

Chapter 10: World Complete – Next?

With the capture of the Platinum Dragon Lord, it only took a week before the Company pinged me with the message I'd been waiting for:

[Mission Complete: Become a God in Overlord]

Reward: IMG Tickets +2

"At last," I whispered, slumping back into my chair, exhaling a breath I didn't know I'd been holding.

Any longer, and I would've said fuck it and ditched this world. Two IMG Tickets were not worth all the self-restraint I'd needed to stop myself from cutting loose and having a real adventure.

What good was a second life if I sat on my ass while my minions did all the interesting things?

Sex had all but lost its appeal to me now. Sure, it was still fun—but without that spark of challenge or surprise, even the hottest body became another shiny toy on a shelf. I hadn't touched my newest acquisitions in days. Instead, I'd spent the week training Renner into her new role.

'Alright. Let's wrap this shit up so we can finally leave this stale-ass world.'

I glanced under my desk—where a familiar head of blonde hair was bobbing with devoted rhythm.

Enri Emmot.

One of my more attentive maids, she must've sensed my restlessness. She surprised me this morning by slipping into my office without a word, dropping to her knees, and offering her *services*.

I didn't see a reason to decline.

She worked with practiced grace, brown eyes half-lidded with focus as she took me deep, completely lost in the moment. I reached down and tapped her head lightly.

She looked up, mouth still full, cheeks flushed as she met my eyes curiously.

Good timing.

I let go.

Her eyes widened, but she swallowed it all without flinching. Not a single drop wasted. Now that was maid-level dedication.

“Thank you, Enri,” I said, giving her head a gentle rub. She smiled shyly at the praise, licking her lips.

“Unfortunately, business calls.”

She took a moment to clean me with meticulous care, then crawled out from under the desk and bowed low.

“It was my pleasure, Lucan-sama. I’m glad to see your mood has improved.”

I chuckled. “You noticed that, huh?”

Standing, I stretched and flashed her a rare, genuine smile. Her eyes widened a bit in surprise.

“It’s time we leave this world, Enri. Come. I want you there for the announcement.”

Without hesitation, she fell into step behind me, silent and dutiful as always.

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Minutes Later—10th Floor, Throne Room

The air inside the throne room was thick with reverence and silence.

Every Guardian, Pleiades, servant, maid, and high-tier NPC stood assembled before me—ranked in strict formation on the polished obsidian floor. The golden light from the ceiling fixtures glinted off their armors, robes, and eyes, all fixed solely on me.

I sat on the throne, posture relaxed, fingers resting against my chin.

“Thank you for assembling on short notice,” I said, voice calm but commanding.

Albedo stepped forward, her wings folding behind her as she bowed. “We live only to serve you, Lucan-sama.”

The others nodded in perfect synchronicity.

I rose slowly from my seat, drawing every eye upward.

“I have an announcement.”

A beat of stillness passed as even the ambient mana in the room seemed to pause.

“We are leaving this world.”

Gasps rippled through the chamber.

“This realm has served its purpose. The only thing of value has been secured. Everything else—its kingdoms, its relics, its people—are irrelevant to me now.”

Surprise, happiness, and worship flashed across some faces, but none dared to speak. They waited, loyal to the core.

“This is a direct order: recall all of our forces, our personnel, our spies, and our experiments. Every unit, every construct, every servant. Nazarick is to be fully withdrawn within the next three hours.”

My voice cut across the room like a divine verdict.

“Anyone not present at the moment of departure will be left behind. No exceptions.”

I turned without another word and conjured a shimmering Gate beside the throne—its purple-black vortex humming with power. Just as I stepped forward, I paused.

Looking back, I let my next words fall like a guillotine.

“Don’t keep me waiting.”

Then, without further ceremony, I vanished through the Gate back to my room, where I would plan our next move.

It was time to spend my IMG Tickets.

And choose my next conquest.

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Personal Bedroom – Moments After Departure

“First things first,” I muttered, reclining into the obsidian-backed chair in my bedroom, the silence of post-departure still lingering in the air like incense.

With a simple mental command, the Waifu Catalog interface unfurled in front of me—an elegant array of glowing holograms dancing midair, as though the multiverse itself bowed in anticipation.

I navigated smoothly to the Heritage section and tapped a single icon.

[Purchase Confirmed: Psychopomp – Evermore]

[You have attained the Title: Death | Tier X Entity recognized]

A pulse surged through my soul like the collapse of stars.

Reality bent. The air trembled.

Even my Burial Shroud, which rippled behind me like a dormant predator, flared in brief acknowledgment—coiling slightly as if genuflecting.

“Whew...” I exhaled, flexing my fingers and staring at my hands. They looked the same, yet something beneath them had changed. Something vast.

It was like feeling the pulse of the cosmos in my bones. A silent promise of annihilation at my whim.

“I... just became Death,” I whispered. “The literal end of all things.”

A grin split my face wide as realization crashed into me.

“Heh... Hehehehahahahaha! Marvelous. Truly marvelous.”

I stood, energy radiating from my core like a second heartbeat.

“With this power, I no longer need to give a single fuck about what world I enter. Only a few beings—cosmic-level ones—might still be a threat.”

I spread my arms, reveling in it.

“This means I can finally do whatever the hell I want—with no restrictions, no leashes, no rules.”

Thanks to **Pursued by a Bear**, I now had access to seven randomly selected worlds—handpicked from the infinite lottery of reality. And with **Trajectory Agreement**, I wasn’t even limited to those. If I wanted to go somewhere specific, all I had to do was reach out and take it.

“Heh...” I murmured as I looked over the shimmering world list. “Looks like the multiverse has good taste.”

One particular world stood out immediately—vibrant, fun, full of potential.

Without hesitation, I locked it in.

[World Selection Confirmed: ???]

Still had one IMG Ticket left.

I tapped the shimmering sigil beside my balance and browsed for a moment before selecting Additional Binding.

[Purchase Confirmed: Additional Binding | Stamp Functionality Reinstated]

Perfect.

Time to collect again. And this time, there’d be no pointless missions holding me back. No gods to tiptoe around. Just me—and everything I wanted.

A whisper slid across my ear, playful and soft.

“You look happy.”

Cortana’s form shimmered into view over my shoulder. Her sapphire skin radiated a soft glow, eyes half-lidded with knowing amusement.

“Of course I’m happy,” I replied, meeting her gaze with a smirk. “I’ve been bored out of my fucking mind.”

The room trembled as a ripple of raw, divine energy pulsed outward—distorting the space with layered entropy and creation.

“But now?” I whispered, pulse thrumming with anticipation.

“I feel alive again.”

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3 Hours Later

Floating in the dusky sky above the Tomb of Nazarick, I waited.

The world below was quiet as if sensing the end. I hovered in still air, arms folded behind my back, watching the final countdown tick away in my interface.

[T-Minus 00:00:01]

“Perfect,” I murmured.

“Master,” came a soft, monotone voice from behind me. “How will you transport the Tomb?”

I glanced over my shoulder.

Floating serenely nearby was Rubedo, the strongest being in Nazarick besides myself. Albedo’s younger sister, yet utterly in a league of her own. Her blonde hair shimmered under the twilight sky, framing a cherubic face that glowed with eerie calm. Her green eyes—cold—studied me with mechanical precision. She hovered there with her small golden wings outstretched awaiting my word.

"I will move it," I said simply, getting her to cutely tilt her head, her face still showing no expression.

"Understood, Master."

"Just wait a bit longer and you'll see, Rubedo," I added with a teasing smile. I floated toward her and gently patted her head.

She closed her eyes at the touch and made a soft, contented sound. For a being of unimaginable power, she looked adorable and harmless. Of course, that was the point as nobody would expect such a cute girl to be an unstoppable juggernaut.

Albedo without my changes was supposed to have impeccable beauty but being a bitch underneath. Nigredo was the nicest of the three but again without my changes she had a horrific appearance. And finally, Rubedo was the most innocent looking of the three when in fact she was the strongest.

A few minutes later, I felt someone teleport to our location, causing me to stop, missing the small frown on the angel's face.

"Lucan-sama." Demiurge emerged with a respectful bow, his tail curling slightly. "It is done. I apologize for the delay."

I waved off his apology. "You're just in time."

My gaze returned to the Tomb of Nazarick, its mighty silhouette casting a shadow on the land.

With a flick of my hand, a massive swirling portal opened in the sky—its edges pulsing with gold and black energy. Beyond it, the starlit realm of my Demiplane shimmered, vast and awaiting its new centerpiece.

I extended my other hand toward the ground.

Nothing happened at first.

Then—a deep, groaning rumble.

The earth cracked in a perfect circle around the Tomb. Chunks of stone and root broke free.

Since the tomb had ten floors, it took a bit of effort, but eventually I lifted the entirety of Nazarick into the sky—much to the awe of the spectators behind me.

Behind me, I caught Demiurge murmuring in awe.

“Fuhuhuhu... As expected of Lucan-sama.”

As the massive structure floated skyward, I guided it like an extension of my own will. The white spires and gates passed seamlessly through the Gate, vanishing into the realm beyond.

“It’s done,” I said quietly.

I turned to the two beings behind me, two of my most loyal subordinates.

“Let’s go,” I ordered. “Our time in this world is over.”

Without another word, I stepped into the portal.

Rubedo and Demiurge followed.

And with that—the world of Overlord was left behind.

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Hours Later — Demiplane

The Tomb of Nazarick now rested proudly in its new home, settled into my personal realm like a crown jewel. Its foundations, once tied to another world, now anchored into *my* reality—roughly a kilometer from my Grand Manor.

I hovered above the gathered crowd—every servant, Guardian, and subordinate arranged in orderly ranks outside the tomb, their eyes wide as they beheld the foreign splendor of my Demiplane.

“Welcome,” I declared, my voice echoing across the air like a divine proclamation, “to **my world!**”

As one, Nazarick’s legions knelt—those without legs bowing in their own ways, yet no less reverently.

“We are not worthy, Master,” they chorused in perfect unison.

“You are,” I replied, voice calm but resolute. They looked up, startled. “I wouldn’t have brought you here otherwise.”

A ripple of emotion passed through them—relief, awe, gratitude. I raised a hand, and silence snapped back into place.

“As some of you may have already realized, this world—the very earth beneath your feet, the sky above your eyes—is under my direct control. As my subordinates, you may roam freely... save for one exception.”

I pointed in the distance toward my Grand Manor.

“My home is off-limits to all without my explicit invitation.”

A pause. I let the rule settle like law.

“My next command is simple: Explore. Hunt. Collect. This world is unlike any other—it will spawn monsters, creatures, and resources pulled from the collective memory of every world I’ve visited. I want every inch of it cataloged. Every beast harvested. Every opportunity taken.”

“And while you do that,” I said, slowly descending to hover just above the ground, “I will continue traveling to new worlds.”

Murmurs. Then voices. Then pleas.

The Floor Guardians—each powerful, loyal, and prideful—couldn’t help themselves. They begged to follow me, to protect me, to serve by my side.

Fools.

A cold fury surged within me.

In the next instant, I let it loose.

“Silence.”

The word struck with the weight of cosmic judgment. Their bodies froze mid-motion, their voices trapped in their throats.

Black wings unfurled from my back, each feather as black as night. A cloak of entropy descended upon me—my Avatar of Death form overwhelming the realm like a divine eclipse. My presence warped the air. The light dimmed.

“Have you forgotten who you’re speaking to?”

My voice whispered across every mind, sharp as a scalpel, deep as a grave.

“You dare to interfere with my fun? After you all played at conquest, indulging yourselves across an entire world... you think to deny me my turn?”

“The arrogance.”

I descended slowly, step by step, like a god returning to the dirt only to make it kneel.

“Let me remind you—I am stronger than all of you combined. Even if the other Supreme Beings were to return and stand beside you... you'd still fall.”

“Do you think yourselves above Death?”

I let a sliver of my aura seep outward—pure annihilation.

The ground cracked.

Reality bent.

They collapsed, driven to their knees by pressure alone.

“There are two things I loathe above all else. Burn this into your souls.”

“First: betrayal. Should any of you dare, know that your torment will last longer than existence itself.”

“Second: boredom. As an immortal, it is my only true enemy. And any who stand between me and my entertainment?”

I took one more step, and time itself seemed to recoil.

“...will not be spared.”

I paused, letting my power recede—but not fully.

“Now... is there anyone here who believes they are stronger than me?”

None answered.

None dared.

“Good. Now get to work,” were my last words before I teleported myself to my Grand Manor, leaving silence to reign.

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Appearing in the living room of my home, I immediately walked toward the portal room, where the gateway to the next world was already waiting for me.

“That was a little harsh, don’t you think, Lucan?” a soft voice came from my left, revealing the form of Cortana as she brought my hand to her breasts.

“This was a long time coming. If we’re going to continue exploring the cosmos, I can’t have them freaking out at every little thing I do. It’s suffocating to have them hovering over me all the time—and not to mention, it pissed me off that they presumed to keep me from having fun after being stuck in the tomb those months,” I said with a shrug, reaching the portal room and stepping inside.

“Fufufu... yeah, for a guy like you who can’t stand still for more than a few minutes, that must have been torture, huh?” Cortana teased lightly, planting a kiss on my cheek.

“You bet it was. Still, it was worth it. Now that I’ve reached one of the pinnacles of what any single being can accomplish, I don’t have to worry about too many out there being stronger than me,” I muttered as I walked to the far end of the room, where two portals shimmered with arcane energy.

“Yeah, I felt your power even from here. Death, huh? To think that in less than a year, you already reached something as ridiculous as becoming a literal concept of existence,” Cortana murmured in awe.

“Hm. This is only the beginning,” I replied, far from content with my current strength. After all, there still existed beings that defied imagination—the likes of Marvel, DC, and the abominations of Lovecraft were all still out there.

“As expected. So, where are we going since you said you needed my expertise? Somewhere more modern, I hope. A girl like me can’t really shine in a medieval society,” she said with a playful pout.

“It’s a surprise,” I smirked—and without looking back, we both stepped through the barrier.

‘At last, a new adventure begins.’