



MAMMON

OVERLORD OF GREED



SHORT STORIES ON THE OVERLORDS
OF THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS



“All right!” I raise my fist victoriously into the air.

In front of me are mounds of treasures! Finally, after three days of wandering around this stupid cave, I hit the mother lode of gold, silver and jewels!

“Haven’t felt this good in a while!”

I dive straight into the center of a pile of gold. Honestly, it kinda hurts because I land right on my back. Like I care. We’re talking gold here! Can’t get any better than this!

(Traveling this far was totally worth it! The places near the city have been a hit or miss lately.)

This kind of jackpot just can’t be expected anywhere near the city. You gotta really spend time and effort, sweating your way through to get to the great stuff.

(I almost feel like I’m going through all of this just for the

satisfaction of seeing my treasure hunting premonitions turn out right.)

Man, there’s so much treasure here that I’m not sure how I’m gonna take it all back. Not like I’d leave any of it, though. Now, how to do this?

Thinking about it makes me a bit drowsy. Well, I am pretty darn beat, even with my great mood now, so what the heck?

Something from underneath the treasure mounds suddenly pushes me upwards.

“Huh?”

At first I thought I was dreaming! But, man, I was wrong!

The ground rumbles violently, causing the treasures to clink and clank as they shift and collide. The sounds of their movement echo throughout the cave.

“Th-The hell?!”

I soon find myself getting up close and personal to the ceiling. It’s almost as if a mountain’s grown beneath me.

Wait! Something’s under my ass!

“Wh-Whoa!”

By the time I’ve noticed, the ground has gone from flat to slanted, and I roll all the way down the newly formed slope.

“Ouch!”

I find myself in an extremely awkward, acrobatic position, with my knees and head both touching the ground at once. But, at least I’ve stopped rolling.

“Damn it! What the hell’s happened?!”

I spring to my feet and look around. Then suddenly—

“Grooooooooooooh!”

It’s a roar so loud that it shakes my balance off, and I feel like I’m about to fall backward.

“Wh-What the?!”

It only takes a few seconds for me to realize where the roar is coming from: I look up, and a huge shadow is floating above me.

“A dragon?!”

The dragon’s gaping maw hangs open, lined with razor sharp teeth and poised to clamp shut over me—like, right now.

“Whoa!”

I barely jump out of the way as its mouth snaps shut. Again, it opens its jaw wide and the air around me shakes.

(Damn! It's super angry!)

Well, duh. A thief entered its home and was rolling around in its treasure. Guess I can't expect it to get cozy with me.

"C'mon, it can't be helped! I didn't know it was yours! You should've put up a sign saying 'no entry!'"

Like it would understand what I'm saying. I sprint as quickly as I can towards the exit, but the bitter dragon comes chasing after me.

"Damn it! Just lemme go already! Wh-Whoa!"

I accidentally slip on a piece of treasure and tumble head first into a pile of gold.

(Shoot!)

I look up and see the gaping mouth of the dragon. Yeah,

I'm done for. I shut my eyes as I brace for the worst when—

"Grooooooooooh!"

A roar even louder than the dragon's echoes throughout the cave.

(What now?!)

I slowly open my eyes, and am shocked to see the dragon frozen in fear.

"Hey! You! Are you okay?!"

A voice! Someone's here?!

(What timing!)

I jump onto my feet, and frantically scramble away from the dragon. It's only now that I notice that I'm sweating

like never before. Staggering further away, I turn around to see.

“That was a close call.”

It’s someone I don’t know. All I can tell is that he’s a lot larger and taller than me.

“Move away to someplace safe.” He offers a smile, and draws out a massive sword that rivals his own size.

“Wait! You’re gonna go against that dragon by yourself?!”

He turns around without hesitation, and moves towards the dragon with his sword ready.

“Are you mad?!”

“Haaaah!”

I hear his roar and sense the swelling pressure that

radiates from him, even at a distance.

(His magic power is off the charts!)

He channels his enormous strength into his swing, and sure enough, he cleaves the dragon’s tail clean off like a hot knife through butter.

Bam! The tail collides with the treasures on the ground, sending gold flying into the air and raining down in a noisy downpour.

“You can’t be serious. Don’t tell me that’s all you have to offer,” the guy speaks with a disgruntled voice, taunting the dragon. “Are you tired or something? Or maybe all of these treasures have weakened you with greed.”

“Are you stupid?! The hell are you thinking, trying to rile it up?!”

I was about to yell at him to run, but I stop myself.

(It looks like... he's dead serious about beating that dragon.)

A dragon that's ten times larger than himself.

"What a letdown!" he cries as he leaps into the air, with a wave of magic trailing behind him like a bright red tail.

(What the?!)

Both the guy and the dragon engage so rapidly that each time they connect, sparks fly out in mid-air. That's the most I can make out.

They're both fighting with the intent of killing their opponent as quickly as possible. If you ask me, it's a battle between monsters.

(I need to get the hell outta here.)

Sure, I want to take the treasure, but it'll be no good to me

if I lose my life while I'm at it. And yet, I can't move.

(What?! What the hell is wrong with me?!)

I need to get away, like now, but my legs are trembling and I can't make them budge. But it's not just my legs that force me to stay.

(This is way too scary, but...)

I can't take my eyes off of them. A shiver runs down my spine. My body is shaking. My heart is pounding like crazy.

(I've never seen anyone this strong before.)

Man, the guy's pretty damn cool!

"Yaaaaaagh!"

The guy jumps onto the dragon's head and impales his sword straight into its large eye.

The dragon's huge body starts to wobble. The cave is just large enough for the dragon to sleep in, but it's way too cramped for it to move around all that much. Caged by its small range of motion, it endures a barrage of lethal slashes. I almost feel sorry for it.

"Prepare yourself!"

As he boldly pronounces his words, the dragon responds by raising its arm and flailing it wildly in the air.

"Hey, watch out!"

But by the time I speak, it's too late. The dragon's claw has caught onto the edge of the guy's mantle.

"Damn it!"

If that dragon keeps flailing like that, he's going to slam him against the wall!

Without a second thought I find myself dashing towards him. Weird, really, since I wasn't able to move at all just a moment ago.

(But there's no way I'm gonna let him die after he saved me!)

Even against a wounded dragon, I'm not strong enough to face it head on. That's why I'm not aiming for it at all.

"Take this!"

I concentrate all of my magic power and slam it against the ground where the dragon stands.

As expected, the dragon's foothold comes undone as the floor beneath it collapses. Its large body staggers forward, and then begins to fall headfirst. It crashes onto the ground with a resounding thud, creating massive tremors that ripple throughout the cavern.

"Run! This place is going to collapse!"

In between the roar of the dragon and the noise of the collapsing cave, I hear a shout. It's him. He's alive. But before I can breathe a sigh of relief, huge boulders come crashing down from above.

“Shoot! This place is seriously gonna go!”

I dash out of the cave with my life in tow.



Cough! *Cough!*

The dust billowing out of the ruins forms white clouds in the air. I feel like I've eaten a handful of dirt.

“Damn it. This sucks.”

I slowly advance towards a mound of damp leaves and let myself collapse into it. I reached into my pocket.

“After all that crap, all I come back with is this, eh? Yeah, this really sucks.”

A single handful of gold and jewels. I never come out empty-handed, but I wish my hands and my pockets were a bit larger.

I roll over onto my back and raise a single gem up towards the sky. Strangely enough, the gem shines brilliantly despite the white and grey tones of dust that fills the air.

Well, I guess it's better than nothing. I can sell these, and get a pretty good sum out of them.

(The treasures in there were all pretty good.)

None of those treasures were of any real use to the dragon, though, especially considering how they were just lying around like ornaments. Heh, I'll make sure I put whatever I get to good use.

"Looks like you made it out alive."

Those words were followed by the sound of someone rustling through some bushes as if they were approaching me. I stood up quickly and armed myself.

"Ah! It's you!"

"I came because I wanted to thank you for coming to my aid back there," he says, looking over at me casually.

In the cave, I only ever saw him from afar. Seeing him up close for the first time, I realized how big he actually is.

"You're not hurt, are you?"

"Right back at ya. You okay?"

"I'm fine. Just a few scratches here and there." He smiles with a bright and large grin.

That was unexpected.

(Can't believe this is the same guy who challenged the dragon so seriously back there.)

The impression I get from him now is starkly different from what I got in the cave, based on the power of the magic he exhibited back there.

"I must admit, I was surprised to see someone in the cave ahead of me."

He actually seems like a pretty decent, friendly guy. Aside from the fact that he's carrying a huge-ass sword.

(This guy's gotta be someone important.)

Noticing my staring, he asks, "Does this sword interest you?" He removes the sword from his back. "I've only recently gotten used to using this."

"Whoa. Sweet!"

Getting a closer inspection of it, I realize it's even cooler than I thought it was.

"The blade is super straight, and insanely gorgeous!"

"Oh? You notice that type of thing, do you?"

He seems quite happy about my comments, and proceeds to brandish the sword in the air, reflecting light off of the blade.

The beauty of the blade isn't only ornamental. It's a true work of art. It's likely the creation of a master craftsman.

(If its purpose was for show, all someone would need to do is etch a design onto a blade, and leave it at that).

This blade was made to kill.

A groove carved along the surface of the blade reduces the weight of the sword without compromising its durability. Very practical.

(But it's otherwise called a "blood groove.")

As the name suggests, its additional purpose is to draw blood. If the blade hit its target, having the groove would allow the blade to draw blood more easily than without, and also make it more difficult for the blade to be dislodged.

(Yeah, this guy must be someone special all right...)

If he finds out I was looting the place for treasure, things might get a bit troublesome for me.

(And in the first place, I don't like guys of authority and that kind of stuff.)

Most of them are just idiots who fight as a hobby, or are more interested in spending money in a lavish fashion. And lo and behold, most of them are also good-for-nothings, too.

(I don't wanna mingle with those sorts. That's why I do everything by myself.)

My dad and mom adopted me as an orphan. Of course, I appreciate that. I mean, I was able to eat a lot more than I did when I was in the orphanage.

(But that didn't mean I liked what I ate. In fact, I didn't enjoy eating at all.)

After all, just three streets down from where I was adopted

were the slums, where everyone was struggling to get by each day.

(I can't understand how these people can eat and drink so indulgently when others in the same city are barely surviving from day to day.)

I've never met this "Great Overlord Azel" before. He's supposed to have been my uncle, but all he thinks about is fighting the angels. It's no wonder that nothing's gotten better.

I bet this guy is no different, too.

"I'm quite impressed by how you could control your magic like that. I suppose I shouldn't be surprised, though, since you were able to make it through that cave."

"What? Are you being sarcastic?"

"I'm just praising you. What's your name?"



“Isn’t it appropriate to tell me your name first?”

“Ah, where are my manners! My name is—”

“Lord Zeabolos!”

More rustling comes from within the bushes, and this time two old guys pop out in a hurry.

(The Great Overlord’s warriors?!)

It’s obvious from the armor they’re wearing.

“Hm? Ragon, Ergo, over here.”

The guy I’ve been speaking to turns, and raises his arm to wave at them. Then he turns back towards me again. “You’d better put what you have in your hand away.”

He’s noticed the gem I was holding. I hurriedly stuff it into my pocket.

“Yah got me scared there. Good ta see you all right, Lord Zeabolos.”

“As you can see, there’s not a single worry from me at all.”

“And, who’s the lady over there?”

“I happened to meet her in the cave. She saved my life,” he says it before I can say it.

Then he smiles at me.

“Say, how about you come and work for me?”

“Huh?”

The hell is he saying?!

“I need as many strong talents, like yourself, as possible. I will pay you well for your services, but what say you?”

“Hell no!”

Perhaps I shouldn’t be this rudely aggressive, but what he said—the way he said it—pissed me off.

“No way I’d work for you! I ain’t here looking for handouts of chump change!”

“Mind your manners, young lady. The one who stands in front of you is—”

“It’s fine, Ragon.” He raises his hand, and the dragon dude, who had started forward, moves back.

It seems like they’re lower in rank than him. Guess he must be some rich Fallen One’s brat. The worst of the worst.

“If what I said offended you, I apologize.”

“I shouldn’t have saved your ass back there!”

I turn around to leave, but he starts speaking again: “Hey, wait.”

I think the holier-than-thou attitude in his voice is pissing me off the most. And all the while he has this really cool and confident air about him. It would’ve been easier if he was a total jackass from the beginning. I would’ve simply spat at him and left, no hesitations.

He doesn’t seem fazed by the fact I’m determined to ignore him. He keeps going.

“I feel as if we were destined to meet.”

“Like I said, hell no!”

“Well, if you have a change of heart, my offer still stands.”

“No way! Just shut up already!”

He’s so annoying that I turn around to sneer at him, only

to be greeted by his grin. Damn it!

“Guys like you...! I hate guys like you that walk around with a holier-than-thou attitude! Hate!”

“That’s too bad. Now then, let’s get started, Ergo.”

The ogre-looking guy pounds his chest in response.

“Leave it ta me! I’ll dig ‘em treasures out like nothing!”

“Whoa! Hey, wait! Treasure?! Dig?! The hell are you guys gonna do?!”

“The treasures that were in this cave were stolen from our Underworld citizens by the dragon. Hence, we’ve come to reclaim what is rightfully ours,” says the dragon-faced guy in a calm tone.

“B-But wait! I found it first, you thieves!”

“Well, this is what we’ve come to do. I’m sure there are

a lot of things you want to say, but can I ask that you please let us be for now?” The guy pats my pocket full of treasures as he speaks. “If you have complaints you’d like to make, come to the Great Overlord’s castle. Who knows? With your skills and magic power, you may even be able to become one of the Overlords.”

He’s grinning. Become an Overlord? Those guys are the strongest and most prominent guys around, next only to the Great Overlord himself.

“If you become an Overlord, you’d be free to walk where you please around the castle.”

“Wait. Even the treasury?”

“Think about it. No one would question you about where you’re going in the castle. Well, aside from the Great Overlord, that is.”

He rolls his shoulders and walks towards the collapsed cave.

The two other guys follow.

“Lord Zeabolos, surely you jest. The treasure here is meant to cover the taxes that the citizens would otherwise have to pay.”

“Come now. I was merely speaking hypothetically there.”

“Well, even if the seat ta being an Overlord is open, it doesn’t mean that just anyone can take it, ya know?”

“Indeed.”

“That’s true. I am not the one who chooses who will become an Overlord.”

Those three were definitely, purposely speaking so loudly, just so that I could hear them.

“Those bastards! I’ll show them! I’m gonna become an Overlord and get my treasure back! You just wait!” I yell at

the top of my voice, “The Great Overlord can kiss my ass!”

He doesn’t even turn around. He simply waves his hand, and disappears into the bushes.



Turns out that this guy, Zeabolos, is the Great Overlord’s son and the Overlord of Wrath. He happens to be my cousin, too. I find this all out later, but that’s another story to be told.

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