

**Chapter 3**  
**Battle of Carne Village**



OVERLORD [1] The undead king

3章 カルネ村の戦い

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## Part 1

The dressroom inside Momonga's chambers was filled with all kind of different items, almost reaching the point of running out of space. From cloaks to other things, Momonga could find all kinds of equipment and items here. Sometimes he bought body armor, but after they became useless to him they were just stored in here. Not only armor, also weapons ranging from staves to swords, there was no shortage of anything.

By killing Monsters in YGGDRASIL, data crystals would drop. These crystals could be attached to items afterwards and countless original items could be created this way. If there was an awesome item for sale, many people would be unable to help themselves and buy it.

As a result, that was the state this room has become.

From the variety of weapons in the room, Momonga freely picks a sword. Because there is no fitting scabbard, the silver blade shines brightly in the light. Engraved on the sword's blade were text-like symbols and because of the reflected light they were easy to see.

Momonga picked it up and waved it around. It was light as a feather.

This was certainly not because the sword was made of a very light material, but because of Momonga's immense strength. Because Momonga is a magician, his magic related stats were high but his stats for physical fitness were comparatively low. But after reaching level one hundred, he accumulated a lot of strength status points through training, which shouldn't be underestimated. If he encountered a low level monster, he easily dealt with it by using only his staff.

Momonga slowly assumed a stance with the sword, but the sound of a hard metal percussion could immediately be heard inside. The sword Momonga was wielding in his hand just now falls on the floor.

The maids in the room came over immediately to pick up the sword from the ground and present it to Momonga. However, Momonga did not take it and was instead staring at his empty hands. This is it. This made Momonga confused.

If the living NPC's behaviour, words and deeds made people think that the life in this world is not a game, then what about the shackles of the body. It has yet to make people feel tired of living in the game.

In YGGDRASIL, it was impossible for someone like Momonga, who never picked a warrior based class, to equip a Sword. But if this world became the real world, being unable to use a sword should be impossible.

Momonga shook his head and decided to stop brooding over this matter. In the absence of sufficient information, no matter how much he searched, he wouldn't find an answer.

"Clean up."

The maids followed Momonga's instructions and he turns around to look at a wall which was almost entirely covered with mirrors, showing a skeleton wearing clothes.

Seeing how their own familiar body turned into this alien form should cause a dreadful feeling. However, Momonga feels completely indifferent and that didn't even feel weird to him.

Because he played YGGDRASIL before, he was already familiarized with his current appearance, but there was also another reason for his calmness.

Just like his outer appearances, it appeared that his mental faculties had been affected as well. First, there were his emotions: as soon as he experienced strong emotions, they would be immediately put aside in order to calm him down, it was almost like something was repressing them. Another point was his lack of any kind of desire, be it hunger or sleep. At first there seemed to be a sexual appetite, but even after touching Albedo's soft chest, there wasn't any additional impulse.

Feeling as if he lost something very important, Momonga couldn't help but look at his waist:

"Since there is no actual use ..... Will it disappear?"

Becoming slightly emotional, he starts to utter this out of frustration, but before he could finish half of his sentence, that feeling completely vanished.

Momonga believed these changes to be extremely useful, particularly his mental changes.

Perhaps an Undead is completely resistant to spiritual attacks.

Although now Momonga possessed an undead body and mind, he was still a human deep inside. Because of that, there would be moments when he experienced emotions, but the moment those emotions became too strong, they would be repressed instantly. Momonga was afraid that he would lose all his emotion in the future if he continued to stay within his undead body.

Of course, it wouldn't be a big deal if that happened, because no matter what the world was like, the way Momonga saw himself would not change.

Besides, there were also NPCs like Sharutia around. Maybe being undead was not the cause for this, even if it was too soon to say.

“——「Create Greater Item」.”

After casting the spell, his body was instantly covered by a full set of plate armor. The armor was made of steel with a black matte luster and covered with gold and purple decorations, giving it a very expensive appearance. After wearing it, Momonga moved a bit to check. Although his body felt some pressure, the armor was not restricting his movement.

The armor was fitting very well and covered every part of his body, making it impossible for any of his bones to be visible.

If it was magically created equipment Momonga was able to equip it, just like in YGGDRASIL.

Momonga admired this great magic, his reflection of wearing the full-faced helmet gave him the look of a majestic warrior, and he didn't look like a magician at all. Momonga nodded his head in satisfaction, swallowing his non-existent saliva. With a mischievous and innocent look, Momonga said:

“I'm going out for a bit.”

“The guards are ready at any time.”

The maid immediately answered out of reflex. But——

*This is starting to get really annoying.*

On the first day of being followed by guards, he felt rather oppressed; on the second day, he started getting used to it and wanted to show off with his guards, but when it came to the third day——

Momonga could not help but let out a sigh.

No matter where he went, his bodyguards were following him. Additionally, people would bow whenever they met him. This feeling was just too heavy.

He would be able to endure it if he could just casually walk around with his guards. But that was impossible. Because he had to maintain his role as ruler of the Great Tomb of Nazarick, he couldn't show the slightest amount of weakness, so it was nerve-racking. For an ordinary person like Momonga, this was extremely exhausting.

Even if any of his strong emotional outbursts was immediately suppressed, they still made him feel as if he was burnt by a small flame.

Especially with incredibly beautiful women following him and not leaving his side, all the while taking meticulous care of him. As a man he would obviously feel happy, but there was still the problem of his privacy being invaded.

This mental fatigue was also part of his human side.

As the ruler of the Great Tomb of Nazarick, it would be very dangerous if he was caught up in an emergency situation while being mentally exhausted. During a key moment, he might make a fatal mistake.

He needed to relax a little.

After coming to this conclusion, Momonga opened his eyes. Although his expression didn't change, the fire within his eyes grew stronger.

"No need.... I don't want anyone to follow me, I just want to walk on my own."

"Please wait, in the case that Momonga-sama encounters any trouble, we must act as as your shield, we absolutely cannot let anything happen to Momonga-sama."

It would be too heartless to ignore their feelings of wanting to sacrifice their lives in order to protect their master who just wanted to have a relaxing walk.

However, it has been three days since the occurrence of the abnormal situation, which would amount to at least 72 hours. During all this time, Momonga has been trying to maintain his dignity as ruler of the Great Tomb of Nazarick, and his heart was eager to rest.

So although he felt sorry for them, Momonga had already prepared an excuse:

"... I have something secret to attend to, so I won't allow anyone following me."

A brief silence.

Momonga felt like a long period of time passed, then the maid finally answered:

"Yes, Momonga-sama. Please take care."

Looking at the maid who believed his excuse, Momonga felt bad about his deception but he decided to just ignore that feeling.

Nothing should go wrong if he took a little break. First, he would go and see the outside scenery for himself. Yes, he had to confirm with his own eyes if it was possible to go to other places, this was extremely important.

The real reason why Momonga invented more and more excuses was because he felt that his current behavior was too selfish.

Shaking off his feelings of guilt, Momonga activated the power of his ring.

The place he was sent to was a huge plaza. Nearby were multiple slender stone tables that were meant for corpses, but right now there were none. The floor was covered with brightly polished limestone and behind Momonga was a staircase leading downwards, ending in front of a large gate leading to the first floor of the Great Tomb of Nazarick. The walls didn't have any torches, the only source of light came from the blue and white light from the moon. Using the power of the ring of Ainz Ooal Gown, it was possible to instantly teleport to the place closest to the surface, the ground floor of the Great Tomb of Nazarick, the Central Shrine.

With just a few steps it was possible for him to walk outside. Although his destination was just in front of him, Momonga did not move because he encountered an unexpected situation.

Momonga saw several unusual figures. There were three different types of monsters, four of each, totalling up to 12 of them.

One of them looked like a terrifying demon, it had a scaly body and fangs protruded out of his mouth, it also had long sharp claws on its stout arms. In front of it snake-like tail was a pair of burning wings, giving it the appearance of a devil.

Another one was a female monster with a black crow head wearing skintight leather equipment. The last monster was wearing armor that exposed its chest, showing off his chest and strong abs. If it wasn't for the black bat wings on his back and the two horns coming out from his temples, you would be unable to tell if it was a monster or not. Although it looked like a handsome man, from his eyes one could see an insatiable desire.

Their names were Demon of Wrath, Demon of Jealousy and Demon of Greed. All of the demons looked at Momonga, unmoving, only staring at him intensely. A serious gaze that would make people feel pressure.

They were monsters around level 80, who spawned in Demiurge's realm of the Underground Volcano, near the door to the 8th floor with the responsibility of guarding it. Normally the duty of guarding the ground floor would fall to Sharutia's undead soldiers. Why would Demiurge's soldiers be here?

A shadow appeared next to the monsters, although unseen in the beginning, a devil appeared. With his appearance, the puzzle was finally solved.

"Demiurge..."

Being called, the devil let out a surprised look. That look could be viewed as asking "why was my master here" or "who was this mysterious monster?"

Momonga bet on that possibility and moved forward. If he had stopped moving, it would be strange if his true identity was not found out. For now he continued to walk towards the wall, intent on ignoring those demons and walking past them.

Their eyes focused on his body, but Momonga used his willpower to repress his emotions of cowardice, he stood tall and moved on.

When the distance between the two sides is gradually narrowing down, all the demons went down on one knee to greet him. The person standing in front of the saluting party is of course Demiurge. The movement is quite neat and elegant, as if he was the incarnation of a prince.

“Momonga-sama. What are you doing here all alone, without bringing your guards? And also changing into this kind of attire...”

The secret got immediately exposed.

Demiurge could be considered as the one having the highest wisdom inside the Great Tomb in Nazarick, so being seen through by him was understandable. But Momonga thinks that the reason that Demiurge saw through his disguise was due to the fact that Momonga had teleported here.

The only person in Nazarick who could freely use teleport, was the only owner of an Ainz Ooal Gown ring - Momonga.

“Ah... There are many reasons. If it's Demiurge, you should know why I am dressed like this.” Demiurge made a complicated expression. After a few breaths he said:  
“Forgive me, I do not understand Momonga-sama's intentions——”

“Call me Black Knight.”

“Black Knight-sama....”

Demiurge looked like he wanted to say something, but Momonga decided to ignore it. Even though the name sounded very modest, compared to the names of the monsters in the game, this name was very normal.

There was a reason as to why he wanted Demiurge to correct himself. Although Demiurge's servants were the only ones present, this place was originally a gateway, there should be many different servants passing by. In order to not let them know that he was Momonga, he wanted to avoid mentioning this name.

It was unclear how much of his intentions Demiurge understood. At that moment, Demiurge suddenly looked as if he had a revelation.

“I see... So that’s what’s going on.”

*Huh? What?*

Momonga could not help wondering.

Momonga was unable to guess how much the intelligent Demiurge was able to understand. He could only let out non-existent sweat from under his full-faced helmet, hoping that he would at least be able to see through his intentions.

“Momon-.... Black Knight-sama’s profound insight, I finally have a slight grasp on it. This is surely a worthy problem for a ruler. But as to the issue of you having no companions with you, I cannot idly sit by. Although I know doing this would cause some problems, but I hope that you will mercifully allow us to follow you.”

“..... There’s really no helping it. Then I will allow just one person.”

Demiurge let out an elegant smile.

“I am grateful that Black Knight-sama would grant my willful request.”

“.... Just call me Black Knight, no need for any honorifics.”

“How could we! I absolutely will not allow addressing you in this way. Of course, if it was some kind of undercover work, or some kind of very special task or command, I could obey this command, but in the Great Tomb of Nazarick, there is no one who would dare to address you in this way Momonga-sama... No, Black Knight-sama!”

Hearing Demiurge’s passionate speech, Momonga felt moved, and could not help but nod. In his heart he thought that calling himself Black Knight would cause other people to make fun of him for choosing such a stupid name and he started to regret choosing this name.

“I’m sorry, Momon... Black Knight-sama, I have taken up your valuable time. Then the rest of you will be on standby, on the way back tell the others I will be leaving for the outside.”

“Yes sir, Demiurge-sama”

“The servants also approve. Come Demiurge, let’s go.”

Momonga passed the bowing Demiurge. Raising his head, Demiurge followed after.



“Why is Momon... \*cough\*, Black Knight-sama dressed in this way?”

“Don’t know, but there should be some reason.”

The confused demons who were left behind asked.

It was not because of Momonga teleporting, they they actually saw through him.

Although Momonga was unable to detect it, everyone inside the Great Tomb of Nazarick, no, everyone inside Ainz Ooal Gown emitted a special kind of presence which the servants used to determine if another person was an ally or not. Furthermore, the original 41 rulers of the Great Tomb of Nazarick——of which only Momonga was left——had a special presence that enveloped their whole bodies, allowing the servants to know immediately who their rulers were. They would be able to sense such an incredibly strong presence no matter how far away it was. Even though Momonga covered his whole body in plate armor, they would never confuse him with somebody else.

His aura was even easier to distinguish compared to others.

Someone was climbing up the staircase leading to the first floor of Nazarick.

Judging from the aura coming from the direction of the stairs, it could be determined that it was a Floor Guardian.

Walking up the stairs and coming into sight was the beautiful face of the Commander of the Guardians, Albedo. Seeing that they were in front of Demiurge’s direct superior, the demons all knelt down.

For Albedo, the sight of them kneeling down was natural and as if she did not see them, she began to scan her surroundings.

Being unable to find what she was looking for, Albedo moved towards the demons and questioned them.

“... I do not see Demiurge, where has he gone?”

“That... Just now Black Knight-sama came, so Demiurge has followed him outside.”

“Black Knight... sama? I have never heard of that name... Demiurge went with that person? A dignified Guardian follow him out? Isn’t that too weird?”

The demons did not know what to do, and could not help but face forward.

Albedo looked at the demons with a warm smile.

“Would a mere servant dare to hide something from me?”

Her warm and gentle warning made them shudder with fear and the demons were unable to continue hiding the truth.

“Demiurge-sama has determined that Black Knight-sama is actually the person we serve.”

“.... Momonga-sama was here!”

Albedo squeaked and the demons calmly replied:

“.... No, that person’s name is Black Knight-sama.”

“.... What about the guards? Did Demiurge receive instructions from Momonga-sama? But I had already made an appointment with him and Demiurge couldn’t have known that Momonga-sama was coming here, right? Forget it, let’s put this aside. First, I have to get some clothes ready and take a bath!”

Albedo touched her own clothes.

Working around the clock had made her clothes dirty, her wings and tail were also looking disheveled.

However, even if a peerless beauty like Albedo became a little dirty, it would not diminish her good looks in any way. It was like having a million points reduced by a single point, it was no big deal and had no discernable effect on her beauty. But for Albedo, this kind of thing was unacceptable and she wouldn’t allow the one she loved to see her this way.

“The closet bathroom.... Would be at where Sharutia is?.... I will be met with some suspicion.... But I should be able to bear with it for now. You there, go to my room and bring me some clothes! Quickly!”

At this moment, one of the demon’s addressed the departing Albedo. That demon would be the Demon of Jealousy.

“.... Albedo-sama, I mean no disrespect, but wouldn’t your current attire be good?”

“.... What did you say?”

Albedo stopped and angrily answered. She believed that the demon wanted her to look dirty when she goes to see Momonga.

“.... No, I just thought that Albedo-sama is such a beautiful lady, if you were to show that you have been working hard at carrying out his orders, you would give a more favourable impression. In the end, it would be more advantageous to Albedo-sama right?”

The other demons also recommended——”By the time that Albedo-sama finishes showering and getting dressed to appear in front of Momonga-sama... Black Knight-sama, who knows how much time will pass. To miss such an opportunity, wouldn't it be a pity?”

“Hmm——” Albedo was deep in thought. What they said was not wrong.

“That makes sense..... Maybe it's because it has been a long time since I last panicked. I can only see Momonga-sama after 18 hours, don't you think 18 hours is too long?”

“Yes, it is too long”

“Wanting to establish an operating organization as soon as possible and return to Momonga-sama's side.... no more loitering around, I need to go and find Momonga-sama quickly. Where is he now?”

“He just left through that door.”

“Here?”

Although Albedo answered coldly, her face showed a shy smile and she cutely flapped her wings at the opportunity to see Momonga. She quickly stepped past the demons.

Then the footsteps suddenly stopped, Albedo asked the demons again:

“I'll ask again: going to see Momonga-sama like this will improve his impression of me?”

Leaving the shrine, a beautiful scene greeted Momonga. The Great Tomb of Nazarick had an area of about 200 square meters. It was surrounded by six-meter thick walls for protection with an entrance in the front and the back.

The grass in the cemetery was kept short, giving it a refreshing atmosphere. But on the other hand, the cemetery had large leafy trees, covering the whole area in shade, creating a gloomy feeling. There were also many white tombstones laying about in a messy arrangement.

Properly trimmed grass and the disorderly tombstones created a strong sense of disparity. Not only that, but the area was also dotted with the fine carvings of angels and goddesses, along with other artworks. But one couldn't help looking down on the chaotic design of this cemetery. Also, excluding the four small shrines in the four corners of the cemetery, there was a huge central shrine with a six-meter high statue of a warrior being protected by soldiers.

It was from the Central Shrine of the Great Tomb of Nazarick that Momonga came out of.

Momonga stood at the top of the board stone steps and quietly overlooked the scenery.

The Great Tomb of Nazarick was located at Hel Heim, which was a cold world with a neverending night. Because of the eternal night, the atmosphere was quite dark and the sky would always be covered with dark clouds. But the scenery today was different.

In front of his eyes was the beautiful night sky.

Momonga looked at the sky, and let out a sigh full of emotion, constantly shaking his head as he could not believe what he was seeing.

“To be able to do this in a virtual world... It truly is amazing.... The air here is fresh and there is no trace of contamination in the atmosphere. People who are born into this world wouldn’t need artificial lungs or hearts....”

He has never seen such a clear sky.

Momonga wanted to cast magic, but was hindered by the armor he was wearing. Certain magic related classes had special skills and being able to cast while wearing armor was one of them, but Momonga never learned that skill. So the full body armor that he was wearing hindered his ability to cast spells. Even if it was armor that was created with magic, it still did not have the advantage of being able to cast spells while wearing it. While wearing the armor, there were only five types of spells that could be casted. Sadly the spell Momonga wanted to use was not one of these five types.

Momonga extended his hand into empty air and took out an accessory. It was a necklace in the shape of a bird’s wings.

Wearing the necklace, he focused his awareness onto the necklace, activating the power hidden inside.

“Flight.”

Casting off the shackles of gravity, Momonga slowly floated up into the sky. He continued to speed up, raising upwards in a straight line in one breath.

Although Demiurge hurriedly chased after him, Momonga paid him no mind, and continued to rise. Unknowingly he has risen up several hundred meters.

Then Momonga slowly decelerated and took off his helmet, he was speechless——No, looking at this world he became speechless.

The bluish white light from the moon and stars drove away the darkness on the ground. Blowing in the breeze, the swaying grasslands looked like a shining world. The countless stars in the sky along with the moon and planets gave off a brilliant radiance, complementing the scenery on the ground.

Momonga could not help but sigh:

“Beautiful... No, too beautiful for words.... I have no idea what kind of face Blue Planet-san would make if he saw this...”

If he saw a world with no air, water or soil pollution.

Momonga thought about his companion, thinking about when he appeared on the net, he was praised as a romantic, on his face that looked like a rock showed a smile——a warm and gentle man who loved the night sky.

No, what he loved was nature. He loved nature even though it would be polluted and disappear. Because he wanted to admire a scenery that no longer existed in reality, he started playing Yggdrasil. He also spent a lot of his time and hard work on crafting and designing the sixth floor, especially the night sky, thereby creating his ideal world.

For such a nature loving person, it was especially exciting when it came down to talking about nature. It almost went to the point of over-enthusiasm.

If he saw this world, there would be no telling how excited he would be, or how deep or passionate the discussion would be like.

Momonga who really wanted to hear the profound knowledge of his old friend, Blue Planet, whom he missed greatly. He slightly turned to his side.

Of course there was no one next to him. It was impossible.

Momonga heard the sound of flapping wings, and the changing shape of Demiurge entered his eyes.

From his back was a pair of wet looking, black wings. His face also went from human to a frog like face. This was Demiurge's half demon form.

Some of the heteromorphic races classes can transform into several different forms. In Nazarick, both Sebastian and Albedo have different forms.

Although it was troublesome to learn these unusual racial forms, they had been popular for a long time because one could be like a final boss with several forms from different heteromorphic races. A lot of people liked these unusual races, but having settings like pure human or half human had some weaknesses, while playing as a heteromorphic race gave special abilities.

Momonga looked away from the transformed Demiurge and back to the stars in the sky, like speaking to friends who were not here Momonga sighed:

“.... Even just relying on the moon and the stars I can see the scenery.... Its hard to believe this is really the real world. Blue Planet-san.... The sky is really shining like a jewelry box.”

“Perhaps that is so. This world’s beauty must surely be precious stones created just for the sake of decorating Momon——Black Knight-sama.”

Demiurge gave out words of flattery.

The sudden speech seemed to have come from his partner’s strange delusions, made Momonga feel a little angry. However looking at a scenery like this, the anger soon disappeared.

Moreover, after looking down on the world he felt as if it was very small. In his heart he started to think that continuing to act like an evil Overlord was a pretty good idea.

“It is truly beautiful. These stars were meant to decorate me eh... Perhaps it is so. I will leave my body here, in order to obtain this jewel box that belongs to no one.”

Momonga extended his hand in front of him and clenched his fist. The stars in the sky seemed to fall into his hand. Of course, it was because the stars were being blocked by his hand. Momonga shrugged at his childish behavior, turned towards Demiurge and said:

“.... No, this isn’t something that I alone should have. Perhaps it should be used to decorate the Great Tomb of Nazarick——the Ainz Ooal Gown of me and my friends.”

“...A truly aweinspiring speech. If you wish, I will immediately bring the armies of Nazarick and take this jewel box. Presenting this gift to my beloved Momonga-sama, would be Demiurge’s greatest honor.”

Towards Demiurge’s grand act, Momonga softly smiled.

Thinking about whether Demiurge is also immersed in this atmosphere.

“For now we do not know what kinds of creatures live in this world, so I can only point out the fallacy of your idea. Our presence here is extremely small. However, conquering the world is a very interesting idea.”

Conquering the world would be something only the bad guys who appear in children’s television shows would say.

In fact, it wouldn’t be easy to conquer the world. Problems would also arise if one does conquer the world, since law and order had to be maintained to prevent rebellion, there had to be unity

between the countries and so on. Just by thinking about some of these things, the idea of actually conquering the world would quickly lose its appeal.

Although Momonga was fully aware of these things, he still spoke about wanting to conquer the world. Because after seeing the beauty of this world, his childish desires were triggered by it. Also, because of having to maintain his act of the leader of the notorious Ainz Ooal Gown, he accidentally let out some childish lines

In addition, there was another reason.

“.... Urbet-san, Luci★Fer-san, Variable Talisman-san, Beruriba-san....”

More than once he remembered jokingly saying to his guild members “together we will conquer the world of Yggdrasil”.

He knew that Demiurge was the smartest person in Nazarick, so he should understand that the talk about conquering the world was just some childish nonsense.

Had Momonga known what kind of expression the frog-faced Demiurge was making, the conversation wouldn't have ended there.

Momonga did not look at Demiurge, just staring at the horizon where the earth met the sky.

“.... An unknown world. But in this world... Is there only me? Did the other guild members also come here?”

Although it was impossible to create a second character in YGGDRASIL, for those who had already left the game it was possible to create a new character just to come back for the last day. It was also possible that Meromero had returned during the moment the server was supposed to shut down.

In conclusion, Momonga living here was an abnormal situation. If this was caused by some unknown phenomenon, then others who were still playing the game could have been stranded in this world, just like him.

Although he could not contact them using 「Message」, it could be due to many other factors. For example, being on a different continent, or some kind of magical effect.

“.... If its like this.... If I let the whole world know about the name Ainz Ooal Gown...”

If there were any of his companions around, they might hear about it. And they would surely come. Momonga was convinced about the friendship between them.

Immersed in his thoughts, Momonga suddenly turned to look at Nazarick, and was met with an impressive sight.

The ground around about one hundred meters of Nazarick were generating huge wave of soils similar to ocean waves. The plains slowly began to grown into little bulges and moved slowly in a certain direction. They began to gather together, finally becoming a small hill closing in on Nazarick.

The mounds of soil pounded against the walls of Nazarick, crushing them, like waves of a tsunami hitting from all directions.

“... 「Land of Waves」 . Looks like he’s not only using his technical skills, but to also his class skills to increase the area of effect...”

Momonga admired quietly. In Nazarick, there was only one person capable of such magic. *As expected of Mare. Looks like leaving the task of hiding the walls to him was a good choice after all.*

“Yes, in addition to Mare, the tireless undead tired and Golems are also helping. But the progress is too slow and not good enough. After moving the earth there will be many depressions where plants would have to be placed in order to hide them. This will further increase Mare’s workload...”

“.... Hiding the walls of Nazarick should take a very long time, the problem is whether or not we will be discovered during the construction. How is the security situation around here?”

“The beginning stages of the early warning systems have already completed. If there are any intelligent biological invasions, we would know immediately while keeping the intruder unaware of the situation.”

“Good work. But... These early warning systems are also done by the servants?”

After receiving Demiurge’s confirmation, just in case, Momonga felt the construction of another alert network would be appropriate.

“.... About the construction of the system, I have an idea. Please build it like this.”

“Yes sir. After consulting with Albedo, we will combine our efforts. Yes, Black Knight-sama—  
—”

“—Enough, Demiurge. Calling me Momonga is fine”

“Understood... May I ask what is Momonga-sama’s next schedule?”

“I plan to visit Mare and provide him with a suitable reward for accomplishing his task perfectly...”



Demiurge let out a smile. It was a gentle smile, completely different from something one would expect of a demon.

“To receive appreciation directly from Momonga-sama would already be a great reward... this... Many apologies, but I suddenly thought of something that I need to take care of. As for Mare’s location...”

“No problem. You may leave, Demiurge.”

“Many thanks, Momonga-sama.”

Once Demiurge started to fly away, Momonga also started to float down to the ground, and once again donned his helmet. Located at his destination was a Dark Elf, who noticed something and tilted his head to look up to the sky——Seeing Momonga he was shocked. Waiting for Momonga to land, Mare hurriedly ran over. His skirt fluttering in the wind.

A little bit could be seen. No, Momonga totally did not want to see, he was just curious about what was worn underneath.

“Momo-, Momonga-sama, it is an honor for you to come here.”

“Eh.... Mare there is no need to be afraid, just take it slow. If you are not used to it, you do not need to be so formal... Of course it’s only in private.”

“Th-, that cannot be done, how could I not use honorifics to address you... Even my sister would never do so. That would be too rude.”

Although he did not like children to treat him so respectfully...:

“So its like that, Mare. If you insist then I have no objections. However, I want you to know that I never forced you to do so.”

“Ye-, Yes! .... Spe-, speaking of which, Momonga-sama why have you come here? Ha-, have I perhaps done something wrong....”

“Nothing of the sort Mare. I came here to reward you.”

Mare’s expression went from worry and fear from being scolded, to becoming surprised.

“The job that Mare currently has is extremely important, because the people of this world could have an average level of 100 or more. If there are those kinds of opponents, even with the alert network, it will also be necessary to hide the Great Tomb of Nazarick from preying eyes. This is an important matter.”

Mare constantly nodded in agreement.

“So Mare, I wanted you to know that the way you are doing your job is perfect and satisfies me. Entrusting this job to you, makes me feel at ease.”

Something that Momonga learnt from his experiences in society, is that superiors must praise the hard work of outstanding subordinates.

The Guardians all gave Momonga high evaluations, so in order to maintain their loyalty, Momonga must also assess them highly on their job.

If the Guardians and NPCs that the guild created, felt betrayed and disappointed after trying to maintain a perfect performance, it would be Momonga's failure as a leader. That was why he always had to pay attention, and maintain the attitude of a ruler in front of them.

"... You can understand my thoughts right, Mare?"

"Yes! Momonga-sama!"

Although he was wearing female clothing, looking at Mare's tense face you could clearly see he was male.

"Very good, then for your excellent work, I want to give you a reward."

"Ho-, how can I! This is my duty!"

"... According to your work performance, it is only proper to present you with a reward."

"No-, no! Our sole reason to exist is to serve the Supreme Ruler, so our hard work is the most natural thing to do!"

With such a back and forth discussion, the opinions will never intersect, so Momonga came up with a compromise.

"How about this. Giving you this reward, I also hope that you will continue to be loyal to me, that way there shouldn't be a problem, right?"

"Is, is there really no problem?"

With a strong attitude Momonga took out the reward——It was a ring.

"Momo-, Momonga-sama... You took the wrong thing!"

"No——"

"——Wrong! That is the ring of Ainz Ooal Gown, only the Supreme Rulers can hold it! I cannot possibly accept such a thing."

Mare trembled at the unexpected reward, and Momonga was also surprised at his reaction. Indeed, this ring was only for a dedicated member of the guild to use, there were only one hundred of these special items. These rings were already distributed among the 41 other members, so there were another 59 rings——No, 58 rings who did not have an owner. This was

indeed a valuable item, but to give this as a reward, there was the hope it would be properly utilized.

In order to calm Mare who wanted to run away, Momonga solemnly told Mare:

“Calm down, Mare.”

“No, no, no way! How could I accept the ring that only the Supreme ruler can have——”

“Think calmly Mare. In the Great Tomb of Nazarick, not having the ability to teleport would bring about a lot of inconvenience.”

Hearing this, Mare slowly started to calm down.

“I hope that in the event that an enemy attack, each of the Guardians could act as a commander for every floor, when it comes to that time, if you cannot freely teleport or escape, it would be too unsightly; that is why I am giving this ring to you.”

Momonga held the ring in his hand. Under the moonlight, the ring seemed to emit a glorious shine.

“Mare, I feel very happy about your loyalty: I also understand why, as a subordinate, you wouldn’t want to accept the ring that represents us. However, if you understand my feelings then you will accept my command and take this ring.”

“Bu-, But, why me.... Could it be the other Guardians received one...?”

“Although I intend to give one to them, you would be the first. Because I am satisfied with your work, if I gave it to someone who did nothing it would devalue the ring as a reward. Do you want me to reduce the value of this ring?”

“No-, I would never dare!”

“Then take it, Mare. After taking this ring, continue working hard for both Nazarick and me.”

Mare nervously extended his hand, and slowly accepted the ring.

Seeing Mare do this, Momonga felt guilty. Even though he wanted to give the ring as a gift, he also had another selfish reason.

If others were able to teleport as well, it would become easier for Momonga to move unnoticed.

Once Mare put on the ring of Ainz Ooal Gown, it instantly changed its size to fit Mare's slender finger. Mare started intensely at the ring on his finger, relaxed a little and sighed. Then he bowed deeply towards Momonga... "Momonga-sama, thank-, thank you very much for giving me this gift... From now on, I will work harder in order to not disappoint the expectations of Momonga-sama!"

"Then forgive me for troubling you, Mare."

"Yes!"

Mare resolutely answered, his young face showing off an unwavering resolve.

*The one who designed Mare, Simmering Teapot-san, why did you make him wear this kind of clothes?*

Was it to create a contrast to Aura's attire or was there another reason?

Just as Momonga was thinking about this, Mare asked a question.

"If-, If I may ask Momonga-sama... Why are you dressed this way?"

"... Eh, Well..."

Because he wanted to sneak away——Of course he could not say that.

Mare looked up with sparkling eyes and watched the troubled Momonga. How would he deceive him? If this fails, then his act of being a dignified superior would go to waste. There was no subordinate who would approve of a superior who wanted to sneak away. Momonga tried to come up with an excuse but was unable to think of anything, but at that moment a voice spoke up behind them.

"It is simple, Mare"

Turning around Momonga was immediately entranced.

She could be seen as a beautiful lady standing in the moonlight. The bluish moonlight illuminated her, making her shine as if a goddess had descended. Her black wings were waving, blowing a gust of wind in front of them.

It was Albedo.

Although Demiurge had also arrived, due to Albedo's beauty Momonga did not notice his presence immediately.

“Momonga-sama wore the armor in order to conceal his name, to avoid interrupting anyone’s work. If they saw Momonga-sama’s arrival, everyone would stop what they were doing and salute in respect. However, Momonga-sama did not want to interfere with everyone’s work and that’s why he dressed up as the Black Knight.”

Is that right, Momonga-sama? Hearing Albedo’s question, Momonga immediately nodded: “As expected of Albedo, to see through my intentions.”

“As the Commander of the Guardians, this is a given. No, even if I was not the Commander, I believe I would still be able to understand Momonga-sama’s heart.”

Smiling, Albedo gave a deep bow, while Demiurge showed a complicated expression. Even though he disagreed with her, he had no way to clear up her misconceptions.

“So it was like that...”  
Mare realised after hearing the explanation.

Looking at her line of sight towards Mare, Momonga saw something incredible. Albedo’s eyes suddenly widened, as if her eyes were going to pop out, and with jerky movements she pointed towards Mare’s finger.

Just as Momonga started thinking about it, Albedo’s face suddenly returned to her original beautiful appearance, as if the scene from before was just an illusion.

“... Anything wrong?”  
“Ah, no, nothing is wrong... Well then, Mare, sorry to bother you. Continue your work after some rest.”

“Ye-, Yes! Then Momonga-sama, I will retire first.”  
Momonga casually nodded, Mare then left while rubbing the ring on his finger.

“Speaking of which, why is Albedo here?”

“Yes, because I heard from Demiurge that Momonga-sama would be here, I decided to give my regards. I apologise that you have to see my dirty appearance.”

Hearing the words dirty, Momonga looked at Albedo, but was unable to think of her as dirty at all. Although there was a bit of dirt on her clothes, it totally did not detract from her beauty.

“Nothing of the sort Albedo, your beauty will not lose its luster over something like this. Of course, having such a beautiful woman run around like this feels wrong to me. But right now, the situation is quite dire, so forgive me. I hope that you will continue your hard work for Nazarick.”

“For Momonga-sama, no matter how difficult it is, there will be no problems!”

“Thank you for your devotion. Right... Albedo, there is something I want to give to you.”

“... What... Is it?”

Humbly bowing her head, Albedo asked in a dull tone. Momonga took out a ring and of course it was a ring of Ainz Ooal Gown.

“As the Commander of the Guardians, you would definitely need this.”

“... Many thanks.”

Her reaction differed greatly from Mare, so Momonga felt somewhat disappointed. But then he immediately realised his mistake.

The corners of Albedo’s mouth started to spasm, her face was constantly changing. Her wings were constantly trembling and that was because she was suppressing her urge to spread them. Taking the ring——she was already tightly clutching it——she started to tremble. No matter how stupid the person, her excitement was obvious to everyone.

“Continue with your loyalty. As for Demiurge... We will talk next time.”

“Understood, Momonga-sama. I will continue to work hard in order to earn the right to receive this great ring.”

“That’s it. With that the things I’ve wanted to do is done, I should return back to the 9th floor before I receive a scolding.”

Seeing Albedo and Demiurge lowering their heads in response, Momonga activates his ring of Ainz Ooal Gown and started to teleport.

The moment the scenery started to change, he thought he heard the sound of a girl screaming “Kyaa!”, but since the idea that Albedo would use a crude expression like that was absurd, Momonga just assumed he heard wrongly.

## Part 2

The outskirts of the village were getting closer.

While running, Enri heard the constant sounds of metal hitting metal.

With a prayer, she looked back—and saw the worst possible situation. A knight was right behind the sisters.

Just a little bit more and he would catch up with them.

Enri held back the urge to curse about her situation, she no longer had any strength left to waste complaining.

Her breath felt short, her heart pumped so hard it felt like it was going to burst and her legs trembled constantly. Perhaps soon, she would be too exhausted and just fall to the ground.

If she was alone, she might have given up hope and lose all strength to run.

But holding the hand of her sister gave Enri the will to keep on running.

Yes, it was all because of wanting to save her sister, that Enri continued to flee now.

While running, she kept on looking back.

The distance had not changed. Although the knight was wearing armor, his speed was not slow at all. The difference between a highly trained soldier and a normal village girl was obvious.

Enri felt chills go down her spine. If this continued... It would be impossible to bring her sister to safety.

—*Let go.*

These words entered Enri’s mind.

—*If you’re alone, you may be able to escape.*

—*Do you want to die here?*

—*Splitting up wouldn’t necessarily be safer.*

“Shut up, shut up, shut up!”

Screaming loudly, Enri angrily reproached herself.

She was the worst sister.

Her younger sister looked like she was about to cry, but why wasn’t she already crying?

It was because she believed in her older sister. She believed that her older sister would save her.

Holding her younger sister's hand—the hand that gave her courage, Enri strengthened her resolve.

She could never abandon her sister.

“Ah!”

Enri wasn't the only one exhausted, her younger sister had also used up a lot of energy running away. Because of that, her steps suddenly stumbled, causing her she to scream and almost fall down.

The reason why the two did not fall down was because they were holding each others hands. It was only because of her younger sister pulling her up, that Enri didn't lose her balance.

“Quickly!”

“Huff, huff!”

Although they wanted to continue running, her sister's leg cramped up and stopped moving. Enri thought of carrying her sister, but metallic sounds stopped right next to her, scaring Enri to no end.

Standing beside her was a knight with a bloody sword. Not only that, the armor and helmet also had traces of blood splatter.

Enri stood in front of her sister and glared fiercely at the knight.

“Don't struggle unnecessarily.”

These words were said without the slightest hesitation, words full of ridicule. Words saying that even if they ran, they would not escape death.

Enri's heart suddenly burst out with emotion, wondering what he was talking about.

The knight slowly raised his sword above the unmoving Enri. The moment that the sword was about to come down onto Enri——

“Don't look down on people!”

“Guuu!”

Enri mercilessly struck his helmet. That strike held all of her anger and also all of her desire to protect her sister, she was not afraid of striking the metal with her fists. It was a strike that used up all her energy.

TL Note: VILLAGE GIRL SHORYUKEN!

Hearing the sound of bones breaking, pain suddenly spread throughout Enri's whole body. The knight who endured such a blow, started to sway violently.



“Run!”

“Eh!”

Enri endured the pain and started to run——then suddenly she felt a burning sensation on her back.

“——Wuuu!”

“You damn bitch!”

After being hit in the head by a simple village girl, the knight flew into a rage.

He had lost his calm and was wildly swinging his sword around. As a result he was unable to cut Enri down, but next time she wouldn't be so lucky. Because Enri was injured and the knight was raging, the next strike would definitely be fatal.

Enri looked at the sword raised high in front of her, shining in the light, and understood two things.

First, they would both be killed in a few seconds. Second, as an ordinary village girl, there was no way to resist.

The sword's tip was covered in a bit of her blood. That sight made her feel her own heartbeat, the pain from her back spreading through her body and the burning sensation of when she was cut.

Having never experienced this sort of pain before caused her to feel fear and she felt like vomiting.

Perhaps vomiting could dissipate the feeling of fear.

But Enri was looking for ways to survive, there was no time to waste throwing up.

Although in her heart she wanted to despair, Enri had a reason for not giving up. That was the feeling of warmth next to her chest——her younger sister.

At least my sister must live.

This one thought made Enri choose not to give up.

However, right in front of her stood a knight, mocking her determination.

Lifting his sword high, getting ready to swing the sword down.

It could have been her concentrating too much, or that the life or death situation made her mind go into overdrive, Enri felt time slow down as she thought of ways to save her sister.

But she couldn't think of a good solution. The most she could think of was to use her own body as a shield, and while the sword pierced her body, her sister could use that time to run away, that would be the last resort.

As long as she had strength left, no matter who pierced her, she wouldn't let go until the fire of her life burned out.

If that happened, then she would accept that fate.

Enri felt like a martyr and showed a smile.

This was the only thing that she could do for her sister. This thought made Enri smile.

She was unsure if her sister alone would be able to escape this hell.

Even if she fled into the forest, she could encounter patrolling soldiers. But as long as she could survive this, there was a chance that she would be able to escape. Just for the chance for her sister to live, Enri bet her life——no she bet her everything she had.

Even so, being scared of the incoming pain, she could not help but close her eyes. In the world of darkness, she mentally prepared herself for her imminent death——

### **Part 3**

Momonga sat on a chair, facing a mirror. The mirror was about 1 meter high and instead of showing his reflection, it had the image of a grassland. The mirror was like a television, showing the scene of an unknown prairie.

The grass swayed in the mirror, proving that it wasn't just a still image.

As time passed, the sun rose, driving away the darkness shrouding the grasslands. The picturesque charm of the rustic countryside was a huge difference as compared to the gloomy despair of Hel Heim, where Nazarick was previously located in.

Momonga pointed to the mirror and gently waved to the right. The scene reflected in the mirror quickly changed.

[Remote Viewing Lens].

For Player Killers (PK) or Player Killer Killers (PKK), this item that could display the location of players would be invaluable. However, if the players just use some low level anti-search magic, they could easily hide beyond sight. Not only that, it would be easy to receive an attack while using it, so the mirror was actually a very balanced item.

But with this, one could easily see the outside scenery and for the current situation this was a very useful tool.

Admiring the grasslands like watching a movie, the scenery in the mirror was constantly changing.

“I can change the images by waving my hand, then with that I should be able to view different angles of the same place.”

Momonga drew a circle in the air, the view of the the scenery changed. Although he kept on changing the view in the mirror using hand gestures, hoping to find people, he was unable to find any signs of intelligent life——preferably humans.

He continued doing this monotonous job, but the only things reflected on the mirror after every change were more grasslands. After watching for so long, he felt bored, and thus looked at the only other person in the room.

“Anything wrong Momonga-sama? If you require anything please do not hesitate to tell me.”

“No, it’s nothing, Sebastian.”

The other person in the room, Sebastian, showed a smile, but his previous sentence actually had another meaning. Although Sebastian is bound to absolutely obey any order, the fact that Momonga did not bring his entourage made Sebastian feel a bit unhappy.

After coming back from above ground, Sebastian lectured him.

“Well, he does have a point...”

Momonga spoke out what was in his heart.

When he was with Sebastian, he was reminded of his previous guild member, Touch Me-san. He was the one who designed Sebastian after all.

But he didn’t have to design Sebastian to look exactly like him, even his angry look was just as scary.

After silently complaining, Momonga once again looked at the mirror.

Momonga thought about teaching the technique of manipulating the mirror to Demiurge. This was in regards to what he told Demiurge previously, about an idea to improve the security network.

Although it would've been easier to give this responsibility to a subordinate, Momonga still felt like he should do this personally. Actually he had another motive, it was that he wanted his subordinates to see him hard at work and admire him. So he definitely cannot let boredom cause him to quit halfway. And the reason why wasn't he looking at things from a higher angle... if only there was a manual——With a bitter expression, Momonga continued the boring task of experimenting with the mirror.

An unknown amount of time passed.

It could have been a short time, but if there were no results, one could only feel that time was being wasted.

With an empty expression, Momonga randomly gestured, suddenly the scene grew bigger.  
“Oh!”

Surprise, joy, pride, with those emotions Momonga exclaimed. After a long time of making random hand gestures, finally the images changed according to his will. Like a group of programmers that had just finished eight hours of overtime, Momonga cheered.

In response to his cheers, sounds of applause could be heard. That sound obviously came from Sebastian.

“Congratulations, Momonga-sama. Truly admirable!”

After going through much trial and error and finally getting a result, would not necessarily be worth such praise. Momonga was thinking in this way, but after seeing Sebastian's happy expression, he frankly accepted his praise.

“Thank you, Sebastian, but for you to accompany for this long, I apologise.”

“What are you saying, to be at Momonga-sama's side, to obey your orders, would be the meaning of a butler's existence. There is no need to apologise... But, you have spent a lot of time doing this. Momonga-sama would you like to take a break?”

“No, there is no need. For someone undead like myself, there won't be any feelings of fatigue. However if you are tired, it is alright if you go rest.”

“Thank you for your thoughtfulness, but what kind of the servant rests while his master is hard at work. With the help of some items, I too will never feel physical fatigue, please allow me to stay by your side until you are finished.”

From that conversation, Momonga noticed one thing. It was that everyone would casually use game terms. Such as Special Skills, Classes, Items, Status, Damage, Negative Effects etc... With a serious face, they were saying game terms. Then from now on it would be easier to give instructions.

After Momonga approved of Sebastian's request, he returned to experimenting on methods to control the mirror. Finally finding a way to adjust the height of the view.

Showing a satisfied smile, Momonga began to look for places with people. Finally the scene of a village appeared.

Located approximately ten kilometers from the Great Tomb of Nazarick, near a forest, surrounded by wheat fields was a country style village. At first glance, the village was not all that advanced.

Momonga expanded the view of the village, and felt like something was strange.

".... Are they organising a festival?"

It was early in the morning and people were running in and out of houses, making everything feel very chaotic.

"No, this is no festival."

Coming to his side, and looking into the mirror with his sharp eyes. Sebastian gave a steely reply.

Sebastian's firm tone was full of disgust, after expanding the view, Momonga also frowned.

Knights wearing full suits of armor were raising their swords, chasing down villagers who wore nothing but rags.

This was a massacre.

With every strike, a villager would fall. The villagers did not seem to have any defense, they could only desperately escape. The knights continued to kill the fleeing villagers. In the fields you could see a horse eating the wheat, it probably belonged to one of the knights.

"Tch!"

Momonga made a sound, and wanted to immediately change the image. This village had no strategic value.

He might've tried to find a way to save the village if there was something to gain for him, but looking at the situation there was no reason at all to save the village.

There was no reason for him to save them.

After coming to that grim decision, Momonga began to doubt his own thoughts. There was a massacre right in front of his eyes, but all he could think about was what would be best for Nazarick. His heart already was missing the feelings of pity, anger or anxiety that a human should have.

It was like watching a television show about animals and insects preying on each other. Was it possible that after becoming an undead, he no longer considered himself as a human?

No, how could that be.

Momonga desperately tried to find excuses in order to justify his own thinking. He was not some righteous messenger.

Although he was at least level 100, just as he told Mare before, the world could have normal people who are also level 100. So one could not just head out into such an unknown world. The knights could have a reason to justify their actions. It could be sickness, crime or just a show of force, many different reasons came to Momonga's mind. Not only that, repelling the knights would turn the country they represented into his enemy.

Momonga stretched out his bony hand and——scratched his skull, thinking. After turning into an undead who was immune to mental effects, did he really feel nothing after looking at such a scene? Definitely not.

Waving again, the mirror reflected the image of another corner of the village.

What appeared was the scene of two knights about to end the life of a struggling villager. The villager had his hands bound and was unable to budge. In front of his eyes, the villager was pierced. The sword went through the body and out the other side, it was a fatal blow. However it did not stop there. One, two, three times——as if they were venting their anger, they repeatedly hacked at the villagers.

Finally, the knight kicked at the villager, as blood pooled around his body.

——The villager locked eyes with Momonga. Perhaps this was just his imagination.

This was definitely just a coincidence.

Without anti-search magic, it was impossible to detect the mirror's vision.

Blood flowed out from the villager's mouth, as he desperately tried to speak. His eyes blurred, he did not know where he was looking, it was clear that he was dying, but he opened his mouth and spoke one line:

——Please save my daughter——

“What are your plans?”

Sebastian seemed to have read the mood, and quietly asked.

There was only one answer. Momonga calmly answered:

“Nothing. There is no reason, value or benefit to saving them.

“——Yes sir.”

Momonga calmly looked at Sebastian——beside him he could see the shadow of his former guildmate.

“This... Touch Me-san...”

At this moment, Momonga thought of one line.

——*If the road is harsh, it is only natural to take your sword and help.*

When Momonga first started playing YGGDRASIL, hunting demi-human and heteromorphic races was extremely popular, and as an undead Momonga was subject to being hunted as well. On the verge of quitting YGGDRASIL, the words of a certain person saved him.

If it wasn't for those words, Momonga would not be here.

Momonga sighed softly, then showed a helpless smile. After remembering this memory, he had to go save those people.

“A man must always show gratitude... Anyways, sooner or later I would have to confirm my abilities in this world.”

After Momonga had finished talking to his friend who was not here, he enlarged the view of the village until it was fully visible. His purpose was to find any surviving villagers.

“Sebastian, raise Nazarick's alert level to the highest. I will go ahead first, notify Albedo that she should follow me fully armed. However, there is no need to bring Hell's Abyss. Then go and prepare some backup troops. We have to prepare for any unforeseen events that might render me

to be unable to escape, so prepare some people with stealth abilities in case we need to deal with the enemies in this village.”

“Yes Mylord, but protecting Momonga-sama is the duty that was passed to me.”

“Who gave you that kind of order... Those knights are razing that village, which means that there may be knights capable of invading Nazarick nearby. So you must stay behind.”

The scene changed, the image of a young girl punching a knight entered into his eyes. The girl held another younger girl, who must have been her sister, and they attempted to run. Momonga quickly opened his Item chest, and took out the staff of Ainz Ooal Gown.

The moment the girl tried to run, her back was slashed. Since time was of the essence, Momonga invoked the word of power:

“ 「Portal」 .”

No distance limitations, transfer failure rate 0%.

During the time that Momonga played YGGDRASIL, this was the most accurate teleportation magic.

The scene in front of his eyes changed.

Seeing the teleportation magic hindered by nothing, Momonga breathed a sigh of relief. To be captured instead of saving someone would be the worse outcome.

The scene in front of his eyes was exactly the same as before.

In front of his eyes were two girls cowering in fear.

Looking at the younger sister, he saw a head full of chestnut colored hair, braided into pigtails. Her healthy skin that were constantly exposed to the sun, now lost all color due to fear, her dark eyes overflowing with tears.

The younger sister was burying her face in the waist of her sister and shivered with fear. With cold eyes, Momonga stared at the knight in front of the two girls.

It was unclear whether it was because of Momonga’s sudden appearance, but the knight turned towards Momonga, forgetting about the sword that he was brandishing.



From young, Momonga had led a life bereft of violence. Regarding the current world that he was in, he was sure that it was not the virtual world, but instead the real world. Even so, looking into the eyes of the sword wielding knight in front of him, he was not in the least bit scared.

With that, he made a calm judgement.  
Momonga stretched out his hands and activated his magic:

“ 「Grasp Heart」 .”

This magic will crush the enemy's heart, out of the ten levels of magic, this magic was ranked at level nine of Necromancy magic. Of the Necromancy spells that Momonga had, many of them contained the property of death, this magic was one such spell.

The reason why he chose this spell was because even if the enemy managed to resist the spell, it will still cause him to become hazy as a negative side effect.

If it was resisted, he intended to take the two girls and jump into the open 『Portal』 . During a situation where he has yet to find out the details of his opponent, it would be better to have a plan where he could easily advance and retreat.

Just that he was completely unable to execute that plan.  
With the feeling of crushing something soft, the knight went limp and fell silent.

Momonga coldly looked at the fallen knight.  
His heart knew that his prediction came true... even after killing a person he felt nothing.

His heart felt no guilt, fear or confusion, it was as tranquil as the undisturbed surface of a lake.  
Why was that?

“So it seems... Its not just the body, but also my heart has stopped being human...”

Momonga walked forward.  
While walking pass the two girls, it could be fear due to the way that the knight died, but the younger sister, suspicious of Momonga, let out a sound.

Momonga obviously came to save her. Even so, the way that the girl reacted to him was strange, exactly what was she thinking?

Although he was skeptical, right now Momonga did not have much time. Confirming that the girl still had a bloody wound on her back, Momonga stood in front of the two girls and sharply watched the other knight exiting from the nearby house.

The knight, seeing Momonga, fearfully took a step back.

“... You dare to chase little girls, but don't have the courage to stand against enemies?”

Momonga faced the knight who was filled with fear, and started to choose what magic he wanted to use.

Previously, Momonga had used a spell, the high level 「Heart Grasp」. This was in a field of magic that he was well versed in. Because Momonga was an expert specialised in death spells, and because of his Undead Overlord class, the effect of 「Grasp Heart」 was greatly improved. However, with that he was unable to measure the real strength of the knights.

So in order for the knight to use any of his other skills, he mustn't be killed instantly. This way he can judge the strength of this world and also confirm his own strength.

“——Since I've took the time to come here, I should find another subject to experiment on. You will accompany me on this experiment.”

Although Momonga's Necromantic magic was strengthened, the power of his basic magic spells was not high. In addition, metal armor was usually weak against shock attacks, so during the time inside YGGDRASIL, most people would add shock resistance to their armor. Because of that, Momonga decided to use a shock spell against the knight, in order to calculate the damage.

In order not to kill the enemy, he did not use any special enhancing effects.

“ 「Lightning Dragon」 ”

White lightning that looked like a dragon fiercely surged forth from Momonga's hands and shoulders. Flashes of white lightning dazzled the eyes and went towards the knight that Momonga pointed at.

There was no escape and no defense.

The dragon-shaped lightning hit the body of the knight, letting out dazzling white light which, in a twist of fate, looked truly beautiful.

The dazzling light faded and like a broken doll, the knight fell to the ground. The body underneath the armored charred, letting out a foul stench.

Originally wanting to chase after the knight, Momonga was dumbfounded at how weak the knight was.

“How weak... To die from such a thing...”

For Momonga, a level five spell like 『Dragon Lightning』 was weak. During the times when he was fighting against level 100 players, Momonga would only use spells of level eight or higher. Level five spells would almost never be used.

Knowing that the knight was weak enough to allow a level five spell to kill him, the tension within Momonga instantly dissipated. Of course, it could be possible that these two knight were the only weak ones, but even so he began to lose his tension. However, his plan to use teleportation magic to withdraw had not changed.

The knights could also have been experts in close combat. In YGGDRASIL, a hit to the neck would cause a significant increase in damage, but right now, in the real world it could be fatal.

Momonga once again raised his tension. Dying because of a careless mistake would be too stupid. Right now he should continue testing out his own strength.

Momonga activated his own special skill.

—— 「Raise Death Knight」 ——

This was one of Momonga's special abilities, the creation of undead monsters. The Death Knight was one of Momonga's favourite creatures since it was very useful as a shield.

With a level around 35, its strength would be equal to a level 25 monster, but its defensive power was very good, comparable to a level 40 monster. For Momonga, a monster like that was very useful.

However, the Death Knight had two very important special skills.

One was the ability to attract the attacks of an enemy. The other one could be used only once, but it would always survive one lethal attack as long as it had a certain amount of HP left. Because of these two special skills, Momonga enjoyed using Death Knights as a shield.

This time as well, he created it to act as his shield.

In YGGDRASIL, just by using the special ability of creating undead, undead would appear out of the air around the summoner. However, for this world it seemed to be different.

Black mist appeared out of no where, flew towards the knight whose heart had been crushed and covered him.

The mist slowly expanded and——entered the body of the knight. Then like a zombie, the knight slowly stood up.

“Yiii!”

Although the girls shrieked, Momonga didn’t notice. Because he was also surprised at the sight before him.

Moving with a grumbling sound, black liquid flowed out from the slit in the helmet, should be coming out from the knight’s mouth.

The black liquid flowed out endlessly, covering the whole body. It looks like a slime swallowing a human. After being completely covered by the liquid slime, it began to distort into a human form.

After a few seconds, the black liquid receded and what stood in front of his eyes was certainly a Death Knight.

About 230 centimeters tall, its body was larger and no longer looked like a human, saying it was a beast was more fitting.

Its left hand was holding a tower shield that covered three-fourths of its body and in its right hand it held a corrugated sword. The sword was nearly one hundred and thirty centimetres long. Normally one needs both hands to pick up, but the huge Death Knight is easily lifting it with one hand. The sword is coated with waves of terrifying red and black fog, agitating the surrounding like a constant a heartbeat.

His huge body wore a body armor made of black metal with red bloodlines engraved on it. The armor had sharp thorns everywhere and looked like the incarnation of violence.

Two demonic horns emerged from the helmet, with the face being visible underneath. It was an disgusting, rotted face whose empty eye sockets were filled with hate and killing intent, glowing with a flashing red light.

With its tattered black cloak flapping in the wind, the death knight was waiting for Momonga's commands. It radiated an aura worthy of being called Death Knight.

Similar to summoning a Primal Fire Elemental or a Moonlight Wolf, Momonga established a link with the summoned spirit which was the knight killed by 「Lightning Dragon」 and orders him:

"The knights attacking the village —— wipe them out."

“OHHHHHHHHHAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

It let out a deafening roar.

Those who heard the roar full of bloodlust felt their skin crawl, and even the air started to shake. The Death Knight began to run forward without hesitation, its movements fast as lightning, like a bloodhound who had found his prey. Being an undead with a hatred for the living, the Death Knight wanted to eradicate the enemy.

Looking at the back of the disappearing Death Knight, Momonga felt that there was a distinct difference between now and YGGDRASIL.

That would be the 「Freedom of Movement」 .

Originally the Death Knight would remain on standby close to their summoner, Momonga, and wait for an opportunity to attack incoming enemies. They wouldn't listen to such kind of orders and automatically attack. The difference in this situation was the lack of information, which may prove to be fatal.

Momonga suddenly felt like he made a blunder, he scratched his head and sighed.

“He already ran off... To throw away my protective shield. Although the one who gave the order was me...”

Momonga blamed himself for his mistake.

While he was still able to create a lot more Death Knights he still didn't know much about the strength of his enemies, which was why he needed to save up his limited number of spells.

Furthermore, since Momonga's magic was usually used from the rearguard, being without any kind of defense right now made him feel like being naked in the front of danger.

Therefore he needed to create another shield. For this experiment, he decided to see if it was possible to create one without a corpse.

Just as he was thinking about it, another figure came out from the still opened 『Portal』. At the same time the 「Portal」 started to slowly disappear without a trace.

A person dressed in a full set of black armor appeared.

The armor made the figure look like a devil. Covered with spikes and not showing the tiniest amount of skin. Wearing metal gloves with long claws, in one hand a black kite shield, the other holding an axe gently emitting a green glow. Wearing a blood red cloak fluttering in the wind, complementing the red blouse worn underneath.

“It took some time for me to prepare, I apologise for making you wait.”

Albedo's melodious voice came from under the full cover helmet.

Albedo's levels were invested in the expert defensive techniques of the Dark Knight profession.

Therefore, among the three level 100 NPCs in Nazarick——Sebastian, Cocytus and Albedo, Albedo boasted the highest defensive power.

It could be said that she was Nazarick's strongest shield.

“No problem, as long as you've arrived.”

“Thank you. Then... How do you wish to dispose of these inferior creatures? If Momonga-sama does not wish to dirty his hand, please leave this task to me.”

“.... What did Sebastian tell you?”

Albedo did not respond.

“So you didn't actually listen.... I want to save this village. The enemies are those knights in armor lying in the floor over there.”

Seeing Albedo nod her head in understanding, Momonga shifted his eyes.

“Well...”

The two girls shivered from Momonga's gaze, wanting to hide themselves. They were constantly trembling, unclear if it was because of seeing the Death Knight, or the roar, or hearing Albedo's statement.

Maybe it was all of those.

Momonga believes he should show a sign of good faith, and reached out his hand to help heal the older sister, but the girls misunderstood his intentions.

The older sister wet herself, the younger sister also couldn't control herself.

“ .... ”

The smell of ammonia began to spread all around, making Momonga feel an intense feeling of fatigue. Although he did not know what to do, asking Albedo for help would also be useless, so Momonga decided to continue with a kind voice:

“.... You seem to be hurt.”

As a member of society, Momonga was already used to a certain amount of distrust.

Momonga pretended to see nothing and opened up his Item chest to take out a bag. Although this bag was called the Infinite Backpack, you could only put a maximum of 500 kilograms of items in it.

Because the items in this bag could be put into the control panel as shortcuts, the players in YGGDRASIL would always put the items they needed to use quickly inside this bag.

Rummaging through the bag, he finally found a bottle of red syrup.

[Minor Healing Potion].

This small low level drug could heal 50 HP, it would be used often during the early levels of YGGDRASIL. However for Momonga right now, this would be a completely useless item. Because this potion would grant him positive healing, for an undead like Momonga it would be the same as taking poison. However, since not all of his guild members were undead Momonga kept this item around.

“Drink.”

Momonga held out the red syrup. The older sister’s face paled:

“I, I will drink it! But please let my younger sister go——”  
“Sister!”

With a crying face, the younger sister was trying to stop the older sister, also apologising to her sister who was going to grab onto the potion. Looking at the interaction between the sisters, Momonga felt confused.

From the beginning he was obviously trying to save them, even going so far as to offer them a potion, why must they show their sisterly affection towards each other in front of him. What the heck is going on.

Not willing to trust anything. Although from the start they were waiting to face death, but right now he should be considered their savior, they should be crying and gratefully thanking him for his kindness. Don’t scenes like these happen a lot in Manga and movies? But the situation in front of him was totally different.

What went wrong? Could it be that I must have a beautiful appearance in order to receive that privilege?

Doubt floated onto Momonga’s skinless face, but then a gentle voice could be heard:  
“...Momonga-sama has kindly given you medicine, but to think that you would refuse to accept it... Insignificant beings... You should be killed for your insolence.”

Albedo naturally raised her axe, intending to behead the two of them.  
After facing danger to save them, just to receive this kind of treatment... Momonga could understand Albedo’s feelings, but if she killed these two children it would defeat the purpose of saving them.

“Wa-, wait, stop being reckless. There are priorities in this situation, put down your weapon.”

“.... Yes, Momonga-sama.”  
Albedo warmly replied, putting down her axe.



However Albedo was emitting intense killing intent, strong enough to make the two girls tremble in fear, it also gave Momonga a bad feeling in his stomach.

In short, they should quickly leave this place.

If they continued to stay here, it is unknown how much unfortunate events will happen.

Momonga once again handed out the medicine:

“This drug is medicine, there is no danger. Drink it quickly.”

Momonga said with a strong and gentle tone. At the same time it also implied that if they didn’t quickly drink it, they would be killed.

Hearing that, the older sister quickly took the potion and drank it. Then with a startled expression:

“No way...”

Touching her back, not believing she tried to twist her body, and started to touch and pat her back.

“It doesn’t hurt anymore right?”

“Ye-, yes.”

The older sister nodded in shock.

It seems like the wound on her body was minor, just by using a low level drug would be enough.

Seeing that he was approved of, Momonga wanted to ask a question. This was a question that was impossible to avoid, it could potentially affect future actions.

“Do you know about magic?”

“Ye-, yes. Occasionally the pharmacist will come to our village... Our friends are also able to use magic.”

“... So its like that, then this would make things easier to explain. I am a Magic Chanter.”

Momonga began to chant magic:

「Anti-Life Cocoon」

「Wall of Arrow Protection」

With the sisters as the center, a three meter high protective light covered them. The second spell was invisible to the naked eye, but the flow of air around them changed. Usually it was enough to just re-cast the first magic to ensure it was foolproof, but since there was no knowing what kind of spells were available in this world, this had to suffice. If the enemy had a magician within their ranks, then it would just be bad luck for these girls.

“I have surrounded you with protective spells that will protect you from most monsters, and a spell that will weaken ranged attacks. All you have to do is to stay here and you should be safe—just in case, I’ll hand you this item.”

The sisters were shocked at the description of the magic, Momonga then threw two plain horns at them. The horns were not stopped by the magic and fell through the Wall of Arrow Protection to land next to the sister’s side.

“That item is called ‘Horn of the Goblin General’, you just need to blow into the horn and Goblins——small monsters will appear in front of you. You can order them to protect yourselves.”

In YGGDRASIL, other than consumables, some items were able to be converted into data crystals, making it possible to add their effect to other items. Still, there were certain items that couldn’t be converted and this horn was one of those low level items.

With this horn, Momonga was able to summon twelve weak Goblins, two Goblin Archers, one Goblin Mage, one Goblin Priest, two Goblin Wolf Riders and one Goblin Leader.

Also known as the Goblin army, it was a small force and pretty weak.

For Momonga, this was a trash item and it was strange he didn’t throw it away yet. Being able to find a proper use for this item right now, Momonga felt really clever.

There other advantage of this item was that once the Goblins were summoned, they would only disappear after dying and not after a set amount of time has passed. They would be useful for buying time at least.

Being done, Momonga turned his body around to leave while thinking about the status of the village, with Albedo walking by his side. But after walking a few steps, two voices could be heard behind him.

“That is——Tha-, thank you for saving us!”

“Thank you!”

Those two lines made Momonga stop, he turned around and saw two girls, eyes brimming with tears, thanking him. He replied with one short sentence:

“... Don’t worry about it.”

“Al-, also, although it may be selfish of me, but we can only rely on people like you. Please, please! Save our parents as well!”

“Got it. If they are alive, I will save them.”

Hearing Momonga’s answer, the older sister opened her eyes, showing her disbelief. She quickly recovered and bowed in thanks:

“Tha-, Thank you! Thank you, really thank you so much! Also, may I ask you...” The girl hesitated to ask: “What is your name...?”

Momonga almost blurted out his own name, but in the end, he didn’t say it.

The name Momonga was the name of the Guild Master of the bygone guild of Ainz Ooal Gown. What would he call himself now? The name for the last person to stay within the Great Tomb of Nazarick...

—*Ah, thats right.*

“... Remember my name. My name is——Ainz Ooal Gown.”

#### **Part 4**

"OHHHHHHHAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!"

A roar that shakes the surroundings.

This signals the start of another massacre.

—— The hunter became the hunted.

Londes Di Gelanpo didn't know how many times he cursed his own faith in god. But never in his whole life did he curse it as often as he did during the last few minutes.

If God really existed, then he should've been coming down by now to defeat this monster. Why was god doing nothing when Londes was such a devoted believer?

Because God didn't exist.

Over the years, he always despised those silly people who didn't believe in god - if you really did not believe in God, then how was Priests magic established —— but now it turned out he was the stupid one.

In front of him, the Monster —— which they called Death Knight for the moment—— drew closer step by step.

Out of reflex, he retreated two steps backwards to increase the distance again.

His body armor continued to shudder with a squawking sound and the sword clenched in his hands couldn't stop trembling. The Death Knight was surrounded by a group of 18 knights, but the swords of all his companions were shaking as well.

Although their bodies were overwhelmed with fear, nobody tried to run away. This wasn't out of bravery since every single one of them was paralyzed with fear. Their shivering bodies caused their armor to give of a clattering sound. If they believed they could escape, they would've definitely started to desperately run for their lives.

—— it was because they knew they couldn't escape.

Londes slightly shifted his eyes to look for help.

This place was the village square in the centre of the village. Sixty people were gathered here, the villagers Londes captured. Londes saw their expressions of fear after looking at them. A group of kids were hiding behind a high wooden pedestal. They were some children with sticks trying to defend their parents, but they could not assume a fighting posture and their sticks were dropping low due to total exhaustion.

When Londes attacked this village, the villagers rushed to the central square from all directions. After searching through the houses, in order to prevent people from hiding in a secret basement, they prepared alchemic oils to burn the houses to the ground.

Four mounted knights, each equipped with a bow, guarded the village's surroundings. They would shoot anyone who managed to escape. This method had been used several times already and had proven to be infallible.

Although the slaughter took some time, it went fairly smoothly. The surviving villagers were herded together in one place and then they would let a few of them flee just as planned.

That was what was supposed to happen, but ——

Londes still remembered that moment.

Behind the villagers who escaped into the square, his companion Ilian, who was responsible for the cleanup was suddenly thrown into the air.

Due to how unbelievable it was, no one realised what was happening. Seeing a well built man wearing a full suit of armor——although it was possible to reduce its weight with magic, it was impossible to remove all of it——thrown into the air like a toy, nobody would believe their eyes.

Ilian flew a distance of more than seven meters, landed with a deafening noise and stopped moving.

In Ilian's place, there was an even more unbelievable sight——standing in front of them was a gruesome, undead monster, the 'Death Knight', which slowly lowered the shield which had sent Ilian flying, stood before them.

After that, the whole situation devolved into chaos.

"Aaaahhhhhh!"

A chaotic scream started to fill the air in the square. One of his companions surrounding the area couldn't stand the terror, cried out desperately and tried to escape.

In this kind of state, it was hard to maintain their encircling formation and with the high tension it could easily collapse. However, not a single knight tried to flee with him. The reason for that became apparent immediately.

At the corner of Londes' vision appeared a black whirlwind.

Although the Death Knight had a huge body and it's size greatly exceeded the average height of a human, its agility was unbelievable.

His escaping companion only managed to get three steps away.

Before he was able to take his fourth step, his shiny silver body was suddenly cut apart. The separated left and right halves of his body fell apart in different directions. The smell of sour gas spreads immediately to the surrounding and pink innards were scattered from his cross section.

"Goowuuuwwuuu -"

Waving his corrugated swords around, the blood spattered "Death Knight" roared loudly. It was a cry of joy ——

Even people who couldn't look at its decaying face were able to see its joy. The Death Knight, with its overwhelming lust for killing, enjoyed human vulnerability, terror and despair.

Even though their hands were holding swords, no one dared to attack at first.

After recovering from their initial shock, they tried to attack, but even when a sword slipped past the opponents defence with a lucky hit it was unable to cause the slightest damage to the Death Knight's body armor.

On the contrary, the Death Knight didn't even use his sword, he just used his shield to send Londes flying. Not only that, the blow wasn't even fatal.

It would deliberately show openings, wanting to do nothing more than "tease" them. It was obvious the Death Knight wanted to enjoy this life and death struggle and showed them faked vulnerability.

Only when a knight tried to run away would the Death Knight become serious and deal a fatal blow.

The first knight who tried to escape was Rilick. A good-natured man, but after a few drinks he became a mean drunk. His head and limbs were instantly separated. They only needed to see it twice to understand that the Death Knight was not willing to let them escape, so no one dared to try again.

Their attacks were ineffective and trying to run away meant instant death. There was only one road left to take and that was to be toyed with until they die.

Although they all wore full-cover helmets that were hiding the faces underneath, but by now everyone should have realized their fate. These adult men started crying like children. They came to bully the weak but never in their life would they have imagined that they would suffer the same fate.

"God, please help me ....."

"God ....."

Several people choking back tears could be heard to asking for God's blessing. Feeling powerless, Londes almost knelt down as well in order to start cursing or beg for a godly intervention.

"You, you guys, hurry up and block that monster!"

While the Knight who realized their impending fate started to pray, their prayers were suddenly interrupted by a piercing screech.

The person who said this was the knight currently closest to the death knight. Wanting to avoid the bodies of his two dead companions next to him, the way he constantly trembled from tiptoeing around them was quite amusing.

Londes watched everything with a distressed look and started to frown. Because they were wearing full-cover helmets it was impossible to see their faces and with their voice out of tune due of fear it was hard to determine who issued this order. But with this kind of attitude, only one person could be responsible.

.....Captain Belius.

Londes' expression twisted.

Because of his lechery, Belius tried to rape one of the village girls and clashed with her father who tried to save her. After they pulled the man away, Belius vented his anger on him by repeatedly thrusting his sword into the villager —— he was that kind of person. The only reason he was able to join this force was because of the gold of his family, which was wealthy and owned many estates in the country.

Having a man like that become captain, this could only be called unlucky.

"I can't just die here, people! You will go and buy me some time! Become a shield to protect me!"

No one took action. Although he was captain in name, he wasn't respected. Who would sacrifice their live for this kind of man?

Only the Death Knight showed a reaction to his loud shouting and slowly turned towards Belius.

"Yi ——!"

Standing next to a Death Knight and still being able to scream loudly could be considered as a remarkable feat. Londes couldn't help but feel admiration considering this strange situation, but then he heard Belius scream again:

"Money, I'll give you guys money. Two hundred gold coins! No, five hundred gold coins!"

The bounty he proposed was a very high amount, but at this moment it was just like asking them to jump from a 500 meters cliff and only if they were able to survive would they be given the reward.

While no one took action, only one person was moving——no, it should be said that it was half a person. It almost looked like he wanted to answer.

"Oppppoooooooo....."

The right half of the knight who was cut in half grabbed Belius ankle. Its mouth spit out blood and groaned:

"——Oooooooooahhhhhh!"

Belius started screaming, and the nearby knights and villagers who saw what happened couldn't stop their bodies from becoming stiff with horror.

[Zombie Slave].

In YGGDRASIL, when a death knight kills its target they would become an undead as well and immediately revive as a zombie at the place they were killed. If you died through the sword of a Death Knight, you would become its minion for eternity. That was the game's setting.

Belius stopped screaming and fell to the ground like a puppet whose strings were cut. He probably passed out. The Death Knight moved close to the unconscious man and thrust out the corrugated blade in his hands.

Belius body was stabbed——

"Wooooohhhhhhhhhhhh"

—— and woken by the pain, Belius let out an earsplitting scream.

"Let, let me go! I am begging you! I will do anything you ask!"

Belius hands grasped the corrugated sword stabbed inside his body, but the Death Knight ignored his words. Instead, it started to move the sword up and down like a saw. Along with the body armor that was brutally shredded, blood was flying everywhere.

"Aaargh—— I, I'll give you money, let, let me—— "

Belius body shakes a few times and finally draws his last breath and Death Knight leaves Belius body with satisfaction.

"No.... No... No."

"God!"



Because of the scene happening in front of them, his shocked companions wailed in anguish. To run would mean to lose one's life, but to stay would mean a fate worse than death. Although they were well aware of this, they had no idea what to do and thus their bodies were unable to move a single step.

"——Calm down!"

Londes' roar echoed from the walls. The area became silent, as if time had stopped.

"——Retreat! Hurry and send the signal, call the horsemen and bow cavalry back here! While the horn is blown, the remaining people here try to buy some time! I for one don't want to die this way, get moving!"

Everyone sprang into action.

Gone was the bewilderment from before, everyone worked as one and moved with the momentum of a splashing waterfall.

Mechanically following orders, they stopped thinking and tried to make a miracle happen. The chaotic actions from before would not happen a second time.

All the knights knew what they had to do. They needed to protect the one in charge of blowing the horn, in order to contact the other knights.

The retreating knight put down his sword and took out a horn from his bag.

"OHAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

Apparently the action of taking out the horn was a signal for action, the Death Knight began to run. Its target was the knight who took out the horn, everyone's heart dropped, their opponent's plan was to destroy their only means of escape, wasn't that completely ruthless?

The pitch black whirlwind was approaching them relentlessly and the knights knew that standing in front to block it would mean instant death. However, everyone still advanced to form a defensive wall. Using an even more intense fear to kill their fear of what was front of them, they stood there and blocked.

With one swing of the shield, a knight would be sent flying.  
With one flash of the sword, another knight would be cut in half.

"Ditz! Morite! Quickly cut off the heads of those that died. If you don't, they will come back to life as zombies!"

The knights who were singled out hurried towards their brutally murdered companions.

The shield swang again, more knights flew and the sword slashed easily through another knight. In a flash four knights had died. Although Londes felt fear, he took his sword and stood before the black whirlwind, ready to heroically sacrifice himself like a martyr.

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

Even if there was no chance of winning, Londes did not intend to sit still and, shouting a battle cry, used all his strength as he swung his sword towards the Death Knight.

Maybe it was because this was his final chance, but Londes broke his own limits and released a strength that surprised even himself, this might've been the best slash he ever did in his whole life.

The Death Knight also slashed out his Corrugated sword.

After a flash, Londes' eyes spun——

——to see his own headless body tumbling onto the ground. Londes' sword flew in an arc through the air. And at the same time, the sound of a horn could be heard——

Momonga——Ainz turned his head towards the village where he could hear the sound of a horn being blown..

On the ground around him were the bodies of the knights guarding the village's surroundings. The surroundings reeked with the smell of blood because Ainz was in the middle of greedily experimenting and at this moment he cursed at himself for mixing up his priorities.

Ainz threw his sword onto the ground. It originally belonged to one of the knights lying on the ground and its sharpened blade was stained with dirt.

"...I already mentioned it, but I'm really envious of its physical damage resistance and its ability to reduce the damage it receives."

"Ainz Ooal Gown-sama."

"... Ainz is fine, Albedo."

Hearing Ainz's wish how he wanted to be referred to, Albedo was somewhat confused:

"Guuuguuuuuuh -! Can, can I really?! To refer to the supreme leader of the forty-one rulers of Nazarick, who is even using the name meant for the 41 masters of Nazarick for himself, with a nickname would be too disrespectful!"

Ainz thought this wasn't a big deal.

Since Albedo thought otherwise, it showed she held the name of Ainz Ooal Gown in high esteem. Ainz felt quite happy about it and responded in a gentler tone:

"Well, it's okay Albedo. Until my past companions appear again, this will be my name and I allow you to call me by that."

"Okay, no, no let me add a honorific. How, how about ..... -sama, Ainz-sama, Hehehe ..... right, this is it..... "

Albedo shyly twisted her body.

Because she was still wearing her full body armor which covered her beautiful face Ainz thought she looked really strange.

"Could, could it be, Heheheh ..... Because I... I am more special, that I can call you ....."

"No, calling me such a lengthy name every time is a bit awkward, so I just want to make it shorter for everyone."

"..... So this—yes—you are right——"

After hearing this reason, Albedo's mood instantly hit rock bottom. Feeling a little uneasy, Ainz asked her:

"..... Albedo, when you call my name, what do you think of it?"

"I think the name fits you perfectly and I love——\*Cough\*, it shows the integrity of you, our Supreme Master, very well."

"..... This name originally belonged to all our 41 members, including your creator Tabula Smaragdina. I disregarded your other masters and assumed this name without permission. Considering this, how do you think they would feel about this?"

"..... Although it might offend you ..... please allow me to say these words. If it upsets Ainz-sama, you may even order me to end my own life..... If Momonga-sama were to use that name, I'm sure that the other rulers who have left us behind would have their own opinions about it. However, during the time the other masters abandoned us, only Momonga-sama stayed until the very end, so if he were to use that name we would certainly feel overjoyed. "

Albedo bowed her head and Ainz was speechless.

Only the words "abandoned us" were echoing in his mind. His past companions all had their own reasons for leaving. YGGDRASIL was just a game, there was no reason to abandon their real lives for it. This was true for "Momonga" as well. But to abandon Ainz Ooal Gown and also the Great Tomb of Nazarick, wouldn't one feel some anger towards those past companions?

They even abandoned me.

"..... Perhaps they will, perhaps they won't. People's emotions are rather complicated ..... There is no correct answer ..... Lift your head Albedo. I understand your intentions. I decided ... This shall be my name. Until my companions come forth and object to it, the name Ainz Ooal Gown shall refer to me."

"Yes, my Supreme Master ..... For my most beloved person to use such a noble name is indeed very pleasing."

Her most beloved person...ah.

The uneasy Ainz decided to ignore this problem for the moment.

"... Is that so. Thank you."

"So Ainz-sama, do you want to spend some time here? Though just standing beside Ainz-sama and accompanying you is satisfying... yes, taking a walk would also be fine."

This couldn't be done since Ainz came here to rescue the village.

The parents, which the sisters begged him to save, had already been found dead.

Remembering their bodies, Ainz scratched his head.

Seeing their bodies, Ainz's reaction was like seeing dead bugs on the street, not feeling any pity, sadness or anger.

"Well, leaving the walk aside, there is currently nothing urgent coming up. The Death Knight also appears to be dedicated to its work."

"An undead worthy of being Ainz-sama's creation. His perfectly executed work is admirable."

Ainz utilised magic and special skills to create undead monsters. Monsters created through with Ainz' special skills were stronger than the average Monster. Of course, the recently created Death Knight was a lot stronger than the average Death Knight.

However, the Death Knight is at most a level thirty-five Monster. To summon Overlord Wiseman and Grim Reaper Thanatos, Ainz would have to consume his experience points. Compared to them, the Death Knight was a small fry and since it was still able to fight, it meant that the enemy wasn't very strong.

Which meant there was no danger.

He actually wanted to assume a victory pose, but considering the need to play the majestic master, Ainz represses the urge in his heart and hid his clenched hand underneath his robe.

"The enemies attacking the village were too weak. We also need to confirm if there are survivors in this village."

Before making his next move, Ainz checked to see if he remembered everything he had to do. First, he deactivated the effects of Ainz Ooal Gown's staff. Its pervasive evil aura disappeared without a trace, like candles blown away by the wind.

Next, Ainz pulled a mask out of his Item Box that was able to cover his entire head. It had excessive decorations and an expression that was difficult to describe, it was neither crying nor angry. It looked surprisingly similar to one of the Barong masks in Bali.

Although the mask looked strange, it didn't have any hidden power at all. It was just an event item that couldn't even have data crystals installed into it.

During Christmas Eve, if you logged into YGGDRASIL during seven a.m. to ten p.m. and played for more than two hours — no, just by staying inside the game for two hours during that time, you would automatically receive this mask. It could be said that this item was utterly useless.

The mask's name is Mask of the Envious, also known as the Mask of Envy.

Ainz had once worn this mask as well, which caused a mass flood of spam on the online messaging boards. "Has the game company went crazy?" "We were waiting for this." "One of our guild members does not have this mask, can someone PK him?" "I am no longer human ohohoh!" those kinds of messages appear about the mask.

Next he took out a pair of metal gloves. The outer appearance was that of some crudely made iron gauntlets, nothing special. This item was called [Iron Gloves] and it was something the members of Ainz Ooal Gown made to change the appearance of their hands. The only ability it had was to improve strength.

Wearing these items, his whole skeletal appearance was fully covered up.

Ainz had his reasons why he covered up his appearance at this time around. That was because Ainz realised he made a fatal mistake.

In YGGDRASIL, Ainz was already so used to looking at his skeletal appearance that it was no longer frightening to him. However, for the people of this world, Ainz's appearance was the perfect embodiment of terror. Whether it was the two girls who almost got killed, or the fully armed knight, everyone was afraid of him.

In short, using items to change his appearance from Evil Monster into Evil Mage——should be enough. In the end he didn't know where to put the staff so he decided to just take it with him. It shouldn't be that much of a problem.

"Well, from here on its all up to God now, if I had known that I wouldn't have started killing these people."

Ainz threw out a line only atheists would say, made a praying sign with his hand and the dead bodies disappeared with a glowing light, before he activated his next spell.

"「Flight」."

Ainz slowly floated up into the air. Before long, Albedo could be seen floating beside him.

"——Death Knight, if any knights are still alive, do not kill them. They still have some value."

Listening to Ainz's orders, the Death Knight accepted his command. However, what the Death Knight was feeling when he responded to his new order was rather difficult to describe.

Aniz flew at high speeds towards the location the horn had been blown. The winds blew against his body, never in YGGDRASIL did he ever fly this fast. Although he felt uncomfortable with his long robe pressing against his body, he only had to endure it for a short time.

Soon he was floating in the air above the village and from there he overlooked the situation.

Ainz noticed how the square looked as if it was flooded with a dark, black liquid. There were several bodies sprawled on the ground next to the shaking bodies of some knights, and standing in front of them was the Death Knight.

Ainz counted the dying and glanced at the surviving knights who looked like they could barely move—a group of four. That was more than he needed, but it didn't really matter if there were more.

"Death Knight, that's enough."

The tone of this voice was slightly out of place, it was as casual as a boss telling a store what he wanted to buy, and for Ainz this situation was exactly like casually walking into a store and buying something.

Accompanied by Albedo, Ainz slowly floated to the ground.

The collapsed knights were stunned by their arrival. They were obviously waiting for reinforcements, but the people who came were not the ones they wanted to see and their hope was completely shattered.

"This is our first meeting, honorable knights, I am called Ainz Ooal Gown."

No one responded.

"If you surrender now you may keep your lives. And maybe fight another day——"

One of the swords was immediately thrown down. Soon there were four swords, messily thrown onto the ground. During this time no one spoke a word.

"... You look tired. But considering you are standing in front of the Death Knight's master, your heads seem to be a bit too high."

The knights quickly knelt onto the floor, with their heads hanging down.

They didn't look like knights bowing before their king, instead they appeared like prisoners waiting for their execution.

".....I will allow you to leave with your lives. But I would like for you to go to your masters and——convey a message."

Ainz used 「Flight」 to float close to where one knight was and used his staff to gently remove the knight's helmet. From behind his mask he looked into the weary eyes of the knight.

"Do not cause any trouble here. If you choose to not listen to my advice, next time you and your country will burn together."

The trembling knight constantly nodded, the image of him trying so hard looked fairly amusing.

"Now go. Remember to tell your masters."

With a movement of his chin, the knights fled.

"... What a tiring act."

Ainz softly complained while looking at the backs of the retreating knights.

If there were no villagers around, he would actually relax his shoulders. Although it was similar in the Great Tomb of Nazarick, putting on an act full of majesty like that was extremely stressful for a normal office worker like Ainz. But his act still wasn't over, he still had to put on another mask.

Ainz held back a sigh and walked towards the villagers, while Albedo followed him with her clanking armor.

——*Tidy up the zombie slaves.*

Ainz ordered the Death Knight in his mind while he approached the villagers and he became gradually able to see the mixture of confusion and anxiety on their faces.

It was not that they were dissatisfied about the knights being allowed to flee, it was just that the person in front of them was scarier than the knights.

Ainz finally realised the situation he was in——since he was strong, even stronger than those knights, he never considered the villager's point of view.

Ainz collected himself and thought for a moment.

Since it would be counterproductive if he got too close, Ainz stopped some distance away from them and addressed them with used a gentle tone:

"You are save now, don't worry."

"You, you are...."

One of the villagers, who seemed to be their representative, spoke up but even at this time their eyes did not leave the Death Knight.



"I saw people attacking the village, so I came to help."

"Ohhh...."

With a startled noise, everyone started to look relieved. However, not all of the villagers gathered here were completely at ease.

There's no helping it. Maybe it would be better if I changed my approach?

Ainz decided to use an approach he didn't like.

"... Having said that, my services are not for free. I would like to receive a reward for every surviving villager, you understand?"

The villagers looked at each other, seemingly uneasy about the money. But from Ainz's perspective, it seemed like the last skeptical looks of the villagers were slowly fading away. They were saved because of money and this thought slightly eliminated some of their doubts.

"But, but the state of the village——"

Ainz raised his hand and stopped the other party from continuing:

"Let us talk about this later. During my arrival, I saved a pair of sisters. I shall go and bring those two here, would you please wait for me?"

He had to make sure that the sisters kept his secret, he couldn't allow them to tell anyone about his true appearance.

Ainz slowly walked away without waiting for the villager's response. At the same time he thought that he should be able to use magic to change their memories.