

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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## Reflections with a Small Voice

### 「Slow Denning」

“As you all know, being loved by the spirits is the most important thing when attempting to use magic. According to the most cutting edge research, we can trace spirit proficiency back to the heredial traits one gains from their ancestors.”

The magic class. A staple at Kurushu Magic Academy. Once a year, there is a test which consists of all material covered in the various branching classes: theory, martial arts, sword technique, and magic—of course, I already told you the names of the classes, but unlike most academies, Kurushu splits each class into multiple segments, which causes each resulting class period to be rather lengthy.

Because of this, there were quite a few students in the back row with their head down in an effort to sneak in a quick nap. As you might imagine, these are usually the top performers who can spare a few minutes of missed lectures. Of course, there will also be those who simply slack off, but those who do are generally thought to be fools. After all, if you don't receive at least an eighty percent average score on your combined grade total, you will find yourself held back for another year.

I, for instance, manage to overcome my pitiful scores in

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martial arts and sword technique by maintaining the highest results in theory and magic. You might say the grading system is a bit of a failure in that regard, but the truth of the matter is, sometimes great warriors are born from those without skill in magic, and in rarer circumstances, the opposite occurs as well.

But still, even with those rather lax rules, every year there is at least some students who can't pass the test. According to the rules, if a student cannot graduate within five years, they are expelled as failures.

"Fire bonds well with hot-blooded individuals. Water spirits flow gently with the kind-hearted, and the Earth desires a straight-forward master. And last but not least, the Wind follows alongside a clever master."

The previous me would have berated the teacher for fantasising too much, but well...even with Aruru-sensei is teaching, the act of being a student is the act of being bored. Whichever world you live in, it seems like destiny to have at least one long-winded class.

"Although it's basic knowledge that the spirits prefer those of noble birth, there are many commoner graduates who have managed to master magic. There are even ways to boost one's magical proficiency with outside tools. For instance—the Duke of Denning grinded an entire yadogiri into his cane to attract the power of spirits."

Despite my lingering enthusiasm, I listened to Aruru-sensei intently from my perch near the top of the class. My lonely position. Mind you, it's not because I'm disliked. Rather, those of lower birth wouldn't dare sit in the same column as a son of Denning—or so I'd like to believe.

I'm sure I looked like a pig boss from the teacher's point of

view on the lecturing ground.

“—...So with that being said, it’s possible for anyone of any background to become a master of the arcane arts. Please remember to work hard at studying regardless of your social standing.”

With a single glance in my direction, she turned to face the rest of the class with a smile.

“With that being said, we’ll end today’s magic class.”



*Yeah, that’s about right.*

As the scattered chattering quickly dissipated, I was left alone in the lecture hall.

*Well, I guess there’s no one who would want to tag along with me...*

I knew it, but still, isn’t this treatment rather harsh?

I could feel the judgmental gazes even as the last group of students vacated the classroom. Knowing looks that spoke words of mockery to my friendlessness.

Still, with my knowledge from the anime, I could relate to them.

*Who in their right mind would want to be friends with this Piggy Duke anyway?*

As I continued to exercise and show up to the dining hall, I had begun to feel less negative emotions directed my way. But just because I had made slight progress didn’t mean my reputation wasn’t still in the gutter. It was like ranking up from an F-Tier villain to a D-Tier villain. Not worth

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celebration in the least.

*Creaaaaak.*

I stand up, rotating my shoulder and stretching out my back. Being dormant for so long had really begun to cramp up my body.

"Excuse me! Mr. Denning, could I take just a moment of your time?"

A flustered Aruru-sensei shuffled up to me with her teaching notes in hand. Her rounded glasses and long, raven-colored hair swayed from side to side as she stopped a few feet from my form.

"What is it, Aruru-sensei?"

Letting out a few exhausted breathes, she composes herself and flashes me a brilliant smile.

*She's really pretty.*

Still, she can't compare to my Charlotte.

"It's just that you behaved so well in today's class. Normally you'd just fool around, or spend the whole day sleeping. And I also heard you started dieting—..?"

Even in conversation, it seemed Aruru-sensei's habit of long-windedness was apparent.

"—...I believe it's a wonderful thing to look after oneself."

"Well, I just thought that some things had to change. Now, if you'll excuse me—..."

With that matter-of-factness, I began to descend the steps of the lecture hall.

*—...Eh?*

I stopped moving in my tracks as I sensed something in my periphery. Taking a step back, I removed one hand from my pocket and held it out.

“Aruru-sensei, don’t move.”

“U-Umm, Mr. Denning?”

I raised my hand into a claw-like grip. I’m sure from Aruru-sensei’s perspective, I was exuding a somewhat-menacing aura.

“J-Just what is it? Mr. Denning?!”

Aruru-sensei flinched back in fear, probably expecting a vile assault from the Lord of Pigs.

*Flick.*

I pressed out my index and middle finger with a quick motion. A small disperse of air flows past her raven locks as I turn on my heel, pulling my hand back into my pockets with a swift motion.

“I’ll be going then.”

“U-Umm—..?”

Obviously not understand my actions, Aruru-sensei looked onto me with confusion as I left the building.



I release the wind spirit I was keeping in my pocket outside, shooing him away with a light-hearted motion.

“Don’t go causing trouble for sensei, alright?”

The wind spirit lets out a small, nearly in-audible chirp as it leaps away and flies into the sky with small, pegasus-like wings.

It’s body was that of a rabbit, with fur-covered antlers similar to that of a baby moose. Of course, as a user of the wind spirits, I was able to pick up on his presence earlier.

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*It probably wanted to play a prank on sensei.*

Even though this is a fantasy world, saying things like “I’m able to see spirits” would put you in a mental asylum.

With an aura of depression, I scratched the back of my head.

“Let’s get to the next class—...”

*If I recall correctly, it should be martial arts...*



### 「Charlotte Lili Hughjack」

“Amazing...”

I muttered to myself with an awe-inspired tone as I scribbled my findings in my journal. I suppose you could call it a diary of sorts—my own personal little survival guide. I can be rather clumsy and forgetful at times, so having something like this makes my life easier.

Still, I never expected I would use my little journal like this.

*“That Slow-sama stayed awake for the entire class, paid attention, and even answered some of sensei’s questions...”*

I kneeled down quickly behind the school building as the door to the classroom opened once more. Hidden beneath the lecture hall window, I reopened my journal and began writing even more furiously.

“Maybe I’m dreaming—..?”

To test it out, I pinched and pulled at my cheeks.

*Ow, ow, ow...*

Sniffing a little at my excessive use of force, I started

writing once more.

“The other day too, he suddenly said ‘I’m going to start a diet’! That really scared me...”

I shake my head frantically.

“And he actually started one. Maybe he ate something bad?”

I tap my pen against my chin.

“But what if—...”

Coming to a grand realization, I slam the journal shut in between both hands with a cry.

“What if Slow-sama really wants to be a good boy?! As his attendant, it’s my duty to support him!”

Then, a nervous aura overcomes my body as I begin to sway from side-to-side.

“Plus, if he becomes a respectable person, my reputation will also improve. I might even get a raise—...”

Jumping to my feet, I pump my fists up to the skies above, causing a flock of birds to rise upwards from their perch.

“Alright, I’ll do my best! You can do it, Slow-sama!”



## 「Slow Denning」

The Piggy Duke is clever, strong, kind, and shows a strong will against sorrow. Those were the words the anime director said about him during a Q&A panel.

It’s true I was able to protect Charlotte all on my own. However, the war, his looks, and several unfortunate

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encounters—...

*Even if the Piggy Duke had power, he lacked luck. And eventually, he ran out of time.*

So that means I'll have to unleash my greatest weapon. The power of my reincarnation. I'll use what was granted to me—the knowledge of all that will happen.

I look up to the skies as a flock of birds fly past.

"I'll make sure to protect my future, and Charlotte—..."

I pause as a white feather rains down from the sky.

"—...This time, I want to say that I love you."