game world, the company would have implemented some kind of method to prevent players from doing these kind of actions. If a GM or the game company was monitoring the game, they would instantly prevent Momonga’s lewd behavior. But there appeared to be no sign of that happening here.

And according to the basic DMMORPG and computer laws, in absence of having obtained a licence, forcing players staying in a game world is classified as abduction under the abduction law. If players were forced to join the demo of a game, this kind of action would have been instantly spotted by prosecutors, especially if it was impossible to leave the game. It wouldn’t be surprising if the game company would be charged of imprisonment. If such a situation occurred and forced logout failed to work, the players were able to store a whole week’s worth of gameplay recording with a built-in program, which was mandatory by law. With that you were able to easily report the company’s violations. If Momonga went missing for a week, someone in his company would notice that something was amiss and send someone to his house to look for him. As long as the police investigated the dedicated interface, they should be able to solve this problem.

Just which company will risk getting arrested by committing such a crime? Of course, it was possible to say that this was a first experience to the game, or to say they updated the game. But to a game company, taking this kind of risk would not be advantageous to them at all.

Thinking about it this way, then the only possibility for this situation was that this is an act of mischief, with no relation to the game company. If this was so, this line of thought had to change, otherwise it would be impossible to find an answer.

The problem was his confusion about how to approach this problem. There was also another possibility...

...that the virtual world became reality.

Impossible.

Momonga immediately rejected this idea. How could such an outrageous thing happen... but on the other hand, the more time passed the more it appeared to be the only explanation of what happened.

Also——Momonga thought about the sweet fragrance coming from Albedo. According to Digital Law, two of the five senses, taste and touch, had to be completely excluded. Although there was a food and drink system in the game, it was generally only there as a consumption system. The restriction on the sense of touch was intended to prevent players from believing this was reality. Because of these limitations, the usage of virtual reality in the sex industry was not very popular.

But now all of these restrictions were gone.

This had a dramatic impact on Momonga, causing questions like “What about my work tomorrow?” or “What will happen from now on?”.

All of these were now minor concerns, to be thrown to the back of his mind.

“.... If the virtual world became the real world.... Considering the amount of data, this is completely impossible....”

Momonga cleared his throat that shouldn't be able to utter a sound. Although his mind could not accept the situation, in his heart he already understood. And his hand finally let go of Albedo's chest.

(Author's Note: While the Main Character is thinking about his situation, he is still groping the other persons breast.)

After fondling them for a prolonged time, Momonga was finally able to understand the situation. The reason he touched her for so long wasn't because he thought that they were extremely soft and didn't want to let go..... Definitely not.

“I'm sorry, Albedo”

“Woo ah....”

Albedo was breathing heavily with a bright red face, with an intensity as if her body was radiating steam. She shyly asked Momonga: “Will I have my first time here?”

After Albedo got carried away and asked a question like this, Momonga was unable to suppress a surprised shout: “....Wha-?”

Momonga's mind suddenly blanked out, rendering him unable to decipher the meaning of her sentence. First time? What? What's this about? And why is she looking so shy?

“May I ask what I should do about my clothes?”

“.... Ha?”

“Should I undress myself? Or would I trouble Momonga-sama? Wearing clothes, later on... they might get dirty... No, if Momonga-sama wants me to wear these clothes, then I have no objections.”

His brain finally understood Albedo's words. No, right now it was still questionable if Momonga still had a brain under his skull or not.

Becoming aware of what exactly Albedo's intentions were, his heart was wavering:

“That's enough, Albedo”

“Huh? Yes, my lord”

“Now do not... No, now is not the time to do such things.”

“I am terribly sorry! We are obviously facing an emergency situation and I was only thinking about my own desires” Albedo started to kneel in apology, but Momonga reached out to stop her.

“No, all of this is my fault, I'll forgive you, Albedo. Other than this... I have another request for you.”

“No matter what happens, I will obey”

“Notify the floor guardians, I want them to meet me in the sixth floor's Arena. The time will be one hour from now. I will inform Aura and Mare myself, so you don't need to contact those two.

“Yes my lord. I repeat, other than the two guardians on the sixth floor, inform the rest of the guardians that they will have to gather in the arena in one hour.”

“Correct, now go”

“Yes”

Albedo quickly left the throne room.

Watching Albedo's receding back, Momonga heaved a sigh after she left the Throne Room:

“... What have I done... Even though it was meant to be a joke... Had I known this earlier I would've never done such a thing. I... have tarnished Tabula Smaragdina's NPC creation.”

There could be only one reason for Albedo's reaction.

Back when he rewrote Albedo's settings, he changed it to [Be in love with Momonga]

This was the reason why Albedo had that kind of reaction.

“... Ah... Damn it...!”

Momonga muttered to himself, The legacy that was Albedo, that Tabula Smaragdina had painstakingly created from nothing, was modified without permission and thus ended up with this kind of character.

Momonga felt he had spoiled somebody else's masterpiece and became depressed.

But Momonga's face was just a skull, making it impossible to see his distorted face as he left the throne. He told himself to set this problem aside for the time being. He had other problems to deal with right now and that took priority.