

## *The Price Of Happiness*

The first time he met her was in Midgard. The undead player known as Momonga was just coming out of one of the smaller dungeons Nine's Own Goal just raided. As his inventory was full he could not help the others gather the remaining loot so he offered to guard the entrance to avoid unwanted surprises.

It was then that he heard sounds of battle just a little bit deeper in the forest surrounding the dungeon's entrance.

Casting [Invisibility] and [False Data Life] he decided to investigate, for if there was a large group nearby he would have to make sure to contact his and leave the scene as soon as possible.

What he found was quite not as bad as he thought but not really good either.

Fighting among the trees were two heteromorphs against six human players. It was quite rare to see small groups of heteromorphs in Midgard as that was the humans' favorite hunting ground for other races.

A quick information spell revealed that both humans and heteromorphs were around level 40, while he was level 50, not that he had any obligation to help them in the first place. It would be better to notify the others and get away before the humans arrived. 'To save someone in need is but common sense!' who was he kidding? If he notified his leader, Touch Me, he was sure he would forget the loot and help the two of them with the full power of Nine's Own Goal.

But the thing was, the loot was quite good and he didn't want to lose it, so there was only one real answer to this dilemma.

“(Delay Maximize Magic: Dragon Lightning) (Delay Maximize Magic: Firestorm) (Delay Maximize Magic Blind)”

He casted his silent spells depleating most of his remaining MP, it was quite the gamble, if this didn't work he would immediately retreat inside the dungeon and ask for backup.

“[Skill: Hate]”

That was one of his most unused skills as it made the, lower than his level, enemies' aggro focus on him, something counter productive for a magic caster and summoner such as himself.

As expected, the six humans immediately were forced to face him instead of the two heteromorphs.

“[Magic Arrow]”

Six magical arrows shot for the group of humans, but that was just mere bait as he felt his silent delayed spells activate at once.

The players which were already damaged immediately died and the remaining were left on the brink of death and blinded, he made short work of them with another [Dragon Lightning].

It was a shame he could not collect the loot, but his inventory didn't get any emptier and so he had to renounce, not that they had anything worthy taking probably. 'I should use some of my next check to purchase inventory slots...' he mused to himself.

He almost didn't notice what seemed to be a pink slime approaching him and starting running circles around him.

“Uwa! Thank you a lot Elder Lich-kun! Buku was so scared of those mean humans!”

The high pitch voice almost made Momonga recoil, he actually never thought girls could make those voices without voice filters.

“Yo! Name’s Peroroncino, thanks for the help Lich-san.”

The other heteromorph, a birdman, approached him and introduced himself.

“Ah, it was nothing, we heteromorph must stick up for each other.”

Momonga answered with a smile emoticon.

“I am Bukubukuchagama! Thanks again! I was so scared I was gonna lose my items again!”

The pink slime introduced herself as she literally showered Momonga with love emoticons much to his embarrassment, he never had a girl express so much interest into him, the few he met at school were just educated to try and end up with the best in the school for an easy future, while the ones at work were either married or pretty much the same. He being a mere employ didn’t help much.

“Stop that sis, your grotesque form is making our friend uncomfortable.”

The birdman, Peroroncino, mocked much to the ire of his supposed sister.

“Ah?! The hell did you say?! Maybe it is your bird shit for brains ugly face that is making him uncomfortable, oh brother of mine!”

The slime’s voice changed completely, becoming much deeper and angrier. ‘A pair of siblings playing together? That’s kind of rare nowadays’ Momonga thought as the two apparent sibling started arguing.

“A-ah... u-umu... I am M-Momonga, nice to meet you.”

The two stopped bickering and looked at him in unison.

“Pfft! Man that’s quite a nickname ahahahah!”

The birdman said with a hearty laugh.

“You stupid bird shit for brains! Don’t worry Mo-kun! It is a very cute name!”

The voice change was quite disturbing but Momonga appreciated her words nonetheless.

“You guys shouldn’t be going around Midgard alone though, it is the humans’ hunting ground for heteromorphs.”

Momonga warned.

“Yeah, we know, it’s just that we needed some stuff for our Racial levels.”

The birdman answered his concerns. ‘At least they are aware’ he thought as he wasn’t speaking with noobs apparently.

“Umu, did you not come with your clan or guild?”

He asked as the two siblings just shrugged.

“We don’t have one, most don’t find my appearance... up to their standards...”

The slime said, well, the voice didn’t really match the avatar but calling it ugly would be a far shot, she was a slime after all.

“I don’t think you are ugly at all, the color quite fits your personality.”

Momonga said in his usual friendly manner, he knew how hard it was to be judged based only on one’s appearance.

The slime went silent for a few seconds before the birdman exploded into a laugh.

“Ahahahahah... what the fuck?! You are blushing in real life! Oh god this is too precious!”

Peroroncino’s avatar was bent forward in laughter, while the smile remained unmoving.

“Eh? Wait why did you take out your VR?... no sis! Put that down! No please! AAAAAHHHHHHHHH!”

The voice channel remained open as Peroroncino’s avatar stilled while it’s owner probably suffered untold horrors.

‘Well, they are surely a lively bunch... maybe I should invite them back with me and see what Touch Me thinks...’ the undead hummed as the screams of agony on the other side of the channel continued.

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“Hey Mo-kun! I heard you, Touch-kun and Ulbert-kun bested the Dragon Claw clan!”

The pink slime said energetically as she settled on the sofa next to Momonga’s skeletal avatar.

“Well yeah, Pero was a great help too, we decimated them while they were focusing on Touch-san... he is truly amazing! They thought they could storm him in a 10 vs 1 and instead they got destroyed due to taking too much time in trying and kill him.”

The undead explained.

“Oh? My stupid brother helped too? That’s a surprise, I thought he would be your downfall!”

She said earning a laugh from the skeletal player.

“Oi! Oi! The hell are you saying sis?! You know there was also this cute cat girl with Dragon Claw? I took her from the back, she didn’t expect it at all.”

The birdman shouted from across the room, his statement accompanied by a suggestive emoticon. ‘That moron... why does

he have to embarrass me every time I speak with... people!' she pushed down the need to get up and smash her brother's face in. she was just fine here! Seating next to Mo-kun! She just gulped, that last part, was not what she meant to say! They were just good friends that's it!

“Ah... umu... I remember her, that build was pretty trash if you ask me, not optimized at all...”

And there cam the usual Momonga, always taking her brother seriously.

“Well yeah, she was the right size though.”

She swore, her brother would sooner or later make her hang herself to avoid public humiliation.

“I'm going to reveal what you did when you were twelve to all the clan if you do not shut up this instant.”

She said using her normal voice to emphasize how serious she was. To her satisfaction her worthless brother recoiled.

“A-Ah c'mon sis! She was just as perfect as you! You both are flat as a board, no need to fe-“

This time she didn't hesitate and jumped him.

“I AM GOING TO KILL YOU IN YOUR SLEEP TONIGHT!”

It was a good thing friendly fire was off, it was a bad thing they lived in the same house.

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Suzuki Satoru just came back from work when he immediately jumped on his VR chair, all fatigue forgotten. His day began now, and what a day it would be, they were going to raid the Black

Dragon of Muspellsheim, it would be quite a challenge but he was sure they could do it, they could win this!

His enthusiasm was halted for a moment by the mail notification on the corner of his vision, he opened the message.

*Hey Mo-kun!*

*Sorry for the notification, but I have been pulled in for an all night today and I cannot join you guys on the raid!*

*Kick its draconic ass for me too, kay?*

*Love,*

*Buku*

The message was translated automatically from voice to text on his screen, he sighed, it couldn't be helped then, they all had their lives after all.

The message replayed in his ears a second time before he stopped it. For all Buku's voice was pleasant to hear he had stuff to do. It was a shame really, her masterful Hate value management would have really helped moving the dragon's focus away from their glass cannons.

He entered Yggdrasil and found Pero already waiting in their clan base, the birdman worked from home so he really had no problem with managing hours.

“Yo Momonga.”

Saluted the birdman who seemed quite tamer than his usual exuberant self.

“Hey Pero, how is it going?”

The undead caster asked.

“Fine.”

The heteromorph answered swiftly, Momong knew there was something wrong but he didn't want to pry in his friend's life if he didn't want him to.

“I heard about Buku, I'm sorry she will miss out on the fun.”

He decided to change the subject but he apparently said the wrong thing as the birdman kicked the floor of the base with all the violence his avatar allowed.

“Those fuckers at her job are working her to the fucking bone! And I am pretty sure there is an asshole harassing her! If I see him I'm going to fucking kill him!”

The birdman exploded in a fit of rushing anger embedded in his every word.

Momonga knew that situation well, it wasn't a new story, but still, to hear it happening to random people was very different from knowing the person in question. He tightened his fists in real life followed by his avatar doing the same.

“Well, that sucks.”

He said between gritted teeth.

“Sorry man, I just ruined your evening with this shit.”

Pero finally calmed down and apologized.

“No, don't worry about it... just make sure to give Buku some breathing space when she comes back.”

The undead said seriously.

“For sure! I will prepare a relaxing bath for when she comes home!”

The two heteromorph fist bumped each other as some more of their friends began to log in.



“You should try speaking with sis too when she logs in again... she enjoys your company the most out of the other guys here.”

The birdman whispered into Momonga’s ear with a suggestive wink, Satoru muted his microphone to avoid sputtering the nonsense that came out of his mouth next as a blush crept over his face in real life. ‘That fucking bird...’ was all he thought before Touch Me started the pre-battle meeting.

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“Whoa! Where did that shield come from Buku?”

Yamaiko asked as the slime settled on a chair opposite to her.

“Fufufu... Mo-kun gave me half of his share of loot from the Black Dragon’s raid, with that I finally managed to ultimate this beauty here!”

The slime explained as she showed her new flower like shield to the other female members of Nine’s Own Goal.

“Ah, Momonga-san is such a nice person.”

Ankoro added as she sipped her tea while examining the new shield.

“Uhm! Uhm! For real! Mo-kun is a great guy!”

The slime confirmed while nodding the upper part of her body.

“Are you sure this isn’t a token of his love?”

Asked Yamaiko teasingly much to the pink slime embarrassment.

“W-what are y-you saying Y-Yama-chan! M-me and Mo-kun aren’t l-like that!”

She spluttered out, her face in real life now matching the color of her avatar.

“You sure? You two would look cute together...”

Ankoro paused to sip her tea again.

“For once, I am sure he is single too.”

She continued, much to the slime’s further embarrassment.

“You- where did you-... it doesn’t matter! Stop teasing me!”

Buku blurted out even as she stored that info in the back of her mind.

“You are just too easy to rile up Buku, it’s just too much fun.”

Ankoro snickered, the slime pouted.

“Anko-chan is so meaaaaaan!”

She protested in her voice acting usual pitch.

“I also heard Touch-san wanted to make an announcement, maybe we should go to the meeting room.”

Yamaiko said prompting the three females to leave their table.

“Is this about Gouji-kun quitting?”

Buku asked remembering the events of a few days ago.

“Probably, Touch and Ulbert clashed very hard that time, I thought one of them was going to leave the clan after that.”

Ankoro added as they entered the meeting room of the clan only to find most of the members already there.

“Well, ladies and gentlemen, since you are all here, I think I will finally make my announcement!”

The white paladin said attracting the attention of everyone in the room.

“After recent events I have decided to officially step down from my position as clan leader and disband Nine’s Own Goal.”

The words hit the members hard causing many to rise in protest to such an extreme action. Even Buku did not restrain herself from making her displeasure known. The uproar continued until Touch’s booming voice echoed in the room once more.

“PLEASE LET ME FINISH!”

That seemed to calm down most members even if discontent grumbles could still be heard all around the room.

“This does not mean we will disband as a group! Considering our growing numbers, I think it’s finally time to transform this clan into a proper guild! Name and all still needs to be decided, but I will not lead such a group, recent events proved I am not worthy of such a position.”

The grumbles now turned into excited murmurs, with the creation of a guild came far more perks but also responsibilities and Buku already had an idea who might be best to lead the new guild.

“After thinking about it, I came to the conclusion that the best person to lead us to new heights would be our dear friend! Momonga!”

All the eyes in the room turned toward said player who squeaked in surprise at the sudden turn of events. ‘Good choice Touch-san! Momonga would be great as a leader!’ the slime thought as she decided to make her opinion known.

“Hey! I second this, Momonga-chan is a great guy!”

She said in her usual adorable and excited voice.

“Then let’s proceed with the vote if there is anyone else who think they are fit for the position, speak up now or forever hold your peace!”

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“Uhm, I think this would be a viable option as we have no idea in which order we will have to face the bosses.”

Momonga said as Ulbert proposed a good one shot combo using his glass cannon build.

“Still, they may possess unknown skills capable of protecting them from damage, we should use a Super Tier to scout this out.”

Touch added, pointing out the potential flaw.

“That’s indeed a problem, there are very few data on those bosses and we paid good money and crystals to acquire them from those who attempted to conquer the dungeon first.”

Punitto Moe pointed at the five known floors of the Great Tomb of Nazarick.

“AI are very dumb sometimes, they might waste their skills even if we use non-harming Super Tier, for example, if Momonga used [Creation] I am pretty sure the boss would still register it as a charging Super Tier and might waste its skill to protect itself against a non-harming spell.”

The plant heteromorph elaborated eliciting nods from the other players.

Before Momonga could give his final approval, something he was still unused to, he felt a [Message] trying to establish a link, he accepted the invite.

“[Hey Mo-kun, do you have a moment? I wanted to speak to you.]”

The voice of Buku echoed through the message spell.

“[I will be there In a moment.]”

He sent his answer back before severing the connection.

“I will give my final approval after reviewing the plan later, now I have other matters to attend.”

He said as he stood up from the meeting table.

“Off to see your girlfriend Momonga?”

Touch teased much to the skeleton’s embarrassment.

“She isn’t-“

He was interrupted by Ulbert’s suggestive emoticon.

“Ah, I know how it feels to be in love, I myself married just a couple years ago.”

The paladin continued but, for once, Momonga didn’t bother to listen to him and just teleported away.

He reappeared a couple floors below his previous position in a room he knew the females usually used to have tea together and talk about girlish stuff.

Waiting for him there was only buku though.

“Hey, Mo-kun! Take a seat.”

She said cheerfully as he obliged her. She placed a cup of tea in front of him, even though he could not drink it, he appreciated the very Japanese like gesture.

“What’s wrong Buku, you usually don’t call me like this.”

He asked, not sure what the slime had going through her mind. But as a guildmaster he had the responsibility of hearing his guildmates' out. Uhm that was it! It had nothing to do with the fact that his heart was beating quite fast now that he was alone with Buku.

'Get a hold of yourself Satoru! God, it's just a meeting!' he tried to rationalize his nervousness.

"Well... you see... it's about my stupid brother..."

She said making all of Momonga's hopes vanish, no! He wasn't expecting anything else! No, he totally wasn't! And he would deny it to his dying breath!

"Ah... uhm..."

Those were the only sound that came out of his mouth. 'Good job Satoru! Very smart looking you are now!' he felt like punching himself in real life.

"I know of your quarrel due to him betraying your No Cash Items Alliance, he was an idiot as usual, nothing new... but he is really ashamed about it, I haven't seen him as depressed as this in a long time... he even tried to see if he could return the item but was denied a refund, could you please forgive his stupidity? I am really asking you as his sister, it hurts me to see him like that."

She said, her acting tone gone, leaving only her normal deeper voice. That made Momonga actually feel bad, he was mad at Pero but he didn't want for such real life repercussions to come to be.

"My little brother always had trouble making friends, so this is hitting him really hard, please Mo--"

"I understand."

He interrupted her as he didn't want to hear her beg.

"I will speak to Pero, don't worry about it, leave it to me."

He declared.

“Thank you Momonga.”

She thanked him, her sweet voice making Satoru’s heart jump in his chest.

“Satoru.”

Momonga mumbled.

“Uhm?”

The slime questioned.

“My name is Satoru.”

He wasn’t sure what possessed him to say it, he just knew that he wanted to hear his name said by her, they have known each other for almost two years after all.

“Uhm, then thank you, Satoru-kun!”

He felt like smiling, not that his avatar could.

“My name’s Katsumi by the way.”

The slime introduced herself.

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That night Satoru was about to finish washing his dishes and go to bed when he received a notification on his personal mail. He and Buku, no... Katsumi, exchanged it back after their conversation today.

He opened the app with a certain trepidation only to notice it was just his monthly bills record, he was about to close the app when a new mail jumped into his box, this one was indeed from Katsumi.

Forgetting whatever he was doing, he opened it and began to read.

*Hey Satoru-kun, thank you for listening to me today.*

*Whatever you told my idiot brother seems to have worked as he is in very high spirits this evening.*

*You are a life saver! Here is a little token of my appreciation! Hope you enjoy!*

*Love <3*

*Katsumi*

He was glad his conversation with Pero cheered him up, he didn't mean for this to happen in the first place, but it was a good thing he managed to fix it.

Though, now that he noticed, there was an audio file attached to the mail.

Knowing Buku was a voice actress he already had an idea what that could be, though, he was still curious.

He pressed the play button, the audio was just a couple minutes long but by the half of it Satoru was already blushing from his toes all the way to his hair. His head felt light and he had to seat or risk collapsing here and there on the spot.

To that moment he had no idea what kind of voice actress Katsumi was, to think she made an exclusive audio for him and even used his name in it was quite the low blow.

By the end of the audio he was done for the day and ready to had to his bed, not before a quick detour for the bathroom of course.

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“I swear! This piece of shit!”



The pink slime raged, not even bothering using her cute voice by now, she was that pissed!

Their guild, Ainz Ooal Gown, didn't just raid this damn tomb for hours just for the fucking last boss to kick their asses!

And it was managing to do so only because she could not understand his Hate hidden value! For some damn reason the Asura wasn't focusing on her or Touch Me! No! the fucker was going for Momonga and Ulbert!

She activated once more a provocation skill which got ignored once again, only one of the arms trying to attack her and Touch Me while the other four still went after their DPS specialists.

'You fucking six armed freak!' she yelled inside her mind. The shitty devs really outdid themselves with this one!

She saw her brother use his elemental arrows to take down the Elementals Asura was spawning, so he could not help. The others were bombarding it with all they had but their main DPS specialists were not in the right condition to battle.

An idea came to her mind, risky, but it might solve their current aggro problem if she was proven right.

"Momonga summon a Death Knight!"

The undead didn't even answer and just limited himself to doing as instructed.

The mid-tier undead immediately assumed his signature defense stance as soon as it was summoned. It's passive ability [Hate] activating at the same time. The most useful thing about this type of undead was their ability to stack Hate points, they would automatically activate [Hate] every time they received damage, making them the perfect punching bags for PVE.

But the thing was, a single hit from Asura would kill a Death Knight, that was unless she did something about it.

As the punch went for the Death Knight she used one of her best abilities, if her hunch was wrong this would be a huge waste, but there was no other choice by now.

“[Incorporeal Shield]”

Said ability reduced the damage of the next hit to just 1HP, a skill she could only use 3 times per day.

She observed as the undead took his 1HP damage before roaring once more and stacking a new [Hate] over the previous one.

The Asura shifted and this time two punches went directly for the Death Knight. ‘Perfect!’ she cried out in joy as she activate her last two uses of [Incorporeal Shield].

“Go Go Go! Death Knight-kun!”

The only answer she received was a couple of roars.

It worked just fine for her as other two arms went for the Death Knight, leaving the other members of the guild free to act as they pleased.

Now it was just a matter of defending the Death Knight.

She flew in front of it and activate her one time use skill [I am the Wall], even with such a cringe name it was a skill many would not scoff at.

All damage for a whole minute would be nullified, though that came at the cost of everything else, she could literally do nothing, not even use items or move, she truly became a wall.

It was over by then, her guildmates already began to use their combos or cast their buffed spells and she will hold, no matter what!

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“Yo Momonga!”

The undead turned only to be greeted by none other than the perverted birdman.

“Hey Pero, how is it going?”

The Overlord saluted as he moved around the first floor of Nazarick inspecting the various traps placed there.

“I heard from sis yesterday was your birthday.”

The avian continued.

“Yeah... it’s not something I usually celebrate.”

The skeleton said.

“So, what did my sis gift you? She wouldn’t say...”

The curious player inquired, for a moment Momonga faltered, remembering the audio the voice actress sent him for his birthday.

“A-ah... uhm... i-it’s a secret, you know? I-I can’t just go around telling e-everybody eheheh”

The undead stuttered out much to the birdman’s resignation.

“C’mon, I thought we were friends?”

Momonga just ignored him, he knew Pero would not get upset over this and he really wished to discuss her gift no longer than needed.

“Did she send you nudes?”

That comment from the birdman sent Satoru into a stuttering mess as his avatar convulsed spastically, much to the hilarity of Pero.

“NO!”

The embarrassed undead fervently denied the accusation.

“Ah well, not that there is much to see there to begin wi...th...”

The birdman slowed down on the end of his last comment, Momonga wasn't sure what happened until he turned around only to see a pink slime looking at them from the other side of the room.

“Uhm, man, I gotta run, checkyourmailthisevening, bye!”

The avian player disconnected followed shortly by the pink slime. Momonga should feel bad for him, but really, this time he asked for it.

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Satoru Suzuki opened the dry artificial meat can, it was tasteless as usual, well, at least it filled him up and it was cheap. ‘Just like real meat my ass’ he thought as that brand's commercial came back to his mind. Not that he knew about it, he never tasted any real meat or fish in his life, it would probably take half his check for just one meal of low quality, but real, food.

He tried to think of something else so to avoid thinking about the tasteless pulp he was putting in his mouth. Pero did not log in again that day, he probably got the beating of his life, well, not that Satoru could blame Katsumi, he might not be the brightest lady killer but even he would not dare comment on a lady's assets.

Trying to not think about Katsumi's assets he swallowed the last of his meal before throwing away the can in the compacter.

His perverted friend told him to check the mail, it made him wonder where did Pero find his mail in the first place. Probably asked it from Katsumi now that he put some thought into it.

He sat on his VR chair and connected, indeed, there was a couple of notifications waiting for him.

A few commercials and an unknown address writing to him. Curious, he checked the unknown mail.

*Hey Momonga, hope this is the right address, I kinda... stole it from my sis.*

*Well, just wanted to wish you a late happy birthday and give you my gift.*

*I think you are going to like this one, I have the sudden hint you are going to like Akane most of all.*

*Your friend,*

*Peroroncino.*

He had no idea what he did expect from Pero other than something like this.

He wasn't an idiot, he had a good idea of what that gift attached to the mail was, but... he actually received no birthday gifts for the last almost ten years, ever since his mother died.

He turned toward the digital photo he had of her, he decided to turn it to face the wall, she should not have to see her son do this.

There was little choice now, he started to download the game his friend sent him.

“High School Harem Life... Pero, really? What the fuck man?”

He voiced his thoughts, according to the summary the story was about a guy going to a demi-human academy in a fantasy setting, and well, he was the only human apparently. He had no need of the 18+ symbol popping up on his screen to know what he was getting into.

‘I will give it a try, play half an hour and then log in Yggdrasil’ that sounded like a plan, he didn’t want for his friend’s gift to go to waste, it would be quite rude.

The game finally finished downloading and he jumped in. it was quite colorful to say the least.

He skipped through the prologue as he wanted to get it over with as soon as possible, these kind of games were mostly visual novels, so, skipping through dialogue would make the experience definitely shorter.

The graphic details were quite low, the probably spent all their budget on the erotic scenes... ‘god, that sky texture is horrible, even Yggdrasil had better texture at its launching 4 years ago’ he lamented as he moved around the outside of what he deduced to be the main academy of the game.

“E-excuse me?”

The female voice interrupted him. ‘And here we go, first encounter’ he was just about to skip the whole scene but then.

“A-are you perhaps the new transfer student?”

That voice was familiar, too familiar. ‘Oh no! Pero, you didn’t! you motherfucker!’ he screamed internally as there was only one girl he knew that could ever make that voice. He gulped as he immediately got nervous for no apparent reason.

“My name is A-Akane! Nice to meet you!”

Katsumi’s voice greeted him but only one thought was looping in Satoru’s mind by now. ‘God damn you Peroroncino!’

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“Are you for real?!”

Yamaiko asked sounding outraged at her friend’s words.

“Yeah, that asshole even had the balls to say it wasn’t a big deal!”

Ankoro continued to vent her frustration, while the other two female members of Ainz Ooal Gown gave her space.

They were all seating around a table on the 6<sup>th</sup> floor which was currently being completed by Blue Planet who was busy finishing setting up his beloved realistic sky.

“After forgetting about your anniversary, he didn’t even apologize? That’s just rude!”

Added Buku who was just enjoying the momentary peace.

“Well, at least yours has some balls, I have been waiting for a proposal from mine for the last three years and he hasn’t made up his mind yet.”

Yamaiko lamented. Katsumi knew that her dream was to have a classical Japanese wedding and she loved her partner very much, but he seemed to be an indecisive and frustrating man.

“Hey Buku, how are you doing on your side?”

Yamaiko decided to shift the focus on her.

“Don’t joke around Yama-chan, I am a kind of idol, relationships and marriages are a big no-no in the industry.”

She used the same excuse as always to avoid the subject, but this time it didn’t seem to work as well as the last ones.

“C’mon Buku-chan! We are all girls here! I know the industry is strict on stuff like that but you just only need to not make it public.”

What Ankoro said was technically true, many famous female voice actresses had relationships or were even married, they used aliases

to work after all, it wasn't like fans could go and pry on their personal life.

“Be it as it may, there are no good guys around anymore, they are all taken.”

The slime lamented much to her friends amusement.

“Don't play around with me Buku, you are just what... 25?”

Asked Yamaiko receiving a nod of confirmation from the pink slime.

“Don't say such things Buku-chan, we all know how you puppy-eye Momo-kun, he isn't certainly a bad candidate, don't you think?”

For once, Katsumi was happy she hadn't a human avatar to show her real expression in game, not that her blush would be visible, but the expression she was making was telling enough.

“D-don't joke around Anko-chan! I am sure someone as wonderful! As gentle as him is already a taken man ahahah!”

She laughed nervously as she tried to push that conversation aside.

“Well, as of now I know for certain he is single, I heard him and Touch speak not long ago about it, he wasn't very explicit but the hints were all there.”

Yamaiko intervened.

“That's it, if you are not interested I might take a shot at him myself, he seems like a great guy.”

Ankoro proclaimed causing Katsumi to frown. That scenario was not something she wished to see, she hadn't made her mind up about this at all, and for all she liked Ankoro, the idea of her getting together with Satoru didn't sit well with her.

“You can't.”



That was all that came out of her mouth.

“Why not? You said you weren’t interested.”

The other girl said brushing off Buku’s denial.

“I mean-! Why you-! Augh, okay fine, I think I-“

She stood up from her chair, for all a slime could get up in the first place, she was flustered and worked up. ‘They wanna tease me! That’s fine!’ she never shied away from confrontations after all.

Both Ankoro and Yamaiko seemed taken aback by her sudden outburst. ‘Not so confident anymore, are you?’ she thought in satisfaction.

“So, what if I like Momonga?”

She proclaimed feeling liberated by saying it out loud.

“Buku calm-“

Yamaiko tried to say something while Ankoro face gesturing for her to settle down or something, but the pink slime did not want to hear any of it.

“He is a great guy, he is respectful and always calm, he can be funny and has a lot of interesting stuff to say if you push him enough!”

She said without an hint of shame or embarrassment, something she will be probably dealing with once she was done ranting.

“No, really-“

Ankoro tried to interrupt her flaying her arms around.

“No, you listen! Know that if you go after him I will declare war on you!”

Ok, now she was just exaggerating in the heat of the moment, she didn’t like him that much, but still, her female pride demanded it.

Now that she was done, she turned to make an epic exit but when she turned she came face to face, or it would be better to say face to chest, with a familiar undead. ‘Aha’ her mind stopped working for a few seconds before rebooting, the silence persisted.

And then, Katsumi did what any maiden would do in that situation, she logged out.

---

“Are you for real?! Ahahahah that is too funny! What the hell sis?!”

The birdman was laughing his ass off at the situation both his friend and sister found themselves in.

“It’s not funny Pero, I didn’t see her since then, and it has been 10 days!”

The skeletal player cried out but the birdman’s high spirits didn’t relent in the slightest.

“So, go speak to her! I will give you her number if you want... though, how are you gonna answer?”

Satoru was baffled at her friend’s words.

“Eh? Answer?”

His only answer was a multitude of facepalm emoticons from the birdman.

“C’mon Momonga! You can’t be this dense! She basically confessed her feelings for you! You gotta answer!”

It felt strange to be suddenly advice on this field by the open pervert, though, Momonga was pretty sure he was right on that statement, he had to answer, and he had no idea what to do.

“It’s alright man, I will respect any choice you make, though, if you accept... and later on break her heart... I will fucking come for you.”

The statement was far more intimidating than the perverted birdman had any right to be.

“Now... how did you like my birthday’s gift?”

The sudden tension disappeared taking Satoru aback for a moment.

“Did you go with the Akane route?”

The birdman asked prompting a still confused and distracted Momonga to answer the first thing that came to his mind, unfortunately for him, such thing was but the truth.

“Yeah, it was fun.”

Silence descended between the two players as both seemed stunned by his words, one because he didn’t expect to say it so nonchalantly, the other because he didn’t expect his friend to actually play the game.

“Damn... you truly got the hots for my sis if you enjoyed that trash character...”

...

The human known as Satoru Suzuki marched up and down his apartment like a caged rat.

He already had dialed the number in his holophone, he only needed to press the call button, but he couldn’t bring himself to do it.

‘Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!’ he wasn’t one to usually swear, not even in the silence of his mind, but this whole thing was stressing him out to great lengths.

He had never been confessed to before, not that he ever was the one to confess first either. He was a 24 years old virgin for crying out loud! He never had a girlfriend or anything like it! He had no idea how to deal with all of this!

He took a deep breath, he needed to do it! For once in his miserable life he needed to make a god damn move and have a spine! With a trembling finger he finally pressed the button.

He regretted it immediately, he panicked, all the perfect plans and replies he had practiced gone from his mind in an instant.

He was about to close the call before it was too late but he didn't have the chance as the other side picked up.

“Yes, who is it?”

The tired voice of Katsumi greeted him, he felt his throat suddenly dry up.

“H-hey Katsumi-san.”

He greeted back. ‘Yeah, totally sound like a shrimp! Good start Satoru!’ he wanted to smack himself in the face.

“S-Satoru-kun! How did you get this number?!”

She, at least, seemed as startled as him.

“Your brother.”

Silence followed his words. ‘Sorry Pero!’ the salaryman silently prayed for his friend's soul.

“I-I see... so... what do you need?”

She asked, her tone as tense as it could be. Being the socially inept he was, Satoru could only say the first thing that came from his mind.

“I-I wanted to give y-you an answer.”

Which unfortunately, was the truth. ‘God... way to alleviate the tension jackass!’ he reprimanded himself again.

“I-Oh! Well-! Ok, just tell me!”

She blurted out, clearly embarrassed, her voice was a far cry from her usual cheerful tone.

“I would like...”

He began but he felt totally awkward saying it out loud.

“I think...”

He tried again much to the same result.

“Please, go out on a date with me!”

He was dead, he wanted to bury himself under three kilometers of earth and never surface again. That was like the worst way possible of asking someone out, he knew it! He was such an idiot!

“Ok”

That was the only thing she said before cutting the call short, leaving a dumbfounded Satoru to pick up the fragments of his fractured mind who was still trying to understand what just happened. ‘Eh?’ his holophone fell from his hand as his brain started a forceful reboot.

---

The short girl was a bubbling mess, she couldn’t believe she was doing this, she was about to go on a date with Momonga. They apparently didn’t even live so afar from each other, just a couple hours by train.

But, of course, their date wouldn't be a physical one, yet. Ever since the air in the world outside became poisoned and nature died out people started using VR for all kind of purposes, dating was a big part of it.

There were many industries that offered a virtual dating simulator where couples could go and have a good time. Due to heavy regulations anything physical was denied, apart from hand holding and kissing. They couldn't have their precious workers get addicted to online sex after all, where would they get new generations to exploit from otherwise?

Shacking those thoughts out of her mind she focused with the matter at hand. They didn't speak ever since that call and decided the how and when of their date through text, knowing Satoru, he was probably trying his best, he had always been shy. Not that she was fairing much better, she was totally embarrassed about this as she had never dated anyone before. She was too embarrassed about her body for much of her school period and then she had started working a job that didn't look with a good eye at relationships.

She had to provide for both herself and her younger brother ever since their parents passed away after all, she had no time for that stuff or, even less, risk losing a good paying job over it.

But now it was different, using her popularity she managed to get her brother a job as an eroge beta-tester. For all they bickered and argued, they really cared, growing up they only had each other for the most part and so it was only normal that seeing the other happy would mean the happiness of both.

She also liked Satoru, of course, and the fact her brother didn't tease her at all about her date meant that he not only approved but wished them the best.

She already knew that there would be no problems at work either. She was a famous voice actress after all, people would close an eye if she decided to have a silent and peaceful relationship. Satoru didn't seem like the guy to brag around with his accomplishments, so there was no problem on that side too.

She nervously glanced at the clock, just a few seconds and she will be transported to the virtual reality where their date would take place.

They chose a simple park, nothing crazy, to just chill in the middle of, fake, flowers would be enough.

One thing about these virtual realities was that to avoid complaints, the only way you could access was by verifying your identity, meaning, your avatar here should be compatible with the owner of the VR chair you were using as well as your identity scan. In short, there was no way to cheat one's appearance here, unless you hacked the whole thing.

She looked around as she spawned inside the chosen environment. It was quite strange to see a not polluted and yet realistic environment. Berries grew in the bushes while flowers bloomed on healthy trees. It was quite the lovely place, they just paid for two hours but she wouldn't have minded staying much longer than that.

“Katsumi-san?”

She just started relaxing when the familiar voice caused her muscle to tense up again.

Almost robotically she span around, Satoru was quite tall, towering over her like her brother. Black hair currently set straight but she knew from a glance he usually left the to their own device, she was quite the expert in those kinds of things. Black eyes regarded her with uncertainty as his mouth seemed to quiver a little.

Well, he probably didn't expect the pink hair tied in two twin tails, she was a sort of idol, of course she dyed them, but maybe Satoru wasn't just well versed into those matters.

“Hey Satoru-kun.”

She greeted back as she played with her thumbs behind her back in sudden shyness. It had been quite a long time since that happened. She usually had a strong demeanor both to stop her brother from doing stupid stuff and pushing anyone with bullshit intentions away.

“Ah... uhm... you look very good...”

He said, she smiled internally, the short dress with a miniskirt she chose seemed to have caught his eye, maybe it was due to it being pink as well, but that was beyond the point.

“Ehm... you too... look quite good as well...”

She said back as she looked at his business like attire. She did not know what to think of it really, he just seemed professional, not really her style, but that wasn't a great concern.

“Uhm, maybe we should sit?”

The man asked looking around for a bench or something, it was quite easy to find an empty spot next to some beautiful flowers. Still awkward silence persisted, Katsumi had no idea what to do so she just did what she did better, joke around.

“So, where did you get that skin?”

Satoru seemed to be confused for a few moments as realization passed through his eyes. A smiled for the first time, Katsumi felt her heart skip a beat, that was actually a very beautiful and gentle smile.

“I could ask you where did you get the bones instead.”



He said amused and that actually made her giggle a little.

“So... you wanna talk a little about life?”

She asked curious to know more about her usually reserved guildmaster.

“Ah, uhm, sure...”

He said averting his gaze from her, what seemed to be a light blush on his face. ‘That’s adorable’ she thought as Satoru really seemed to be quite the kind and gentle guy.

“That’s kind of bad.”

His next words confused her for a moment before he elaborated.

“The sky... I mean, Blue Planet-san did a far better job with it on the sixth floor.”

At that she smiled, he was quite attached to Yggdrasil it seems.

“Yeah, it truly is.”

She said as she gazed up at the clearly fake clouds while her hand found his.

---

Momonga sighed contently as he sat at the table, a steaming tea cup in front of him as the slime proceeded to serve the two other occupants of the table.

Two twin blond dark elves, the new guardians of the sixth floor of Nazarick... and his two little darlings according to Katsumi.

“Here you go Aura-chan, Mare-chan, enjoy your tea!”

She happy pink slime said as she proceeded to absorb a cookie.

It had been months since Satoru and Katsumi started dating, and really, he didn't feel such happiness since before the death of his mother.

They spent most of their time together in Yggdrasil, something he loved as well, since seeing each other would be almost impossible and virtual realities for dates were expensive.

He looked at the NPCs as they took sips from their cups, a shy smile on the boy's face and a very large grin on the girl's. According to Katsumi, they were a representation of them as their children should take from them both, he also suspected that the relationship between the two was an hint at what his girlfriend wanted her brother to be like.

God, it was weird even to consider, him? Having a girlfriend? It was weird aliens didn't invade yet.

“Oi! Mo-kun! Don't ignore me!”

He was suddenly brought back by Katsumi's voice.

“Uhm, you were saying?”

He was sure by now the girl was pouting, something he found quite adorable.

“I asked you if you wanted some sugar.”

She said in her adorable tone.

“Uhm, no thanks.”

He glanced at the NPCs as the slime served them some sugar. He was a bit weirded out by the crossdressing so he had felt like providing them with gender accurate clothes as well, mostly for Mare as Aura had a plentitude of girly things to wear since Katsumi loved to use her as a dress-up doll.

The only reason why Buku was allowed to make two lvl 100 NPCs in the first place was due to her creating a powerhouse such as Mare first, even if Aura is the older sister according to her settings. Momonga might have had a little push on that decision, not that Buku needed to know it, but seeing her so happy made all the grumbling from other members worth it.

“Are you sure I can’t make a uniform for Aura as well, she would look fine in it, and Mare already has one, so they would make a good pair.”

The Overlord asked as the slime wrapped around the tomboyish elf.

“No! You will not lead astray Aura-chan with your military fetishes!”

The slime protested. ‘Look at that, the pot calling the kettle black’ Momonga refrained from voicing his thoughts as he knew it would not end well for him if Pero was ever an example.

“You should create your own, you know?”

Katsumi said catching Satoru’s attention.

“I mean, your own NPC, your could put them in charge of the Treasury, we have nothing guarding it after all.”

That... was not a bad idea... but still what kind of NPC should he create?

---

Satoru fidgeted on the spot. He was nervous, too nervous. He should stop his hands from shaking, he will look like a fool.

‘It will be alright! It isn’t a big deal!’ his mental self-convincing wasn’t really working, for IT was a big deal!

He went up and down his apartment like a madman. His eyes continually darting from his door to the table where dinner was already served. A dinner for two people.

He had to work his butt off for many extra hours just to be able to buy this, real food! Made with real meat! Coming from real animals! A luxury few could afford! He was sure that it wasn't of the best quality considering someone of his caliber could buy it with an entire monthly check, but he hoped it would impress his guest.

For this was no normal evening, this evening he would finally meet Katsumi in real life for the first time, and, if that wasn't enough, today was their first anniversary. He gulped, he had no idea how to do this, or what to do, he just didn't want to screw this up!

The doorbell ringed making every last one of his muscles tense, he felt like a stiff puppet as he walked to the door and opened it.

What greeted him was a carbon copy of what he saw during their virtual reality dates, still, to see her in the flesh was just as stunning as the first time.

“So, Sato-kun, will you let me in or are you too stunned by my beauty to move?”

The familiar voice teased him, making him immediately move aside, letting the woman in.

She placed her mask next to his and took off her jacket, gloves and boots. During all of this silence persisted as Satoru could do nothing but nervously observe his girlfriend.

Her pink hair fluttering with each movement of her body, a mesmerizing sight, a beautiful angel who stole his breath away, a despicable fear gripping his heart, how could he ever hope to be enough for her? He, a miserable, normal looking, salaryman! What

could he offer her? How could he have even imagined, for a mere instant, to be enough?

“Hey, I’m sorry for the lateness, just, don’t give me the silent treatment, kay?”

Her words took him out of his negative spiral, it took him an additional few second to understand what she said. He glanced at the clock, and indeed she was an hour late, he didn’t even notice.

“I-I, no! I was just s-stunned! You are far b-better looking in real life compared to t-the VR...”

He tried to explain himself. ‘The hell am I saying?!’ he had panicked, he knew he would mess up!

To his surprise, the pink haired woman actually blushed at that.

“D-don’t say stupid things! Anyway, what have you got for dinner?”

...

“Ah! That was so good!”

Katsumi exclaimed contently as she lied back on her chair.

“Glad you enjoyed it, this was my first time having real food.”

The salaryman said, as he had to admit that the food actually tasted real good, no wonder rich people ate it all the time.

“This was my second, first time was at an important dinner to discuss work.”

She admitted trying to take away the dishes from the table before being stopped by Satoru.

“No, no, I will do it, don’t worry.”

He took the dishes from her hands and proceeded toward the small kitchen.

He washed the dishes with the cleaning powder and came back only to find Katsumi lying on his sofa.

“Wanna join?”

She invited him in her cheerful and teasing tone. He obliged, he may as well enjoy it till it lasted. There was no way he would get another shot at someone this amazing after all.

He sat next to her just in time for her to press her head against his shoulder.

“Ah, I needed that! I worked so much today!”

She sighed as she relaxed against him while he tensed up once more.

“I hope it wasn’t too much, I myself am a little burn out on work as well.”

He admitted.

“You are such a dork, that was an invitation to give me a hug and pamper me.”

She giggled as he felt his throat go dry all of a sudden. Noticing his discomfort Katsumi glanced at him seriously.

“Do you perhaps not find me attractive?”

She asked in her true voice which only emphasized her seriousness.

“NO! O-of course not! Y-you are very beautiful! I-I know I am not really m-much, I will u-understand if you don’t want to-“

His ramblings were interrupted by the smaller woman tackling him to the sofa, he was now sprawled on it while she sat on him, pinning him down by his shoulders, her face closer to his than ever before, his heart hammering in his chest.

“Listen well Satoru! Because I will repeat myself just one time!”

Her angry tone took him aback, he never heard such a deep tone coming from her, not even when she got pissed with her brother.

“You are a great person! You are funny! You are kind! You are smart! And, even if you don’t think so, when you are embarrassed you are fucking cute!... so, don’t ever say those things again, don’t you ever think that I am so shallow that I would dump you just because you don’t have the best paying job ever!”

As she said those words, her tone passed from angry to sad, and by the end of it he could see tears fill her eyes.

Her words resonated with him, stirring deep in his heart emotions he thought he had completely forgotten. ‘I am truly pathetic... an idiot... now I truly messed up’ his self-reprimands only served to fill his chest with more pain. To think he caused her to cry for someone as worthless as himself...

He wrapped his arms around her and brought her down on him, her head now laying on his chest, he could feel her hot breath through his clothes.

“I promise you Katsumi, I will be better, I will, if you will have me still.”

He whispered, both a promise to her and himself.

“Don’t be an idiot Satoru, you are perfect as you are.”

She moved up, their faces so close, he could feel her breath over his lips, with the slightest of movement his lips met hers. Satoru’s mind blew up, the emotion of the moment combined with the body of his girlfriend pressing on him and their first kiss overwhelmed him.

In that moment his job didn't exist, Yggdrasil didn't exist, this very world didn't exist, all that existed for him were just Katsumi and his lips on hers.

He would give up everything in exchange of making this instant last forever. There was no price he was unwilling to pay.

---

“Pandora-kun! Say aaaahhh! Mommy has a biscuit for you!”

The pink slime said as the doppelganger stayed still, vocal commands could do just so much after all.

This was Satoru's NPC, a doppelganger of great power, the ability of changing his form in all guild members reflected his creator's mindset, adapt and overcome.

Though, the form he was using now was not linked to any of their guildmates.

No, the doppelganger had another form, he looked like a boy around his early teens with her brown eyes, Satoru's black hair and a couple of pink strands among it. He was sporting a military attire, a clear sign of his creator's tastes.

She glanced at her own two creations, which sported similar military attires, in the end, Satoru managed to sneak in one for her sweet Aura as well.

Though, the three of them together looked rather good, not that she would ever admit it to Satoru.

“So, you were here?”

She looked back at the door of the treehouse only to be greeted by her brother's avatar.



“What’s up little bro, you caused a mess again?”

She asked amused. The fact that he didn’t answer her provocation was proof enough of his seriousness.

“I want to talk about Satoru.”

He said as he sat opposite to her.

“What about him?”

She knew he had not been as active as before on Yggdrasil, he was working a lot and, while still loving the game, started dedicating free time to amassing more knowledge so to advance through his career. He said that he wanted to be a man worthy of her, even though, she said time and time again, he already was.

“Did any of you think about the possibility of moving in together?”

That was a bit of a sore point for them.

“Yeah, though with our jobs... it is difficult, none of us can really move without compromising our careers right now... Satoru was thinking of having his boss transfer him in the future, his company has an office not too far from our house and we could buy a small apartment around there, we are already began setting some money aside for that.”

She explained to the birdman.

“That sounds nice, but remember, if you ever get in trouble with that, I could always move and leave the apartment to you two.”

Her brother offered much to her surprise.

“You, you really mean it?”

She asked in surprise.

“Yeah, if you can lend me a hand I could find a smaller apartment, you know the guy under us is selling his, it’s not the best but I can manage.”

Katsumi suppressed a sob, that meant a lot for her. Their ong-distance relationship was beginning to affect them, they wanted to spend more time together, and even with Yggdrasil and VR dating, it was still difficult to fill the need for physical touch.

“You would do that for me?”

She knew she must have sounded pathetic, but this meant so much for her.

“Sure, sis, I think it’s time for this bird to leave his nest!”

Her brother joked making a strangled laugh come out of her mouth.

“You did a lot for me, this is the least I could do for you.”

He continued, damn, by this rate she would never be able to find an excuse to reprimand him anymore.

“Thank you, Taiyou.”

---

“Good job Suzuki-san.”

Yamada, his boss’ right hand, congratulated Satoru for the contract he managed to snatch from one of their competitors. It had been a very time consuming endeavor, but a very profitable one in the end.

“I am sure Shinozaki-sama will be happy.”

Yamada continued giving Satoru a smile. Shinozaki was their elderly boss’ name, he was close to his retirement and Yamada,

with this last catch, had all but assured his position as the new boss once Shinozaki retires.

“I am sure your transfer request will go through without problems once Shinozaki-sama retires and the new manager is nominated.”

Yamada smirked to him, something Satoru tried to return with a small smile of his own.

“Thank you, Yamada-sama.”

Satoru bowed. Oh, how much he despised this, but this was a necessary evil, for Katsumi’s sake he would do this and much more.

Corporations’ internal policies were hell to navigate. You had to bootlick your way up or remain a minimal wage worker for the rest of your life. Something Satoru resigned himself to, but that was before he met Katsumi. He wanted to provide something for her and don’t just be a leach, feeding on her good check every month.

If they were ever having a family of their own he wanted to be able to support it... and if he had to play their game to do it, so be it.

To this end, he bettered himself, buying e-books for higher education on economics and contracts which were the main subject of his job. After a few months he caught the eye of Yamada, the manager’s right hand, from there he got assigned some of the most convoluted jobs the office got, some of them tempted him to bash his head against the wall.

But in the end he made it and got the sign of approval from Yamada who made him his unofficial right hand. There were actually no pay raises for all the work he did but certainly he earned a few favors which he would cash in by having his transfer request accepted.

He made to leave the office, quite content with himself.

“Ah! Suzuki-san.”

He stopped midway and turned around to face Yamada once more.

“The small branch office where you will be transferred to is growing at a rapid pace, it might need a branch manager in the future, when the times come I might be the one deciding who will take that place... keep that in mind and keep up the good work.”

Satoru wasn't deluded enough to believe such a thing would ever come to be, this was just one of the classic ways higher ups used to control the aspiring lower ranks. It was mostly a way to not let him forget where his loyalties lied.

“Of course, Yamada-sama.”

He bowed once more. He would do anything it takes, for Katsumi.

---

“So, how is the couple life treating you Buku-chan?”

Yamaiko teased the pink slime as they repaired the 1<sup>st</sup> floor after one hell of an invasion. Not that the invaders managed to pass Shalltear on the 2<sup>nd</sup> floor, but they made a huge mess on the first.

“Everything fine, Mo-kun is just the cutest thing when he is flustered.”

The slime admitted nonchalantly.

“Damn, you guys are serious then... you don't even get embarrassed anymore.”

Yamaiko pouted.

“It's been more than three years... what do you think?”

The voice actress shrugged the comment off while Yamaiko got closer and lightly nudged her, as much as a slime could be nudged.

“So, so, tell me... how is sex with Momonga?”

She whispered to the slime who just spluttered in real life.

“W-W-What the hell?! Yama-chan! D-Don’t ask this type of questions!”

The embarrassed woman stuttered out as she escaped the teacher’s grasp.

“Aww, c’mon, there are only the two of us here...”

Her guildmate teased.

“What kind of elementary teacher are you?!”

The slime retorted.

“Well, I am a very serious teacher... but you know, I don’t mind a little bit of girl talk.”

The slimed fidgeted on the spot.

“You are starting to remind me of Anko-chan.”

Buku said slithering back.

“Hey! That is just insulting now!”

Protested the heteromorph.

---

Satoru placed the box down on the floor. ‘This should be the last’ he thought happily, even if he was exhausted, he could not help but skip around while walking.

This was finally happening, he was finally moving together with Katsumi, a dream come true, to finally be able to see her everyday.

His transferring papers were processed just the other day and the corporation graciously offered him a free week to settle in the new city. Of course he will have to cover the lost hours with overtime but he couldn't care less right now.

Taiyou, Katsumi's brother and his best friend, was currently settling in the apartment below theirs. He felt bad kicking out Peroroncino from his own house but the birdman player just said it was alright and that it was about time he left the nest, which was pretty ironic.

He still owned his old apartment as the mortgage was fully paid by his mother before she died but, in all honestly, he wouldn't mind selling it, that place held far too many bad memories for him to care about it anymore.

Katsumi's parents' apartment was bigger than his, three bedrooms and two baths, it was quite the luxurious house for Japan's standards. Katsumi told him her grandfather bought it during the Bankrupt Crisis where banks were begging to sell their assets. It still took two generation to pay it off though.

He looked around, he was currently in his girlfriend's room, she insisted he placed his stuff there. It was exactly how he imagined it to be, girlish and full of cute things, not that he minded, he still considered her a far too good catch for a plain guy like himself, no matter how many times she said the opposite.

The door suddenly opened making him jump.

“Ah Taiyou-san you scar-“

He stopped in his tracks as the one who opened the door wasn't the birdman player but the owner of the room herself. ‘Shouldn't she be at work right now?’ he asked himself for the briefest of seconds before their eyes met.

There was something wrong there, in that gaze, something that sent a shiver down his spine, not in fear, but extreme uneasiness. It didn't help that the smaller girl launched herself on him pushing him back and bringing the both of them down on the bed.

“W-what? Katsumi, what's wrong?”

Satoru asked, confused by his girlfriend's sudden actions. She remained silent, her face pressed against his chest, her hands clinging to him. She lied there in silence as Satoru instinctively brought his arms around her and embraced her.

“I got molested at work today.”

Those six whispered words broke him, his heart plummeted down as his mouth went dry and his body stilled, he probably paled too even though he could not confirm such a thing.

“Outside the bathroom, Natsuo groped my ass and tried to pin me against the wall.”

She continued. He knew that name, the son of her employer, he clenched his teeth as rage surged through him, this anger, he never felt such rage consume him before.

“I slapped him and ran away.”

A small consolation at last.

“Eh... I might lose my job now.”

He really didn't care, even if such a thing came to be, he will work day and night if it meant her happiness and safety... was this how his mother felt? Is this the feeling that brought her to her death?

In that moment he understood, more than ever, how his mother felt.

“You are not going back... and that is final.”

He had never been commanding in his life, he never ordered anyone to do anything, but in that moment, the words from his heart escaped his mouth without his consent.

“I can still feel those hands on me... you know? It’s disgusting...”

She said as she crawled over him until their faces were mere centimeters apart.

“I was scared, in that moment, I realized I didn’t want to belong to anyone.... But you.... So, please, make me forget.”

With those last words she kissed him, their lips hungrily colliding with each other, unwilling to let the other escape.

Satoru’s mind was going blank, he had no idea what was happening, it was like he was melting under the touch of his beloved. Her hands roaming all over him until they reached the most sensitive of spots.

He grunted in pleasure as his hands instinctively went for her butt, squeezing it to his heart’s content, eliciting a moan from the smaller woman, was that how heaven was supposed to sound like?

She removed her lips from his and for a moment he feared he had been too pushy in his approach. But then, in just a couple of movement, both her top and skirt went flying across the room, leaving her in her pink underwear.

Satoru gulped, was this really happening? He was uneasy to say the least, this was so sudden, what if he messed up? What if he wasn’t good enough?

Seeing his doubtful expression, Katsumi decided to take charge of the situation.

In a swift movement she pulled down his pants and underwear, exposing him to her completely bare. Satoru should feel embarrassed but he was far too engrossed in roaming his hands on



every part of her body he could manage to grasp to really consider the situation.

She undid her bra, her breast mesmerizing him. Till that moment he always thought he was a big breasts kind of guy but, when it came to it, he simply didn't care. Every moan he could elicit from her was a victory.

“Sato-kun... you make me so horny.”

She said as she launched her panties on the other side of the room and, indeed, there was quite a clear sign of her arousal present between her legs.

She positioned herself atop him, their sensitive spots touching ready to enact the ultimate primordial act of lovemaking.

“Satoru...”

She moaned, her eyes asking for an answer.

“Katsumi...”

His trembling hands moved, grasping her hips and slowly pushing her down.

And then, they were one.

---

“Shit! Look at what those fuckers have done to Mare-chan and Aura-chan!”

The pink slime raged as the skeleton looked at the devastation on the 6<sup>th</sup> floor. Not that he expected anything less from a 1500 players invasion.

“It was a good thing Punitto-san had gathered enough information on the raid so to avoid further damage... guess we will have to thank Tabula-san for that.”

He said as the slime cuddled her two dark elves surrogate children.

“That squid for brains! Never!”

Her outburst made him chuckle, the slime and eldritch abomination had a somehow dispute ever since Aurra’s creation, he had said multiple time how Aura was not good enough to be paired with Mare and how her classes were unbalanced. Him proposing of using her as a meat shield for Mare during the raid didn’t help the situation.

“Umu, it wasn’t that bad of an idea.”

Buku silently gazed at him, he felt his soul leave his body.

“Ah-ahahahaha I-I was just joking! Aura-chan is just too adorable for that!”

He laughed nervously as he patted said dark elf.

“I will make you regret those words later...”

The pink slime mumbled under her breath as a chill went down Satoru’s spine.

---

“Na na na na....”

The short pink haired woman hummed to herself a familiar tune as she cooked, she really had missed this, with her work she had no time to cook or do much else. But ever since she was fired she had a blast rediscovering her passion for the art of cooking.

The exchange went as she expected, they told her some bullshit about cutting costs or some crap and fired her. She didn't waste the precious occasion of giving them the middle finger.

If they thought that deterred her they were pretty wrong, she was quite a famous voice actress after all, and working as a freelancer was quite remunerative as well. She could also work from home, that was quite the advantage. Sure, the pay wasn't nearly as good, but she could always start working for another company if the need for money came to be. She surely didn't lack the offers.

But, as of now, she and Satoru were living happily with their income, the man even got a promotion as of late, so money weren't a problem.

Really, a good income, a few hours a day to relax, a loving adorable boyfriend and a very satisfying sex life. Surely life could not get any better, or so she thought until this morning.

There was a reason why she went out of her way to buy some real meat today. There was something really special to celebrate.

She hoped the news would cheer up Satoru a little, he had been quite down casted ever since Yggdrasil's shut down was announced. That man loved that game, she continued playing from time to time just to see the smile on his face, even her stupid brother would join every now and then. The rest of their guildmates were pretty much gone. It was a shame really, the legacy of Ainz Ooal Gown would die like this.

She was quite emotionally linked to that guild too, it was there she met Satoru for the first time and it was there she confessed to him. She also found good friends like Ankoru and Yamaiko, friends she had contact with to this very day.

She heard the sound of the door closing and she immediately dashed to said location. She slammed into the man coming through the door like a bullet, almost pushing him back out.

“Oi! Katsumi! You scared me!”

His indignant cry of surprise prompted her to let him go, she couldn't remove the smile from her face though.

Satoru closed the door and proceeded to remove his shoes.

“Yamada-san is killing me with this work loads... it's true he was the one to push for my promotion, but still, ever since he became the manager he-“

Satoru began to complain but stopped once his eyes met with hers.

“What's with that smile?... and is this meat I smell?”

He tilted his head cutely prompting her to enlarge her smile even more.

“Sato-kun.”

She gulped, she waited excitedly all day for this moment but now she was getting cold feet. What if he wasn't happy? What if... oh fuck this! Since when did she get so fucking spineless?!

“Satoru! I'm pregnant!”

Silence followed her declaration, seconds seemed to turn into days as she waited for any response, any movements, hell, any reaction at all!

Brown eyes gazed into black ones and then she saw them, tears streaming down the face of the man she loved. And so, she had his answer.

---

The black-haired man settled in his VR chair as silently as possible. It was true that he was a few rooms from his sleeping girlfriend but he would not risk waking her, she needed her sleep with the pregnancy at this stage.

He could not believe it still, he was going to be a father in just a little more than a couple months. Apparently, they were having a baby girl, though Katsumi wanted to wait her birth to name her.

He couldn't stop smiling ever since he received the news. Not even the increased workload could deter him, no, he pushed himself even harder to try and earn another promotion. He wanted his child to be taken care of as best as possible, he wanted her to be proud of him and never leave her wanting.

Katsumi often joked about the fact his little girl already had him wrapped around her finger even before being born. Maybe it was true but Satoru would do whatever he needed to achieve that happiness he so much desired.

Even his days in Yggdrasil became rarer and rarer, sometimes just logging in once a week to ensure the finances were alright before logging out.

Speaking of Yggdrasil, he had completely stopped spending anything on it, he realized that he could not afford throwing even the minimal amount of money away. Not that he spent much anymore since he and Katsumi became a thing.

Today was special though, this was the last day of Yggdrasil, even Taiyou logged in to say goodbye to his walking personification of fetishes. He assured Katsumi he would give her goodbyes to Aura, Mare and Pandora.

As he logged in, he found himself on the 9<sup>th</sup> floor. ‘It would be impossible to check out every place in Nazarick in just half an hour... oh well, I will just do a general tour then’ now that he thought about it, it would have been fun to invite his guildmates back for one last time. He had been far too busy though and that idea never popped into his mind till now.

He shrugged, they would probably have some other things to do, life was not an easy thing to plan after all.

Without wasting further time, he teleported to the outside of the tomb and began his descent. Having around 3 minutes for each floor wasn’t that much but he guessed there was no helping it.

He started teleporting around, there wasn’t much to see on the first floors, he just stopped by Shalltear’s room to give her a pat on the head as a salute, she was technically his niece after all.

“Keep up the good work Shall-chan.”

He muttered before teleporting swiftly to the 4<sup>th</sup> floor just to take in the beauty of the underground lake and the giant golem Gargantua.

Next step was the 5<sup>th</sup> floor where he was greeted by the ice monsters and a standing Cocytus. He took particular attention in avoiding a certain room where a certain brainer placed a certain NPC.

The sixth floor was probably the most beautiful of all, though he really didn’t have much time to spare in exploring its every corner and so he limited himself to checking out the twin dark elves currently sporting their usual crossdressing attires.

“Hey, you two, how have you been? Your mother wanted me to bring you two her farewells, she is currently busy carrying around your new little sister.”

He had no idea why he said it out loud as if they could understand him, but that sounded like something Katsumi would do. He ruffled the two NPCs' hair and teleported to the 7<sup>th</sup> floor.

The blazing inferno was the classic final level of any old style RPGs, the demons and other heteromorphs flying through the sky. He just made a quick detour to Demiurge's lair, wishing him good luck with his evil plans, it was quite an Ulbert thing to represent pure evil with the appearance of a classic CEO of a corporation.

On the 8<sup>th</sup> floor, the Cherry Blossom Sanctuary was as mesmerizing as always, for all the 8<sup>th</sup> floor was the most dangerous place in Nazarick, it surely didn't lack in the amazing sights regard.

He didn't stop much there, he wasn't particularly affectioned to any of the NPCs there.

On the 9<sup>th</sup> floor he went around his friends' rooms, he didn't want to enter so to not invade their privacy, even though that courtesy didn't have much sense as of now.

While he was passing through the meeting hall, his gaze fell on the guild weapon, the Staff of Ainz Ooal Gown, a divine item bordering more on the World tier to be honest, its creation represented the last time he actually spent a good amount of money on the game.

'It's a shame we never actually got to using it...' he thought as he grabbed the item from its pedestal. He teleported to the throne room, it's immaculate dark beauty, a result of Ainz Ooal Gown's best designers.

He was greeted by both Battle Maids next to the door and the Guardian Overseer Albedo next to the Throne of Kings.

'Tabula's creation...' knowing the mad brainer as he did he was sure her bio would be a wild ride, he still had a little more than five

minutes so, being ahead of schedule as he was, he decided to take a quick peek.

As expected, her bio was massive, he went through it reading sparsely here and there. The last line had him almost facepalm.

*She is in love with Momonga on an obsessive level.*

‘C’mon man... what the hell? I knew you and Buku had your differences, but this is just petty!’ he sighed, it was quite a lucky thing Katsumi never read her bio, he wasn’t sure Nazarick or Ainz Ooal Gown would have survived the aftermath of that apocalyptic event.

By now he had around three minutes remaining so he just let it be, it would all be gone in a few instants after all, and he still wanted to see Pandora’s Actor, he had no time to waste.

He teleported to the treasury immediately and typed in the password to access the internal hall.

Behind a desk sat his own creation in it’s doppelganger form, which was just slightly taller than Aura and Mare due to Katsumi’s request.

“Well Pandora, I came to give you your mother’s farewell, you have been a good boy, haven’t you? Ah! It’s a shame you never had the occasion of testing out the equipment I gave you.”

He said out loud as the NPC stood up for a military salute.

“Take care of Nazarick’s treasury, will you?”

There was less than a minute remaining by now.

‘I guess this is it... man, I’m really tired, need to sleep immediately after the shutdown... tomorrow will be tough at work, but I guess it was worth it’ the undead player thought as he stood there as the clock reached the last 10 seconds.



‘Thank you, Yggdrasil, thank you for everything’ he closed his eyes, already savoring the sweet embrace of sleep next to Katsumi’s gorgeous form.

He heard the timer beeping stop, meaning he reached midnight and the shutdown. He opened his eyes, expecting a logout message and yet, there was nothing, nothing at all.

‘Did they delay the shutdown? Without a warning? Oh well, I will check it out tomorrow, now it’s time for bed’ he went for the icon on the top of the screen, and yet... there was nothing there.

‘Eh? What the... is this a shutdown glitch?’ he continued to tap on the top of his vision trying to activate any menus at all.

“Father, may I ask what you are doing?”

He froze as the foreign voice spoke from next to him, he turned only to gaze at his NPC.

“Is there something wrong, father?”

There was no doubt about it, the NPC was speaking to him.

“Ah... uhm... I can’t activate the menu...”

He mumbled, not knowing what to say in such a situation but the truth.

“Uhm father... I am unsure what this menu you speak about is... should I call for the Guardian Overseer in aiding you?”

Satoru had no idea how he was remaining calm in that situation, he just felt panic rise inside him only to be pushed back by something before he could act accordingly to his inner turmoil.

“N-no, that won’t be necessary...”

He said not knowing if the NPCs could contact each other with such ease or if every last one of them had just become sentient.

“I will... retreat to my room now...”

He said unsure of what to do exactly.

‘GM call doesn’t work... what the hell?’ Satoru could not help but try and contact every single one of his contacts, even his friends but he received no answer.

“Father, may I visit Aura and Mare? It has been awhile since we spent some time together... it breaks my heart to be so apart from my siblings!”

Normally Satoru would be cringing at the exaggerated gestures and dramaticism of his creation, but really, he had more important things to think about now.

“Yes, yes, of course.”

He said dismissively before teleporting away.

...

He had been in his room for a few hours, he had no idea what the hell was happening, he tried everything he could think of to get banned, from extreme racism to threatening violence to sexual interactions, as much as a skeleton could do such a thing, but nothing worked. No one answered.

He was now in a catatonic state of being, his only hope was that once Katsumi woke up and saw him stuck in the VR chair, she would call the authorities or someone to help him out.

He wasn’t sure how many hours he remained like that or if it had even been an entire hour at all, the only thing he knew was that for some reason, his emotions were continuously repressed by some inner calming force.

Maybe if he killed himself this would end? But what if it didn’t?... What if this was reality now? No! That was absurd! He would not

be stuck in some kind of shitty alternative dimension! No! His mind was just playing tricks on him, he had been locked in his room for too much time!

Before he could move to get out of the claustrophobic room he felt a strange tingle on the back of his head, as if someone or something was trying to contact him. He wasn't sure himself why he felt like that but he just did, so he desperately accepted the connection.

“[My Lord Momonga, this is the Guardian Overseer Albedo, I humbly ask forgiveness for my sudden call but a situation arose on the 1<sup>st</sup> floor of the Great Tomb of Nazarick... the Area Guardians have reported that their minions told them that the location around the Great Tomb has changed from the usual poisonous swamp to a green plain.]”

Satoru's hopes were crushed as he heard the NPC report to him the news, but then again, it was impossible to move an entire dungeon, he had no idea if even one of the Twenty could do such a thing.

Still, sulking here would do nothing for him, he either needed to wait for help or try and solve this himself. And since he could do the former while attempting the latter, it was but a simple choice.

“[I see, please send a scouting regiment of Eight Edge Assassins to scan the area around the tomb for any sentient beings capable of communication.]”

He answered more firmly than he thought he would be capable of in such a situation.

“[Understood!]”

The Overseer answered.

“[Oh, and Albedo, tell the other guardians to meet me in the Colosseum on the 6<sup>th</sup> floor in around an hour, if possible, except for

Gargantua and Victim... speaking of which, have Victim interact with the other inhabitants of the 8<sup>th</sup> floor and check if they are at all hostile.]”

He requested, he needed to check if the NPCs had any violent tendencies toward him, if that came to be and he found himself overwhelmed he could always retreat to the inner treasury, after all no one could get there without a ring of Ainz Ooal Gown and he was sure he was the only one possessing it right now.

Though, he should check first Aura and Mare, they seemed to be friendly considering how Pandora first interacted with him.

That said, he teleported immediately to the 6<sup>th</sup> floor, just outside the treehouse. ‘They are usually stationed around the Colosseum, though, if Pandora came to visit, they are probably around here...’ he could not even finish his thought as a figure descended upon him from on high, he didn’t even have the time to dodge as something landed on his shoulder. The childish giggle was the only thing that stopped Satoru from teleporting away immediately.

“Dad! You came to visit too with big brother?”

The tomboyish dark elf with unruly blond hair asked in a joyous tone.

“Uhm, Aura, indeed... I came to visit you and your brother... speaking of which-“

He stopped when he saw the grinning face of Aura shift into a deep frown.

“Mare! You idiot! Come and greet dad properly!”

The shout was directed toward the tree, which was answered by a loud whimper.

“I-I’m using the s-stairs sis!”

The stuttering voice made the dark elf perked on his shulder facepalm.

“NOW MARE!”

With that a second form jumped out from a window on the lower side of the tree, landing just a few meters from Satoru, the second dark elf reached him in no time.

“Took you long enough...”

Muttered Aura scowling down at her brother.

“H-hi papa!”

The tomgirl elf, Mare, greeted him. ‘Uhm like Pandora’s Actor, they seem to follow their original bio and settings, Katsumi wa always one for this kind of stuff...’ the undead finally relaxed as it seemed he had a few powerful allies at least.

“It is nice to see you in good health Mare.”

He said, still feeling weird talking to NPCs.

“Mein Vater! You are here as well!”

Pandora exclaimed energetically appearing from nowhere. Satoru felt like gulping ‘yeah... Katsumi was right... he is so lame with those German lines...’ he despaired inside even though both dark elves were giggling at the Doppelganger’s display.

“Umu, I think now it is time to reach the Colosseum as I requested all the guardians to gather up there.”

As he said that he heard a groan come from the only female in their group.

“Augh! Stupidtear as well?”

Complained Aura making Satoru chuckle for the first time ever since this whole mess started. Truly, she could be no other but Katsumi's NPC.

'I will need to test my offensive spells too... just in case' he thought as the group teleported away.

---

Demiurge was instructing his Evil Lords subordinate when all of a sudden they all felt a presence enter the 1<sup>st</sup> floor, but not from the outside, but rather from the inside.

There were only few who could ever hope to manage such a feat but he needed to confirm this with his own eyes. And, indeed, Lord Momonga stood there in all his glory, he could not mask his slight surprise at his lord's appearance but proceeded to kneel immediately nonetheless.

"Lord Momonga, may this humble servant inquire about the reason of your visit... without an escort."

His lord, clad in that jet black armor, just tilted his head slightly.

"I came just to check on Mare, sending him out without a proper escort in an unknown environment may not have been the safest choice."

The words of his Lord could not help but warm Demiurge's devilish heart, but also caused him much distress. It was obvious his Lord was not criticizing his own choices, rather he was criticizing the mindlessness of his subordinates in not acknowledging such a thing, this had clearly been a test... the first test, and he had failed.

He could not help but berate himself, he was the one who received the title of Defensive Combat Leader by the Supreme Beings, and yet he failed them on the most important field they assigned him.

“Please My Lord, allow me to accompany you and redeem myself from this error on my part!”

He pleaded.

“If you wish so.”

The words of his Lord ensured him that hope was not yet lost in redeeming himself. ‘For such a magnanimous Master to lead us... we are truly fortunate, it is no wonder the other Supreme Beings chose him as their leader’ he thought while glancing at his subordinated with a gaze that promised endless pain if they messed anything up.

The two of them then proceeded on the outside of the tomb in order to find Mare, though, his Lord decided to take a detour to gaze at the starred sky, or that was what a foolish being would think. Demiurge was sure that his Lord wanted to observe this foreign land with his own eyes in order to assess the situation for himself. After all, he only received description of it and never saw it with his own two eyes.

“This world... seems to shine so much under the stars and moon, like a box of jewels.”

The words of his Lord stroke a cord in the devil’s heart.

“At your command my Lord, we could mobilize the entirety of Nazarick to claim this world for you!”

The guardian proclaimed proudly, silence descended prompting the demon to ask himself if he said something wrong, he was just about to apologize when his Lord spoke again.

“No, that would be pointless... even a world as beautiful as this... without her... it's worthless...”

Those words hit the guardian hard. Till that moment his Lord has been the incarnation of supremacy and what a ruler of his caliber should be, and yet, the melancholy in those words... almost moved the devil to tears.

---

This wasn't a dream, neither it was an hallucination, after three whole days of absolutely nothing Satoru had to reach that conclusion. For all he didn't want to, he could do nothing but acknowledge what he was experiencing as reality.

The fact he was still stuck here could mean only three things. First case scenario, Katsumi found him stuck in the VR and alerted the authorities that were now working on freeing him. Second case, the flow of time was different here and three days here might have equived to minutes or even seconds in Japan. Third case, and worst-case scenario, his original body either disappeared or died.

That last one was concerning, and he tried to not think of it. He had no idea how Katsumi would take it... even more in her condition... he tightened his fist, not for the first time he felt the urge to destroy something, the next instant calm was forced upon his raging emotions.

What would be of Katsumi and his daughter now? He knew Taiyou would take care of them, but that didn't mean he wasn't eager to return. And if the authorities couldn't do it, he would find out himself!

...



Looking around with Mirror of Remote Viewing did not result in much, they were surrounded by mostly plains, a desert on the south-east, and a forest on the west side. The only signs of intelligent life came from a village bordering the forest, the only problem was, the village seemed to be under attack, judging by the armors of the attackers this seemed to be a dispute between nations. Something the Overlord had no intention taking part in.

“My Lord, should we intervene?”

The one interrupting his flow of thoughts was no other than Sebas, as one of the few NPCs with positive karma, he should have expected something like that.

He was about to refuse Sebas’ request when a certain scene caught his eyes. What seemed to be a farmer was delaying the invading knight, shielding what he assumed to be his daughters from the attackers, at the cost of his life.

Being a father to be himself Satoru could feel respect for the man, and the image of the two girls getting chased by the knights stirred something in his mind.

“Sebas, tell Albedo to set Nazarick’s defenses in full motion and instruct Shalltear to meet me in the forest.”

He ordered before casting [Gate]. ‘I might as well use this occasion to find out more about this land and how to return home, alongside the strength of the inhabitants’ he thought as he walked through the portal.

---

Shalltear grinned as she slashed in half the weak angel, she wasn't sure why they were helping the humans, but her lord seemed adamant about the capture of this group.

When she first arrived to the village her Lord was already done with the cleanup of the weak knights, she almost felt like despairing for being too late to help him when a new group arrived. She did not understand much of the political talks her Lord had with the humans but, by the end of it, they were fighting some weak divine magic casters, finally giving her the occasion of showing off.

'Puny angels! Die!' she gleamed in savage pleasure as she split a row of low-level angel in a thousand pieces. Her Lord had ordered her to capture the humans alive for questioning, so her bloodlust needed to be sated by the angels.

As the last of the summons fell, her Lord stepped forward, his magnificent visage hidden under that ugly, in Shalltear's opinion, mask.

"To meet divine casters from Yggdrasil so easily must have truly been a stroke of luck on my part... or maybe this is a common sight around here... either way, your summons have been disposed of, now submit or you will have to incur in my wrath."

He commanded making Shalltear's back tingle with excitement, for all Lord Momonga was her uncle in a sense, she could not help but lust after his magnificence, even if she knew she could not ever aspire of being his wife, as that honor belonged to Lady Bukubukuchagama herself.

"You! You damn monster! I will not be defeated by the likes of you!"

The human roared as he took out a familiar artifact from his uniform. Shalltear immediately recognized it as a Sealing Crystal,

they were often used as trump cards capable of containing even Super Tier Spells. She knew that if the human wanted to use it, she would have to act first and kill him, she could not risk harm coming to her Lord.

But, before she could even move, the world around her froze. She took a moment to recognize the effects of [Time Stop] and, in that time, her Lord was already next to the leader of the humans, snatching the Crystal from the insect's hands.

“Shalltear, make them submit, but do not harm her, I have much to ask them... I will contact Cocytus... use the ring a gave you to travel back to the Frozen Prison on the 5<sup>th</sup> floor and put them in a cell.”

He ordered eliciting a smirk from the vampire as she glanced down at the Ring of Ainz Ooal Gown on her finger, a symbol of her Master's trust in her, something she will treasure till the end of time.

...

After delivering the prisoners to the 5<sup>th</sup> floor she immediately teleported to the Throne Room. Apparently, Demiurge wished to speak with all of the guardians. Unfortunately, her Lord already left for his chambers.

“So? What is this all about?”

She asked tiredly as she exited her [Gate] not expecting to be the last to arrive. Demiurge didn't seem to care much for her tone and instead addressed the Guardians as a whole.

“I apologize deeply for taking you all away from your duties.”

The archdevil began with a small bow.

“But I thought it was imperative for me to share the wise words of Lord Momonga with all of you.”

That seemed to get most of the Guardians', Shalltear's included, attention.

“On the night Lord Momonga first left the tomb, he flew into the sky to assess the situation for himself, and... while gazing at the starred sky, declared its beauty... then, as I foolishly asked if he wished to take over this world, the last Supreme Being told me...”

The guardian of the 7<sup>th</sup> floor paused as he prepared to retell the words of their last Supreme Being.

“That would be pointless... even a world as beautiful as this... without her... it's worthless...”

The words echoed in the silent throne room as their weight assessed on all the Guardians.

“Now, I am not sure who Lord Momonga is referring to with that ‘her’ but I have my hypot-“

Demiurge could not finish speaking that the blonde tomboyish elf interrupted him with her loud voice.

“Isn't that obvious?! Dad was surely referring to mom!”

Shalltear felt like chuckling at the baffled expression that just appeared on the archdevil's face, it was kind of hilarious to see such an foreign expression appear on the usually stoic face of the 7<sup>th</sup> floor's guardian.

“AURA... ARE. YOU. PERHAPS. REFERRING. TO. LORD. MOMONGA. AS. YOUR. FATHER?”

The booming voice of Cocytus asked, seemingly outraged at the thought of such arrogance of such a claim.

“Of course he is! He and mom, Lady Bukubukuchagama, had been together since like forever!”

That seemed to take aback all of the present Guardians apart from Mare and Shalltear herself who, of course, knew of such a thing.

“Is... is that so?...”

Demiurge muttered seemingly uncomfortable at learning of such a thing only now. Cocyrus remained silent as did Sebas, while Albedo seemed to be forcing her face to stop trying turn into a scowl, much to Shalltear’s amusement.

“Y-yes, w-we have b-been designated a-as the c-children of p-papa, I mean! L-Lord Momonga and Lady B-Bukubukuchagama... me, b-big sis Aura and b-ig brother Pandora.”

Adorable little Mare confirmed his sister’s words while Demiurge seemed to assess after the revelation.

“I see, are there anymore children of the Supreme Beings you are aware of? And, most importantly, has Lord Momonga recognize any of you as his direct heir?”

He asked, absolute seriousness on his face. That was indeed a big deal as not even Shalltear knew such a thing.

“Eh? No, I don’t think so, nobody ever told me anything about this! I surely don’t want the responsibility!”

Aura cried out in shock and denial.

“We have been designated as Guardians, so I don’t think there ever was any intention from Mom and Dad to make us heirs or anything like that... though, now that I think about it...”

She continued bringing her gloved hand under her chin as if in deep thought, in a pose strikingly similar to Lord Momonga’s.

“Before all this mess began... dad said something about we having another sister.... That our mom was... carrying around? I’m not exactly sure what he meant...”

The tomboyish dark elf recalled the words of her father.

“I see... so, the other Supreme Beings, or at least Lady Bukubukuchagama, are still in contact with Lord Momonga... I imagine there must be a reason behind their prolonged absence...”

The archdevil concluded much to the hope of everyone present. Even if no one ever stated it out loud, the main reason the inhabitants of Nazarick used to justify their creators’ absence was their inability to keep up with their standards. Making them, in short, failures.

“Ah, forgive my question, Aura, Mare, but I would like to know... were the two of you and Pandora’s Actor, created like the rest of us or physically conceived from Lady Bukubukuchagama?”

The demon asked the two twins who seemed confused at his enquiry.

“I... am not sure what you are talking about... we were created and designed as everybody else in Nazarick for all I know, not sure about big brother Pandora...”

The dark elf answered unsurely much to Shalltear’s amusement, for all Aura pretended to be a responsible adult, she was still so naïve in certain areas of life, it was kind of cute, a word the vampire never thought she would associate with the boisterous dark elf.

“DID. THE. OTHER. SUPREME. BEINGS. LEAVE. DUE. TO. THE. SAME. REASON. AS. LADY. BUKUBUKUCHAGAMA?”

Questioned the insectoid warrior in a hopeful tone.

“I can only hope so Cocytus, that would mean we have no fault in their decision... though, I can only speculate on what that reason might be... Judging by Aura’s words I can elaborate many hypotheses.”

The archdevil pondered his words, Shalltear could almost imagine the gears furiously turning inside his head.

“W-What do y-you mean Demiurge?”

Innocent little Mare asked, curious to know what his fellow guardian seemed to have realized.

“I can’t possibly pretend to be sure of what Lord Momonga meant by his words, but the upfront and more probable conclusion would be that him and Lady Bukubukuchagama had engaged in some unknown form of reproduction... carrying a child is a term mostly used among beings to refer to a female who had been impregnated and will conceive a child in due time.”

Demiurge explained, much to Albedo’s, no longer hidden, chagrin and Shalltear’s surprise. She never thought the Supreme Beings would engage in things like that, even though her creator seemed extremely fond of the activity.

“Lord Demiurge, are you trying to imply that the Supreme Beings retired to an unknown location to assist Lady Bukubukuchagama in conceiving this child?”

The calm and deep voice of Sebas asked.

“Please call me Demiurge, and... I would not be so arrogant to think I know what the Supreme Beings planned on doing, but seeing the timing, that is a possibility.”

Demiurge answered cautiously.

“I never heard of a Supreme Being ever conceiving a child in such a way.”

Sebas exposed his limited knowledge, no one disputing his claim as all the presents haven’t heard of such a thing either.

“M-maybe i-it is a very r-rare thing? T-that’s why a-all the Supreme Beings w-went alongside her?”

Mare offered his opinion much to Shalltear’s surprise who didn’t expect the shy boy to say anything unless questioned directly.

“That is indeed a possibility... but still, this is nothing but speculation, be it as it may, coming to this world was not the will of our Lord, and whoever is responsible for this might seek the destruction of Nazarick.”

Demiurge’s words immediately put everybody else on edge.

“How did you come to such a conclusion Demiurge?”

Asked a surprised Shalltear, the devil’s eyes immediately darted toward her.

“Think about it Shalltear, our Lord was the only one present in the tomb at the moment, Lady Bukubukuchagama was about to give birth to the probable next heir of Nazarick and all the other Supreme Beings were probably protecting her.”

Demiurge explained it like he was talking to a child, which greatly irritated the vampire even if she could not argue with his logic.

“If someone wished to attack, this was the right moment to take us at our weakest, separating us and Lord Momonga from the rest of the Supreme Beings... whoever is responsible for this is clearly seeking our destruction and Lord Momonga knew this well, that is why he had been so insistent on finding any trace of the nine worlds here... He wishes to return and be reunited with the other Supreme Beings.”

Albedo spoke for the first time since the meeting began, her cold words were matched by her stare.



“Exactly, Guardian Overseer, this is why we need to step up our game and use any means to return to the nine worlds, we cannot be assured that the remaining Supreme Beings would not be in peril as well without Nazarick, it is our upmost duty to serve and sacrifice ourselves for them.”

The demon declared as everyone nodded in agreement.

---

Momonga glanced at the female before him. They were facing each other in the cemetery, not that he cared much about stopping the undead invasion. If he could safely retrieve the boy those fools abducted, he would gladly leave the rest of the city to burn.

Normally such thoughts would make him feel disgusted with himself. This, though, was no normal situation. He had already been separated from Katsumi for half a month and he was willing to do pretty much anything to go home to her and his daughter. He was beginning to forget how her warm embrace felt, her heartbeat against his chest, the peace of mind her mere presence brought.

All he could feel by now, was coldness and loneliness. Things he thought he had long forgotten, ever since she came into his life.

And now, they had been separated, by some fucking twist of destiny or cruel joke, he did not care.

He returned to his senses when the woman rushed him, probably angered by him ignoring her. ‘Fuck this shit’ he thought as he dropped his swords, he had no need for any façade now, he just needed to get this over with as soon as possible.

The woman tried to pierce his armor with her stilettos but it proved as useful as throwing a rock against a castle. Emboldened by his

lack of weapons, she tried to pierce his eyes next. A foolish mistake, as she now was just too exposed. He just used his arm to trap her against him.

“W-What?!”

The disgusting human cried out as he increased the pressure on her chest and waist.

“You know, I really don’t care about what you did to those adventurers... you could even burn the city down for all I cared... but you... you had to take the only boy I needed for myself... you just had to get in my way.”

With every word his frustration grew as did the strength of his grip.

“No... wait! Wait! Wait! Let me go! You fucking BASTARD!”

She shouted while trying to slither her way out of his grasp like a snake in a death grip.

“No, I don’t think I will.”

He continued to increase his pressure until he heard a muffled scream followed by a loud snap, the body went limp in his hands. He dropped the unmoving woman, for all she was clearly unhinged and annoying, he could not deny her possible usefulness.

He felt no need to bring justice to those she killed as they lost any of his sympathies when they dared speak of his friends and beloved as if they knew them. ‘Replaceable... damn scum’ he found his surging anger pushed down by his Emotional Suppression.

His musings were interrupted by a loud thud in the distance. ‘Mare is probably done with those weak Skeletal Dragons’ he thought as a new figure appeared in front of him.

“Hey dad! I got the stupid human!”

The loud voice of Aura reached his ears as she placed a tied up bald guy in front of him. ‘Well then, let’s see if this endeavor had any worth’ he knelt down to get face to face with the human while removing his helmet. His appearance and general aura always helped him to get people to do his bidding.

On his part, the human tried to get away from him, terror in his eyes as they darted from Aura to the woman on the ground and then Momonga himself.

“I really did not want to get involved in any of this... so let’s fix it, let us make a deal... cooperate and if your information turn out to be useful, I will let you go, I will even resurrect your Skeletal Dragons, what do you say?”

He used all his skills acquired in years as a salaryman to push his way into the human’s mind. Not that he needed much convincing, Satoru held all the cards here, from now the human could do nothing but hope he was useful enough.

Either way, Satoru had no intention of honoring the deal. It was an hard rule in the unforgiving business world, if a party was weak and defenseless at your feet, there is no obligation to give anything but you can take everything.

“Here dad, this is what he was using to summon those weak ass overgrown skeletons!2

The tomboyish dark elf excitedly presented him with a strange dark orb.

“Language Aura.”

He admonished making the child cower at the scolding. He felt like sighing, he did not know why but the two of them continuing to refer to him as their father really pulled some strings in his

nonexistent heart. Was this because he was about to become a father for real and he was reflecting this on Katsumi's NPCs?

“But thank you, you did a good job.”

He said more gently while ruffling her hair, much to her enjoyment.

He then proceeded to take the offered orb from her outstretched hands. Yggdrasil had stuff similar to this, but orbs were not meant for summoning, so this was definitely an item native to this world.

He set it aside in his inventory, he would have time to experiment later.

“Coming back to you, tell me, where are you from?”

He asked the tied up human who was trying to slither away while he was speaking to Aura.

The man ignored him continuing his useless struggle until he was yanked back by his collar, courtesy of Aura.

“OI! Don't be rude, you dolt!”

She cried out indignantly.

“Dolt?”

Satoru almost chuckled as that was the last insult he expect to come out from the dark elf's mouth.

“Eheh, dad doesn't like when I swear so I took some of Stupidtear's favorite words.”

That almost brought out a chuckle from the undead, they truly were their creators' children. But that thought brought nothing but melancholy right now. His gaze shifted once more to the wannabe necromancer.

“So? I will ask once more, where are you from?”

The human tried to glare at him, though he was shacking in ear.

“Slane.”

He finally barked out.

That was surprising to Satoru, apparently this Slane Theocracy did enjoy messing up its neighboring countries considering he did not meet only one but two active cells in less than a month since he arrived here.

Thanks to the now deceased Sunlight Scripture, he became aware of the country’s controlling habits and its religious fanaticism, not counting its humancentric mindset.

A little more persuasive questioning and mindreading brought out many more secrets. Considering the Sealing Crystal and other items that were said to being considered relics of the gods, he could assume with almost certainty that these gods were from Yggdrasil. Possibly mobs or NPCs, if not players.

That wasn’t much of a lead as he already knew by experience that things from Yggdrasil could be brought to this world. That didn’t give him much of an idea on how to send said things back. But that was, unfortunately, all the leads he had at the time.

He also wanted to investigate these so called Thirteen Heroes that girl masquerading as a boy spoke of. He would need to speak with Demiurge once he came back.

“Aura, tell Shalltear to open a [Gate] to the Frozen Prison and bring these two there, the woman should have her spine broken so be careful to not kill her.”

He ordered as the Dark Elf saluted.

‘Not bringing back any bodies will not seat well with the Adventurer Guild, but I don’t really care, getting fame and prestige

was never one of my goals to begin with' Satoru thought as he moved toward the crypt, he had yet to recover the boy he came here for in the first place.

---

Albedo gazed at her naked form reflected in the mirror before her. She currently was in her Lord's personal room, waiting for him to return and be of service to him, if he wished so of course!

Though, she was perplexed, to say the last few days' discoveries were unexpected would be an understatement. She would have never imagined someone like Lord Momonga and Lady Bukubukuchagama were in a more than friendly relationship.

She had done her research after that, she personally went to Ashurbanipal to consult the Supreme Beings' wisdom on the matter. And indeed, many a Supreme Being spoke of Lord Momonga's and Lady Bukubukuchagama's relationship in their journals. Though no one spoke of any pregnancies or anything remotely similar. But that was easily explainable by the fact none of them returned to Nazarick to update their personal journals in a long time.

She needed a confirmation on something, she wanted to know how exactly Lord Momonga was able to reproduce with another being. The love burning in her heart demanded for her to carry his child as well, even if she could never be his bride, if she could just be loved by her Lord, she would be satisfied.

But that brought up another problem, many know of Lady Bukubukuchagama's nature and form, so very different from her own. Did her Lord not find her attractive? If, above all other female

Supreme Beings, he chose the one less humanoid, did that mean he found humanoid creatures not attractive?

That could turn out to be quite annoying, the race changing items in Nazarick were few, even more for high level beings such as herself, but the most threatening thing was that there were already many females resembling Lady Bukubukuchagama more than she did. The most notable one was certainly Solution, even though Lord Momonga never showed any preferences toward her.

She looked down at her assets. Her race was meant to be well endowed as her main source of power was to drain living beings of their life force. So, naturally, her body was created to entice living beings and not unliving ones.

She would need to ask Demiurge for advice as she knew he was planning to perform some experiments in the breeding department. Though, she needed to be careful as she didn't know if he would support her desire to become Lord Momonga's lover. After all, it could be seen as a disservice to Lady Bukubukuchagama, and she was pretty sure she could not get either Aura or Mare to support her.

Fortunately, Lord Momonga decided to take them with him while visiting the nearest human settlement, so she was left almost free reign over Nazarick.

Sending Shalltear out as well was a great occasion for her to move freely around the tomb too. The sole thought of the small vampire quite enraged the succubus. The smug little imp did nothing but mock her and flaunt her relation to Lord Momonga, as her creator, Lord Peroroncino, was apparently the younger brother of Lady Bukubukuchagama, making Lord Momonga her uncle in a way.

She immediately confronted Aura and Mare about such claims which turned out to be true according to the twin Guardians of the 6<sup>th</sup> floor.

Demiurge, of course, found this development more than fascinating, and embarked on the research to look for more familiar relationships among the Supreme Beings, in hope of understating the nature of their own creation better.

She was only mildly interested in this, as her only concern was the potential relationship between her own creator, Lord Tabula Smaragdina, and Lord Momonga. She knew for sure that he didn't see eye to eye with few Supreme Beings and him and Lady Bukubukuchagama had argued in the past, but the details of that occasion were almost none.

That said, if she wished to compete and gain Lord Momonga's affection, she would need to step up her game as her opponent was none other than a Supreme Being.

But she knew, in her heart, that she would succeed. For her love would not stop growing and she would claim her beloved sooner or later, no matter the cost...

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Satoru smashed his fist against the wall of his room as violently as possible in his rage. The passive Emotional Suppression kicking in to calm him. But as soon as his blazing rage subsided, it returned with a vengeance, causing him to fall in a loop of maddening anger and freezing cold calm.

He could not believe he had been so stupid as to send Shalltear alone on a mission. The fact she was the strongest floor guardian fooled him in believing she could deal with anything short of a raid boss.



He lacked to take in account the fact that whoever caused this in the first place might as well still be around, or, if not them, something else from Yggdrasil. And indeed, it turned out someone had a mind controlling item, but not any item, a fucking World Item!

And now he found himself with an unresponsive Shalltear who was blocked in the middle of nowhere and, worst of all, humans were aware of her presence.

He already massacred all the teams they sent for he could not risk anyone activating her aggro. But he could not leave her like this, it was his carelessness in the first place that led to this, and now he needed to take accountability for it.

And the only way to counter a World Item was other World Items. Though, he had none that could possibly disrupt the mind control. He could only use them to ensure such a thing did not happen again. It was time to visit the treasury and prepare for the ensuing battle.

...

Of all the things he expected to find when he entered the inner mausoleum, his three surrogate children was not one of them.

“Oh Vater! I-I didn’t expect to meet you here!”

The doppelganger saluted seemingly nervous.

“Dad!”

“P-papa...”

The two twin dark elves greeted him while fidgeting on the spot like two children who just got caught with their hands in the biscuit’s jar.

“What are you three doing here?”

He asked, in no mood for any of whatever this was, the three seemed to take note of this, tensing up even more.

“I-“

Aura was immediately interrupted by Pandora who stepped forward.

“It is my fault, Father! I let them in!”

He declared with his bald head bowed.

“W-we just wanted to see m-mama!”

The youngest of the three siblings added in panic making Satoru raise an eyebrow. He looked around in the sudden and blind hope of seeing Katsumi hidden in a corner, but he could spot nothing out of the ordinary.

That was until his eyes fell on the golem just behind the three. ‘I see...’ he thought as the figure of a slime saluted him from behind the NPCs, frozen in time like a statue, which wasn’t far from the truth.

“W-we wanted to ask for forgiveness from M-mom and uncle Peroroncino...”

The usually cheerful voice of Aura came out as little more than a strangled admission.

“Ask for forgiveness?”

He questioned, his interest momentarily distracted from his primary objective.

“Stupidtear is an undead and yet she got mind controlled... that is the lamest thing ever... but still, we knew she was stupid like that and didn’t watch over her...”

Aura explained sadly.

“She is family, and we are supposed to look over her.”

Even if the gesture of desperation was exaggerated, Satoru could find no fault in Pandora’s words.

“Yes! M-mama said so!”

Mare added shyly.

‘That sounds like something Katsumi would say’ Satoru admitted as he looked at the tears gathering in the two elves’ eyes. For all he mostly treated them as masses of data he could not deny their human emotions. The evidence was in front of him, and yet, he was resilient to accept it. For accepting it would make the inevitable separation all the much harder.

“Family, eh?”

He muttered as the phantom sensation of his fleshy hand caressing a swollen belly, in the hope of feeling a kick or something, came back to his mind.

Family, family was everything, and he would do anything to come back.

“You have done nothing wrong, feel free to visit as you wish, you have my permission.”

He said much to the three’s delight. The sheer happiness and relief in their eyes were kind of touching, for all he could not see them as his biological children, the affection they bore for him and Katsumi was real and tangible.

“Father, did you come to see Mother too?”

Asked the doppelganger with an indescribable hint of something in his tone.

“Partly, yes, but I came here mostly to retrieve the items I will need to face Shalltear.”

He said a half-truth as he didn't exactly come here to gaze at the statue of her beloved's in-game avatar.

“B-but Papa... y-you can't put yourself in d-danger! Let u-us handle S-Shalltear! T-this is why we c-came to ask for M-mama's blessing in the i-incoming battle!”

Little Mare protested taking him aback. That would be indeed the optimal solution he hadn't thought of, just let the Guardians face each other and gank on Shalltear. However, as soon as that image entered his mind, he dismissed it immediately after. Katsumi poured her heart and soul in these NPCs, considering them her and Satoru's children... to let them go and have a to the death confrontation against what was basically their cousin... didn't sit well at all with him.

‘Family is everything’ those were words Katsumi said more than once in all the years they had been together. That was the principle that allowed her and her brother to survive all this time, even if on their own. To betray that, would be like betraying Katsumi herself. So, he steeled his mind.

“That won't be necessary, I will do it.”

He said with finality in his tone.

“But Dad-“

Aura tried to protest but was shut down when Satoru gave her a glare.

“I will not stand and watch as Kat-... my children kill each other mercilessly due to my mistakes.”

He stated clearly without leaving space for any more rebuttals

“Pandora’s Actor, retrieve the World Items and hand them over to the guardians, we need to ensure everyone’s protection from whatever affected Shalltear, you will also need to pretend to be me for a time while I go and face Shalltear, otherwise some of the guardians might interfere.”

He ordered receiving a seemingly reluctant nod from his creation.

‘I will need to use some of your items, my friends, I hope you will not mind, this is an emergency after all’ he thought as he already made a mental list of all the Cash Items and other things he would need to counter Shalltear’s abilities.

Luckily for him, Taiyou was obsessed over her and could not shut up about all the trump cards he put on her to make her virtually a pain to fight. Suddenly Satoru felt glad for indulging into his ramblings, for if he hadn’t, he would have surely perished going blind into such a disadvantageous battle.

“Aura, Mare, you two will accompany me... in case of failure I want you to enact a certain plan I will now explain to you... it is imperative you follow it to the letter.”

The two children looked shaken at his declaration but didn’t say anything. His gaze fell for a moment on Katsumi’s avatar, maybe this would be the last time he would gaze upon it. But he already made up his mind.

He would protect his family, be it by blood or otherwise, and then return to her and embrace his daughter. No matter the price he had to pay.

---

The vampire was slumped against the counter, completely wasted or, at least, pretending to be.

Aura couldn't blame her, she couldn't even imagine what a disaster like that would feel like. Not only she failed in her mission, but she also forced her Lord to intervene and risk his life to save her.

For all the dark elf was still annoyed at her surrogate cousin, she could not help but feel pity for her and how she was dealing with it.

“You know undead can't get wasted with alcohol, don't you?”

Her words made the supposedly older girl flinch in her seat.

“A-Ah? S-shorty! What are you doing here?”

The undead asked, lowering down for a moment the mask of her drunk persona.

“Yo!”

The dark elf cheerfully jumped on the stool next to the vampire. Though, inside, there was no cheerfulness, but as an older sibling she had to guide by example like Mother said.

“What do you want?”

The vampire asked, seemingly annoyed, even though her low tone lacked any of the superiority she displayed before the incident.

“Can't I come here just for a drink?”

The dark elf questioned before gesturing the bartender to approach them.

“Hey Clavu!”

She saluted the mushroom headed heteromorph who bowed politely.

“Good afternoon, Lady Aura, I am afraid I was forbidden by Lord Momonga to serve you or Lord Mare anything containing alcohol.”

The bartender said politely making Aura shrug.

“Yeah, I know, I don’t even want any of that stinking stuff, Dad didn’t have to go out of his way to tell you... do you have any Asgardian Peaches Juice?”

The beast tamer requested prompting the bartender to present her an empty and perfectly clean glass as he moved toward the back of the bar to gather the requested liquid.

“I don’t know how stupid you think I am, but I know you can easily get that stuff on the 6<sup>th</sup> floor... now... why did you want to meet me? Do you want to mock me? Or maybe berate me?”

The vampire lamented, forcing her gaze away from the 6<sup>th</sup> floor guardian who lost any pretense of cheerfulness.

“I came here to see if you were doing okay.”

Those words made the head of the vampire snap in her direction, surprise, and shock all over her face as their gazes met, crimson meeting blue and green.

“We are family after all, we need to stick out for each other, so... if you want to vent or speak about anything... I am here to listen and not to judge.”

Aura would normally never bother with anything as troublesome and elaborated as this if it was anyone else. But alas, she was her father and mother’s daughter, and so, she would love her family no matter what, like her mother, and be there for them anytime, like her father.

“W-why would you do... a-all of this... for me?”

The shocked vampire asked, her aggressive tone totally gone as she expected to know her motivation. Aura bit her tongue, forcing herself not to ask the undead if her brain rotted in her skull. ‘Patient, just like Dad... be patient’ with those thoughts she took a deep breath.

“I remember once, when Mom came to me, she seemed very shaken by something, though she didn’t elaborate on what it was... all I know is that she told me that I needed to care for my family with all I had, to protect them by any means, and always make sure they had someone to go to when life got complicated... just like she and uncle Peroroncino did for each other.”

The dark elf said as the fellow guardian’s crimson eyes widened at the mention of her own creator.

“If the Supreme Beings said so... no, if my own mother said so, it means it must be the right thing to do.”

She said as the bartender came back and slowly poured Aura her desired juice before leaving the two guardians to their own devices.

“I...”

The vampire weakly began as she seemed shaken and reduced speechless by Aura’s words.

“Take your time, I understand it is not an easy topic.”

The dark elf said gently as she sipped her juice. Silence persisted for a few minutes with the vampire biting her inferior lip more than once, her half-finished drink laying aside forgotten.

Finally, the pale guardian seemed to make up her mind and locked their gazes once more.

“I... I screwed up... no, I-I totally failed... in the worst of ways... I have been given everything by Lord Peroroncino... and even with



all this power, I turned out only to be a... a... failure... and now Lord Momonga d-doesn't even w-waste enough t-time on me to g-give me a p-proper punishment... h-he must h-hate me so m-much!"

Her voice began to break on the end as if she was hiccupping even though no tears could pour out of her eyes due to her being undead.

Aura bit her lip, she was not ready to deal with any of this. 'Damn, Mom and Dad must be so amazing to deal with stuff like this all the time...' she could not help but think for a moment before returning to the current situation.

"Hey, c'mon, calm yourself."

The small dark elf tried to comfort the vampire with a few pats on her back, they did nothing as the vampire continued to whimper inconsolably.

"If it can help, I know for a fact Dad doesn't hate you at all."

That seemed indeed to attract her attention.

"R-really?"

She asked, a minuscule spark of hope in her eyes.

Finally seeming to have gotten a grip on something, Aura immediately latched on it, nodding energetically.

"Yeah, he came to us after the battle, before resurrecting you, and told us you were not at fault for what happened, he said... he should have known better than to send someone against unknown odds... that we should learn from this and not repeat his mistake."

The dark elf explained much to the vampire's shock. Though Aura was pretty certain her father did everything fine, at most she would say he overestimated Shalltear, but that was not even to be considered

as an error. Of course, she did not voice her own thoughts to the clearly broken vampire.

“B-but! No! It is my fault! I could never shift the blame on Lord Momonga!”

The strongest floor guardian protested, much to Aura silent agreement.

“I agree with you on that, but still, Dad thinks so... now you can only learn from this and start bettering yourself, that is the only way you can atone for your mistakes... sulking here wil not help the situation, you are only showing how little Dad can rely on you... you should... I don’t know... try to write a essay where you analyze the mistakes you made and how you could have acted better, and then present it to him.”

The dark elf proposed the first thing that came to her mind.

“B-but I don’t remember anything...”

The vampire whined. Yeah, Aura forgot about that detail.

“Oh, c’mon! I’m sure you will be able to come up with something!”

The tomboyish elf exclaimed as she could not think of anything else at the moment.

The vampire glanced at her before averting her gaze and looking almost embarrassed.

“Will you...”

The vampire mumbled something, but it was too low for Aura to hear.

“Eh? What did you say?”

She asked unsure of what her fellow guardian just asked.

“I said! Will you... help me with that?”

The words seemed to have been dragged out of her throat by force as she refused to speak them voluntarily.

Aura felt like facepalming at that. Who was supposed to be the oldest between them again? This was just such a pain!

But she could not leave Shalltear like that, she could not bring herself to squash that hope in her gaze.

“Fine... I will lend you a hand...”

She reluctantly accepted the request. ‘Is this like you should feel when having a little sister?’ she secretly wondered in her mind.

---

Satoru observed the burning city from afar, his fist clenched in absolute rage.

But his sudden surge of emotions was not caused by the loss of life happening before him, but by the fact that today marked his third month’s anniversary since he got stuck here. And, if time flowed with the same regiment here as it did in Japan, it would mean he surely had lost the birth of his daughter. Not to think about the grief and stress his disappearance surely caused Katsumi.

It was that sense of desperation that brought him to accept Demiurge’s plan.

Thanks to the capture of both the scripture and those two idiots from the cemetery, they have gathered a huge amount of intel on the Theocracy as well as on their so called gods, even something on the Greed Kings. The common trope between these characters was their arrival from seemingly nowhere, bearing with them untold amount of power.

He was sure of it, they came straight from Yggdrasil, he still needed confirmation on if they were players, NPCs or game bosses, but the important thing was that they were not the one pulling strings here.

If they were from Yggdrasil, there was no way any of them could have transported themselves and others to this world. There simply was no item capable of that.

No, that meant that whoever or whatever did it, originated from this world and, for some reason, called Yggdrasil's stuff here.

Now, the only thing he needed to figure out was, who or what called them, and by extension him, here. Find them and force them to send him back.

It was in hope of reaching that goal that he approved Demiurge's plan to launch an assault on the Re-Estize's capital, seeing if they could drag out anyone else possibly correlated to the transportation, and, also, to gather intel on the Thirteen Heroes and check if there was any hint of Yggdrasil beings being part of the group.

If that was the case, he would finally get a confirmation to his hypothesis of the transportation happening every two hundred years or so.

To ensure Nazarick protection, he made sure no mention of both the Tomb or the Guild would be made during this assault. He even went so far as using the Death Knights made from the corpses obtained during the Lizardmen's extermination. Just in case there existed a spell to check where the undead originated from.

He had been too careless when he first arrived here, as he was convinced, he would soon return home, he even proclaimed his name to the entirety of Carne Village. Fortunately, a few uses of [Control Amnesia] made sure no one remembered him. Now he replaced everyone's memory of him with his fake persona, Momon.

Though, the Warrior Captain Gazef, had surely reported his name to the king and possibly nobility as well. So, this attack also served for him to take care of any loose ends, and either kill or use [Control Amnesia] on everybody remembering his name.

He shook his head as this was Shalltear's and Pandora's mission, he had other things to worry about, like controlling his undead horde to maximize the damage they made before retreating.

He had also been surprised as he lost a few of his Death Knights to the inhabitants of the kingdom. He made sure to take note of everyone who managed to kill a Death Knight for future reference and research.

As of now, only three managed in the feat. One was the Warrior Captain himself, who seemed to sport a new set of weapons with him, the other two were two blonde adventurers, a cleric swordswoman around the 5<sup>th</sup> tier judging by her combat style, and the other an arcane magic caster also around the 5<sup>th</sup> tier. He would make sure to have either Albedo or Demiurge check those two out.

He made sure Momon would make an appearance, but he had been far too busy fighting the so-called Demon Lord Jaldabaoth, Demiurge's fake persona, to do anything else in the battle.

Jaldabaoth's use was twofold. First, he would act as the main scapegoat to put the fault on. And secondly, to act like he was the only one summoned instead of Nazarick.

He was the bait for the summoner to come out, if the summoner knew of Nazarick, they would want to check why their spell only summoned a powerful demon instead of the whole Tomb.

His thoughts were interrupted when Pandora, dressed as Momon, and Demiurge, impersonating Jaldabaoth, descended on the battlefield again like a meteor, disrupting the battle going on there.

‘It must mean they are done with their respective objectives’ the undead wondered as he observed the scene from above, hidden by his [Perfect Unknowable].

Both Momon and Jaldabaoth were sporting fake injuries as if they had fought for the last couple hours.

“You... are truly something else, Momon... it has been a long time since I had such a fierce battle!”

Proclaimed Jaldabaoth as Momon gave him a nod in acknowledgement of his words.

“Indeed, I could say the same.”

The dark warrior answered in his usual calm tone.

“But, alas, I now have achieved all of my goals and shall retreat.”

The demon’s declaration was met by protests and threats from most of the presents until Momon explained why that would be the best outcome for them.

“Now, I would like to live you all with a message... tell whoever called me to this land... that I shall not stop rampaging and destroying until they show up and beg for forgiveness for what they have done! Let it be known that the Demon Lord Jaldabaoth is not to be forcefully summoned to satisfy anyone’s whims!”

With those words, which echoed all throughout the capital thanks to a spell, the demon teleported away, signaling for Satoru to force his troops to retreat.

The hook was thrown, now only time would tell if the bait would attract any large fish.

With that the undead teleported away without a second thought. If he remembered well, Demiurge also captured some of the local inhabitants for experimentation. He didn’t know what kind of

purpose they would have in achieving his goal, though the demon's ways were seldom easy to understand, he was just glad the devil continued to serve with great devotion him and his friends. When he will eventually come back to Japan, he will have to thank Ulbert for his great work.

---

Arche looked around her, no matter on what angle she tried to see it, this seemed awfully like the Empire's Grand Arena. On the brighter side, it seemed like they were outside once more, so a simple [Fly] should make short work of their predicament.

She could not even give voice to that thought that something fell from the sky like a thunderbolt, landing in the middle of the arena. A young, tanned elf child with unruly blonde hair stood up dusting off her clothes.

“Greetings! Invaders of the Great Tomb of Nazarick! We thank you for your participation in today's exciting event!”

The child cheerfully announced.

“But enough of this! Let's announce today's match! On one corner, a group of foolish human invaders and on the other, the Ruler of the Great Tomb! The Supreme Being! The one I am most proud to call Father! The true and only Lord Momonga!”

The metal gate on the other side of the arena rose to reveal a skeletal being wearing only a pair of pants and a strange chained choker around his neck.

The undead marched toward them without uttering a single word much to the excitement of the young elf.

“Your introduction was most kind Aura.”

The dark tone sent a shiver down Arche's spine, she was sure no human could possess such a voice tone.

The undead ruffled the elf's child hair as she moved behind him, the gesture reminding Arche of how her mother used to do the same with her, only for her to feel disgusted with herself for even thinking of such a comparison.

"It isn't really my style to do things like this and dirty my own hands, but there is something I would like to check, and it is not easy to find good guinea pigs in a safe environment."

This time, the undead spoke directly to them as he stepped forward.

"Wait a moment! Lord Momonga!"

Her leader, Hekkeran, called out the undead before a battle could begin. And against all odds, the monster stopped.

"Yes? Is there something you would like to ask before you die?"

Asked the undead with a hint of curiosity in his tone.

"We apologize for the intrusion, we had no idea this tomb was still inhabited! We would like to bargain safe passage out of here! Tell us the price!"

Her leader tried to start a parley, something Arche thought to be a smart move, if this monster was intelligent, and he seemed to be, there was certainly a chance of them getting away.

The undead waited a few instants before answering with a shake of his head.

"I am afraid there is nothing you could offer me, short of a spell capable of traveling through dimensions, that would even interest me, unfortunately you have barged into someone else's home without permission, and now it's time to pay the price."



The monster answered calmly. Arche would have normally pondered his choice of words or if such a spell even existed but there were bigger problems to deal with at the moment.

“What if we had permission!”

Her leader tried desperately to stop the ensuing battle.

That seemed to give pause to the monster, he stopped in his tracks, seemingly deep in thought.

“No, who would give you... that is impossible, but...”

She could only gather a few of his broken thoughts as he thought out loud.

“And let’s hear, who would give you the permission to come here?”

He asked, his attention focused again on Foresight.

“Don’t you know her? She seemed to know you.”

Hekkeran asked trying to confuse the waters, Arche understood his game, they were only left with a way to get out of here, bullshitting their way through, just as long as it got them to get out and never return. It was a dangerous game, but it was worth it, in the end, even if they failed they would still fight till their last breath.

“No, that’s...”

The undead seemed shocked at her leader’s words, as much as a skeleton could show shock, and even the elf child seemed taken aback. ‘Good!’ Arche thought in victory, they certainly just threw the right hook, now they needed to push it just deep enough before fleeing.

“Tell me about her appearance!”

The undead immediately ordered with urgency. Arche never thought undead could be so emotional, whoever this being was, she certainly seemed to be important.

“It was kind of dark and we didn’t manage to see her well, she was moving all over the place as if she didn’t want to be seen, we only know she is female due to her voice.”

Arche could feel her throat go dry at her leader’s words, they were so close to getting away.

The undead seemed to analyze the information for just a few moments before coming back to them.

“And what else did she tell you? Certainly not just to come here.”

He asked, impatience in his tone.

“Before that, I want an assurance we will be able to leave safely!”

Her leader demanded as he was sweating bullets by now, like everyone else in Foresight.

“Yes, yes, if you truly were sent here by my wife, you will be able to leave unscathed, no... I will reward you beyond your wildest dream if that’s the case! Now tell me, what did she say?!”

The undead asked, he was now hanging from Hekkeran’s every word. Even the elf child next to him was looking at them with an intensity Arche never thought possible before.

“She said... to give her greetings to Momonga and their daughter Aura.”

Hekkeran said slowly but with a certain finality to it.

“That’s it? Me and Aura?”

The undead immediately asked, his tone unreadable.

“Yes.”

Her leader immediately confirmed as silence descended between the two groups for almost ten seconds, even if for Arche they felt like ten years.

“I see...”

The undead finally said prompting Arche to feel relief wash over her, they were safe now.

“It was such an unbelievable story since the beginning... still I had my hopes up.”

He continued as the relief the blonde caster felt was replaced by dread as a wave of chilling air invested her.

**“You! YOU FUCKING BASTARDS! YOU COME HERE INVADING THE SACRED GROUNDS WHERE I SHARED MY PRECIOUS MEMORIES WITH MY FRIENDS AND BELOVED AND SULLY THEM WITH YOUR FILTH! NOT ONLY THAT! YOU LIE ABOUT MY BELOVED AND TRY TO TRICK ME USING MY LOVE FOR HER AND MY CHILD AGAINST ME! YOU WORTHLESS SCUM! I’M GOING TO KILL YOU ALL!!!”**

The shouting of those words was accompanied by a wave of dark energy incomparable to anything Arche saw before. The very ground cracked under the pressure of that aura and Arche felt like her very soul was being teared apart.

And, as it came, it vanished, leaving only a fading sensation of dread fluttering around the arena.

The undead was now silent, somehow Arche would have preferred for him to continue screaming, that chilling cold silence terrified her more than everything else he did.

“Death is too good for you...”

The words were spoken with utter calm and yet Arche felt like either throwing up or pissing herself or maybe both.

Then, in the glimpse of an eye, the undead disappeared from their view and appeared in front of Hekkeran grabbing him by the throat.

“[Paralysis]”

Their leader dropped on the ground, unmoving, seemingly dead if not for the spasming of his eyes.

Though, that woke everyone up as Imina shot a bunch of arrows at the undead and Roberdyke used [Holy Light]. The arrow simply jumped off the undead as if they were made of paper while the spell disappeared even before reaching him.

Arche did not cast any of her spell in fear of hitting Hekkeran.

“Arche! RUN!”

Imina shouted toward her.

“BUT-“

She tried to protest.

“You are the only one who can escape! Run and search help!”

Ordered Roberdyke and so she did, she casted the quickest [Fly] of her life and left the arena.

She didn't know for how long she managed to fly as her vision was blurred by the tears running down her face, but at a certain point she felt an unknown object grasp her ankle and bring her down from the sky violently.

She slammed on the ground screaming as she was sure she at least broke a leg and maybe an arm from the impact alone. She tried to use all the strength her desperation gave her to crawl away, she

didn't manage to crawl far as she soon came to realize her leg was indeed broken.

She barely managed to reach the roots of a gigantic tree and set herself in a seating position.

As she was busy gasping for air, her gaze met a pair of heterochromatic eyes, one blue, one green. The elf child was staring at her, whip in hand, probably the cause of her fall in the first place.

“I hoped, you know? For just a moment, I hoped I would see Mom again.”

The child said weakly as her gaze fixed on Arche.

“To be a complete and happy family once more, but it seems, it was not meant to be.”

The child continued as unshed tears gathered in her eyes.

Arche knew that look, she saw it in her own eyes every time she looked in the mirror, every time she met her sisters before departing. The look of loss and the desperation to get it back, she knew that look too well.

“Never give up.”

She said those words without knowing why, encouraging her killer to seek out her dreams wasn't such a smart idea after all. But Arche wasn't seeing her enemy now, she was just seeing a child who lost something a child should not lose.

The last thing she saw before losing consciousness, was the gloved hand of the blonde child reaching for her.

---

Seven months and counting, that was the time he lost in this accursed world.

Seven months of him needed to be next to Katsumi. Seven months of him needing to be next to his daughter.

That pain would only get worse, with each passing day.

He worked so hard to be better, to become someone respectable in order to make Katsumi and his daughter proud of him. Even though the former would probably say she already is.

“Lord Momonga, Demiurge reported that everything is ready, the attack on the fake Nazarick is being used both to misdirect our enemies toward a fake location and to further push the story behind the Jaldabaoth persona.”

Albedo reported taking him out of his train of thoughts.

That was good though, he initially was against having people come to Nazarick as it would expose their location. That was when Demiurge proposed to create a fake Nazarick on another location with just a single room with a teleportation trap bringing the victim to the true Nazarick.

That had indeed been a good idea as when the disappearance of the humans would be linked to the Demon Lord Jaldabaoth, the coordinates they would get would only bring to a fake Nazarick constantly under surveillance to check on who showed up.

For a brief instant he felt his rage rush up through his body like an eruption at the thought of those damned invaders, but it subsided almost immediately. It would be no good to lose control like he did last time.

They were near something, he was sure of it! He would continue to create chaos and destruction until whoever brought him here

showed themselves and then he will finally return home. And if they could not send him back... no! he shouldn't even think about that possibility! If they brought him here, they could surely send them back!

If he still had a human body he would probably be in overventilation by now, luckily for him his body was at least perfect to show a constant poker face and put off his adversaries.

Yes! This would be the good one, even if the stunt in Re-Estize didn't work, surely forcing two nations on the brink of destruction would attract someone's attention!

Now that he thought about it, he should check on that caster, Fluder was his name. He tasked him with finding all he could on transportation magic and the strange Wild Magic dragons in this world seemed to use.

He never spoke with the caster in question as he sent Pandora in his stead, just to be sure. But apparently, he was judged trustworthy both by Pandora and Demiurge. The other pawn needed for this plan to succeed was apparently in Albedo's hand, some princess or something, he couldn't care less, the only important thing was that she did her part.

Once the disaster happened, he would wait to see if anyone would show up at the fake Nazarick. If nothing happened, he would be forced to try and go either for the Theocracy or the Holy Kingdom. Something he was reluctant to do due to the possibility of finding players, or what remained of them, there.

God, he was discussing the death of hundreds of thousands, no, even millions, all to attract the attention of someone who might not even exist in the first place... but the cruel truth was, he couldn't

care less how many died or suffered, as long as he could return home, he would pay the price eagerly.

His beloved and his daughter awaited him, he knew it! He often wondered how his daughter would look and behave, he liked to think she would either be like Aura, Mare or Pandora. For all they were NPCs, they have started to grow on him, he was sure that if Katsumi was here, she would adore them and dote on them.

They might not have been his own by blood, but he certainly came to see them as his own children and wouldn't mind bringing them back with him if at all possible.

But still, he should stop daydreaming and focus on the massacre to come.

'Katsumi... wait for me... I'm coming back to you two' he declared as the image of his wife to be came back to his mind.

---

The barely ten years old black-haired child launched her gasmask managing to hand it on the back of the door on her first try. She smirked satisfied with her result. 'I have optimized time! With this I have gained ten more seconds to spend for my free time' she felt like chuckling at her cunning idea.

"Hey pipsqueak! What are you doing still here? Your mother is waiting for you in the kitchen, lunch is ready."

The voice of her uncle made her almost jump in surprise as she turned around with a frown.

"Uncle Taiyou! Don't scare me like that! You do it all the time!"

She protested as her uncle only smirked in response prompting her to huff indignantly and rush toward the kitchen.



“Hey mom, I’m home.”

She saluted her mother who was busy reading something on the net as usual.

“Welcome home Satsuki, how did school go?”

The brown-haired woman asked putting away her holophone. Satsuki sat down in front of her plate.

“Augh, it is the green stuff again?!”

She complained out loud receiving a glare from her mother which immediately shut her up.

“No complains young miss, those are good for your growth, when you grow up and have a job and a house of your own, you will eat whatever you want, till that moment I am queen here.”

Her mother admonished even as Satsuki already began to eat her food.

“Riku brought me an artificial flower today.”

She said nonchalantly. That boy was just off in her head, always looking at her until she gave him a challenging look then he would turn elsewhere.

“Wow, really?!”

Her mother asked surprised, Satsuki had no idea what the big deal was, it was just a present, she didn’t even like flowers, she would have gladly accepted something good to eat, or a recharge on her Olympus account.

“Yeah, it was nice.”

She just said without giving it too much thought.

“Tsk, you are so cold, I would have loved for boys to give me some presents when I was your age.”

Her mother complained.

“Nobody would, you just looked weird with that mass of pink hair, you were also a little chubby making you look like a slime overall... Satsuki is just cuter!”

Her uncle shouted from the other room.

“What did you just say?! Did I hear that right stupid brother of mine?!”

Her mother answered back indignantly. ‘He is so dead...’ Satsuki thought, offering a silent prayer for her uncle’s soul as her eyes fell on one of the images of her mother hanging on the wall.

“I still can believe you dyed your hair pink, it looks so weird.”

Her comment managed to shift her mother’s attention from her uncle to her.

“I had them for most of my life, also your father loved them.”

She retorted amusedly, her gaze seemingly lost in a world of her own.

Satsuki’s eyes returned to the picture at the mention of her dad. There he was next to her mother, he was quite plain looking in her opinion, the only thing she seemed to inherit from him were his hair and his cheekbones.

Satsuki never got to meet her father, something happened a couple months before she was born. She asked her mother many a time, but she always refused to elaborate on the matter, she always said she would tell Satsuki when she was older.

Though, Satsuki was a smart child, she knew that whatever happened, her family got a lot of money for it since her mother never worked ever since Satsuki was born and even her uncle did far less work compared to the average man.

“Also, Anko is coming to dinner this evening.”

Her mother added on the side. Satsuki sighed, she both loved and dreaded her mother’s friend. She would dote on her almost obsessively, but she was also one of the few people who would tell her some stories about her father.

“Kay, I will make sure to be presentable.”

She promised as last time someone came over, they found her in her pajamas much to her mother’s embarrassment.

“Make sure you do! I swear, every time you have a session on that game you seem to lose any comprehension of social norms and time... you are just like him.”

She started with a berating tone only to end up ruffling her hair fondly.

The passion for online games was apparently one of the things she and her father shared. She wonders just how good he was, or if he was just another noob for her to kill with her broken summoner build.

“I will be careful this time mom, love you!”

She said hugging her mother before running off to her room, ready for a new gaming session with her group of friends. If she remembered well, they had to raid that stupid dungeon all those guys said was impossible...

‘A worthy challenge for Momochi!’ she excitedly thought as she connected to her VR chair and opened the app, ready for another adventure.

**A.N.**

**And that's it, holy sweet everything, over 100 pages of this... the longest one-shot I eve wrote... oof! That was quite the fun writing session though.**

**I hope you enjoyed it all, I certainly did enjoy writing it!**

**As you can see we got quite the unusual Momonga here, much changed since his primary objective was to return home, who knows if he ever will...**

**Well, that's it for now!**

**I hope to see a lot of reviews / comments, this huge work deserves them! So, hand them over! Just kidding, though I would love to see many.**

**This story has been commissioned by our good friend MrMagicMan, so give him an applause as well!**

**And, if you wish to commission anything, feel free to PM me here, on Discord or P atreon to get more details.**

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**Stay safe! Till next time!**