

Because I've Been  
Reincarnated as the  
Piggy Duke, This  
Time I Will Say I  
Like You

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Kikei Translations

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## Difficult Diets and Weak Chairs

### 「Slow Denning」

At Kurushu Magic Academy, the job of a retainer is not just fulfilling the everyday needs of the nobles. In addition to that lengthy task, they also carry the burden of assisting in their academic matters—general tutelage, preparation, among other things.

Because of this facet of the academy, most lords make an attempt to find a suitable retainer before they're set to enroll. Those who don't essentially become "open bachelors", but without any of the benefits. Depending on their rank in society, attendants-to-be may approach them in an attempt to seek employment by the lord's estate.

There are also other, more fringe cases, such as a noble falling heads over heels for another lord's retainer. I myself have bore witness to quite a few situations where a young lord takes action in order to seduce an attendant and steal them away.

If I were to give an example from my past life, it's fairly similar to "poaching", the act of stealing a member of another player's guild for your own.

Of course, none of these classifications suit Charlotte. After all, she is serving the most powerful second-year student in all

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of Kurushu Magic Academy.

The Piggy Duke, of course.

As classes wrap up for the day, I call Charlotte to my room. I scratch the back of my head absentmindedly as I hear the door gently swing open, a leather-bound tome spread carefully across the slender confines of my desk. When I turn my head, Charlotte's presence captivates me almost immediately.

Tidy silver hair that trickles in small clumps down the bridge of her back. Powerful azure eyes full of will. Her frame was transient, like a sculpture born of the purest ice.

*So cute!*

But, apart from the reason I brought Charlotte to my room, another reason laid heavily on my mind. I inspected her maid uniform knowingly, and a barely-concealed sigh escapes my lips.

Charlotte's uniform had gotten dirty. No, it was better to say it had been stained. At first glance, one might mistake it as a result of Charlotte's carelessness, and the Piggy Duke within me was all but too quick to agree. However, as someone who watched the anime, I know the true reason for the discoloration.

The third case at Kurushu Academy in regards to retainers—harassment and bullying. The Piggy Duke is not well-liked. Such a statement almost seems liable for misrepresentation. No, the Piggy Duke was despised, so it was no surprise that so too would his retainer be.

*Those idiots at the academy really wish to earn my ire, don't they?*

I could feel both sides of me begin to recoil in anger, but the

Piggy Duke especially so. On one side, I was fighting off my rage, and on the other, I was having a grand revelation of sorts. It was truly a difficult emotion to describe.

“Slow-sama, you asked for me?”

Charlotte tilts her head to the side in askance, unfazed by the emotions tumbling inside my head. The Piggy Duke had been unnaturally skilled at disguising his true feelings, and this skill aided me here.

“You don’t need to prepare breakfast from tomorrow on. I will be eating together with everyone at the dining hall instead.”

It came out a bit stiffer than I intended, but I managed to get my message across.

*Uuu...I wonder if the dining hall will be enough food—..?*

I feel myself begin to relent on my previously firm decision. Maybe I should backtrack before I say something I’ll regret?

*No! I mustn’t!*

Just barely, I manage to jolt myself back into alignment. I decided from today on I would begin dieting! I have to throw away this fat clinging to my body!

Steeling myself with a face of pure attrition, I turned back to Charlotte with a smile.

“That’ll be alright, I presume?”

*Please say yes.*

Charlotte blinks in surprise, apparently caught off-guard by my sudden request. She was likely also still getting used to my “requests” as opposed to my “commands”.

Eventually though, her maid-inclined mind took precedence as she bowed gracefully towards me.

“Understood, Slow-sama.”

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Sometimes the rules at Kurushu Magic Academy can be rather complex. However, if there's one good thing to be said, it's that students can spend their time as they please after classes end.

But as usual in the boy's dorm, I am doing nothing.

It should be mentioned that I am currently residing in the fourth floor's facilities. The boy's dorm has five floors in total, each floor representing a rank of nobility. For instance, the top floor is for royalty, specifically the offspring of the ruling magistrate.

The fourth floor, the one where I reside, is for the higher nobles. Generally the sons of barons, dukes, and the like. The third floor is for mid-tier nobles, relatives of the dukes and those close to the back of the line of succession. The second is the lowest tier of what could still be called "nobility". The sons and daughters of civil officers and members of the royal committee. Since higher ranked nobles were the minority, each successive floor had less room, but were more spacious to accommodate the higher class tastes of the residents.

By the way, the first floor was for commoners. It has the most rooms of any floor in a desperate attempt to house all the various students, only a few of which attend the main campus. I had overheard on quite a few occasions that commoners often share a room with two or three people.

We nobles call those room "octopus rooms".



“Oink...oink—...”

Almost half-naked, I began my muscle training.

This is what my traditional habit of “doing nothing” had evolved into.

“Oiiiiink...oiiiiiiiiink—...”

But of course, I couldn’t even perform a single push-up.

*Oi, Piggy Duke! What’s this about? You don’t have any muscle at all!*

Also, I had just begun my workout, but my stomach was already growling.

From my memories, I can safely conclude I would have eaten two portions or more at lunch, but unfortunately that was no longer an option for me.

*Be gone, fat!*

In order to reinvigorate my will, I began doing crunches in front of a mirror. As I lift my head just beyond the horizon of my belly, I see a big fatty staring back at me.

*Unless I try, I’ll never be the person who can stand beside her.*

The person who can stand beside Charlotte.

That was my wish.

I can’t stand behind her if I continue to be the way I am—the first step to changing my image was losing all this weight.

My goal is to become *macho*.

*Although for now, I’ll settle for “slightly overweight”.*

I understand the Piggy Duke’s feelings all too well. For all this time, he’s been alone, running down a path only he can

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see. He has no one. Not even a single trusted friend. And no matter how much he is scorned, he keeps his heart calm and strong.

I suppose you could say I related rather personally, and I envied him in a way for that last part. The ability to remain strong in the face of pure, unadulterated hatred.

In some ways, the Piggy Duke was stronger than me.

Because of that, I will grant him his wish.

*Or, I guess my wish?*

The distinction was becoming harder and harder to make.

Honestly, I want to go straight to those bastards who bullied Charlotte and knock some sense into them. But things will go bad if I go there now. Another scandal would start, and the harassment would only get worse. And harder to detect as well.

*If they wanted to, they could hurt Charlotte in a variety of ways without leaving a single mark.*

That thought was worrying. Scary, even. For the Piggy Duke's sake and Charlotte's, I would have to turn a blind eye, even if such a thing would cause my teeth to grind to dust.



The Piggy Duke thought it would be worse to become a great person who couldn't marry Charlotte. Instead, he found it preferable to become a villain who could.

I believe that thinking is naive.

He never relied on anyone, and because of his lack of friends, it was impossible to ask those close to him for advice.

The Piggy Duke thought he would be separated from Charlotte if he spoke his thoughts, and that is the crux of his issue. Such a sweeping generalization is a gross misuse of a common logical fallacy. Someone as intelligent as the Piggy Duke should've been able to see that.

But then again, it makes sense that he wouldn't. Someone so separated from society, who had never grown to know the happiness that is friendship, would obviously be blind to the truth.

Thankfully, I had come with the knowledge he was lacking. Even if I wasn't exactly popular, the taste of friendship was not foreign to me.

"— ..."

I suppose that was misrepresenting the situation. After all, the Piggy Duke did have someone rather close to him.

*For the sake of Charlotte, it's time to fix my life!*



With a worried look, Charlotte is sending me off. She clutches her skirt anxiously as her clouded eyes seem to be holding back a thousand questions.

"— ...Please do take care, Slow-sama."

There was emotion behind that beautiful voice. It was so separated from the cruel reality that I lived in that, for a moment, I found myself at a loss for words.

In the end, I merely nodded my head.





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“—...”

My thoughts remain silent as I descend down the dorm stairs. Bright sun flourishes its brilliant rays through the small openings in the door as I step outside. In disbelief, the students trailing outside stop their flurried conversation to stare at me.

Their surprise was evident. I kept my face still.



The environment of the dining hall was not relaxing in the least.

“Hey, did you hear?”

“Oh, you mean how that pig started running every morning, right?”

“Maybe there will be pig rain tomorrow!”

*Again with the damn pig rain...*

“Also, is it just me who can't believe it?”

“I know, right!”

The stares had become stiff knives against my back. I shuddered internally, looking around the dining hall with a bored, almost dull expression.

“Can you believe it? The pig showed up to the cafeteria!”

“The slob who always has a maid bring food to his room? That guy?”

“G-Good morning! I-I've brought your breakfast—...”

The last voice stirred me from my boredom. A frantically nervous maid was making jittered motions as she approached

my isolated table with a steaming tray.

"Thanks, you can leave it there."

"Y—...Y-Yes! I-If you'll excuse me!"

Like the wind spirits themselves, the maid dashed away with a frenzy incomparable to that of normal man. It was within the realm of non-fiction to call her departure "superhuman".

*Even the maids are scared of me, huh?*

Regardless of the situation, the spirits still passed along the whispered conversations of those around me.

"Maybe she did something to him?"

"Yeah, maybe she got tired of him..."

It was obvious who "she" was referring to.

"I'm not safe from anyone's ire, am I?"

With a downcast expression, I muttered to myself the unfairness of the world as I scooped some curry into my awaiting mouth.

"But still..."

*Isn't this taste a bit bland?*

"The portions are small too. Do other students really feel satisfied with this amount of food?"

I began turning my head to look at the rest of the cafeteria food steadily entered my gullet. Everyone seemed to be happily consuming their meals, with the hesitant few still preoccupied by my presence. Some of them didn't even seem to be eating, too busy talking to—...

*Clink.*

I looked down.

My bowl was empty.

Depression permeated my existence as I glared down at my

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extended hand.

"Just what kind of eating habits have I developed —..?"

*Creeaaak.*

The sound of a chair being pushed back sounded as a lone figure approached my table.

"Slow-sama, if it's okay with you, I can give you my share."

"O-Oink?!"

I jolted upward in surprise, not expecting anyone to approach me.

*That was the mood I gathered, at least.*

"Who are you?"

Looking up, a prim-and-proper boy shot a radiant smile back at me. His white bob-cut hair fell to just the tip of his shoulders, and his eyes curled upward in a joyful expression that protested his absolute innocence.

"I'm a son of the Greytroad viscount. My name is Vision Greytroad. It's a pleasure to meet you in person, Slow-sama."

My bored expression returned, his greeting settling my surprise almost immediately.

*Ahh, I get it now.*

Since I couldn't remember him, he's probably a mob character. A person with little importance to the story. Essentially, a background extra.

"And? Did you come here just to offer me your food?"

I likely sounded exasperated, but that was just the kind of reaction you gave when dealing with low-brow nobles attempting to curry favor with you all your life.

"Yes, I saw Slow-sama running this morning as well and thought, 'maybe a single serving wouldn't be enough', so I found myself drawn to you almost instinctively. Please, don't

mind me and have a taste.”

*What’s up with him? Does he really want to suck up to me that much?*

He was surely putting on a show. Quite a number of people had stopped their incessant buzzing to watch the scene unfolding before them.

*But, well, it certainly wasn’t enough for me.*

“Is that so...well, in that case, you did me the favor of bringing it all the way here, so maybe I’ll have a bite.”

—..!

An unpleasant feeling suddenly shot through my head.

*Wait wait wait wait wait! No, I can’t! Didn’t I decide to lose weight?! Falling for this sinful temptation so easily, am I a country girl who was just swept off her feet by a city guy?*

“Ah ha, ha ha ha...”

I chuckled under my breath, causing Vision to retract in surprise.

“Let me praise for you being so thoughtful, Vision.”

His face lit up.

“Then—...”

“—...However!”

I cut off his response, pointing an accusatory finger toward his form. He jumped back in surprise, caught off-guard by my sudden movement.

“Right now, I’m completely full!”

“Ehhhhh?!”

I let out a fierce grin.

“That’s why, Vision...err, Greytroad, was it? I’m sorry, but I can’t accept th—...”

*Crack!*

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—...*Huh?*

*Crash!*

“O-Oiiiiiiiiink!”

*Slam!*

“—...”

“—...”

“—...”

The amount of unnerving stares filled me with dread.

“Fufu~...”

“Hehe~...”

“Ehaha~...”

Suddenly, the dining hall erupts into laughter.

“Ahahaha! Did you see that?!”

“The pig broke the chair!”

“Just how fat *is* he?!”

“It really shattered, oh my, I can't! I can't!”

*Ugh...that hurt.*

I rub my sore back as I get to my feet.

“S-So Slow-sama, do you really not want my share—..?”

My forehead throbbed viciously. I turn to Vision, grabbing his cloak and pulling him towards me with all the force I could muster. His head jolts abruptly as I inch my face mere centimeters away from his surprised mug.

“I don't! Hear me out, you deceptive good looking guy!”

“G-Good looking?”

“Don't let my appearance fool you! Even if I look like this, I don't have much of an appetite! *Do you understand?!*”

“S-Slow-sama doesn't have much of an appetite—..?”

“That's right! Now say it again!”

“Slow-sama doesn't have much of an appetite!”

“Good!”

Huffing to myself, I gently tossed him away. He took a staggering step back, still visibly shaken from my outburst. The cafeteria had fallen dead quiet.

*— ...I've had enough of food.*

With my stomach still growling, I left the dining hall with my pride in shambles.

Still, there was something rather pleasant of leaving with the air of dead silence when just a few seconds ago, the hall was filled with laughter.

*...I really shattered a chair, didn't I?*

As my face turns nine different shades of crimson, I waddle back to the boy's dorm.