

Overlord of Men

Momonga was spending the last days of video game, admiring the world he and his friends designed. When the game ends he suddenly finds himself in a new world, with the NPC's being alive. The girls want him, the males want him, to bad for the girls Momonga is gay and despite being an undead he's such high level he's gained certain attributes. Much like his crystal core he has a secondary crystal that acts as his endowments, the orb shifts and can grow and extend. This special rod has a power effect on men. Demiurge believes Momon or Ainz wants to take over the world and build a harem of men, what overlord doesn't need a harem.

Chapter 1 Awakened Into A New World

Dive Massively Multiplayer Online Role Playing Game

Or, for short, DMMORPG

It allowed one to immerse yourself in an imaginary world as if you were in it. One of these was known as Yggdrasil.

Released in the year 2126, the game sported an expansive world map and an unusual high degree of player freedom.

These features, among others, made it stand above all other DMMORPG of its time.

It became wildly popular all over the world. Now, after 12 years of operation, it was about to see its end.

In the final days of Yggdrasil hardcore players found themselves trying to crush and raid the areas said to be unstoppable. Giving one last hurrah as it were. So it was for a group of players who charged upon the Great Tomb of Nazarick. As they approached a horde of undead of varying level rose out of from the swamp and mud, while others marched out of the tomb to fight.

The players made quick work of them, showing their skill and level. However as the master of the tomb stepped out, the players faced their death, a powerful high level undead. This

undead was Momonga, he alone faced these players and bested them, leaving them groaning in agony in the ground.

His undead soldiers would clean up the mess. He laughed as he claimed victory. “It was fun, in fact, it was a blast.”

Momonga was his name, he was a level 100 Undead, and reigning leader of the Great Tomb of Nazarick. He loved this game since it first came out, he spent days and nights playing, and now the game was soon to end.

He took time off work to spend the final day in Yggdrasil, he had hoped the others would have joined him to, his friends, his comrades. Now the Great Tomb felt so large and empty, and it weighed heavily on his heart.

The only one he’s seen show up was Herohero an inhuman slime based creature. They greeted each other nicely enough. “It’s been awhile Momonga.”

“Herohero, I’m glad you came, to be honest I almost thought you wouldn’t.” Many of the others had long since passed the torch to him to over see the tomb. Herohero himself had been gone for a couple years.

“It’s really been that long, huh? Man been working so much my sense of time is all out of whack.”

“That sucks, it can’t be healthy for you.” Momonga says.

“Tell me about it, I feel like my avatar looks.” Coming from a purple slime monster that says a lot.

“Hm.”

“I’m sorry, I didn’t come here to complain.”

“Please, don’t worry about it.” Momonga was very happy to see anyone really.

“Well, I better go, I’m beyond exhausted.” His avatar appeared to be touching a floating screen.

“Right. Rest up and feel better.” He sent him a smiley face emoji.

“But, gotta say, I’m kinda shocked to see the Great Tomb of Nazarick still standing.” he looked around. His words were like an arrow to the heart of Momonga, he flinched. “You’ve done a great job maintaining the place. You really were the best guy for the job of Guild Leader.

“Well, we created this place together. I couldn’t just let it go to dust.” he says.

“Thanks for everything. I hope we meet again IRL.”

Herohero says and sends a smiley face, before he signs out. He left Momonga alone.

“It is the last day the servers will be online, why not stay. We could reminisce and wait until everything shuts down for good.” he sighs. “Oh well, I’m happy that he even came at all.”

The line “I hope we meet again” felt so hollow to Momonga, who’s heard it more times than he’d like and never had such words and promises mattered. “This sucks!” he punches the table.

“This was our home. We built it together, with virtual blood and sweat.” It hurt, it felt like everyone had turned their backs on it, on him. He mentally slaps himself. ‘Stop that, no one in the guild betrayed you.’ He got up and went over to a floating golden staff.

“Our Guild’s Weapon: The Staff of Ainz Ooal Gown.” he admired it, they had played recklessly to make it. They had even spent their paid time off just to have time to grind the materials. “But, among the original 41 members, 37 quit and then the three that were left...” he hung his head.

He takes the staff, feeling it’s power. “Let’s go. You’re a testament of our guild.” he says and starts to walk. There wasn’t time to explore the whole tomb, but one last walk through to the throne room wouldn’t take too long.

As he walked he thought about the guild they had made, and the requirements for joining. The guild Ainz Ooal Gown, had two requirements for joining. The player's avatar had to be inhuman and the player themselves had to be a functioning member of society.

They put their livelihoods on the line to play! Some members had managed to make their dreams come true. 'In the end, I can't blame them for choosing real life.' On his way to the throne room he ran across the Combat Maids of the Pleiades. Their leader was Sebas Tian, though he also had many servants under his command.

The combat maids were meant to be the last line of defense for the throne room, but no one ever made it that far.

At his presence they bowed to him. He decided to move them around one final time, and had them follow him to the throne room. Waiting in the Throne Room was Albedo, she was the highest ranking NPC in the Tomb of Nazarick, she supervises all the other guardians.

Momonga sits on the throne, and the NPC's bow to him. He sighs again. He goes over Albedo's and some of the other guardian's stats and settings, only to gasp when he got to the end of Albedo's. 'She's deeply in love with Momonga?' he face palmed. Tabula the settings maniac was the one who

made her, and they always seemed to believe he needed a girlfriend.

He didn't have the heart to tell his friend he was actually gay, and preferred men. He couldn't fault him, as he was just trying to help his bro out, but still. He closed the menu, and sat back gazing upon the flags of the 41 members.

The clock was ticking down, soon the servers would shut down and all of this would be gone. He looked at his flag, and the flags of his friends.

“Touch Me.” “Shijuuten Suzaku.” “Ankoro Mocchi Mocchi.” “Herohero.” “Peroroncino.” “Bukubuku Chagama.” “Tabula Smaragdina.” “Warrior Takemikazuchi.” “Variable Talisman.” “Genjiro.”

“Well it was fun, in fact...it was a blast.” the clock was running out a few minutes remaining, the last seconds ticked closer and closer to the end.

The clock struck 0 but the world did not fade away. Momonga gasped. “Did the developers push back the server shut down?” he tried to summon his console but nothing happened. Other game functions like chat or contact a GM were also not responding. “What's going on?” he stood up from the throne.

“Is something the matter Lord Momonga?” the undead twitched.

“Hm?” he looked and saw that Albedo was moving, having an expression different from the one in the game. She tilted her head to the side, expressing concern.

“Lord Momonga?” she proceeded to speak, questioning him, and asking if he was alright. This kinda freaked Momonga out, not the concern, but the fact an NPC was talking! She approached him. “If there is a problem please let me help.”

He tried to explain his issue, but Albedo had no idea what a GM call function was. Albedo scolded herself, but Momonga was still trying to wrap his head around this. ‘No way, is this a bug? A programming error?’ The way she moved and talked was more advanced than any other game he’d seen.

The staff was still functioning as it should despite him not having his console anymore. It was like he had become his avatar! “Sebas!”

“Lord.” he stands up and comes forward. He was a bit conflicted about giving orders, but he had no other choice. He didn’t have his console, he couldn’t contact the admins, he had no idea what to do.

“Sebas, step outside the Great Tomb and confirm the surroundings of Nazarick.”

Sebas gave a bow. “By your command, my lord. I’ll return.”

He followed up the order by sending the Pleiades to the ninth floor. “As you wish lord, it will be done.” they bow and head out.

‘They are responding to commands not native to the game what has happened.’ he was running through his options.

“So, Lord Momonga,” Albedo had a light giggle in her voice. “Do you have any orders for me to obey?” the way she said it and the way she eyed him up and down made the undead shiver.

He needed to run some tests. “Uh yes, I need to take care of some things,” she got in close, looking rather excited.

“This is it isn’t it, are you gonna take me right here?” Momonga’s jaw dropped. ‘Huh!?’ she seemed to get more excited. “What should I do about my clothes, should I remove them, or would you like the honor of taking them off me yourself.”

“Albedo, calm yourself, now is not the time for this.”

“Yes Lord, of course.” just being in his presence seemed to excite her. Momonga sweat dropped.

“I do have a job for you, besides the guardians on the Fourth and Eighth Floors, I want everyone to meet at the Sixth Floor

fighting Arena. Have them gather there in an hour, however I need to speak with Demiurge quickly.”

“As you command it lord.” she bows and shivers. Having Momonga command her gave her the greatest of joys. She was practically skipping out of the throne room.

‘Tabula good lord, I know you thought I needed a girlfriend but jeez. Of course he made her a succubus!’ What was he gonna do. He shook his head. ‘First things first, we need to establish what’s happening here, the NPC’s are talking and following commands not normal in Yggdrasil, but there are other ways of testing to see if I’m not in some other game.’

In Yggdrasil you had complete control over designing a character, age, sex, body type, armor and clothing. You could have a character decked out in armor, or be as naked as a newborn infant but some things were clear, the game did not allow showings of genitalia it wasn’t a hentai game. Also all characters regardless of gender did not have nipples, it was a small detail but the game makers had bigger things to work on than making sure to animate nipples on every character in varying shapes sizes colors and placements.

Demiurge entered the throne room. The demon had dark skin, black hair, and wore round glasses. He wears a British suit and tie, and is dressed like a gentleman. He has a long silver tail covered in metal plates with six long spikes at the end. He

is the guardian of the Seventh Floor, and the commander of the NPC defenses.

“Hello Lord Momonga, it is an honor you summoned me to the throne room.”

‘He’s talking as well.’ Momonga thinks. “Yes, I was hoping to run a few tests would you be willing to help me with that?” Demiurge nods. “Good, strip for me.”

There was a pause, and for a moment Momonga thought he had just fucked himself. “As you command my lord!”

Demiurge said excitedly. Demiurge began to strip without an ounce of hesitation. Momonga’s jaw dropped as the sexy demon stripped for him, doing it in a way that seemed he’d practiced this.

A few things Momonga noticed, one Demiurge was hot as hell, Ulbert Alain Odle did an amazing job designing him. Besides that, the first thing he noticed was that Demiurge had nipples!

As the Arch-Devil’s strip tease came to an end Momonga got the first look at Demiurge’s crotch. ‘He’s got a cock!’ A beautiful 9 inch dick with a matching set of big balls. His crotch was neatly trimmed and his balls were smooth. Being an inhuman he didn’t have a navel which was no big shock.

“Does this please you My Lord?” he didn’t cover up, he didn’t hide, he let his natural wonders hang out on full display.

‘Very much so!’ Momonga thought, and realized his current form. ‘Great guess that’s one sword I won’t be wielding anymore.’ So he thought, but as he continued to eye Demiurge he felt a strange warmth in his pelvic area.

“Yes Demiurge, you are quite wonderful, a splendid performance on top of it all.” Demiurge smiled and bowed.

“If I’m told to strip for the Supreme Beings, I best be able to put on a good show.” he says.

“Quite, come here.” The look of joy and excitement on the demon’s face was adorable as he rushes over to the throne. Being naked his natural manly musk was able to flow freely and Momonga got a whiff.

‘Whoa he smells good...wait smell!’ Such a thing could not be programmed into a game. He felt another strange stirring in his loins.

“Demiurge may I touch you?”

“Of course sir, anywhere you wish.” he says. Momonga starts by touching Demiurge, and feels his pulse. The boney hands

feels up Demiurge's body. 'I can feel his muscles, and he's so warm.'

Demiurge shivered in delight, Momonga's touch was absolutely divine for him. He couldn't help but get excited, his nipples peeked, and his cock swelled in delight. Momonga's hand slid along his sides and cupped his plump butt cheek.

He gave his ass a squeeze. "Ahhh!" Demiurge moaned, shivering in delight. His other hand went to his chest, and carefully pinched his perky nipple. "Ahh yes my lord!" Demiurge started to leak pre, his body getting hotter, his tail thrashing in delight.

Momonga continued to tease and grope him as he pondered, Demiurge basking in his glorious touch. 'He's got nipples, he's got a penis, this could be a hentai game, but I can even touch him. Touch and smell were two things no DMMORPG have ever been able to program.'

"My lord, I'm close!" Demiurge pants, pulling Momonga from his thoughts.

"Yes, of course," he maneuvered Demiurge so easily and placed the demon fully in his lap, his back resting against the boney chest. The demon shivered, legs spreading

suggestively. Momonga reached down and took hold of Demiurge's weeping member.

His touch was electrifying, hot and cold at the same time. His dick pulsed in his hand, so Momonga gave his cock a squeeze. "Ahhh my lord!" Demiurge's balls lurched as he came, his toes curling as his cum erupts all over himself. His face, neck, chest, abs, were drenched in his thick demon cum, the rest spilling out and over his boney hand.

"Such a mess, you were pent up quite a bit weren't you?" he feels the thick semen between his fingers.

"Y-y-yes my lord." he shivers a blush spreading.

"Can't have that, I think we need to do this again, another time of course."

"Thank you lord, I am not worthy."

"Oh but you are." Momonga's words take Demiurge to an even higher plane of pleasure. He can't help himself, he starts licking his cum off Momonga's fingers, sucking on the boney hand and cleaning it of his milk.

Momonga is stunned, both at Demiurge and at himself. If that wasn't enough of a shock the heat in his loins could no longer be contained. Similar to his core orb, a second orb was in his

pelvis, the orb shifted and formed a large phallus poking Demiurge's ass.

'I have a dick!!!!' This was too much, it was clear now he wasn't in a game anymore.

To be continued

Chapter 2

Momonga was stunned, his boney jaw dropped as his large manhood poked Demiurge's ass. The Arch-devil rubbed his naked rear against the large shaft. It pulsed with power and made him shiver. "My lord, is it time, will you claim me for your own?" Demiurge panted.

"Is that something you want?" he felt up the male's body, able to feel his muscles and the warmth of his skin.

"Ohh yes, there would be no greater honor than to become yours." he continued to rub himself against the phallic rod. The rod in question looked similar to his once human cock, but it was a lot larger. He felt the heat radiating off the arch-devil's hole and he wanted to slide right in.

'Think up something fast noob!' Momonga cleared his throat. "I will remember this Demiurge, and as much as I would like to claim you, here and now, there are important matters that have to be looked into." Demiurge blushed.

"Yes of course, forgive me my lord, I was so overcome with joy I forgot myself. You wish for the floor guardians to meet at the arena on the Sixth Floor." Momonga wrapped an arm around him making Demiurge gasp.

“Do not mistake my actions Demiurge, there will be time for this and more, you were made by my precious comrade, if I am to claim you as my own I wish to take my time.”

Demiurge shivered in delight, a blush spreading from pointy ear to pointy ear.

“Yes my lord!” he almost moaned, and he cleared his throat. “I will go get cleaned up, I’ll be ready for the meeting.” he gets up and retrieves his clothes, before leaving. Momonga stared at his cock. ‘So this is my sword now? Not bad, I didn’t know undead even had a...well...penis...’ he touched his new manhood and felt it pulse in his hand. It was smooth and warm, and he could feel magical power leaking off of it. ‘It feels real, different but real...what am I gonna do with this...’ he thinks, he was hard as a rock.

With a little focus, his hardened cock returned to its dormant state, an orb settled perfectly in his crotch. The orb felt hot and tingly. ‘So this must be what blue balls feels like for an undead.’ he thinks. As much as he wanted to fuck Demiurge he needed to figure things out. He clearly wasn’t in the game anymore, that was for sure. He had to see if he could still use magic.

Momonga went to the Sixth Floor Amphitheater, using a special ring that allowed him to move freely through the tomb, so items worked as they did in YGGDRASIL. ‘This

floor is protected by the dark elf twins created by Chagama.’ He did not have to wait long as Aura appeared. Despite her appearance/attire, Aura was a female dark elf.

“Greetings Lord Momonga!” She bowed.

“I’m sorry to intrude,” he says.

“Oh not at all, you are the leader of the supreme beings that created us. There’s not a floor guardian in Nazarick that would consider you an intruder. Least of all my brother and I.”

“Speaking of, where is Mare?” Momonga looked around.

Aura turned around. “Mare! Get out here, you are being rude to Lord Momonga!” she shouts.

“Oh um...okay...” he came out. Mare despite his appearance/attire was a boy. Chagama had made the twins cross dressers.

‘Was he hiding?’ the dark elf came forward. He did a curtsy. “H-hello Lord Momonga.” he blushed slightly. “I’m sorry for making you wait.”

“It is alright,” he says. “I’ve invited the other Floor Guardians to meet here, they will be along soon enough.”

Aura groaned. “Does that mean Shaltair’s coming?”

“Yes, we have urgent business we must discuss. Before that, how would you two like to help me practice?” he asks.

“Practice? You my lord?”

“Yes, I’d like to test this out.” he shows off the Staff of Ainz Ooal Gown. ‘In truth I’m trying to see if I can even use magic.’ The two dark elves marveled at the staff, it was the treasure of Nazarick. Momonga went into a little fanboy mode, the staff really was the testament of their guild. He cleared his throat. “Anyway, let’s have some practice before the others arrive.”

Aura whistled and two dragon-like beasts came out bringing out targets to use. ‘Normally to use magic you just select the icon, but now...’ he closed his eyes and focused. ‘I can almost feel it, the range of my magic, the cooldown, my MP.’ He blasted the targets with powerful flames, and conjured a Fire Elemental. “I trust this will be enough, would you like to fight it?”

“Oh yeah!” Aura says excitedly.

“I uhh...I think I have some errands to run...” Mare says.

“You do not have to fight if you don’t want to, I believe in your magical skills.” Mare blushed.

“I’ll fight!” the two elves fought the elemental, it was almost child’s play for them, especially working together. Aura fought with mid range and close combat, while Mare backed up with magic and attacked long range.

‘So I can use magic in this world, so my other skills should work as well. I still can’t contact a GM so this isn’t a game.’ He cast Message, and at first was met with silence, but then he connected with Sebas.

“What is it Lord Momonga? Do you need me?” his voice came through crystal clear.

“What is your report?”

“Well sir, I’ve encountered something strange.”

“Hmm, come to the Sixth Floor, I’ve called the other guardians so meet us here and you can give your report to everyone at once.”

“Yes sir!” the spell ended.

The dark elf twins crushed the fire elemental and came over to Momonga. “Well done, both of you.” they smiled. “You must be thirsty, here.” He conjured a pitcher of water and poured them each a glass.” They drank and felt refreshed.

“Lord Momonga, I thought you were scary at first, but you really are wonderful.” Mare says.

“I thought you’d be scarier to be honest.” Aura says.

“Is that so,” he chuckles.

“We like you best this way.” they say, and he pats their heads.

‘Still its good to know my skills in Yggdrasil works here, but I need more information about this world. If this is another world should I even try to return to my own?’ he looks at the NPC’s. ‘They are alive, could I leave them behind? I didn’t have any friends or family or a lover, all I did was eat sleep and work outside of game.’

He was pulled from his thoughts as a gate opened up. “Oh? Am I the first to arrive?” She is the Great Tomb of Nazarick Guardian of Levels 1-3 “True Ancestor” Shalltear Bloodfallen.

‘I recall Peroronchino designed her...’ Momonga thinks. She rushes over to him gracefully. ‘She is a true vampire!’

“Oh my lord Momonga!” She embraces him making him gasp. “The only man that can stand above me!” Aura glared at her.

“Stop Shalltear, your slobbering on him.”

“Don’t be jealous, I didn’t even see you there. Mare it must be tough having such an incompetent sister.” Mare sweat dropped.

“Fake boobs!” Shalltear gasped.

“What did you say?” she hissed.

“That’s why you used a gate, you were in a rush after stuffing your bra.” Aura pointed out. “You didn’t want the stuffing to shift if you ran.”

“Silence you don’t have any yourself!” Shalltear snaps back.
“Little boy chest!”

“Oh they’ll grow soon enough, I’m still young, but you are stuck in an undead body.” the two glared at each other. Mare hid behind Momonga.

‘That reminds me Chagama and Chino were siblings. How those two act reminds me of them, they also used to fight like that.’ They pulled on each others' cheeks growling and glaring.

“What is this noise?” powerful footsteps quieted the quarreling. “Enough of your games our lord is present.” Great Tomb of Nazarick Level 5 Guardian “Frozen Ruler” Cocytus.

‘He is the very definition of warrior, it’s good he is on my side.’ Momonga thinks.

“I’ll stop when this elf bitch pays for her lies!”

“Bring it on vamp!” the two looked ready to rumble. Cocytus starts to freeze the floor.

“That’s enough, just leave it at that.” the two bowed.

“My apologies!” they say in unison.

“It seems everyone is here, sorry for the wait, I had to freshen up a bit.” In walked in Demiurge, the guardian of level 7. He seemed to be grinning like the cat that caught the canary.

“Now then, pledge your loyalty to our supreme leader.” Albedo says and they all bow.

“Aura Bella Fiora Guardian of Level 6, I pledge my fidelity, I serve and obey!”

“Mare Belle Fiore, also a Guardian of Level 6, I pledge my fidelity, I serve and obey.”

“Cocytus, Guardian of Level 5, I pledge my fidelity, I serve and obey!”

“Shalltear Bloodfallen, Guardian of Levels 1, 2, and 3, I pledge my fidelity, I serve and obey!”

“Demiurge Guardian of Level 7, I pledge my fidelity, I serve and obey!”

“Albedo, Commander of the Guardians, I pledge my fidelity, I serve and obey!” Albedo says. “With the exceptions of

Gargantua the Guardian of Level 4 and Victim Guardian of Level 8, who also pledge their fidelity, all the guardians are gathered before you.”

“Give us your orders, our supreme leader, we will grant you whatever you may desire.” As they stood before Momonga he couldn’t help but see a bit of his comrades in each of them.

‘No, it’s not relics of the past, in a way you are all still with me!’ Momonga smiles. “Splendid!” His power radiates out and washes over them. Demiurge shivers in delight, feeling his heart race. Cocytus also shivers, heat spreading through his armored body. Mare blushed from ear to ear, feeling his manhood tent the panties he wore. Being in his presence was so overwhelming.

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“Is there anything new to report?”

“No, none of us have anything of significance to report.” Albedo says.

“I see,” he says. ‘Good, least Nazarick moved without issue, he should be back soon.’

“My apologies for being late.” Sebas entered the arena.

“That’s fine, more importantly, I want to hear your report on the surroundings.”

“The Tomb of Nazarick has been moved, we now found ourselves surrounded by grassland.”

“Grassland?” The tomb was surrounded by swamp and dark woods.

“Yes sir, there are no artificial structures, and the animals that are in the area do not possess any notable combat abilities.”

“And the grass is normal, not sharp or frozen grass?” One of the many defenses the tomb had originally.

“Indeed, just plain grass.” Sebas fills in.

‘There is no mistaking it, this really isn’t the game, we’ve been brought to a new world, that has some similarities to YGGDRASIL.’ he thinks. “Since we don’t know anything about this new world, we must remain vigilant, we’ll raise the security levels and make sure to capture any intruders alive.” Nazarick was in unfamiliar territory. ‘I was pretty high level back in YGGDRASIL, but we don’t know if I’ll be the strongest here.’

“Mare can you conceal the Great Tomb of Nazarick?”

“Oh um, yes, if we use soil, we could cover the walls for camouflage.” He says.

“You would defile the glorious walls of Nazarick with dirt?!” Albedo was fuming, making Mare sweat bullets.

‘Good grief...’ he face palmed. “Albedo, do not open your mouth needlessly, I am speaking to Mare.” the succubus bowed.

“Yes, my apologies Lord Momonga!”

“Mare, that is a brilliant plan, create dummy hills as well so it doesn’t stand out.” he says.

“Yes!” he bows.

“Lastly, I’d like to ask all of you a question: What sort of individual do you see me as?”

“The embodiment of beauty, there is no one else in this world as beautiful and radiant as you.” Shalltear.

“An existence stronger than all of us guardians, a being most suited to ruling over the great tomb of Nazarick. Your power is awe inspiring.” Cocytus says.

“A most compassionate and merciful lord, you are two steps ahead.” Aura says.

“You are very nice and kind, looking after the needs of others.” Mare says.

“You are incredibly wise, capable of taking action in an instant. You are the only man I wish to submit to!” That surprised the other guardians.

“You never abandoned us, you stayed here with us to the end, you are an incredibly benevolent individual.” Sebas says. Momonga frowned, to think the others felt abandoned as he had.

“A supreme ruler and our master, one perfect in the position to rule over Nazarick and us!” Albedo says.

“I understand your thoughts, and I’m grateful for your trust and loyalty. I entrust some of my old friends’ duties to you, carry them out in honor of your creators.” he says.

“Thank you lord!” they say. He teleports away.

“That was tiring, to think they would all have such high expectations of me. They were completely serious, while I’m happy they are loyal I don’t want to disappoint them.” he says and sighs. “I wonder if the others were brought here as well.” Thoughts about returning home drifted further and further away. ‘I promise I’ll do my best to care for them and meet their expectations!’

To be continued Chap 3 Carne Village

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The guardians were overjoyed. It seems Momonga's power washing over them had gotten them excited and very happy. "His power is truly amazing, I thought I might faint." Mare says a faint blush on his cheeks.

"His pressure was so fierce I thought he might crush us." Aura says.

"To think he would be this amazing." Cocytus says.

"When he shows his true power and glory, he's even more glorious than I imagined." Albedo says.

Demiurge agreed, feeling his manhood throb at the powerful aura that had washed over him. In the face of his mighty aura he might as well have been standing naked in a blizzard. He adjusted his glasses. "Indeed."

"He seemed pleased with out vow of fidelity." Cocytus states. "I hope that is the case."

"He acted completely different when he was alone with us." Aura points out.

“He was super kind and gentle, he gave us water when he thought we looked thirsty.” Mare says. “It proves he’s a true ruler, his power and mercy make him even more amazing.”

“It’s just as you say Mare, he sensed our feelings and acted on them accordingly.”

‘Our feelings,’ Demiurge adjusted his glasses again, feeling his manhood press against the confines of his pants. Albedo went on, stating how out of the 41 supreme beings he stood at the top, and when the others left them behind he stayed with them. There was probably not a guardian in Nazarick that didn’t feel the same.

Sebas left them to return to his duties, it was his job to be the aid to Lord Momonga. He left at a good time, as Shalltear and Albedo got into an argument. The vampire was proud of how excited Momonga made her and promptly shared it with the others, which pissed Albedo off and thus the fight began.

“Right...Aura I’ll leave the cat fight to you.” Demiurge says.

“What?!” Aura gasped. “You can’t dump them on me!”

“If it gets too bloody I’ll intervene.” Shalltear wasn’t exactly wrong, the power Momonga shared with them had made him excited to, judging from the blush and shifting Mare was the same, and even Cocytus seemed to be excited. The boys

moved away as to not get caught in the crossfire of the fight between the succubus and vampire.

“Is this really something worth fighting over?” Cocytus asked.

“I wonder, its quite possible that our lord Momonga might not ever prefer female company.”

“Huh?” Mare asked.

“I had a meeting with Lord Momonga before coming here, he was quite wonderful, it was sad to cut things short.” he adjusts his glasses. “He may prefer the company of men in his bed chambers than women.”

“Oh my!” Mare blushes.

“Should we tell the other two, and stop their squabbles?” Cocytus asked.

“No, if this is how they act towards each other I don’t think it will benefit if they see everyone as a rival for lord Momonga.”

“Hmm, you are right.” Cocytus ponders. “I wonder, if Lord Momonga likes men, does that mean any one of us has a chance to be by his side.”

“Indeed, and for a man as great as Momonga, a harem would not be too far out of the realm of possibility.” Demiurge points out. He wanted to be with Momonga, sharing him was a more practical method than fighting each other over him.

“What about an heir?” Mare points out. “It’s scary to think about, but what if Lord Momonga leaves us, or something bad happens.” Demiurge pats his back.

“An heir would be beneficial to our forces, and pave the way for Nazarick’s future. Every great ruler needs an heir, don’t they?” It was a good point. “He stayed with us, however, one day, he may leave to join the other supreme beings wherever they went, it would be nice to have an heir to pledge our loyalty to.” He didn’t like the thought of Momonga leaving, was like acid on his tongue and a knife through his heart.

“So do you think one of us could, bare Lord Momonga’s heir?” Mare thought.

“Impossible, besides if we do our job right there will be no reason for him to leave, and we will crush anyone who wants to harm our Lord Momonga!” Cocytus bellows.

“Hmm, I wonder, it is worth looking into, there may be a way one of us could carry his heir. I’ll do some experimenting, and if possible imagine the possibilities. We could each carry our

Lord's child, and instead of serving just one Lord, we can serve his entire line.”

Cocytus got excited. “Oh? That would be kind of nice!” Both Cocytus and Mare pictured themselves carrying Momonga's child. “It would be wonderful, I can see it so clearly!”

“By the way Mare, is there a particular reason you're wearing female garments?” Demiurge asked.

He blushed. “Actually, this is something that Bukubuku Chagama chose for me. She said I was a “cross dresser,” or something like that.”

“Hm, interesting. Perhaps it would be fruitful to try having the males dress in female garments at some point.” he says. ‘Perhaps it would excite Lord Momonga.’ he thinks. Cocytus came back from La La Land.

“What a wonderful scene, truly a future to wish for! You can count me in. I'll help in any way I can.”

“Me to!” Mare says.

“I'm happy to have your support.”

It seems the female guardians came to a similar conclusion with the whole harem thing, and stopped their fighting. A harem wasn't strange at all, especially of someone of

Momonga's status and power. It was back to work, they all had jobs to do after all.

-X-

Momonga was in the armory with one of the battle maids, Narberal Gamma. 'I only took on the class of magician, but, I should have enough strength to swing a sword.' He tried to use a sword, only to have the weapon fall from his hands. Narberal picked it up for him. 'I was level 100 back in YGGDRASIL, but it seems I can't use gear outside of my class. Unless...' he smirks. "Create Greater Item!" He created a fine suit of black armor with a red scarf. He takes up the sword and he was able to swing it with great force. 'While wearing this armor, I can't use my magic but I'm able to use weapons outside my in-game class.' he thinks. 'So items that allow you to bypass class restriction still work.'

"I'll be going out for a bit."

Narberal bowed. "Yes lord, I'll prepare a guard to accompany you."

"No, that won't be necessary. I'll be going alone." he says.

"Lord Momonga, if anything happens while you are alone, we will be unable to protect you!" she says. "Its our duty to act as your shields and perish!"

“I won’t allow it!” Momonga fought back a frustrated sigh. He just wanted to get some fresh air and be alone for a few minutes. “There is something I want to do discreetly.”

“As you wish, my lord.” he used the ring to teleport out of the room. Momonga gasped as he headed out and was met with three powerful creatures.

‘Envy, Greed, and Wrath? Why are the three demon generals under Demiurge here on the first floor?’ Envy was a female demon lord that wears a tight-fitting bondage outfit, and has the head of a crow. Greed is a tall male demon wearing full plate armor that is open at the chest, proudly showing off his abdominal muscles. He has black bat wings and two horns coming from his temples. He is quite handsome, his eyes of desire focus on Momonga. The last of the demon guards looked more like a fearsome demon than the others, with powerful fangs protruding from his mouth and his muscled body covered in scales, he has stout arms and sharp claws, flaming wings and a snake-like tail with a fire tip. ‘It should be Shalltear’s guards on this floor. Why are his personal guards here?!’

Speak of the devil, Demiurge came out and saw him.

‘Busted!’ He and the generals quickly bowed.

“What are you doing here Lord, and without your guard, and in such strange armor?” he asked. Demiurge was smart, he

figured it out easily who he was as only someone with a guild ring could freely teleport.

“The armor I made myself, I’m testing it out.”

“I see, how brilliant of you.” he adjusts his glasses.

“However, I can’t let you leave here without an escort. If something happened to you, I could never forgive myself.”

“Hm, very well, I will allow you and one of your guards to accompany me.” Greed stood up.

“Please allow me the honor, it would give me no greater pleasure than to perish protecting Lord Momonga and Lord Demiurge.” Demiurge smiled.

“Fine, but know this you are not to act as my shields and perish, you are precious to me, the thought of you dying pains me so, so do not be so quick to throw your lives away.” that made the demons blush. Such strong words, such words of love.

“Thank you for indulging us lord, we will not fail you.” Momonga walked off, followed by Demiurge and Greed. They reached the outside of the tomb, and Momonga was amazed.

‘I’ve never seen a night as clear as this before. The artificial sky Blue Planet made on the sixth floor was impressive, but it

did not hold a candle to this.’ Using an item Momonga was able to cast Fly, allowing him to take off into the night. Demiurge transformed into his half demon form, and sprouted wings to fly. Greed released his bat wings and followed.

Once he reached a certain altitude he removed his mask/helmet. He gazed out upon this strange new world. ‘I can see everything with just the moon’s light. I wish Blue Planet were here to see this world’s unbelievable beauty.’

“The stars in the sky glitter like jewels in a treasure box.”

“I believe this world exists, so that you may adorn yourself with its infinite riches, and we guardians exist to help you do so.”

“There is no treasure that would be unworthy of you, Lord Momonga.” Greed chimes in.

“Hm, you could be right about that.” he looks at the both of them. “Perhaps I was sent to this land to obtain those jewels for myself, along with every treasure that shines beneath them.” he turns the face the two. “But to horde it all would be the height of selfishness. Instead, I could use them to adorn the Great Tomb, it’s residents, and my friends of Ainz Ooal Gown.”

Demiurge and Greed shared an image of the two of them naked, bathing in a sea of treasure. “If you wish it, we will use all the power of Nazarick to obtain it for you my lord.”

Momonga laughs. “We don’t even know what exists in this world. It’s a little early for a quest.” he looks up at the moon. “Then again, it makes me think. The most enjoyable thing now might be taking over the world.”

Demiurge and Greed gasp. Such a goal was truly breath taking for the demons. Their respect for Momonga grew.

Momonga wasn’t fully sure it was even possible, and he also wondered if he was the only player that came to this world. He tried to send a message but that could just mean no one was in range of it. Something he could try, is spread the name of Ainz Ooal Gown throughout the world.

A shift in the earth below drew their attention. Mare was using Earth Surge, as well as one of his skills to increase his range and control. “Well done, Mare.” he says.

“Lord Momonga, what would you like to do?”

“I would like to thank Mare, for his hard work. What do you think I should give him as a reward?”

“I am sure he would be happy if you just talked to him my lord.” Demiurge said with a bow. Greed nodded.

“Hm, I think we can do better than that.” he conjures back his helmet and flies down, the two demons following him.

“Oh! Lord Momonga.” he runs over to them. “Why are you here? Oh no, did I make a mistake already?”

“Not at all, Mare.” he says. “The work you’re doing is of the utmost importance. It will protect Nazarick from intruders, and more.”

“Right!” Mare says.

“Plus you are doing it brilliantly.” Mare blushed. “I wanted you to know just how satisfied I am.”

“T-Thank you, Lord Momonga.” his heart was fluttering, to be praised by him was almost too much to take.

“I would like you to have this.” he conjured a ring.

“That’s a Ring of Ainz Ooal Gown!” he was amazed, only Supreme Beings were allowed to wear the ring. “I can’t possibly accept.”

“There’s no need to panic, Mare.” the boy looked up at him.

“Moving between Nazarick’s floors can be difficult. This will allow you to do so freely, and easily complete your work.” he offers the ring. “Now, take this ring and serve Nazarick well.”

He does, slipping it on his ring finger, the ring magically adjusted to fit his size. “Thank you so very much, Lord Momonga!” he was so excited. “I promise I’ll work extra, extra hard and show I’m worthy of this ring.”

“You already are Mare.” he pets his head and the boy felt like he could melt right there. “Demiurge, Greed,” he turns to face the two demons. “I was wrong, I thought I needed to explore alone, but it was nice to have company after all.”

They quickly bowed. “You honor us lord.”

Momonga conjured another ring. “This one is for you Demiurge, you are truly worthy of wearing it.”

“My lord...” he takes his ring, and feels his heart pound in his chest. “Thank you.”

“As for you Greed, I will have to think up some other form of reward for you.”

“Thank you Lord Momonga, it is truly an honor to serve you alongside Master Demiurge.”

“If you have a request I’m sure I can grant it for you.”

“Lord Momonga, I was curious why are you wearing such cool armor?”

“Do you like it, I made it myself.”

“That’s amazing!”

“Thank you again Mare, this armor may prove useful after all. I’ll be returning to the Ninth Floor, do carry on in your duties.” he teleport away.

Albedo had been looking for Momonga, but after talking to Envy, she had taken a shower before seeing him and missed him entirely.

-X-

Carne Village, was a peaceful and small village not too far from the Great Tomb’s location. They didn’t have to worry about monsters attacking as a powerful beast known as The Wise King of the Forest lived nearby and most creatures didn’t dare trifle with him. Though in times of peace can breed weakness, so the village had no trained fighters or protectors in case things got tough.

A girl was collecting water when she heard a scream. She dropped her water in shock as she watched two men in armor kill a man, a man from her village. She didn’t scream, she was too scared to scream, because she knew if she screamed she’d be killed. The girl ran back to her village, as fast as her legs would carry her. “Mom, Dad!” she shouts as she rushes into her house.

“Enri, you’re alright!” they were embracing her little sister and she ran to them for a group hug.

“The village is under attack!”

“We know, take your sister and run!” A knight broke down their door. Enri’s father rushed the knight, and grappled him. “Go hurry!” Their mother led them out the back. They ran hearing their father scream as he was slain. It was one of many screams as the knights were sweeping through the village killing anyone they came across.

‘Why is this happening!?’ Enri thinks, trying to block out the screams. They were in trouble as a knight found them and found them, their mother shielded them from attack and was cut down. ‘Please someone...anyone...help us...’

To be continued...Chapter 4 Those in Need

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In the frontier, in the ruins of a fallen village, Gazef Stronoff and his troops were checking for survivors. “Find any survivors and escort them,” Gazef says. This was the third village attack in a week. His vice-captain was worried.

“Captain, I don't like this, with our number of troops, to handle something like this, this has to be a trap.”

“You might be right, there are many who do not approve of me being so close to His Majesty.” He was a commoner, as well as the Chief Warrior, the King trusted him and listened to him. So he had enemies among the nobles, as well as enemies of the kingdom that would want him dead.

“Then we should turn back. You are too important to...” he was cut off.

“We will not!”

“But sir...”

“You can turn back if you want, but I'm from villages like this. I know how it feels to be attacked and have no one come. You can turn back if you like but even if this is a trap I will not turn my back on the people!” It was true the weak were attacked by monsters, killed by warring factions, not many

cared to save the mere commoners. The men were inspired by his words and they rode off hoping to save the next village.

“Let's go, let's show them those that would save them despite the danger!”

“Yes, sir!”

They were heading towards Carne...

-x-

Sebas wasn't happy that Momonga was moving around without an escort. It was his job to serve the man, hard to do that if he can't even find him. “S-sorry...” Sebas smiled.

“I have today's itinerary, everything in Nazarick is running smoothly.”

“Excellent,” Momonga figured he needed to keep a schedule, set time to practice his magic. He was in his office/throne room trying to get certain items and magic to work. It was still a little difficult to do things without his console, but he had to learn and fast.

He was given the Mirror of Remote Viewing to practice on, Sebas watching patiently at his side. It was always a dicey item in the game since so many skills could prevent or even block it completely. It took a few tries but Momonga was able to get it to work. “Well done, my Lord.”

'It was easy once I figured how to treat it, it's like a computer screen, I can manipulate the image perception, enlarging and minimizing the view.' he used certain hand gestures to make it work. 'I'm getting the hang of this.' It was almost like a giant magic tablet, he could scroll just by swiping.

He used the mirror to scour the surrounding area and spotted a nearby town. “Something is happening, a festival?”

Sebas took a look. “I don't think so, my Lord.” Momonga zoomed in.

“A battle...” there were men in armor attacking villagers dragging people out of their homes and corralling them. “Are they planning a mass execution?”

“Shall I send a suppression squad?”

“No, I'm not sure revealing myself or Nazarick is a good move yet.” he had no idea the state of this world yet, he had to move cautiously or risk losing everything.

“As you wish,” Sebas bowed.

Momonga looked at him, and couldn't help but see his creator Touch Me. 'Touch Me...' the two were the closest friends when he first started playing the game he had been attacked by a group of players. Lots of players liked to gang up on inhuman players and get double the exp and rewards.

He had almost been finished before Touch Me showed up and killed them. “You saved me...why?”

“Why?!” he laughed. “I don't need a reason! Helping Those in Need Is the Right Thing to Do!” a big banner appeared behind him his words in big gold letters. The two had gathered more inhuman players and started all of this, they grew so strong no one could beat them.

Still...Touch Me always followed his belief up to the end. 'If not for those words I would not be here now.'

“Sebas, raise the security level to maximum, have Albedo oversee things while I'm gone.”

“You shall be handling this yourself, Lord?”

“Yes, have Demiurge join me when he can.” he summons a gate. “I'll be going on ahead.”

“Understood.”

-X-

The village was in trouble big time, Enri's mother and father had already been killed, and she had been injured protecting her sister. Before the knight could strike a killing blow, a gate opened up and out came Momonga.

“What the hell is that thing?” the two knights backed up in terror.

“What, you knights have the courage to face children but not me, how sad?”

“Why you?!”

“Grasp Heart!” he tried one of his skills, and it was super effective. The knight died instantly. 'Wow, that was a bit more than I was expecting.' He had hoped to try his combat skills a bit.

The other knight screamed and tried to run. “I don't think so Chain Lightning.” with one shot he killed the other knight.

“So weak.” The girls were still quite scared. 'Perhaps I'll try making an undead to protect them.'

“Create Undead!” things were a bit different from the game, the skill used an actual body, a dark aura invaded the corpse of the knight he killed, his flesh rotted and his body shifted becoming a Death Knight.

The girls cried out in shock. “Death Knight your enemy is those wearing that armor, only kill the ones in the armor.” The Death Knight roared and ran off. 'Oops, I need to think my orders more clearly, what's the point of summoning a guardian if you send it off to fight?'

From the gate appeared Demiurge. “Sorry I took so long, what is the plan, my lord.”

“Ahh a demon!” the little sister cried.

“Please don't hurt us!” Enri cried.

'Hurt you, I just saved their lives.' he sweat-dropped.

“So noisy,” Demiurge flexed his claws. “Shall I put an end to them?” his words made the girls flinch.

“Demiurge stop, I plan on saving this village!”

“Understood.” he calmed down, and Momonga breathed a sigh of relief. He offered Enri a red potion, to heal her wounds. She seemed scared of it at first, but she took and her wounds healing instantly.

“The pain, it's gone!” she gasped.

“Sister!” the two embraced.

Momonga created a barrier around them. “This should protect you as long as you remain inside if you run into trouble use this.” he gave them two items, small horns that were capable of summoning an army of goblins. “The goblins summoned by this horn will protect you and obey your command.”

“Please sir, tell me the name of our savior?”

'My name, my human one, my name in the game, I'm in a new world maybe I should go for a new name, one that if spread far enough if my friends are here they will come

looking for me.' after some thinking. “My name is Ainz Ooal Gown!”

The two headed for the village. “What a fine name, Ainz Ooal Gown-sama!”

“You can call me Ainz.”

“Not possible, to call a supreme being by a shortened name...” Ainz chuckled and Demiurge blushed. “It would be insolence.”

“It is a name I hope if spread through the world, in honor of my old comrades.” he raised the staff of Ainz Ooal Gown. “I want everyone to remember the name Ainz, I'll have everyone at Nazarick calling me Ainz as well.”

“Very well, Lord Ainz.” Well close enough. “So what is so special about this village?”

“Nothing, I simply want to save it.”

“I see, forgive my ignorance Lord Ainz.”

He conjured some gloves and a mask. The Mask of Envy, it wasn't anything special a giveaway item he got from being online over Christmas. “If those girls were any sign, showing up as I am would scare people.”

“Your form is glorious.” Ainz chuckled.

“You are just saying that.”

“No I mean it, you are glorious my lord.” He blushed.

“Forgive me I...” Ainz caught his chin and looked him deep in the eyes.

“Do not shy away, do you want me Demiurge?”

“Yes Lord, so much. I want to be yours!”

“A matter we can discuss after this quest.” He cupped the male's crotch and fondled it.

“Ahh, I'm looking forward to it Lord Ainz!” He shuddered in delight.

“There are many things in this world, I'd like to explore.” His manhood was a surprise, and if Demiurge wanted to be with him.

“I will gladly be of service to you my lord!” he moans.

“I'll admit, I've been hesitant, I didn't want to force you, and I was worried about my comrades.”

“I'm sure my creator would not mind, he'd be happy that I found love and such a worthy mate.”

“You might be right,” he pulls away and Demiurge almost whines at the loss. “Oh, and by the way Demiurge, your form is very sexy as well!”

“Lord!” Demiurge felt his heart race at the praise.

-X-

While Ainz talked with Demiurge, his Death Knight was cleaning up the soldiers. Ainz showed up and put an end to the carnage. “Leave now, and I shall spare your lives, tell your masters this village is under the protection of Ainz Ooal Gown!”

The men ran in terror, but Ainz had a feeling this wasn't over. These guys were a joke, merely pawns answering to a higher power. Defeating the higher power would prove more of a test of his skills.

“Fear not people, my Death Knight will not harm you.” the villagers were still alive. “My friend and I are foreigners and magic casters.” That seemed to put them at ease but they were still suspicious. “My serves are not free of course, I will expect some compensation.” That put their minds at ease.

Turns out magic casters and adventurers were common, even in this small village they knew of them. It opened the doors, and Ainz was able to talk to the mayor. He learned their money wasn't good here, but the gold it was made of was still worth something. Before they could go into more Gazef and his men came to town.

To be continued...Chapter 5 Angels and Demons

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Ainz had collected quite a bit of information, in a new world, information was power. It sucked that their money wasn't usable but making money should be easy enough. The knight and his party arrived.

“Are you the one that saved this village? You have my thanks.”

Ainz gave a respectful bow. “Not at all I am but a simple magic caster.”

“I am the captain of the Re-Estize Kingdom, Gazef Stronoff.” he gets off his horse. “Under the orders from the king, I have been searching this area in order to root out the knights that have been causing trouble.”

“Nice to meet you, Sir Gazef, I am Ainz Ooal Gown. I am a just a traveling magic caster, I happened upon this village and the knights you were searching for. Gazef scoured the scene before him, there were dead bodies of the knights he was after. His gaze trained on the Death Knight, and Demiurge.

“Master Gown, did all of this?”

Before Ainz could answer one of his men approached him.

“Captain, we've been surrounded by a large number of forces...I believe they may be the enemy!”

“What?!”

“They've encircled the village and are approaching!”

“My lord its true, and these ones are different than the knights that came before,” Demiurge speaks, he could feel the enemies.

“It must be the Slane Theocracy. They are always seeking ways to weaken the kingdom.” Destroying the Re-Estize Kingdom's strongest warrior would do that.

As they spoke Captain of the Sunlight Scriptures, Nigun Grid Luin was rousing his men for battle. “Attention all units! The prey has entered the trap. Prove your devotion to God. Begin!”

-X-

“So many magic casters and those appear to be angels.” Ainz recognized them from the game Archangel's to be specific.

“There doesn't appear to be anything of value in this village to warrant this level of force unless it is you they are after.” Ainz points out.

“I didn't think I'd become the target of the Slane Theocracy as well.”

“I've been told strong men tend to make a lot of enemies,” Ainz says.

Gazef chuckles. “It does come with the territory.” He knew against this many magic casters he would not survive fighting them and their angels. “Master Gown, would you be willing to be employed as a mercenary?”

“I will have to decline.” While Ainz liked the idea of being an adventurer, becoming a mercenary one's typically who chose sides based on those with the deepest pockets, was not something he wanted to become.

“Then...as decreed by the Kingdom's law will you subject yourself to conscription?” Some of Gazef's men surrounded Ainz, swords drawn.

“Then I too will meet you with great resistance.”

Demiurge growled and was itching to punish these fools for turning their blades on his master. Gazef and Ainz stared each other down, as best they could with one wearing a mask.

The captain gave a signal and the men sheathed their swords.

“Nothing to be done then. Master Gown...I pray for your

well-being. Once again, I express my thanks for saving this village.” the two shook hands.

“You intend to face them on your own? You may very well die.”

“That may be true, but I can't run away and leave this village to suffer.” he looks to Ainz. “This may be a selfish request, please protect this village, one more time.”

“I will act as bait, and break through the encirclement without fail,” he says.

“Leave the village to me, I will protect the people of this village, you have the word of Ainz Ooal Gown.” he searches his robes as a cover for summoning an item. “Please take this with you, it will bring you luck.”

“Thank you,” the men mount their horses and ride off for battle.

“They are charging into death, by my calculation they don't have the power to beat the magic casters and their summons.”

“Demiurge, I take it you don't care for humans much?”

“Hm, I'm not really sure if I hate them. We inhumans are naturally stronger than most humans, so it's likely most would see them as inferior. but humans can grow and reach great strength, and there are some born with great power that can

rival greater inhumans. There are humans who are lower than scum, and others while having no talent for combat are brilliant and capable of creating something interesting.” he pondered. “I suppose I would say I do not hate all humans, as they do have their merits.”

“Believe it or not, there was a time I was looked down upon, seen as weak. The weak can become strong. I think looking down on someone by race alone, spreads ignorance and can lead to hate and bitterness.” Ainz sighed. “I will not ask anyone in the tomb to love humans, but hope to keep their minds open and judge those on their merit and character.”

“Is that why you gave that man the item and promised to protect this village, going as far as to stake your glorious name on it?”

“Perhaps, but...in truth, I think it would be a waste to let a man like that die.” Ainz could feel the strength in his resolves, the love of his kingdom and his men.

'How merciful lord!' Demiurge had seen such a state of mind with many of the tombs residences. Albedo herself felt that humans were lower life forms not with mercy or protection. Others thought that humans were bugs, and should be crushed without a thought. On principle, that wouldn't do, humans were indeed weak but they were all weak once, and even if

they sought out other inhuman tribes there was no guarantee they could trust them. They were strong because the supreme beings raised them to be strong, so it stood to reason since they were strong they could cultivate humans and get them to reach higher strength as well. 'Humans could also serve in Lord Ainz's harem, I'll have to make a note. Our Lord does deserve the best.'

-X-

Gazef's plan was to break the line and have the focus land on him, allowing his men to escape. They opened their attack with arrows which were quickly deflected by magic.

The Captain was thrown from his horse by magic, and before his men could help him he had to face one of the angels. He managed to cut into one and knock it to the ground but it quickly got back up healing its wounds. "I see," he closed his eyes and focused. "Martial Art." his body glowed red as the skill activated, the red aura moved to his blade. "Focus Battle Aura!"

He cut through the angel, and this time killed it. The victory was short lived as the magic casters simply summoned more angels. "Anything goes with magic huh?" he was surrounded by the angels now. 'So I was the target huh? I must leave the rest to you Sir Gown.'

A rousing cry drew his attention, his men returned to fight against the magic casters and angels. “Stand with the chief warrior till the end!”

“You fools I told you to retreat!” Gazef gasped, watching his men clash with the angels. “You fools...you guys truly make me proud!”

This might not have been the wisest decision, the magic casters quickly switched their attention forcing the men off their horses and sacking the angels on them. “We might be at a disadvantage if we take out their leader the rest should fall!”

He charged at Nigun. A few angels charged at him but he wasn't backing down. “Martial Art, Six Fold Slash of Light!” his sword glowed red again, and in an instant was able to kill six angels at once.

Four more angels charged at him. “Martial Art, Instant Counter!” he cut one down. “Flow Acceleration!” he moved faster and while spinning in the air was able to cut down three more angels instead of one. This led to invigorate the men and they fought harder.

“Impressive,” Nigun says. “To have mastered that many attack skills, but it's not enough.” Not only did they summon more angels, the magic casters focused their attacks on Gazef, blasting him with magic bullets.

The magical blasts stripped Gazef of his armor bit by bit with each shot. The man coughed up blood, his men were down barely clinging to life, some were already dead. Gazef stood his ground, holding tight to his sword, even as his upper armor was broken, his undergarments shredded, his pants were in tatters. He faces a whole army of angels from above and a group of magic casters before him.

“A commoner in fancy armor is still just a commoner, you might be seen as the greatest but before our power you are nothing.” The angels began to overwhelm Gazef, as soon as he cut down one two more would swoop in and strike. His muscled body was beaten and scorched from magic attacks. “Finish him, don't just use one, teach this lowly dog his place.”

Gazef was brought to his knees, but he didn't stay there, standing up with his force of will. “I'm not done, I am the Kingdom's head warrior!” he stands firm gripping his sword. “I am one who loves and protects this country!” even as blood ran down his chin. “I will not lose to those who seek to dirty this country.”

“You will die here precisely because you spout such nonsense.” Nigun chuckles. “Gazef Stronoff, what can you do in that state?”

“Once we kill you, we will massacre the villagers as well. Cease this futile resistance and lie down like a good dog.” he smiles. “As an act of mercy, I will make sure your death is painless.”

His words made Gazef laugh. “What's so funny?”

“You are a fool,” he says making Nigun glare and growl.

“There is someone far stronger than I in that village. When he comes for you it really will be a massacre.”

“A bluff, how unbecoming of the man said to be the strongest. Angels kill Stronoff!” Before the angels could attack Gazef heard another voice.

“Looks like it's time to switch.” In an instant, Gazef found himself back in the village with his injured soldiers. On the ground beneath them was a circle of healing magic.

“What just happened?”

“We don't know sir, Lord Ainz created this area calling it Fairy Life Field, after that he disappeared and you and your men appeared.” Gazef looked down at the charm Ainz had given him, thankfully he had pocketed it. The totem vanished and Gazef smiled.

“That man...” he closed his eyes and fell back into the healing magic's embrace. “I see!”

-X-

“Who are you?” Nigun asked.

Back on the battlefield, Ainz and Demiurge had appeared in Gazef's place. “Nice to meet you Slane Theocracy, my name is Ainz Ooal Gown, please call me Ainz.”

“Why are you here?” Nigun asked.

“You see I have a relationship with that village.”

“Oh, so you have come to beg for the lives of the villagers?”

Nigun chuckled. “When really you just came to die. You saved that mongrel Stronoff, but you have saved nothing as all we have to do is get past you, and he will meet his end.”

“Do you think that I had no chance of victory, that I would just abandon that man to his fate? The fact that I'm here should tell you I'm sure of my victory.”

“Why would you interfere, do you side with the heathens of the Re-Estize Kingdom?” Nigun asked.

“No, no, you see I overheard your talk with the Chief Warrior. You really have a lot of balls.” Nigun was taken aback. “You announce that you'll massacre the villagers that I bothered saving. I cannot imagine anything more offensive.”

“Offensive?! Big words, magic caster.” he laughs. “What will you do about it?”

“Surrender your lives to me without resistance and there will be no pain. However, if you refuse, you will die painfully and in despair for your foolishness.”

“Angels attack!” Nigun commands. Two angels rush Ainz and seemingly stabbed him. “How pathetic.”

Demiurge chuckles. The angel's attacks did nothing to Ainz, he quickly had the two by their heads, and they were struggling to escape. “Didn't I tell you?” he repeated his earlier words of offering their lives without resistance. “Don't you know it's important to listen to the warnings of others?”

“Impossible!”

“It must be some kind of trick!” his men were freaking out.

“It's a skill, High Tiered Physical Nullification. A passive skill that completely nullifies the physical attacks of low leveled weapons and monsters.” He recognized them as Archangel Flames from Yggdrasil. “I want to know why you all can use the same magic and summons as Yggdrasil, but I'll put that aside for now.”

He stepped forward. “It's my turn now. This is a massacre.”

Nigun began to sweat. “All angels attack at once!” the swarm of summoned angels moves to attack Ainz.

“Demiurge, stand back for a moment.”

“Yes Lord,” he sprouted wings and jumped back.

“Negative Burst!” A dome of dark magic covered Ainz, which he released and destroyed all the archangels at once.

“What is this, who is this guy?” Gazef's words echoed in his mind. 'This is the man he spoke of? No, this is impossible!'

His men were freaking out, calling Ainz a monster. They let loose a barrage of different spells, ranging from elemental magic, status magic, basic damage spells, they struck Ainz but did no damage. “Who taught you that magic?!”

One of the men screamed and infused his slingshot with magic enchanting the rock with piercing magic. He fired it, to which Demiurge appeared before Ainz, and with a quick flick of his tail he knocked the projectile back and blew the attacker's head clean off. “Demiurge you didn't have to interfere, such an attack would not have harmed me.”

“I know my lord, these magic casters are pitiful, to think they would throw a pebble at one as great as you. Allow me to fight these weaklings.”

“I'm afraid this lot would not even count as sport. Though my curiosity is burning, if you tell me who taught you Yggdrasil magic and summons, I might consider sparing your lives.”

“What is this Yggdrasil you speak of?” Nigun asked. “You speak nonsense!”

“A pity, it seems you don't know. Very well the massacre shall continue. Demiurge sit back and watch, for now, I wish to crush these fools myself.”

“Yes Lord,” he fell back.

“You...you heretic, Principality of Observation! Attack!” Nigun had a stronger summon at his side. It summoned a mace and charged at Ainz. He blocked the mace with one hand.

“My, my, I guess I should fight back.” he points at the angel. “Hell Flame!” a dark fire formed at the tip of his finger, it floated over and touched the angel, quickly consuming it with hellfire.

“One hit?”

“How is that even possible?!” Nigun gasped. “Just who are you Ainz Ooal Gown!? There is no way you could just be some simple magic caster.” Such a high-level angel could not be defeated with just one hit.

“Captain Nigun, what should we do?” one of the magic casters for the Slain Theocracy asked.

“Protect me, if you want to live, buy me some time!” he searched his robes. “I’ll summon the highest tier angel!”

‘Is that...a magic sealing crystal? So, they even have items from Yggdrasil...is he summoning a Seraph? Someone of his level probably couldn't conjure and control anything too strong, but if it turns out to be a Seraph Empyrean, I will have to go all out.’ he thinks. “Demiurge, I may need you for this.”

“Yes Lord,” Demiurge turned his hands into claws in preparation for battle. He could smell a powerful angel, but he couldn't tell exactly what is sealed.

“Behold, the form of the highest tier angel!” Nigun calls out. “Dominion Authority!” while his men cheered and gasped in awe, Ainz was floored.

“This is his full power? This angel was the trump card he was concealing?”

“That's right, I have determined that you are worthy enough to use this item.”

“I'm speechless.” he facepalms.

“That's right! It's perfectly normal to shake in fear, for you are gazing upon an angel of the highest tier!” he laughs, feeling confidence rise in him. “I didn't originally want to use it, but I felt that you were worth the cost.”

“How could this be...” Ainz groans. “This is stupid!”

“What?!”

“I can't believe I put up my guard against such child's play.”

“Child's play? What are you saying?”

“He's saying the angel you summoned is pathetic, not even close to the higher tier we are used to facing,” Demiurge explains. “Do not blame yourself, lord, no one could foresee he would summon something so weak.”

Nigun felt fear creeping up his spine. “No...you are lying...Dominion Authority, strike him down with Holy Smite!” the staff it carried burst as it prepared its magic. “This is seventh tier magic that no man can go against. Taste the power that annihilates demons!”

A burst of holy power struck Ainz, and this time he did actually take damage, being undead holy magic was super effective. Nigun thought he won until he heard Ainz laughing. “So this is what it feels like to take damage!” he chuckles. “This is pain!”

Nigun's jaw dropped and stared in absolute horror. Demiurge began to applaud. “As expected of Lord Ainz, your power is amazing!” he chuckles. “This is all going according to plan.”

“What?” Nigun backed up.

“Are you confused, then allow me.” He took a deep breath then began to release his demonic aura. His men collapsed and literally pissed themselves in terror.

“Other than the surprising weakness of the angels, everything has gone according to plan.” he steps forward. “My turn now, know despair!” he cast Black Hole and it ripped the angel apart and sucked it into a void before vanishing into nothingness.

“A power that surpasses demons, who the hell are you?”

“Ainz Ooal Gown, in the past, there was no one who did not know this name.” A strange fissure was felt. “It seems someone was watching you from afar, using information magic. My barrier activated so I doubt they saw much.”

“My country was watching me?”

With terror in their hearts, the men began to beg for their lives, Nigun offering up his own men for the chance to serve under Gown. “You are mistaken, I was after your lives from the start. I told you to offer up your lives without resistance and you would know a painless death, you refused so now it shall be painful.”

Some tried to run. “Demiurge if you please.”

“Of course, Hellfire Wall!” he created a wall of fire that had the magic casters trapped, some dying by getting too close.

Ainz killed them all, putting the fear of him, revealing his true face as he finished them off, all except Nigun. He beat him into unconsciousness and sent him back to Nazarick.

When he awoke he was bound naked and gagged, a terrifying monster approached him. This was Neuronist Painkill, special intelligence(torture) officer. “Don't be scared little one we will have lots of time to have fun together.” Nigun cried as he was tortured and his mind drained for the glory of Nazarick.

The two made their way back to Nazarick, the village was safe, and the healing spell he left in the village would wear off in time. Demiurge was fanboying over his lord. “Lord Ainz was so badass!” he shivers at the raw power, the tactical actions, and well the badassery of his lord.

Upon returning to Nazarick Ainz revealed his new name, and his guardians swore their loyalty once more, and so began their quest to spread the name of Ainz Ooal Gown through this world.

To be continued...Ainz's First Mate!