

STARTING LIFE IN ANOTHER ISEKAI

CH7+FINALE: OVERLEAD

BY CHALDEACHANGE



“Subaru-kun? Where *are* we?”

Subaru Natsuki really *would* have liked to give his half-elf companion, Emilia, some sort of answer. But truthfully? He had *no* idea. He didn't have any definitive proof, but wasn't this *his* fault in the first place? After picking up that cellphone in Roswaal's gallery, everything had gone to shit and the two of them had ended up *here*.

But seriously! Where *was* here? With no windows to speak of, the two of them were simply alone in a big, cold room dimly lit by torches. It looked like they were trapped within a dungeon of some sort, honestly. Or perhaps the innermost point of one? Seeing as there was a throne of sorts up some steps at the room's peak. **“I don't know. Is this some kind of throne room?”**

The Japanese youth felt guilty. If this was his fault (*and it 98% likely was*), then he'd gotten Emilia caught up in something dangerous. In the end it didn't matter where they were – this place appeared menacing despite its relative location to Lugnica. His best assumption was that they were below the earth somewhere, but how deep? **“H-Hey! Emilia-tan!”**

While he was still in thought over their circumstances, he caught sight of the girl he had feelings for climbing the few stairs to the throne. Hearing him call out to her though, she stopped and turned to face him. **“Don't worry, Subaru-kun!”** Emilia was confident that it was safe to

examine the throne, but she wasn't really sure *why* she thought that. Much less why she had decided to approach the throne in the first place. It was more like... *Yes*, like it was calling to her? There was no other explanation, and Emilia herself hadn't even really thought about it much. Not even as she placed a hand on one of the throne's armrests. **"See? It's just a throne-**" There had been more to that sentence, but before Subaru's very eyes?

Emilia had up and vanished into thin air.



"E-Emilia-tan!?" The boy's voice called out with a harrowed screech as he almost tripped over himself running up those stairs. **"Emilia-tan!"** Had that really just happened? His beloved EMT had just disappeared before his very eyes! **"Where... Where did she go?"** Subaru had a heavy degree of justified PTSD. How many times had he seen Emilia die now? Had he just resigned her to the same fate?

What if he restarted? He could kill himself and trigger the last checkpoint! It must have been before he'd touched that phone, mustn't it? But was there anything in this room he could easily take his own life with?

"No... There's another way. I need to make sure first. She disappeared after touching the throne, so..." If she'd been spirited away, theoretically if he mimicked Emilia's actions, he'd be brought there too, right? Without any other leads, he touched the same spot Emilia had, but... **"Nothing."** He was left standing in the exact same place regardless of how long he waited.

Yet, that wasn't to say nothing was happening.

"Checheche!?! The hell is this pain!?" Subaru's hands immediately flew up to the top of his head, troubled by an aching that had begun with a mild feeling of pressure. Brief as the mildness of it all had been, it soon instead grew overpowering, almost like something was going to jump right out of his skull. **"...Huh?"** Fingers massaging the two points on the sides of his head, though, revealed that something just might have been. Because there were two sizable lumps, that eventually... **"YOWCH!?"**

Eventually, they *erupted*. Two weighty masses, as firm as stone or bone, tore through the skin of his scalp and curled both forward and inward. Surprisingly, there was no blood to be seen, only the yellowish white of

two horns. **“Wait! These are horns? Damn it, what’s going on here!?”** Monsters and demons – these were the only things he could think of that had horns, and his new pair felt heavy as hell. Though, unfortunately? Things only worsened from that point on, at least in a way that blurred the status of his humanity.

In tandem with the appearance of these horns, both the color and the appeal of his eyes had shifted. Circular pupils sharpened into slits, while what was once a rich (*and common*) brown shifted into a shimmering, supernatural gold. It was all made worse as a secondary pressure built near the base of his spine, and all of a sudden, he could feel both his butler top being lifted and the pants being slightly pushed down. **“WINGS!?”** There was no denying what he was looking at: a pair of wings with black feathers, with a potential wing span that would dwarf the reach of his arms, had emerged.

Subaru found that he couldn’t control them – not that he wanted to. They just sat there, curling around his legs with feathers rustling from time to time. **“Am I really becoming some sort of monster!?”** What if he was, theoretically, becoming an immortal monster? Then he wouldn’t be able to take his own life! That meant he wouldn’t be able to reload his save point! Strange as it was to say (*but not from his perspective*), he had to figure out a way to off himself, and quick!

More of his body was certainly contorting to provide him with the tools one might need to inflict some pain. A simple look at his hands saw those fingers of his drawing longer, though it was the nails at the tips that stood out as weapons. These nails rose a few inches past his fingertips, and while painted black, were sharp enough to easily slice through flesh. ...Though, *not* his own. Subaru had no way of gauging this, but the toughness of his skin had increased to such an extent that not even a regular knife would be able to cut nor pierce it.

On the topic of changes the boy hadn’t noticed, his stature had diminished in a very slight way. Only an inch of height had been shaved off his body, and it merely left his clothes feeling a little looser than he was accustomed to. **“I need to... to... *Hm? Why would I take my own life?*”** He’d been so certain of his goal, only for that certainty to dwindle away into concern. What would self-destruction help with? It was almost as if he’d entirely forgotten about his *Return by Death* ability.

In the meantime, the boy’s body became lighter still. Horns and wings had contributed to his heft, but speaking specifically, this was much more relevant to his flesh. His muscles, for example? They softened, looking much weaker than they’d once been – even though they weren’t. In fact, the boy had become inhumanly strong instead, even as arms

appeared thin and his tummy appeared vaguely softer. Of a much more prominent note was the edges of his tummy, its edges pinched inward to give his body's design an irrefutably feminine sway, not at all helped by hips sweeping wider to the point that the waistline of his dress pants snapped. **"Woah!?"**

Hips ultimately grew several inches past the width of his shoulders, forcing his attention downwards. **"I can't see what's going on!"** was a comment made innocuously, but it appeared to have a real affect on the process. Because almost immediately after, all of the clothes on his body were vaporized, leaving him staring at his naked form. **"Eh? What's wrong with my hips? Er, is anything wrong with them? Since when could I see them this easily, actually? Usually my breasts are in the way... No! I'm not supposed to have breasts! ...Am I?"**

Back and forth, it was like two different people with two different sets of memories had occupied his mind in that moment. What was his body supposed to look like? What was his personality supposed to be like? Even his voice had been jumping back and forth between its usual pitch and a far more sensual, womanly tone. A tone his suddenly let a moan bellow from. **"Mmm!"**

The cause? He'd been stimulated suddenly, of course. The breasts he'd been torn on just moments prior had begun to surface, nipples swelling both in erection and fundamental sizing for a time before the fatless chest beneath them soon began to rise with mammary tissue all on its own. He couldn't help but grope them with clawed fingers, feeling how full and sensitive they were. A pair of DDs that stood big and firm, not a single flaw upon them. These were breasts worthy of a *succubus*, one might say.

Swelling to match was Subaru's ass, cheeks bloating without any regard for the skin that contained them. Each cheek jiggled intimately while the canyon between them grew greater than any man could ever fathom. These cheeks would rise and fall as he stepped, bouncing all the while thanks to the added space afforded by his widened hips. Although, that wasn't the only place that benefitted from this wider gait. Thighs flourished similarly, weightiness bulging out so that they rubbed together between his legs.

"Ooooh!" Or, well, *her* legs. Subaru's dick had been at risk of being crushed between these thighs, only for the situation to sort itself out. His dick had burrowed back into his pelvis, leaving only the swollen lips of a depraved demon species in its wake. **"Did I just become a woman? Become? How silly, I've always been one."** Were she not, then there was no way she'd have a shot with Ainz-sama!

While raising a dainty finger to her chin thoughtfully, wondering why her mind was so jarred, that chin itself narrowed in size. Her cheeks softened, eyes widened, and her nose deteriorated – all so that her facial features better matched her body in terms of sex and sensuality. This was best observed in her lips, which were incredibly plump and soft – the sort more depraved folk would absolutely like to have suck them off.

The center of this face did end up marginally obscured though, for her raven hair had suddenly grown out like snakes. Bangs dangled to her cleavage, and in the back her mane fanned out and curved inwards again just below her knees. Her hair was ample, and she likewise sported a hooked ahoge on the very top.

All that remained was her clothes, or lack thereof. An issue solved as quickly as it had been made, because before she could blink, she was clad in a white dress with golden trim. Ruffled in layers, her shoulders, cleavage, and hips were fully exposed while the heels that now adorned her feet were obscured by the skirt. Atop her chest was also a golden spiderweb pattern formed of golden chains, and elbow-length white gloves hid the claws upon her fingertips.

“What am I doing loitering around Ainz-sama’s throne when he isn’t here?” The Overseer of the Guardians of the Tomb of Nazerick, *Albedo*, stood perplexed by her current location in a way that differed from Subaru’s own just minutes prior. The succubus was overly familiar with this throne, for her (*one-sided*) beloved always sat upon it. The ruler of the Tomb of Nazerick, the great lich Ainz! She was so close to the throne that she could practically smell him!

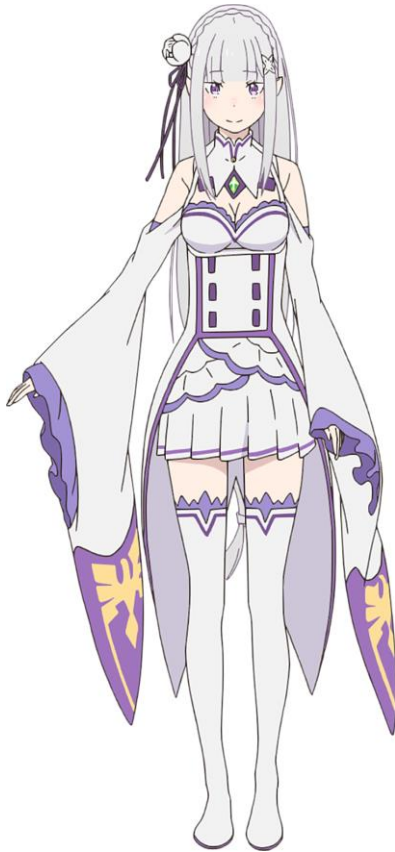


...Could she, though? He was a skeleton.

Filling in the blanks on her own with her overactive imagination, Albedo eventually justified this closeness. **“Oh, of course! I was cleaning Ainz-sama’s throne for**

him while he's out!" Even though she didn't have any cleaning supplies with her, so this excuse absolutely didn't check out at *all*. But it didn't need to make sense! Albedo was content obsessing over the man she desired, even if it made her seem a little silly from time to time!

"It's strange, though. Why do I feel like I had feelings like these for someone else before?"



"Um... That's probably not good!"

From Emilia's point of view, she had touched the throne and then had suddenly found herself amidst darkness of a series of catacombs. Subaru was nowhere to be seen, and it certainly seemed like the sort of place that she would easily get lost within. If Puck were here, then maybe he could have been help. But things had happened so quickly beforehand that she hadn't even had time to mention to Subaru that she couldn't contact Puck here.

Wherever here was.

With her hand clutched to her chest, the half-elf wasn't oblivious to the eerie sound of moaning that bellowed from the depths of the darkness. There was a faint light to the space brought to her by a single torch nearby, but rather than what she could see she was much more scared of what she *couldn't*.

Retracing her steps, how had she even gotten into this position? **"Why did I even approach that throne...?"** What about it had driven her with such an intensity to approach it, much less *touch* it? **"I knew it would send me here. H-Huh?"** Why had she *said that*? Those words had just come to mind. **"Did I want to come here? But I don't even know where here is, do I?"** *The place I'm in charge of, of course!*

"...!?" A wave of dizziness struck Emilia with this thought, which was very out of character for her in terms of content and tone. There was likewise a dull aching. One she couldn't place at first, but given some time? She was almost certain it was an unconventional form of *hunger*. **"H-Huh? What is this...? This craving?"** Yes, that was the best way to put it. She desired *something*, and it left her with an ominous chill.

Perhaps the most telling of changes was that the flower ornament she typically wore in her hair had begun to *wilt*, petals dropping to the dark floor beneath her. The moment the last petal fell, her eyes began to glow a bright red, pupils thinning. “**Ungh...!**” The unknown craving that had plagued her grew all the more intense, so much so that her heart had begun to pound with such an intensity that it felt like it was going to burst out of her chest.

It didn't, if only because it seemed to subside entirely. Her heart's beating, that is.

Were she in a doctor's office at that moment, Emilia would have legally been declared dead. She had no heart rate, and her skin was growing considerably pale and sickly by contrast to the healthy pink she was accustomed to. Rather, it lent itself more to an almost blueish purple tint, like the blood in her veins had stilled and settled for a long time.

The only reason she couldn't be called dead even though she biologically was, was because she was still moving, breathing, and thinking. “**Why am I so... c-cold...?**” Still, her death had rendered her both cold and weak. Considering a beating heart was what spread warmth, it wasn't all that surprising. Not even the silver of her hair was spared, not as a subtle mauve washed through it that was hardly darker than the color of her skin. This hair grew longer, too, swerving near the base of her spine and off to the side like a whip.

“**I'm so... hungry...**” A fatigue had set in, and this exhaustion stole away some of the half-elf's control as she began to wander into the darkness. She could see much more clearly in the dark than she could before, but the thought hadn't even occurred to her. Rather, her crimson eyes were glowing midst this darkness, making her appear much more eerie to any onlookers.

Emilia staggered forward, not even sure what she was looking for, really. What was it she was hungering for? What did she crave with every fiber of her being? But with each step she took? Her dress appeared to grow looser and looser upon her frame. The woman's height was slipping away, which was a shame because she was almost 5'5" traditionally.

By the time she'd turned the first corner, she'd dropped below five feet. Her top and sleeves were held on only by the mercy of the straps that connected to the otherwise detached collar, with fingers consumed by those sleeves entirely. It hid the fact that her fingers had grown eerily long, with nails longer and sharper than Albedo's.

“**Nn...**” The only sounds she could muster were ones of depraved hunger while she pushed forward still. Her skirt was hanging on by the

mercy of one of her thighs, dangling towards her knees in a way that revealed her body's maturity was dwindling away. Her hips had certainly narrowed quite considerably, so much that her panties looked to be dangling as well. And Emilia's thigh high boots? They laid on the ground behind her, having fallen off as they no longer fit in any capacity.

All that the woman knew was that she *hungered*, and that her *teeth hurt*. The latter was a new sensation, but one that grew more pronounced alongside her hunger's intensity. Eventually, though, the cause became clear. From between her lips, a pair of tiny teeth appeared. Razor sharp, they were the fangs of an apex predator: an all powerful *vampire*.

The woman's height having dropped to a paltry 4'7" by the end of her growth loss, an additional truth could be seen in the fact that framed those new fangs of hers. The truth that she could hardly be called a woman any longer – though that made sense with her frame as it was. Still, with rounder cheeks and brighter eyes, there was a real childishness to her appeal, even if it was overcome by the menace those crimson eyes and fangs presented.

Out of nowhere, the girl perked up. "**Blood?**" She could smell it thanks to senses that had been honed to *specifically* take note of it. The tantalizing scent – and when had she started to see blood as a food source – was certainly enough to motivate her to hurry up. Emilia could identify just where it was in the catacombs through scent alone, and the layout of these tunnels and caved grew more and more familiar to her.

Before she could really take off though, final adjustments to her figure were forced upon her. The ~~half-elf's~~ *vampire's* curves were still mostly proportioned for her older body despite hips that had already narrowed, and it was time for the rest to give way. Her butt, for example, tightened against itself until cheeks were smaller, yet still pronounced and perky when contrasted with her younger body. Pale thighs experienced a similar phenomenon, allowing a slight gap to linger between either leg.

While her breasts, on the other hand, took a far more bizarre turn. Hardly held in her bra considering how dishevelled her outfit was, given a brief moment Emilia could no longer feel her nipples rubbing up against her clothes – or any part of her bosom rubbing up against them, honestly. If she were aware enough to take a gander, she might have found that her nipples had disappeared entirely while the bulk of her breasts had begun to turn... *purple?*

Not even purple in a natural way. For a moment, these featureless sacks almost looked like they were made of gelatin but given time a clear outer layer formed around this purple, while the portion of her chest closest to her body retaining its fleshy look. In fact, she could once again sense

through her nipples and breasts... that feeling had simply been displaced to be back a spell. They were now a perky A-cup set, hardly much of anything at all. While the excess that had once made Emilia's cup size C had been transformed into a pair of breast pads.

She was stuffing.

Free to move as she pleased now, the vampire barreled forth at inhuman speeds in pursuit of the scent of fresh blood that she'd caught whiff of. In the process of her journey, her entire outfit blurred and darkened, reshaping into a gothic lolita dress of purples and reds, one with a lacy, bulbous skirt and a delicate, tailored jacket. A huge, red ribbon rested at her hips, while a smaller one tied a bonnet across the raised collar at her neck. Said bonnet was done up in purple and red as well, with a huge bow in the back.

The vampire ran and ran, until finally she sunk her flesh into the neck of a man that had been felled by the undead of these catacombs. He must have wandered in from the outside? How foolish of him to traverse into the Great Tomb of Nazerick! The more the girl drank, the more her sense returned to her. It was tragic, losing one's composure whenever she got too hungry!



With a dainty brush of her hand, *Shalltear Bloodfallen* wiped any of the human's blood that had caught on her face off of it, before licking her fingers clean needily. Being a *true vampire*, she had to take every drop of blood she could get to sustain herself and grown big and— Well, she was undead. She was never going to grow again. But in her wildest dreams she might, so she could impress her beloved Ainz-sama with her sexual appeal!

That was why she stuffed. Or, at least, the excess mass of Emilia's breasts had turned into the pads that now lined her bra. She was willing to do everything she possibly could to try and get a leg up over that conniving Albedo! Having a succubus as your rival in love was absolutely the worst! But there was plenty Shalltear could offer in the place of her missing curvature! There wasn't a woman more depraved in all of Great Tomb of Nazerick as she!

There were things she was willing to do that Albedo would never even dream of.

It was certainly strange, however. There was no small part of her that felt like she'd been far more innocent, once upon a time. But the vampire merely shrugged that thought away. **“Heheh... I'd be the dirtiest girl in the world if Ainz-sama would let me!”** This was no joke. As she began to wander the catacombs, she knew to be her territory as the 1-3 floors of the Tomb, she couldn't help but wipe drool from the corner of her mouth – caused by getting all hot and bothered thinking about the sexy skeleton man she wished to grind up upon.

Undead are really fucked up, huh?