

Chapter 2
Floor Guardians



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Version: 1.1

Part 1

"Heed my call, 「Lemegeton's demon」 ." A golem made of rare minerals moved to obey Momonga's command. Momonga had finally accepted that the Virtual Reality turned into the real world. Now the most important thing for him was to protect himself. Although the NPCs he encountered so far were respectful towards him, it didn't necessarily mean that his other encounters would be the same. Better safe than sorry. Momonga had to confirm the functionality of the Golems, the legendary items and his magic inside Nazarick.... His very own survival was at stake. "Finally, with this the first problem is solved." Looking at the Golem, his mind relaxed at bit. A Golem would only obey the commands issued by its master, so even in the worst case situation—such as an NPC rebellion—he would at least have a life insurance. Momonga looked at his bony fingers. He wore nine rings on his ten fingers, with only the left hand ring finger being empty. In Yggdrasil, it was normally impossible to wear rings on any finger except for the left and right ring finger. But since Momonga used the special ability of a magic item, he could wear rings on his entire hand and use all their abilities as well. He was not only considered special, he was known as one of the best ability users on the server. One of the rings on Momonga's hands was the ring of Ainz Ooal Gown. It allowed him to freely teleport between every room inside Nazarick. Every member of Ainz Ooal Gown was required to wear this ring. After activating it, he started to warp through a dark tunnel until he reached the white light at the end. "Success" After the teleport succeeded, Momonga continued walking along a wide passage. The air around this floor was grassy and earthy, it was the smell of a forest. Momonga became more and more certain that this place truly became reality. A question came to mind while he was walking. Since he was all bones and had neither lungs nor a trachea inside his body, how was he able to breathe? Some serious doubts overcame him, but he started to feel stupid and immediately gave up thinking about it. Having almost reached the end of the passage, a door opened automatically for Momonga. On the other side was a large arena surrounded by several layers of an auditorium. This oval Amphitheater had a length of one hundred eighty-eight meters, a width of one hundred fifty-six meters and a height of forty-eight meters. It was modeled after the Colosseum of the Roman Empire. A spell called 「Continual Light」 was cast over the entire structure and therefore it was always bright as daylight inside. The audience consisted of numerous Golems who showed no signs of activity. This place was called the arena. The gladiators were played by the intruders and the audience would consist of the Golems and the members of Ainz Ooal Gown sitting in the VIP lounge. No matter how tenacious or numerous the invaders were, they were here to meet their end. At the moment, a black night sky could be seen at the top of the arena and if there was no light magic nearby, you could even see the stars in the sky twinkle. The sixth floor of Nazarick was covered by a virtual sky. Not only did it slowly change over time, it even had a rising sun, complete with daylight effects. One could relaxed while living in this fictional scenario, so it was worth the effort for his guild members. Although his mood is improving as he's staying here, the current situation doesn't allow him to continue doing so. Momonga looked around. This arena should be managed by those two twins ... Then suddenly... "Hey there!" With a shout, a silhouette jumped from the VIP lounge. It was a six-storey building and there was no use of any magic, just simply physical skill. Her gentle curved feet eliminated the impact and exposed a proud expression with a "V" for

victory with her hand. A girlish looking child with a cute and a warm smile on her face. Her gold hair drifts near her shoulder reflecting the surrounding. Different colors of blue and green pupils made her eyes shine like a puppy. Her long pointy ears and darkish skin showed that she was a Dark Elf, a close relative of the Forest Elf. Equipped with reddish--black dragon scale-leather light fitting and a white and gold embroidered vest on her chest with the Ainz Ooal Gown sign. Below, she wore a set of white trousers and on her neck an acorn necklace emitting golden light. A whip wrapped around her waist. And her back carries a giant bow whose grip was decorated with exotic engravings. "Ah, Aura." Momonga walks towards the Dark Elf calling out her name. She was a guardian of the sixth floor inside the large underground Mausoleum of Nazarick, Aura Bella Fiora. She was capable of controlling magic beasts, being beast tamer and master of guerilla warfare. With small mousy steps, Aura starts running towards Momonga. The steps looked small, but she was faster than a beast. Her steps were both acute and quick at closing distances. Aura turns on the emergency brake with her foot and due to friction, her shoes made from gold alloy plates produces a dust cloud behind her. "Puh." Obviously not sweaty, Aura pretends to wipe her forehead and exposes a smile similar to a dog who tries to please its master. In a high tone unique to children, she greets Momonga: "Welcome, Momonga-sama. Welcome to my guarded floor!" The greeting was neither as elegant nor as respectful as Albedo's or Sebastian's, but it feels more intimate. For Momonga, he did not know if such sense of intimacy was constrained. It was because Momonga was not experienced enough to tell, this in turn gave him a headache. Aura's expression was full of smiles and he did not feel any hostility from her. There was no response from "enemy scan" either. Momonga looked left and right with his eyes and relaxes his grip on his wand. In case of an emergency situation, he intends to attack and then retreat at once, but now it seems there is no need for that. "..... Ah, did I disturb you just now?" "What? Momonga-sama is the owner of Nazarick, the supreme ruler! No matter when you visit, it can not be called disturbance!" "So Aura, where is.....?" Hearing Momonga ask, Aura abruptly turns neatly, looks to the VIP room and loudly shouts: "Momonga-sama is here! Don't be so rude, and hurry up!" In the shade of the VIP room, one can see a shadow quivering. "Mare, you there?" "Yes, yes, Momonga-sama. Because that guy is very timid he does not want to jump off!" A barely audible voice responded to Aura's call. Because of the distance to the VIP room, normally a miracle would be needed to be heard. But because Aura wore a necklace with magic on her body, it did not pose any problem for her. "No, no sister" Aura sighed and explained: "That, that... Momonga, sir, he is just very timid, and certainly does not have the intention to be rude." "I certainly understand that Aura, and I would never doubt your loyalty." As a community, we must understand the timing of words and the truth behind it. Sometimes saying a lie is needed to reassure the other party. Momonga nodded firmly. Aura seems immediately relieved and turns her face to the VIP room: "The highest master, Momonga-sama came to this floor to meet the guardians. This is utterly indecent, you should be clearly aware of it! If you are too scared to jump off, I'll kick you down!" "Um I will take the stairs down" "How long do you want to let Momonga-sama wait?! Come down now!" "I know, I know"! With all his courage, a small figure jumped down. Dark wizard is the title of this Dark Elf. His feet landed unsteadily on the ground unlike Aura. Probably because of only using physical skill, the drop's impact made him unsteady. After landing, he starts to run towards the two at full speed, albeit it was still much slower than Aura. "Hurry up!" "Yes, yes..." A child with an appearance identical to Aura appeared. Regardless of the length of hair, hair color, eye color, or facial features, the twins could not resemble each other more. But if Aura is the sun, then Mare is the moon. One trembles in fear, while the other scolds him. Momonga feels a bit

surprised as to how they reveal these expressions. As far as Momonga knows, Mare's personality was not programmed like that. NPCs just had the expressions and even if the role of NPCs got extended, they should not be able to change expressions. Yet these two dark elves kids in front of Momonga showed varying facial expressions. "Sorry to have kept you waiting, Momonga-sama....." The child looked scared as he peeped at Momonga. He was wearing a boring blue-dragon-scale-dress and short forest-green-leaves-cloak. Although the outfit had the same white base as Aura's, the lower body exposed a little skin due to the skirt. Like Aura, a necklace made of acorns and emitted a silver light wrapped around his neck. His slender hands wore shiny white silk-gloves while holding a twisted black wooden stick. /editors note: I liberally changed the sentence regarding the necklace to make it sound smoother, if I misconstrued the sentence's meaning, just change it back/ Mare Bello Fiora. Mare and Aura were both guardians of the sixth floor inside Nazarick. Momonga narrowed his eyes - although his eye sockets were empty, he observed them both. Aura stands tall, while Mare is timidly quivering under Momonga's gaze. Just like the past, it looks like they are still companions. "You are in good spirits, very good." "Oh - it became a bit dull recently, occasional some invaders would be nice.." "I, I do not want to see intruders I would be afraid....." Hearing Mare's speech, Aura's face distorts: "..... Oh. Momonga-sama, please excuse me for a little while. Mare, follow me." "Ah-ah it hurts. Sister, sister, please pain ah." After seeing Momonga gently nodding, Aura grabbed Mare's slightly pointy ear. After they left Momonga's side, she whispered into Mare's ear. Even from the distance you could hear Aura reprimanding Mare. "Ah, Intruders. Mare just like you, I too do not want to see them....." "I at least hope to meet them only after I prepare well", thought Momonga after looking at the twins guardian from afar. After Mare recovered from Aura's verbal attacks, he knelt on the ground with a teary-eyed face. The sight seems to explain the sibling relationship between the two companions. Momonga saw it and reveals a smile as he thought to himself: "He he, Mare's clearly not suited for killing enemies. It would suit him more to make tea and listen to her sister. But thinking about it Mare and Aura already died once How did they deal with it? " Once before, fifteen-hundred people invaded this mausoleum and reached all the way until the eighth floor. Back then both Aura and Mare died. They should be able to remember it right? How is the concept of death for those two now? In the end, does it have a significant impact on them?

As stated in Yggdrasil's settings, each death causes the loss of 5 levels and the dropping of an equipped item. If the a character has five or less levels, the character will disappear after death. But because a player has a special protection, they will not disappear, instead, the level will be reduced to one. The advantage of the "rebirth", "resurrection of the dead", and other resurrection magic, is that it could reduce the loss of levels. Furthermore, if you used the right item, you would only need pay little experience. It's simpler for NPCs. For as long as the guild pays the resurrection fee which scales with the NPC's level, the resurrection will have no effect. Death is often used to relegate strong players. Not only does a level upgrade require a lot of experience points, even the equipment drop alone is a heavy punishment. However in Yggdrasil, the relegation is not a terrible thing. I heard that the game production company hoped that the players would not fear relegation and dare to adventure in new areas. The brave will discover the unknown and come across new things in dungeons. Faced with this death rule, the two of them once had to face fifteen hundred people who tried to kill them. Are they now different people after the resurrection? While he wanted to confirm it, he did not want to arouse suspicion. Perhaps the massive invasion was also a horrible experience for Aura. It would not be good asking her this out of mere curiosity. The most important thing for Ainz Ooal Gown members

were the beloved NPCs they created. The concept of death now and in the past has likely changed. Death in the real world, of course, meant that everything was over. But maybe it was not so any longer. Although Momonga believes that he should test it, before he gets enough information, he won't be able to decide any further actions. It would be wiser to shelve the matter for now. So far, although Momonga knows that Yggdrasil has changed this much, there are still a lot of questions. As Momonga ponders about these things, Aura continues her preaching. Momonga feels that this is a bit pathetic. In the past, while his companions and brothers fought, Momonga would stay quietly on the sidelines. But it's different now. "Let's stop here for now, okay?" "But Momonga-sama, as a guardian, Mare-!" "- Don't worry Aura, I understand your feelings as a floor guardian. Of course you will feel unhappy when Mare says such cowardly words in front of me. But I also believe that in the event someone invades the Mausoleum of Nazarick, you and Mare will bravely stand and fight to the end. And as long as he is capable of doing this, you don't need to blame him this much." Aura walks towards Mare and pulled him up and Momonga tells him: "Mare, seeing how sorry you are, your kind sister will surely forgive you. You should be thankful to her." Mare exposed a slightly surprised expression and looks to his sister. Aura hastily replies: "Uh? No, no, that is not how it is! You should be grateful to Momonga-sama!" "Aura, it doesn't matter to me. Your good intentions are well understood. I don't doubt Mare's ability as the guardian." "Ah, yes, yes! Thank you, Momonga-sama." "Thank you." They respectfully salute and Momonga can not help but feel a little uneasy. Particularly because the pierced Momonga with shiny eyes. Having never been seen so respected, Momonga tried to hide his shyness by deliberately coughing a bit: "Well, yes, I would like to ask you Aura, do you feel bored with no intruders coming?" "- Ah, no, that-that....." Seeing Aura's fearful expression, Momonga felt that he asked the question wrongly: "I will not blame you, so please speak your heart's contents." "..... Indeed, a little bored. There are no opponents nearby who can keep up with me in a fight for more than five minutes." While answering, she put her index fingers close together. As a guardian of this floor, she reached level 100. There are only a few who can rival her in power within this Mausoleum. Speaking of NPCs, including Aura and Mare, there are a total of nine people who can, with one exception. "What if you take Mare as your opponent?" Suddenly, Mare's body starts shaking. He shook his head vigorously, and with moist eyes appeared very frightened. Aura looks at the frightened Mare and sighed. With her sigh, a sweet scent filled the surroundings. Remembering Aura's ability, Momonga backs away from the smell. "Ah, sorry, Momonga-sama!" Aura waves her hand to disperse the scented air. [Passive Skill] Aura, who has the trainer's special skills, can also activate a kind of buff or debuff with this skill. This skill is triggered by breathing and the effect reaches several meters in radius. If the user actively uses the skills, the effect can be extended to an incredible distance of sometimes up to tens of meters in radius. In Yggdrasil when affected by buffs or debuffs an icon will appear in front of you to show that it's active. But now these changes do not appear anymore, and it has become quite cumbersome. "There is nothing anymore, the effect has been stopped!" "This ah" "..... But since Momonga-sama is Undead, the effect of this skill should be useless against you, right?" In Yggdrasil it was true. The Undead would not be affected by any buff, whether good or bad, it was all the same. "..... Have I entered the skill's range yet?" "Well..." Aura shrinks her neck and Mare who was next to her did the same. "..... I'm not angry, Aura." Momonga tried to appease them as gently as possible. "Aura" you do not need to be so afraid. Do you think such casually cast skills can affect me? I'm simply asking whether or not I'm within the range of your skill." "Yes! You have already entered the range of my skill." Aura feels relieved to hear Momonga's response. Momonga feels

a pressure from inside his clothes and his stomach started throbbing. So if he weakens, what should he do? Every time he thought of this, he wanted to put aside this idea. "So what is the effect?" "The results Should be [Fear]." "Well, Well" He did not feel [Fear]. In Yggdrasil, members of the guild or team-mate cannot attack each other. Although this rule should not count anymore, but still, it should be confirmed in advance. "As for as I remember, Aura's ability will not have a negative effect on allies." "Huh?" Aura could not help staring. Mare, who was next to her, also bore the same expression. Momonga could tell from these two expressions that it was not the case. "Did I remember it wrong?" "Yes, I can only freely change the effect range, maybe you got confused by this?" Rules that prohibit companions to attack each other is really ineffective. Mare who is nearby seems unaffected, but maybe he is equipped with an items that prevent this effect. The artifact items Momonga is equipped with do not have a resistance against this effect, is it because he is Undead? Why doesn't Momonga feel [Fear]? There are two speculations. Either he is relying on the value of his basic ability to block it. Or it is blocked because of his special ability: The spirit of the deceased. Because he does not know which speculation is right, Momonga intends to conduct further experiments: "Can you try to use the effects on others?" Aura's head tilts and makes a strange questioning sound. Once again, it reminded Momonga of a puppy's and he couldn't help but reach out and pet Aura's head. Her hair was smooth as silk and felt quite comfortable. Because Aura did not show displeasure, Momonga couldn't help but want touch her face as well. But Mare's eyes which were staring from the side made Momonga stop. What could Mare be thinking about this? After a brief reflection, Momonga releases his wand and strokes Mare's hair with the other hand. Mare's hair seems to feel nicer, as Momonga absent-mindedly pondered about these things, he finally remembered: "I need to trouble you with something. I have various experiments in progress Which I would like to ask your help for." Although still overwhelmed, as soon as Momonga took his hands off their heads, they revealed shy although somewhat proud expressions. Aura happily responded: "Yes, I will do it! Momonga-sama, please ask me anything." "First wait ——" Momonga brought the floating wand into his hand. There are abilities present on the wand as well, and among the many said capabilities, Momonga chooses a decorative jewel on the wand. An artifact-ability level item named "Moon jade" —— call Moonlight Wolf. It summons three beasts out of thin air. Since the Monster Summon magic effects here and in Yggdrasil were the same, Momonga was not surprised. The Moonlight Wolf and Siberian Wolf are very similar, except the previous radiates silver light. Between Momonga and the Moonlight Wolf exists a wonderful link, one that clearly denotes who the master is. "The Moonlight Wolf, huh?" Aura's voice implies that she cannot understand the point of calling such a weak monster. Moonlight Wolves are fairly agile and can be used to launch surprise attacks, but it bears a level of only about twenty. From Momonga and Aura's perspectives, it certainly is quite a weak Monster. But for the intended purpose, the monster's level is enough. No, rather the weaker, the better. "Okay, I will included it in my breathing effect's range." "Hm? Can you?" "No problem." Momonga hesitates to force Aura to do it brazenly. It is not exactly the same now compared to in-game, there was a possibility that she would disobey. There was also a possibility that Aura's ability would not start properly. To avoid this situation, He had to involve a third-party, and thus the summoning of the Moonlight Wolf. The Wolf was panting hard, but Momonga didn't feel any discomfort. He tries to relax and certainly there was no strange feeling. He's within the same range as the Moonlight Wolf who seems to be affected, so he was sure that Aura's skills really activated. From this experiment one can conclude that the skills affecting mental functions did not affect Momonga. This means —— In the game for sub-human and Other races, as long as

one reaches a predetermined racial hierarchy, one can get a special ability for this race. Particularly a Lich, such as Momonga, also has another special ability — Each day, one could summon four high tier undead, twelve mid tier undead, twenty low tier undead, negative contact, desperate Aura V [instant death], negative guard, dark soul, dark light, immortal blessing, the ability to negate damage IV, thrusting weapon resistance V, slashing weapon resistance V, higher-tier repel resistance III, higher-tier magic invalidation III, ice/acid/electric property attack invalidation, magic vision strengthening / see through. Also professional level additional capabilities — instant death magic strengthened, skilled dark rituals, immortality aura, creating Undead and so on. The basic special ability is Undead. Fatal blow invalidation, ineffective mental function, food/poisoning/ Sick/sleep/Instant death/paralysis invalidation, necromancer magic, flesh damage resistance, does not need oxygen, debuff invalidation, energy drain resistance, negative energy recovery ability, and night vision. Of course there is also a weakness to all things positive: light and sacred attack vulnerability IV, assault weapons vulnerability V, sacred damage punishment II, fire damage doubled and so on. —These basic capabilities are learned as Undead and special abilities are acquired during the upgrades. The abilities of Momonga are very high. "So, with these results Thank you. Aura, do you have any questions?" "No, not really." "This will do - go back now." The Three Moon Wolves disappeared without a trace. "..... Momonga-sama, did you come to our floor today to do experiments?" Mare also nodded. "Huh? Ah, that's not it. I came to train." "Training? Huh? Momonga-sama, you?" Aura and Mare's eyes widened to the point it seemed it would fall off. It was definitely a surprise that I, the highest order and as well as ruler of the Mausoleum of Nazarick, did not know about magic chants. This reaction has been predicted by Momonga and he quickly replies: "Yes." Hearing Momonga's brief response, Aura's expression returned to normal. Momonga was quite satisfied of the expected reaction. "Please, may I ask, then, what is the highest tier of weapon that Momonga-sama is capable of using, the legendary one?" Legendary one? Momonga seems a bit puzzled, but after seeing Mare eyes sparkle, he realized that the question was honest without any malice in mind. "This is it..... the weapon every guild member worked together to build. A weapon of the highest order, Staff of Ooal Gown." Momonga raised his wand and it immediately radiated an ambient, beautiful light. However, around the light a quivering, ominous shadow appeared, one only visible to the evil. Momonga sounded prouder than ever before and his voice had become more excited: "This staff, engraved in it, seven snakes and gems, each of artifact and relic level. Because it belongs to an entire series of items, upon completed the collection, one could display immense power. We spent tremendous perseverance and time to complete the entire collection. In fact, a member of the guild wanted to give up on the idea during the collection. I don't know how many monsters we fought to get the treasures.... not only that, this staff can overcome the artifact level itself and is even comparable to a legendary item. And its most powerful ability is, the automatic engagement..... Ahem. " Momonga got too excited. Although in the past his companions built it together, because it exited the throne room, there was no opportunity to show it off. Since it is out now, he wanted to show it to others. Although Momonga wanted to continue to showing it off, his emotions stopped him. He was too ashamed "... That's it." "Wow, So strong....." "You are the strongest, Momonga-sama!" The two children's sparkling eyes, almost made Momonga laugh. The efforts to resist it almost blew away his expression - originally, there were no expressions for this skull — he continues: "So I would like to make an experiment with this staff and I hope you can help me with it." "Yes! We will prepare it immediately. Then we can see the power of this staff?" "Well, of course. I will let you experience the most powerful weapon I can hold." "Awesome!" - Aura shouts

excited and did a cute jump. Mare tried to conceal it, but his long-ears failed to stop shivering, evident of his excitement. *This is bad, I need a serious expression, and therefore can not relax.* Momonga reminded himself to maintain his dignity. "... There is one more thing Aura. I have ordered all the floor guardians to come over here. They will all be gathered here in less than one hour." "Huh? Then we have to get ready -" "No, it is not necessary, we'll wait here until they come." "Ah, each floor's guardians-?? Then Shalltear will come as well?" "Yes, all the floors' guardians." "..... Oh." Aura's long ears suddenly start to droop. But unlike Aura, Mare seemed less animated. Going by their body language, Aura and Shalltear didn't like each other, unlike Mare. What will happen from now on? Momonga sighed softly.

Part 2

Soldiers, fifty in number, rode through the grasslands. Each and every one of them was muscular, vigorous and eye-catching. The men could only be described by the word "Robust". Even while wearing breastplate, one could see the well toned muscles underneath. A man, around thirty years of age, with a sunbathed dark and wrinkled face, short black hair, black eyes, and sharp like a sword looks to the man beside him. "Captain, we are approaching the first village on our route." "Yes, indeed, Lieutenant." Georgiev Stolonov, Re-Estize Kingdom's proud warrior, has yet to see any of the villages. Suppressing his eagerness, Georgiev implores his horse to maintain the steady gallop. Although the current speed should not normally wear down the horse, it has still been forced to march all the way here since the Capital. Insidiously, fatigue builds up and penetrates its body. Even a horse would be tired after the long trip and he could not afford to burden the horse any further. "I hope nothing happened." Uneasiness subtly lies beneath the Lieutenant's words. Georgiev shares the same thought. The king, who issued the command, implored Georgiev to investigate the sightings of Imperial Knights near the border. Should any be found, Georgiev is to promptly subdue them. Initially, since it was at the outskirts of the city Lantiere, sending troops from there would be faster. However, considering that the enemy were well armed and trained Imperial Knights, doing so would be unreasonable. In Re-Estize, the only ones who can rival the Imperial Knights were the soldiers under Georgiev. As such, the task of suppressing raids from the Imperial Soldiers fell upon the rightfully frustrated Georgiev's shoulders. One can mobilize soldiers to protect the villages before Georgiev's arrival, and doing so would be enough to resist the raids, gaining them valuable time. And while there were a myriad of other possible methods of resistance, nothing was done... no, it's that nobody could do anything. Georgiev, knowing full well exactly why it was as such, was restless. He tries to calm down yet his hands tightly grip the reins. It was certainly difficult to suppress the burning sensation that torments his heart. "Captain, it's mindless that nobody began searching before we arrived. Not just that, why didn't they send anyone else to search besides us? For example, they could commission adventurers. They could also search for Imperial Knights. Why hasn't anything like that been done? " "...Stop it Lieutenant, if Imperial Knights appeared in the territory of the Kingdom in broad daylight, the

situation would be much worse." "Captain, there is no one else around. I hope you can tell me the truth." The Lieutenant, showing a derisive grin riddled with malice, spoke with disdain: "It's because of those nobles, right?" Georgiev did not answer back, because it was the truth. "Those damn nobles actually use people's lives as tools in their struggle for power! Not only that, since this territory is under the king's control, they wouldn't pass up this chance to ridicule the king!" "..... Not all nobles think that way." "Perhaps the Captain is right, there are also nobles who live for the sake of the people, and example of which is the Golden Princess. However they are few and far between If only we could centralize the power as the Emperor*, then we can oppose those damn noble for the sake of the people right? " "But If you rush things, perhaps it may lead to civil war and our country will be torn apart. Even now, our Kingdom is facing the neighboring empire's ambitions to expand its territories. A calamity the likes of a civil war would become a national predicament." "I know, but" "Let's stop for the time being" All of a sudden Georgiev hushed up and gazed straight ahead. Smoke curled out from behind the small hill in front of them. The people present all knew that meant. Georgiev could not help but to click his tongue. As he galloped to the small hill the scene that welcomed him was exactly as he expected. The whole village was scorched to ruins. Some of the wreckage and burned roofs looked like tombstones erected in this ruin. Georgiev ordered with a firm voice: "Everyone be ready. We need to act fast." The village was completely burned and the wreckage of houses barely showed their original appearance. Walking through the ruins, Georgiev smelled the stench of burnt flesh mixing with the smell of blood. Georgiev's face seemed very calm, as if he felt no emotional turbulence. But if one were to look closely, one could see his true disposition. His lieutenant walking beside him bore the same expression. More than a hundred people in the village yet only six survived. Truly, everyone was mercilessly killed. Regardless of whether woman, child, or even infant, all were equal. "Lieutenant, send a few people to escort the survivors back to Lantiere." "Wait a minute, under these" "You're right, especially under these circumstances, we have to protect them." Indeed, Lantiere is one of the King's demesne. And it is the King's responsibility to protect the surrounding villages. If the survivors were abandoned here, it would greatly trouble the king. One can imagine the aristocratic factions deliberately using this opportunity to stir trouble and weaken the King's influence. More importantly — "Please reconsider. These survivors have all witnessed the knights of the empire. This was what the king ordered to prioritize. I think we should take our men and temporarily retreat to Lantiere. We need to be prepared appropriately for the next step. " "No." "Captain! It should be very clear to you that this is certainly a trap. This Village got attacked just as we were on our way to Lantiere, it cannot be a coincidence. These brutal acts are definitely to lure us in otherwise they would not be this ruthless. This is absolutely a trap." "The survivors did not escape the hostility of the Knights by hiding, it was due to the enemy's mercy. I'm afraid that they planned this. In order to protect the survivors they want us to divide our troops." "Captain, surely you wouldn't chase them down fully knowing that this is a trap, right?" "..... I will." "Are you serious about it?! Captain, you are undeniably strong, and even if you were to face against a hundred knights, you can definitely win. But the Empire has a famous magician. If this old man is with the enemy, it will be quite dangerous even for you. Even if captain encounters the pride

of the Empire, the four paladins, they are likely to lose against you. So I beg you, please retreat for now. For the sake of the kingdom, even the sacrifice of a few villages can't be compared to the loss of the Captain's life!" Georgiev quietly listened as the Lieutenant continued vehemently: "If you do not want to retreat ... Then how about abandoning the survivors and we all chase them with you." "This is perhaps the most sensible choice ... but doing so is equal to letting them die. The survivors here, do you think they can survive alone?" The Lieutenant grew speechless, because he knew that the chance of survival is almost nil for the survivors. If they do not send people to protect them and bring them to a safety, they will be killed within a few days. Even so, what the Lieutenant said was not wrong, - no, right and wrong does not matter here. "... Captain, your life is the most valuable, it cannot be compared to the lives of the villagers." Georgiev fully understood the pain of his Lieutenant's decision, that's why he let him say such things. But even then, he still could not agree with him: "You and I were both born as mere civilians." "Yes, but most soldiers join the army because of their admiration for Captain." "I remember that you were to also be born in a village?" "Yes, I was..." "Village life was not easy and people often died in their neighborhoods. Suffering from monster attacks, such was common and it causes many casualties, right?" "... Yes." "Against a Monster, even a normal soldier would simply be overwhelmed. If there's no money to hire specialized adventurers to face the Monster, they could only bow to the Monster and wait." /editor's note: They could only grind their teeth and wait?/ "...Yes." "So you never hoped for help? When needing help and when the nobles don't move a finger, who would have the strength to do so?" "...They would be looking forward for nothing but a lie, because in reality no one ever helps. The aristocracy would never give money to the affected villages." "That being the case Let us prove that the reality is not like this. I want to help the villagers." The Lieutenant became speechless after remembering his own experience. "My friend, let us show the villagers what it means to face danger while risking our lives, knowing that the brave will come to the rescue and that it is true that the strong helps the weak." Georgiev and the Lieutenant met eyes and exchanged countless emotions. The Lieutenant finally gave up and responded in a tired and impassioned tone: "..... Then let me go and take the leadership of the men. There are numerous who can replace me, but no one that can replace Captain." "Don't be stupid. Ever since the past, my survival rate has been relatively high. We are not going there to die, but to save the people of the Kingdom." The Lieutenant wanted to open his mouth several times, but finally chose to shut up. "Promptly choose some soldiers to protect the villagers and go to Lantiere with them." A red sunset shone on the prairie with many shadows. The exact number was 45 people. This group of people suddenly appeared from empty place. It was a clever way of disguise made of magic. This group of people did not look like mercenaries, travellers or adventurers. Looking closely, they all wore the same clothes. Wearing equipment made of a special metal that increases both mobility and defense. Strengthened by magic effects, their clothing surpassed any conventional defenses. They were carrying a small leather bag, the kind that would look like a regular traveler's backpack if not for the magic symbol on top. On their waist was a belt carrying a few bottles of liquid and on their back was a cloak that exudes a magical aura. Regardless of the money, time and effort, to put together so many magic items was not easy. The group of candidates who wore

this magic equipment, proved that they were support on a national level. Looking at their equipment, there were no signs of any identity or affiliation. They were an illegal unit, one that must hide its identity. The group of people's eyes, looked towards the wasted village. While looking, the smell of blood and burnt flesh permeated from the villages. From their eyes one could see that they did not like having to watch the cold-blooded, ruthless scene. "..... Fled huh." Said a dull voice which sounded slightly disappointed. "..... There is no other way. Prepare to attack the next village to bait him out. We have to lure the beast into our trap." The men look at Georgiev's shadow departing towards the same direction as a group of people. "Tell me the next targeted village for our bait."

Part 3

In the arena, Momonga prepares his finger to cast a spells on a scarecrow in the corner. Apart from simple magic damage, the spells that Momonga learned were specialized in instant death and other "add additional damaging effects". He has a relatively low amount of non-lethal spells. In fact, whenever he chooses to simply cast a damage type magic, because Momonga's class choice was Necromancer, it will automatically strengthen the magic damage because to the "add additional damaging effects". As a result, a mere damage spell deals more damage than some spell from an enhanced combat class.

Momonga looks at the side and saw that he was exposed to the curious eyes of two children. His heart felt some pressure, since he felt a certain uncertainty of not knowing whether or not he meets their expectations.

Momonga secretly looks towards two huge monsters. Their huge size reaches up to three meters in height. They had a mix of human and dragon bones, highly trained strong muscles and scales harder than steel to cover these muscles.

They had a dragon's face, a tail thick like a tree and no wings. They looked like a dragon on two feet. Their upper arms were thicker than any man's and about as half as long as their body - holding a thick sword that resembles a shield.

These two Monsters were from the Dragon lineage and were summoned by Aura. As a beast tamer, she had the ability to control them and she used them to organize the Arena games.

Although their level were only fifty five with almost no special abilities, they attacked with endless stamina while using these robust arms. It was enough to rival against a high-tier Monster.

Momonga sighed and moved his sight back to the scarecrow again.

His eyes were looking towards the scarecrow and if you look closely, you could see that he was quite nervous. His aim was to confirm that he was still able to use magic.

By allowing Aura and Mare to see this “magical experiment”, his main purpose is to demonstrate his power and let them know that making an enemies out of him is a stupid thing to do. He had to do this before the other guardian arrive.

These two kids do not seem to have slightest sign of betrayal and he does not think they would betray him. However, if he loses the ability to use magic, Momonga is not confident that they will keep their allegiance.

Aura’s attitude towards Momonga feels like as if she knew him for a long time. For him however, it feels like their first meeting.

It can be seen that the role setting of these two children are all carefully crafted out. They were the brainchildren of the guild. However, emotional reaction and behaviour pattern to various conditions were not perfect and had some flaws. But now, them becoming intelligent beings with their own thinking, these flaws will probably affect their behaviour somehow.

If it did not make the loyalty condition weak, then what could have changed? On another note, the amount of their loyalty were never clearly documented in their program. Thus whether or not they obey orders, can also vary. If it were simply not obeying orders, it can still handled. However what to do if they betray him immediately after they find out that he doesn’t have enough power.....?

Although being too paranoid is bad, it is not wise to trust them completely. In short, at this moment for Momonga the best idea is to be cautious. Another reason for this experiment is, if he can not use magic, he could discuss it with Aura and Mare. These two children believe that this

experiment is to confirm the power of the staff, so the magic power would depend on the item itself. If there was a problem with his magic he could easily use the staff as excuse. The plan was perfect.

Momonga can not help but praise himself. In the past, was his mind always so calm and flexible? No one could answer this question for Momonga.

The doubts inside his brain were thrown out the window and he began to think about magic used in Yggdrasil. Inside the game, magic spell strength was rated from one to ten and there were easy to over six thousand spells in total. The spell were separated between different types of systems. There were seven hundred spells from eighteen different systems that can be used by Momonga. In general, level 100 players can usually only use three hundred kinds of spell, so the number of spells Momonga can use is quite unusual.

Almost all of these spells are store inside Momonga's brain and he is searching for the most appropriate spell to use right now.

Because the prohibition of friendly fire has been lifted, he must know the exact effect range of the spell. It is therefore important, for the magic attacks not to select numbers of individuals, but range of effect. The next goal is to take into account the scarecrow, so ——

In Yggdrasil, just pressing the icon will activate the magic spell. However, in the absence of the Interface, we must use other methods.

Although a bit uncertain, he has a little understanding of how to start it.
He feels the power hidden inside his body. It seems like the contact is not properly established.
Momonga concentrates.
He illustrates it floating in the air ——
Momonga smiles quite happily.

He already knows the approximate range of effects and how long the cool down takes to launch the next spell. These have been thoroughly mastered in the past. After confirming his ability, a new kind of excitement overcame him. He feels satisfied because he knows that magic is now a part of his own strength, which he did not experience inside Yggdrasil.

The emergence of the inner joy - although it will rapidly cooled down, he was able to feel his excitement - at his fingertips, he gathers his force and then with a word:

"Fireball."

He points his finger towards the Scarecrow and the expanding fireball flew where he is pointing. As expected, the fireball hit the scarecrow impartially. A fireball formed of hot flame flew and hit the scarecrow. After the hit, a bursting of flames from inside followed and let the earth around the scarecrow become a sea of fire.

It all happened in a twinkling of an eye. Apart from the burning scarecrow, there was nothing left anymore.

"Ohhhh"

Aura and Mare looked with puzzled eyes and could not help but giggle at Momonga.

"- Aura, prepare a new scarecrow."

"Ah, yes, will do immediately! Go make it ready!"

A dragon holding another scarecrow, placed it next to the charred scarecrow. Momonga walked beside the scarecrow and faced it and launches a spell:

"Razing flames."

A sudden pillar of fire surrounded the scarecrow. Momonga continues to cast spells on the wrecked scarecrow:

"Fireball."

The scarecrow got hit by a fireball and turned into ashes.

The intervals between chanting of different types of magic was just like Yggdrasil. No, it might have actually become faster from start to launch. In the game, you must first select the range of the cast, then move with the cursor to indicates the scope of it.

"Perfect."

Because of this quite satisfactory experimental results, Momonga can not help but send a contented sound.

"Momonga-sama, do you want me to prepare some more scarecrow?"

Aura still look puzzled. She knew Momonga is a powerful magician, so she does not think this level of performance of anything special. But Momonga wants to give to the twins the impression that this was still the case. The purpose of this illustration has been achieved.

"..... No, I want to make another experiment."

After denying Aura's proposal, Momonga continue with the next test.

"Message."

The primary contact object to GM. When you use "message" magic inside Yggdrasil, as long as the other person is ingame, you can hear a phone ringing sound. If there is no sound, the contact will immediately cut off.

Right now, it feels like he hears and listen in the middle of his mind. It feels like there was a continuous thread extending in search for the contacted person. For Momonga it is the first time ever experiencing this feeling, it is very difficult to describe it.

This feeling last for some time, but if finally there is no indication of contact, the effect of "message" will end. A strong sense of disappointment rose inside. Momonga repeats the same cast of magic. The selected person is not a GM, but his past companions - Ainz Ooal Gown guild members.

After ninety-nine tries and with nothing happening he was in mood to give up. He did "send message to all" to all of the forty members, but there was no contact. After this confirmation, Momonga gently shook his head.

Even if he knew he had been long abandoned, once the facts was before him, he still felt very disappointed.

Finally, He uses magic to contact Sebastian.

— on contact.

This way he can determine that the "message" magic is still usable and that it was not limited to the people in this world.

"Momonga-sama."

A voice of deep respect passes into the brain. Momonga thinks that perhaps on the other side, Sebastian bowed respectfully, just like he would do in the real world. While think about these silly things and keeping silent, it felt strange for Sebastian and he spoke again:

"..... May I ask what you need?"

"Ah, ah, sorry, I got lost for a moment. Yes, how is the situation in the surrounding?"

"Yes, the surrounding is a grassland and I did not find any intelligent life."

"Grassland not a swamp?"

The surrounding of the Underground Tomb of Nazarick should be a large swamp. It is home to a Frog like Monster called Zwick. A mist-shrouded surrounding with many poisonous swamp.

"Yes, the surrounding is a Grassland."

Momonga can not help but smile gently. This situation is a bit too much

"The large Underground Tomb of Nazarick crossed entirely to an unknown place? Sebastian, is there something floating in the sky, or did some magic incantation appeared?"

"No, I do not see something like that. There is an endless sky like inside the sixth layer."

"What! You say the sky? Surrounded by nothing strange?"

"No There is nothing strange anywhere to be found. Apart from Nazarick, there is no other buildings to be found outside. "

"It's that so It's that so"

What to say? It seems that Momonga can't get his head to believe it. However his heart knows that this is probably true.

Sebastian stays silent while awaiting his command. Momonga look towards his left wrist guard band. In about another twenty minutes, the other guardian will arrive. If this is the result, then there is only one order he can issue.

"Be back in twenty minutes. Return to Nazarick and go to the arena where all the guardian are set to come. Tell us the trouble and things you have seen."

"Yes, sir. "

"So collect as much information as possible before coming back."

After hearing the other party agreeing, Momonga lifts "message" to cut off the contact. While Momonga thinks that things have come to an end and almost sighed, he suddenly remembers the twins eyes staring at him.

Now that you have showed them the power of the staff, you should let them experiencing a task. Holding the staff, Momonga hesitates while not knowing which magic to display. Hidden inside Ainz Ooal Gown's staff is a countless force of monsters and if Momonga wish so, he could [Quickly Summon] them. This is a relatively nice gorgeous little magic-

[Summon Primal Fire Elemental]

Thought Momonga and choose the fire gem and activates one spell hidden inside the gem, [Summon Primal Fire Elemental].

Complying with the idea of Momonga, the dangling stone inside the snakes mouth began to shake and a strong force pours out of it. Momonga holds up Ainz Ooal Gown's staff and a huge ball of light starts glowing in front. The ball of light produces another superior ball of light with a whirlpool of flames surrounding it. The flame vortex rotates faster and faster, and finally transforms into a diameter of four meters wide and six meters high fire tornado.

Infernal hot air steams out to the surrounding. At the corner of his eye, he saw two huge body from the dragon bloodline forms in front of Aura and Mare. The hot air blown onto Momonga's cloak while making a crackling sound. It would not be surprising if this amazing heat would even cause burns. But Momonga has absolute flame resistance to overcome Undead original weakness, so that there is no impact on him at all.

Soon after, the huge fire tornado strong enough to melt metal and a blinding light engulfing it, is constantly been shaken into a human shape.

Primal Fire Elemental - can to be said to be among the highest tier of elements Monster itself and has a level in eighty-five and above. Same as Moonlight Wolf, Momonga also felt a wonderful link between him and the element of fire.

"Wow"

Aura's voice issued a sigh, while watching intensely. Absolutely unable to summon the highest tier Elemental with their own spells, on Aura's face, an expression of joy like children receiving Christmas presents emerges.

"... Do you want to have a duel with it?"

"Huh?"

"Huh, Huh?"

Slightly stunned for a moment, Aura exposes an innocent children smile. For a child's smile, her smile was a bit... - no, it was too ferocious. As soon as she touches Mare on the side, her revealing smile changed back to a more child like one.

"Really?"

"It does not matter, even if you destroy it."

Momonga shrugged, while saying it does not matter. With the Staff's power, one can summon one Primal Fire Elemental per day. In other words, as long as the day is over, he will be able to continue summon another one tomorrow. So even if gets destroyed, it was not much of a loss.

"Ah, I suddenly remembered that there was other urgent business to deal with"

"Mare."

One of Aura's hand firmly grasp the hand of Mare and would not let him escape. Aura's smile let Mare freeze up. For Momonga it is a cute girl's smile, but if you look it from the eyes of her twin, it was the exact opposite of a smile. Mare's face could not help but to freeze.

Mare was dragged in front of the Primal Fire Elemental. His eyes were constantly looking around, especially towards Momonga in looking for help. He gave him a expression like a blooming flower, but only to get a prayer back from Momonga. The flower wilted immediately on the spot.

"Well, you two just play with it. If you get injured, do not blame me."

"Okay -"

Aura vibrant answer, but one can also hear a few inaudible frustrated response from Mare. Momonga feels that Mare won't hold a grudge against him for this. He therefore wants to test the link with his Elemental and issued the command to the twins to attack the Primal Fire Elemental. Faced with violent flames radiating from the Fire Elemental, Aura and Mare are facing their enemy two to one in battle.

Aura attacks the Fire Elemental fire with her hands holds the whip in air, while Mare uses magic to dealt out damage to it.

"It looks like they will deal with the situation with ease."

While Momonga's sight leaves this battle of strength, he starts thinking about how he should continue investigating the matter. Magic and items activation have already been confirmed. Then next he need to test his equipment. Of particular importance are the Scrolls, Staves, Wands and other equipments. Magic item like Scrolls are destroyed after use, while Wands and short staff need to be charged with magic before they can be used.

Momonga has a lot of magic items. With his personality, he basically like to store them instead of using them. He felt it was pity, so he did not use the consumable items. Even when facing bosses, he did not want to use the most advanced recovery items. He can not be called a cautious personality, he is simply stingy. The items start gradually to accumulate.

While he was living in Yggdrasil, Momonga was holding these items inside a box. Where did it go now?

Momonga recalls the scene of opening the box of items inside his head and his hand starts looking in the air. Apart of his hand then suddenly extend into nothingness and disappeared.

It was as if a window opened and Momonga's hand traversed it. In place of the originally empty space emerged a hole with several beautiful wands inside. This hole and Yggdrasil's item box were identical.

While moving his hand, the items inside this space changed. Scrolls, short staff, weapons, armours, ornaments, precious stones, as well as medicine and other consumable magic items were all inside the number was alarming.

Momonga can not help but feel at ease and smiles. With this, even if everyone inside Nazarick becomes his enemy, Momonga had enough to guarantee his own safety.

Blankly staring at the fight of Aura and Mare, Momonga start summarizing from information he obtained so far.

The NPC he so far encountered were they programmed?

No, they have the same sense as humans and there was no differences. A program is absolutely unable to show such fine emotions. It should be assumed that due to some reason, they became like humans.

And what in this world is going on?

He did not know. Since the magic from Yggdrasil can be used here, then it would be more appropriate to assume that it is a game like Yggdrasil. But according to his own judgement, it is doubtful. It is nothing like inside a game. In the end, is it still in the game or in a different world? It should be one of them. Although it is a bit weird to ask this question.

In what state of mind should he face the future?

He has to conform to what extent Yggdrasil influenced this world. If the monsters inside Nazarick and the NPCs are all based on the electromagnetic data from Yggdrasil, then there should be no enemy here.

The problem is if they are some other data except the electromagnetic data involved. Then he would have to take a different attitude to face them. In short, for the time being, he had the highest positions here and need to assume a majestic appearance - if you need to do it - he had to act more appropriately.

What this kind of action should be taken in the future?

He should try to collect clues, although it is unclear how this world works, at the moment Momonga is simply an ignorant traveller. He must proceed with caution and carefully collect information.

If this is a different world, should he strive to find ways to return to his original world?

He feels doubtful. If you have friends in the old world, you should do so. Maybe if your parents are still alive, it would be good to think of ways to go home. If there is a family in need of support, or a girlfriend ...

But there were no such people waiting for him.

His life was just repeatedly working for his company then go home. After coming back home from work login Yggdrasil and wait for the fellow members to login. I am afraid this won't happen any more in the future. Then what value is there back home?

But if it was possible to go back, he should try to find way how. Having another option is always better, because there may be hell outside.

"What to do now....."

Momonga's lonely word echoed in the air.

Part 4

The huge Primal Fire Elemental is slowly melting and disappearing into thin air. The heat that has been released into the air is also gradually fading.

With the disappearance of the Fire Elemental, Momonga had a slight feeling that his dominance over it was also vanishing. Although Primal Fire Elementals have extraordinary destructive strength and durability, their amazing fire damage can be totally ineffective. For someone with high agility like Aura, it is just a huge target.

Normally Aura should have also lost some health while attacking, but since Mare was a druid he did not allow such a thing. In fact, Mare was efficiently using magic during the whole fight to assist Aura by strengthening her or weakening the foe. They were very competent in playing the role of attacker and defender and it can be said that they were a perfect match. At the same time, Momonga also felt the difference between this battle and fighting games. This is a real combat.

"Very exciting..... both of you..... have performed really well."

Hearing Momonga's heartfelt admiration, both kids smile from ear to ear:

"Thank you for your praise Momonga-sama. It has been a long time since we had such a great exercise!"

The two of them wiped their sweat off their face, however after doing so, they sweat even more, which rolled off their light dark skin.

Momonga silently opens the item box and takes out the magic item - [Unlimited Kettle].

Inside Yggdrasil there is hunger and thirst, but these needs are totally unrelated to the Undead Momonga and therefore he never uses this item. At most it would be used on his mount. Similar to a transparent glass, the kettle fills up with fresh water. Because of the cold water, countless drops of water start gathering on the kettle.

He takes out two beautiful cups, fills them with water and gives them to twins:

"Aura, Mare, come drink up."

"Huh? That is too kind of you, Momonga-sama....."

"Yes, my magic can also be changed into water."

Seeing Aura constantly waving her hands and Mare continuously shaking his head, Momonga reveals a smile:

"This is a piece of cake. You are always performing well and this is my thanks to you."

"Wow ah ——"

"Woo Oh ——"

Feeling shy and red in the face, Aura and Mare's hands timidly took the cup:

"Thank you, Momonga-sama!"

"To, to even have Momonga-sama pour me water!"

Was it really necessary for them to become this happy?

Aura no longer refuses, takes the cup with both hands and downs it. She is spilling drops of water, which flow down to her throat and continue to disappear into her chest. Mare is holding the cup with both hands and drinks with small gulps. Just by the way of drinking, the different personalities of these two become apparent .

While watching their movements, Momonga's hand touches his own neck. To him, it still feels like there is a layer of skin.

His body so far did not feel thirsty and not even felt sleepy. Although it is obvious that Undead don't have these feelings, finding out you are no longer a human being makes you want to think that it is all a joke.

Momonga continues to touch his body. There is no skin, muscles, blood vessels, nerves and organs, only bones. Even if he's aware of it, it still doesn't feel real and so he is constantly touching his body.

The sense of touch is duller compared to a human. It kind of feels like touching something with a thin cloth in between. On the other hand, whether it is visual or auditory, these senses have become sharper.

When somebody sees a body made of nothing but bones, one would think it would fracture easily. However, every bone was harder than steel.

And despite being completely different from the past, he had a strange sense of satisfaction and fulfilment. It feels like this is how his body should be. Maybe this is the reason he didn't panic when his body turned into bones.

"Want more?"

Momonga lifts the [Unlimited Kettle] and asks the two kids if they want to drink more.

"Uh - thank you! I have had enough!!"

"Is that right? Then how about you Mare? Still want a drink?"

"Eh! Uh... uh... I... I've had enough. I don't feel thirsty anymore."

Nodding in response, Momonga recovers the two cups once again and puts them back into his item box.

Aura suddenly whispers:

"I thought Momonga-sama would be more frightening."

"Ah? Really? If so, then comparing to right now"

"Now, this is better! Definitely better!"

"Then lets stay this way. "

Hearing Aura's excited answers, Momonga was a little bit surprised to respond.

"Momonga-sama, surely you won't be gentle only to us right~~"

Facing Aura's question, Momonga does not know how to answer and just pats Aura's head.

"Hehehe."

Aura looks like a puppy who discovered her new favorite thing, while Mare is showing a very envious expression.

Suddenly a voice could be heard:

"Huh? Could I be the first to arrive? "

Although the tone was mature, the voice sounded pretty young and a shadow emerges from the ground. The shadow slowly turns into the shape of a door and an individual emerges.

Wearing a soft looking, black evening dress with a big, heavy looking skirt. The upper body dressed in a lace embellished ribbon and a short tailored jacket. She was wearing long lace gloves and therefore had hardly any exposed skin.

The only term to describe her fine facial features which exposed wax like skin would be 'real beauty'. Because her silver hair was tied in a single ponytail, therefore it did not cover her face and her dark eyes exuded a pretty and flirtatious look.

Appearing to be about fourteen years old, or even younger, her childlike appearance was made of a simple set of cuteness and fineness, a true beauty. But her chest part was a little inconsistent compared to her age, it is highly uplifted.

"..... Instantaneous movement is strictly forbidden in Nazarick, weren't you told not to deliberately use [Portal]? You should be able to walk to the arena, so just use your feet **Shalltear**."

Next to Momonga's ear came an impatient voice. That icy tone was not just the kind of attitude used to tame puppies, but full of hostility.

Mare starts trembling again and quickly leaves his sister's side with small steps. However, Aura's 180° change in attitude surprised even Momonga.

The girl who used the highest tier of transfer magic to come here is called **Shalltear**. She doesn't even look at Aura's grim face, who is standing next to Momonga and instead, walks directly in front of him.

Her body is emitting an intriguing perfume.

"..... It stinks."

Aura swore. The irony in this sentence, "It could be because it is the smell of Undead, since the meat is rotten."

Maybe seeing Momonga raising his arms out of reflex to smell them, **Shalltear** unhappily frowned:

"..... These kind of words are very offensive. Momonga-sama is Undead you know."

"What? What nonsense are you talking about **Shalltear**? How could Momonga-sama be an ordinary Undead?! He should have reached a realm above Undead or even the level of an Undead god."

Hearing **Shalltear** and Mare give of an "Ah." and "En." sound, although it is a little unclear right now, but in Yggdrasil, Momonga was just an ordinary Undead He therefore felt a little inferior. In short there was no High-tier Undead or an Undead God in the realm of the dead.

"No, but sister, your words from before were still a bit offensive."

"Oh, really? Well then, let's try again. *Cough* Well Could it be the smell of the dead meat decaying?"

"That That should be better."

Agreeing with Aura's second try, **Shalltear**'s slender hand moves towards Momonga's head and hugs him:

"Ah, my master, my one and only ruler, oh dear master."

She opens her red lips, while exposing her moist tongue. Her tongue was like a creature, licking her lips once in a circle. A fragrant scent came out of her mouth.

Although she is an ideal glamorous beauty and could be identified as one, because of her apparent age people could not help but smile at this contrast. Her height was not enough, even if she wanted to reach out and hug his neck, it ends up looking more like her hanging around his neck. Towards Momonga who is not used to girls, this action feels very provocative. He wanted to take a step back, but ultimately decides to stay still and does not move.

She had such a personality? This emerging thought lingers in his mind. Thinking about the past, he remembers this girl was created by his companion Pelucino-san, so having this kind of personality was not impossible. Since he liked H-GAMES more than anyone, he was also proud to say "H-GAMES are my life."

Shalltear Bloodfallen's character was created by this good-for-nothing.

She is the guardian of the first three floors inside The Great Tomb of Nazarick, the "True Ancestor Vampire" and also the masterpiece of the H-GAME lover. The settings of all his creations were filled with H-Game stereotypes/roles.

"..... Show a little restraint"

For the first time, **Shalltear** reacted to this deep roar and looks at Aura with a mocking expression:

"Ara, shorty you were here? Since I didn't see you, I thought you were not here yet."

Momonga did not intend to intervene to what was just said. Aura's face was trembling, but **Shalltear** completely ignores her presence, faces Mare and says:

"It must be hard to have such an abnormal sister. It would be better if you quickly get away from your sister, or else one day you will become like her"

Mare's face instantly changes because he knows **Shalltear** intends to use him to start a quarrel with his sister.

But Aura just smiles ——

"So noisy, you fake boobs."

—— and drops the bombshell.

"..... What nonsense are you talking about ——!"

Ah, her personality is totally ruined —— Momonga could not help thinking this to himself. **Shalltear** fully revealing her true nature, did not speak as pretentious has before.

"One can tell from just one look - your cleavage is so strange. In the end, how many slices did you put in huh?"

"Waah - waah -"

Shalltear frantically flails arounds, trying to cover up the other side's inappropriate statement about her. On the other hand, Aura smiles wickedly:

"The padding is so thick It shifted up while you were walking right?"

"Gluck!"

Being poked by an outstretched finger, **Shalltear** made a strange noise.

"Bullseye! Ha ha ha! You can't hide it any longer~!!! So because you were worried, you didn't walk and instead used [Portal] hah --"

"Shut up! Shorty! You're as flat as a airplane runway! I have at least no, I have a lot of material there!"

Shalltear's desperate counterattack. At that moment, Aura reveals an even more wicked smile. **Shalltear** took a step back as if she was frightened. By reflex, **Shalltear** covers her chest, it was pathetic.

"..... I'm only 76 years old so there's still time. Unlike you, an Undead who has no future. Oh so pitiful - You will never reach puberty."

Shalltear could not help but groan and take a step back. A speechless expression emerged on her face. Seeing the other's face, Aura reveals a frightening smile:

"Actually, I am very satisfied with my chest right now! -Poof" .

Momonga believes to hear the sound coming from **Shalltear's** body when her sanity finally snaps.

"Smelly little devil! - Now it is too late for regrets-!"

Black mist spills away from **Shalltear's** gloved hand. Aura picks up her whip and is ready to engage. Meanwhile, Mare looks somewhat panicked.

The current scene feels familiar but Momonga hesitates, wondering whether or not he should stop these two.

The creator of Shalltear, Pelucino-san and the creator of Aura and Mare, Simmering Teapot-san, were two siblings who were sometimes just as noisy as these two are right now. With two noisy people in the background, Momonga recalls the memories of his past companions.

"So noisy."

While Momonga was immersed in his old memories, an inhuman creature spoke up in a human like tone, totally unbefitting to his appearance. To this unnatural sound, the two stopped their quarreling. Looking for the source of the sound, having never noticed its arrival, they discover a cold, weirdly shaped figure.

With an enormous size of 2.5m and looking like an insect walking on two feet, if the devil would be the fusion of a mantis and an ant, it would look like this. With a long tail twice as long as his height, his body covered with sharp spikes like icicles and a strong jaw that can easily snaps people's hands.

Both hands holding a silver Halberd, while the remaining two hands holding a mace emitting black light and a crooked shape sheath which seems to be for a broadsword.

With a breathtaking cold air, the pale blue, hardened bone armor oozes out diamond dust like bright light. His shoulders and back look like an uplifted iceberg.

He is the Guardian of Nazarick's fifth floor, "Ice Ruler" Cocytus.

His hands with the Halberd knocks on the ground and it slowly freezes around it.

"Your little game has gone too far"

"This girl is deliberately provoking"

"I am not -"

"Woo ahhh"

Shalltear and Aura stare at each other with sharp eyes and on the other side Mare is panicking. Momonga finally comes to his senses and deliberately uses a low voice to warn the two:

"..... Shalltear, Aura. Stop your quarrel immediately."

They surprisingly shivered, but bowed their heads:

"I'm sorry!"

Momonga leisurely nods while accepting their apologies and turns to open his mouth:

"You came, Cocytus."

"Receiving orders from Momonga-sama, of course I would come at once."

White mist drifts out from Cocytus mouth, followed by *paji* *paji* sounds of the moisture in the air freezing. It was cold enough to match the flame of the Primal Fire Elemental. Just being around temperatures this low would have various detrimental effects, the body can catch frostbites from it. But Momonga doesn't feel anything. It should be mentioned that everyone present has fire, ice and acid resistance as a way to deal with these attacks.

"Lately there has been no intruders, it is very relaxing, right?"

"Indeed -"

His jaw issued a *Kakaka* sound similar to a wasp's intimidation, but Momonga think that Cocytus is laughing right now.

--That being said, there is something I need to do, therefore I cannot relax yet."

"Oh? There is something you need to do? Would you tell me what it is?"

"Yes, training. It comes in handy any time, anywhere."

Although his appearance doesn't show it, Cocytus belongs to the warrior class. Both his personality and settings are designed accordingly. If the guardians were ranked by their use of weapons and attack capability, it can be said that he would be second to none.

"You've done all this for me right? You've worked hard."

"It was worth working so hard, just to hear these words. Oh, Demiurge and Albedo arrived."

Following Cocytus sight towards the arena entrance, one can see two shadows approaching. Walking in front was Albedo, followed by someone looking like an attendant. Arriving at a certain distance, Albedo smiles and bows deeply towards Momonga.

The man also bows elegantly:

"I made everyone wait, I am very sorry."

About one meter eighty tall, with a dark skin suggesting regular exposure to the sun, a partial Asian looking face and nicely combed black hair. Behind the round glasses, his eyes were so squinted they weren't visible. It feel as if his eyes weren't opened at all. Wearing a British suit, of course with a tie, he looks like a capable business man or professional lawyer. But even if he is dressed like a gentleman, one can still feel the sinister side he is hiding beneath it. Behind his back is a silver tail, covered with metal plates and six long spikes at the end. Shallow black flames are constantly flickering around. This man is the "Infernal Prison Creator" Demiurge, the guardian of Nazarick's seventh floor. This demon's role setting was "Commander of the NPC defences".

"It seems like everyone is here."

"- Momonga-sama, it seems that there are two who have not arrived yet."

A penetrating and fascinatingly deep voice came out.

Demiurge's words have a permanent special skill. This skill is called [Domination Mantra] and it instantly turns people with vulnerable hearts into his puppets. But this special ability has no effect on the people present. To have an effect, the other party must have a Level of 40 or less, so for the people present it makes his voice sound quite comfortable at most.

"No need. These two guardian's priority is only to work under certain circumstances. So far the situation does not require them to come."

"I see."

"..... Looks like my ally has not arrived yet."

Hearing these words **Shalltear** and Aura instantly freeze and even Albedo's expression seems a bit stiff.

"..... Well, this guy is not only guarding me But also guards a part of my floor."

"Yes, true.."

Shalltear exposes a stiff smile and Aura is doing the same, while Albedo is constantly nodding in favour.

".....The Lord of Terror. Yes, better to inform the area Guardians as well. Ask Akaira and Gelante to inform the area Guardians. Tasks are now given to each floor's Guardian."

In The Great Tomb of Nazarick, the Guardians are divided into two types.

The ones in front of Momonga are responsible for one or several of the floors, the floor Guardians. The other ones are responsible for guarding the fields, special areas on each floor. In simple terms, the area Guardians are managed by the floor Guardians and are responsible for guarding a particular area. There are a lot of them, so they are not very important. Basically, by mentioning the Guardians inside Nazarick, one usually refers to the floor Guardians.

All the floor Guardians listen to Momonga's command and after seeing everyone assembled, Albedo gives the opening instructions:

"Everyone, please offer your loyalty to the supreme ruler."

All the Guardians bow their heads with Momonga not even having a chance to interrupt. Everyone has started to form a line with Albedo standing in front and all guardian arranged one after another behind her. Each Guardian is showing a serious and respectful expression. One could see that the atmosphere was serious. Standing closest to him **Shalltear** steps forward:

"First, second and third floor Guardian **Shalltear** Bloodfallen, comes to see the Master."

On her knee, one hand on her chest and giving a deep respectful salute.
After the monarch and subject ceremony by **Shalltear**, Cocytus steps forward:

"The fifth floor's Guardian Cocytus, comes to see the Master."

Like **Shalltear**, he knelt in front of Momonga in a ceremonial manner.
Then came the dark elf twins:

"Sixth floor's Guardian Aura Bella Fiora, comes to see the master."

"Same.. same sixth floor's Guardian Mare Bello Fiora, comes see the master."

Same as the others, they were kneeling and offering a respectful salute. **Shalltear**, Cocytus, Aura and Mare's body were different, so the steps they took was different, but the location of their knees were constant and quite neatly arranged.

Followed by Demiurge gracefully taking a step:

"The seventh floor's Guardian Demiurge, comes to see the Master."

With a cold tone and elegant posture, Demiurge heartily salutes. Finally, Albedo takes a step forward:

"Guardian Commander Albedo, comes to see the Master."

Momonga smiles towards Albedo, who is kneeling like the other Guardians. However, Albedo continues her report with her head down and in a clear voice to Momonga:

"Except for the fourth floor's Guardian Gargantua and eighth floor's Guardian Victim, the Guardians of each floor have come to kneel down... as Master requested. We would all go through fire and water without any hesitation for you."

Facing six lowered heads, Momonga seems to be unable to issue any words and his throat makes a *gurgle* sound. An abnormal pressure shrouds this scene.

What pressure... Perhaps only Momonga is feeling this way.

—— I don't know what to do.

This scene will probably happen only once in a lifetime. Momonga's mind is in chaos and accidentally activates a special ability that emits an aura, shining like a brilliant light.

Having no time to cancel it, Momonga desperately searches his memory for a movie or TV series with this kind of scene. He wants to find a move in line with the current situation.

"Raise your heads."

Sa~~ Everyone raises their heads. Because the action was so neat, Momonga almost asks them if they ever practiced this together.

"So Firstly, thank you all for coming."

"Please do not thanks us. I'm only Momonga-sama loyal subordinate. Momonga-sama is our supreme ruler."

It appears that no other Guardian intends to deny Albedo's answer. She really is a worthy Guardian Commander. Faced with the serious looking Guardians, Momonga's throat is getting stuck and suddenly he gets a kind of choking sensation. It is the pressure of being a leader, a tightly compressed physical sensation. His commands will affect the future, so he feels a little hesitation about his next step. The Great Tomb of Nazarick might get ruined because of his decision - uneasiness crosses his mind.

"..... Momonga-sama, feeling hesitation is quite right, because compared to Momonga-sama, our fundamental strength is insignificant."

Albedo stops smiling and speaks with a respectful and awe-inspiring expression:

"As long as Momonga-sama orders it, no matter how difficult the task, I - no, all floor Guardians will go all out, even if it means destroying ourselves. We vowed to never shame the forty-one supreme Creators of Ainz Ooal Gown. "

"This I swear!"

Following Albedo's voice, the other floor Guardians echo in unison. All their voices were full of strength and no matter how many people tried, nobody would be able to stop their diamond-solid loyalty and determination. Now it feels like a joke to even suspect that the NPCs might betray Momonga. After this statement, the dark mood in front of him has disappeared without a trace. Momonga is deeply moved and very excited. To think that the NPCs designed by the members of Ainz Ooal Gown would be this great.

The glorious golden age still exists.

The crystallisation of everyone's hard work, the Masterpieces they created still remain in this world... and Momonga was truly glad for that.

Momonga wears a blooming smile, but because of his skull face there were obviously no changes in his expression. However, the red lights inside his eye sockets become extremely dazzling. Just as his anxiety goes away, Momonga simply says what a male chairman would say:

"Guardians, you are the best. I'm sure you will be able to understand my purpose and achieve the mission with success. There might be some things you can not understand, but I want you to concentrate on listening. I believe The Great Tomb of Nazarick was involved in an accident of unknown origin."

The Guardian still have serious look on their faces and there were no signs of surprise.

"Although I do not know the cause of this accident, Nazarick, which was originally in a swamp, was transported to the Grasslands. Is there anyone who knows anything about this phenomenon?"

Albedo looks at the floor Guardian's faces to see their faces and openly replies:

"No, I'm sorry, we can not think of any leads."

"Well, I have another thing to ask to the floor Guardians. Did anything strange happen on your floor?"

Hearing these words, each floor Guardian finally answer:

"The seventh floor did not have any incidents."

"Sixth floor also."

"Ye- yes, sister is right."

"The fifth floor is the same."

"From the first to the third from, there is no incident."

"- Momonga-sama, I want to investigate the fourth and eighth floor as soon as possible."

"So be it. Albedo will be given this task, but pay attention to the eighth floor. If there is an emergency situation, you might not be able to deal with it."

Albedo salutes with a deep bow to show her understanding and Shalltear added:

"Then give me responsibility for the surface."

"No, Sebastian is scouting the surface right now."

Albedo, who was present at the time, shows no reaction but on the faces of the other guardians emerges an expression of surprise that they are unable to hide.

In the Great Tomb of Nazarick, there are 4 NPCs who excel in close combat. Being the most proficient in the use of many different weapons and possessing devastating strength is Cocytus. Fully equipped with heavy armor, boasting impeccable defense is Albedo. However, the one with the most combat strength, who is able to stand against the two of them is Sebastian. Other than him, there is also another who is able to beat them.

There should be no reason for the other Guardians not to be surprised. Their strongest fighter, the invincible Sebastian, was sent out to do such a simple reconnaissance mission. This could be also be seen as Momonga being very cautious about the situation, therefore everyone felt especially tense.

"Its about time for his return..."

At that moment, Momonga saw Sebastian walk towards him. Like all the other Guardians, Sebastian kneeled in front of Momonga.

"Momonga-sama, I apologise for being late."

"No problem, report about what you have seen on the surroundings."

Sebastian raised his head and looked at the rest of the Guardians.

"...This is an emergency, it should be good to let all the floor Guardians."

"Yes. Firstly, the surrounding one kilometer of land is grasslands. There are no man-made structures around. Although I have seen some small creatures, there are no humans or large creatures."

"Those small creatures, are they monsters?"

"No, they seem to be creatures with no fighting capability."

"... I see. Those grasslands you speak of, they wouldn't happen to be one of those with sharp frozen grass blades, which would pierce you as you walk by?"

"No, just normal grasslands. Nothing special."

"You also didn't see any sky-castle like structures in the sky?"

"Yes, there were none. Whether on the sky or the ground, there were no signs of humans."

"I see, just a simple sky... Good work Sebastian."

Momonga, consoling Sebastian, felt frustrated because of the lack of any useful information.

But he already felt that he was gradually aware that he was no longer in the virtual world of Yggdrasil. Although he could not understand why he could still use the equipment from Yggdrasil as well as use magic like normal.

Momonga had no idea how he got to this place, but it would be better to increase the security of Nazarick for now. There is no way to know if this area is already under control by another person, if so they will no doubt come running here to complain. No, it would be lucky if it only ended with a complaint.

“Guardians, firstly I want everyone to increase the security of each floor. Because we do not know what might happen, do not be careless. If there are any intruders, do not kill them, but instead capture them alive. Try not to harm them either. During this unknown situation, I’m sorry to trouble everyone with these things.”

The guardians all acknowledged the order, and bowed in salute.

“Next, I want to understand under which system this organization operates. Albedo, how do the floor Guardians exchange of information between each other under this situation?”

During the time when Yggdrasil was a game, the guardians were all just NPCs, who only acted in accordance to pre-programmed rules. They were unable to exchange information and only guarded their own floor.

“Every guardians protects their own floor according to their own judgement, however Demiurge is general responsibility and everyone is sharing their intelligence with him.”

Momonga was a little surprised, but then slowly nodded his head in satisfaction:

“Thats great, Nazarick’s security is taken care of by Demiurge and the one in charge of the guardians will be Albedo. The two of you should prepare a more comprehensive management system.”

“Understood. Planning of the management system should not include the 8th, 9th and 10th floor right?”

“The 8th floor has Victim so it should be alright. No, the 8th floor is off-limits. The order given to Albedo is also cancelled. No one is to go up to the 8th floor without my permission. After the release of the seal, there will be direct access between the 7th and 9th floor. Include the inner layer of the 9th and 10th floor into the planning as well.”

“Are you sure you want to do it this way?”

Albedo was surprised and even Demiurge widened his eyes in surprise, clearly showing their inner feelings.

"Is it OK to let those servants enter the holy areas of the Supreme Master? Is it really necessary to go to such great lengths?"

The mentioned servants were not Ainz Ooal Gown members designed NPCs, but the game generated monsters. Thinking about it, with the exception of a very few, the 9th and 10th floors do not have any servants.

Momonga whispered to himself in a low voice.

Albedo thought that there is a sanctuary there, but that is not the case.

The reason why the 9th floor has no monsters is because if the strongest NPCs on the 8th floor were defeated, then the chances of Ainz Ooal Gown winning would be very low. So they might as well play the role of the bad guy and have one final confrontation in the throne room.

“...No problem. Because of this emergency situation, more manpower is needed.”

“Understood. I will carefully select through strength and character.”

Momonga nodded, then placed his eyes upon the twins:

“Aura and Mare... Can you hide the Great Tomb of Nazarick? Using illusion magic, just thinking about the cost of maintaining it, what a headache.”

Aura and Mare looked at each other and started thinking and after awhile Mare responded:

“U-, Using magic is a bit difficult if you want to hide everything... But you could use mud to paint the walls then cover it up with plants...”

“You say you want to use mud to dirt the great Nazarick’s walls?!”

Behind Mare, Albedo questioned. Although the voice was soft and sweet, the emotions behind the voice were far from it.

Mare’s shoulders shook, although the surrounding Guardians did not make a sound, they all showed an atmosphere of agreeing with Albedo.

For Momonga, Albedo is just meddlesome, something like this was not so severe as to cause such a commotion.

“Albedo... Do not interrupt. I was speaking with Mare.”

Momonga spoke in a low voice, surprising even himself.

“Ah, I am extremely sorry, Momonga-sama!”

Albedo hung her head low, face frozen with fear. The other Guardians and even Sebastian stood still, acting as though the sentence from before was also intended for them.

At the Guardian’s rapidly changing attitude, Momonga felt he might have went too far with his scolding and regretted it, however he continued:

“Can you really hide everything by covering the walls with mud?”

“Ye-, Yes. If Momonga-sama allows it.... But....”

“However, when viewed from a distance, wouldn’t the ground look too unnatural? Sebastian, are there any hills in the surrounding area?”

“No. The surrounding area is just flat grasslands. But there is also a night cycle here, so at night it can successfully fool others.”

“I see... If its only to hide the walls, Mare’s idea may actually be a good one. Then are we able to create dirt mounds in our surroundings to properly camouflage the walls?”

“This should then make it not so obvious.”

“Very good. Then Aura and Mare, the two of you will be incharge of this task. You can use items from any of the floors to complete your task. As for the part that is facing the sky and cannot be hidden, wait until your task is finished before using the illusion magic, make it so no one can see Nazarick from the outside.”

“Ye-, yes. Yes sir.”

Its fine to only think up till here. Although there may still be a lot of things to think about, we can take our time to think about it. Because from the time of the occurrence up till now, it has only been a few hours.

“Alright, that is it for today. Everyone go back and rest, later then start your tasks. Because of our lack of information, try not to be too reckless.”

All the Guardians bowed their heads down in understanding.

“Finally, There is something I want to ask all all the Guardians. First **Shalltear**, What kind of person do you believe me to be?”

“A beautiful crystal. You are the world’s most beautiful being. Even precious gems can not be compared to your pale white body.”

“Without hesitation, **Shalltear** responded. From the way she answered, it could been seen as her true feelings.”

“——Cocytus.”

“More powerful and stronger than any Guardians. Supreme ruler of the Great Tomb of Nazarick”

“—— Aura.”

“A thoughtful and compassionate person.”

“—— Mare.”

“A-, A very gentle person.”

“Demiurge.”

“Both wise in judgments and quick in acting. A flawless being.”

“—— Sebastian.”

“The person responsible for gathering us all. Compassionate and refused to abandon us until the very end, in order to stay behind and fight alongside us.”

“Finally Albedo.”

“The absolute ruler of us all, our greatest master and also my most loved person. “

“..... So its like that. I clearly understand everyone’s thinking. The responsibilities that were given to my previous companions are now all given to you to handle. In the future, please be dedicated to your duties.”

Seeing the Guardians bow their heads, Momonga uses teleportation to leave the arena. Instantly the view changed from the front row of the arena to a magical array being maintained by golems.

Looking around, making sure no one besides the Golems maintaining it was around, Momonga lets out a sigh.

“So tiring...”

Although his body was not tired, the stress to his heart felt like a huge load on his shoulders.

“..... Those guys..... Why do they evaluate me so highly?”

Surely it must be a different person. After hearing what the Guardians thought of him, it seemed like they were just making fun of him. “Hahaha” Momonga laughed as he shook his head. From the way they looked, it felt like they were completely serious. In other words, those were their true feelings.

However, if the situation was not as much as an emergency as the Guardians thought, they might be disappointed. The thought of it gave Momonga more and more stress. Not to mention there is another problem, to which Momonga made a rather bitter expression. Although his skull is unable to show any expressions, it still feels like some changes occurred.

“.... How should I treat Albedo...If this goes on, I will be to ashamed to face Tabula Smaragdina-san.”

Interlude

The pressure that almost pushed their head into the ground, suddenly disappeared without a trance. Even though everyone knew that the master they worshiped had already left, nobody stood up. After a while, someone let out a sigh of relief, and the tension was finally released. The first one to stand up was Albedo and although her white dress had dirt on it, she did not pay it any mind and just dusted it off. After seeing Albedo standing up, everyone silently followed suit.

“Si-, Sister, that was scary..”

“Yeah, I thought I would be crushed”

“As expected of Momonga-sama, even towards us Guardians, he would have such a huge effect.”

“Although I knew he’s a supreme being and was stronger than all of us, I did not expect it to be to this extent.”

The Guardians all started talking about Momonga’s impression.

The pressure that all the Guardians felt was actually the aura Momonga was emitting.

Desperation aura. In addition to the Terror effect, it is also able to reduce the stats of a player. Normally it should not affect level 100 NPCs, but due to the blessing received inside Ainz Ooal Gown, the effect became even stronger.

“That is Momonga-sama displaying his true ability as a ruler.”

“Yeah, before we announced ourselves Momonga-sama did not reveal his true abilities, but once we assumed our roles as guardians, he displayed just a fraction of his true powers.”

“In response to our loyalty, Momonga-sama will show a true ruler’s strength.”

“Indeed.”

“When he was together with us, he did not let out his aura. Momonga-sama is really thoughtful, when he saw that we were thirsty, he took out something for us to drink.”

Because of Aura's words, a sudden tension fills the room. Albedo was the most affected, her hands constantly trembling, feeling as if her nails would split her gloves.

Slightly shaking, Mare widened his eyes:

“Th-, that is the true strength of the ruler of the Great Tomb of Nazarick, truly amazing!”

The atmosphere of the room instantly changed.

“Absolutely correct. Responding to our thoughts and showing his power as a ruler... As expected of our creator. Standing at the top of the 41 Creators, but also to be the only one to stay until the end, our compassionate master.”

Listening to Albedo’s speech, all the guardians showed expressions of worship. While Mare just had a look of relief on his face.

Nothing would be able to make them happier than witnessing the true power of the 41 creators who created them and who they swore to serve with absolute loyalty.

Not just the Guardians, but any creature that was created by a superior being, their greatest joy would be to assist their creator, then finally receive his honest recognition.

It is a fundamental truth.

To those whose original purpose was to serve their creator, this could not make them more happy. Breaking the pleasant and relaxing atmosphere, Sebastian spoke:

“Then I will take my leave, although I do not know where Momonga-sama has went, it is only natural that I go to his side.”

Even though Albedo showed an expression of envy, she suppressed that emotion and answered:

“Of course Sebastian. Serve Momonga-sama properly and do not disrespect him. If any situation arises come back and report to me. Especially if Momonga-sama calls for me, drop any other matters and immediately report back to me!——”

Hearing those words, Demiurge showed a troubled expression.

“... If Momonga-sama wishes to summon me to the bedroom, please tell him that I require a bit of time to properly prepare myself. However, it is also fine if he wants me to immediately proceed to his room. My body is always kept in perfect condition and I always selected the best of clothes, so as to respond quickly to Momonga-sama’s calls. In short, I place Momonga-sama’s summons as a top priority——”

“—— I understand, Albedo. However I must take my leave, wasting anymore time here would be rude to Momonga-sama. Therefore to the rest of the Guardians, I will take my leave.”

Having said that, Sebastian took quick steps and left the Arena, leaving before Albedo could say anything else.

“Anyways... It sure is quiet. What happened to you **Shalltear**?”

Hearing Demiurge, the rest of the Guardians look at **Shalltear**, only to realise her still kneeling on the floor.

“What’s wrong, **Shalltear**?”

Shalltear slowly lifted her head in response.
Misty eyed and looking as though she just woke up.

“.... What happened?”

“After feeling Momonga-sama’s imposing attitude, I couldn’t help but feel... Excited down there”

Silence.

Everyone did not know what to say. All of the Guardians knew that the one with the most sexual fetishes among them is **Shalltear**, one of which was necrophilia, thus they could only slap their foreheads in disbelief. However, Mare did not understand the situation and was confused. There was another person among the Guardians who did not want to let matters rest.

That would be Albedo. With jealous feelings Albedo exclaimed:

“This slut.”

Hearing those words of hostility, **Shalltear** raised her head to reveal a flirtatious smile:

“Ah? Having felt the power of our one most powerful master, Momonga-sama, is truly rewarding. Those who didn’t get wet are those with the problem. Don’t tell me you are just acting innocent and did not feel any lust? You big mouthed starfish.*”

“.... You Lampetra.*”

The two of them stared at each other. Although the surrounding Guardians knew that they would not start exchanging blows, they still stared with eyes full of anxiety.

“The creator was the one who determined my likeness, towards my own appearance I have no complaints.”

“It is the same for me.”

Shalltear slowly raised herself, and the both of them slowly walked towards each other. Never breaking eye contact until both of them stood in front of each other.

“Don’t think that since you are the one in charge of the Guardians that you can stay beside Momonga-sama and think you have won. If you really think that way then everyone would laugh their teeth off.”

“Ah. Of course, once you’ve been exiled to a far border, then I will take the opportunity to obtain complete victory.”

“.... What is this complete victory, teach me, O’ great leader-sama.”

“As a slut, you should be very clear on what that means.”

Although the two of them were intensely insulting one another, they never broke eye contact. They just blankly stared at each other.

Snap! Albedo threateningly unfolded her wings. Not to be outdone, **Shalltear** began to emit a black mist.

“Ah—— Aura, problems with women should be left to women to resolve. If anything happens, I will come down to stop it, during that time please come and find me.”

“Wait a minute, Demiurge! You plan to leave this to me?”

Waving his hand, Demiurge left the two of them behind. Cocytus and Mare also left, since no one wanted to be involved in this.

“Really... Is there any need to quarrel?”

“I myself am very interested in the results.”

“What results, Demiurge?”

“The results determining the military strength and future of the Great Tomb of Nazarick.”

“What do you mean Demiurge?”

“Well...”

Thinking about his answer to Mare. He had a passing thought of wanting to impart some adult knowledge to the naive Mare, but decided against it.

Although Demiurge was of the Demon race, which was thought to be both cruel and cold, that would only apply to those demons found outside of Nazarick. As for the ones created by the 41 Creators, Demiurge was loyal to them and thought of them as important companions.

“Great rulers require heirs right? Even though Momonga-sama stayed until the end, if there comes a day where he loses interest in us, he will leave us like the rest of his companions. At that time it is important to leave an heir for us to pledge loyalty to.”

“Of course. But who is Momonga-sama’s heir?”

“That type of thinking would be too disrespectful. Our duty is to ensure that we protect Momonga-sama such that he is able to properly continue to stay here, and to avoid any kind of unfortunate incidents right?”

Demiurge interrupted Cocytus:

“Of course I understand Cocytus. However do you not want Momonga-sama to leave an heir behind for us to pledge loyalty to?”

“Well... I really would love to be able to pledge my loyalty to his heir...”

An image of Momonga’s heir floated into the head of Cocytus.

Not only that, teaching him swordsmanship in order to protect himself, listening to the orders of a grown up young master.

“...Ah, thats really great. A really beautiful scene... Sensei... Sensei...”

Seeing Cocytus enjoying himself, imagining turning into a successful Sensei to Momonga’s heir, Demiurge could not take it from him and looked away from him:

“In addition, regarding the plan to strengthen Nazarick, I am also very interested. I want to know how far our kids can go. How about it Mare, you want to have children?”

“Uh? Huh?”

“However, that is impossible without a partner... If you find any humans, dark elves or wood elves, could you please capture them?”

“Eh? Ehhh?” Mare briefly nodded: “I-, if this helps Momonga-sama... Then I will do it. But how are children born?”

“Well, when it comes to that time I will teach you. If you decide to experiment on your own, Momonga-sama will probably scold you. Due to maintaining the Great Tomb of Nazarick’s operating cost, it should be better if we try to maintain the balance first.”

“Th-, that is correct. I heard that the servants underneath are spawned using a very precise calculation... If I just randomly increase the amount I might get scolded. I-, I don’t want to be scolded by Momonga-sama....”

“I also do not want to incur his wrath.... If only we could set up a ranch on the outside of Nazarick...”

Thinking about it, Demiurge asked Mare a question which no one had teased him about before:

“Come to think of it, Mare, why do you dress like a girl?”

Hearing Demiurge, Mare pulled on his skirt in an attempt to cover his legs.

“This is because of Simmering Teapot-sama. She said this is called ‘a trap’, I am very sure of it.”

“Ah... So it Simmering Teapot-sama’s idea. Well with your body it should be no problem... But do youngsters usually dress like this?”

“Th-, that I’m not too sure.”

Although the 41 Creators are no longer present, they had no choice but to obediently follow their commands. In fact, in all of the Great Tomb of Nazarick, Mare's clothes are actually the most proper, and only someone of equal rank and status to the creators are able to change his dress.

"... Then we should talk to Momonga-sama about this. Perhaps we can make all the youngster dress like this... Cocytus should be almost be done with his fantasies."

Hearing the words of his colleague, Cocytus showed a smile full of satisfaction.

"What a beautiful scene... Truly a beautiful sight."

"I see, that is great.... Are Albedo and Shalltear still arguing?"

Still glaring at each other, the one to answer Demiurge was the tired Aura:

"They... Were already done. But now they are arguing about...
The problem about who is the legal wife."

"For the ruler of the Great Tomb of Nazarick to have only one concubine would be strange. The only problem is who is qualified to be the legal wife..."

"... Although this interesting, we should discuss it at another time. Alright, Albedo shouldn't you give us your orders? There are still many problems to address."

"Yes, you're right. We must quickly organise ourselves. Shalltear, let us postpone our discussion right now since we have more pressing matters at hand."

"I have no objections, Albedo. This matter will surely take a long time to discuss."

"Very well. Then I will start the development of the next plan."

Seeing her resume her role as the person in charge, the Guardians all bowed their head in salute, but did not kneel.

Even though they pay respect to Albedo as their commander, they will not kneel to her. During the creation of the Guardians, the 41 creators ranked Albedo the highest and gave her command over all the other Guardians. As long as she is the one in charge, every Guardian will comply with her orders and show her the courtesy of saluting her. Albedo doesn't mind this kind of treatment since she believes this is the proper way.

"First of all——"