

Diary of an Overlord

Chapter 1 – Construction of an Empire

Day 1

Two thousand years.

For two thousand years I have worked. Twice millennial have I laboured, my blood and sweat pouring out in equal and copious measure as I have worked towards this goal. No longer a mere imp, no longer a pit fiend. No longer the little tea boy supplying refreshments in those godforsaken meetings of pit lords and gargoyle masters. I have evolved beyond these mere creatures who will soon have the privilege to call themselves my minions. I have received my commission from the Devil himself. Today is the first day of the first month, in the first year of the Overlord.

Today, my empire begins.

Day 2

The most difficult part, I find, of starting any new enterprise is coming up with a catchy name that hasn't already been done. It's important to be imaginative also. You can't just come up with any old bollocks and be done with it, these things take effort. Evil Overlord Ltd? Who the hell is going to trade with a company name like that? No, I will think long and hard on this. I am nothing if not patient; if I can wait two thousand years to become an overlord then I can invest this time now to create a worthy name that will strike fear into the hearts of all who behold it! For that is my mission statement, to be the greatest epitome of evil this underworld has ever seen!

As for now, my diary, it is time to put you away that I may begin my contemplative meditation.

Day 7

It is time now for Evil Overlord Ltd to commence operations. The Devil himself has a stake in this enterprise and it is my duty to ensure a worthwhile return on the capital investment of my company's shareholders. Nonetheless it is to my good fortune that I have amassed vast quantities of gold and silver throughout my career to date. This gives me a solid base upon which to recruit masses of labour and ensure that production begins immediately. I need imps to work in the mines and the factories. I will bring in pit fiends to keep them in line and foster hell hounds to provide security. The start-up costs will no doubt be high but I will succeed in creating a profitable enterprise. There is never a shortage in demand for weaponry and alchemical reagents down here in the underworld. The legions of chaos battle each other without purpose on an infinite scale. With no one to command them, no righteous target to battle, these restless creatures will always resort to in-fighting. And where there is fighting, there is a constant need for weaponry and magic.

War is truly the most enabling enterprise of all.

Day 62

Well there you have it diary, just two months into this new venture and my company is already turning a profit. The new demoness accountant I hired is paying for herself several times over. Truly it is amazing what one can do by fiddling their expenses and overstating their revenue. I'll admit it diary, I've never had a particularly good head for numbers, but there's one thing I do understand and that is solid gold. For as long as the gold keeps rolling in, I will be pleased. At this rate I'll be able to hire a new succubus as my concubine each week. I will build my own personal harem! Ah, the pleasures of the rich.

One thing is for certain, the Devil was right to commission me to lead this enterprise.

Day 71

I'll confess it diary, something's bothering me. I cannot quite put my finger on what it is, but someone or something out there has it in for me. I know they haven't acted yet, but they will. I sense that they are patient, like me. They will not show their hand too early, rather they will wait for the right moment to strike. Do they know that I suspect them? Of course. I have seen it so many times before, this curse which afflicts everybody who makes it to the top. Always there will be someone who is struck with envy, someone who seeks to undermine them. Never is it clear who that someone is, though. Could it be the same person who does this each time? An operator working in the shadows to topple those who dare to achieve success?

I will be vigilant against this invisible enemy.

Day 98

Excellent! My first quarter shows a tremendous profit. Weapon sales are through the roof as more and more minions of chaos bide their time trying to kill each other in a desperate race to the bottom of the chaotic gene pool. Magic sales have declined somewhat due to the loss of gifted practitioners in this great war but this was not to be unexpected. The Devil will be pleased with his share. I think a celebratory holiday is called for. I hear the Lava Springs are fun to visit at this time of the year. The volcanic beach with its blistering heat, succubi walking the sands with nothing on...ah, but I must return my attention to the present. Before I leave this office I must step up security to defend against any attacks from the secretive agent who continues to stalk me. I believe this antagonist is waiting for an opportunity to strike during a moment of weakness. This is an opportunity I will not allow them. With my share of the profits I will build up a personal army to defend against any and all attacks from any angle. There will be nothing to stop me. I will be invincible.

Enough of that for now though. The Lava Springs resort awaits me.

Chapter 2 – Heroes at the Door

Day 128

An interesting event happened today, diary. You could say I received an unexpected visitor of sorts. Clad in white robes over a steel breastplate, with a sword in his right hand and a crucifix in his left. He denounced me as an unholy creature and claimed he would cleanse me in the name of his lord. Quite a rude individual, truth be told. I calmly explained to him that such an attitude would not be tolerated in my domain, at which point he attacked me! I don't really mind, I mean, I guess it's to be expected when you're at my level. Still a bit disconcerting though, not to mention it's cutting into my profits having to replace the hell hounds he slaughtered on his way to my office. Why would he do this to me? Why go to so much effort just to be rid of me?

I know what it is. It's that secret enemy. He will not show his hand by assaulting me directly, instead he manipulates these religious zealots to strike at me instead, undermining my self-confidence. It won't work though, I won't let him get to me. Or is it a she? No matter, an enemy is an enemy regardless of who they are. I will investigate this matter. I will find them and I will destroy them. Then I will find peace.

Day 164

My facility is on high alert today diary. A lowly imp was caught with a coded message, no doubt written by this subversive agent. Oh, this agent thinks he is clever, buying off a mere imp to do his dirty work for him. It matters not. Imps are easily intimidated and I will have my torturers pry the identity of my foe from this worthless minion. When I learn the nature of my opponent, I will work to undermine them. I will beat them at their own game. This is why the Devil chose me above all others. Where all other enterprise leaders have succumbed to this insidious maggot, I will rise above it. I will succeed where everybody else has failed. For I am the Overlord and none can stop me.

Upon studying the coded message further, I have deduced that this clever agent is using a cipher so primitive it borders on hilarity. Instead of writing his message from left to right, he has transposed the letters so they read in columns instead of rows. Laughable! Did he really think he could get past me? I'm the one who INVENTED this method of encryption eighteen hundred years ago in the underworld. Oh, but I should give credit where credit is due, I suppose. This operator has clearly studied my style of handwriting and has gone to great lengths to emulate it himself. I can only assume my antagonist has been following me for a very long time because the similarities are remarkable. Well, he clearly chose his target well. But then it always was obvious I would rise to the top, wasn't it?

Day 190

I can't believe it. Nearly four weeks of torturing that little bastard and he still won't tell me the name of the person who passed him this message. I've tried every method at my disposal, from starvation, deprivation, dismemberment, electrical shocks, nails hammered into the eye sockets, yet still he refuses to admit his treachery. All he will say to me is the very same line, "I live only to serve you, my lord." His audacity is unbelievable. I have never known an imp to have this much tenacity in the face of such agonising torture. Unfortunately it is clear to me that I will not be getting anything out of this one. I shall have him executed as an example to any others who dare to consider betraying their master.

In the meantime, several more heroes have made their way to my door in their desperate attempts to destroy me. Truth be told diary I don't know how much more of this I can take. All I ever wanted was to run my evil empire in peace. Now I'm facing assault both from without and from within. Heroes of righteousness attack me directly and this agent of the shadows continues to dismantle everything I have worked so hard for! I have done nothing to deserve this! NOTHING!

Day 262

Diary...it's all over. The Devil himself has withdrawn his support for my enterprise now. Too many assaults from these heroes has crippled my army and so many of my good works have been destroyed. My minions have fled in terror and it will not be long before my domain is enveloped by the all-consuming wildfire of the chaos war. The very war I helped perpetuate now threatens to obliterate my very existence. But no, I will not lie down and surrender like this. I will take the fight to my enemy. The very one who has broken the resolve of my many predecessors! I will expose this secretive foe and I will destroy them!

The hounds are scared of me as I leave my office. Not even these hellish creatures understand the depths of my fury. Storming through my domain I hear the cries of my former minions. "Run," they say, "he is on the rampage again!" I know not of what they talk about but it is unimportant to me now. What matters now is claiming the very last thing that is within my power to grasp. I will have my revenge.

Chapter 3 – Vengeance

It was a quiet night in the village. The children were fast asleep in their homes while their parents relaxed in front of the blazing hearth. A few young couples were feeling frisky. Most of the boys couldn't last ten minutes. One girl who had just come of age suffered the first of many disappointments that she would bear at the hands of inexperienced lovers. Dissatisfaction was rife amongst the females of this rural settlement.

A distant clap of thunder signalled an ominous portent. Farmers locked their doors and the village priest chanted a ward against evil. The villagers were a superstitious bunch. For the first time in their lives, they were right to be.

The ground shook with violent tremors as the Overlord in his unmistakable fury tore through the soil and tunnelled his way up to the surface. His nerves were frayed and his armies were scattered. The heroes had plundered his treasury, destroyed his military and diminished his sanity. All he had left was his two-handed sword and a murderous heart.

As one hand punched up through the soil, followed swiftly by the other, the Overlord dragged himself out of the ground and set his sights on the nearby settlement. Something told him he would meet his destiny there. Sword in hand, he marched upon the settlement with fierce determination, ready to confront his life-long antagonist once and for all.

The villagers panicked. All but the priest fled from the giant figure of evil who now loomed in the distance, advancing upon their homes. Strengthened by his faith, the priest chanted words of power and erected an invisible barrier to protect him from the Overlord's wrath.

Unaware of this, the Overlord advanced upon the priest. "Stand aside, holy one! I will spare no mercy for those who get in my way!"

The priest was undeterred. "Begone, foul creature of darkness! By the blessings of the light, I banish you to whence you first came!"

The words of banishment had no effect. The Overlord gazed contemptuously upon the priest and gripped the hilt of his weapon. "You have been warned, man of the white cloth, yet still you stand before me in your arrogance. Now you shall die!"

The Overlord swung his sword in a mighty arc, yet the priest's magic held strong and the sword collided with the barrier. The Overlord staggered back in shock.

"No! This...this can't be happening!"

Clutching his head, the Overlord gave a mighty scream of agony as the emotional trauma of his great loss came crashing down upon him. His vision darkened until he saw only blackness, when suddenly a figure appeared opposite him. His antagonist.

"So! You are the one who has opposed me all this time. Now, in my moment of greatest weakness, you choose to reveal yourself. How predictable."

"Predictable indeed! I know everything about you Overlord, all your strengths and most importantly, your weaknesses. I am the voice of doubt and conflict, the one who undermines your every step. I am the reason for your failure, but you know what the best part of it is? I have been right by your side since the very first day you started this venture. You complain of the antagonist within the shadows? I have been here in plain sight all along. It was simply you who failed to see me. You who refused to acknowledge me. And now your empire is in ruins. It was all down to you."

"LIAR!" yelled the Overlord. A few of the braver villagers had crept back to witness this exchange behind the safety of the priest's barrier. To all intents and purposes, this gigantic creature of evil appeared to be arguing with himself.

"It is time," replied the antagonist, "to make a decision. Do you want to be rid of me? Do you wish to silence the voice of doubt? Do you wish to end these incursions upon your domain? Do it. Impale me upon your sword. Accomplish what you think nobody else has ever succeeded in doing before you. Embrace your DESTINY!"

The Overlord needed no further encouragement. With the strength and fury of one

who has lost everything that ever mattered to them, the Overlord thrust his sword deep into the heart of his foe.

The jolt of physical pain brought him back to lucidity. In front of him stood the priest and several villagers, all of whom looked on in shock at the giant before them. His legs felt weak and he dropped down to his knees. He looked down and loosened his grip upon the blade which he had plunged into his own belly. Quivering with shock, he realised only too late that the invisible enemy had been himself all along.

With one last groan, the Overlord fell to the side as his consciousness faded. The priest released his hold on the magical barrier and nearly collapsed from the exhaustion. Helped up by the few remaining villagers, the priest wiped the sweat from his brow and moved over to examine the body of this evil giant. Mustering his last reserves of energy, the priest uttered once again the spell of banishment. This time, the spell took effect and the Overlord's body quickly disintegrated until there were only the ashes of a once powerful ruler of the underworld.

As the sun rose in the sky that morning, the villagers who had fled the night before soon returned to continue with their daily tasks. As the weeks and months went by, the memories of that eventful night soon faded until the story itself became a legend that few believed had ever happened. As the years went on, generations upon generations of inadequate boys and insatiable girls continued the village traditions, never again to be troubled by the vengeful fury of a schizophrenic overlord.

The End