

Overlord Volume 4 Intermission



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The conference room behind him should have started discussing a different topic. But his work in that conference room was finished, so he had left.

Just his work of making reports was done though, he still had his job as the first seat of the Black Scripture, which is the captain, to complete. It included reviving dead members, choosing temporary staff to fill the gap, training and experiments. As the Six Scriptures were a secret organization, he also had to live another life as a spy in the Theocracy.

And for his private life, he still needed to attend matchmaking sessions— under the premise of a polygamous marriage. There were only three awakened ‘God-kin’ in Silian Theocracy, so the higher ups had subtly requested him to ramp up his reproduction rate.

Such menial things kept piling up, depriving him of all his free time.

“I was hoping that they would give me some time to relax today.”

After being liberated from the highest level conference in Silian Theocracy — the Archbishop conference, he stretched his shoulders lightly — and his eyes were drawn away by a clicking sound.

He knew who was making that sound before looking at that person. Only a very small number of people in the Silian Theocracy were allowed to enter this place so it was easy to identify that person at once from those who were absent during the conference.

As he had expected, a young girl was leaning against the wall.

She had a head of unique hair, with different colors on either side. One side was silvery white that lit up your eyes, while the other was so black that it seemed to devour everything. Her eyes were also different colors.

Beside the girl was a War Scythe that looked like a pole arm.

She appeared to be less than fifteen years old, but her actual age was way beyond that. Ever since he became the captain of the Black Scripture— the first seat, her looks had not changed.

He moved his gaze towards her ears hidden by her hair— but he restrained himself.

The girl didn't like others to look at her ears.

The shiny lips of the girl became a crescent as if she was reading his mind.

She was an interracial child born from almost impossible odds, the strongest special seat within the Black Scripture, 'Certain Death'. Her job was to protect the sanctuary where the five holy equipment were laid.

The sound came from a toy in the girl's hands called Rubik's Cube, made popular by the Six Holy Gods. While she was producing the clicking sounds, the girl said:.

“It's quite easy to get one side, but it's really hard to get two, right?”

It was simple for him, but he wasn't sure if he should answer honestly, so he responded with a wry smile. The girl didn't seem interested in the answer anyway and continued asking:

“What happened? Why did all the archbishops gather?”

“The report should have been delivered to you.”

“Didn't read.”

She answered curtly.

“It's faster to ask someone about it. Was the prophecy of 'Thousand Miles Astrologer' wrong? The mission to defeat the Catastrophic Dragon Lord... something happened to them right?”

Their eyes did not meet throughout the conversation as the girl kept looking at the toy in her hands.

“... They fought a mysterious undead and retreated after two deaths and one heavily wounded.”

“Who died?”

There was no emotion of sadness for the death of someone from the same side. Her attitude was similar to asking about something unrelated to her, and he wasn't bothered by this. This attitude fit right in with the style of this girl.

“The bodyguard of Kaire-sama, Cedran, and Beaumarchais who attempted to capture the vampire who appeared to be still.”

“So it's 'Thousand Wall Shield' and 'Divine Chain'. The 'Earth Miko Princess' died from a mysterious explosion recently, and the Black Scripture lost two more good men... what a disaster. Who is the heavily injured?”

“It's Kaire-sama. Some curse seemed to prevent healing magic from mending her wounds, so she retreated.”

“And the vampire?”

“Left alone. When we tried to approach or capture it, the vampire counter-attacked. So our people decided to leave it alone in that place.”

“Isn’t that just avoiding the problem?”

“... It was decided during the conference to maintain the status quo.”

That was the conclusion made earlier in the conference room.

Instead of suffering major losses from attacking, it was better to let it be before gathering their forces. Anyway, the other nations won’t be able to defeat that undead anyway. If someone like that turned up, that meant someone they had to be wary of appeared, and they had to tighten their national defence first— In the end, they came to a consensus to leave a bare minimum team and withdraw everyone.

He agreed with this decision.

Only someone on the level of a ‘God-kin’ or Dragon Lord could defeat that vampire in a straight fight. It would be wiser to leave a team behind and watch out for the one that could defeat that vampire.

“Hmm, that wasn’t a vampire, right?”

He agreed with that too, that’s why he said it was a mysterious undead.

“Could it be a Dragon Lord? Vampiric Dragon Lord or Elder Coffin Dragon Lord?”

The curve of her lips grew steeper into an obvious smile. That was if that blood lust expression could be called a smile.

“... Weren’t these two dragons destroyed?”

He replied as the atmosphere turned awkward, but got an immediate answer:

“Both of them are undead Dragon Lords, it’s hard to say if they are truly dead.”

The girl lifted her head for the first time and looked straight at him. There was a glimmer in her different colored eyes, filled with curiosity, joy and the urge to fight.

“Between the vampire and me, who do you think is stronger?”

He replied to the question he was expecting with a prepared answer.

“Of course it’s you.”

“Is that so...”

She seemed to lost interest and stared at the toy again.

He sighed in relief.

“What a pity, I thought I had a chance to taste defeat.”

As he listened to the mumble of the girl, he wondered: *Who would win if the two of them really fought?*

He fought the girl and the vampire before. While the vampire felt stronger, but there was no way the vampire could win against ‘Certain Death’.

Their equipment was on a different scale.

That vampire seemed to be unarmed, which was the weak point of powerful monsters. They were too confident of their strength, so they don't wear powerful gear.

On the other hand, the girl was equipped with the relics of the Six Gods, so he judged her to be stronger. What if both sides had equipment of the same level?

Impossible.

He dismissed the question immediately. It was impossible to find and obtain equipment that could rival the girl's godly equipment.

But what if the vampire found it?

In that case... Maybe the strongest undefeated special seat of the Silian Theocracy will know failure. And it would be the time to despair with the defeat of the guardian of mankind.

No, why does he need to assume the girl will fight alone?

He wasn't at her level, but he was an awakened 'God-kin' and had many items at their disposal. If they use these items, they could defeat that vampire if there was only one. There was no way for so many undead that strong to exist.

He heard laughing while lost in thought, and looked at the source with a frown.

"Let's talk about something else, when are you getting married?"

This was an undetermined agenda that surfaced during the earlier meeting. She meant when he was going to get a girlfriend— to put it nicely, a wife, to say it nastily, a tool to make babies.

"There's no one yet."

"Well, you are still young."

When the Black Scripture members went on mission, they would wear magical masks to conjure a fake face.

By the laws dictated by their God, someone over the age of twenty will be considered an adult in Silian Theocracy. He was a lot younger than twenty when he took off his mask.

“After the marriage, your partner will be detained within the Theocracy... but don’t worry, she can still raise a child.”

“I know that, I’m also a member of the Scripture.”

“That’s true. Ah, it would be better to tell your prospective wife that you need to marry multiple wives. There is no problem in the eyes of the law, but there are people who dislike polygamy despite being educated that way.”

With permission granted by the Theocracy, it was possible for a man to marry many wives. It was an archaic practice to protect the bloodline of the few powerful men in the past. But the norm was monogamy, with just a handful of successful application for polygamy a year. Even when successful, they were limited to just two wives.

“Thank you for your kind reminder, what about you... You don’t plan to get married?”

He asked because she was much older than she looked.

“Well, if there is a man who can defeat me, we could get married. Even if he is ugly and had a twisted personality... It doesn’t even matter if he is not human if that man could defeat me. How strong would our child be?”

The girl place her hand on her abdomen and smiled for the first time today. He was sure this answer meant the girl didn’t plan on ever marrying.

But how would things change if an existence that could defeat that vampire appears?

A sense of uneasiness clouded his heart.