

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

Kikei Translations

- 5 -

This Commoner is so Bad at Magic!

「Tina」

“Magic...magic magic—...”

With a sudden shout, I stomp my foot against the ground hard enough to kick up dirt. The fury in my voice causes my entire frame to shake with loathing.

“— Magic!”

—...

I wait, and nothing happens.

Dropping my wand to my side, I clench my teeth in frustration.

“Only someone from a noble bloodline can call on the spirits? No matter how hard I studied, it’s all useless because I’m a commoner?”

My teeth grind as I wrap my wand in a vice-like grip.

“— You’ve got to be fucking kidding me!”



「Slow Denning」

“Hum hum hum!”

My belly jiggles as a joyful smile spreads itself across my

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

face. I hold my head high as my body gently sways from side-to-side. Charlotte walks beside me, a rather surprised look beginning to form on her face.

"You look very cheerful this morning, Slow-sama."

Students turn to glance at me as I merrily make my way down the school hall. Apparently, the way I was acting was rather abnormal, but I couldn't be helped.

After all, something good was about to happen.

"Well, we have practical magic class today, after all."

Of course, that wasn't the only pleasant thing to happen. My tales of good fortune started this morning, just as I was waking up from a rather rough sleep...



"Slow-sama, do you happen to know where— ..."

"—Charlotte! Look at this!"

Cutting off Charlotte's question midway, I jumped in her direction, placing my hands on my hips as I grinned with a giddy expression.

"W-What is the matter, Slow-sama?"

Confused, Charlotte tilts her head to the side in her usual way, her silver hair gathering around her shoulders in small clumps.

"I've lost some weight!"

Widening her eyes, Charlotte inspected my body in its entirety, going as far as to circle around my boisterous waist with a few murmurs of surprise.

"—Waa, it's true! Your stomach has become thinner!"

“Ehe! I know! I did it, my one week diet has begun showing the fruits of its labour!”

My eyes tear up as I dry them in dramatic fashion, spinning around with delight. Of course, I’m not exactly aerodynamic yet, so I end up jiggling quite a bit. Still, it’s a real improvement!

Those weeks of torture, those days I went out with an empty stomach...

I shudder at the sudden flashbacks, patting my stomach with a reassuring touch.

I didn’t drink any juice, I skipped out on candies and cookies. In fact, I ended up spending most of my free time training! I knew I would see results one day, but to think they would come this fast!

Goodbye special sized uniform!

“Charlotte, prepare a uniform one size smaller!”

“Understood, Slow-sama!” Charlotte said with a mock salute, “It will take a while though—Slow-sama’s uniform is still classified as a special order. However...”

With a coy smile, Charlotte spins around in circles until her back is pressed against the door. Pressing her index finger against her cheek, she giggles.

“I thought this might happen, so I went and ordered the uniform last week. It’s sitting in my bedroom right now—shall I get it? Or would you like to eat breakfast first?”

“No!” I responded immediately.

Uttering strange noises of happiness, I glance at myself in the mirror.

I want to cherish this moment a bit longer!

I may still look like a drowning pig, but don’t be mistaken!

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

This was the body of happiness incarnate! Those grueling weeks were now behind me! Running while hearing gossip, tormented by insomnia as my stomach growled in the night...

It's not over yet, though.

Slapping my cheeks, I strike a determined pose with my fists at my sides. We were entering the danger zone! The time where most diets fail! I was aware just how important my success would be. I couldn't afford to give up now!

Meanwhile, Charlotte was tapping a finger against her chin with a worried expression.

"You can't do that, Slow-sama. You know what they say..."

She strikes a little pose.

"Breakfast is the most important meal of the day!"

I shake my head, although I save a mental snapshot of her response.

So cute!

"No way, Charlotte. I don't want to attend the dining hall in my old uniform—that was the old Slow Denning. This is the new and improved Slow-sama!"

Uttering the final words like a great battlecry, I scrunched up my nose as I grinned.

Also, I don't want to be laughed at when they see my old big wobbly uniform...

Last time I had attended the dining hall, I had crushed a chair beneath the weight of my body. That would mark the third time such an event had happened, and every time, the strange, platinum blonde boy attempted to strike up a conversation with me. He even complimented me on my magic as I fell.

I honestly can't figure out what is going through his head...

And to make matters worse, when I returned during lunch, a large, sturdy chair had replaced the usual wooden one in the area I sat at. It was constructed of pure metal, with a cushioned seat designed for comfort. It became known immediately among the students as “the Piggy Duke’s special seat”.

Nodding to myself to confirm my own convictions, I stroked my chin philosophically.

“That’s why I don’t need breakfast.”

Charlotte frowned, swinging her head from side-to-side, which in turn caused her twintails to dance in the air.

“I could prepare you something simple then if you’d like, Slow-sama.”

I froze in place, turning to Charlotte with a blissful expression.

“—If you would be so kind~!”



“Fufufu, you only seem to be happy when attending practical magic, though.”

Charlotte giggles at my delighted waddle as the pair of us continue to head down the hall.

“Well, I can’t miss this chance after all.”

Right. There was a special reason I wanted to attend today’s lesson in particular.

The thing is, there’s no one better at using magic than me in this school. In other words, I’m the best.

I’m not trying to belittle anyone else’s achievements, or

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

sound elitist—it was simply a statement of fact. After all, I'm sure everyone will be surprised by my exemplary magic.

Then, they'll start to see me as a cool guy! I'll become popular overnight!

“—But Slow-sama, is there anyone who would want to be your training partner?”

“Uguh—..!”

Like a shot through the heart, I crumble to the ground as an aura of depression permeates me once more. Meanwhile, Charlotte continued to walk forward, having not noticed her frankness had just destroyed all my hopes and dreams.

She's right, though...



“Oi, you lass, gather around!”

I approach Rokomoko-sensei along with the rest of the class to the center of the exercise ground. His hair is kept up in its usual style, an afro which circled all the way around his head. The curly strands of hair seemed to absorb all light, and his dark shirt was punctuated by his white jeans and a waistcoat which wrapped itself around his lower abdomen.

In contrast to the vast majority of students, his skin tone was darker. Representative of the kingdoms to the south. He's a former elite of the royal knights, although he doesn't look like much.

Although I don't look like much either.

Stylish black shades covered his irises from view, and gold earrings dangled haphazardly from his ears. Rings wide

enough to stick about two fingers in.

As for the exercise ground itself, it was a fairly large space with around one meter of depth surrounding it. It was designed with structural protection in mind, preventing any magic phenomenon from disturbing the land around it. For this class though, such a feature was unlikely to take effect. When you get right down to it, my classmates' magic wasn't anywhere near that level yet.

"Today, I want you to make pairs of two. Each of you will spar against your partner and inform them where they're lacking. After that, make an impromptu report to me."

He flexed his white gloves as he talked, motioning with his hands like a boxer getting ready to enter the ring.

"If you understand, then move out!"

With a clap of his hands, the class dispersed, immediately gravitating to those they knew. In some cases, even couples were pairing up with one another.

After only a few minutes, I was the only one left in the center of the exercise ground.

Yep...I'm pretty much the most hated person in school.

I took a step forward, scratching the side of my head as I looked around in vain for at least one other soul who hadn't begun sparring already.

"Everyone already seems to have a partner. What should I do—..?"

Could I ask to sit out of the lesson?

If that were to happen, though, I wouldn't be able to show off.

"Isn't there anyone left I can..."

I trailed off, coming to a stop a few feet away from a rather

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

unbelievable show.

“—ask?”

I blinked, registering the sight only for a moment before letting out an exclamation.

“Whoa! Isn't that Tina?!”



Allow me to explain more about Shuya Marionette.

Apart from the protagonist's harem of female characters, there existed other female characters on the outside. Not simple mob characters, but characters with ample screen time and dedicated personalities.

I excluded Tina from the protagonist's harem list mostly due to her annoying behavior, general troublemaking, and distribution of erotic books. It had nothing to do with her status as a commoner.

After all, between the fans and the characters, she was known as the demon lord!

At first glance, she may look like she's emitting an elegant aura, but I know her secret...

That's right! There are seriously *huge* boobs hiding under that jacket!

Naturally, looking at the real thing...

“—Is truly amazing!”

Ah—..!

As my cry of youthful joy escapes my lips, Tina turns to face me, her short-cut brown hair flowing gently as a light breeze raptures her face.

"You're Denning-sama, right?"

"—...Ah!"

"You've been staring at me for a while now..."

She wraps her arms around her chest almost reflexively, narrowing her eyes with a tinge of mistrust. Her hazel eyes wavered, stealing a glance at the students gathered around her.

"W-Well, that's because, um..."

"...Perhaps it's because you're looking for a partner?"

Tina holds up a hand to her mouth as she ponders her theory aloud.

"Y-Yes! Well, I mean, it's true, I don't have a partner."

I jump on her reasoning instantly, nodding with a vague sense of wisdom.

"But not just that. I also noticed you're not doing too well yourself," I straighten my uniform as I continue, "since you're just a first year, would it be alright if I offered you some pointers?"

A small silence stretches between the two of us. For a moment, I start to back off.

The rejection will hurt less if I leave now, I'm sure.

And then—...

"Eh?! You will?!"

Tina scampers up to me, her boobs bouncing in the limelight as she bows her head.

"Please! Give me some advice!"

Wow...bravo!

"W-Wait! Tina! He's that pig—I m-mean, a duke! From the Denning noble family!"

"That's right! I'm honestly disgust—I-I mean, scared..."

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

"Oink! You don't have to be scared at all. If anything, I'm the Piggy Duke of White!"

"Piggy Duke of...White?"

Tina tilts her head in confusion.

"Err...what I mean to say is that I don't have any ulterior motives."

Motioning with my hand, I begin moving away from her group. Exchanging puzzled glances among each other, they eventually start to follow, with Tina at the lead.

This is my chance to show off my expertise. Don't mess it up, Piggy Duke!



I ended up choosing an area at the far corner of the exercise grounds, a place out of the way from the other groups. It also serves as a place where I'd be able to lecture without distraction.

Signalling Tina's group to take some seats on the ground, I make my way to the front and begin to explain some simple magic theory.

"Now, using your imagination is very important in magic. The strength and clarity of your imagination will determine the success rate of the magic you choose to manifest."

"Yes! I already tried that, just like the teachers told us to in class! But it still won't work!"

Tina voices her experience with an understanding cry. Her hand is held up in the air as if asking for permission to speak, although she didn't wait to start talking.

“It’s probably because your imagination doesn’t have enough detail. Let’s see, how about this? Imagine a blazing heat of inferno, or the icy depths of a great tsunami. Something like that—a scene as detailed as possible.”

Continuing my mini review, I hold out my hands as if embracing my own words.

“To make things even harder for your group though, spirits don’t seem to be as drawn to those of common birth.”

Tina’s group goes quiet, and eventually, Tina begins to murmur in a depressed tone.

“That’s...so unfair.”

Her classmates nod, each one looking downcast at my explanation.

“Just because you were born into a common family, rather than a noble one...determines whether you can use magic or not.”

I hold up a hand, signalling her to pause her complaints.

“Surely you’ve heard of other commoners who have been able to master the ways of magic, have you not? So I don’t think it’s a matter of your nobility, or your lack thereof. It shouldn’t really matter.”

I let go of my statement matter-of-factly, stroking my chin as I pondered the idea.

Yet, even after my rebuttal, Tina’s group remained silent. No—it’s more accurate to say they grew even more depressed.

“But still...there’s nothing you can do about your bloodline in the end.”

With those words, Tina’s glare grew cold.

Hmm.

I let out a sigh, kneeling down to look Tina in the eyes.

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

"It's okay. Try not to fixate so hard on bloodlines, nobility, etcetera. After all, I think the spirits prefer someone who's honest, rather than a person who lies to their own heart about what they truly feel."

With a knowing smile, I tilt my head to the side, as if to ask for her response.

Although she takes a moment, Tina nods.

"Alright."

I grunted as I got to my feet, stretching my arms out and flexing my back.

Oof. Even bending down for that short amount of time got my spine out of whack.

"Well then, I'll be excusing myself. Keep yourself motivated, guys!"

I hold up a single hand in farewell as I start to trudge away.

"Th-thank you very much!"

"He is Duke Denning...right?"

"He seems a lot...nicer, then I thought he would be..."

Despite my classmates' kind words, I could sense that something was still off about Tina's response. Her downcast expression had not changed, even after my reassurance.

You have what it takes to be a great magician, Tina. The world may not be fair, but we humans have the power to turn it on its head.