

The Price of Happiness

The first time he met her was in Midgard. The undead player known as Momonga was just coming out of one of the smaller dungeons Nine's Own Goal just raided. As his inventory was full he could not help the others gather the remaining loot so he offered to guard the entrance to avoid unwanted surprises.

It was then that he heard sounds of battle just a little bit deeper in the forest surrounding the dungeon's entrance.

Casting [Invisibility] and [False Data Life] he decided to investigate, for if there was a large group nearby he would have to make sure to contact his and leave the scene as soon as possible.

What he found was quite not as bad as he thought but not really good either.

Fighting among the trees were two heteromorphs against six human players. It was quite rare to see small groups of heteromorphs in Midgard as that was the humans' favorite hunting ground for other races.

A quick information spell revealed that both humans and heteromorphs were around level 40, while he was level 50, not that he had any obligation to help them in the first place. It would be better to notify the others and get away before the humans arrive. 'To save someone in need is but common sense!' who was he kidding? If he notified his leader, Touch Me, he was sure he would forget the loot and help the two of them with the full power of Nine's Own Goal.

But the thing was, the loot was quite good and he didn't want to lose it, so there was only one real answer to this dilemma.

“(Delay Maximize Magic: Dragon Lightning) (Delay Maximize Magic: Firestorm) (Delay Maximize Magic Blind)”

He casted his silent spells depleting most of his remaining MP, it was quite the gamble, if this didn't work he would immediately retreat inside the dungeon and ask for backup.

“[Skill: Hate]”

That was one of his most unused skills as it made the, lower than his level, enemies' aggro focus on him, something counterproductive for a magic caster and summoner such as himself.

As expected, the six humans immediately were forced to face him instead of the two heteromorphs.

“[Magic Arrow]”

Six magical arrows shot for the group of humans, but that was just mere bait as he felt his silent delayed spells activate at once.

The players which were already damaged immediately died and the remaining were left on the brink of death and blinded, he made short work of them with another [Dragon Lightning].

It was a shame he could not collect the loot, but his inventory didn't get any emptier and so he had to renounce, not that they had anything worthy taking probably. 'I should use some of my next check to purchase inventory slots...' he mused to himself.

He almost didn't notice what seemed to be a pink slime approaching him and started running circles around him.

“Uwa! Thank you a lot Elder Lich-kun! Buku was so scared of those mean humans!”

The high pitch voice almost made Momonga recoil, he actually never thought girls could make those voices without voice filters.

“Yo! Name’s Peroroncino, thanks for the help Lich-san.”

The other heteromorph, a birdman, approached him and introduced himself.

“Ah, it was nothing, we heteromorph must stick up for each other.”

Momonga answered with a smile emoticon.

“I am Bukubukuchagama! Thanks again! I was so scared I was gonna lose my items again!”

The pink slime introduced herself as she literally showered Momonga with love emoticons much to his embarrassment, he never had a girl express so much interested into him, the few he met at school were just educated to try and end up with the best in the school for an easy future, while the ones at work were either married or pretty much the same. He being a mere employ didn’t help much.

“Stop that sis, your grotesque form is making our friend uncomfortable.”

The birdman, Peroroncino, mocked much to the ire of his supposed sister.

“Ah?! The hell did you say?! Maybe it is your bird shit for brains ugly face that is making him uncomfortable, oh brother of mine!”

The slime’s voice changed completely, becoming much deeper and angrier. ‘A pair of siblings playing together? That’s kind of rare nowadays’ Momonga thought as the two apparent siblings started arguing.

“A-ah... u-umu... I am M-Momonga, nice to meet you.”

The two stopped bickering and looked at him in unison.

“Pfft! Man, that’s quite a nickname ahahahah!”

The birdman said with a hearty laugh.

“You stupid bird shit for brains! Don’t worry Mo-kun! It is a very cute name!”

The voice change was quite disturbing, but Momonga appreciated her words nonetheless.

“You guys shouldn’t be going around Midgard alone though, it is the humans’ hunting ground for heteromorphs.”

Momonga warned.

“Yeah, we know, it’s just that we needed some stuff for our Racial levels.”

The birdman answered his concerns. ‘At least they are aware’ he thought as he wasn’t speaking with noobs apparently.

“Umu, did you not come with your clan or guild?”

He asked as the two siblings just shrugged.

“We don’t have one, most don’t find my appearance... up to their standards...”

The slime said, well, the voice didn’t really match the avatar but calling it ugly would be a far shot, she was a slime after all.

“I don’t think you are ugly at all, the color quite fits your personality.”

Momonga said in his usual friendly manner, he knew how hard it was to be judged based only on one’s appearance.

The slime went silent for a few seconds before the birdman exploded into a laugh.

“Ahahahahah... what the fuck?! You are blushing in real life! Oh god this is too precious!”

Peroroncino’s avatar was bent forward in laughter, while the smile remained unmoving.

“Eh? Wait why did you take out your VR?... no sis! Put that down! No please! AAAAAHHHHHHHHH!”

The voice channel remained open as Peroroncino’s avatar stilled while it’s owner probably suffered untold horrors.

‘Well, they are surely a lively bunch... maybe I should invite them back with me and see what Touch Me thinks...’ the undead hummed as the screams of agony on the other side of the channel continued.