

Stars of Darkness

Britta gazed at the deep blue liquid contained in a small glass vial, she had to miss too many meals for this, but in the end, it would all be worth it. She was smart, she knew that the higher the job the higher the possibility of getting stabbed, but she will survive, she had her potion with her.

The double doors of the inn slammed open as a figure just tall enough to not hit the ceiling marched inside. The jet-black armor reflecting the sunlight coming from outside, behind the imposing figure of the dark knight 6 other, shorter and clearly female, figures followed.

The copper plate was clearly visible in front of his armor. But with such high tier armor... that could only mean... 'a noble?' was her only thought crossing her mind. It wasn't uncommon for third sons to go and try their luck.

The adventurer's groups glanced at them and, while the first figure was imposing, the ones the adventurers focused on were the six females. They were clearly beauties, faces more akin to nobility than the average adventurer. As a woman she knew she wasn't exactly cute and more on the tomboyish side, but still... it hurt her pride as a female to see such perfection.

The first girl in line was wearing a strange robe with blooming flowers painted on it, something people would not expect an adventurer wearing. Her black hair cascaded behind her, tied up in a long horsetail style.

The second was more adventurer like, sporting a light leather armor with various knives sheathed on her belt, her blond hair were tied up in a ponytail, but it was far shorter than the previous one, barely reaching her shoulders.

The third was a redhead with golden eyes, and the one most males were ogling without much dignity. Her armored chest and pants were just enough to cover her modesty, still leaving an ample view of her cleavage. A silver mace was strapped around her back which was the only reason why many didn't mistake her for a prostitute.

The fourth girl was completely covered by a brown cloak if not for her head which, once again, sported black hair tied up in a ponytail. The lack of a weapon and armor would classify her as a magic caster.

The second to last was shorter than the others, she hid most of her body under a green cloak, apart from her armored pants and boots which were easily visible as her cloak barely reached her midsection. But the most eye catching feature was surely her orange hair, currently tied up in twin tails and her black eyepatch covering her right eye.

The last member of their group was certainly the most baffling. People assumed she was female due to the pattern and her slim body but, apart from that nothing could be seen due to her figure being covered under a hooded purple cloak which hid her face under its shadow.

All in all, the whole group was quite bizarre. 'Not that it is my problem to begin with' she thought.

As the black armored warrior with the red cloak reached the counter most of the adventurers already gazed at his plate, scoffing and grumbling the whole time.

Now, being a copper adventurer wasn't bad per se, everybody had to start from somewhere after all. The problem came when such people acted like bigshots and flaunted their daddy's money around for all to see. Which seemed to be the case this time.

“Good afternoon, sir, I came here following the guild’s advice to get a room, do you have any room for seven?”

The dark knight asked in a deep but respectful tone. ‘Definitely a noble from the tone’ she judged in the silence of her mind. On his part, the innkeeper glanced at him with a curious gaze before glancing at his companions before scoffing.

“We don’t offer rooms for that here, you should try the red lights district.”

He gruffly answered as he made to grab a dirty mug from the counter only to be stopped by the armored hand of the knight slamming on the counter.

“I am afraid you are mistaken, sir, these are my nieces and, as adventurers, we have the right to rent a room here.”

The knight continued, a slight darker drop in his tone as he removed his hand from the counter revealing some copper and silver coins.

“I have only one for six, no meal included, three days, give or take.”

The innkeeper said seemingly annoyed.

“We will take it, thank you.”

The black armored adventurer answered immediately and grabbed the key offered to him.

As the dark knight went for the stairs, followed by his small army of girls, a bald adventurer tried to trip him with his foot, only ending up slightly brushing his armored boot. ‘And here we go again...’ she thought exasperatedly, the bald guy was pretty infamous for getting into fights and enjoy beating newbies up.

“Oi! Oi! That hurts ya know?!”

The man immediately took the opportunity to step in front of the copper adventurer, his companions not far behind.

“Ah, I didn’t know you were so delicate, my apologies.”

The taller man answered mockingly, the bald adventurer only smirked.

“Well, what are you gonna do about it?! I bet one of those girls could get me to feel better in no time... how about you give us two or three for a couple hours?”

Britta made a disgusted face at the degenerate man’s words. ‘Fucking pigs’ she thought. But before someone could intervene the bald man’s companions started screaming, she immediately looked at them only to see them jumping all around while two quite big spiders were crawling all over them. She flinched at the sole view, she could not stand bugs of any kind, let alone strange big spiders.

“Ah, uncle Momon! Can we get going?! I am tireeeeeedddd...”

The smallest member of the dark knight’s group said, in an high pitched and clearly childish tone, sending shivers down Britta’s spine for no apparent reason. There was just something so wrong in her tone, but she couldn’t describe it for the life of her.

The bald man seemed to have had her same reaction only ten times worse as he stepped back, paler than an undead, as the group passed by him and went up the stairs. Britta could have sworn she saw a couple spiders went up the stairs behind them.

Man... not eating for some time must have made her hallucinate... she gazed back at her dear healing potion, a smile on her face, well... it was worth it.

{Momonga’s P.O.V.}

The door closed behind the armored undead who could not help but mentally sigh in exhaustion. ‘Man... it could hardly go worse than that...’ he lamented as the Pleiades examined the room. He knew that bringing them would mean trouble, but the guardians had been insistent on his security. If none of them could come with him, they would make sure someone of similar power would.

He initially planned to bring either Narberal or Shizu but, as Demiurge pointed out, they would be of little help if a high-level threat presented itself and so the archdevil convinced him to bring the whole Pleiades squad with him.

“Lizzy! You shouldn’t have scared them like that... I wanted to play with them too!”

Lupusregina pouted as she scolded her younger bug sister who just skipped ahead jumping on one of the beds.

“Gina, they couldn’t have taken a minute of your playing they were just too fragile... although... I wouldn’t have minded taking them inside me.”

The blonde, well-endowed slime said with a mischievous smile on her face.

“Eheheh... that sounds so dirty Solly.”

The redhead snickered before receiving a fist on the back of her head.

“Stay professional Gina, we are in the presence of Lord Ai- I mean uncle Momon.”

The offender, Yuri Alpha, said coldly, saying his fake name with some hesitation.

“C’mon Ria! I’m sure uncle is okay with us acting like this!”

The hidden meaning of her words wasn't missed by him, that actually made him chuckle, he would have never guessed Mekongawa, as soft spoken as he was, would have created such a spitfire girl.

Still, this was making him feel nostalgic, he could clearly see the resemblance between the NPCs and their creators... maybe even the guardians were like that, he just didn't spend enough time with them.

“Umu, yes, acting natural is the best way to not arise suspicion, don't care about being rude to me, your creators were like brothers and sisters to me so calling you my nieces wouldn't be that far off.”

He blurted out basing his words on his positive emotions currently filling his body. For some reason those words shut them all up and even caused some blushes to appear on some of them. Well... maybe he had gone to far with that nieces comment.

“This place is filthy... should I start the clean protocol?”

The orange haired maid asked breaking the silence before it could get awkward for him.

“That won't be necessary Zushi, this is only a momentary base of operation, we are going to move soon up in the ranks hopefully.”

He said before glancing at Narberal, the only one apart Entoma who didn't utter a single word.

“Is everything alright Nabe?”

She immediately jerked at his words, she robotically bowed to him.

“Yes, Lord Momon! Everything is fine... only... is it really fine to let the insects live after such rudeness toward you my Lord?”

She asked, reminding Momonga awfully of Albedo's opinion of humans.

“Yes, let it go Nabe, we aren’t here to pick fights, we have a mission to complete.”

He said hoping that the Doppelganger would drop the argument.

“There are only six beds.”

The comment came from the purple cloaked insectoid, Momonga wasn’t sure why Genjiro’s creation brought this up, that was something he already knew, and, in any case, it wasn’t like he needed any sleep to begin with. No one in his group did really, it was just a matter of appearances.

‘Well, best to not question it’ he thought as these last few days taught him that asking questions or saying anything unnecessary will only lead to misunderstandings and more misery for him.

{Narberal’s P.O.V.}

The Doppelganger followed her lord through the streets of the human city, her eyes fixed on the cape covering her master’s back. Ever since they left the inn her most of her sisters had begun a staring contest with each other. But she would not indulge in such a thing. Even if she couldn’t brush away her sisters’ [Messages] they were sending each other.

She had only agreed to share a constant open channel for communication due to the importance of their mission. To guard the last Supreme Being was no objective to scoff at, it was only natural for them to have taken all kinds of precautions. And since they could not openly speak most of the time due to their undercover position, this was the only way to go. Still... she wished there was another route.

[I would be better! Werewolves are very hot-blooded creatures, I would keep him real warm!]

The energetic voice of Lupusregina echoed in her mind.

[Negative, the beds are small, I would fit better if we had to share, also, undead do not enjoy warmth as living beings do]

The cold and calculating voice of Shizu rebutted her sister's argument with logic.

[Then, I would be the perfect one! I am the smallest]

The sweet voice of Entoma interrupted the two's bickering.

[As a slime I could take any form Lord Ainz wished for, so I would be the better choice]

The sultry voice of Solution joined the debate once more.

Narberal loved her sisters, she really did, but they could be such children sometimes. Ever since Entoma pointed out the lack of beds they had been mentally arguing who should share Lord Ainz' bed with him. An argument she and big sister Yuri had done their best to ignore even if it was going on in their minds. she knew her older sister was restraining herself from whooping all their heads together, she could notice her impatience by the tension in each of her facial muscles.

Not that Narberal was opposed to share a bed with her Lord of course! She would gladly do so if Lord Ainz requested it from her, still, it would be their Lord to decide who and when such a thing would come to be, rendering the whole argument behind it as useless as it could be.

Her mind was so occupied with her sisters' bickering that she didn't even notice entering the Adventurer Guild, even less her Lord abruptly stopping in front of the quest board, and so she walked straight into his cape pressing herself against his dark armor.

Her numb brain just took a few seconds to understand what just happened she felt her body melting in embarrassment. Oh no! She was really melting! She lost control over her form, but she could not allow her cover to be blown, that would have been such a huge problem, so she pressed herself more against her Lord to hide her melting face with his cloak as she tried to reform it as quick as possible.

She felt her Lord turning and two hands grasping her shoulders as her Lord looked down on her.

“I... I...”

She stammered out as she barely managed to restore her human disguise.

“Are you okay Nabe?”

He asked, she hesitated only a moment before nodding, she was sure she was blushing by now and she didn't dare test her voice in such a situation.

Her Lord only waited a moment before turning back to the quest board.

Narberal tried to stop her trembling legs from shacking, she had never been so embarrassed in her whole life.

[Damn sis! I didn't know you were so forward!]

The teasing tone of Lupusregina only caused her blush to flare as she had to restrain herself from casting a spell to punish her, surely grinning, sibling.

{Momonga's P.O.V.}

“I apologize sir, this is a Mithril level quest, there is no possible way I could accept you taking this one.”

The receptionist emotionlessly returned his stare as if she was used to doing this.

“I understand the Guild’s policies, but my niece here is a 3rd tier magic caster, and the rest of my team is on the same level, we cannot afford to waste time with copper quests.”

His words caused a few gasps to come from the adventurers who overheard him. The receptionist didn’t seem impressed though and only shook her head.

“Be it as it may, I cannot allow you to take this quest, if you fail a lot of people will die as a result... I cannot, with clear conscience, let you take this quest.”

She said resolutely. ‘Well then, let’s try this...’ Momonga finally decided to implement his plan B.

“Well maybe we can reach an agreement, if there is a quest that doesn’t involve risks when it comes to third parties, could we take it? Even if it is supposed to be completed by an higher rank than ours? After all, the worst thing that could happen is failing and nothing would change, the quest would still be there to be taken.”

He suggested and so began a tedious series of compromises. It was lucky for Momonga that every time she presented him a quest, she explained the details to him as he couldn’t read the written language of this new world.

After nearly half an hour of discussion the receptionist seemed quite tired of it and the undead managed to exasperate her enough to allow him to take a Silver Rank Extermination quest.

A week ago he would have never thought that his skill as a salaryman would come to be useful in compromising for a quest in a fantasy world.

He sighed as he gazed down at his quest, they will have to exterminate a band of ogres currently occupying a cave a few hours away from E-Rantel by horse. ‘Guess we will use [Teleportation]’ he thought, as he had no intention of wasting the few coins, he had on renting a horse or a cart.

“Tsk, this is beneath Lord Momon, that insolent vermin...”

He heard the Narberal spit out between her teeth.

“Don’t be like that Nabe, you’ll see! It will be fun!”

The ever-cheerful Lupusregina said putting an arm around her sister’s shoulders.

The scene reminded him of Mekongawa and Nishiki’s interactions, only reversed if compared to their creators. The two of them were a fearsome duo, the strongest tanker and assassin of Ainz Ooal Gown, if they worked together there was no enemy capable of winning. Even Touch-Me had to abuse his World Champion’s skills to defeat the fearsome duo. He felt a smile creep out on his face even if he was sure his bone didn’t move in accordance to his mood.

“Excuse me sir.”

The foreign voice took him out of his train of thought. He turned only to gaze at an unremarkable looking man, judging by his gear, he was clearly an adventurer.

“Do you need something?”

Momonga decided it would be better to act friendly as the first impression he made back at the inn wasn’t that good.

“Well, I could not help but overhear your troubles, my group is in search of work, so, if you need any backup, we would be glad to help out.”

The man said in a friendly tone. The player considered it, he surely was not in need of any help but this was definitely an occasion to spread his name and influence if his ability was deemed good enough. All in all the only loss would be having to split up the reward, something he would not mind in the long run. He nodded internally.

“Well then, why don’t we meet in one of the meeting rooms to discuss this further with your team?”

He said as the man flashed him a smile.

“Sure! Give me a few minutes to gather all the members of my team!”

The adventurer agreed as Momonga already moved toward the exasperated receptionist who gave him the stink eye.

{Ninya’s P.O.V.}

The tomboyish girl had no idea what to think about the group that greeted her once her team, Swords Of Darkness, entered the guild’s meeting room.

Large groups of adventurers would be pretty hard to find as they would often argue about the sharing of money and taking of quests, so groups were often limited to four or five members, rarely even six. Here she stood in front of seven people of which six were female and only one was male.

As strange as that was, the most curious thing was their equipment who seemed to be of extremely good quality even though they were clearly copper ranked adventurers. That only led to one conclusion she didn’t like at all. It was probable that the man was some kind of noble and the other six concubines or something. She had no other idea why they would all be so gorgeous otherwise, to say she was

not eager to work with this guy would be an understatement, not that she would doubt her leader's choices.

“Very well, now that we are all here, it is time for introductions.”

The black armored man said with his very deep voice Ninya did not expect at all.

“Ah yes, I am Peter Mauk, leader of Sword of Darkness, this is our scout, Lukrut, our druid, Dyne, and our Talent holder, Ninya!”

Her leader introduced them all making the girl blush a little at the praise.

“Y-you don't need to tell everybody about it!”

She protested.

“Oh, but that is interesting... I wonder what talent we are talking about.”

The black armored warrior asked interjecting in their debate.

“Ah, Ninya here can learn every spell at double speed compared to normal magic casters.”

Her leader explained amplifying further her embarrassment at being praised.

“I-It's nothing special! Not compared to the likes of Nfirea Bareare!”

She protested, gaining the man's attention, or at least she thought so, seeing his helmet turn toward her.

“Oh, what kind of Talent could even be better than that one?”

The older man asked, Ninya just thought that there would be no harm in telling him since it was a famous Talent after all.

“He can apparently use any magic item he can get his hands on.”

She answered, happy to see the conversation focus on something else. The knight didn't answer for some instants.

“Uhm, that is interesting... but I digress, it is our turn now... I am Momon, a foreigner to these lands, and these are my nieces... Ria is our shield and heavy hitter, if you receive a punch from her you won't get up any time soon.”

He said gesturing to the one who seemed to be the oldest of the girls who gave a slight bow of her head in their direction. She seemed rather pale, and her serious expression unnerved Ninya a little.

“This one is Gina, our healer, despite being a cleric she is quite the melee fighter so don't underestimate her.”

He gestured to the tanned, redhaired girl who just waved at them with a cheerful smile.

“This one is Sally, if you ever need someone to sneak around and do some reconnaissance ask her.”

The blonde girl just waved lightly as a smirk appeared on her face. Ninya felt quite unnerved as the smile seemed slightly too big for a normal human and her eyes remained completely devoid of emotion despite it.

“Then we have Nabe, our magic caster, she is capable of 3rd tier spells and can easily deal tremendous damage to structures as well.”

The dark knight proceeded to present the dark haired woman which to that point never showed a single emotion on her face, a trend that apparently continued as she didn't even seem to calculate them. Ninya was quite too intimidated to say something about it, after all that girl who didn't seem much older than her was capable of 3rd tier magic which is considered the limit of humanity not gifted with some kind of Talent or bloodline.

“This is our scout Zushi, she is a very skilled archer as well, and can easily detect enemies from far distances.”

The girl with the most eye-catching orange hair Ninya ever saw just glanced at them with her green left eye, as the right one was covered by a black eyepatch. She remained emotionless and made no gesture to greet them.

“The last and youngest is little Liza here, don’t let her height fool you though, she is a skilled summoner capable of overwhelming foes with numbers.”

The leader finally finished indicating the last girl who was even smaller than Ninya herself. The girl wore a purple robe that covered her whole body and even her hands while a dark mask covered her face. She was pretty creepy all in all, the smile on the mask seemed to be made out of some kind of spiderweb as were all the other features on said accessory.

“Hi everyooone!”

Despite her look she seemed the most cheerful of all as she greeted them raising the long sleeves covering her entire arms and hands. The voice seemed quite childish in Ninya’s opinion, something she would associate to someone not even ten years old, but that couldn’t possibly be right.

Even if the girls turned out to be his nieces and not his lovers Ninya could not help but distrust the strange man behind the armor. There was just something very wrong with the whole group, even if she did not have the guts to ask them about it.

“Glad to meet you all, just on last thing Sir Momon, could you kindly remove your helmet, it is just a matter of mutual assurance, nothing personal.”

Her leader asked, for a moment Ninya thought the large man would refuse but then he brought a hand on his helmet and removed it, revealing a man in his mid-thirties with spiky black hair and eyes, with no particular feature on his face, all in all he was pretty unremarkable, not attractive but not ugly as well.

“I think this will be enough?”

He asked as Peter just nodded before the man placed his helmet back on.

Before someone could say anything else Lukrut stood and went around the table kneeling before the tanned, redhaired girl. ‘Oh, not again...’ Ninya felt like facepalming hard enough to break her nose in shame.

“My Lady! Ever since I laid my eyes on your perfect form I felt my heart be stolen by your beauty! So, I ask of you, please accept this feelings of mine and allow me to escort you on a date!”

The room fell silent at his declaration, Ninya could swear she heard a muttered insult coming from someone before the redhaired girl jumped back, grabbing the arm of the dark knight and pressing herself against his armor as if frightened.

“Uncle! A pervert is trying to take me! Do not let him, uncle!”

She said in a very exaggerated tone, Ninya wasn’t sure if she was actually serious or joking around.

The dark knight on his part just looked down at her kneeling companion.

“Sir Lukrut, is that right?”

He asked, his cold dead serious tone sending shivers down Ninya’s spine, even Lukrut’s usual bravado seemed to leave his body as the knight’s words penetrated him like ice spikes.

“Your courtship had not been appreciated by my niece, I would suggest you return to your seat and let us discuss the job instead.”

No one dared to argue with the older man as Lukrut obeyed without retorts, Ninya could swear that for a moment she saw the redhaired girl smirk in sadistic glee at the retreating form of her partner, but the next instant everything was gone as if it was just a trick of the light.

She looked back at the contract in the middle of the table, these might be good coins, but she had half a mind of leaving and never returning by now.

{The Next Day}

{Momonga’s P.O.V.}

The cosplaying undead sighed to himself in resignation, there was just so much he could take, and the Pleiades were testing his limits. A good portion of yesterday evening and night had been used to decide who would sleep in the same bed as him... even if he already said many times, he had no need for sleep at all, nor did most of them to begin with.

When they stopped arguing about that, instead of sleeping they decided that the room was far too filthy for their Supreme Being, and so started cleaning any little corner of it until there was no more dust or filth.

It was quite the weird shift in personality but, he guessed, this what was written in their programming as maids. The most surprising thing was that it barely took fifteen minutes before they were done and the room was nearly unrecognizable as every surface whined as if newly made.

As a Japanese, he felt like thanking them for their hard work... that didn’t go well at all. They immediately started stuttering about how

unworthy of praise they were and that they were just doing what they were created for. It was a pretty sad mindset most of Nazarick seemed to share. And that is when his stupid mind decided that he wanted to start changing that.

He made them sit down and tried to explain to them why thanking someone for their work was common sense. When that failed he started telling them stories of their creators, that seemed to catch their attention. He was so enamored with his own memories that he didn't even notice how close they got to him. By the end of it both Shizu and Entoma were sitting on his lap while the other four encircled him from behind leaning on his armor. That was an awkward moment to get out of.

He didn't have the heart to deny them though, they just seemed like lost children in that moment, pushing them away would have been cruel even for him.

“Sir Momon, how did you acquire such an armor?”

The voice of the Swords of Darkness' magic caster interrupted his train of thought, bringing him back to reality. He had to stop spacing out like that even if the cart travel was incredibly boring.

“Uhm... it was a gift, from one of my brothers, who was the best smith I ever encountered.”

He answered as smoothly as he could. The magic caster, Ninya, if he remembered well, just turned toward the six Pleiades seating as close as possible to him, while Entoma and Shizu occupied Momonga's lap. The cart was a little small...

The undead didn't get the unspoken question for a few moment before it clicked in his mind.

“Ah, if you are wondering, my smith brother wasn't the father of any of them.”

He answered the unspoken question in the caster's eyes.

“Forgive me for my rudeness Sir Momon, but your nieces look very different from each other, exactly how many brothers and sisters do you have?”

Asked the bearded druid. The air tensed up as the Pleiades didn't like the comment at all and many were giving the druid a deadpan look by now. Momonga decided to intervene before anything could escalate.

“Me and my siblings may not have been bound by blood, but I assure you, our bond was far deeper than the one blood siblings usually share.”

The undead explained as his gloved hand went to caress Entoma's head as he felt she getting more and more agitated by the moment.

His declaration put a stop to any further discussions on the matter and the voyage proceeded into an embarrassing silent.

...

‘Umu, this is it? It's kind of... underwhelming...’ those were his first thoughts as the entrance of the cave came into view. According to the quest paper this was the base of the ogres. Not even Yggdrasil at its lowest ever had such underwhelming quests, that habit died down after 2070 when games' technology made it possible to program ever different quests by an AI, only for the best to be approved by the devs.

“This is bad, I would have hoped we could have fought them out here.”

Said Peter with a troubled expression.

“The cave is dark and too tight to fight a monster of that caliber, there is no range of maneuver around it.”

Lukrut observed in a serious manner not really fitting his character in Momonga's book, he just couldn't take seriously someone who tried to flirt with the NPCs for the whole trip.

Not that he concerned himself with their opinion to begin with, there was only one reason why they were here in the first place. To observe and spread the voice later on. Yes, that was the best way of advancing in the competitive world of adventurers. You needed to make a name for yourself and make it fast if you wanted to go up in rank, like companies competing for popularity. Momonga saw it happen again and again. The ultra-capitalistic market saw large companies rise and fall by the month as they tried to push for the biggest short-time profit as possible before declaring bankruptcy and fleeing with the money only to redo it all over again with another name.

Not that the latter part was any of Momonga's objective, he was fairly confident he was going for a long term thing here, unless something big and unexpected forced his hand.

But returning to the current situation, he had no intention of letting the adventurers get in and get themselves killed in the process, that would be counterproductive to his end goal.

Resisting the urge of sighing he glanced at the Pleiades who were just standing around waiting for his command.

“My dears, would you be so kind to deal with the problem?”

He requested in the most uncles way he could think of based on the few real life interactions and shows he saw.

His words seemed to have them all freeze up for a moment before they nodded as one and turned toward the cave.

Entoma used a dozen of her talismans to summon spiders as big as a toddler much to the shock of the human adventurers and disgust of one short magic caster.

“Listen up! Uncle wants those bad smelling guys to come out! If you fail... I will have to punish you!”

The childish tone made her comment sound adorable, like a little girl trying to intimidate an older sibling or something like that even if Momonga had little doubt the punishment she mentioned would be anything but childish.

The spiders, on their part, didn't waste time and immediately ran into the cave, crawling on all surfaces with their eight legs.

The screams didn't take long to begin as the very earth began to rumble due to the panicked stampede taking place inside the cave.

“They are coming.”

Shizu said in her usual emotionless tone.

“This may be not much compared to your usual foes, but do not let your guard down.”

Momonga said trying to give out the aura of expertise his age would suggest, while praising the girls like a good uncle should.

“Sure thing uncle!”

The cheerful Lupusregina answered energetically while swinging around her mace in anticipation.

The first to come out of the cave turned out to be the goblins who just ran like their life depended on it.

“Target acquired.”

The emotionless Shizu rais as she aimed her double crossbows.

“Fire.”

In an instant eight bolts shot out impaling the weak demi-humans through their heads.

“My my, little Zushhi, leave some for me too will you? Don’t you want to share with your big sister?”

The Predator Slime disguised as a human said in a dark tone, that sent a shiver down Momonga’s spine, before launching her daggers and finishing off the remaining goblins.

“Sorry big sister, but you are too slow.”

The cold response of the Automaton just seemed to amuse the Slime to no end as she smiled creepily at her younger sister. ‘I hope no one saw that...’ was the only thought of the undead before a bunch of ogres started to crawl out of the cave just to be either punched to death by Yuri, having their body crushed by Lupusregina’s sadistic swings or being electrified by Narberal’s low tier magic.

The whole thing didn’t last even a minute before there was nothing remaining of the large group of demi-humans.

Momonga felt quite satisfied and smug about how well they all handled and restricted themselves, the naturality between them and their interaction certainly helped them to not arise suspicions.

He glanced at the four human adventurers who were currently slack jawed, gaping at the massacre that just occurred. ‘Well, I hope this wasn’t too much... I am sure they will spread good rumors though’ he assured himself before two new foes appeared.

Their blue skin clearly set them aside from the previous ogres even if Momonga wasn’t completely sure of their race.

“T-Trolls!”

The alarmed and panicked cry of Peter confirmed his suspicions. ‘Oh well, I guess this is for the best...’ he said as he lifted his hands above his head and took out his double set of adamantite swords.

“Back off.”

He said and in an instant all the Pleiades were beside him as he began casually strolling toward the confused duo of trolls who still didn’t seem to have guessed what happened here.

As he got closer both apparently thought he was requiring their attention more than their previous occupation and the first one took a swing at him as soon as he was in range.

Not even bothering to dodge, the undead limited himself to cutting off the offending appendage, being annoyed by his painful cries Momonga just kicked him away, eager to test his hypothesis.

Meanwhile the other troll charged him without reserve. ‘I don’t need two’ he thought as he split his opponent in half from skull to pelvis with a single strike. ‘It’s a shame, they don’t drop anything... what a waste of time...’ he thought, once again focusing on the injured troll that, by now, almost regenerated his whole limb.

Slightly impressed by his regeneration Momonga tried to see what the limit of this last one was by cutting off the troll’s head. Unfortunately, the demi-human didn’t regenerate this time. ‘Low level? Or just a weak regen? Uhm I will have to acquire some more for further experimentation’ too focused on his thought he didn’t notice the Pleiades enthusiastically clinging to him like excited children, all apart from Yuri, Shizu and Narberal, who kept a respectable distance.

He felt some fondness rise up from the bottom of his nonexistent heart as he regarded the children of his friends acting so freely. He

just hoped the guardians could have done the same. His head snapped back to the human adventurers.

“I think we are done here.”

And with that, he left the humans there with their jaws still threatening to be unhinged.

{That evening}

{Ninya’s P.O.V.}

“That was really impressive miss Nabe!”

The young magic caster said with sparkling eyes as she regarded her new idol who didn’t seem too interested in entertaining a conversation with her.

“How did you manage to get so strong?”

She continued to ask curious to know if she could implement something in her training that would help her.

“I am just how my... father made me to be.”

The statement confused the younger caster as she seemed to not get what her senior meant by that.

“Kukuku... don’t be so cryptic Nabby! Sometimes you are just so cold!”

The energetic Gina hugged her sister playfully from behind. The scene brought some pain to Ninya’s heart as her own sister used to do something like that when she was younger.

“Nabe’s father was the head of a very secretive clan, their training techniques and some of her spells are considered clan’s secrets and, as she is the last member remaining, she is mostly tight lipped about it... I hope you will not hold this against her sir Ninya.”

The young caster flipped her head to the side as Momon explained his niece's background to her. The flames of the campfire reflecting on his dark armor creating a very impressive lights spectacle. She simply nodded as she didn't want to pry in other people's business.

“Ah I am sure he must have been an excellent magic caster.”

Provided Peter, causing Momon to put down his bowl, still full of soup.

“Yes, he wasn't bad at all, even if his talents lied more toward the espionage side of things.”

Ninya recognized the longing in the warrior's tone, that sense of long past happy memories.

“But man, are we not going to address how freaking powerful you are Momon?”

Lukrut intervened with a sly smile.

“No wonder you managed to surround yourself with so many hot babes!”

Ninya felt like facepalming at her comrade, he could just not control himself.

“I am unsure what you are implying Sir Lukrut, but as their guardian I feel responsible to challenge anyone who think he is good enough for one of my nieces.”

The words sent a shiver down Ninya's spine, she had no idea who would be mad enough to do such a thing after observing the man at work, no matter how beautiful said girls might be, dying wasn't worth it. But then again, she was a girl herself and she might not count on that statement.

“Lukrut! Sir Momon, I apologize for my friend's rudeness.”

Peter said while forcing his friend's head down in a form of apology, the black clad warrior just waved his worries away, while patting his orange haired niece who seemed quite content at the touch judging by the small smile sporting on her face, much to the others' envious glares.

“No offense taken Sir Peter, your comrade reminds me of a... brother of mine who was similar in nature.”

His voice got lower as he said so, as if lost in his own mind.

“I am sure you will meet people like them again.”

As soon as she said that, Ninya felt the gaze of the warrior fall on her, an unimaginable weight on her stomach now, as if she was being stared down by one of the Dragon Lord undecided if striking her or ignoring her.

“Such a thing... will never come to be.”

He said, his tone darker and harder than anything she ever heard before.

The armored adventurer stood up and left the scene excusing himself, soon followed by his six companions who all had unreadable expressions on their faces. Even the ever-cheerful Gina just seemed to be emotionless in that moment.

The caster waited for them to be far enough before uttering anything.

“I think... I screwed up...”

She said, her expression down casted.

She felt a strong hand pat her shoulder, she looked up only to gaze upon the fatherly figure of Dyne.

“Words can sometimes hurt even the strongest of men.”

He said, his deep tone adding boldness to the wise words.

“They are probably all dead... leaving behind their children like that... for him to take care of... it must be quite a burden indeed.”

Unexpectedly the words came from Lukrut who was gazing into the fire, his soup lain forgotten aside.

“Yes, to lose one’s family, even if not bound by blood, it must have been devastating.”

Peter added, making Ninya feel even worse, as if she didn’t know the pain of such a thing! How could she, of all people, have been so careless with her words?

“Still, those girls might be able to patch up that man’s heart somehow.”

Lukrut said suggestively with one of his signature grins.

“Lukrut! This is not the time for your jokes!”

Ninya was surprised by Dyne’s tone, in all their time together she never heard him rise his voice so much to chastise someone else.

“No jokes here Dyne, I have known many girls and I can assure you... those gazes and small gestures are not something a girl reserves for family... he might think of them as nieces, but they certainly don’t see him as an uncle... ah! I’m burning with envy inside!”

He said exaggerating his last comment, bringing both hands to his heart. Ninya could only shake her head at her comrade’s antics.

{Momonga’s P.O.V.}

He sat on the cold grass, far away from the human adventurers, only to be joined by his unofficial bodyguards.

“That won’t be necessary, after all...”

He gazed at the six of them.

“I already have six of the most beautiful stars with me.”

He said calmly as he remembered their creators showing him the constellation they took for inspiration many times. It was something to behold even in a simple photo, he didn’t dare to imagine what beauty it would be to see the Pleiades in real life.

“M-my L-Lord?”

His small flash of memory was interrupted by Narberal who was now sporting a flaring blush on her face, was she embarrassed about the hair ruffling? Well, that wasn’t really something meant to be done to an adult, maybe he should mind his gestures.

“S-such words are w-wasted upon us my L-Lord!”

This time it was Solution who spoke and for some reason her body seemed to shift uncontrollably as if she was struggling to maintain her form.

“Mou! Ainz-sama don’t say such things... I... my heart is not ready!”

Lupusregina cried out as she buried her face between her hands.

Shizu kept blinking erratically and Entoma had decided she would nest between his legs.

To say Momonga had no idea what the hell was happening would be an understatement.

He turned toward his only hope, one Yuri Alpha who still didn’t utter a single word.

Her gaze was down casted and her lips seemed to be trembling.

“My Lord, may I ask you something?”

She spoke, her voice as soft as Yamaiko's. Momonga, not really knowing how to react, just nodded.

“Did you really mean it my Lord? That you consider the Supreme Beings as your own brothers and sisters... and u-us, meager beings, as t-their c-children?”

The question was actually a good one. He had to start and interact familiarly with the NPCs due to the circumstances but... was he really acting at all? For all he saw he could clearly see a resemblance between creation and creator, still the resemblance was far enough not to create a carbon copy but to give birth to a new person. Was that not what a child was regardless of blood?

He hummed as he pondered the question for a few more seconds before giving his answer.

“Yes, as I never had any blood siblings I found my family into Ainz Ooal Gown and you, as the legacy my friends... no... my siblings, left behind are certainly comparable to their own children... it is my duty to guide you and assure your safety by any means necessary... to honor the memory of my brother and sisters who loved you so much.”

If Momonga was a more cautious man he would have pondered his words but his lack of social skills and emotional suppression caused him to speak from his heart freely.

He certainly did not anticipate the river of tears his words would cause, he felt something close around his waist as Entoma was now hugging him fiercely while her sisters wept openly. Even Yuri, who could not physically cry, was shaking due to the uncontrollable sobbing.

“T-thank you L-Lord Ainz, y-your words m-make us s-so happy.”

She managed to say through her sobbing.

And then Momonga realized that the ones sitting next to him were no mere NPCs, masses of data crystals and items, no, the ones next to him were but children lost, afraid and alone in the world... and he would protect them all. No matter the consequences. No cost was too great.

{3 Days later}

The undead sighed in satisfaction as he finally saw the Fortress City coming into view, the previous days had been among the most relaxing ever since he came to this new world.

After they returned from their first quest everything went according to plan and rumors on their supposed strength passed around like cheap booze in an inn. They were promoted to the Silver Rank and they immediately took advantage of the situation to accept the new hardest quest available to their rank.

Again, it was an extermination request, a young wyvern had been spotted not too far from E-Rantel and they were charged with investigating the situation and, if proved dangerous, retreat and call for backup. Needless to say, they found a nest of young wyverns and their parents. They killed them all of course, except for two he sent to demiurge for further investigation.

Surely that would make their fame skyrocket. He hoped the guild would raise their rank to Platinum for this, after all if scouting a single wyvern was considered Silver rank stuff, killing a whole flock with two adults would certainly be considered Platinum Rank at the very least.

But the simplicity of monster hunting wasn't the reason why he felt so relaxed, no, his six companions were the ones responsible for that. He felt like he was adventuring with his old friends once again... well, not quite on that level, but, for someone who

remained alone in Yggdrasil for years this felt awfully close to what he had once.

The personalities of the Pleiades were surely influenced by their creators but they, clearly, weren't them, but resembled them enough for Momonga to feel some melancholy within him. Their sisterly bond brought an invisible smile on his face as he wished he could have something like that as well.

“Lord Momon, there is smoke coming from the city.”

Narberal, the ever-dutiful daughter of Nishiki, called for his attention to shift from his thoughts to the sky above the city. And indeed, smoke was rising, it was quite late in the evening and Momonga had to thank his natural night vision, otherwise he would not have been able to see said smoke against the dark sky.

‘That does not bode for anything good...’ he thought.

“We need to go and check it out.”

He finally said, his good mood dampened.

...

They reached the city gate in just a few minutes, the fact that there were no guards awaiting them was just another sign of something wrong going on right now.

His undead instincts were raging inside him, that could mean only one thing.

As they advanced into the city his prediction came true as a horde of skeletons and zombies turned the corner, charging them.

“[Fireball]”

The casual way in which Narberal called forth the spell reflected the mood of the others who didn't seem bothered at all by the screams currently filling the air.

“Tsk, this is annoying...”

The undead muttered, his words bringing a certain seriousness on the otherwise nonchalant expression on the Pleiades' faces.

“What should we do... uncle.”

The emotionless voice of Shizu asked, uncertain how to proceed in such a situation.

“We should let them deal with their problem, and instead search for the source of the problem and eliminate it, the more die the more impressing uncle will seem when he saves the day.”

Solution's proposal was quite valid and Momonga felt like it was the easiest way of proceeding.

“I think that saving them would leave a far more favorable impression on the people, that would be more helpful in the long run.”

This time it was Yuri who decided to speak up. A valid proposal, Momonga had to admit.

What to do, what to do...

{Ninya's P.O.V.}

She felt wet fat tears fall down her visage as Peter, the last standing member of Swords of Darkness, fell on his back, two swords piercing his chest as life left his eyes.

She couldn't move, she just sat there terrified while the horde feasted on her companions. The guards, now turned undead, advancing toward her to finish the job.

She remembered how they joined the other adventurers as the first horde breached the cemetery gate, it was a complete massacre, the only two Mithril ranked adventurer's teams in the city were the only reason why they managed to hold the line before tiredness and the overwhelming numbers became too much to deal with.

They scattered like ants around the city, leaving no defense to the common people living their lives. The screams almost broke her as much as the carnage that followed.

And now it was her time, her time to feel the voidness of death as her friends before her.

The guard turned zombie slashed at her sloppily, an easily avoidable strike but she was frozen in place, unable and unwilling to avoid her incoming doom.

Then everything went black... and red?... and golden?...

Her eyes took some time to relay to her brain what exactly she was seeing, unsure if this was but a mere fantasy of her brain before death took her.

Towering over her now stood no zombie, but a giant black armored and red caped man. A man she knew.

“Umu... low tier trash...”

The dark and deep voice said from behind the helmet as the adventurer slammed the undead guard currently in his right hand against the nearest wall. Splattering bone, blood and brains all over it.

She felt herself being taken up in a bridal style by those strong arms as the adventurer carried her away from the carnage. She had just enough energy to give her savior a small hysterical smile. If this was her death fantasy, it wasn't a bad one at all, she was still a

maiden at heart after all... though she never imagined her mind would use Momon as her dark prince.

Unable to resist her urges any longer, her body fell into the realm of unconsciousness.

{An hour later}

{Momonga's P.O.V.}

He internally sighed as he slashed another undead out of existence, this was a really tedious work, even more as he had to push back the majority of the horde already in the city and now he was proceeding through the cemetery.

His load was, of course, lessened by the aid the six masquerading maids provided and their constant banter on who killed more and who helped him more was quite amusing, but a boring job remained a boring job.

Luckily for him it seemed like they had finally met the source of the scourge.

A bunch of what seemed to be cultist seemingly too focused on their little ritual to pay attention to him.

“Zushi, Nabe.”

He calmly called for the action of the two Pleiades.

“Yes, Lord.”

“Understood... uncle.”

Said the two before using either magic or enchanted crossbows to decimate the cultist in mere instants.

To the surprise of Momonga, only one remained up, injured but not yet dead... well, as alive as you can consider an elder lich to begin with.

“So, this is the cause of all this mess, a simple lich?”

He asked aloud, not considering the irony of his words.

“WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?!”

The lich roared in rage, making Momonga wonder if he was the only undead with some kind of emotional suppressor.

“That isn’t really important, you and your hiding colleague are going to be dead pretty soon anyway.”

Momonga answered uninterested.

A crazed female giggle echoed from the mausoleum as the second persecutor made herself known. She was a woman entirely covered by a black cloak with bright blond hair nearing orange at the tips.

“My, my, you are quite perceptive, this one’s name is Clementine! Nice to meet you mysterious adventurer!”

The disturbing tone she used to say those words greatly unnerved Momonga on a basic level.

“How did you find us?!”

The undead asked.

“Kukuku, it seems like the only rotten thing isn’t your flesh, but your brain as well.”

This time it was Solution who spoke adding to the elder lich’s further humiliation.

“The lower life forms are truly worthless, not even able to connect the simplest of dots.”

Narberal said emotionlessly, even if Momonga was sure there was not a small quantity of disdain and scorn behind those words.

“Umu, after clearing up the undead in the city we simply followed the flows of undead to its source, you didn’t make much of an effort to hide if I may add.”

Momonga said as politely as he could.

“But enough chitchat, we are not here to exchange words... Ria, Nabe, Zushi, I will leave this lich to you, the rest comes with me to face miss Clementine right there.”

He ordered and everybody obeyed without resistance, even Clementine herself simply shrugged and followed him.

...

“Are you sure you want to do this? You might get killed for nothing!”

The blond woman taunted him for the whole five minutes they took to get away from the mausoleum.

“This is far enough.”

The undead said ignoring the now scowling woman. Solution, Lupusregina and Entoma stepped aside, the tight-lipped expressions on her face and buzzing, in the case of Entoma, said it all about their sentiment toward the blond woman.

“Oh? Are your little whores not gonna fight little old me?”

Now the lady was really starting to get on his nerves. It was one thing to try and taunt him but insulting his friends’ legacy... his friends’ children, it was unacceptable.

“They are my nieces if you must know.”

Momonga said as he took a random stance, his blades ready to tear through the woman in front of him.

An inhumanly large smile appeared on the woman's face as she crouched down, her two stilettos ready to pierce all in their way.

“So, you have siblings... I have one of my own... he is just a little prick though.”

With that declaration she rushed him like a lighting bolt, Momonga just swung one of his swords casually, like he did against every foe he encountered, but this time his strike was blocked by his opponent. His second strike was dodged easily and the woman finally reached him, immediately going for his shoulders, the stilettos bounced off thanks to his armor.

“That armor is such a pain... I wanted to render you unable to move... so that I could make you watch what I would do to those three...”

She said as she maniacally liked her weapon while jumping back. But Momonga had no wish of letting her get away, he jumped her, striking with both blades at the same time. Once again the woman limited herself to parry both blades with her stilettos, something that actually surprised the disguised Overlord, he never thought he would meet such a skilled opponent here.

This time she went for his eyes as she slashed at his visor, her luck wasn't much on that front too, mostly because Momonga lacked eyes to be hurt in the first place.

“You know, this armor is quite good, but your skill is mediocre to begin with.”

She said as she pressed her body on his armor, letting fall one of his blades he tried to punch her, but she dodged and jumped back once more.

“If this is the best you can do is no wonder those siblings of yours died and left you to care for their worthless spawn!”

Her tone was taunting and sickly sweet but Momonga had no care for that, all he cared for were her words. They upset him, no, that was an understatement, they pissed him off beyond belief.

His emotional suppression kicked in, but the anger was just too much to contain. Those words hit far too close to home for his tastes. For the first time in his life, he wanted to see someone dead, and he wanted to be the one to kill them.

A foreign sentiment, a cold fire burning in his chest, and in that moment, he was done playing adventurer.

With a single motion he threw his remaining sword at his opponent who widened her eyes in surprise as she probably didn't expect that. She managed to dodge it nonetheless.

“What was that for? Did I touch a nerve?”

She giggled maniacally, but Momonga was no longer listening.

“PLEIADES! SHOW THEM THE POWER OF NAZARICK! OF YOUR CREATORS' LEGACY!”

The shout was deafening in intensity and was as dark as the blackest void.

His opponent just cocked her head to the side like a curious cat.

“What the hell was that?”

She asked no one as Momonga focused his gaze on her once again.

“Now, scum, come and die by my hands.”

He motioned with his hands leaving himself exposed for the incoming attack that didn't miss to arrive.

The foolish, bloodthirsty woman rushed him and used the low tier spell in her weapons to try and kill him from inside his armor.

A worthless effort as all she managed was to let her guard down and get grabbed by him, squishing her against him.

“What?! What is this?! You should be dead!”

He squeezed harder causing her to whine like a kicked puppy.

“Are you sure about that?”

He asked, cold fury hardly contained in his tone as he dispelled his disguise allowing the night to bask in the glory of his skeletal form.

“An Elder Lich?!”

She asked in shock.

“I will take my time, I will enjoy squishing you, far more than I should.”

He said uncaring of the struggling woman in his arms.

“Lord Ainz, if you could allow this lower one to speak...”

The voice that belonged to the Predator Slime broke him from his murder glee.

“What is it Solution.”

He decided he would hear what she had to say.

“This lower life form is unworthy of being killed by someone as great as you, in addition... the affront this... thing... casted upon my own creator... I would like to be the one to administer punishment for it.”

Momonga pondered those words in his head as the other two present Pleiades nodded energetically in agreement with their sister.

While he felt personally attacked by the woman it still wasn't like she was badmouthing his own mother or father, who had more right

to claim her life if not the children of those she so blatantly insulted in her ignorance?

With a swift movement and a loud crack followed by a scream he dropped the woman, now sporting a broken spine on the ground.

“Do as you wish with her but be done by the time your sisters return.”

The three sisters glared down at the broken figure of Clementine struggling to breath. Malice in every pour of their beings directed at her, their gaze more akin to ones of those who were gazing down at a disgusting worm.

“Now... let us ravish the moment...”

Solution said her smile enlarging more than what a human should be capable of.

“Mah, mah, you truly made me mad now... to speak of the Supreme Beings in such a way... I won't allow you to die just yet...”

Lupus said as her tone transformed her usually cheerful demeanor in a very intimidating and disturbing one.

“ConSidER YouRSeLF LuCkY wE Will HaVe LitTle TimE to PlaY together...”

The true voice of Enotma came out rasping through her throat as she lifted her mask.

Momonga did nothing and just let the children play their game while he was concentrated on the other battle currently going on in the cemetery. His mind oblivious to the screams and cries coming from behind him. ‘Children will be children... I guess’ he hummed to himself.

{Kahjiit's P.O.V.}

He finally did it! He became an Elder Lich! After so many years of work and careful planning he finally did it! Now there was nothing that could stop him from achieving his goal!

So why? Why was it all going to hell!?

He had three skeletal dragons at his service! Three! And he could use 3rd tier spells! Why? Why? Why?

At first the three adventurers surprised him with their strength, being capable of heavily damaging his dragons, but when he started empowering them with his spells and joined the battle himself the balance seemed to shift in his favor.

And yet! A voice came from the sky, he did not understand the exact words it said but from there everything plummeted straight to hell.

The adventurers removed their cloaks, revealing some kind of maid attires, he wanted to laugh at first only to fall in despair the following second when one of the maids cleaved in half one of his skeletal dragons with her arm turned giant saw.

In the next second the black-haired maid shattered the skull of another with her bare fists sending its body across the ground into the last one standing. And right now, he was gazing at the sky where the third maid was casting some kind of magic.

He wasn't worried for the dragons. They were already doomed, magic or no magic, the spell was probably meant for him.

He turned to flee back into the mausoleum, he might be able to use the boy as a hostage to get away. Unfortunately, his idea seemed to come to him too late as the lighting currently flowing in the maid's hands shot out assuming the form of two roaring dragons.

In a last-ditch effort to buy time Kahjiit ordered his last dragon to tank the spell, abusing its immunity to magic. Against all other odds, the dragon actually managed to get between him and the spell. Finally, something went his way, he wasn't out of danger but it was clear he had a chance. Or, at least, that would be the case if the spell didn't shatter the skeletal dragon before engulfing him in its almighty light.

'Why? Why is nothing ever meant to go well... am I really going to die without achieving anything?' those were his last thoughts as the light consumed him and then he knew no more.

{Two days later}

{Momonga's P.O.V.}

He felt pretty good with himself, he was currently sitting on his bed in an inn far better than the previous one in terms of quality.

Not only they got the recognition they deserved and went up to the Orichalcum rank, but they also got a pretty curious trinket, a magic item the Overlord was pretty curious about, unfortunately it was attached to some boy he had to kill to take it off. He already sent it back to Nazarick alongside the strange orb the Lich was using to contain negative energy, it apparently was somehow sentient and was sent back for further experimentation.

Unfortunately, they couldn't present to the guild the corpses of the culprit as one was reduced to cinders and the other... well... it would be an understatement to say that she wasn't presentable to say the least, after Solution, Lupus and Entoma's treatment.

Speaking of the devil, the insectoid was currently nestling between his legs as she did most of the time while Solution and Lupus sat respectively on his right and left. The other three Pleiades sat on the floor next to his legs.

Spending some good time together certainly helped him understand better the NPC... no, the children of his friends. Under all those layers of respect and loyalty laid just frightened children who wanted nothing more than for their parents to come back. That realization broke his heart, and he wanted nothing more than to fill that void in their hearts.

Seeing how they acted without having to pay him respects really brought out the magic behind their creation. A spectacle for the eyes, a celebration of the legacy of Ainz Ooal Gown. He wondered if the guardians could be convinced to do the same.

Speaking of which he just received a [Message] from Albedo. He tilted his head and only one word escaped his nonexistent lips.

“What?”

{Three days later}

{Yuri's P.O.V.}

Yuri Alpha, eldest and leader of the Pleiades, sipped from her cup of tea, not that she could savor the flavor due to her undead nature, but tea parties were a splendid occasion to spend time with her sisters.

“You will see Lupus, I will show Lord Ainz that I am the better slime, I will clean him up... to the very last hidden angle.”

Her blond sister said with a smirk before receiving a slap on the back of the head, courtesy of Shizu.

“Lewd.”

She said emotionlessly.

“My my, little Shizu, it is only lewd if you imagine it that way... are you imagining it that way Shizu?... so scandalous.”

The slime rebutted, even if the whole thing seemed to pass over Shizu's head.

“I wouldn't mind washing with Lord Ainz.”

She said in a straight face, causing Lupus to choke on her tea.

“I-I always thought you were in favor of Lady Albedo.”

A surprised Narberal intervened in the conversation.

“After spending time with Lord Ainz my parameters indicate that neither Lady Albedo nor Lady Shalltear are a good choice for Lord Ainz.”

Shizu responded in her usual monotone, eliciting the curiosity of the undead.

“You think you would be a better choice Shizu?”

Yuri asked, amused by her younger sister's defiance of the natural order of things.

“Lord Ainz showed more interest and affection percentage toward us than any other in Nazarick, that leads to the idea that if he must conceive an heir, he will choose one of us, if not all, so to cement his legacy.”

By now Lupus was dying of laughter at Shizu's words, while Narberal was sporting quite the blush Yuri never saw on her before, Entoma buzzed in a way that reminded Yuri of a purring cat, she herself would not mind the idea if Lord Ainz asked that of her.

“That's my Shizu, always so independent and ready to challenge the whole of Nazarick for Lord Ainz' affection.”

Solution whispered as she draped an arm around Shizu's shoulders.

“I am just analyzing the data in my possession currently... also, not cute sister.”

She said as she tried to get out of Solution's grasp.

Before anyone could say anything else the door of their room opened revealing Decrement.

"I am sorry for the interruption, but Lord Ainz requires your presence."

{Momonga's P.O.V.}

"As you can understand, this is the worst scenario imaginable, so I requested your presence to accompany me to the treasury."

Momonga explained what happened when he tried to free Shalltear from her mind control. The six maids nodded in understanding.

"Take these, they will be needed to access the treasury."

He said as he passed the rings of Ainz Ooal Gown around.

"You all have high poison resistance right?"

Once again, his inquiry was answered by a nod.

As they moved toward the treasury Momonga wondered what kind of strategies he could use against Shalltear, he already got around the first half of the fight but when she resurrected, then the true challenge would begin. He didn't remember all the items in the treasury, that would be impossible, years of raids and cumulative drops resided there. He will have to go through his friends' gear and find something. 'Maybe he could help... I made him a magic item lover after all... all other NPCs seems to stay loyal to their settings...' he mused as his thoughts fell on the reason why he requested the Pleiades to come with him. He had no intention of showing his creation to the other guardians, it would be too embarrassing. He hoped that after the time they spent together, the Pleiades would be more lenient in their judgement.

"Lord Ainz, if I may ask, what are we searching for?"

He gazed at Yuri, pondering her question.

“Items, items of enough power to counter the World Class Item used on Shalltear.”

He said trying to remain vague, he had no idea how they would react if he said he was going to face Shalltear.

‘We are here, this is the first time I come here after the transportation... I wonder if everything is okay... I should have sent someone to check, no, I couldn’t risk anyone finding out.’ So engrossed in his thought he was that he didn’t even realize he finally reached the door to the internal treasury.

He composed himself before saying the password, hesitating a little as it was far more embarrassing to say it out loud instead of typing it.

The internal corridor was as dark as he remembered but It soon gave way to a large room with a desk and seating on it, there was an exact copy of himself.

The two Overlord met gazes as the Pleiades seemed confused for just a moment before taking a battle stance.

“My Lord, please stay behind us, we will dispose of this intruder.”

Stated Yuri, reading her gauntlets.

“Umu, that won’t be necessary, Pandora’s Actor, stand down.”

He ordered in the kingliest way he could muster, the other him just seemed to melt and recreate in his original form.

“Hail to you! My Creator Lord Momonga!”

The doppelganger saluted in a military fashion.

“I’m glad to see you well, is everything in order?”

The undead asked as he tried to ignore the exaggerated gestures of his creation.

“Of course, My Lord! This humble one has been caring for the Supreme Beings’ possession with the upmost care!”

Now Momonga really felt the need to facepalm.

“Glad to hear that, then I will be going as I need to take out our own World Items.”

He said as he tried to just go forward before dying of embarrassment.

“Ah! World Items! The greatest objects in the Nine Worlds! Is it truly time to unleash their almighty power upon the world!”

‘Please kill me now...’ if he physically could, Momonga would be crying by now, he couldn’t look at the cringe inducing poses of his creation anymore. The worst thing was that the Pleiades stayed silent the whole time. This was much worse than he imagined.

“Then I will be going.”

He said, broken in body and spirit.

“Oh yes! And... ah! I see you have brought lovely maidens with you as well!”

Pandora said as he finally noticed the other six occupants of the room. ‘God damn it! Just stop already!’ he could not risk his creation interacting with the maids, he needed to intervene.

“They are my companions.”

He blurted out the first thing that came to mind, the week spent as an adventurer coming back to him in that moment.

“Oh, I see! My Creator certainly chose the best of Nazarick to take as his own!”

Momonga just ignored the comment and went forward, eager to get away from his creation, not noticing the blushes his, so called, companions were sporting all the way in the inner treasury.

“Remove your rings.”

He said before he entered the mausoleum, otherwise the golems would attack them. The Pleiades obeyed without uttering a word passing them back to him.

They advanced further inside, he could hear the gasps of surprised from behind him at the sight of the golems of his companions.

“This is a hall to remember what once was, I brought you here so you might gaze upon your parents once more.”

Momonga said, inviting the six to wander around the room in search of their creators while he did his own research, looking around to see what he could use to solve his dilemma.

It took almost half an hour for him to finally find what he needed and, in the meantime, the six of them were busy in admiring their own creators, even if the golems did little to recreate the feeling of having them before you.

“My Lord.”

Hearing the voice of Solution calling back to him he turned to come face to face with the six Pleiades gathered before him.

“I cannot stop myself from asking, but judging from your words before, did you perhaps imply that the other Supreme Beings... are dead?”

She asked him, barely contained tears in their eyes. Momonga was left speechless for a moment. He had no idea on how to answer that question. Anything he would say would end up hurting them and so he decided to go with the truth.

“No, but it’s more complicated than that, I still hold hope that I may see them in the future, but that is an uncertain possibility.”

As he expected his words didn’t bring any joy to them.

“But, in the meantime, I will be the one protecting you and Nazarick.”

He declared, trying to put up his best act of leadership.

“I see, what about Lady Shalltear, My lord?”

Asked Narberal.

“I... I will be the one facing Shalltear... alone.”

As expected, those words brought a multitude of protests up.

“It is my responsibility as the leader of Nazarick, as a friend to Peroroncino.”

He stated resolutely.

“My Lord, I know we are weak and cannot stand against Lady Shalltear but please let us aid you! We will gladly die if it means saving you! Have faith in us!”

The words were unexpected, especially coming from the usually cheerful Lupusregina.

“No, I will not stand and watch the children of my friends killing each other! I will not stand for it, over my dead body.”

He said as anger and sadness filled him at the sole thought of losing any of them.

That seemed to silence the six battle maids who were just openly crying by now.

He didn't like the sight one bit, to see the usually energetic and lively sisters reduced to a crying mess was something he could not stand at all. Then an idea came to his mind.

“Here, this will be the symbol of my faith in you.”

He said as he took out the rings of Ainz Ooal Gown he previously gave to them and carefully placed them in each of their hand, making sure no one would equip it by mistake.

They now looked at him in surprise and confusion.

“This is the symbol of my faith in you, so please... have faith in me in return, I will return, as long as you hold those rings, I will return to you all, that is a promise I make in the name of Ainz Ooal Gown.”

{Next day}

{Yuri's P.O.V.}

She stood in a perfect line alongside her sisters, all eyes in the room were pointed on the screen showing Lord Ainz advancing toward Lady Shalltear.

It took all the remaining guardians to contain Lady Albedo and Lord Demiurge from following after him. It is said that Lady Albedo was inconsolable for the whole time. Lord Ainz even threatened to use Rubedo, the greatest of all creations, to contain them if necessary.

But that wasn't the main focus now, no, she could not stop thinking about how Lord Ainz chose them to be his brides. It was like an unreal dream come true. For someone as great as him, a Supreme Being, the last Supreme Being, to chose them above all other picks..

She had never been a romantic, not as Lady Albedo or Lady Shalltear were. But the knowledge that someone like Lord Ainz chose her brought her so much joy she could barely believe she was undead.

And she was sure her sisters felt the same, the rest of yesterday, after they returned to their room was spent in almost complete silence. Every last one of them contemplating the rings their Lord gifted them and the symbol of their union.

She knew Lady Albedo and Lord Mare got one as well, but that was different, they were guardians tasked with the protection of Nazarick. Theirs was a tool meant for their job. The Pleiades' instead received one after a true confession of love from their Lord. Or as much of a confession he could give, his mind was far too great to reduce himself to saying few explicit words.

As Lord Demiurge always said, Lord Ainz' words had always a deeper meaning behind them.

That is the reason why, even if it wasn't proper, they were still here, watching how their Lord... no, their Husband, will win this battle and come back to them, like he promised.

Her hand absently caressed the ring she sported on her left hand.

Yes, their Lord would come back to his wives, and they will cherish him as any well-behaved wife should.

{One Month Later}

{Adventurer's P.O.V.}

He was drinking from his mug when the double door of the guild flied open and he almost choked when he saw who came in with such vigor.

He heard the adventurers next to him either go silent or make awed noises in the background.

For the jet black armor could not belong to anybody else other than Momon the Savior of E-Rantel and the Raven Black Hero. Behind him other six figures came, following him like his own shadow.

The so called, most beautiful adventurers to ever be, and looking at them with his own eyes, the adventurer could do nothing but agree. Well, one wore a mask, but he was sure that she was as beautiful as the others under it.

But, even if that wasn't enough, they were among the most powerful adventurers to ever see the light of day.

Ria, the Iron Maiden, it was rumored she punched the head of a skeletal dragon off with a single punch.

Gina, the Red Saint, during the undead apocalypse it was said that she saved countless lives by healing them and crushing undead with her holy mace.

Sally, the Golden Shadow, if she wanted she could kill you before you realized you were dead.

Nabe, the Lightning Princess, her lightning magic was rumored to be so powerful that she could smite an adult wyvern down with a single spell.

Zushi, the Silent Arrow, it was said she could hit any target by any distance without missing once, her silent demeanor made her a somehow favorite among some adventurers.

And, lastly, Liza, the Monster Child, while the title may seem more insulting than it was meant to be, that was due to her specialization. Her summoning were mostly spiders capable of killing trolls with just one bite and, being the youngest of the group, she seemed little more than a child in the adventurers' eyes.

It was amazing to see such exalted figures together, the first ever Adamantite adventurer group to ever reside in E-Rantel.

“Stars of Darkness, reporting, the Basilisks’ nest has been exterminated, we brought the heads of the monsters, you can leave the payment in the usual place.”

The dark voice of the leader, Momon, echoed in the mostly silent guild before the whole group departed without uttering another word.

With heroes like this around, it was a blast being an adventurer. Now, if only someone could just stop the rumors about the Great Hero Momon being in a relationship with his own nieces...